

# 'We're Number One,' Chants Winning LU

by Dick McGlynn

Just one week ago the Loyola Ramblers traveled south to a Louisville overflowing with both Southern hospitality and confident Cincinnatians. Three days and two games later the Ramblers headed North again as national champions. Behind them were 85 minutes of bruising and spectacular play.

**THE DUKE GAME** would easily be the greatest of the year were it not overshadowed by Saturday's game. The Loyolans shot 50% from the field and all but obliterated the nation's second-ranked team; had not Ron Miller, Vic Rouse and Jerry Harkness run into early foul trouble, the Blue Devils might never have had a chance.

Gaining complete control of the boards, and shooting as never before, Loyola broke on top 20-5 in the first nine minutes. But after the lead expanded a 31-14, foul trouble caused the Ramblers to play a cautious game. Duke began to hit, and the half-time margin was "only" 44-31.

**THE SECOND HALF** saw the Blue Devils slowly diminish the deficit as the Ramblers put up no more than a token defense. Only the hot shooting of the Loyolans, epitomized by Les-Hunter who sank 11 of 21 shots for 29 points, kept them from being overtaken.

With 3:21 to go the hard-charging Southerners trailed only 74-71. But with nothing to fear but fouls, the Ramblers re-

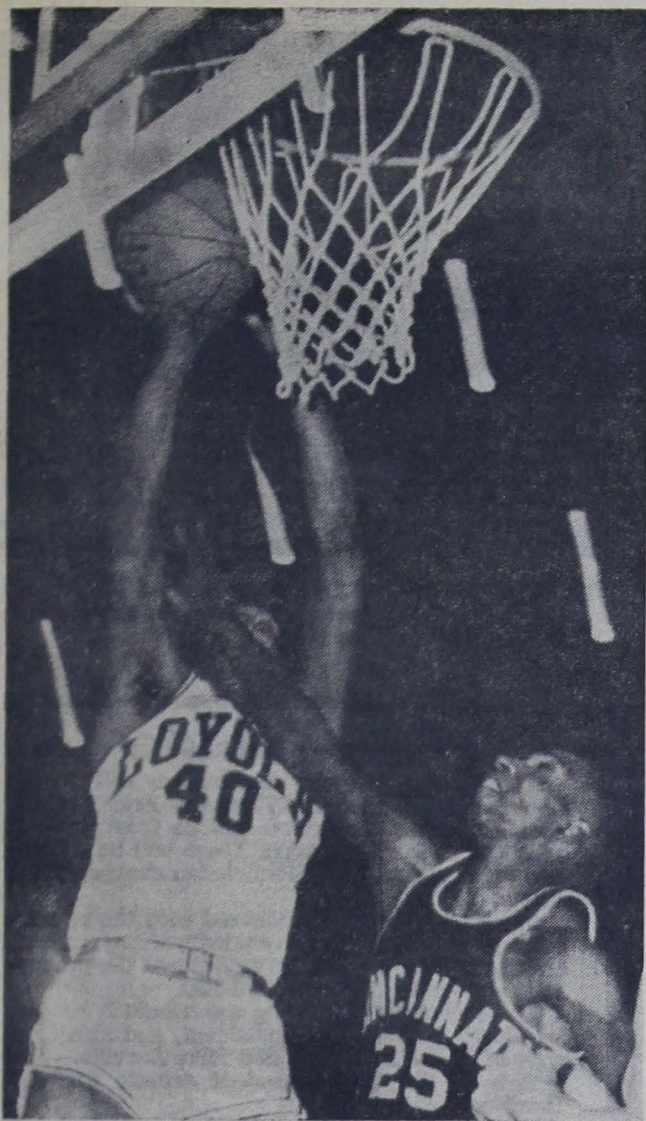
verted to their trademarks: fast break offense and aggressive defense. The latter signaled the end for Duke, and Loyola was thrust into the national finals by a 94-75 conquest.

**IN THE FINALS** Loyola defeated Cincinnati 60-58 in overtime, of course. The Ramblers broke the famous and much-boomed, Cincy stall to pick up 15

points in 14 minutes and sent the game into overtime.

The Ramblers' fast-break never worked against the Bearcats until the last ten minutes, but the scrappy Loyolans forced Cincinnati into 16 errors while committing only three themselves. This poise, coupled with the Rambler rebounding in the second stanza, proved the key to victory.

**THE VAUNTED CINCINNATI** defense held the Ramblers to 27% from the field, and the famous Bearcat patterns occasionally set Ron Bonham free, but nothing could hold back the Loyola tide in those fabulous 14 minutes.



VIC ROUSE pushes through final basket and Loyola is national champion. (AP Photo)

## THOSE FABULOUS FINAL FOURTEEN MINUTES PLUS FIVE

14:00 Bonham (20 ft. jump)	30-45
12:29 Loyola time out	
11:51 Rouse tipin Hunter shot	32-45
11:23 Harkness (½ ft.)	33-45
10:04 Shingleton (1 ft.)	33-46
9:50 Harkness (½ ft.)	34-46
9:41 Bonham (1 ft.)	34-47
8:52 Miller (8 ft. jump)	36-47
8:15 Thacker (1 ft.)	36-48
7:45 Egan (½ ft.)	37-48
7:38 Cincinnati time out	
6:30 Rouse (20 ft. jump)	39-48
6:07 Hunter (2/2 ft.)	41-48
4:35 Harkness (circle jump 10)	43-48
4:25 Harkness (layup after intercepting pass)	45-48
3:42 Bonham (2/2 ft.)	45-50
3:25 Harkness (½ ft.)	46-50
2:42 Harkness (5 ft. driving baseline jump)	48-50
1:44 Yates (½ ft.)	48-51
1:06 Hunter (goal-tending on Wilson)	50-51
:46 Thacker (layup on drive length of floor)	50-53
:17 Hunter (tipin Harkness shot)	52-53
:12 Shingleton (½ ft.)	52-54
Loyola time out	
:05 Harkness (10 ft. side jump)	54-54

### OVERTIME

4:56 Harkness (layup on tip-off play)	56-54
4:25 Wilson (layup on Thacker pass)	56-56
3:06 Miller (15 ft. jump)	58-56
2:15 Shingleton (layup after floor-length pass)	58-58
1:49 Loyola time out	
1:21 Egan tied up, but Miller controls tip	
:01 ROUSE TIP-IN HUNTER SHOT 60-58	

# LOYOLA NEWS

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## NCAA SPECIAL

On Defense

# Sportswriters Not on Ball

by Mike Clavin

Loyola has had more trouble with sportswriters this year, it seems, than with opponents. An indication of this can be taken from the Dell Basketball magazine published at the beginning of the season: "The overpowering run and shoot game of Loyola has no peer in the Midwest, and but for a loose defense could rate on par with Cincinnati and Duke in the national scene."

This tone had not changed at the end of the year, as is evidenced by an article in Sports Illustrated on the eve of the Loyola-Mississippi State game. "The Ramblers never play defense and against Mississippi State this could hurt them." The article goes so far as to say that Mississippi State could be expected to pull off one of the first upsets of the tournament because they played a deliberate game and had never lost a "big" game in three years.

**IN LAST SUNDAY'S LOUISVILLE** Courier-Journal, Larry Bleck began his article about the game with this paragraph: "Loyola, a team some critics maintained had no schedule and no defense refused to take 'no' for an answer and captured the national collegiate basketball title last night." In Saturday's edition

Coach Bill Rohr of Northwestern was quoted, "I like that Loyola personnel. It's a great rebounding team and a better team defensively than a lot of people think."

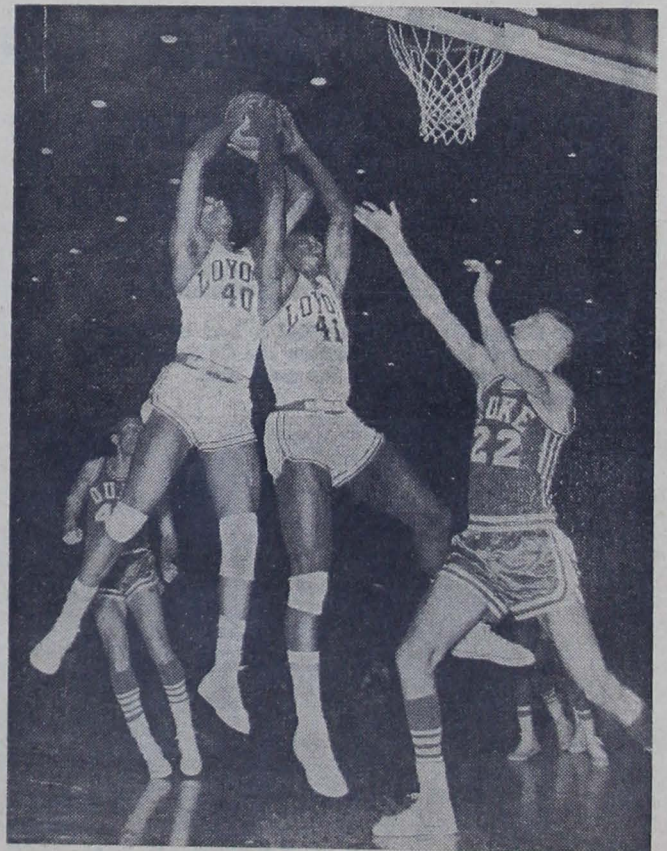
Rebounding and shooting are undoubtedly Loyola's forte, but the defense is quite possibly underrated. As evidence for this, a glance at Loyola's performance in the NCAA tournament is called for. Loyola's first important games were at East Lansing where they had minimal trouble turning back a shorter Mississippi State team and a harried and erratic Illinois. Rebounding told the tale in the Mississippi State game as the Ramblers won going away. Saturday night they squandered a 28 point lead and hurried on to take it by 15. Illinois who had shot .470 from the field during the year but only .390 against the Ramblers, was forced into over twenty errors by the scrambling Ramblers. Coach Harry Combes remarked that it was probably Illinois' worst game of the year.

**THEN IT WAS ON TO Louisville** and Duke, where by some quirk the Ramblers were favored. In the first ten minutes of the game Duke was held to one field goal as Loyola shot into a 20-5 lead, but as fouls began to take their toll, Duke crept back. How-

ever, Loyola, seeing its lead dwindle to 74-71 applied a touch of defense and destroyed Duke with a 20 point burst in the last four minutes—again to win going away, 94-75. Duke who had hit .517 from the floor over the year managed only .319 against Loyola's .500. Duke's coach Vic Bubas said he thought his team play in the first half was the worst all year.

As a clincher, mention must be made of Saturday night's championship game. Cincy's rugged defense forced Loyola to a meager 27 per cent from the floor, while Cincy hit 48 per cent, but took only two shots in the last seven minutes of regulation play. Harried by Loyola's persistent defense, the usually sound ball handling Bearcats suffered from sixteen errors as opposed to three by Loyola. The Ramblers won, of course, stalling away.

**ONE FINAL NOTE OF INTEREST** is that Cincy's defensive average for the four games of the tournament was 58.5, while "defenseless" Loyola held their five opponents to 58—four of whom were ranked in the top eight of the nation by the sportswriter's polls. But as the sportswriters were saying—Loyola has no defense.



LOYOLA'S complete domination of boards is illustrated by joint rebound by Rouse and Hunter against Duke's Blue Devils.

# Night of Joy Gives Birth To a New Loyola Cheer

by Ed Rice

It was quite a thrill. It was quite a thrill to be bounced on Rich Rochelle's knee while whizzing over the expressways of Louisville in an open convertible. To my left, declaring that he needed eight hours of sleep to fully realize it, was the man whose shot had done it. Vic Rouse simply couldn't believe it: "It's the greatest day of my life. . . I know it is . . . it must be." And to the left of Vic was a silent but glowing Les "Hey, let's rumble; I need some action" Hunter.

The time was 2:00 a.m. (EST) and we were in one of six cars in search of a party that for most of us never materialized (see detailed comments in another article). Jerry Harkness, in the lead car, was presently concerned about other things than winning national championships. The car radio blared "Loyola wins . . . Harkness sinks crucial basket. . . ." But all Jerry replied was: "Where's this party, anyway? Man, I'm hungry."

**SOME TWO HOURS EARLIER**, minutes after pandemonium had broken loose, about fifty Loyola students gathered outside the Rambler dressing room. One student, Al Velasquez (LSC frosh) managed to sneak in. When the game went into overtime, Al left his seat in the stands and hid under the press table along the side of the floor to watch the finish. He was the first and only student to leap on the backs of the players when the buzzer sounded. Later he went back to the press table, grabbed a pile of sheets, and proceeded into the locker room, telling the guard that he was bringing some additional statistics for Coach Ireland.

Meanwhile the rest of the Loyola students were having a difficult time competing with the more numerous Cincinnati rooters and band outside the dressing rooms. Everytime we would strike up a Loyola cheer, Cincy would respond with their famous B-E-A-R-C-A-T-S. Fortunately some ingenious Loyolan figured that "We're Loyola, we're number one" could be chanted to the same rhythm and now Loyola has a new cheer—to the ignominy of all Cincinnati rooters.

**EVENTUALLY EVERYONE MADE IT** back to the Sheraton—"Loyola" in front of which a mob of Loyolans and pseudo-Loyolans created a disturbance comparable to the Sheridan Road contingent.

Meanwhile most of the students and the whole of the team made their way into the Rathskeller

of the hotel for the hoped for victory party.

When it became apparent that the situation would not improve, Tony Murray, recent alumnus, slammed his hand on the table exclaiming that "this is the most sedate victory party I've ever been to." Thereupon he stalked the streets of Louisville looking for a band, finally finding one in a burlesque establishment that agreed to play if we could get the permission of the hotel.

**BUT BY THIS TIME JERRY** Harkness and Ron Warwick (LSC senior) heard of a private party somewhere on an Oriole Drive. So Hunter, Rouse, Rochelle, Harkness and a complement of Loyolans to fill six cars took off on a two hour chase across the city and outlying districts in a variety of directions with ever-changing destinations. According to which policeman or cab-driver one asked the street was either Oriole, Eural, or Earl Drive and could be found either to the west, south, or east. Only two cars successfully reached the goal. The rest decided to give up when some Kentuckians, acting as "guides," decided to chase a horse down a country road.

This was too much for the famished Harkness and we all headed back to downtown Louisville for a 4:15 breakfast. It was a distinguished assemblage of basketball players who gathered in the coffee shop of the hotel for pancakes. Ron Miller joined the group along with Art Heyman and Jeff Mullins of Duke. (We lost track of Jack Egan sometime before 2:00; maybe he was studying chemistry?)

**GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR**, Ron Miller sat drinking his coffee; Hunter and Rouse memorized the sports sections; and Rochelle went off to bed with an armload of newspapers tucked under his arm.

Heyman came over and chided Harkness that Duke might have taken the Ramblers if it weren't for a few bad calls. But Jerry passed this off: "Don't mind Arty; he always talks that way."

Then Miller took the paper from Hunter and kidded him and Rouse for making only six of twenty-two shots apiece; whereupon Harkness grabbed the same paper and replied to Miller: "Say, man, you beat us all with only three out of fourteen."

**SOME OF US MADE IT TO 5:30** Mass, then to bed for a couple of hours sleep — with one more wish — to get back to Chicago.



**TRIUMPHANT RAMBLERS** gather around NCAA championship trophy following comeback in those Fabulous Fourteen Minutes Plus Five.

## Our Tribute

The Loyola University student body will pay its tribute to their champion Ramblers Friday night, March 29. The celebration will be from 8:30 to midnight in the LSC union. There will be a band and dancing, and a small admission charge of one dollar.

The Ramblers will be honored with the presentation of trophies from the students of Loyola, and George Ireland will receive a plaque at the presentation program, from 10 to 10:30.

The committee organizing the tribute is headed by Marty O'Grady, IFC president, and also consists of Barry McCarthy and Mike Sorvillo.

This is the official student tribute for the Ramblers.

Friday, March 29th, at 11:30 there will be a Civic Celebration in honor of Loyola's basketball team. State and Wacker is where a parade will start, and end at City Hall. Mayor Daley, who is sponsoring this production, exhorted all students to support OUR team.



**CROWD GATHERS** at O'Hare airport to welcome Ramblers home from championship conquest.

## Sidelights on a Tremendous Triumph

**NCAA IS HERE TO STAY.** Ann Goggins' and Bob Bassi's new contribution to the school, the rearranged rock formation outside Alumni gym, is being permanentized. During the Saturday night celebrations at LSC, Ann and Bob erased "Loyola University" and spelled out "NCAA CHAMPS" in rock.

A maintenance man was seen Tuesday afternoon placing the stones in neater order, apparently inscribing the championship announcement permanently in the North side campus.

**ONE DORM STUDENT** carried a loaf of Gonnella bread through Loyola Hall before the Cincinnati game and all residents touched it for good luck.

It apparently worked.

**VIC ROUSE WAS NAMED** to at least one All-American squad. Earl Ruby, sports editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, wanted to wait until the last shot of the season before announcing his choices.

Said Ruby, "I had it all down pat with two seconds to go in the final game."

"Then I had to add a sixth member—Vic Rouse of Loyola . . . Any man who fired the shot of the year, heard on radio and television around the world, can't be left off."

**WHILE LES HUNTER AND VIC** Rouse were pacing Loyola to a national championship, their alma mater, Pearl High in Nashville, was copping the National Negro Schoolboy Championship 64-55 over Jim Hill High

of Jackson, Mississippi. Pearl won the same tourney two years running when Les and Vic were students there.

**ONE OF THE MOST AVID** Rambler rooters is an A No. 1 Loyola alumnus named Wally Grimm. Wally, a resident of nearby St. Gertrude's parish, has been a rabid follower of every Rambler team since, to hear Wally tell it, the game was introduced to the North Side campus. A raconteur with perfect recall is the only way to describe this amazing fan. He can talk for hours on the past glory of Rambler history and never fails to hold his audience in rapt attention. His favorite topic is to recount the three times in the past Loyola finished as runner-up for the national championship. The most outstanding instance was the 1948-1949 team headed by All-American and previous all-record holder, Jack Kerris. The Ramblers that year defeated Kentucky, 67-56, in the semi-finals of the N.I.T. only to fall by one point, 48-47, to previously beaten San Francisco in the finale. Kentucky played in both national tournaments that year and by going on to win the N.C.A.A. claimed the national championship.

**SOME YEARS AGO, AND SEVERAL** times since then, Wally has severely injured his leg and is forced to walk with a cane. But even this could not keep him away from the games. (You probably recognize this gray-haired gentleman from games at Alumni gym.) Last Friday he flew down to Louisville to see "his boys" nail down the number one spot. He cheered himself hoarse during both the Duke and Cincinnati conquests, was present in the victorious locker room and used his own money to try to get a party started in the Rathskeller Saturday night.

Certainly we were all hilarious with the results, but I can't help wondering if Wally isn't the happiest. He'll probably be the first to Kansas City next year.



**THE TEAM** is welcomed by students in the LSC campus center on Sunday afternoon.

# Basketball Penegyric

(To the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

I cannot write poems about lovers,  
I cannot write poems about spring,  
But if it's a question of Ramblers,  
My verses do nothing but sing.

Jack Egan as playmaker's famous  
Ron Miller tops all the tall guys  
Vic Rouse is our rebounding genius  
Les Hunter's too quick for the eyes.

We have our own All-American  
He's greater than all of the rest  
When Jerry's hot no one can beat him  
Oh, Harkness, we love you the best.

Our bench may not be of the strongest,  
But when the big boys need a rest,  
Connaughton or Reardon or Rochelle  
Or Chuck Wood will meet the best.

This poem may not live for ages  
But one thing we'll never forget  
When future Loyolans laud cagers  
They'll call these the best Ramblers yet.

Chorus:  
Ramblers, Ramblers  
We won the NCAA this year  
Ramblers, Ramblers  
First team in the nation, that's clear.  
ROSEMARY LUKACEVICH



ON SATURDAY NIGHT, a few Loyolans gather in front of Stebler Hall to share the wonderful moment.

# Police Pooches Party Poopers

by Bob Bassi

Friday, March 22, 1963. It was a warm, quiet evening—too quiet for the squad car that patrolled the potential battlefield. At 8:09 p.m. the silence was shattered. Loyola won the semifinal game in the NCAA tournament, and four hundred students poured out of the dormitory with their Dukes up. The natives were restless. The restlessness took the form of an attempt to march single file through Cindy Sue's. But the management, ever ready to put their best foot forward, locked the doors.

**THE FRUSTRATED COLUMN** happily turned toward Stebler and Chamberlain halls. Chanting victory cheers, they entered the girls' dormitory. The paraders were greeted enthusiastically by the coeds, but they marched out anyway. The girls, of course, followed.

With the determination of Army ants, the line of students twisted its way toward Cudahy library. The hoards of Paul Reveres gleefully decided that those who were too busy studying to listen to the game should be informed of the outcome. Their coming was just loud enough to be heard several blocks away and the frantic librarians locked the main doors. But Loyolans are not to be stopped. They "faked 'em into the popcorn machine" by going in the side door. Realizing that their carefully cultivated dust would be scattered, the library staff called the police. The librarians then watched with horror as the once-quiet walls rang with cries of "Ramblers, Ramblers." Their purpose fulfilled, the students marched out, leaving the hallowed dust to rapidly settle.

Their itinerary led the overjoyed crowd across the front porch of the Administration building and from there to Mundelein's dormitory. Word of the boys' visit spread throughout the building. The students of Loyola's sister school there tried to enter into the spirit of the affair, but the faculty could not be sympathetic. After several minutes of close scrutiny one of the good sisters decided that, whatever the strange intruders were, they were not Mundelein coeds. She too called the police.

**THE THRONG LEFT THE** "skyscraper campus" in a single file which turned into a snake dance down Sheridan road. By the time they reached the west entrance of the "asphalt campus" the assemblage of rabid fans were exhausted from walking and cheering. This was remedied by sitting in the middle of Sheridan road like a human snowdrift. Then the police came—first one car, then another.

Loyolans are rational animals and were quite easily convinced that they should not sit cheering in the middle of the thoroughfare and they removed themselves to the area in front of the dormitory. Here they stood chanting the praises of their team, if not quietly, at least violently. Nevertheless the police cars continued to come. The forces of law and order were massed. They barked. The police decided that, if the insurgents were to be driven back, the situation, must be handled with greater efficiency, intelligence, and tact than was usually called for. So they brought the dogs.

The hoards of student-savages, clad in bermuda shorts and sneakers, fell back before the powers of right and reason straining against their leashes. The Canine Corps awakened basic fears in the Ramblers and the streets were soon deserted. This was but a temporary retreat for the rebels driven back to the dormitory. Like MacArthur, they promised to return.

**THE NIGHT WAS PEACEFUL.** But twenty-six hours later they did return. "WE BEAT CINCY!" This stunning victory set off an equally stunning celebration. Wild-eyed students again streamed out of the dormitory. Their exuberant depravity took the form of a loud but orderly victory march down Sheridan Road. The Loyola legion returned to the campus, marched across the athletic field, and shot off firecrackers. This phase of the campaign was concluded by burning a Cincinnati Bearcat in effigy in the north parking lot. The fire department did not come. The police did.

From this rallying point, the victory-crazed army separated into more maneuverable units. Several of these groups became mechanized, piling convertibles till their rear bumpers scraped the ground. Their clarion call re-echoed across the battlefield: "We're Loyola. We're number one." Others reformed the snake dance.

A rather large unit slunk into the shadows on performing such unspeakable acts as drinking beer straight from the can. The police found this intolerable. A fourth group had returned to the dorm to watch the end of the game on television on videotape, an hour later than the radio broadcast. Seeing the Ramblers rekindled their already fired spirits and they returned to the streets.

**BACK ON THEIR TURF, THIS SMALL,** highly mobile unit slipped past the ever-growing number of police. They reached the embankment at the west entrance where "Loyola University" was laid out in white stones. They worked under the spell of divine inspiration and the stones were arranged to spell "NCAA CHAMPS." Leaving this to posterity, they walked on. The police contingent was now at its full strength and effectiveness. So were the officers who held them by the leash.

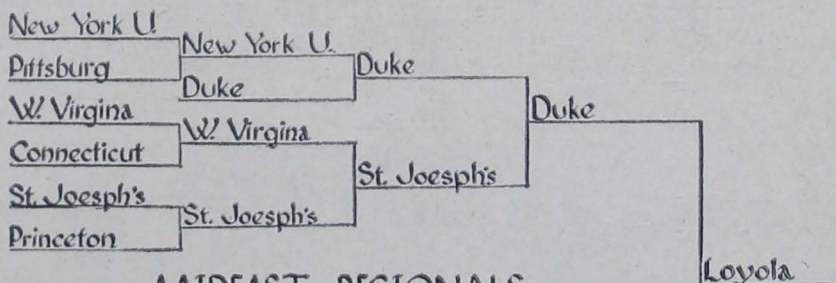
This too soon passed. Organized activities ended. Students melted away in small groups. Policemen with itchy leash fingers watched them slip by in twos and threes. Just then the officers thought the evening would be a total waste, their opportunity arrived. It seems that one student walking down the street was a little too "happy" to see where he was going. He tripped over one of the dogs, who promptly bit him. The student

was immediately accused of kicking the dog and was arrested for cruelty to animals and inciting a riot. Another student was also attacked by a dog preserving the peace. No dogs were bitten.

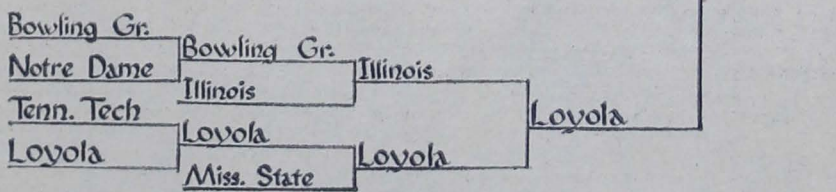
Dismayed at such paternal vigilance, the hounded students drifted to private parties. As the number of students decreased, the dogs seemed to multiply. Only when for every remaining student there were three dogs to protect God, Flag, and Mother from the depravities they attributed to the well-rounded man, did the police feel safe. By 4:00 a.m. they reigned supreme.

**THE NEXT MORNING THEY SURVEYED** the damages. Three large containers filled with empty beer cans and various bottles. The windshield of one car broken. Water-soluble red paint and the word "Loyola" splashed on the Art Institute and the University of Chicago, Business school. Police significantly noted that the paint was red. They also assured the university that none of their white stones were missing. This temporarily ended hostilities between police and students. It was rumored that they were to be resumed under the leadership of General Edwin Walker, but he cancelled out upon learning that both sides were integrated. Of course, this is just a rumor.

## LOYOLA RAMBLING EAST REGIONALS



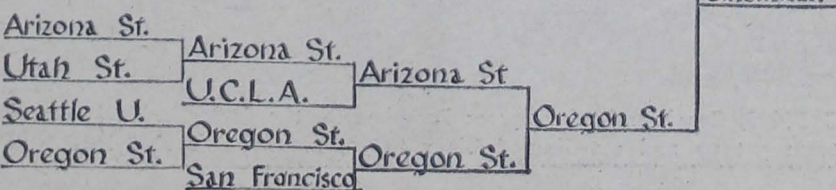
## MIDWEST REGIONALS



## MIDWEST REGIONALS



## FAR WEST REGIONALS



# Where, O Where Could The Party Be?

*Editor's note: The opinions expressed are Mr. Murray's who was a little upset over the wild goose chase around Louisville in the wee hours Sunday morning. The term "administration" is a little vague; it is not clear whose responsibility the party was or if it was anybody's.*

by Tony Murray

Rouse had done it. The team had done it. Ireland had done it. Loyola had done it. But, the administration had not done it.

This is a special inquiry into why the administration had not done it.

**THE INDICTMENT:** Why was there not organized one, centralized, big, noisy, delirious, party with a blasting, blaring band to lead the merrymaking, cheering, and rah-rahing for the No. 1 team in the nation on the night of their and our greatest victory?

Why was it that Loyola alone failed to do this when the three losers, Cincy, Duke, and Oregon St., did? Didn't you expect us to win, oh, you of little faith and a few other little things too (most of them located in the cephalic part of the body)?

And even if we lost, why wasn't a big party planned to celebrate the supreme effort of a great team, as Cincy had done?

In short, you of the administration are accused of not administering, not organizing, of abdicating your responsibility at our greatest moment of the year. This is a most serious charge . . . ANSWER!

Administration (A). Well, you have to see our point of view.

Indicter (I). You mean you have one.

A. Oh yes, of course. We always do.

I. Well, let's hear it.

A. You see, it was this way. We'd thought about it for a long time . . . I think . . . And we finally concluded that it was best not to have a big celebration, because of some of the terrible things that might happen.

I. Like cheering, and noise, and fun.

A. Of course, . . . NO . . . stop putting words in my mouth.

I. Liable to say something sensible, eh?

A. Oh, aren't you the wiseacre. As a matter of fact we had very good reasons for not having a big celebration.

I. Shoot.

A. Well if you threw a big victory party with all Loyola students and alumni invited, you'd run the great risk of having a few (shall we say) outsiders sneak in and ruin the atmosphere with their raucous cheers.

I. Yes, it would sort of break up the cozy little in-group aura of the party, and that would be tragic. But, suppose they were people that had followed and supported us thruout the year and in tournament play as well? Aren't they entitled to celebrate with us?

A. Nonetheless, you'd still probably have had a few loudmouthed outsiders who'd have ruined the homey atmosphere of the party. AND BESIDES; there was a party in the Rathskeller of the Sheraton; a nice dignified place to hold a celebration if I do say so.

I. A little bit too dignified, that's why nobody went. And besides you didn't even announce it or provide for a band or anything. I don't call that much of a celebration.

A. You don't understand.



AT THE AIRPORT, Mayor Daley has a handshake for Coach Ireland and congratulations for the entire Rambler squad.

I. It's hard for the eye to see what is not there.

A. By not announcing it no outsiders knew about it.

I. Neither did anybody else.

A. And by not having a band we kept the party dignified and sedate.

I. Everyone loves those kind of parties.

A. And we saved a lot of money besides.

I. Yeh, it probably would have cost you 100 bucks or so. And you would have had to break that 18 thousand plus you got from the take; which would really have impoverished us.

A. And another point. You know how some of the boys get a little (shall we say) high at a big party like that. Well, by not having that big party they weren't able to get high at it.

I. Yup, they were probably so disappointed they all went back to their rooms and sacked out, and thereby avoided "demon rum." Your not having a big party sure saved the hell of a lot of sinning.

A. It was a wise move after all.

I. Did you know that most of the basketball team spent half the night trying to find a non-existent 1815 Oriole Dr. in a determined attempt to celebrate their

win with some of the other students.

A. No, I wasn't aware of that.

I. And that one of the cars in the entourage ended up chasing a thoroughbred down a Kentucky backroad.

A. They are beautiful animals.

I. In fact, most of the students spent most of the night trying to find a place to celebrate, which place you should have provided for them.

A. But remember, no party—no drunks and no outsiders.

I. And no fun.

A. We prefer not to look at it that way.

I. We didn't know you had your eyes open at all. . . . This same mess isn't going to recur again next year, is it?

A. It's hard to say. We're working on it right now.

I. We're consoled.

You, the student body, be the jury. If you want to spend next year's NCAA weekend roaming the streets of Kansas City, and holding your parties on street corners and in non-existent houses, vote to absolve administrative incompetency. I myself prefer to rake them over the coals.



LIKE FATHER TO SONS, Coach Ireland prepares Ramblers for the Fantastic Final Five Minutes. The team got up and out-Cincy to capture Loyola's first NCAA championship, 60-58. (AP Photo)

## RAMBLIN'

by Dick McGlynn

We did it! And although this corner said we'd do it 60-56 instead of 60-58, there is no doubt that it was done. Capturing the national championship was certainly a great thing for the team and a great thing for Loyola, but was it, as the Chicago papers declared, a great thing for Chicago?

**IT HAS COME TO** light in the last year that this is not a basketball town. The Zephyrs of the NBA have given witness to this by pulling up stakes and moving to Baltimore. Loyola, ranked number two in the nation most of the year, had good crowds, but Chicago's other colleges were all but giving away tickets.

Now our champs are hailed as Chicago's own by everyone from the mayor on down. Everyone loves the champs. But what happened when Wichita visited the Stadium? The good citizens of Chicago gave the Ramblers a tournament send-off by cheering for the visitors.

**LAST SUNDAY, THE** Cincinnati Enquirer devoted almost its entire front page to the Bearcats' loss, yet the Chicago papers put the victorious Ramblers on the sports page — in smaller type than our Bowling Green loss merited.

But the papers are not to blame; the people are. Our car returned from Louisville with Loyola pennants flying from the windows. Through Indiana, passing cars honked their approval, but through Chicago and its crowded expressways, we went unnoticed. Others reported similar experiences.

Does Chicago really appreciate Loyola?

**THANKS TO ALL WHO** took time out from mid-terms to put out this special issue. Deserving special mention is Doug Babych, LT senior and copy boy for Associated Press photo service, whose emergency efforts obtained us some action pictures.

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