

Lion's Eye

SPORTS

What I Won't Tell My Grandchildren

by Tom Flynn

There are certain moments of exhilaration and tragedy in our lives; moments to which we can associate our every step and what we were stepping in. Most people can recall such an occasion faster than they can produce their spouse's birthdate. If you don't believe this, then just try me sometime. I'll have a very difficult time with the second assignment, since I lack a wife.

As members of the Penn State community, we were recently blessed with such a significant event. Our Nittany Lions, protectors of truth, justice, and the American Way, were matched against the Georgia Bulldogs. Knowing in my heart that victory was as sure as taxes and GSL rejections, my one dilemma was where to watch the Sugar Bowl. Obvious suggestions like New Orleans, University Park, and home were never in the running. Surely, out in the cosmos, there would be some place where I could brag to my grandchildren, "Your grandpa was THERE when Joe 'Crazy Pants' Paterno brought home his first national title." I also wanted to have a good story for my faithful readers. So read on, and see why Thomas III will hear Grimm's Tales rather than Flynn's Tales.

The evening began with promise. My future roommate, Pat "I will drink no wine before its time" Hennessy saw fit to kick his parents out of the house to allow his real friends to have a good time. The single member of the refreshment committee, "Boozier" Bauer, kindly secured some Stroh's for thirst-quenching purposes. John

"Jonser" Burke handled the finances, while Tom Doyle, that crazy kleptomaniac, brought the holiday decorations. Tommy, you really should return that borrowed Santa Claus to its rightful owner. Bill Walker, the pied piper, saw fit (no one else did) to invite several young females. Overseeing all of this was the man who will be known only as J.C. He had a good view of the festivities, being proposed up in the corner.

And what was your intrepid reporter doing during all of this debauchery? Well, he spent most of his time analyzing Georgia's defensive formations and reporting his findings via long-distance telephone (send me the bill, Pat) to Coach Paterno. However, faithful readers, don't get the idea that there was no play on this fateful evening. My gracious host was kind enough to refill my glass of liberation often. An argument could be made that Mr. Hennessy was too gracious a host. This argument begins and ends with my notes for the second half. These notes consist of a solitary entry: We're number one, dammit!

Then again, I was too busy to mind my notebook. After my prophetic note was entered, I heard a thud. My buddy J.C. had fallen from his perch in the corner onto the floor. Again. So, for the fifth time that evening, I restored mysterious J.C. to his former glory. By this time, he didn't have the ability to speak, so I didn't wait for an acknowledgement of gratitude.

It was just as well that I didn't wait, since the doorbell was ringing. Pat was detained in his wine cellar, so I took the liberty of answering. To no one's surprise the pizza delivery

man darkened the doorstep for the sixth time that evening. He had another shipment of extra anchovie pizzas for Mark "Fat Wags" Wagner. Ol' Wags must have been pretty hungry,

that he keeps a tab at the pizza parlor.

I wanted to converse with the ever-increasing Mr. Wagner, but the kitchen was filled with empty pizza boxes and discard-

Ronald's alleged missus was a hulk-feminine specimen named Beverly, a member of Walker's harem. Her flaming red hair, fair features, and red nose (which became redder with every sip of the Chablis from Pat's vintage collection) could have easily been mistaken for the wife of a national advertising symbol by a guy like Gomez, who doesn't get out of the house too often.

After spending a night with characters of such high moral caliber, one could see why my grandchildren won't be read this tale. Upon hearing that their beloved grandpa spent this momentous occasion with a group of boozers, kleptos, womanizers, and wine-drinkers, their little hearts would break right inside their little ribcages. Their tiny brains wouldn't be able to understand and I had to do this. My journalistic instincts realized that this would make a good story. And in this business, that's all that matters.

King of the Mountain

by Ella Manis

Penn State struck quickly, with Warner scooting in from the two with only 2:51 elapsed. Penn State then jumped ahead 20-3 on touchdown runs of two and eight yards by Curt Warner and two fields goals by Nick Gancitano. Georgia scored on the half's final play, John Lastinger hitting Herman Archie for a 10-yard completion-and-lateral.

Georgia continued that momentum by taking the second-half kickoff 69 yards in 11 plays, capped by Herschel Walker's 1-yard run that closed Georgia to within 20-17.

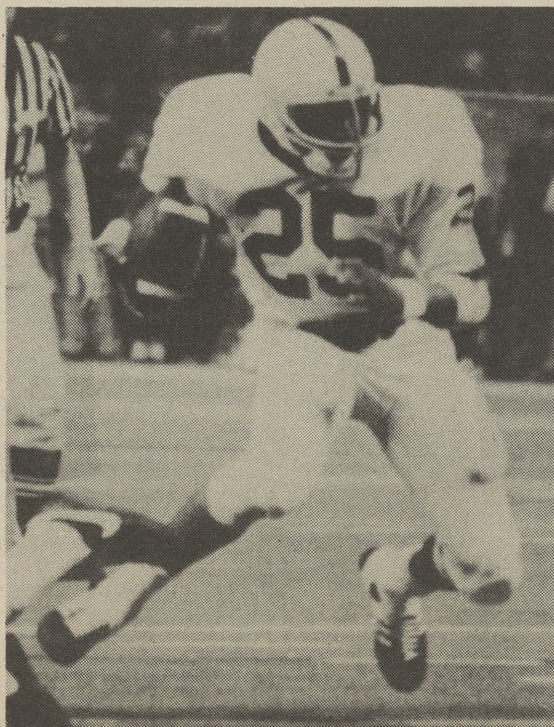
Todd Blackledge was under great pressure in the third quarter. Three straight drives ended with Georgia sacking him on the third down. Blackledge completed 13 of 23 for 229 yards and one touchdown.

Early in the fourth quarter, Penn State had driven 34 yards to the Georgia 47. Blackledge then threw a 47 yard touchdown pass to Gregg Garrity, who ran past Georgia freshman cornerback Tony Flack down the right side line and dove to make the catch in the end zone. That gave Penn State a 27-17 lead with 13:16 left in the game.

With 5:38 to play, the Lion's Kevin Baugh fumbled a punt on the Nittany Lion 43 and Georgia recovered. The Bulldogs gained a first down, then scored a touchdown on a nine-yard, cross-field pass from John Lastinger to tight end Clarence Kay, bring Georgia within 27-23 with 3:54 left.

Georgia then tried for a two-point conversation, which found the ball going to Walker, who was dropped by another Walker, Walker Lee Ashley.

Penn State then took possession and ran out the clock. The Lions were KING OF THE MOUNTAIN at last.



Curt Warner, en route to a sterling 117-yard, two touchdown performance in the Sugar Bowl. Photo courtesy of Penn Stater.

because the guy from Guido's Pizza Emporium brought them through the kitchen window in a front-end loader. I thought it rather strange that he didn't pay for them, but Mark explained to me between anchovies

ed crusts. Fortunately, a cry from the living room gave me an easy excuse to exit. Gomez, the notorious girlwatcher, proudly announced, "We have a celebrity among us! I present Mrs. Ronald MacDonald!" He wasn't too far off, either.



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
HARRISBURG

PROCLAMATION

PENN STATE NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP WEEK
JANUARY 2-8, 1983

All Pennsylvanians salute the Nittany Lions of The Pennsylvania State University who are the 1982 number one-ranked collegiate football team in the country. We are proud of the Penn State players and their coaches who have brought the laurels of victory to the Commonwealth and a first national championship to their school.

Joe Paterno, one of America's most admired and accomplished coaches, guided the Nittany Lions to an impressive 11-1-0 season, capped by a dynamic victory over the Georgia Bulldogs at the 49th annual Sugar Bowl which earned Penn State the distinctive title of "Number One." Never allowing themselves to be counted as underdogs, this outstanding team provided Pennsylvania sports fans with a fierce sense of pride while bringing honor and recognition to the entire Commonwealth. Indeed, our Nittany Lions have proven to the nation that Pennsylvania continues to be the "State of Champions."

In honor of Penn State's winning performance and demonstrated commitment to sportsmanship and fair play during the 1982 football season, I, Dick Thornburgh, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby proclaim January 2-8, 1983 as PENN STATE NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP WEEK in the Commonwealth. I urge all citizens to join with me in saluting and congratulating the Nittany Lions on achieving a number one college football season.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Governor, at the City of Harrisburg, this second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighty-three, and of the Commonwealth the two hundred and seventh.

Dick Thornburgh
Dick Thornburgh
Governor



great exercise.

At this time, there exists no real organization or club here on the campus; the interest shown could be described as a grass-roots movement. We at the sports desk feel that there are enough athletic types with Mylec Air-Flow sticks at home to warrant a group or team here at Penn State. At press time, public opinion leaned toward joining an established league. A rink close to home is the Dek Sports Center, on the Industrial Highway near Philadelphia International Airport. If an overflow of interest develops, then an intramural league can be formed. If you would like to come out of your weather-imposed hibernation, then this is your chance. There will be a meeting held in the not-so-distant future, so check bulletin boards, What's Happening, or the Lion's Eye for further information.

NEXT MONTH:

- An Interview with Jim Morrison
- The Phillies, Social Security, and PSU Delco Sports

Street Hockey,
The Sport of Kings

by Tom Flynn

During these cold winter months, there is not a whole lot for the weekend athlete to do. Thanks to the sometimes balmy, always clear skies we have had thus far, winter sports such as skiing and aerial bombardment of automobiles with snow projectiles have yet been blessed with the one necessary ingredient. Skating just hasn't been the same since the ducks fell through the ice on Crum Creek. And, without some previous strenuous exercise, elbow bending loses some of its appeal.

Fortunately, during a serious bending session, some of the great minds of PSU-Delco developed another brilliant postulation: street hockey. That's right, you hockey puck. Street hockey is a sport of fine skill, like chess or pro wrestling. It is played on empty lots, tennis courts, and quiet streets (not on Route 352). This sport is ideal recreation for the winter athlete since equipment is inexpensive, playing space is easily found, and the game emphasizes running, which is