

# Scholastic

December 7, 1973



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and power to an excessive degree. Others look to learn from peoples who have grown up with a different mentality than that which is theirs. All feel that the only solution to the crises that threaten to split men asunder is the love of God as shown in the life of His Son, Jesus Christ. This love of God urges men to go forward and be missionaries so men can love one another. What could be your reason for joining Maryknoll?

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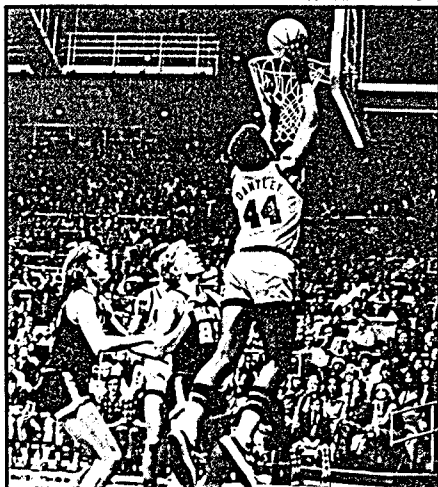
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# Scholastic

Volume 115, No. 6 December 7, 1973  
Notre Dame, Indiana

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## HEADLINERS

- 5 Editorial — A Question of Self-Determination "The question is several years old, the arguments mainly the same, and the decision once again made behind closed doors."
- 6 The Street Academy "We're taking a student that the School Corporation said they couldn't educate, and we're educating him."
- 12 A Homily "I claim that to become a Father is to believe in God."

## FEATURES

- 6 The Food Stamps Office — Pink cards and Second Thoughts.
- 15 Reviving the Vomit Comet — South Bend to Chicago over the rails.
- 18 Madrigal Dinner — Boar's Head and Wassail.
- 20 The Shrine Circus — "Step Right Up, Ladies and Gentlemen."
- 22 The Practice Court — Justice in the State of Hoynes.
- 26 Missing the Cut — Under the Boards with the Big Boys.
- 27 Bring on the Bruins — A Talk with Digger.

## REGULARS

- 4 Letters
- 4 The Crooked Rook
- 19 Book Review
- 24 Coming Distractions
- 30 The Last Word

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# Letters

Dear Editor:

I find it highly questionable that you report the results of a survey in which one of every three persons, selected randomly, responds. I am referring to the article entitled, "The Social Stalemate: A Student Poll" in the November 2nd issue of your magazine.

The research done on respondents and non-respondents of survey research indicates that those who return questionnaires tend to differ from those who do not. In fact, to report the results of a survey with a response rate of less than 60% is open to question. Even with a response rate of 60% or higher, an explanation should be given as to the probable uniqueness of the non-respondents (the other 40% or so).

In light of my information, I consider it misleading to your readership that you report as valid the results of a survey in which 33% (one of every three persons randomly sampled) respond. Was your consultant in the Sociology Department in agreement with your publishing these results, considering that the survey's response rate was so low?

Sincerely yours,  
Suzanne Areson

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# The Crooked Rook

## ANSWER TO LAST PROBLEM

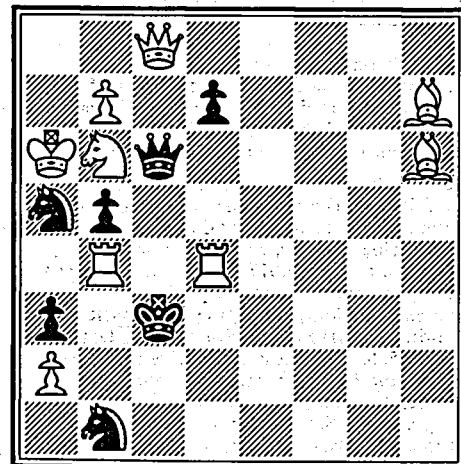
1. R-KB8 NxR  
...N-B5  
...N-R5
2. B-B5 N any  
RxN etc  
K-K2 etc.
3. BxN B any
4. P moves N any
5. B mates

FREDERICK GAMAGE

*First Prize*

*Tidskrift för Schack*  
1911

White mates in two moves



SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE



## A Question of Self-Determination

The point in question is several years old, the arguments rest largely the same and, predictably enough, the decision-making seems to have gone on, once again, somewhere far behind heavy wooden doors, despite claims that "the matter has been discussed publicly for two years now."

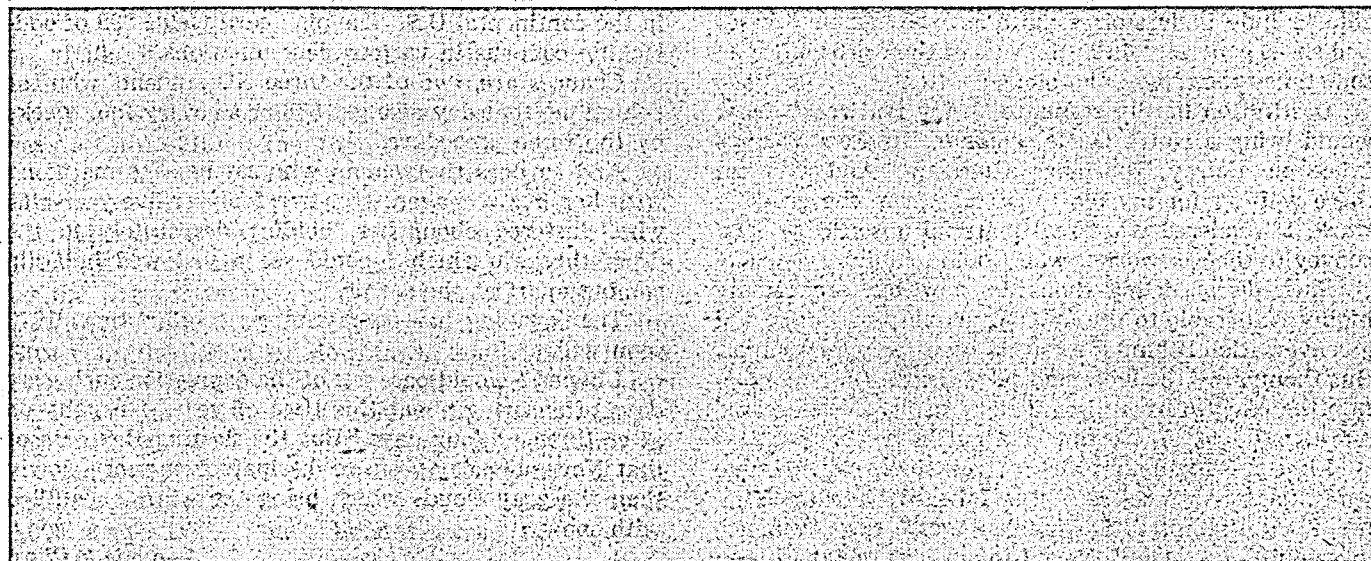
It is obvious, both from the HPC poll last week and from individual comments and conversations across campus, that a considerable majority of the Student Body is unhappy with next year's Academic Calendar. However, at this point, the biggest problem is not the proposed calendar itself (though alternatives have been suggested which seem in many ways preferable). The problem is a perennial one; the prevailing feeling among students that they exercise no effective influence upon the decision-making processes of the University — that such influence has been (and will continue to be) denied them. It grows increasingly clear that such a feeling is well-founded.

To claim that the Academic Council in any way "legitimized" the Administration's proposed calendar is to dangerously stretch the truth. By a slim 20-19 margin, with 28 members absent, the Council (a body containing only 7 students) gave its assent to the *consideration* of a pre-Labor Day start. It is not

quite clear just where the rest of the decision was made. What is clear, however, is that student influence on the decision was minimal at best. And therein lies the root problem.

We are all familiar with the common claim that Notre Dame is a "community" — indeed, a "Christian community." We most fervently hope that this should be the case. However, in a situation where the student body is denied an effective voice in important decisions which touch us all, any talk of community is brought into question. And furthermore, when those responsible for such decisions turn a deaf ear to the sincere protests of students, the very idea of a *Christian* community is rendered illusory.

It is obvious at this point what must be done. If the student body is obviously and sincerely displeased with the calendar, it is the explicit duty of the Academic Council, as a tripartite *representative* body, to convene to reconsider the specifics of that calendar. The question at stake here is not whether or not we return before Labor Day next year. The question at stake is whether or not the students are to be allowed an effective voice in the decision-making processes of this University. And this question must be answered now.



# Onyx Rings and Wasted Afternoons?

The Food Stamps Office of the U.S. Department of Welfare occupies a small northwest corner on the eighth floor of South Bend's City-County Building, an office complex which houses most of the city's public-concern bureaus. It is a queerly inanimate place. There are six or seven stainless steel desks with similarly styled chairs, clearly intimating every detail one would conjecture if asked to describe a government-issue office set. A number of plastic seats rest on ten rows of parallel bars, each row containing seven differently colored seats, each color appearing once in every row. To the left of the chairs, mounted midway up the wall is a large IBM which computes exact minutes by splitting each into 360,000 inaudible bleeps. The other most notable component of the office is its collection of six strategically located telephones, one of which rings constantly every day until 5 after 5 in the evening when the office is temporarily vacated. All in all, the Food Stamps Office is a place where a sense of "function" is overwhelmingly apparent, and one would never guess that the drama which takes place there day after day ever could under such methodically meticulous auspices.

But the people who inhabit this office from 8 to 5 and those endless numbers who enter and leave it daily tell the true story. The five caseworkers who determine the dietetic destiny of those who come day after day articulate the story as they jot down all the tragic details in the words and figures which alone can hide the real gnawing of destitution. The "subjects" are not able to hide their stories quite as well. Their dresses and shoes generally fill in the void of the words left out; sometimes their faces do, but not often.

Destitution hardly seems to be the real reason that would bring a Notre Dame senior to the Food Stamps Office on a gray November afternoon. And as I sat there waiting for my file to surface from the growing stack, I wondered what real material unsettledness I'd convey to the caseworker who would soon interview me.

Such disconcerting thoughts, however, are usually highly vulnerable to the first opportunity of escape and a conversation behind me caused their temporary flight. But though my thoughts had taken leave, I became certain that they were still ominously present as I became more conscious of the conversation at my back.

First I learned that two of the three Notre Dame students whose faceless voices I heard were applying for Food Stamps. "The percentages," they confided, "were in their favor." Next I found that they had been

waiting for an hour and a half and, as time slowly passed, each minute seemed to render their effort less and less "worth it." Finally, it was "a waste of an afternoon."

Among other things I chanced upon that afternoon, I discovered that one of my three colleagues had bought the plain gold ring with the black onyx stone because "it was the only decent-looking one they had." A minute later I was informed of the necessity of getting to a bar, "any bar," as soon as the begging farce was over and done with.

Half consciously, I slipped back into my thoughts. I wondered if all four of us from Notre Dame shared the same needs and how much, in fact, ours approximated those of the waiting people surrounding us there. It may have been the grayness of the day or the result of too much introspection, but as I sat there in the Food Stamps Office I became increasingly aware of a deep melancholy that was beginning to come over me.

Mine was the last file to be taken and I gave Mrs. Teel all the information she needed without hesitation. Without further thought, as I distinctly recall, I went down to meet the 5:15 bus in one of the most somber moods I can ever remember having experienced.

Every four weeks I receive a tan and pink card. Mr. Tetuan signs the tan one and, as Director of the Food Stamps Bureau, certifies me as the worthily deficient subject whose name appears below his on the card and authorizes me to barter with any A & P or Kroger man in the continental U.S. The pink card yields \$38 of odd-looking coupons in various denominations.

Chances are, two of the three ND students who sat behind me that day also get \$38 or so every four weeks by the same procedure.

And so does the woman who sat next to me along with her five teenagers and two four- or-five-year-olds who clustered about her, holding desperately to the dress through which I could see a yellowed half-slip coming apart at the seams.

Thanksgiving has come and gone. Christmas 1973 soon will.

I hoped I would pass out of the depression such gray days often bring about this time of year. I usually do after three or four days. But the fleeting thoughts of that November day seem to dissipate even more slowly than the gray clouds which bring the white ones filled with snow.

—denis krill

# A Second Chance

"We're taking a student that the School Corporation said they couldn't educate and we're educating him."

Herbert Lee, Street Academy

Marilyn is a good example. She dropped out of Washington High School two years ago because she lost interest in school. No longer did she want to compete in a system that simultaneously bored and pressured her. Soon after dropping out, Marilyn was in a car accident. The time spent recovering kept her from working and gave her time to think. She wanted to continue her education, she decided, but refused to return to the public schools.

As an alternative, Marilyn enrolled in the Whitney M. Young, Jr. Street Academy of South Bend and is now working diligently for her high school diploma. She says she likes it at the Street Academy because there is no pressure. She feels she is learning more because the treatment is different at the Street Academy.

Marilyn's story is less extreme than the majority of the Street Academy students. Most of them dropped out of public school because of more difficult problems — failure, disruptive behavior, marriage, pregnancy, drug or alcohol problems, arrest, discipline problems. Yet the majority of the students share Marilyn's opinion of the Street Academy. They like it.

"Yeah, man," says one.

"I like it. You learn more and get freedom," says another.

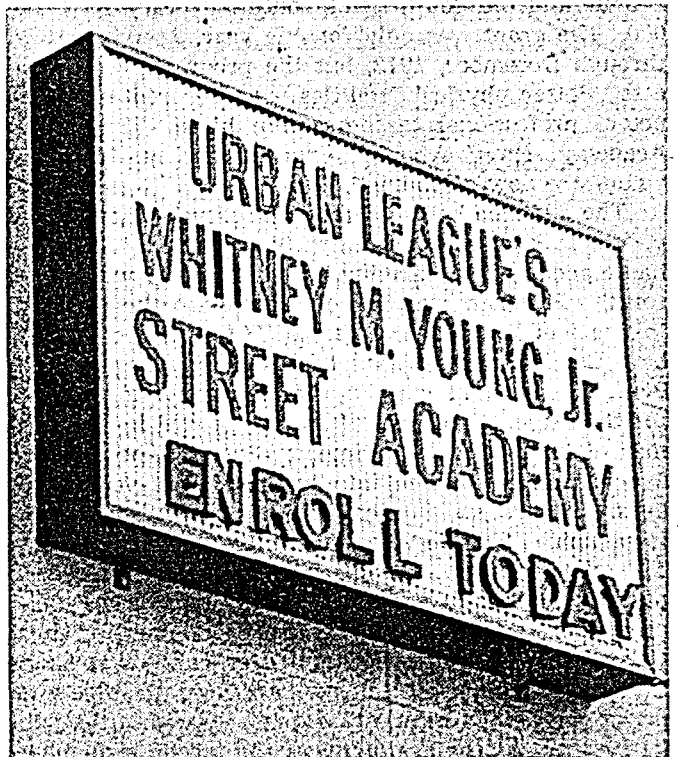
"I think the school is the very best in the Bend," says a third. "It's better than the public schools."

The Whitney M. Young, Jr. Street Academy is an alternative education program for students aged 16-21 who have dropped out of the South Bend public schools. It is a project of the South Bend Urban League, funded by the Experimental School Program of the National Institute of Education, and located at 320 South Main Street in the heart of downtown South Bend. The Street Academy serves a real need; a recent ten-year study by the South Bend Community School Corporation shows that there is an average of approximately six hundred students per year dropping out of the South Bend school system. There are now an estimated 3,000 dropouts in South Bend between the ages of 16-21.

What are the prospects both for these young people and for society? To quote from the introduction to the organizational plan of the Street Academy:

For those students who do "drop out" of public education the future is not entirely bright. This is especially true in South Bend, where recent research . . . indicates that there is a marked positive correlation between an increase in the number of "drop outs" and an increase in the rate of juvenile crimes in specific neighborhoods in the city.

The problem that emerges here, then, for the City of South Bend is how to cope with the dissatisfaction of an increasing number of minority youth who leave public education, but who find no acceptable alternatives open to them in the social, economic, and educational structures of the city. Can these young persons, many of whom are highly talented, find some opportunity to develop their abilities without being forced to become another statistic in the column of juvenile crime?





The Street Academy feels it offers just such an opportunity. The current program began officially on May 2, 1973, but the story of the Street Academy long precedes that date. The first Street Academy was sponsored by the South Bend Urban League in 1968 for over forty black students who had dropped out of school. Although well received by the ghetto neighborhood, it operated on a severely limited budget and a volunteer staff. The Urban League leased a building, teachers volunteered from local colleges, and supplies were provided by the South Bend Community School Corporation. The initial enthusiasm waned without a strong foundation, however, and the first Street Academy died after one year.

The idea, however, lived and was resurrected late in 1971 on a more professional basis. This second Street Academy was funded equally by the local Urban League and the South Bend Youth Advocacy for \$100,000. The grant was only for one year, January, 1972, through December, 1972, but the program was a success. Better physical facilities were secured and competent professional teachers were hired. This Street Academy served over 100 dropout students, three of whom are now attending college.

The dilemma before Director Roosevelt Thomas and staff was how to continue their program. "Since we had a good, viable, thriving Street Academy we applied for the Experimental School grant with the National Institute of Education, a part of H.E.W.," recalls Herbert Lee, former all-state basketball player at South Bend Central and current evaluator and documenter for the Street Academy. "It was approved in the summer of 1972. The Experimental School program is a five-year grant broken into two-and-a-half-year packages. The first six months of the first package is spent in planning. This is when we wrote our detailed plan. The other two years is the academic phase. The second package is strictly academics. The grant was funded on the basis that the South Bend Community School Corporation be willing to assume gradually the financial responsibility of the program over the five-year period and finally incorporate it totally within the public system. At the beginning of the second two-and-a-

half-year package they will assume 20% and the N.I.E. 80%. In the fourth year the School Corporation picks up 40% and the N.I.E. 60%. The last year it's fifty, fifty. Then we become part of the School Corporation."

On the basis of his experience and expertise, Roosevelt Thomas, the director of the old Street Academy, assumed the directorship of the new program. In October of 1972, however, Thomas was informed by Lee McKnight, executive director of the Urban League, and the N.I.E. in Washington that he could not function as director of both programs. Thomas then became the director of the experimental program in its planning phase, and Herbert Lee became the director of the old Academy until its termination on December 31, 1972. Although the N.I.E.'s officially scheduled opening was May 2, 1973, the school has been operating since last February because the staff felt committed to the 60 students carried over from the old Academy. They felt it wrong to close the school to these students for four months, so it was kept open much to the chagrin of officials in Washington. In September, Roosevelt Thomas resigned his position to attend law school at Notre Dame. The Street Academy appointed Mrs. Adam S. Arnold, a South Bend educator and civic leader, as the new director on November 7.

The N.I.E. grant is based on the same per pupil expenditure as 300 public school students, which is \$800 per student. This budget is adequate now, but there are only 156 students now enrolled. The staff is working hard to recruit 300 students in order to meet the terms of the grant. When this happens there may be new problems. "The budget is not adequate," claims teacher John Reid. "We should be funded on another basis. What they are doing is giving us the same amount of money that the public schools failed on. Plus we pay \$15,000/year rent, plus we had to pay a \$5,000 damage deposit."

Dick Hendricks, the liaison to the School Corporation, agrees that the budget is inadequate. "Our per pupil expenditure doesn't even include operating costs," he explains. "The only reason we have enough money and can operate now is that we don't have 300 students."



The Street Academy operates in small quarters. There are two floors with eight classrooms and one activities room. Nobody feels this is large enough for 300 students. Yet the prevailing emotion is hope because those involved in the Street Academy are committed to a program they believe is important and worthwhile. They are prepared for struggle and survival. The Academy has three goals: to provide a learning environment for those youths disenchanted with traditional secondary education, to obtain recognition of its diploma as a standard academic credential, and to seek incorporation of its program within the public school system.

To achieve these objectives the Academy employs what it calls a multiphase program, emphasizing academic achievement, supportive services, and participatory management. Each person on the staff is urged to become a teacher in the purest sense, to be what they call a facilitator, a catalyst and resource for learning. The environment they hope to create is a humanist, student-centered, supportive one that will encourage the student toward a positive direction in life.

The academic phase of the program is built around the yearly schedule, which is broken into four cycles of twelve weeks each with a three-day break between cycles. A student takes only two courses per cycle—one meets in the morning, the other in the afternoon. The courses are designed to follow the inquiry method of learning, which emphasizes questioning. The process of inquiry is stressed over facts and material. Nevertheless, students at the Street Academy are offered six traditional high school courses.

Within this traditional academic structure is a unique approach to education, one that the Street Academy situation demands. "We try to gear our curriculum to the needs of the students," explains Evaluator and Documenter Herbert Lee.

"Usually at a public school if a student is considered slow, whatever they use to determine if a student is slow, it turns the student off. They don't give him the individualized attention that we give him here. Consequently he drops out because he is considered inferior.

"Yes, I definitely believe the public schools are failing these kids. We see ourselves as an alternative in that the method of teaching is different here. It is individualized. For example, some of our teachers have aids, and, if a student is behind in a particular area, the aid is the one who tries to beef him up. Also the teachers help the slower students after regular class."

"We are doing some things and not doing others," said Hendricks, the liaison officer. "One thing we haven't done is measure the differences in the students before they come and after they come."

Hendricks, a former counselor at LaSalle High School, is responsible for all communication and action between the Street Academy and the School Corporation. He is working to get the Academy accredited by the state. It meets all the requirements for accreditation except teacher certification and Hendricks is confident that this will soon be waived. Last summer Hendricks conducted a remedial course at the Street

Academy for 40 eighth-grade students from the public schools who had failed. He is also working on securing a hot lunch program for the Academy. Most of the students will qualify for a free lunch, he says, because they fall below the poverty level.

The measuring of attitude and behavior, and evaluation of students and teachers have been a pressing problem. "On paper we're a good program," states Hendricks, "but the fact is we're a bunch of amateurs. We haven't been able to measure exactly what our success has been. A lot of the things we're supposed to be doing, we're not doing. We're learning as we go along, but we must learn quickly so we don't lose the credibility of the students."

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*"I think our biggest  
success is just getting  
the kids to come."*

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"I think our biggest success is just getting the kids to come. These were hostile kids. But student reaction here is positive and relaxed. We haven't had any racial problems. I think this is because our teachers are basically different than teachers at the public schools. I attribute this to the sensitivity training our teachers get. We have a strong teacher in-service program conducted by Drs. Richard Tirman and Richard Calvin of I.U.S.B., which focuses on human relations and sensitivity training."

In a time of general disillusionment about schooling, with teacher strikes and falling enrollment, the Street Academy displays a remarkably positive outlook. There is a healthy idealism, a belief in the nature of education, at all levels. This is grounded in the small triumphs the Street Academy has made, such as sending former dropouts to college. They are involved in the exhilarating experience of liberation.

Dick Hendricks recalls a vivid incident: "We picked up a student, 18 years old, who couldn't read a word. He was put out of public school in the seventh grade and sent to a mental institution. He came in here, and I couldn't see anything retarded about him, and even though we're not supposed to take anyone who can't read at a third-grade level we wanted to help. So one of our teachers took him and in two weeks he could read 80 words. The question is why didn't someone help him in public school? And how did he get to the seventh grade? It speaks of a lack of sensitivity to the situation. Most of the failures we get failed because of behavior, not because of a lack of intelligence. You can get through public school if you're stupid, but well behaved."

Discipline is a major concern, but not a major problem, at the Street Academy. "We try to let the students know this is their school," says Lee. "We let the students get involved with the decision making on how to run the school. The attitude is very good, very loyal for most of the students. The students are involved in all aspects of running the school."

The teacher attitude is as positive as the student attitude. There are only three teachers on the staff who have taught in public school. "Their comparison is that this is the place to be as far as teaching goes," says Lee. "The classroom situation is not structured by the administration. If a teacher wants to go on a field trip he goes. He has the chance to assert himself and be the type of teacher he's always wanted to be. Word has gotten out, too, and we have numerous applications from people seeking employment."

Right now the Street Academy is an intimate operation, which may account for its positive spirit and success. But word is spreading and the Academy may soon have to deal with the problems of growth. "We have heard good things in the neighborhood," says Lee. "But we're new, and people are slow to accept change. We are pleased at the progress we're making in terms of how people in the neighborhood see us as an educational institution. We are progressing at a greater rate than we expected. The student body is growing, the community is accepting us, and we have had no serious incident that would cast bad light on the Street Academy. Maybe we're just fortunate. The community is coming to the point where they are accepting us more readily than when we began."

### III

John Reid's Social Inquiry class is held in the first room on the right on the first floor. It is a few minutes before 9 A.M., and the class is still trickling into this small, blue brick room. One student signs the attendance roster on the wall, others talk, others fidget with books. A sign on the wall says, "The most educational thing anyone can do is breathe." In front of me is the "Watergate File"—a box of manila folders filled with information brought in by the students. Now all the students have arrived—twelve in all, six white and six black—and they sit around the horseshoe arrangement of long cafeteria tables waiting for John Reid to appear.

They are unanimous in their approval of the Street Academy. It is easy to sense the strong rapport here between students, teachers, and administrators.

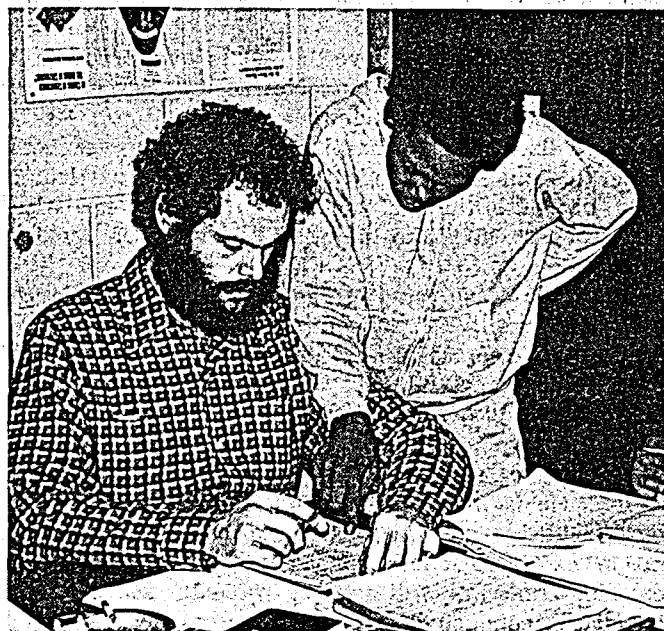
"Yeah, I like it," says a small, young looking, pretty girl named Michelle. "They don't hassle you." Michelle went to LaSalle, became pregnant, dropped out, and was referred to the Street Academy by LaSalle.

Marilyn, with the beautiful, big blue eyes, likes the approach to education here. "Going to the courts makes it more interesting than just talking about them," she says.

Someone explains that Social Inquiry is a modern approach to social science in which the course content is directed toward the actual life situations of the students. This involves a heavy emphasis on projects, discussions, films, visiting the courts, and field trips.

Finally Reid walks through the door to begin his class. He is tall, lanky, and bearded. His manner is loose and informal. He opens with a discussion on the film about Hiroshima shown yesterday. He makes some general and random remarks about the atomic bomb, WWII, Fascism, and propaganda, trying to instill a sense of the horror and its ramifications in the modern age. "We used a weapon whose effect we didn't know how to counter. Children still are born today who are deformed because of damage their parents received at Hiroshima," he says. Then the discussion moves to Communism. Reid wants to know what we really know about it, and how we came to know it. He contrasts the ideal of communist theory with the actuality of state Communism and draws the distinction between Communism, Democracy, and Republicanism. Then he talks about blacklists, McCarthyism, and control of intellectuals.

Now the class votes in favor of seeing a film about Harriet Tubman. Reid adds that individual projects can be worked on if anyone wishes to skip the film. The students select these films from the catalogue in the Street Academy library. They are usually ordered through the South Bend Public Library. Students also can borrow the films to show at home. The film they are now seeing is called "The Great Adventure," part of an old C.B.S. series. It stars Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis with music by Richard Rodgers. It is about Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad, a story about liberation from slavery.





Reid stops the film at 10:15 for the daily 15-minute break in the two-and-a-half-hour class and comes over to talk with me. Reid is a native of South Bend. He attended St. Joe High, graduated from Notre Dame, then tended bar at the Notre Dame Faculty Club for a year before beginning work at the Street Academy.

"Teaching here is a challenge," he tells me. "These are kids who dropped out of school, they had problems of one sort or another, so they don't accept, they don't fall into the system easily. Therefore, everything I do, everything accomplished, is earned."

Each student in Reid's class works on an individual project, which is determined by the student and related to his life. One girl was laughed at and considered strange in public school because she wants to be a missionary in Argentina. For her project in Reid's class she is doing a study, first, of Juan Peron, then of the whole country. Marilyn's project is a study of prostitution in South Bend. She is reading on the subject, visiting the courts, and interviewing whores. Brian is reporting on a local drug abuse program, which he is attending to clear up his own problem. "He gets credit for an important life experience," says Reid. "No one in public school can duplicate what he has learned there."

Other individual projects involve the local penal, legal, and social service systems, evaluating local judges, reports on the conflict at Wounded Knee, cultural comparisons, and other contemporary issues. Each project is somehow related to the students' life in order to eliminate what Reid calls dead-end learning.

"Students are given credit for jobs that have to do with their goals or career," he explains. "One student is working in a hospital and will get credit for it because he is trying to get into Notre Dame to study psychology. We try to give credit for everything we can because most everything is educational. For example, we're trying to set up an apprentice program based on the Learning Exchange idea. If a student is interested in a trade or skill we will call a man in town with that trade and set up a program so the student can begin to learn."

Reid is trying to get a Cable TV program for his class to produce. They would write the script, perform, direct, and produce it, and learn all the technical as-

pects of TV production. Another Street Academy plan is a pottery, leather, and jewelry co-op sponsored by the art class. The business class would arrange to market the student-made merchandise. Reid takes his class on trips to the local colleges for films and lectures and to let his kids walk around and talk to people. He wants them to see that college is real, not some vague dream. Often students decide to attend college only after they come in contact with one.

Reid likes the freedom he has to determine his curriculum. He, in turn, transfers that responsibility to the students so he can help them learn what they want to learn. "You can't legislate learning," he explains. "You just have to let it happen. It's beginning to happen now and it's beautiful. You know, I'm sick today, running a little fever, but I wouldn't miss it. I love it here."

---

*"... I definitely believe  
the public schools  
are failing these kids ..."*

---

I ask him what the Street Academy is trying to do. He answers succinctly: "The Street Academy emphasizes reading, environmental survival, and career orientation. We want to clean up the streets of the dropouts out there, then become part of the School Corporation as an alternative to those who would drop out."

The break ends and the students return and wait for the Harriet Tubman film to continue. Two of the kids are talking to Reid about getting high. They want to know if teachers get high.

"Teachers get high, sure, only not here," he answers.

Then he turns to me with a smile and says, "We don't lie here."

—greg aiello

# To Become A Father Is To Believe In God

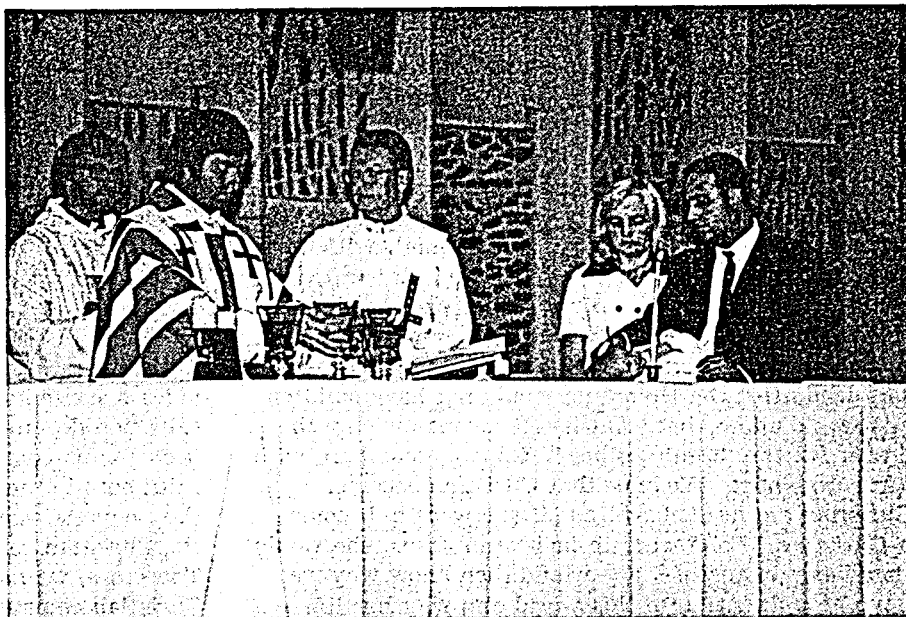
*Professor Frank Fiorenza delivered this homily at the baptism of his daughter this past summer. We feel it deals eloquently with the problems of parenthood in our time. Professor Fiorenza and his wife, Dr. Elisabeth Fiorenza, are both members of the Theology faculty at Notre Dame.*

Exactly nine months ago Elizabeth and I were attending mass on Gaudete Sunday in Walsh Hall. It was a special occasion for us. We were commemorating our wedding anniversary and we were celebrating our first inkling that we would have a child. In his homily, the celebrant, Father Hesburgh, recalled that his mother once told him, "Even though you are a priest, you cannot know God as I can because you are a man and only in becoming a mother does one experience and believe in God in a very special way." Unfortunately Father Hesburgh did not tell us how he did or would reply today. The experience of becoming a father has taught me what answer could be given. If my mother would say the same to me, I would reply, "Mom! Is there any chance that you might be a female chauvinist?" Now I am confident that this was not Father Hesburgh's reply. I would like, however, in this sermon to explain why I claim that to become a father is to believe in God.

To become a parent today involves a decision that differs significantly from such an option in previous times. Medical advances have in the first place made the decision into a real choice. To initiate and even to continue a pregnancy is from a practical point of view no longer a natural event or a necessary consequence. It has become a deliberately free act and a conscious choice. Many of the reasons for having children in the past, moreover, no longer exist today. If previously children were an extra helping hand at the farm and a financial asset, today it is estimated that forty thousand dollars are required to raise and educate a child as far as high school. If previously children were a consolation in one's old age and could be expected within the structures of a large family to take care of elderly parents, today the situation is more readily exemplified by a friend's bitter complaint that one father could raise nine sons, but his nine sons could

not take care of one father. If previously children could be expected to carry on the family tradition or to take over the father's occupation and even to share his interests so that Albrecht Ritschl, the most influential leading German theologian of the latter part of the nineteenth century, could naturally discuss the interpretation of Friedrich Schleiermacher, the "father of modern theology," with his son, Otto — and what theologian would not want to discuss Schleiermacher with his daughter or son, the situation is no longer the same today. In short, many of the natural, financial, social and psychological reasons for having children no longer exist.

Yet the decision to have children raises an issue more fundamental than the superficial reasons just mentioned might indicate. Basic reasons do exist not to have children. A few years ago, a college valedictorian criticized America's war policy and claimed that she could no longer responsibly bring children into the world. She poses a question and raises a challenge that we cannot overlook. I should like to recall a passage from Tennessee Williams's play, *Suddenly Last Summer*, that focuses our attention upon a dimension of the reality of our world, a dimension too readily neglected. Sebastian watches the annual egg-laying of the sea turtles on the beaches of the Encantadas Islands. After depositing their eggs in the sandpits, the female turtles crawl back to the sea half-dead and do not see their offspring, but Sebastian does. "The narrow beach, the color of caviar, was all in motion. But the sky was in motion, too. . . . Full of flesh-eating birds and the noise of the birds, the horrible savage cries. . . . The just hatched sea-turtles scrambled out of the sandpits and started their race to the sea. To escape the flesh-eating birds that made the sky almost as black as the beach! And the sand all alive, all alive, as the hatched sea-turtles made their dash for the sea, while the birds hovered and swooped to attack. They were diving down on the hatched sea-turtles, turning them over to expose their soft undersides, tearing the undersides open and rending and eating their flesh. Sebastian guessed that possibly only a hundredth of one percent of their number would escape to the sea." The scene fascinated Sebastian. He was looking for a clear image of God. When he returned he said, "Well, now I've seen Him!" He meant God.



This passage frightens us. Its reality is not limited to some South Sea Island or to the wilderness of the Yukon where in Jack London's words the law is to "eat or be eaten, to kill or be killed." But it pervades human existence. In *Clockwork Orange* when Alex's aggressivity and cruelty are taken away from him, he can no longer survive. We appear to be as helplessly caught within the aggressivity of the world as the protagonist of Kosinski's *Steps* is. Wanting to avoid killing another man, he exchanges his rifle for a knife. Yet instead of shooting another, he is forced to decapitate the man standing before him. If he resists, no good is achieved, but he will himself be decapitated. In our everyday lives, we are all too conscious that while we eat, others starve. The food we eat has often been bought at the price of the cheap labors and at the cost

of the lives of God's creatures. The jobs we hold and are happy to hold are jobs that someone else is not holding, but wants and needs to hold. Even the child to whom we have given birth may be taking the place of other children who wait to be adopted. We are all too conscious that the scene in 1984 where the lovers betray one another terrifies us not because it depicts an imaginable future, but because the possibility of our betrayal of our friends and loved ones is very real to each of us here and now.

We have announced on our baptismal invitation that Christina is born into a world of oppression and discrimination and that she will be reborn into a church of inequality. With this announcement we not only describe the state of the world and church, but we also confess our guilt and admit our culpability. But why have we then brought her into this world? Why do we bring her to this church? She was born unable to feed herself. She may die unable to feed herself. Why should the life between birth and death be worthwhile and meaningful in our world?

Christina has a right to an answer to these questions. She may demand one from us, her parents. What can we say to her? Any answer is perhaps too easy, too glib, and too deceptive. Maybe no theoretical justification is possible, no abstract explanation honest! Perhaps all we can do is to give her some signs and to attempt to show her what we cannot explain to her.

The first sign is her name and her baptism. By giving her the name Christina, we signify an expectation, we express a wish, and we document a hope, namely, that she be and become a Christian. In the language of transactional analysis we are attempting with her name to write a script for her. Her name, which we would have preferred to have given to her at this baptism rather than at birth, expresses the meaning of this occasion, her baptism.



By coming here today to acknowledge that this world is dominated by oppression, discrimination, and inequality, we are confessing that man lives in alienation and estrangement from his world, his church, and himself. In classical terms we are saying that our existence is pervaded by original sin and that, in such a world of sin it is questionable whether life is good or human existence is meaningful. But we do not confess at this baptism only the alienation and sin of the world. We also express a specific hope, a hope not as vague as that of two of my philosophical mentors who after the Holocaust would not have children and would admit that what is left for man is only the desire for the "totally other." No, we come here with a concrete hope. We hope that Christina becomes a Christian and we believe that if she were to become a Christian, if she were to believe in Jesus, she would then have an answer. She would then know why we have brought her into this world and why her life is meaningful despite appearances to the contrary.

To help her understand the meaning of her baptism and the significance of her name, we have given her another sign. We have chosen Madame Marlene Rey-Stausberg, a German friend of ours, and Father Raymond E. Brown, the scripture scholar, to be her godparents, to sponsor her initiation into the Christian community. Why have we chosen them? What significance can or do they have for Christina? They can help us provide Christina with a foundation for the faith. How?

What is faith? In our theological tradition, faith has been described as an intellectual assent; it has been understood as an act of truth; and it has been explained as a total affection of man. I would like to suggest here that the meaning of faith can best be illustrated by the terms "loyalty" or "faithfulness." In a world where nature is pitted against nature, where man fights against man, where peace and friendship are rare, only the encounter with faithfulness can disclose the meaning of faith. Such an experience contradicts the very alienation of this world. Such an encounter counters the very aggressivity of man. Our faith is not an act which we can perform as individuals as if individuals alone could believe or as if faith could be reduced to an act. But rather our faith in Jesus is mediated through the community, is supported by a community, and has its foundation in the faithfulness of a community. Whereas previously prophecies, miracles, and the resurrection of Jesus were considered

as both the foundation of faith and of the Christian community, today, I would suggest, the faithfulness of the Christian community becomes for us the transcending foundation of faith that makes possible our belief in the objects of faith, in the resurrection of Jesus and the hope that it entails. The loyalty of the early Christians to Jesus as evidenced in their proclamation of Jesus and their witness to him is the historical foundation of our faith. The faithfulness of Christians to their Christian beliefs and their witness of this faithfulness in their loyalty to their fellow men provides a contemporary foundation for the belief in salvation despite alienation. Since the godparents have been for us concrete living examples of the Christian faith both in their faithfulness to us and their beliefs, they have served for us as exemplary models of the Christian community and are a source of our faith. Therefore, we have asked them to represent the Christian community at this occasion and to sponsor Christina's initiation into this community. Their exemplary significance for us has given us reason to hope that Christina can learn from them the meaning of her existence and the reality of the Christian faith.

We have invited you, friends and members of the community of Notre Dame, to assemble here tonight to admit Christina to the Christian community and to witness her acceptance. Our invitation, however, is also an appeal to each of you, an appeal to give her by your faithfulness a foundation of faith so that your faith in Jesus can become the basis of her belief in him. Our invitation is a reminder to each of you that every one of you is responsible for the faith of Christina. Only through your fidelity to Jesus, to one another and to her can she comprehend the basis of our hope, the foundation of our faith, and the reason for her existence.

I began by claiming to become a father is to believe in God. The reason is that in our world parenthood involves an act of faith just as our coming here together for a baptism does. We have assembled here tonight to confess that the world is in sin and yet to profess our belief in God as its creator. We have come to profess that despite sin, hope and meaning do exist in the world and they exist in Jesus Christ as mediated through the faithfulness and faith of the church, of the Christian community. Christina was born because of the hope and faith that she could find in the Christian community the reason for her existence and the meaning of her faith.

# Reviving the "Vomit Comet"

There are several modes of travel between Chicago and South Bend, and my return after Thanksgiving became a choice between the Greyhound and the South Shore. Somehow I had successfully managed to avoid the latter until this year. Yet, even an evening on the irreverently dubbed "Vomit Comet" can be considered beneficial if only to prompt one to wonder—whatever happened to American trains?

Railroad dominance in America was largely reduced with the invention of the internal-combustion engine. After World War II, people began choosing cars and airplanes for travel, and manufacturers sought trucks and planes for transporting freight. Today, highly unprofitable passenger service accounts for only 3% of American railroad traffic, and the remaining companies providing freight service are finding it increasingly difficult to keep their heads above water.

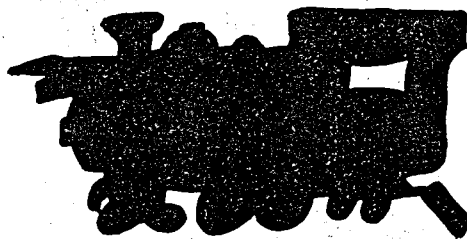
It was once thought that lack of profit was due to lack of freight volume involved. Yet, in 1972 that volume increased by 10% with nary a change in benefits. The circumstances leading to this form a complex maze which has grown up over the years: the physical plant of the railroad industry is grossly run-down and antiquated. American railroads are running today by means of capital which is then unavailable for use in planning for the future. Instead of rejuvenating their facilities, the railroads have been struggling for quite some time merely to stay above water.

Thus, some midwest companies have 60% of their mainline track under speed regulation due to weather and the wear and tear of time. And some tracks that should have been replaced after 20 years have, in fact, been standing through 150 long, cold winters. Train yards, cars, tracks and locomotives all need rehabilitation. In the case of American railroads, extra business doesn't equal extra profit, because additional efforts incur additional costs.

Until recently, despite the industry's ever-present struggle with financial difficulties, some companies were faring well (excluding the eastern lines). It seemed doubtful that any crisis could adequately stir Americans into doubting that the railroads would linger on. Then the Penn Central affair in 1970, the largest bankruptcy in American history, began an unprecedented tangled network of hearings, discussions, government programs designed to alleviate the economic problems involved.

With that dilemma still unresolved, most recent developments have arisen which place the whole situation above immediate politically expedient remedies. The energy crisis will undoubtedly prompt the owners of all railroads, the government and the public to consider measures which stress the ecological aspects of the problem.

By weighing the consequences involved in shifting railroad freight to trucks, one becomes increasingly aware of the important potential ecological aid that trains represent: trucks use four to six times more fuel than trains, make about 10 times more noise by virtue of the increased distances they travel, require construction and maintenance of new highways, etc. The chief advantage is that goods arrive sooner and in smaller and more convenient units by truck.



There's no simple remedy in curing an enterprise now physically and financially disabled. The most effective decisions aren't necessarily those most economically and ecologically sound. However, with foreseeable allocation, price control and priority rationing of fuel supplies, consideration should be taken of those measures in view of projected resources in the long-range future.

Several railroad presidents stress the possibility of a slow transformation of their trains to electrical power. Others encourage a more realistic approach to the benefits of partial or total nationalization—a subject hitherto abhorrent to the American way of thinking.

Only through viewing the situation on a wide scale and through time can this liability become an asset to the country. The ride from Chicago to South Bend really needn't be unpleasant.

—janet cullen

Dear Santa,  
I'm sorry to write to you  
at this late hour but I had  
to sneak out to get a pen.  
They don't allow me to keep  
sharp articles around.

For Christmas I'd like a  
French provincial telephone that  
glows in the dark, 30 minutes  
with Sam Evin and a lifetime  
supply of foster grants.

Thank you love Martha

P.S. Don't let John see this,  
please.

Dear Santa Claus,  
Having behaved myself to  
the best of my recollection until  
this point in time, what I'd  
really want for Christmas (other  
than a peck on the cheek from  
Dick), is an eight week crash  
course in the technical proficiency  
needed in transcribing letters  
from tapes.

Thanks ever so much.

Rose Mary Woods

Dear Santa,  
Send us a calendar for  
Christmas.

the student body

Dear Santa,  
My Thesaurus is in urgent need  
of a synonym for the word "crisis."  
We've gone through so many in the past  
several years that speechwriters,  
one might say, are in a word crisis.

Roget

DE  
SE  
YOU  
AND EL  
WORD OF  
TO YOUR  
TRAVEL PL  
BECAUSE  
ENERGY CRIS  
LIMIT IN INDIANA  
M.P.H.; YOU MIGHT  
LEAVE A DAY EARL  
ALL DELIVERIES ON T  
AND I HOPE YOUR  
RED CHEEKS ARE NOT DR  
EXCESSIVE DRINKING OR  
MEANS OF INTOXICATION  
KNOW WHAT I MEAN). REM  
A PERSON WHO DRIVES WHI  
STONED MAY END UP ON THE  
ROCKS.

LT. TIM MCCARTHY

Dear Santa...

dear santa claus,  
i'd like some advice for  
christmas. ever since my  
recent "difficulties," i've  
been offered the following  
positions:

- 1) tackling dummy for the  
detroit lions
- 2) patty duke's father in her  
next situation comedy
- 3) bartender on bebe rebozo's  
yacht
- 4) consulting editor for the  
american heritage dictio-  
nary
- 5) liberace's valet
- 6) straight man for don rickles
- 7) proofreader for the  
obscure

- 8) tennis/golf coach at  
the university of alaska
- 9) finance chairman for the  
Republican national  
committee.

which should i take?

spiro t. agnew

Dear Santa,  
As the warming sun  
rises in the morning sky  
and the beckoning, blustery,  
winter wind taps upon  
my window pane, I  
think of you and remember.  
I drift back past what  
seems an instant, a decade,  
to a cloudy day in a sixth  
grade classroom when a  
normally icy principal's voice  
announced in quivering  
disbelief that there was no  
Santa Claus.

Thank God she was wrong!  
Please send me some  
Visine (out the red out), a  
box of Kleenex and a new  
pencil. Yours in Christmas,  
Butch

DEAR SANTA,  
PERSON'S GREETINGS TO  
AND YOUR LOVELY WIFE  
YES. MAY I OFFER A  
ADVICE IN REGARD  
CHRISTMAS EVE  
ANS?  
OF THE CURRENT  
THE SPEED  
WILL BE 50  
WANT TO  
TO INSURE  
LEGENDARY  
TO  
OTHER  
(YOU  
MEMBER.  
LE

# Good Health! Be Free!

*Welcome to this Christmas Feast! The fanfare of the trumpets hails the season of Christmastide. Let all join in the festivities this night and pledge to the health and good heart of all gathered here.*

Thus Dr. James McCray of the St. Mary's Music Department welcomes the guests to the evening of Madrigal feasting and revelry. The procession of minstrels and singers in their medieval robes winds through the flickering candlelight to the Madrigal table.

Again, Dr. McCray addresses his guests: "Join in their good friendship and feasting. Join in the beauty of the unfamiliar music of the Renaissance. Now is the time for gaiety, the time of feasting on roast pork and flaming plum puddings. It is a time for warmth, for color, for joy and beauty. A time for peace and good will among men."

As Lord of Misrule, it is Dr. McCray's job to introduce all to the festivities recreated by the Music and Art Departments of St. Mary's College, called the Madrigal Dinners. Each year, recalling the Medieval and Renaissance tradition of the Christmas Madrigal feast, St. Mary's sponsors their own Madrigal Dinner and entertainment. This year, Dr. McCray found it necessary to schedule five nights, running through December 8, which immediately sold out.

"This is the second year that we've had the Madrigal Dinners," Dr. McCray explained. "Last year we had it on two nights, seating about 275 people each night. We had so many requests from other people that this year we decided to cut down the size of each night to about 190, and run it five nights."

Repeating last year's success, the dinners have again completely sold out this year, and Dr. McCray believes that they could have easily sold out an additional two nights. Fortunately, next year, Dr. McCray plans to extend the feasting for perhaps ten evenings, as the number of enthusiastic and loyal revellers continues to grow.

Dr. McCray explained the history of the Madrigal Dinner, on which the Music Department's dinners are based. "The Madrigal Dinner in essence is a feast, a celebration that was held during Christmastime. There was one person in the castle called the Lord of Misrule, and I'm actually doing that part. He was in charge of setting up all the revelries for the castle during the Christmas season, for each different feast."

"In the singers' procession, there are three herald trumpeters. I must explain that a herald trumpet is one of those long, extended trumpets; the regular trumpet would be something less than two feet in length. A herald trumpet would be more than a yard long. Now, they will play a fanfare before the singer procession, one before the candle-lighting ceremony, which is the traditional beginning of the Christmas season. The lighting of the candles symbolically represents the return of Christ, the light of the world."

"Then you have the Christmas toast, the Wassail, which is an ancient salutation or toast. The Wassail freely translated means 'Good health! Be free!' So, before each of these things happens, there will be a fanfare, after which the boar's head will be carried in, representing the beast that was killed by the men of the castle on the hunting trip, again, a part of the Christmas festival."

"This is followed by the actual dinner itself, with the Madrigal Singers seated up in front of the group. After the meal, the singers sing appropriate music, for example, the 'Boar's Head Carol.' They also sing about the lighting of the candles, 'Torches, Torches,' and then, we have the Madrigal concert itself. A new feature of the concert this year will be a Renaissance dance by Joan Zimmerman and Bill Carter, with harpsichord, I believe, and the addition of something which is not really Renaissance, a kind of Medieval play. We're updating it a little bit and moving into the nineteenth century, with a one-act comic opera of Offenbach, called *R.S.V.P.* That will be at one end of the room, and the Madrigal singers will be at the other end, with a Christmas tree and the herald trumpeters over in another corner. After the entertainment, we'll serve the flaming plum pudding, carried in flambeau."

"It's a fantastic evening, a marvelous blending of the sacred and the secular elements of the Christmas season."

All of the servers, singers and actors will be dressed in costumes of the period, and the room will be decorated with large, hanging tapestries, covered with Christmas designs, prepared by the St. Mary's Art Department under the direction of Sr. Rose Ellen.

Though the Madrigal Dinners date back to the Middle Ages, the entertainment aspect of the festival did not take on its present importance until the Renaissance, when composers and orchestras were commissioned to



write and perform compositions especially designed for the Madrigal Dinners, Dr. McCray defends the antics of his troupe by explaining that "they actually had people singing and carrying on like that!"

Tickets for the dinners are modestly priced at \$6.50, and though this year's Madrigal Festival is completely sold out, Dr. McCray promises to expand the festival to perhaps ten evenings next year, to accommodate all requests. The proceeds from the Dinners go to the Collegiate Choir Fund, which among other things, helps to finance the choir's summer tours. Last summer, Dr. McCray led the choir on a tour of Northern Europe; this year, they have received invitations to perform in Vienna, Moscow, and at the 1974 World's Fair.



The second half of the Saint Mary's Collegiate Choir Christmas celebration is the concert choir on Sunday, December 9, at 8:30 p.m. in the Church of Loretto. (There is no admission charge.) Dr. McCray explained that the concert will be much more extensive this year, with the addition of two other performing groups.

Dr. McCray was also very proud to announce that on Monday, December 10, the Collegiate Choir and Madrigal Singers will be in Chicago, preparing a tape for NBC, to be aired on Christmas Eve at 11:30 p.m., in the Chicago area.

Also, on Wednesday, December 12, the Madrigal Singers, the Women's Chorus, and the Collegiate Choir will perform throughout the evening at Scottsdale Mall in South Bend. Dr. McCray and the members of the Collegiate Choir invite any or all to these Christmas celebrations; their way of adding a vocal bit of cheer to Christmas, 1973.

—tom gora

## "Call Me When You Find America"

"I tell you, I *don't like* this business of you guys biking off into strange and unknown parts!"

"Zonker, we'll only be gone a few months."

"Man, it's dangerous out there! Who do you think you are, Peter Fonda?"

"Zonker, it's something we have to do. Both of us want to search for America."

"Look, will you call me as *soon* as you get there?"

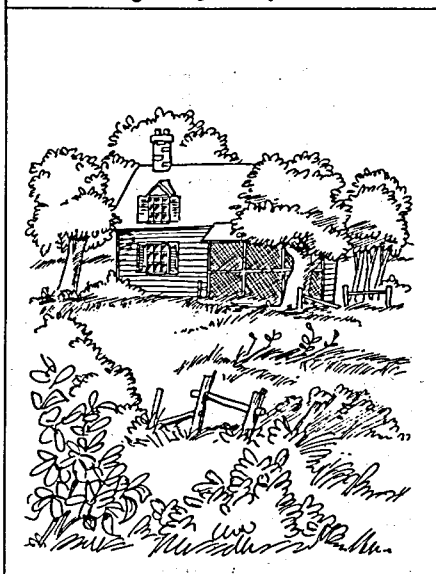
"I promise."

Thus begins the odyssey of Mark and Doonesbury in the latest of Garry Trudeau's series of cartoon chronicles (*Call Me When You Find America*, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$1.50). What follows is an hour's worth of pure enjoyment — a most welcome study break — and an ideal Christmas offering for the Zonker in everyone's life.

In a time when everyone seems fed up with everything, when corruption seems the rule rather than the exception and politics have become an endless circus, when December on the calendar seems to bring with it a bleak December of the soul, along comes Garry Trudeau. Brandishing his drawing pen like a sword, he reminds us that even the most ludicrous and frustrating situation can be comical if we only temper our approach.

## Call Me When You Find America

a *Doonesbury* book by G. B. Trudeau



The reason for the odyssey (other than the native allure of "hitting the road" still eating away at all Easy Rider freaks) is simple. Mark has been disowned by his loving father:

"Goodbye, you little thug."

And good old Mike Doonesbury, a sort of aimless but contented Everykid, has nothing much better to do.

So off they go; and before they return to Walden Pond (where our friend Zonker is still "communing" with the lily pads) they hit everything from the Republican Convention to Frisco to Washington, D.C., to Vegas to Philadelphia (the City of Brotherly Love?). There they encounter everyone's favorite mayor, and Trudeau's dialogue reaches its prime:

"Hey! You! I thought I told you to get out of town!"

"Uh-oh! Here's trouble!"

"What you still doin' in Phillie, boy?"

"Gee, I'm sorry, sir, I didn't think you were serious. After all, I'm a fellow Italian-American."

"You are?! Well, now, that's different! Yup, that's a very different kettle of fish!"

"Oh good!"

"I thought you were a hippie or a negro or somethin'!"

"Nope! Not me."

We have all encountered Garry Trudeau enough in the past to know that, at the age of twenty-four, he has already succeeded in topping the charts as a cartoonist. And anyone who has read him closely will have no doubts about his deserving such fame. He has his thumb firmly on the pulse of a nation in the midst of an identity crisis. His keen awareness of the multiplicity of paradoxes and the ludicrous situations which plague our every day is refreshing, though at times embarrassing.

Having over a hundred of his gems together in one book is a special treat, and a necessary palliative for the psychic ills of an exam week. Pick up a copy (or buy one for a friend) and spend a quiet hour hunched up in a comfortable chair. But be careful. You might find yourself in there. And worse yet, it might be *you* he's dumping on.

—kerry mcnamara

## Step Right Up, Ladies and Gentlemen!

This year's prime deterrent from last weekend cramming before finals may come not from such old standbys as the tube or the Rock, but from a new option: the circus. The Shrine Circus will arrive in South Bend on Saturday, December 15, to make its final two performances of the 1973 tour in the Athletic and Convocation Center.



**-ORAK-  
SHRINE TEMPLE**



**SOUTH BEND  
SHRINE CLUB**

★ **World's Biggest Traveling Indoor Circus** ★

IN THE HUGE **ATHLETIC AND CONVOCATION CENTER**  
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME



# SHRINE CIRCUS

**PRODUCED BY**

***Polack Bros.***

**ONE DAY ONLY!**

**2 — PERFORMANCES — 2**

**2:00 P.M. & 7:30 P.M.**

Mr. Louis Stern, the owner and operator of the Polack Bros. Shrine Circus, has gathered all the familiar sights and sounds of the circus into seventeen top acts involving over one hundred performers from around the world.

This year's feature performances will include both single and multiple aerial trapeze acts, balancing and high-wire acts, an amazing exhibition of ferocious lion fighting, and assortment of animal performances, and a host of clowns. Aerial performances will include mid-air gymnastics by single trapeze artist Miss Sarazochil and the Flying Gibsons. Walking the bounding rope will be the world-renowned Spanish artist Segura. The Dresler Brothers and Hedy will perform aerial motorcycle feats, while Eric Acadis performs amazing feats of muscular control and balance. Top animal acts include the Adams Comedy Chimps and Dogs, Bianco and his lions and the Polack Brothers' performing elephants. All the action will be coordinated and announced by ringmaster Don Nothdort.

The Polack Bros. Shrine Circus is traditionally sponsored by the local Shrine clubs throughout the country

that contract the independently owned circus to play in their area. Mr. Louis Stern, who owns and operates the circus independently of the Shrine organization, is responsible for putting the circus together.

Every year the circus is completely new, with most performers signing only one-year contracts. Once the circus contracts the desired number of performers for a given tour they will begin practicing, and Mr. Stern will accept offers from any organization that wishes the circus to perform. In the past the Polack Circus has performed only for the Shrine organization, hence deriving its name; but today it accepts bids from any organization capable of providing the facilities and meeting the financial agreements. All touring is done by trailer with this year's tour starting in January and ending with the South Bend performance. This will be the third year the Shrine has performed in the Athletic and Convocation Center with the sponsoring of the South Bend Shrine Club. General admission to either performance (at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.) is \$2.50, while reserved seats go for \$3.50. A pleasant time is guaranteed for all.

—tom birsic

# Justice Abides in The State of Hoynes

If ever one were to find himself on the witness stand of the Marion County Superior Court, facing charges ranging anywhere from murder to negligence, it would undoubtedly be due to the efforts of Law Professor Edward F. Barrett; for Marion County lies in the state of Hoynes which is owned and operated by Professor Barrett for the express purpose of introducing Notre Dame's third-year law students to the experience of trying a lawsuit.

For twenty years Professor Barrett has been constructing real-life courtroom drama in the mythical Marion courtroom as part of the law school's Practice Court program. The practice court was founded in 1953 by former Law School Dean Joseph O'Meara, Judge Luther M. Swygert and Professor Barrett with the feeling that each student of law at Notre Dame should have the opportunity to experience the actual trial of a lawsuit in the most realistic and intimate atmosphere possible. Based on the age-old axiom, "You can't learn to swim until you get into the water," the practice court was established as a supplement to the knowledge gained through textbooks and classroom discussions of the law. In the classroom students learn the various techniques, strategies and critical questions of the law. In the practice court they get an idea of what it means to apply that knowledge to an actual piece of litigation.

The first cases held by Professor Barrett were called into session in a room of the Law School building and fell under the jurisdiction of the Superior Court of Marion County, located in the state of Hoynes (named after a former Law School dean). In 1958 the location

of the court was changed to the courtrooms of the United States District Court for Northern Indiana and the Superior Court of St. Joseph County, but the jurisdiction and procedure remained the same and still continue today.

Preparations for each case begin five weeks in advance of the scheduled trial date, when Professor Barrett hands the four student counselors—two for both the defense and the plaintiff—the names and numbers of clients and witnesses. It is then up to the counselors to contact their clients and through their pre-trial interviews determine what the case involves.

Every case presented to the student counselors throughout the year contains situations involving critical questions and issues of law. All cases are personally constructed by Professor Barrett and, although each case is simulated, the situations presented are real.

In constructing each case Professor Barrett will first rummage through the law books in search of an interesting case that has been previously tried. Then he will take the old trial records and transcripts and prepare a complete statement of testimony for each client and witness he intends to involve in the case. Once the roles and testimonies of the witnesses have been established, he then fills those roles by consulting a pile of index cards accumulated through the years, containing the names of hundreds of individuals willing to participate in his court.

Witnesses and clients are drawn from all parts of the Notre Dame and South Bend communities and play

a critical role in establishing the realistic atmosphere of the courtroom. If, for instance, medical testimony is called for during the trial, it will usually be given by a practicing physician or an intern from one of the local hospitals. When other testimony requiring professional knowledge or experience is being given, Professor Barrett will call on Notre Dame faculty or on members of the local police force to participate. Many witnesses return to serve in the court year after year, as in the case of one witness who has participated in at least one trial every year since 1953.

The twelve seats in the jury are filled on the same volunteer basis, with members coming from many various sources, including undergraduates from both Notre Dame and St. Mary's, first-year law students and local community organizations. In view of the new amendment to the Constitution giving 18-year-olds greater rights, Professor Barrett will invite area high school seniors to sit on the jury as they are now eligible to do in a regular courtroom.

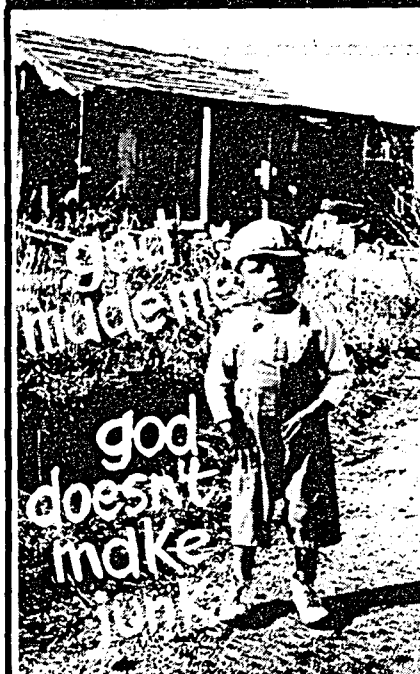
In the early years of the court Judge Swygert presided over all the cases heard by the court. Today that chore is divided among ten or twelve judges who graciously extend their work week to hear cases presented in the practice court. Among the assisting judges are three Notre Dame graduates: Hon. George N. Beamer, Sr., Hon. Robert A. Grant and Hon. Norman Kopec. Visiting judges are also invited by Professor Barrett to participate. Last year a criminal case was heard by Hon. William B. Jones, the U.S. District Court Judge from the District of Columbia.

When the pre-trial preparations are complete, the student counselors present their arguments in a courtroom atmosphere that in every way possible reflects an actual courtroom situation. Standard courtroom procedure is followed with each counselor fully aware that his or her performance will be evaluated by the judge who presents his "critique" orally during a learning session at the end of the trial. In addition to the judge's evaluation, Professor Barrett presents his own opinions the following Tuesday during a general discussion held with the other members of the program. Mistakes made by the counselors are brought out during the evaluations and impressed in such a manner that hopefully they will not be repeated again.

Once a student has completed the Practice Court program, there is no guarantee that he will pursue this aspect of law for his career. Trial work is only one of many avenues open to students of law and the practice court is only one aspect of their education. The practice court does insure, however, that everyone participating, whether as a counselor, juror, or witness, will gain a firsthand understanding and appreciation of the efforts involved in arguing a case before judge and jury.

—tom birsic

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# Coming Distractions

## DECEMBER 7

- ... Madrigal Dinner, 7:00 p.m., Regina Hall (SMC).
- ... Thieves' Carnival, ND/SMC Theater, 8:30 p.m., Washington Hall.
- ... Lecture by Stephen Korner (Dept. of Philosophy Metaphysics Series), 3:30 p.m., Library Aud.
- ... Lady Sings the Blues, Engineering Auditorium.
- ... A Christmas Carol, 8:15 p.m., IUSB Theater.

## DECEMBER 8

- ... Madrigal Dinner, 7:00 p.m., Regina Hall (SMC).
- ... Thieves' Carnival, ND/SMC Theater, 8:30 p.m., Washington Hall.
- ... A Christmas Carol, IUSB Theater, 8:15 p.m.
- ... IUSB Music Faculty Trio Recital, 8:15 p.m., Recital Hall (IUSB).

## DECEMBER 9

- ... Elkhart Symphony Chamber Orchestra and Chorus, Memorial High School, Elkhart.
- ... Electronic Music Festival, 8:15 p.m., Recital Hall (IUSB).
- ... Music of Advent and Christmas, Univ. of Notre Dame Choral Ensembles. 4:00 p.m., Sacred Heart; free.
- ... Christmas Choral Concert, Collegiate Choir of SMC and UND, and the SMC Women's Choir. 8:15 p.m., Church of Our Lady of Loretto (SMC).

## DECEMBER 10

- ... Macbeth (Shakespeare Film Series; Roman Polanski, dir.), 7 & 10 p.m., Engineering Auditorium, free.

## DECEMBER 14

- ... A Christmas Carol, 8:15 p.m., IUSB Theater.

## RUMOR:

There is an unconfirmed rumor that Joni Mitchell will grace the Notre Dame stage on January 21, 1974. Of course the rumor was mentioned by the head of Notre Dame Concerts, Rich Donovan.

## DECEMBER 15

- ... Prokofiev's Cinderella, Elkhart Symphony Orchestra and Michiana Ballet, Memorial High School, Elkhart.
- ... A Christmas Carol, 8:15 p.m., IUSB Theater.

## DECEMBER 16

- ... Prokofiev's Cinderella, Elkhart Symphony Orchestra and Michiana Ballet, Memorial High School, Elkhart.
- ... A Christmas Carol, 8:15 p.m., IUSB Theater.

## OPENING:

### DECEMBER 9

- ... Photographs by Loren Weaver, South Bend Art Center through December 30.

## CONTINUING:

Miniature Paintings Throughout History, at Radecki Galleries all month.

At O'Shaughnessy Gallery all month:

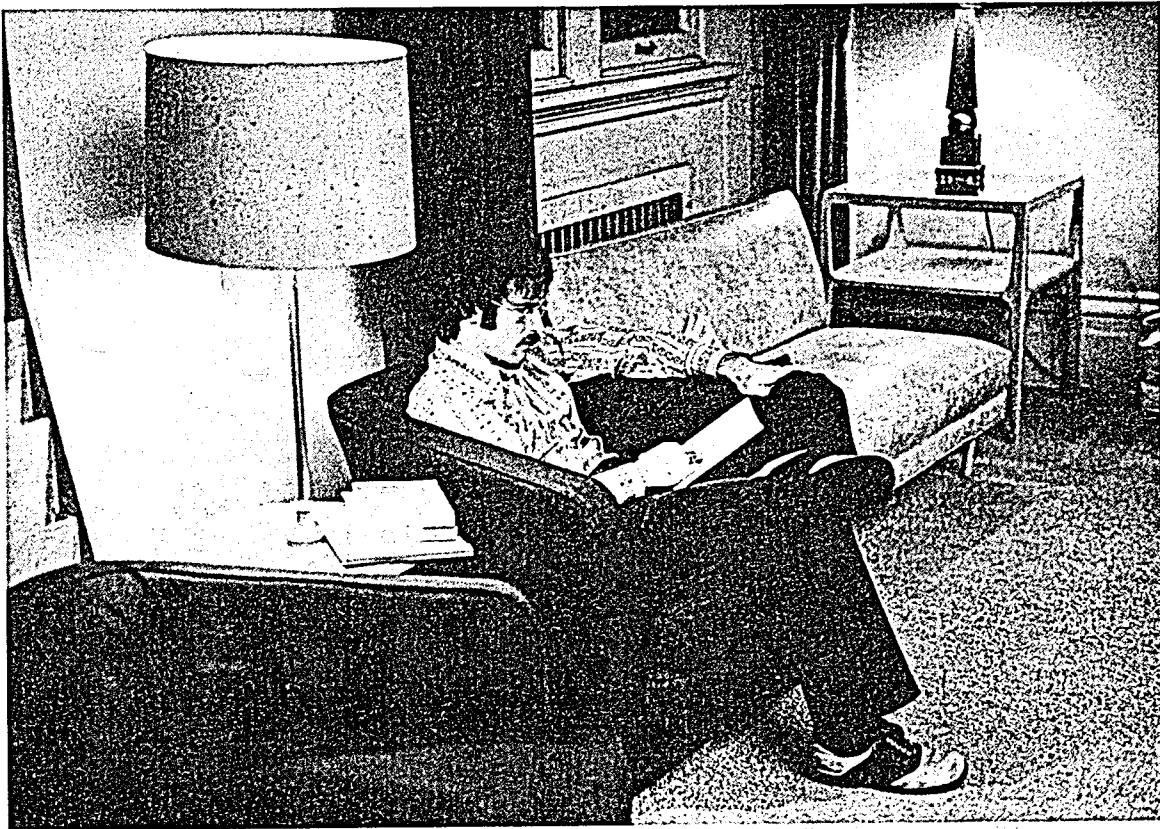
Portraits from the Permanent Collection: a critical examination of the forgotten art of portraiture, featuring works from the Italian Renaissance through the 1950's.

Italian Renaissance Works from the Permanent Collection.

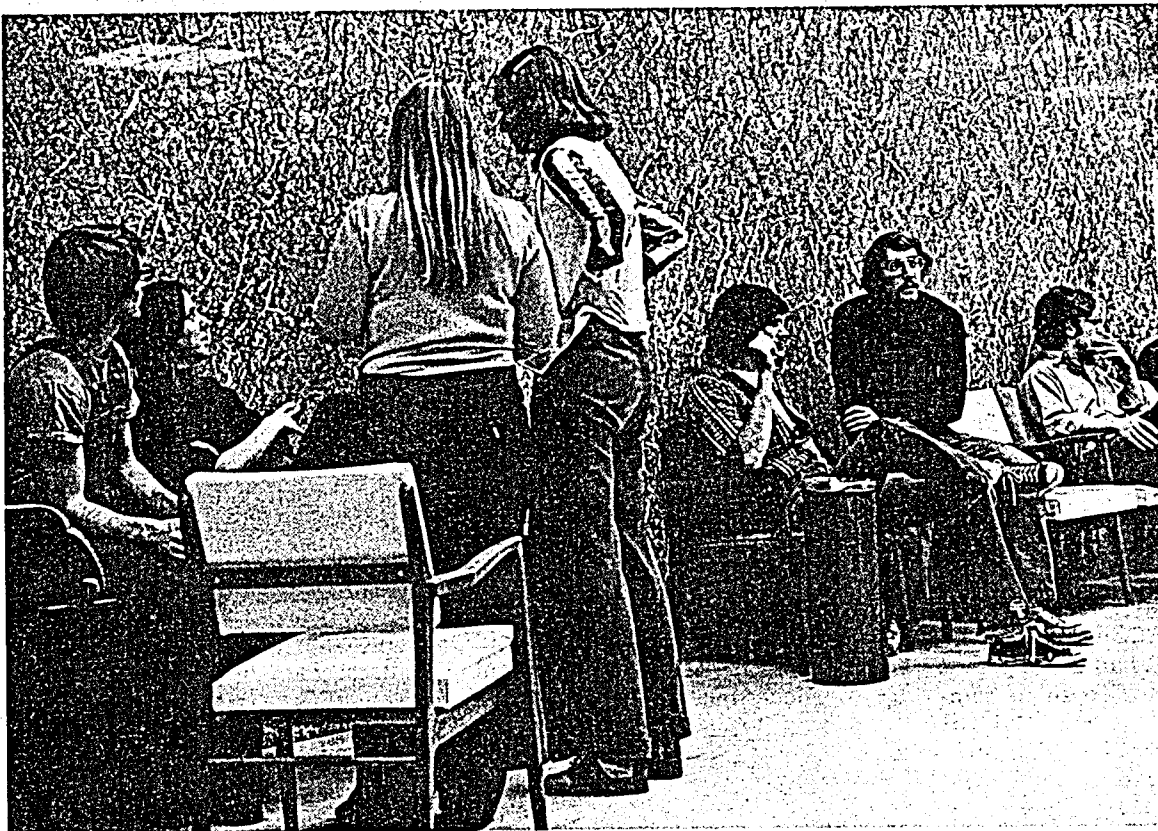
XIX Century Works from the Permanent Collection.

"New Portfolio" of Josef Albers.

—rick gering



Can you guess the real Student Center?



# Missing the Cut

One Monday at lunch somebody glanced through a copy of the "Observer" and said, "Hey! Digger is going to hold varsity tryouts this Thursday." This little incident shows how, in an innocent way, the stage was set for my BIG CHANCE—a crack at making the varsity team.

You see, I live in a triple in Zahm, and my room had a tradition. One of my roommates had tried to claim a spot on the tennis team and had returned, doused with sweat, in defeat. My other roommate attempted to get on the golf team, but he didn't make it past the first round due to late night activities. The lot then fell upon me to earn some athletic glory for the room.

The next two days were filled with anxiety. I had dreadful visions of getting my shots stuffed back down my throat by a 7-foot-2-inch ball-player who knew how to play basketball before he had learned how to speak. Elbows in the face, bad passes, "air ball" shots, and that worst of all fates, tripping over the mid-court line, all danced through my mind, causing me to regret ever having thought about trying out.

The day of reckoning finally arrived, and it was with butterflies in my stomach that I collected my basketball clothes and ambled over to the ACC.

As I stepped out on the same floor that the Notre Dame varsity basketball team used, I could see around me many who had a feeling of awe at being on this court, many with whom I had played basketball in the "Rock" or in the ACC before. I even noticed something I had not expected at all—girls. They were small com-

pared to the rest of us, but they looked determined. All in all, fifty people showed for this spectacle, some really desiring a varsity position, many there just for the ride.

After a few minutes an assistant coach divided us into forwards and guards, and Coach Phelps gave the entire group a short speech before we began. It seemed like one he had given many times before, all about the difficulty of choosing people for varsity.

With this he said, "Split up into guards and forwards and do layups." Everyone eagerly lined up and proceeded to shoot layups and jump shots from both sides. I made all my layups and four out of five jump shots, so I began to feel a little more confident.

"OK. Line up along the sidelines from the biggest to the smallest," yelled one of the assistant coaches. Digger sat across the court behind a table and surveyed the situation before speaking, then the questions began.

"Anyone here from Texas?" A few people raised their hands.

"How many here were all-state?" One hand shot up, and it was girl. "What state?" asked Digger.

"Georgia."

"How many were all-county?" More hands rose.

After this, we were divided into ten teams. I was on one of the second teams that played, and from the tip-off the pace never let up for the five minutes of play. The first time we went down the court, I went to our corner where our center, caught in the traffic, passed it to me. I went up to shoot, but somebody hacked

my arm as I released the ball. Despite the foul, I looked up and saw the ball "swish" through the hoop. Everyone was jumping higher and running faster than ever before due to the pressure, so that shots were going all over the place. I got the ball once more on the left side and this time got to see the ball go in without an arm in my line of sight.

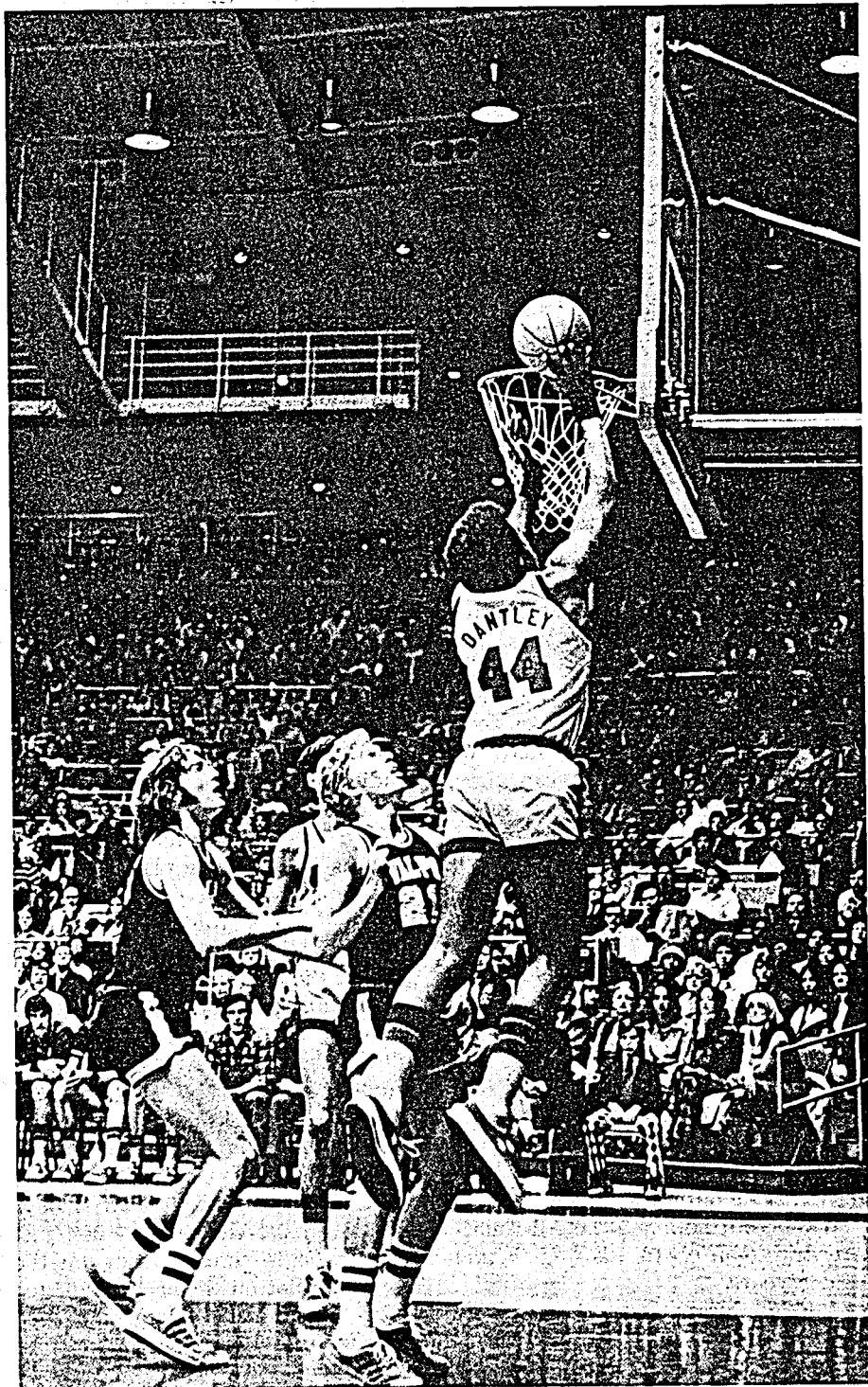
I did get to see the all-state player from Georgia perform, and though she was so small that it seemed she would be crushed, she had one good move. A guard was driving up the court against her, and, true to good defensive tactics, she planted herself squarely in front of him and let him knock her down. The coach refereeing the game immediately called an offensive foul on the guard, and a roar of approval went up from the spectators present.

When all the games were over, Digger gathered us all together to pick ten who would play an "all-star" game, and from these he would choose two or three who would continue in the program. He said again that he appreciated our being there, then he began to find the faces of people he wanted for the all-star game. The choosing proceeded quickly and I, hoping that he would choose me, was surprised to feel relieved that he had not.

I walked back feeling that I had tried my best, and though I did not achieve what I wanted, I did achieve a sense of satisfaction that I had become more familiar with the basketball program. Above all, though, I felt joy that the tradition of athletic mediocrity at 336 Zahm had not been broken.

—jorge lopez

# Bring on the Bruins



It came as no real surprise when freshman Adrian Dantley started for the Irish last Saturday afternoon in the N.D.-Valpo game, nor was it any more surprising when Bill Paterno and Ray Martin entered the game after only six minutes of play. Coach Digger Phelps had promised a liberal substitution of players, and the Crusaders provided just the opportunity to see the freshmen in action. However, it was a bit surprising when Dantley came away with Irish scoring honors (16 points), and rebounding honors (nine). Ray Martin's fine job of playmaker (game high of seven assists) and Bill Drew's zone breaking ten points were equally, and pleasantly, surprising.

It's no real surprise that these freshmen are so good, for their high school records and honors speak for them, but it is surprising that they have acclimated themselves so quickly and easily to college ball. But then, it only appears quick and easy.

Actually, Digger and his staff had been working overtime in preparation for the season opener, mostly because in reality, they faced a difficult, two-pronged problem. Not only did they have to acquaint the freshmen with the Notre Dame play book and prepare them for college level competition, but they also had to integrate the freshmen into a team that had played successfully as a unit for over a season.

Digger needs the freshmen, though, because he needs the depth. And with six people like Dantley, Paterno, Knight, Drew, Martin and Kuzmicz, there is no way he can keep them off the floor.

"Well, we had to try to blend the freshmen in," Digger explained. "Normally, with freshmen, we would have a year to work with them. I know when I was at Penn working

with freshmen, we had many who really didn't develop until the middle of their freshman year. But we're trying to take the freshmen and cram into one month what we would normally give them in one year. We've given them an overdose, maybe, trying to supersaturate them with our whole program. This is why I was against freshman eligibility; also, I thought that academically, kids in their freshman year have a new adjustment as far as study habits go. It's a new way of life academically.

"I agree that every student has to make that adjustment once he goes away to college for the first time. But to make the academic adjustments as well as the social adjustments, and then to throw on top of that the athletic adjustments these kids have to make . . . here we are in December, and we're going to go out and play Ohio State, Northwestern, Indiana, and Kentucky, all on the road.

"We're trying to get these kids ready, and we realize to get them ready we're going to have to expose them to many pressure situations. We're now in a position where we feel that three or four of these guys can help us right away. We're high on the other two or three players who will come in as the year goes along."

Integrating the freshmen into the team presents some problems, though. Not only are there difficulties in mastering the plays, but there is also the age-old problem of breaking up the synchronized, familiar five.

"Hopefully, our goal is just to win enough games to get an NCAA bid"; that's what Digger wants for Christmas. "That's all we're concerned with right now, and whoever does it or how we do it, as far as players and personnel, doesn't matter as long as we reach our goal. That's how everybody feels, and that's why some guys are sacrificing as far as playing time, other guys are sacrificing as far as not even suiting up, and yet, every day out there, those guys are working hard."

Digger treats the freshmen exactly as he does the veterans. He believes that a team unity cannot exist where a double standard is in effect. "You just can't keep the respect of the team," he commented. That means that the freshman who misses a play because he confused it with another

of the score he's had to memorize will get lambasted just as arduously as his seasoned teammate.

"The kids know me and respect me, they know my honesty, they know I'm fair enough that, no matter who you are or what you're doing, if you blow it, you deserve whatever criticism you get."

Yet Digger knows his team as individuals, each with his own temperament. "You have to know how, when, where and why to discipline. Some guys you can yell at out on the floor and others you can't. Yet, there isn't any player out there at any time that if he's really loafing, I'm going to let him know about it in front of the other people, because then, I think you're talking about team unity."

So for Digger, it's a whole new

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*"Our goal is just to win  
enough games to get  
an NCAA bid."*

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ball game, and he intends to prove it's a whole new team. To the powerful veteran lineup of last year, he has added at least three of the freshmen to create a constantly shifting pool of eight or nine players. The versatility of switching strengths will give Phelps the ability to build a team ideal for any situation.

"We're in a position where we have eight players that can play, and I'm not concerned about who's starting; I'm worried about what we have to do to win a game, and if it takes eight or nine people to do it, then, all those people are just as important."

Adrian Dantley is certainly one of those important people. At 6'5", 225 lbs., Adrian will soon be adding intimidation to his list of offensive and defensive weapons. Graduating from DeMatha High School in Maryland, he was considered one of the top senior prospects in the nation. Not only was he named MVP in six tournaments, but he made the All-America first team both his junior and senior years.

Add to this the fact that he was a three-time all-metropolitan selection with a scoring mark of 1,511

points in his last two seasons, and it's not hard to understand why Digger is pleased. Not only was Dantley the first player ever to start at DeMatha as a freshman, but he was also the first player ever to start at Notre Dame as a freshman.

"It's not a question of why he's starting," Digger commented of Dantley, "it's just obvious. He's everything he was written up to be, and hopefully he'll be that way for thirty-one college games this year. Adrian will give us a lot of strength on the boards and possesses the power to go to the basket."

At 6'9", and 198 lbs., Toby Knight can easily shift from either forward position to center. He averaged 29.6 points and 20 rebounds per game with Port Jefferson High School in New York last year. He was named all-county and all-state both his junior and senior years. Toby was also an All-America selection last season.

"Toby is a very deceptive player," Digger added. "He's got great offensive potential, with a fine shot and the ability to go to the basket. He must build up his strength to take the physical game in order to play against many of our opponents. He does have the knack, though, of always being around the boards. Toby plays very well when his game is together. He's unbelievable, yet defensively he's got a lot to learn. This is his biggest hangup right now. We just can't afford to play certain people and have them getting destroyed defensively, especially if we are doing that well offensively, but just trading points with teams. Yet Toby will come along. I think he's going to play a lot for us; he's very, very wiry as an offensive player. He has great moves under the basket, he gets the ball to the boards, he gets the outside jump shot. He's pretty good at the running game, so I think he'll be an asset for us there."

As far as the newness goes, many of the freshmen have been successfully intimidated by the veterans during the four weeks of practice leading up to the season opener. Digger believes, though, that it's just a matter of practice. These boys definitely have the talent, they just have to begin concentrating on the team, and not on themselves.

Ray Martin has already proved his wizardry at running the team and the game. He was an all-city



and All-America selection at Mater Christi High School in New York, where he holds the school records of 1,094 points, career total. He averaged 18 points and 9 assists per game as the captain of his team during his senior year. Ray was also an honor student in a strong academic program and he worked with slow and emotionally disturbed children in reading, writing and math programs.

Digger explained, "Ray's not the greatest shooter in the world, but he makes up for what he can't do shooting-wise, as far as ball handling and defensive work. He has exceptionally quick hands and great speed. He has the potential to become our floor general and with his speed, he will fit into our pressing game well."

Billy Paterno was the only New Jersey player ever to be named all-state for two years. He is an excellent shooter who scored 1,464 points in three seasons with a 53 per cent shooting average. He received all-area, all-state and All-America honors as he led his Christian Brothers Academy team to three straight State Championships. His 1,464 points were the second most in the school's history.

"Paterno is a good player," Digger added, "and he's going to be one of our six or seven people who have to play for us. He's a great shooter, he hits the boards well, he runs well on the break, and defensively, he's catching on. We've got to go with these people, and just live with their mistakes until they build up enough confidence, and develop habits that will make them complete players. This is going to take time and patience."

"Bill is a very physical player and he has good moves offensively. Hopefully he will have the outside shot that we lacked last year. His strength enables him to go to the boards very well."

Bill Drew captained his Center-Each, New Jersey, squad during his junior and senior years, leading them to a League III title as a senior. He was named all-state and all-county, averaging 21 points and 11 rebounds per game. His outside shooting abilities riddled the desperate Valpo zone in the second half of last Saturday's rout.

Digger explained that "Bill has the potential to be our best outside

shooter. He could develop into our second guard. Against a zone defense he could prove to be very helpful. But he still is a freshman who needs more time to catch on and to concentrate working on the basics that we're doing. It's a whole new game for Billy."

Dave Kuzmiec hails from South Bend's St. Joseph's High School, where he scored a career total of 995 points and netted 450 rebounds. "Dave is an intelligent ball player, and a very consistent athlete with a great outside shot," explained Digger. "He'll surprise a lot of people before the year's end. I definitely feel he will be able to contribute significantly to our program."

And what can you do with this wealth of talent, Mr. Phelps?

"Well, there are certain things we can do; we can have a multiple offense and defense, something we can do that we couldn't do before. We'll be a very basic team when we want to run. If we can press, we'll press when and if the situation gives us the opportunity. Yet, I think basically, we'll be playing a lot of man to man, pressure man to man, because of the size and strength of some of these players."

"There are times when we can go with a power team, Shumate and Brokaw running the team, with Dantley, Paterno and Novak in the front line. That gives us quite a bit of board strength. Defensively, they can play a basic man to man; that is not a good press team, it's obvious because of their size and bulk. They just don't have the great team speed that you would have with Martin

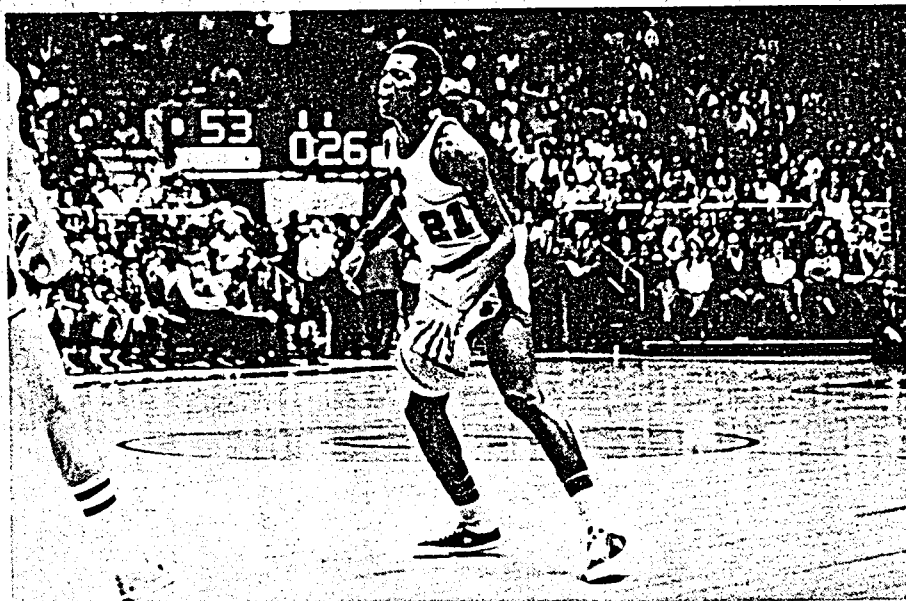
and Clay in there with Brokaw. Then again, if you put Crotty in there with a press team, you've got a good speed reaction team."

Digger hopes that the student body will not expect too much from the team this semester. He points to the road schedule of eleven games, the two games with UCLA, and the pressure of a season filled with excellent college teams. He defends his desire to play UCLA twice, though, saying that if ND doesn't get an NCAA bid just because of those possible losses, people are not basing the team on its schedule.

"Believe me, we'll have to face some problems on the road, because everybody wants to beat us now that we're one of the top ten teams in the country," philosophized Digger. "I just don't want people to get down on these kids if we lose a couple of games, because it doesn't mean anything; it's just part of the game today. There're many schools that have great basketball programs this year, and especially when you play on the road, you can expect anything."

Well, Mr. Phelps, Notre Dame expects nothing but the best this year. After all, it was John Shumate who predicted the NIT for last year, and the NCAA for this year. Though we are just a bit off Shue's "schedule," an eighteen to twenty win season should garner the Irish the at-large berth they seek in the NCAA. Then, if all goes well, we have the potential to surpass even those standards, and with a bit of Irish luck, put Shue back on schedule.

—tom gora & casey pocius



# The Last Word

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It was unseasonably warm today. A strangely uncharacteristic balminess made it hard for one to think that Advent had arrived. But the Jesse Tree at the Urchin's Mass and the first sight of decorations in windows served as adequate reminders that something special is in the air, that this is that certain season again.

Though our more immediate thoughts are towards the endless supplies of work to be fought through in the coming weeks, there is a part of us—a very small niche in the back of our mind perhaps—where the most precious of memories linger, waiting to warm us through the bitter days which are now long overdue. At the most inopportune times, we find ourselves transported to Christmas mornings in early youth, waiting ever so impatiently at the top of the stairs for what seemed an eternity, our eyes affixed on the glow cast by the tall, dark colorful tree which waited below (without a doubt THE most beautiful tree of all), guarding underneath its branches the marvels we had been hoping for since early fall—those very special things we had most politely and meticulously specified to Santa in letters whose pleading sincerity was matched only by their simple innocence. And finally, after rustling around for

endless minutes, convincing us all that they were hijacking the entire sleighful of gifts, our parents spoke the magic words, and we scrambled down the stairs, breathless and wide-eyed.

If we could capture that single moment when we reached the bottom of the stairs and beheld that room full of color, if we could capture the sight of the faces of children on Christmas morning and keep it in our pocket like a photograph for handy reference, we would never forget the love, the warmth and the wonder which are the essence of the Christmas season. But we too often forget that we were once children—and we too often smother the simple, breathless joy, the warmth, the wide-eyed wonder which make Christmas a special day. And we too often forget that we know how to love. And we too often forget that the simple joy of a child is the greatest proof there is of the existence of Beauty.

My gift to all, then, as the Christmas season comes upon us, are these memories—the memories of our youth, and of the warmth of many a Christmas morning. May the glow of such memories, and the hope that they may be relived, warm us all through the cold days that approach.

—kerry mcnamara



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