

SPORTS

Gary Doak plays ice hockey. He has never made a shaving commercial, because his face couldn't sell a sleeping pill to an insomniac. The mention of his name during the broadcast of a game is usually followed by a comment like, "A real hustler" or, "A guy who always gives 100 percent", which translates as "He doesn't know his left foot from his right, and it shows." He has the grace and poise of a bowling ball rolling through mud. But Gary Doak plays ice hockey, none the less, and he plays on the same team with the greatest player ever to lace a pair of skates; Bobby Orr.

The boring practices, the nervous stomachs, the lost games and the cold showers were all there. Were they worth it? What kept us coming back to vacant seats and empty stands? What possessed us to run around in our short pants and take kicks in the shins, elbows in the ribs, sticks in the stomachs and water on the knees? What made us beat our bodies to asphixiated pulps? Could it be the intoxicating reality of being

young, the celebration of having a body that does what it's told when it's told that produces such insanity?

There are more Gary Doaks in the world than there are Bobby Orrs. That is a fact. But it is a fact that does not detract from the worth of the Gary Doaks we have associated with on the teams here at St. Francis, and it is a fact that it has added to the appreciation of the Bobby Orrs who have walked among us. But, when all is said and done, very few of us expected to go on and become the Bobby Orrs of our respective sports. What, then, has been the point of our athletic stay here at St. Francis? I am sure that the camaraderie we experienced will always reinforce our belief that our participation in sports at St. Francis was worth the time and effort. Sure, the people we teamed with weren't the greatest athletes in the world, but all the shots that were missed, all the passes that never clicked, all the baskets that never swished, all the bases that were never stolen will never replace in our minds the frivolity of the locker

rooms, the beers, the frat parties, the streaking or the friendly card games in the cafeteria. Good people, great people, people who had a good time playing on the same team and sharing the same experiences, good and bad.

As the years pile up behind us, when flipping through these pages, we should be able to laugh and remember when. Remember the people who were there, because they were the factors that, when the opposition was out scoring us five to one, made it one of the best times of our lives. It is probably these memories that at age 55, when we can barely see the T.V. screen over our bellies and beer cans, when our legs have been infested with varicose veins and become the size of tree stumps, when we discover a new pain every day, when our bodies no longer go where we want them to and take a week to recuperate when they finally do, will bring a smile to our faces, a shake to our heads, and a tear to our eyes.

