



What the unofficial O.U. soccer player is wearing nowadays. Marcos Maldonado (right) of Falencia, Venezuela, rests from the Kansas game long enough to listen in on an explanation of soccer's finer points. Marcos' cap is his own and not part of the soccer team's new uniforms.

an eye on the goalie

O.U.'s Polyglot Soccer Team Plays With Unusual Ambitions

It's quite possible that soon O.U. will field another football team—the new one to be spelled *futbol*.

Actually, O.U. already has the *futbol* kind of football (more commonly known as soccer), but it has not been recognized by the University as a University team. Most of the Big Eight conference do not have soccer teams, and the Conference has no schedule for it in recognized competition. Consequently, O.U.'s *futbol* team is now out in left field . . .

The drill field, to be exact. There, despite the Big Eight, and enough lingo problems to topple the Tower of Babel, an amazing potpourri of Sooner-bred Bolivians, Brazilians, Chinese, Hungarians, Jordanians, Koreans, Lebanese, and Venezuelans kick the ball around in fun or occasionally host soccer teams from such soccer-happy schools as Tabor College and Park College and from such would-be soccer-happy schools as Tulsa University, Kansas University, and Oklahoma State University.

This year, for the first time in their four-year existence, the Sooner soccer team played a regular schedule—mostly against schools where soccer is *the* sport. The Sooner record of 3-4 was less than mediocre at first glance, but actually it was an amazing accomplishment—and all due to O.U.'s foreign students.

The most amazing thing about the record is the fact that there *is* one—and that seven games were played. Four years ago, when a few O.U. foreign students first began imagining their favorite sport as O.U.'s favorite, their teams had none but the most casual organization, no sponsor, no coach, no University recognition, no uniforms, no place to play, and no opponents. None of those early teams had players from the

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AN EYE ON THE GOALIE

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United States to help realize their ambitions (this year's team also found itself U.S.-less).

All they did have was exceptional talent and some luck in finding small-college opponents. Within the next three years they won all their games except one, which was tied. It's talent and luck of which the athletic department is beginning to be cognizant.

This year, it looks as though the polyglot peg of O.U. athletics might finally be fitted into the right hole. The athletic department furnished them with O.U. uniforms and with transportation for out-of-town engagements (trips were made to Tabor College in Kansas, O.S.U., and Tulsa University). What the team is most ambitious for, however, is a coach who can coordinate their individual brilliance. Chances are they'll have one by next season.

Trying to manage some of the coordination duties of a coach this year were Foreign Student Counselor Gene Russell, who has taken the soccer team's left-field battle to administrative circles; and team captain Jorge Pacheco, who has spent as many hours on the phone as on the soccer field trying to recruit unorganized Europeans, Asians, and New World Latins for weekend games. (Jorge is pictured on Page 9 with his Ohio-born steady, Ruth Walter.

These two men, together with the appeal a fast moving soccer game has for the team's increasing number of Sooner fans, are beginning to get the ball past the goalie of indifference.

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NEW BOOKS

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faints from the sight of it. So they are taken to Daisy's house and put to bed (Remember now, No Funny Business; violence, not sex, is our message).

Since cowboys never stay in bed if conscious, and often like horses sleep standing, it is necessary that Blu become delirious; this not only assures his recovery, but it gives Daisy Blu's own story from his own tight lips.

Blu's own story is simply that he is a broke cowpoke and has vowed unto-death fidelity to his mangy sorrel (said sorrel jerked him from a lye tub when he was three). Blu won't trade his horse in for something better no matter what the financial inconveniences. And there are plenty. Hiring yourself out with a two MPH horse is no cinch.

THIS babbling affects Daisy deeply. She's an animal lover too. In time, caring for Blu, and gazing as she does at his delirious, unshaven face, Daisy comes to love Blue as deeply as she ever loved anything: cows, dogs, pigs, you name it.

But violence, remember, not sex, is our message.

While Blu deliriously sups soup, we have an opportunity of rekindling the fire which was initially tended by the Indians.

The townsfolk, connecting Blu's appearance with disaster, convince themselves that he's a ne'er-do-well and needs his neck stretched. Chesley, of course, being a little piqued about a stranger staying a week in his sweetheart's bed, is behind all this rabblechatter. Also, Chesley owns the only glue factory in town, and he for sure wants Blu's sorry mangy sorrel as quick and as cheap as he can get him.

Since nearly everybody works for Chesley at the glue factory, his chisling will is law; and his ambition one Sunday afternoon is to do Blu a dirty lick by plopping Blu's sorrel in the glue pot. Whoops, cheers, and hussas from the potley mob.

There it is: your basic complication. Daisy loves Blu; Blu loves his horse; Chesley desires Daisy and detests Blu. From here on the idea is to make your complication more complicated . . .

Chesley convinces Daisy that Blu is cruel to his sorry mangy sorrel by not putting it out of its misery; Daisy decides to marry Chesley; Blu begins to love Daisy; and

meanwhile, back at the bar, the sorrel disgusts everyone by becoming an alcoholic; et cetera . . .

What we need now is a fast way to get Blu into a position where he must provide glue for dough. As in most instances, liquor is quicker. If Blu takes the money and turns over his horse he can pay off the sorrel's liquor debt, rid the community of a rummy, and have a little left over with which to impress Daisy. That way everybody is happy—except the sorrel, of course.

Now you, me and everybody would sell the damn sorrel for glue. But Blu must not sell for glue. It's the code of the western.

What we need now is the selfless act which I mentioned previously. This act must:

- a.) get the townsfolk on Blu's side;
- b.) dupe Daisy into loving Blu again; and
- c.) defeat Chesley.

In formulating such an act you need never worry about the townsfolk. Any act will win them over just so long as it entertains them.

Don't worry much about Daisy either. Even though she's about to marry Chesley, she still loves Blu and is only marrying Chesley to teach Blu a lesson. Like I said—Men act, Women think. Which just goes to show where women and thinking will get you.

Chesley, however, is another matter. His villainy must be outmatched by heroism. Villains are not to be placated like women and townsfolk; they have to be defeated.

Chesley's defeat we can accomplish with a supreme sacrifice . . .

Rather than break his vows to his horse, Blu insists that he, and not his horse, be made into glue to pay off the liquor debts; and that anything left over from the 98 cents should go to a fund for buying an Old Horsie pasture.

Blu makes sure to say as much in public. Chesley is shocked to learn what he's stuck with, but his calm returns and he announces plans to market new glue.

One man's paste, however, is another man's waste. The townsfolk are so completely entertained that they run Chesley out of town; and Daisy, like any girl with only one suitor, declares she loves Blu.

As for the sorrel, he drops dead in gratitude.

Blu is mighty ba-lu with this horseless carriage and an upcoming marriage, but it ends the book.

Simple? I haven't sold a western yet, you understand—but I'm sure you can. Just follow the pattern, pardner.

RECOMMENDED: They went that-a-way.