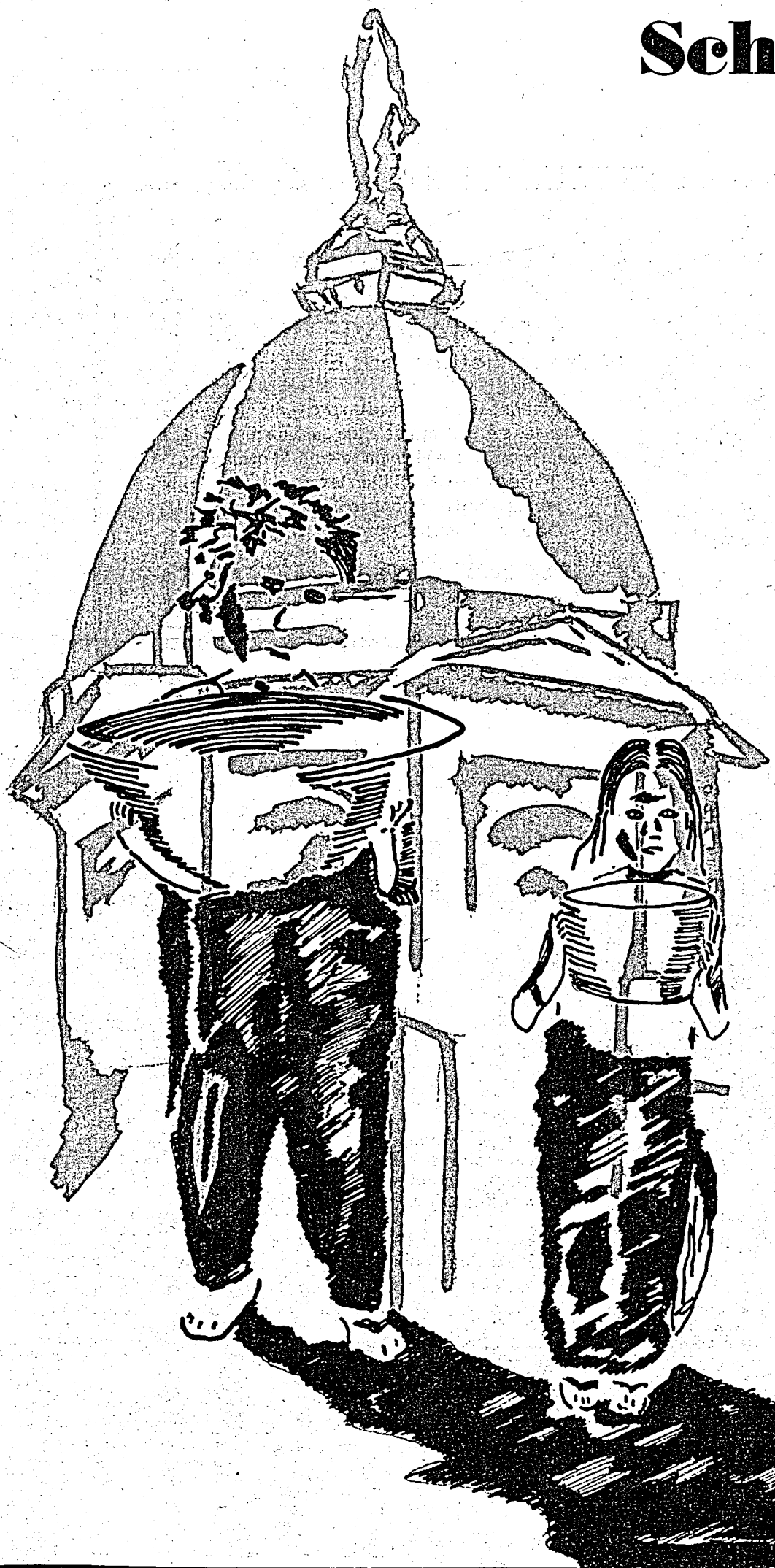
Scholastic
April 26, 1974



CILA:
NOTRE DAME AND THE THIRD WORLD

Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana

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Margaret Chase Smith

In Service to Her Country

This year the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Program has presented Senator Margaret Chase Smith at Notre Dame from April 22-26. Even at this late date you might still be wondering what the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Program is and even more who Margaret Chase Smith is. If that's the case, you're in luck.

According to their statement, the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Program hopes to "establish better communication between liberal arts colleges and the world of practical affairs." In other words, each year the program sends different fellows (all nationally renowned) to their fifty-nine subscribed schools in hopes that through their lectures and private gatherings the students will become better acquainted with the supposed outside world.

Whether or not that clarifies anything, Margaret Chase Smith is a real celebrity in her own right, an awesome example for the women's libbers. A short version of her success story begins with her work as a teacher, an executive in a telephone company and later a woollen company, and a nationally syndicated columnist — all before she married. After her marriage to future House Representative Clyde H. Smith, she served on the Republican State Committee for six years (1930-1936) and then as his secretary until his death in 1940. After his death, she was elected to the House to fill his vacancy and served there until 1948. Here is where Margaret Chase Smith's life hits the spotlight. While in the House, she was largely brought to the attention of the American public with her work in protecting and furthering the status of women in the military. She served on both the House Naval Affairs Committee and the House Armed Services Committee. Through these, she obtained the passage of the Women's Armed Services Integration Act in 1948. She also seemed to raise many an eyebrow with her decided independence from the Republican Party. She supported much of Roosevelt's New Deal legislation, and in 1947 she was the only Republican in the House to oppose a cut in the Truman Administration budget.

Her Cinderella story becomes even brighter with her election to the Senate in 1948, an election where she received the greatest total vote majority in the history of Maine. Mrs. Smith served in the Senate for four consecutive terms, only just recently being defeated for the first time in the 1972 election. Yet while in the Senate she was one of the most hard-working and outspoken senators. As an example of her hard work, she served on such committees as the Republican Policy Committee, the Appropriations Committee, the Armed Services Committee, the Space Committee, the Government Operations Committee and the all-important Rules Committee. For a sample of her outspokenness, in 1961 she charged the Kennedy Administration with apparent lack of will to use nuclear weapons, which, she claimed, weakened the nation's ability to deal with the Soviet Union. Upon hearing this Khrushchev referred to her as "the devil in a disguise of a woman" and accused her of beating "all records of savagery."

As to voting on key issues, Senator Smith was again generally independent. She supported the Republican pro-military bills: draft extension, universal military training, foreign loans and extended foreign aid; yet also voted for many of the Democratic civil rights bills.

Margaret Chase Smith is certainly a tradition breaker in other ways besides her staunch independence. In addition to all her work in the House for women, while in the Senate she finally had a special rest room set aside for the women senators instead of them having to use the regular tourist room. She is the first woman to have served in both houses of Congress, and she is also the first woman to have been placed in nomination for the presidency by a major political party. In fact, in the final ballot at the 1964 Republican National Convention, she received the second highest number of votes! More than these impressive statistics, Mrs. Smith has received some seventy-five honorary degrees from colleges across the country, though she has never attended college herself. She has also been awarded fifty-seven

national honors, including three times Woman of the Year, four times Woman of the Year in Politics and fifteen times on the Gallup Poll list of the Ten Most Admired Women.

For a look at her lighter side, one of Mrs. Smith's familiar trademarks is a rose. She is so equated with it, that it is a rare occasion when she is seen without one. President Kennedy's funeral was one of these occasions. Senator Smith "didn't think it was the day for roses." Yet at Senator Mike Mansfield's suggestion she left one on the President's desk instead.

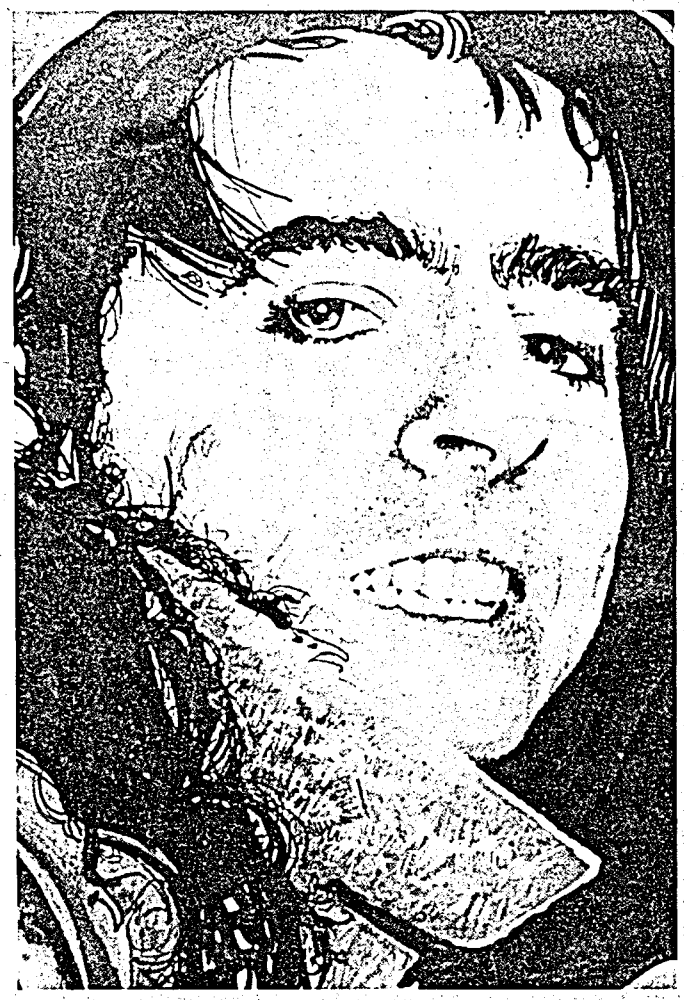
She has even gone so far as to push the rose as national flower. She and "Ev" Dirksen frequently argued over this issue, she of course boosting the rose and he the marigold. Yet upon his death, when asked to put a rose on his desk, too, she must have remembered those arguments for she left some marigolds.

Gen. William C. Lewis, Jr., has accompanied Mrs. Smith on her visit. He served in the Navy from 1942-47, working up to a staff position under the Secretary of the Navy. In 1947, he switched over to the Army Air Corps Reserve where in 1959 he achieved the position of Deputy Assistant to the Secretary of Defense. Also a lawyer, Gen. Lewis has managed the campaigns for Senator Smith and is officially titled as her Executive Assistant.

The University has certainly been fortunate to have a person of such high caliber visit. All in all, Margaret Chase Smith is a woman to be admired.

—Eileen O'Grady

Where Is



Harry Who?

In the secret places of Our Lady's campus, there are artists at work. Hidden away in the catacomb-like studios beneath O'Shaughnessy, they are working. In mysterious rooms throughout the aging Field House, they are working. Last Sunday, April 21, they "came out," for a while at least, to offer the fruits of their labor. The 21st Annual Student Art Show opened and will continue through May 19.

"Clowns on Fire" is the theme chosen by the seniors for the show which is open to all undergraduate and graduate art majors at Notre Dame as well as almost 400 other students from various departments who are enrolled in art classes. The show is juried, which means that a work's acceptance for display depends on the decision of a panel. The panel this year consists of two art teachers, two graduate staudents and two undergraduate art majors.

The diversity of works exhibited reflects the nature of Notre Dame's Art Department which is one that encourages the freedom of the individual artist. The Art Program is based upon the unit system. The student-teacher ratio is 1:1 and each student has an advisor with whom he meets regularly to evaluate his own work and progress.

There exists no identifiable "school style" and faculty members encourage students to find their own mode of expression. On display in the Notre Dame Art Gallery this month will be many paintings—oils and acrylics—water colors, drawings, etchings, silk screens, black and white, and color photographs, metal sculptures and other light sculptures.

Notre Dame's juried exhibition is an example of a kind of vehicle through which artists can make their work public. Hundreds of national and regional exhibitions occur each year. Through these exhibitions the artist not only reaches the public but also receives affirmation from fellow artists. And, of course, for every artist there is the hope of a one-man show someday.

The work of Notre Dame artists corresponds with national trends to some extent. A few of the students are leaning towards New Realism, the duplication of photographic scenes. This movement began a few years ago as an outgrowth of pop art. Working from a photograph, the New Realist duplicates on canvas what he finds in the photo. One might ask where is the self-expression in such a process. The steps taken in the translation from photo to canvas became very important. The outcome resembles a photograph but with a drastic change in scale and thus in feeling.

Modern artists are also moving towards a revival of the 1940's trend of abstract expressionism. Today's expressionism, however, it without the extreme dripping and splashing of the 40's.

There is also a modern movement, originating in Chicago, called the Harry Who. Artists of this group create works which resemble gross comic book scenes. The paintings are drawn with outlines and very flat colors and the artist manipulatively distorts the figures to portray obscene events.

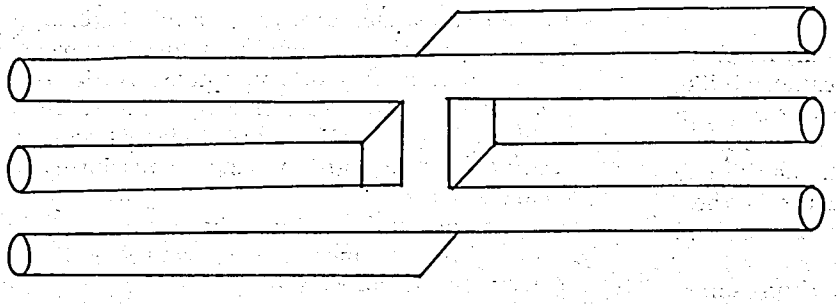
There are no Harry Who's at Notre Dame, but there is at least one conceptual artist. Conceptual art is one of the most unique and most important of the new movements. The idea behind an art object is the essential and most significant factor for the conceptual artist. This type of artist might perform an event and document it with a story or a videotape. An idea would be communicated without necessarily being represented by an object. In general, Du Lac's students lean towards the traditional. They are striving to produce an improved art object.

The work of artists is not to be thought of as self-indulgent. Somehow most artists, consciously or unconsciously, try to affect the thinking of the persons who view their work. Good art influences people's lives in subtle ways—the tasteful decoration of a room may be the result of an artist's inspired color arrangements.

Come to see "Clowns on Fire" and open yourself to the effects that color, form and thought may have on you.

Katy Sullivan

Week in Distortion



Meet John Murphy, your new *Week In Distortion* columnist. I am heir to this dubious honor due to my possession of the following crucial criteria: a friendship with the retiring hack T. J. Clinton, a strong and well-developed sense of the ridiculous, and the remarkable eccentricity of an infrequently published genius. Comments and criticisms will be most welcome, though not necessarily acted upon. . . .

QUESTIONS: PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT

DID YOU KNOW???

. . . that streaking in the continental U.S. has become so ubiquitous that a group of (sic) high Washington officials has called for an investigation by the Committee on Un-American Activities? The reason being that these same officials have it on good authority that streaking is a communist plot to take over the American garment industry.

. . . that an increasing number of American clergymen fear that streaking is the latest phase in the moral disintegration of our youth? One minister remarked that such displays are "an outward sign of permissive paganism." This at least leaves hope for all you nonpermissive pagans. Liberal religious zealots might even want to join the new schismatic craze, the "Go Nude for St. Jude" movement.

. . . that Paris fashion designers have capitalized on the new bare fad? For the "over-30" man who wants to streak, show social awareness, and be in style, all at the same time, they have created a chic accessory to be worn over the basic birthday suit: a simple white or blue collar to complement one's socio-economic background.

. . . that during streak-a-thons a group of senior citizens residing near a Boston co-ed campus were both "shocked and appalled by the goings-on"?

. . . that a group of Boston optometrists noted that senior citizens had been visiting them in large numbers with complaints of chronic eyestrain and requests for stronger lenses?

. . . that President Nixon and several close aides who are working at getting antistreaking legislation passed might be the butt of more criticism? Reliable Washington sources suspect them of attempting another cover-up.

. . . that Father Terry Lally of Notre Dame, in an interview with an *Observer* reporter about streaking was quoted as having said, "I think that as this phenonmenon of streaking continues and becomes more widespread at colleges all over, we are forced as a community to take a look at it."

. . . that only one of the above reports is true? Cognizant of the attitude of enlightenment at Notre Dame, can you guess which one it is? . . .

Any frequenter of our beloved dining halls must be aware of the "don't waste" propaganda which has been assaulting our eyes and stomachs of late. Cheery buttons advise, "Tell me if you want less" (isn't it too much already?); steel milk dispensers warn us that milk is filling (you have to fill up on something!); and smiling lasses reward us for cleaning our plates with coupons redeemable for free root beer floats (yum yum). Perhaps this is an experiment being conducted by the Notre Dame Psychology Dept., but really, even positive reinforcement and conditioning can't cure chronic indigestion! One worry the ND student doesn't have — that he'll spoil his supper.

The recent decision by the Indiana Court of Appeals resulting in a non-alcoholic Irish Wake (aren't the two antonymous?) might have some unexpected effects. One can't help but conjure up visions of a New Age of Prohibition, with black-market sales of hops and barley, and clandestine shower-room distillation ceremonies. Should the situation become extreme, one can even predict the inception of Notre Dame's first underground extracurricular activity — the Bootlegging Club. In juxtaposition, the SLC elimination of alcohol consumption guidelines puts responsibility on the student. Along with this, a decentralization of government at ND, from federal to state as "loco parentis" power shifts from Macheca to hall rectors. Worth watching!

Ever notice the economic nature of the preregistration process at Du Lac? Every time you obtain a check-mark card and "mark-sense" it, you are buying stock in your future. At the end of each semester you may redeem each card for a substantial dividend — A's and B's, contingent, of course, upon some collective bargaining with your professor and some production output on your part.

More stuff 'n' nonsense next time!

—John M. Murphy

Coming Distractions

SPEAKERS
Saturday (27th)
Symposium on Perspectives in Charismatic Renewal, Library Auditorium and Lounge, 1, 7:00 p.m. (Also Sunday, 28th, 1:00 p.m.)

Thursday (2nd)
Thomas P. McAvoy Lecture: Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, Library Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday (7th)
AFROTC Lecture Series, Library Auditorium and Lounge, 4:00 p.m.

MUSIC
Wednesday (1st)
William Stahl, French horn; William Cerney, piano, Library Auditorium and Lounge, 8:15 p.m.

Thursday (2nd)
University of Notre Dame Orchestra, Washington Hall, 8:15 p.m.

FILMS
Saturday (27th)
Cinema '74: "The Earrings of Madame De," Engineering Auditorium; 8, 10:00 p.m. (Also Sunday, 28th, 8 & 10 p.m.)

Monday (29th)
Foreign Film Festival—Subtitles "Ikuru" (To Live), Engineering Auditorium; 7, 9:30 p.m.

Wednesday (1st)
Black Studies Film Series, Engineering Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.

Thursday (2nd)
Fund-raising Film (Cultural Arts Commission): "Camelot," Engineering Auditorium, 8, 10:00 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS
Saturday (27th)
1974 International Festival, Washington Hall, 7:00 p.m.

Sunday (28th) until June 23rd
Ivan Mestrovic—Art Gallery—10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Daily & 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. Weekends; O'Shaughnessy Hall.

OTHER DIVERSIONS
Friday (26th)
"The Beggar's Opera," ND/SMC Production—John Gay's ribald musical romp, F. W. Syburg; O'Laughlin Auditorium-SMC, 8:30 p.m. (Also Saturday, 27th, and Thursday through Saturday, May 2-4, 8:30 p.m.)

Monday (29th)
Dance & Drama Series: Spoon River Anthology, Washington Hall, 8:00 p.m.

—John A. Harding

A Different Type of Summer Trip

The Council for the International Lay Apostolate, or CILA, is one Notre Dame student volunteer group that doesn't confine its charitable works to the school year. Though they do perform many charitable functions throughout the year, their most important work comes during the summer, when CILA volunteers spend at least six weeks in an organized program working in one of many capacities for the disadvantaged.

This past summer of 1973 marked the twelfth consecutive year that CILA sent out teams of its members to volunteer a summer's work in various sites in Latin America and the United States. The traditional project in Altamirano, Mexico extended another year and saw three men laying concrete floors in homes, while in nearby Huetamo, three women served in a poorhouse. A project was reestablished in St. Lucia where a group of five did volunteer work in one of the island's hospitals. Meanwhile seven CILA members taught high school summer classes in Clarksdale, Mississippi, and a fourth group ran recreational activities for children in an Indian reservation in Belcourt, North Dakota.

The summer project is CILA's traditional focus. It crosses the barriers of the sometimes idealistic university setting and for a short time sets one down into a new life experience. Working with people of an unaccustomed culture, one sees, even if only glimpses, a new perspective of life, man and values.

One individual on this campus who had a great deal to do with the initiation of the CILA program and who still remains the mainstay of its existence is Fr. Theodore Hesburgh. He hoped, through this issue of *Scholastic,* to present to the Notre Dame/St. Mary's Community the goals of CILA through some of the student-compiled reports covering the summer projects.

In speaking about his ideas for such an issue, he expressed some concern about the direction of today's youth. "It's at this age that youngsters get their great thoughts and great ideals. It's at this age that they point themselves to do something great for the country and for the world. I don't see them being pulled in any direction. There is no Peace Corps around anymore, VISTA seems to have fallen apart, the idea that they can do something seems to have been dissipated. There's a kind of hopelessness around. They say, 'What can I do?' and there's no pull or suction to get people into public life and to dream that something might be done about it.

"The general word around here is that people are all getting security conscious; they're all going to law or med school. You never hear of the Peace Corps anymore. I don't want to knock students down, but I think it's part of being Christian to sacrifice a little bit for something good.

"A very interesting thing: why do volunteer service? Really, what's in it? While it's an altruistic thing, there is something in it, because most people at this age have trouble finding themselves. It's reflected in the fact that if people ask what they are going to do with themselves, they probably wouldn't know. They say they're going to grad school; that's a nondecision. You find yourself in giving yourself away. I've found that kids who have gone into the Peace Corps and spent two years abroad in a strange culture, somehow found themselves and knew exactly what they wanted to do."

Fr. Hesburgh still devotes a good deal of his time to find support for the CILA projects. Not only does the CILA budget include travelling and maintenance expenses, but it also covers part of student tuition in the case where the student must have financial assistance in place of the money he could have earned during the summer.

"The CILA project reports are a student thing; it's all student stuff and I think it's probably the most spectacular thing the students do. It's a quiet thing. They aren't looking for credit, but it stimulates other people. I worry about the guys who come here and disappear into the woodwork." He feels that if they don't get motivated while they're here, they're going to be that way the rest of their lives. "They'll just be coasting in neutral all their lives."

Even in the position of University President, Fr. Hesburgh still realizes the importance and necessity of the individual effort. He is dedicated to the idea of selfless service, as is evidenced by his own life, and his favorite stories center around his contact, sometimes humorous but always spontaneous, with people who share this dedication.

"I was walking through the Administration Building a while back. There were a lot of things students could have been doing that afternoon, like listening to a football game or throwing a football around outside in the fall of the year or being on a date. I saw a young man and young woman come in, obviously students, with a whole bunch of youngsters in train. It was dark in there and I thought they were a young couple. I said, 'Are these all your kids?'

"They came out of the darkness into the light of the stairwell and said, 'Oh, yeah.' They were putting me on, because I looked closer and all these youngsters were profoundly retarded. Here they were, spending the whole afternoon taking them around the campus, walking them around the lakes, showing them the ducks.

"As I walked up the stairs after leaving that group, I asked myself if I would be willing to give up a whole afternoon with the patience and the energy it requires, teaching them how to talk and how to be polite and trying to make their lives a little brighter? There's a lot of that going on. You constantly run into students who are doing things like this. It relates back to what I said earlier about trying to find some meaning in their lives.

"You deal with a kid who can't feed himself, can't dress, can't do any of the things you consider day-in, day-out things. You begin to see that it's possible that you could not do those things; and here's a human being who, through some quirk of chemistry or brain damage, is not able to do them. What a terrible thing it is. If you could help them learn to do them, you would see how much you take for granted in your life."

Fr. Hesburgh found the CILA reports interesting and valuable, and it was with this in mind that he encouraged *Scholastic* to reprint them in this issue. They bear witness to an awareness that arose in the volunteers and that Fr. Hesburgh feels so essential to the development of the Christian spirit. In presenting these reports to the Notre Dame Community, the members of CILA and Fr. Hesburgh hope to spark an interest or, at least, foster an awareness of their dedication and involvement.

"At the end of the Mississippi report, the students asked, 'Have we done anything?' Maybe they hadn't, but something sure happened to them. Or the guys digging the sewer down in Mexico. I was down there watching them do it, and it was hard work; they all had blisters. I heard one of them say, 'My life's been different. I went down a sour guy and I came back a happy guy.' He spent the whole summer digging a sewer and living with poor people."

Each of the projects had its own personality, achievements and disappointments. No report, no matter how carefully developed, can adequately express the nature and feeling of a project. But read them carefully; hopefully, you may perceive a sense of the experiences and perspectives of the Notre Dame and St. Mary's CILA volunteers.

—Tom Gora

Clarksdale

CILA volunteers Bonnie Israel, Sharon McAuliffe, Jerry McCarthy, Mike McKarry, Kristin Meyer, Nap Portin, and Mike Smith taught high school in Clarksdale, Mississippi last summer. Jerry McCarthy reports here.

I did not realize how difficult it would be to chronicle our seven weeks of work in Clarksdale, Mississippi. This report is incomplete in many ways; we cannot say "This is what we did, and this is what we learned." One reason for this is that we are not yet, and perhaps will not be, sure of exactly what we have learned. We have not drawn any concrete conclusions, and maybe that is best, because conclusions are easily stored away and forgotten. Please excuse the report's lack of organization; I couldn't "package" it any better.

Much of what we experienced will remain known only to the seven of us; I do not know how to put it in words. Thus, I have not mentioned some of the people who were closest to us; we will not forget them, but in a reports such as this they would not have the meaning that they have for us.

It is presumptuous of me to speak for the group, but the feelings I describe were, I'm quite sure, shared by all of us. If I'm wrong, I apologize. We all came off the project feeling that we had somehow "missed the boat"; but exactly how is difficult to determine. I have tried to describe some of this frustration and much of the joy we knew, yet as I read this through, I realize that I've only captured a fragment of it. We're still puzzled at the sense of it all.

Last spring, all prospective candidates for the CILA project in Mississippi were interviewed. We were asked why we wanted to go to Clarksdale, and what we hoped to accomplish there. In retrospect, I believe the answers were probably somewhat predictable as well as somewhat vague. We were all drawn to CILA in the first place by a desire to "help others" in some way; we were seeking perhaps "experience." Fortunately we were not pushed too hard by the interviewers, for had we been, our answers would be shown to be hollow. To "help others in some way"—in *what* way? Just what did and do we have to offer? Just what did we want to experience, and, more importantly, how did we plan to use this freshly gained "experience"? Now, two months after the completion of our seven-week stay in Clarksdale, we still find it difficult to answer these questions. Yet we are plagued by even more questions regarding not only our motives and accomplishments, but the concept of serving others in general.

The consideration of meaning behind what we were doing was that time overshadowed by seemingly "pressing" problems: finances, transportation, lodging and the work which we would be assigned in Clarksdale. Not once did we sit down together and really discuss our reasons for going. Each of us assumed that the others had valid reasons. Later, during the seven weeks in Clarksdale, the problems we encountered each day hindered us from perceiving the overall pic-

ture; during our meetings, when the question was raised as to what our goals were, answers were hard to come by.

The two Mikes and I decided to drive down in Baby Mike's VW Bus, while the rest of the group would fly in. We left Washington on May 31, and headed through Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley toward Tennessee, and some of the most beautiful scenery that one could hope for. It was in Tennessee that we had our first dose of "Southern Hospitality." On an economizing spree, we had decided to spend the nights in the van. It wasn't the Ritz, but it sufficed. Just outside of a small town, we pulled off the road where we were sure we wouldn't bother anybody and sacked out for the night. At 4:00 A.M. we were awakened by flashlights and pounding on the windows. It was the sheriff and his deputy, who proceeded to inform us that a nearby house had recently been burned, and that we were prime suspects for arson. We were a bit rattled, but managed to convince him of our innocence. "Well, boys," he replied, "if I were you, I'd pack up this rig and get out of town." The line was right out of the movies. We didn't need much persuading — Memphis was two hundred miles away, but we didn't stop until we got there. Fortunately, this incident was the exception rather than the rule as far as our reception went.

Highway 61 curves once or twice as it leaves Memphis, then heads straight as an arrow toward Clarksdale, seventy miles away. Lining the road for those seventy miles is —you guessed it—cotton: row upon row of it, interrupted now and then by a sharecropper's shack. We were stupefied to discover that such shacks still existed—we would later find that some of our students called these places home.

Clarksdale is a town of roughly twenty-two thousand, with not much to look at. It has no industry to speak of, though the new Mayor, Joe Nosef, promises to attract industry to the town. We were told, by our students and by others that owners of the large farms in the area constituted a strong lobbying force to keep industry out of Clarksdale to prevent their labor supply from dwindling. The consequences of this dearth of industry soon became apparent . . . the basketball court behind Immaculate Conception School was in use most hours of the day—by kids who had nothing better to do . . . driving down Sunflower Street, we would see employable men killing time at the gas stations or on their porches. Many young people left Clarksdale altogether in the summer, and headed north to Chicago and Detroit, to the "promised land," in search of employment—"I've got a cousin there, and he says it's not too bad."

Sister Janelle Janssen ran the whole show at Immaculate Conception High School. She immediately put us at ease, bidding us to treat the place as home for the next seven weeks. To look at the living room of the convent with books and papers strewn everywhere after the first few days, one could rest assured that we had conquered our "bashfulness" and were indeed treating the place "as home." Kris, Sharon, and Bonnie lived in the convent, while Nap, Mike, Mike and I were relegated to the two rooms over the church, on our best behavior.

On Sunday we were introduced to the parishioners at Immaculate Conception Parish. The Catholic Church in the South is not a "going concern." Though 150 families were on the parish rolls only about 20 people (the same 20) were in attendance each week. The pastor, Father John Kersten, had spent fifteen years as a prisoner in Indochina, yet Janelle later told us that she felt Clarksdale to be his most difficult mission.

That afternoon, Janelle summoned us all into the living room and placed a number of sheets on the table in front of us. The sheets represented courses to be taught, and she left the choice of courses up to us. The big catch was that these were high-school courses, and we had expected to be teaching grade-school students. None of us in our wildest moments had dared dream that we'd step into classes in which many of the students were nearly as old as or older than their teachers. How could we have authority over our own peers? (I still ask myself this question). Mike McGarry and I were fortunate—we were able to select courses which were related to our majors. Mike taught arithmetic (well, that's not quite electrical engineering) and I became professor emeritus in American Government. The rest of the group were left to their own devices in trying to teach subjects which they perhaps remembered from high school or from a few Notre Dame courses.

We were supplied with textbooks, and there was an ample supply of audiovisual material on hand, for example, filmstrips and records. However, to our chagrin, the planning for the curriculum was entirely our responsibility. Thus, those moments we didn't spend in the classroom were spent either preparing for a class or lying around worrying about how to get through five hours of class every day: three in the morning and two in the evening. Once again, the basic questions concerning the role we would play in the students' development became secondary to the struggle to get through each day.

Just as a note of warning to anyone contemplating teaching in Clarksdale: the "sink-or-swim" method is employed. We arrived Saturday, selected our courses Sunday, met our students Monday, and plunged into the rapids on Tuesday.

Initially we tried to learn from the students a little concerning their backgrounds and interests. My morning class consisted of eleven students, all black; on the first day, I asked them to tell me what they planned to do after completing school, and also what they hoped to gain from the course (as I wasn't sure what I had to offer them). Many of the girls wanted to become secretaries; Loreatha Stacker wanted to become a pharmacist, James Mitchell wasn't sure what he wanted to do (which I think was the most honest reply) and Theodore Woods, the student body president at I.C. School, wanted to attend (was definitely going to attend) M.I.T. and study electrical engineering. They were unshaken in their confidence that they could realize their ambitions. I don't know how many of them will.

Regarding what they hoped to gain from the course, many were quite blunt: "the credit." Some were vague: "I want to learn about American government because I think it's important." Others expressed a deep distrust of all govern-

mental institutions and politicians (a feeling which, in the light of events this summer, was possible to understand). They wanted to prevent politicians, particularly local, from using them. This distrust was caused in part by real experience, in part from what they had learned at home, but also in large measure by a lack of understanding of what government can and cannot do. This I learned as I asked them to write what they would do as Mayor of Clarksdale. Vera Jassell wrote: "If I was the mayor . . . I would improve the poverty in Clarksdale. I would build better roads and open up factories so that the people would have jobs. I would see to it that a public swimming pool was established and a recreational center. I would have more than one Headstart for children that ages range from 3 to 6. If I did all of the things above, don't you think I would have a terrific chance of being reelected?" I suppose *anybody* would, after accomplishing all this. With expectations so high, it is natural that their distrust would run deep. They had (perhaps we should all have) a pie-in-the-sky concept of government's potential. But where would the money for these programs come from? *How* could Clarksdale attract industry? They didn't know and I didn't know. Theodore said Clarksdale had nothing to offer industry. Yet running throughout the course was this strain of distrust, chastising of politicians for failing to cure all ills: "They're only interested in themselves . . . once they get elected, they stop caring." And this distrust would hinder them from understanding the way government should operate. Their constant complaint would be "it doesn't work that way, regardless of what the book says." And, frankly, many times they were right.

That first day I also gave them a short quiz to determine the extent of their knowledge of government. I learned that the number of U.S. senators varies from fifteen to three hundred—Mississippi is fortunate in having seven senators. Sharon, Mike and others noted that the students were extremely deficient in reading ability and writing skills, though there were of course a few exceptions. Sharon spent the first two weeks in her current events class teaching the students how to read a newspaper article. They seemed to understand and be learning, until she quizzed them on the basis of an article they were to read to themselves. For answers she received a lot of blank stares . . . it was then that she realized she had been reading these articles aloud to the class, and it was only because of that that they were able to follow her. At least a few of her students didn't have their minds on current events, though. Sharon asked them what they hoped for in the course, and was informed by Melvin Stokes, the ninth-grade basketball star, that he hoped for a date with the beautiful white teacher, who herself he ventured might enjoy going out with that debonair black man. When Sharon would watch the basketball games, Melvin always attempted to put on a spectacular show.

The first few days were difficult in many ways. None of us had ever faced a class before, and we were naturally apprehensive and self-conscious, particularly in trying to teach our own age group. In the weeks before coming to Mississippi, I had feared that bitterness would arise against us, that we would be viewed as liberal college kids who had descended from the North for six or seven weeks of "slumming." I often wondered, and occasionally still wonder, if that description does not fit us.

Yet such bitterness never arose. Our attempts at teaching were indeed frustrating, but not due to any bitterness from the students. Granted, we were challenged, but in the same way we too often challenge our own teachers—by our seeming indifference, by our reluctance to meet the teacher halfway in the classroom. "Leave it to him, he's the teacher"—this attitude is a common memory from our high-school years. From the other side of the desk, however, this attitude seems terrifying. We knew they were waiting for *us* to show them something. We all spent many excruciating moments in deadly silence—watching the clock, waiting for something to happen. "Who would like to comment on this—would you, Theodore? You, James? Barbara? Verlee? Vera? Deb? Larry? Martha? ANYBODY???" I must confess that many times we weren't so much concerned with their learning as with the wheels rolling smoothly in class, with passing the time, with keeping them above all occupied. It was the silence and the stares which we couldn't endure. In my evening class I felt at first as a total stranger—nine students clearly enjoying themselves, involved in conversation about who's going out with whom—and one phantom "teacher." It was as though I weren't in the room—I was almost afraid to introduce myself. We all went through this period of abject terror, but then every teacher does. It passed. What was most important was that we should not barricade ourselves behind the textbook, surrender to the protection of a routine, seeing a "class" but not students, as we were often tempted to do. Once again, the question arises, as to just what we hoped to accomplish for these students. In our darker moments our greatest hope was to see the minute hand on the clock begin to move like a second hand.

They challenged us at first as teachers but not as people, not as friends. Indeed, perhaps our friendship impeded the student-teacher relationship, but we were not sure that a student-teacher relationship was what we wanted. They seldom questioned our motives for coming to work and had they, I don't know how I would have replied. We didn't really know why we were there—we wanted to help, but really how, and how much?

I remember that one day class was particularly dull, and they never pulled punches. Carolyn Claybrooks informed me politely that I was boring them to death. I knew I was, yet I didn't see any alternatives, and I fumed at her "gall." I became suddenly self-righteous: "Carolyn," I said, "I didn't come down here for my health. I'm not getting any pay for this, but I at least expect your cooperation." "Well, if you're not getting paid, you must be crazy to be here," was the reply. No, Carolyn, I'm not crazy. I am getting paid—my feeling self-righteous, regardless of how baseless this feeling may be, is my pay. I wonder again if I wasn't just "slumming." My journal entry of June 3 reads: "Tomorrow we jump into our classes. I'm a little apprehensive. I'll be teaching government—state

or federal? Local? What will it matter to them? I'll have to find out. Maybe the whole thing's a waste—good way to begin the project. People like Sister Janelle and Father Kersten must be convinced that the effort is worthwhile. The question that really bothers me, and which I think will bother me all summer, is: Are we down here just to please ourselves, to placate our consciences in a six-week stint? I honestly don't know. Of course I hope not." I still don't know—were we? My outburst in class would seem to indicate so, for me, at least. However, between lesson plans, classes, odd jobs around the school, and our "breaks" with the students at some local nightspots, we didn't often pause to consider our motives, at least with each other. The heat oppressed us—when we were not moving, we wanted more than anything to sleep, not to think. We were drained much of the time: we often counted the hours and days. In our weekly meetings to prepare our reports, we never could agree on exactly why we had come. In the face of day-to-day pressures, annoyances, and pleasures that consideration seemed of secondary importance: we were *there,* that's all that mattered. Now the question of our motives, of our concept of service which is the theme of CILA, looms large.

CILA stresses not only service, but also community. I feel that the University of Notre Dame is a warm place. Perhaps I don't bother to see much of the loneliness which people suffer here. Yet when people speak of what matters to them most here, what they will take with them, it is almost invariably the friendships they have formed, the people they have come to love. Our seven weeks in Clarksdale gave us the opportunity to experience friendship as we had not before. When we were selected, we hardly knew each other. At the end of the project, we could hardly get along without each other. This sounds terribly sentimental, but it is true. Bonnie and I had had somewhat similar experiences, as we both participated in the Sophomore Year Abroad Program, in Angers and Innsbruck. A small group is cut off from the University and placed in strange surroundings—Angers, Innsbruck, Mississippi, North Dakota, Mexico, or St. Lucia. These people spend *all* of their time together—there is no escape to a carrel in the library—there is no occasionally comfortable feeling of anonymity, of being lost in a crowd. The people in such a group have a common interest—be it service or foreign study—and they must depend on each other, and only on each other, for support. Such groups become, for better or for worse, families. We were fortunate—ours was a "happy family." The experience in Clarksdale was more intense than that of sophomore year, because the pressures surrounding us were greater, and we had nowhere to turn but to each other and, if one felt so inclined, to prayer. We were literally fused together by the pressure—which took the form of frustration with one day's class, anxiety in planning for the next day, discomfort at the heat or general anger at the world. I don't mean to imply that we were always in a negative frame of mind. Of course we celebrated together, celebrated the good times, those moments when all went well. For us, a day without a Frisbee or basketball game was practically sacrilegious. We clearly enjoyed each other's company; I really think we came to love each other.

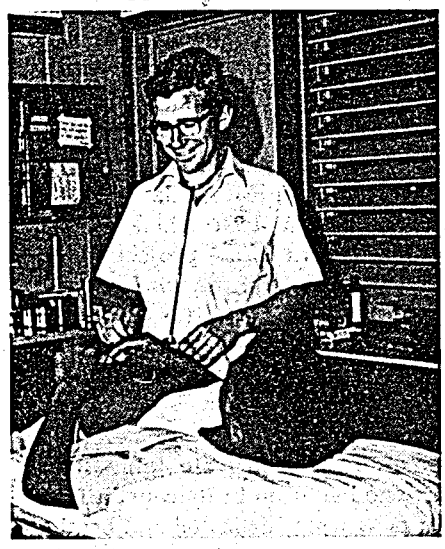
I don't believe that these ties would have been possible were it not for the pressures we faced. The strongest friendships are formed under duress. A friend is not loved only for being himself, he is loved for the support he provides. We *needed* each other more than people in a "normal" situation (if there is such a thing) need each other. So we used each other. Someone always felt like bitching, and, fortunately, someone always felt like listening. At one o'clock every day we would trudge in from the battlefield and sit down to lunch which Janelle had ably prepared. Sharon would crack a joke, and everyone would groan. Regardless of how poor it was, it was necessary. We would compare notes: "Melvin wouldn't shut up today"—"Well that's all right because Verlee wouldn't wake up today." We would laugh at our situation—we needed to. And we would stand up from the table more able to face the rest of the day. As I said, we used each other—but became more and more conscious not of the support which we provided each other, but of the *act* of supporting, and the care which that implied.

On Wednesday, June 20, we had a huge dinner at a local Greek restaurant. Everyone seemed in unusually high spirits. That night Sharon received a phone call that her mother had suffered a severe heart attack. The next day Sharon had to prepare to leave. It was at this point that we realized what a family we had become, and what a loss we would suffer. Nobody could say anything—but she knew how we felt. From Bonnie's journal: "On the surface, we all tried to keep smiling and laugh at our own terrible jokes, but the surface was just a transparent film through which we could see that each of us was aching inside. I was amazed how Sharon smiled so easily and handled all of her class business so well. As we were waiting for Sharon's plane to take off in Memphis, I never felt so badly for anyone as I did for Sharon that day . . . I felt guilty that I couldn't have helped her more, but it was hard to know what to say or do to comfort her—everyone was sad and depressed and I didn't want our project to end that way . . . I felt that I was needed as a member of the group, and if I could just make everyone feel a little bit happier, I'd feel important." Sharon's departure was our darkest hour, yet we all shared Bonnie's resolve.

I am not a sociologist, nor do I feel that it is proper to generalize about classes of people. Yet we all saw that in the black community at large, and particularly in the students with whom we dealt, there was this resolve to support each other—a real openness and warmth which we often talk about but seldom witness. Call it "soul" if you will but I feel it has little to do with being black. It has to do with a feeling of oppression or duress—a small "group feeling" in an alien or hostile society. It is the same feeling which we seven shared for each other—a willingness to "come through" for one another when the chips are down—a *need* for each other. In my days I have not witnessed much poverty firsthand, but I would venture a guess that this sense of community exists far more

readily in areas of poverty or oppression than in areas of affluence (unless the poverty is so dire as to necessitate "survival of the fittest." In Clarksdale it wasn't). Affluence creates an outward sense of independence. We all seek to become self-supporting, and, in this sense, we deny our need of others' support. It is a mark of shame in America for a man to cry or to demonstrate any "imprudent" dependence on others. If we remove the need for each other, what do we have left?

Jean-Paul Sartre would say that the individual can only become aware of the value of others by a common oppression—and thus form



a "groupe en fusion." This sense of community disappears as soon as the oppression is overcome—each man becomes again self-seeking. I won't vouch for the veracity of this statement, but it does indeed seem that we have lost our sense of community, we have lost what the people in Clarksdale treasure: "soul." The highest compliment paid me during the project came out during a class discussion. James Mitchell was raving at "the white man" and white society in general, claiming that the oppression of the black man would never cease. I warned him that generalizing in this fashion was overt racism, and that I too was a white man. He smiled and said, "Well, Jerry, you ain't white. You see, you're a Brother." I didn't temper his racism, but I was pleased.

The students seemed to enjoy life more than we did. Talk came freely (sometimes too freely) and, as I said, nobody pulled punches. Even the "soul shake" imparts a sense of warmth which we normally find difficult to convey to each other. It has often been said that we are afraid to touch each other. These people certainly were not.

I am not attempting to gloss over the hardships which our friends endured. We did not visit many of their homes, and, as we were in Clarksdale but seven weeks, we cannot consider ourselves authorities on what they did or did not suffer. Perhaps what we witnessed was merely youthful vigor; anger anticipation, high ambitions, the determination to "fight the good fight" against an oppressive society. Perhaps what I have called "soul" turns to despair after a lifetime of frustration. I don't know. I didn't speak with any of the men who cluster around the gas stations or kill time looking out from their porches on Sunflower Street. What would they have to say about the "community" spawned by poverty? Kenny Brew, one of Kris's students, entertained the class with his stories of six-foot-tall cigar-smoking rats which inhabited Isaquena Street. When one would knock on the door, they would answer with "Hey baby, what's happenin'?" A funny story, particularly to hear him tell it. Yet it seldom struck us how tragic it was that he should have such material to base his stories on, because the rats on Isaquena Street are not figments of Kenny's imagination.

Thus, I am not implying that poverty is desirable because it "builds character." What I am saying is that suffering is innate to the human condition—no matter how we try to avoid it, we are bound to suffer sometime—physically or spiritually, or both. Didn't Christ himself suffer for us? We did suffer in Mississippi—perhaps we didn't do all that much work, but we did worry a lot (no joke). And we turned to each other, as the people there turn to each other. The problem with affluence is that it is a conscious attempt to avoid suffering; and a necessary consequence of this, I believe, is that we turn away from each other, we deny the need for each other.

Our most moving experiences were visits to two Baptist churches. We were invited to the Chapel Hill Baptist Church by Billy von Veal, another one of Kris's students. At both services we were the only whites present. At both services, we were warmly welcomed—though the word "warmly" is inadequate. I have seldom witnessed real *joy* in a church. I have often felt, and I'm sure many others have, as a spectator at the fringes of and not really caught up in a celebration. Here it was different. We were all *family*. People smiled. People sang —and really *sang* rather than mumbled. Even big Mike McGarry's voice (he's our glee club virtuoso) was lost in the crowd. Joy is contagious in such surroundings. I can't even remember what the preacher said, but we got the message. After the services, everyone bid us to come again—*do* come again, not "drop by sometime."

Last year Billy von Veal, accompanied by some CILA members, sought entrance to the white Baptist Church services. He was denied. I feel sorry for those "Christians."

It is light of the joy we witnessed at these services that the question again arises: why did we come? What did we hope to give those people? Standing in church that day, I could not think of one thing that they *really* needed because at that moment they had happiness, and how many of us can say that we are truly happy? I cannot.

We were there to teach. Teach what, and for what? I used to feel that education is the panacea for social ills. That is a rather naive idea. We were (I hope) well-intentioned, but we all agree that our teaching *effectiveness* was practically nil. As far as James Mitchell is concerned, there are *still* 308 U.S. senators. The facts we tried to impart went in one ear and out the other. Where would this education lead them—to a job? There aren't any. They knew it. We knew it. It hurts to think of the seven girls who graduated this summer. They have high hopes—most have headed north. What's in store for them? Verlee Pittmann and Carolyn Claybrooks graduated early and went on to business school in Memphis. Carolyn lasted a week. Most of us read Herbert Kohl's book, *36 Children*. In it, he speaks of his efforts to reach a ghetto class in Harlem—to actually make them *want* to learn. A fellow teacher advises him: "One good year is not enough to help the children out of this jungle. The

next year whatever they learned will be unlearned, their confidence and pride swept away, destroyed . . . four years ago I got tired of the motions and let the kids relax." I could be severely criticized on the basis that after only seven weeks of teaching or trying to teach, I have given up on education. It could be said that we were indeed "slumming," treating "commitments" as a fad, and giving up in the face of the adversary. That may be a valid criticism. I would just like to pose the question: where does the education lead?

For most, as I have said, it will not lead to a job. They *do* need jobs. Thus, we didn't help them materially. What about "learning for learning's sake"? I think that as far as the state of Mississippi is concerned, these students could have played pinochle for three hours a day and received their credit, as long as they were in the classroom. And is learning for its own sake even possible in a situation like this? I sometimes felt slightly ridiculous lecturing on "how a bill becomes a law" to girls who have two or three babies at the age of 18. Besides, isn't the point of education to in some way teach one how to live, to attain happiness? Then one must ask if our learned men are happy, if our society as a whole is happy. If by educating these people we are attempting to raise them to our own "standard of living," then I could not waste the effort, because I believe they are closer than we are to realizing the true values of life.

I believe that Nap, Sharon, and Bonnie would disagree with me on this view of education. They do not give up as easily as I. I have not "given up" on education, though: after all, I am still a student. Nevertheless, I have not been able to answer, nor has anyone provided me the answer to the question "What did we hope to accomplish by teaching these kids?"

To return to the question posed at the beginning of this report—why did we go to Clarksdale? This too we leave unanswered. We wanted somehow to help—and I think we did—in particular I think of Greg Nimock, one of (again) Kris's students whom we were able to bring out of his self-imposed seclusion. We'll never forget the night he brought us a roast that he had cooked. It was smothered with pepper and we were in agony, but we had to keep up the compliments as Kris shoveled more onto our plates. As I stated before, our teaching was frustrating, but I think that in the overall context of the project, that is of little consequence.

Were we motivated by Christian ideals? I don't know. I think most of us are driven by a sense of obligation: we *should* help, and this plugs at our consciences until we do. But does appeasement of conscience constitute adherence to the commandment "Love thy neighbor"? I doubt it. It is more neurosis than love—we help not because we really want to, but because we are literally driven to. We cannot live with ourselves if we don't. Here I speak only for myself and for Mike Smith, who shares this view. In this sense, perhaps we are "do-gooders."

In looking back on the summer, I have a sense of having fulfilled an obligation more so than having shown love for my brother. What happens to the Billies, Gregs, Verlees, Brendas, Dianes and others now concerns me, of course, but not, I think, as much as it would if I truly loved them. Here at Notre Dame I sense new "obligations" which must, in turn, be fulfilled. Is this the spirit of service to which CILA dedicates itself? I know it is not. But I'm afraid this idea of "service" is shared by many people today—it becomes another pressure which bears down upon us. How does one approach true Christian love? Or even true human love? I'm still wondering.

I don't know how much we learned by going to Clarksdale, and I don't know if or how we will utilize our "experience." We have not provided any answers in this report; if we had answers, we would give them. Bonnie, Kris, Sharon, Mike, Baby Mike, Nap and I ask only that you consider the questions.

Belcourt

The Chippewa Indian Reservation at Belcourt, North Dakota, was the work site for CILA volunteers Bob Allen, Rick Allen, Rick Baltz, Maggie Dunleavy, Greg Hunckler, John Hunckler, Paul Karas, Gay Kaschewski and Gretchen Werner. Here is their report of Summer, 1973.

The North Dakota project was a new experience for the entire group, except for Greg Hunckler, who had been with the CILA group in Belcourt the previous summer. For the rest of us, Bob Allen, Rick Allen, Rick Baltz, Maggie Dunleavy, John Hunckler, Paul Karas, Gay Kaschewski, and Gretchen Werner, it was our first CILA project.

Preparation, on the whole, was quite poor. We had little information about Belcourt — the people, the camp, or the climate from CILA kids who had been there on earlier projects. We did, however, receive some information from John Hunckler who had been in Belcourt a few times visiting his sister and brother-in-law.

The town of Belcourt isn't at all what we had imagined it would be, and it's rather hard to describe. Basically, the town is comprised of small, usually old and beaten-looking houses and trailers, a large, modern school complex, post office, laundromat, library, CAP building, hospital, grocery store, mission, youth center, and two bars. A good deal of government housing has gone up in recent years. There are also two housing clusters outside of Belcourt on the western edge of the reservation. The town is spread out over quite a large area of brush and grassy fields and knolls. The roads are mostly dirt and all are rutted and filled with potholes.

Most of the Indians on this Chippewa reservation are half- or quarter-bloods. There are only a very few full-blooded families re- very few full-blood families remaining. Many of the people were rather dark in color or had distinctly Indian facial features. In some

families, though, some children were Indian in appearance, others Anglo.

Children attend the mission school, which goes through the eighth grade, and the reservation school, complete from a Head Start program through the senior year in high school. Some attend a boarding school in Wahpeton, which goes from the first through the twelfth grades. Attendance in the upper grades drops off, although school officials have tried a variety of means to keep the kids challenged and interested. The percentage of college-bound students from Belcourt High School is quite low.

Some of us were going to do some work in the summer school, but there was an extremely low turnout for the classes. No students had signed up for the science courses, although many needed help in this area. The BIA and most of the Indians feel the best hope to improve their lives is in education, but despite the money and manpower being poured into the schools, the dropout rate continues to be high.

There are many aspects of reservation life we had not fully realized until we found ourselves in the midst of the situation.

Drinking is an important aspect of reservation life, taking a large portion of many families, welfare checks. It is one of the few forms of recreation and is almost always found in group gatherings and appears to be part of the machismo cult, as are fast cars, fighting, and early procreation. All are used as outward expressions to prove manhood.

An annoying aspect of reservation life is their disregard for being on time, a things they laughingly referred to as running on "Indian Time." This is rather universally accepted by the reservation population as a regular feature of life.

The children at camp were a unique blend of sweetness and hardness. One moment they were hanging all over us, clamoring for affection, bringing us flowers, and the next they could be cursing, or stealing lunches and lying about it. We found the children to have a wealth of stories about the reservation and family life. They were one of our biggest information sources.

Seven of us arrived in Belcourt on June 11 in three cars after driving leisurely cross-country for 24 hours. After a minimal amount of time and effort, we found two education department trailers and a tiny bungalow to serve as home for the length of our stay. The two trailers were set right behind the police department and jail; the house was several blocks away. The girls' trailer was the central meeting, living and eating place, as the cooking was done there and it was always so clean. Although the house and the girls' trailer had a number of points against them, we really were very pleased with our living accommodations.

The day camp where we worked was about two and a half miles north of Belcourt on a small bay of Fish Lake. The grounds belong to the Lutheran mission which gives permission to the education department to use the camp facilities. Four buses brought the kids to camp from all over the reservation. Attendance ranged from a high in the eighties at the start of the season to a low in the thirties at the end. The age of the campers ranged from six to about fourteen.

Although there were few close contacts with the parents, there were several opportunities to talk with them. Most were pleased with the day camp and were happy that their kids were enjoying it so much. In many homes, the parents would be away at work during the day and the camp took care of their children during these times. It was suggested that a baby-sitting service was needed, but we didn't have a chance to set one up.

We were lucky to find such good living quarters. We rented two trailers through the education department and subleased a house from Sister Judith, the principal of St. Ann's Grade School. The difficulty we did have in getting settled in Belcourt lay mostly in the fact that CILA had no reliable contacts there.

Our group was fortunate in having three cars. We could have gotten along with two, but a large group goes out in all directions, and cars are a necessity in getting around on the reservation.

Our summer in Belcourt was a give-and-take experience. We gave what we had to offer, but we feel we were given a lot more in return. Community living, a new place, a new environment, the affection of the little campers, the different things they taught us, and the many bits and pieces of Indian history and heritage are a few of the many parts of a total, rewarding and truly happy, sharing experience.

Mexico

Rich Mole, Paul Smith, Amaury Velez, Mary Fielding, Cathy Orso and Colleen Unger spent last summer working and living with the people of a small Mexican village. The following are excerpts from Rick's report.

Highway 51 starts in Iguala, Mexico, and runs across barren soil, over hills and around mountains and comes to an abrupt stop in Ciudad Altamirano, 125 miles away. Although the road is paved with blacktop it still takes forever to get to one's destination because the winding paths circumscribing the mountains and the penchant of cattle to occupy the road as their own stamping grounds makes high or even moderate speeds dangerous and downright risky. I like to think that the highway mirrored the risk that we all were taking in this project. We were six recently graduated college students entering a land utterly fascinating yet very terrifying, everything being of unknown quantity.

In a word we were scared. We did not know much about our host families and even less about the work that we had agreed to do. Would our families like us? Would we like them in return? On the *ejido,* what would the people think

of us putting in floors? Were they necessary? In the *asilo,* what really was the situation? Were the people really sick? The questions did nothing to dispel our moods of uncertainty, confusion and fear. We tried to avoid the upcoming situations by banding together and making a joint effort to rid ourselves of our feelings. We told jokes, swapped stories, and kept active to prevent these recurring hauntings and questions from materializing in the foregrounds of our minds.

The most obvious thing to an American south of the border is that the "rat race" has seemingly disappeared. Life is very sedate, quiet and nondynamic. This can pose problems for someone unaccustomed to this way of life. Society has a way of spinning its web and entangling the individual in it, occupying his life fully with obligations, events, family and others. When these distractions become nonexistent, one may begin to panic. I reached out to my fellow group members but I found that no one group of people can satisfy all of one's needs. I was lonely and very much alone.

By sharing with the other CILA people I was able to deal with these feelings. The intimacy of our created community enabled each of us to encourage each other not to run away from the pains and hurt of loneliness but to enter into them, deeply so that each of us could grow into what Nouwen calles a "silent solitude."

Altamirano has been likened to a Western town constructed on a Hollywood set. Every morning at eight, I would ease out the door of my padre's Kodak shop and stroll around the plaza to the Church of San Baptesa to report for work. I must have presented quite a sight; white-skinned, blue-jeaned and booted sporting a Western version of the traditional sombrero. Wherever I went I became the object of attention and curiosity. As I noted in my journal: "I am somewhat scared walking the streets of town. I don't know enough Spanish to communicate. Thus I look straight ahead, never stopping, always moving when I am on the streets."

The six of us slowly became a community. We had a need for each other, whether it be for help, guidance, or just plain fellowship and fun. The thing that impressed me the most was the uniqueness of each of us. We had our talents, annoyances, and petty grievances, and we were very individualistic; we would not give up our personalities to keep a majority will and consensus. But a dependence was created in spite of our rugged individualism, the kind that results from close relationships with other human beings.

The relationships that can exist between these groups (but do not always exist) come from an honest desire to share one's own life in a special way with people you love. The dependence shown is not a sign of weakness, but of strength and faith; the strength to open yourself to another and the faith that others will reciprocate and never betray your sharing or use it against you. One day walking down the dirt-covered, rock-strewn street, I articulated to Paul what I had learned: "It is not a crime to be dependent on others, even with the American emphasis on independence and individuality." Paul could only smile, for he had learned that lesson too.

The *ejido* will never make the pages of *Better Homes and Gardens.* It is one large parcel of land leased by the government to a group of farmers struggling to eke out a living by farming cooperatively. On this land named "Los Terones" they build their houses and plant their corn. The slate-colored hills rise majestically in the background brightening an otherwise drab existence. When the sun sets beyond them one can only stop his work and gaze. Such beauty in the humiliating poverty of the area!

The houses resemble the squatter soddies of the Arizona flatlands during the late 1880's or the homes constructed by migrant workers during the Oklahoma dust bowl days immortalized by Steinbeck in *The Grapes of Wrath.* They are built of adobe, cane stalks chinked with mud, or even concrete block depending on one's level of opulence. The chickens, pigs, and dogs all wander throughout the houses, asserting their rights, often preempting human occupancy. The children run naked, crying for food. The odor of tortillas cooking on tops of hot earthstone stoves blends with the still air making one nauseous while trundling cement, and strengthens one resolve not to eat when he goes home for lunch!

It is this environment that I wrote home about. I was depressed and appalled by the conditions under which these people lived, worked and died. It took a letter from one of my friends to realize that I was looking down the wrong end of the telescope. "Rich, watch these people carefully," she said. "Be very open and ready to learn from them."

I began to see what was happening in our interactions with these people. I was discovering what are the real necessities in life and what are luxuries. These people have very little materially, but they had a fierce dignity and pride in their humanness. When we arrived for work at Los Terones, the families would delight (some of them, anyway) in being hosts. We would be greeted and asked to sit in their best chairs which were handmade from splitted logs and had rope-woven seats. They were the finest items of ownership in the casas and we were to sit on them! We were urged to drink their water (which we declined because of the bacteria content) and be at home.

The families took an active interest in the construction of the concrete floors that were being created in their homes. They would travel to the river many times and return with cans of water so that we would have them when the time came to mix the cement. In essence we became a team; the Mexican foreman and helper we hired, the families involved, and us. We shared our lives and our work, got to know one another slightly, and together we made a contribution towards improving the human situation.

It wasn't always this easy. In the beginning prior to our coming many people removed their names from the construction list due to various rumors that spread like wildfire. We had been sent by President Nixon (Watergate was news there, too), or we were Communists who would mix poison into the cement. As they slept on their newly acquired floors the odor would seep through and choke them all to death. But we came, and in doing so, kept Padre Morales' word. The people of Los Terones had been promised things from the Mexican

government which never materialized, and consequently they were very disenchanted.

Even our arrival wasn't enough to change the prevailing attitudes. The head of the second household enscribed "Hecho por gringos" (made by foreigners) and pressed a 20-centavo piece (lowest Mexican denomination) into the soft, just finished floor. Yes, we were gringos, and would always remain as such. But we shared what we could—ourselves—and the indistinguishable mixture of pain and joy and the triumphs and failures we experienced, and they reciprocated.

We began to appreciate the simple things that gave us so much pleasure. I still vividly remember Paul's look of satisfaction when we made the last sweep of the trowel on the first two floors. I enjoyed climbing into the cab of the Seminary pickup, waving good-bye, "Adios, amigos" to the people as we wound our way out of the *ejido* on the road back to town. The people would smile and wave back, and this would stick in my memory for a long time.

Sometimes it was hard to shake the materialistic breeding of my culture. I would look at the conditions existing at my place of work and the blood would freeze and the tears would well in my eyes.

Many a time the *ejido* house owners would purchase Cokes for us to quench the thirst created by the blistering sun, never buying any for themselves or their children. Most days I would come home exhausted and find my father and my baby sister out in front of the shop chatting away with neighbors. I never could walk past my uncle's place without a bit, "halloooo, Richard" (he knew some English) coming from the door.

I am not saying that the people are well in their present state. They suffer tremendously and lack the bare essentials of life: food, clothing, shelter, and medical care. But I do think that they uphold the dignity of the human being. Despite differences in status, these differences are only minimal at best.

At times we felt very awkward about all the things that were being done for us by our hosts and friends. Our parents received nothing for providing us with bed and board and the love that surrounded our homes. Luis, our foreman, and Guero, his friend and helper, did the lion's share of the work so that we could catch our breaths and not have to toil so hard. They did all this for ridiculously low salaries ($5 a day for 10-11-hour days). We sought to increase their pay by inaugurating 5 peso a day ($.60) pay raises to cover Luis's purchases of Cokes and fruit (he always smilingly waved away our attempts to pay for our shares) and to supplement Guero's support of his sister. Even then we thought we were "robber barons," but I guess that providing them with summer jobs—construction of the Seminary had stopped due to lack of funds—was the best repayment we could muster.

Luis taught me a few things about education. He, a short, swarthy, mustachioed Mexican who married at 20 and has a 15-year-old daughter, is formally uneducated as we envision it. When he was 21 he decided to learn to read and write or he felt he had been missing something. Slowly and painfully with the aid of his wife he began to learn. Many a time when we would be talking during a break in the work I would mispronounce words.

Luis would pull out the red marking pencil he had tucked behind his ear and tear off a piece of an empty cement sack. "Burrito," he'd say, rolling his r's as he wrote the word for "small donkey." "Esso burrito." The thought then hit me; who is educating whom? A man who has never seen the inside of a classroom is instructing a guy with a college degree. I had to examine the emphasis that I placed on degrees and diplomas from the so-called "good schools." Education is a fine thing to have, but if it is not put to work in helping solve problems of life or in opening doors to future learning and involvement, it is of little use to the individual or to others.

Whenever I return to the *ejido* of Los Terones or the peoples of Altamirano and Huetamo, whether in person or in my thoughts, I will not shed the tears that I did when I left. I won't remember or see the excruciating denial of Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. No, I will be smiling, rejoicing in that I was able to love and share with people in a culture that was far different from my own and to learn so much from them.

The cement floors that Paul, Amaury, and I left behind (as well as the nursing care given by Cathy, Colleen, and Mary) will represent the life sharing and building we collectively accomplished. They will be significant only to the people that helped to lay them but they do serve as a symbol of our commitment to God and each other.

St. Lucia

Mary Beckman, Vickyann Chrobak, Marty Dineen, Camilla Kutch and Joe Marino spent last summer working at St. Jude Hospital, St. Lucia, West Indies. Joe Marino wrote their story.

St. Jude Hospital is a most unique institution situated four miles inland from Vieux Fort, a coastal town on the southern end of St. Lucia. The establishment of the hospital from its origins is a remarkable achievement.

During World War II the U.S. built an Army Air Force base at Vieux Fort to protect the Panama Canal. Shortly after the war the American Air Force left St. Lucia, turning over the entire installation to the St. Lucian government. All of the prefab barracks and office buildings were removed and sold except for the hospital, solidly constructed of reinforced concrete, which was stripped of everything removable leaving just a sturdy shell, empty and open.

It was not until 1965 that a small group of American sisters discovered and leased the stripped overgrown shell and imagined its possibilities. For months these Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother toiled, refitting the

hospital with plumbing, electricity, hot water, beds and whatever hospital and medical equipment and supplies they could obtain. Throughout the reconstruction the sisters were to drive old cumbersome trucks filled with supplies over five hours of tortuous roads to and from the capital city of Castries forty miles to the north. To the immense credit of these fine sisters and to the immeasurable benefit of the St. Lucian natives the hospital was officially opened for patients in October 1966. The sisters entitled their accomplishment, St. Jude Hospital, after the patron who inspired them through a "hopeless task".

Ever open to fulfill needs in new sites, CILA was introduced to St. Jude Hospital by the Dr. William Sisson family whose son Tom and daughters Teresa, Diana, Donna and Linda have studied or are studying in the ND-SMC community. Seeking a place to provide some medical and other services to people in a foreign country the Sissons had come across St. Jude in 1967 and since have traveled to St. Lucia four times to volunteer their services.

In the summer of 1970 CILA sent three members, Tom Sisson, Vickyann Chrobak, and Debra Dishinger to St. Jude for a four-week volunteer term. Being CILA's first involvement in hospital service, the project was unique and rewarding as CILA's three volunteers would attest.

After three years and renewed contacts with St. Jude's administrator, Mother Irma, CILA decided to relaunch a program to St. Lucia. The Sissons' continuous prompting accompanied by Vicky's revitalized enthusiasm easily drummed up support and by March 1973 five of us —Vickyann Chrobak, Marty Dineen, Mary Beckman, Camilla Kutch, and myself—were designated to prepare ourselves individually and as a group for our project at St. Jude's.

April and May were a time of anticipation and preparation. We corresponded with Mother Irma, had inoculations, worked out travel arrangements, planned our budget, held several group meetings and even had a pep talk with Mrs. Mamie Sisson. Each of us had our own thoughts, motives, and expectations but I feel we all shared a prime goal, as stated in our preliminary project report:

"We hope to be of whatever assistance and aid, physical or otherwise, to Mother Irma, St. Jude Hospital, and the people of Vieux Fort. We realize that we are working within their system and as such will be directed according to their regulations, customs, needs, and capabilities.

"We see this project as a great experience, and hope to learn by it. What? We can only determine once there or even months later. We have something to give, they have something to give; we need to learn from our experience, they need help in their experience."

St. Lucia is one of the least known of Britain's possessions, situated south of Martinique and north of St. Vincent in the Windward Island chain. A tropical paradise of volcanic origin about fourteen miles wide and twenty-eight miles long, St. Lucia has approximately 100,000

inhabitants. One third of its people live in the port of Castries on the northwest side of the island with the remainder being scattered around in small villages. The second largest town is Vieux Fort at the southern tip with about 5,000 inhabitants.

The dark, richly colored black and Indian people lead lives with the barest of material possessions, and are remarkably warm and generous. The prevalent language is Patois, a spoken language made up of Carib and African words with a French base. Most of the natives have learned English in school or from experience and so language is not a strong barrier. The economy of the island is based on the banana crop, all of which is sold to England, although new developing industries are taking a foothold. By our standards the island is very underdeveloped and illiteracy is prevalent, though decreasing. Peace Corps workers are active in helping the native teachers raise the educational standards.

St. Lucia is without a doubt a most beautiful island. It is very mountainous, a pair of tall peaks on the southwest coast called the Petons capping the picturesque island. The hillsides and valleys are densely forested with tropical trees such as palm, coconut, mango, papaya, breadfruit, cocoa and cashew, as well as huge groves of cultivated banana trees. Numerous untended cows, goats, and horses and sheep roam the small fields, rutted roads, and streets of the towns. Embracing the island is a twisting coastline of beautiful beaches, coral reefs, and smaller islands.

Vieux Fort is located at the extreme southern tip of the island. Though situated on the little bay of the Caribbean Sea, it is only a mile from the Atlantic Ocean, from which it is shielded by the mountainous southern point of the island. The population of Vieux Fort is concentrated in a relatively small area. There are three short business streets with an open marketplace, small growing stores, a cinema, a fruit and vegetable market, three banks, numerous little rum shops and an impressive hotel. Most of the shops and houses are very small wooden frame constructions which are not terribly sturdy. Most people do not have much in the way of material goods, though colorful clothes are not uncommon, and the introduction of various English and American-made products and wares is obvious. A few own motor vehicles but walking or traveling by bus (in effect, banana trucks with wooden benches installed) are the preferred methods of getting around. Going barefoot is an age-old custom and is a cause for the preponderance of foot and leg ulcers, internal in-

fections from hook and roundworm, and flukes, especially schistosomiasis.

Four miles inland, along a winding rutty road around the new airport runway and past the new primary and secondary schools, lies St. Jude Hospital. The two-story structure is built in the shape of a one-legged goalpost, the "cross bar" being a corridor connecting three wings.

An unlikely collection of St. Lucians, English, Americans and Canadians staff the ninety-bed hospital. St. Jude is directed by the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother, a Wisconsin-based order. Mother M. Irma is the hospital administrator while the other eight sisters, including one St. Lucian and four Trinidadians, fill such roles as chief engineer, lab technician, laundry director and nurse. Two physicians work under two-year government contracts; Dr. Williams, a general surgeon from California, and Dr. Gibbs, an English pediatrician. Another English physician, Dr. Bennett, has been practicing in St. Lucia since about 1960. Dr. Hill, a retired physician from New York, coordinates the work of the doctors.

St. Jude depends heavily on volunteers. Various physicians, like Dr. Sisson, volunteer for short-term periods. In our stay we worked with three American specialists, two Canadian dentists and three British medical students. We also came to know three Canadian nurses, two of whom directed St. Jude's own nursing school. Several other volunteers, such as we, had no professional background but filled various needs about the hospital.

St. Lucians themselves are very involved in running the hospital. The bulk of the nursing staff is comprised of St. Jude graduates and up to thirty-nine present nursing students. St. Lucians, mostly from the nearby town of Augier, also staff the lab, office, kitchen, laundry and maintenance crewss.

It should be emphasized that the equipment at St. Jude's left much to be desired. The large X-ray machine has been broken since early April and the doctors have to rely on an ancient portable unit. In the operating room the anesthesia unit is many years outdated, and such instruments considered as necessities in our American hospitals are totally lacking. Such things as bandages, sutures, needles, dressing sets and drugs are often in short supply. Many of the drugs, especially anesthetics, were a year or more outdated and losing effectiveness. The lab, so much relied upon for important data in modern hospitals, is equipped only for a small number of basic tests. Visiting physicians, at once frustrated and ever more appreciative of instruments back home, must learn to adapt to this relatively backward center of medicine.

We were five wide-eyed CILA volunteers when we arrived at Hewanorra International Airport in Vieux Fort in late May. Even after weeks of preparation and anticipation I don't think we fully knew what to expect ahead of us, but from the beginning we came upon surprises, new perspectives, frustrations, realizations, good times, regrets and satisfactions. The first couple weeks we found ourselves adjusting to and learning to appreciate St. Jude Hospital, St. Lucia and the St. Lucian way of doing things. Because of this and some unclarity in our specific responsibilities it was several days before we really got down to the nitty-gritty of our assigned tasks and responsibilities.

Our responsibilities carried the five of us throughout St. Jude Hospital. Though Mary and Cami had originally expected to split time between organizing the library and helping in pediatrics, it did not work out that way due to several circumstances. Assignments for volunteers at St. Jude, we discovered, tend to be quite flexible and dependent on the immediate needs. And so, although pediatrics always was in need of more hands for the children, the arrangement of the library was not a pressing necessity.

In addition, both Mary and Cami ran into annoying health difficulties in the first days. In Mary's case she literally ran into difficulty unexpectantly stepping into a drainage ditch and hurting her foot. Just as Mary found herself laid up in bed Cami was bothered by her first bad attack of nausea and diarrhea. As we found out, sometimes unpleasantly, the local bacterials did not totally agree with our systems. After two frustrating days in bed and much hobbling around Mary soon found herself at jobs such as filing cards in the library, working in the office, spending time with kids in Peds, collecting fees from outpatients and filling out forms for new admissions. But when Sister Candida, the chief lab technician, went home to Wisconsin for a month, leaving Keifer Vitalis alone and overworked in the lab, Mary surprisingly enough found herself working in the laboratory. At first she spent most of her time washing test tubes, pipettes and various other glassware, collecting order slips, and recording and sending out results.

As she confessed, her background hadn't exposed her to much biochemistry or lab work but she began to develop an interest. One day she excitedly exclaimed to us at the lunch table that she had just learned how to do a hemoglobin—then a glucose. Before the summer ended she had successfully learned how to draw blood from several patients upstairs on the ward. Not bad for a Theology major!

Mary made other contributions in the lab which were really immeasurable. Outpatients frequently came to the lab to have various tests done and while most are not too concerned there are some who become nervous about having their blood drawn. Nervous or not, Mary was invariably there to greet them and talk with them. Though the St. Lucian's friendliness made it easy for Mary to get along very well with them, they nevertheless seemed appreciative of her interest and concern.

Recovering from her initial stomach distress Cami, like Mary, soon became involved in tasks all around the hospital. She moved about, not because there was no full-time need for her anywhere, but because there were so many areas where some help was needed. Cami helped record and file records in the office, took histories for outpatients, arranged and catalogued books in the library and spent a lot of time helping the children in pediatrics, washing them and taking them outside for walks and recreation.

A particular accomplishment for Cami and Mary was their Sunday catechism classes for the children of the village of Augier, near St.

Jude Hospital. They became very enthusiastic when Sister DeLourdes asked if they wanted to accompany her to Augier one Sunday to her catechism class. They returned rather excited about the wild responsiveness of the children and the challenge they saw instructing them in religion. When Sister DeLourdes left for a ten-day retreat the girls jumped at the chance to hold a couple classes themselves. It seemed obvious that Cami and Mary recognized the children as a clear reflection of St. Lucia's character and values and their involvement with them both solved and stimulated some awareness and reflections about the St. Lucian perspective and their own.

Contributing and experiencing service in the way of clinical treatment and patient involvement was a strong motivation for both Marty and me and we were pleased to be assigned to the government ward, St. Anthony's. Our responsibilities were very similar, chiefly involving nursing/orderly work, although we were to spend time in other areas as well.

In the beginning Marty and I were assigned six to ten patients to shower or bed bathe and whose beds we would make or change. After a few weeks, as we became familiar with things one or both of us were assigned to treatments. With about a third of those patients in St. Anthony's being admitted because of bad leg and body ulcers or infections, most of the treatments we did involved soaking, cleaning, applying wet packs and dressing wounds.

In addition we shared with the nurses such tasks as vital signs, observing patients in bad condition, giving enemas, chasing down supplies in the Central Supply Room and laundry, fetching wheelchairs and stretchers, wheeling patients to and from the operating room, elevating beds, doing preps for surgical cases, serving lunches, running errands to the lab and office and any other tasks Mrs. Skeete, our supervisor, might declare suitable just for us guys.

We discovered that running a government ward in St. Lucia had many problems. They were always short of such obvious necessities as clean linen, bandages, dressing sets and oxygen tanks. The showers and toilets were too few and too dirty. And the nurses, though not really bad, could not match the trained nurses we have in the States.

The absence of Sister Candida left a few additional tasks open to us, as it did for Mary. I became the resident electrocariograph technician, running about one or two a day on anybody from an eighty-six-year-old man to one uncooperative seven-month-old baby. Admittedly, I myself did not know exactly how the instrument worked or what the tracings indicated (though I learned a lot). But it was a sharp reminder of our huge differences in technology to see the looks of amazement and puzzlement which many patients expressed as I strapped those strange wires to their arms and legs and fiddled with knobs for several minutes to produce a long sheet with funny-looking scribbles.

Meanwhile Marty had become fairly adept at drawing blood and doing several lab tests. On a few occasions he was called upon to run sugars or hemoglobins on emergencies at late hours of the night.

Vicky, of course, had the unique advantage of volunteering at St. Jude for the second time and for having a specific role to fulfill. She explains:

"The reason I went to St. Lucia this summer was to teach Math, English and Basic Science to the first-year student nurses at the hospital. I also ended up teaching Math to the second-year students I had fourteen first year students and nine second-year girls.

"I knew exactly what I was going to be doing and had a schedule to follow so in that respect perhaps my job was a bit easier than for the rest of our group. But it was far from easy, especially at first. I felt strange at the beginning with them and they didn't quite know exactly how to react to their 'American' teacher.

"Having been used to teaching high school and college students, it was a change for me to be teaching elementary English writing, fractions and decimals. And having virtually no or very few books didn't help the situation. Even though the girls that are accepted as student nurses probably have more education than most of the girls on the island they are still far below being at the same level one would expect a student nurse back home to be.

"English is a second language for them so it's really not surprising that many of them had problems in writing. And certainly Math and Science aren't the simplest subjects to learn either. So it was frustrating at first. There were times when I felt that I was getting nothing across and very little accomplished.

"But we kept on going and as time went by it got better and better. I learned what I could and should expect from them and they in turn learned about me too. It became a very satisfying feeling for me when my students would come up at the end of the day to ask questions about what they had learned, or questions about other things, or perhaps just to talk. My girls used to bring me mangoes, coconuts, breadfruit and all sorts of other little things that at times just made all the frustrations seem worthwhile."

These then are the tasks, whether assigned or assumed, that the five of us engaged in. But to look only at them is to miss a very great part of what our summer project involved. Perhaps it could be headed under the subtler aspect of our experiences, and it is something better seen than read about.

I have outlined our working activities in a fairly objective manner but they don't reflect the more personal experiences and relationships we all came to share with St. Lucians and English, Americans and Canadians as well. We met and worked with an incredible number of people with different backgrounds, perspectives, values and needs. Just the variation alone made it stimulating, revealing and learning experience for everyone to varying extents. Whether it was with the patients or the people we worked with we contributed, had good times, shared ideas, argued, taught and learned.

For Mary and Cami this meant talking to the various outpatients and asking where they were from, what they did, were they feeling better, etc.; or discussing problems in the office with Boniface and Sister DeLourdes, or spending hours trying to be good temporary nurses and mothers to some distressed children. This was often a most draining and

frustrating attempt, though at times the smiles and responses of the children made it all seem worthwhile. For Vicky it was sharing her time and interests with her students; being tough when she had to be, frustrated with some of them, but satisfied by their individual response, efforts and appreciation. For Marty and me, it meant going around and talking to the patients as we did treatments or when there was no particular work to be done. I would ask, "Well, Mr. Kutes, how is your foot today? Still painful?" and he would reply, "Not too bad, Joe."

And Marty would spend hours with little Henry Gidden, trying to teach him the alphabet and how to write his own name. Or he would befuddle a few of the guys with his card tricks, impressing them that the hand was slyer, if not quicker, than the eye.

While the St. Lucians presented varying ways, sayings and values which opened new perspectives to us, the intercultural flavor was further enhanced by the British, Canadian and fellow American volunteers. None of us could forget the sly wit and energy of the three British medical students, Jos, Richard and Marian, with whom we would spend hours contrasting and humorously criticizing each other's political and medical systems. "How is 'your Watergate' coming along?" "Quite well I should think."

Then there were a dentist and his wife from Vancouver, who challenged all comers in bridge and effectually took the role of parents to us. New perceptions of even our own American ways were aroused by the family of Dr. Richard Sherrill, an ophthalmologist from Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

I thought it was unfortunate that there isn't more interaction between the visiting volunteers and the St. Lucians than existed, but there are several factors which tend to hinder this. Because the volunteers live within the hospital they are somewhat shielded from the natives and their culture. They consequently tend to associate together with the more familiar company, some to the point of hardly attempting any interaction with St. Lucians at all.

It could also be true that the usual visit of 4-6 weeks is insufficient time to develop adequate familiarity. Though I think we from CILA accomplished much more in this regard than most volunteers, we blew the opportunity to interact even more.

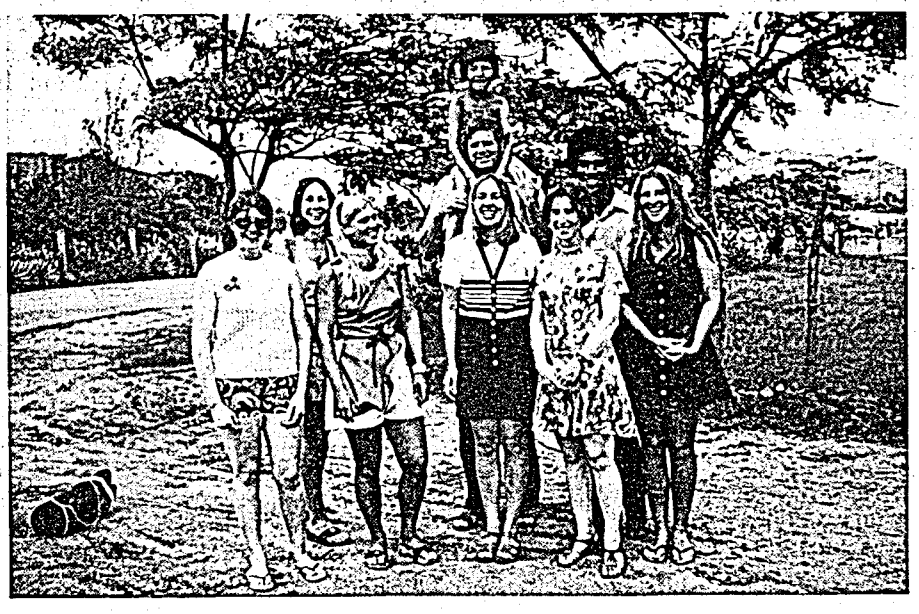
A high point for our project at St. Jude was the visit by Father Don McNeill in early July. He spent some time in observing the five of us in our various duties but even more in discussing various things with Mother Irma and several others in addition to Mary, Cami, Vicki, Marty and myself. Each of us to varying extents had some ideas and feelings, both good and bad, bubbling within and sought out Don to clear things up. Father McNeill also did much to stimulate new ideas and considerations which we had failed to perceive or develop.

Father Don McNeill was not the only visitor from Notre Dame, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, making an inspection tour of The Rockefeller Foundation's Research Laboratory in Castries, St. Lucia, accepted our invitation to St. Jude Hospital and joined us for an all too short visit. During the evening which included a two-hour drive across the island from Castries to Vieux Fort, a whirlwind tour of the hospital and a discussion about our CILA project, Father Hesburgh entertained us and a packed room at St. Jude with numerous stories about Notre Dame, Badin Hall and his travels. But as suddenly as he came he had to return to Castries early the next morning.

Our experience at St. Jude Hospital helped us to appreciate new perspectives about a varying culture. But we also discovered new realizations about ourselves individually and as a CILA group. Each of us discovered flaws in his or her personality and compatibility in living within a limiting institution among a small group of people with whom we constantly interacted. We discovered that we might have accomplished more questioning and reflection as a group, rather than just in pairs and triplets.

We wondered about the role of recreation, such as going to the beach, and our responsibilities as representatives of CILA. The idea of CILA and what it represents specifically, our goals, our orientations and our biases all came into question. We made mistakes, had misunderstandings and occasionally were insensitive to the views of others. But for the most part we came to recognize these and hopefully learned from them.

Did we accomplish anything spectacular in St. Lucia? I don't think so. But I think we all feel we contributed something to St. Jude Hospital, its patients and the others we interacted with. Perhaps our presence and concern helped in that it brought to a few people a new dimension and awareness to their lives, but such things are hard to measure. But it cannot be doubted that St. Lucians and our St. Jude experience accomplished much for us by opening our eyes to many things we may never have realized or appreciated. The helping experience became a true learning experience we won't easily forget.



A Study of the Third World

We at Notre Dame seem to be continually referring to ourselves as a "Christian Community"—or vigorously disclaiming that appellation. And perhaps this issue bears the marks of being beaten to death. Yet there seems to be a definite sense at times that many of us have no real grasp of the meaning of the terms "Christian" and "Community" — they have become hollow words through endless repetition or intangible theorization. Religion and World Injustice, a course offered by the theology department this semester, attempted through a mixture of the concrete and theoretical to bring students to a clearer understanding of these terms and an awareness of actual and possible efforts toward the alleviation of world injustice.

The course is one step in a long evolution of thought on the problem of Christian commitment in the world. Father Don McNeill, an assistant rector in Grace Hall and CILA advisor, was one of the main forces in its development. For him it is a result of much practical experience, theory, and just pure dream, which in turn became a part of new ideas. It began in 1972. While visiting the Mexico project, Father McNeill saw a need for developing awareness of other cultures and a response to the human needs of these people. This growing realization led to a feeling that CILA should serve a more educational function in conjunction with the basic experience it offers.

By the spring of 1973, this idea had emerged as a course: Religion and Human Development. Students participated in summer CILA projects, keeping detailed logs of their experiences and perceptions. Then in the fall, they could gather together and reexamine and reevaluate their summers in light of others' experiences and with the help of various professors. The approach was interdisciplinary, enabling the students to view their experiences from all angles—religious, sociological, economical — and help them to relate their summer activities to their present lives at Notre Dame. The course also stressed contact with people outside the university, particularly people involved in CCUM (Catholic Committee on Urban Ministry), a national group active particularly in urban areas.

From meeting with CCUM members, and other groups, Father McNeill and the people of CILA began to see a necessity for expanding the focus of CILA, making it more than international, making it intercultural. In order to become involved in the social and political aspects of other cultures in our own country, they initiated programs in Appalachia and New Orleans.

Profiting from these meetings and the successes and failures of the first-semester course, Father McNeill, Father Horan, Mary Beckman, and others interested in CILA and its goals, shaped the present course, Religion and World Injustice. Those in CILA felt that the organization should increase its role as educator and awareness "catalyst," thus this course. The students in it were not drawn from those who had participated in summer projects—they were an intentionally wide range of majors, interests and ages. East coast, west coast, midwest, freshman, senior, theology, geology, marketing majors—some forty students and faculty wives were involved. The course was interdisciplinary and intercultural, including the specific with the general. Lectures laid theory, while case studies of the three areas, Africa, Latin America, and the Philippines, films, a symposium of international scholars and individual interviews with people affected by the issue of world injustice—sharecroppers, farmers, social workers brought a more concrete nature to the course.

The underlying feeling motivating the course, in fact, motivating CILA's evolution, is a sense that we really do not have any actual, concrete experience of a "Christian community." Much of our contact with organized Christianity comes from the parish—parish activities, parish priests, the sisters in the parish school—and many of these contacts are far from favorable. Father McNeill hopes to bring people into contact with other active groups—for example CCUM—opening up new possibilities for experience.

CILA is not out to save the world—or change it radically. Many of the summer projects make little real headway in changing or improving the lives of the people with whom they are working. There is actually little possibility that they could—programs usually last only seven weeks and the students participating are not trained social workers. Nor will the course answer all—or perhaps any—of the problems of world injustice. The first concern of the course, and the CILA projects, is to expose students to different cultures and then give them a forum in which to examine and learn from their experiences and each other.

Out of the spring course came new ideas for developing other kinds of educational experiences. A freshman colloquium, based in the halls, is being planned for second semester of next year. Through this one-credit program, Father McNeill also hopes to enlist the aid of international students in the halls and people from the South Bend community. He also envisions some way of helping students to become more active in their home towns and areas. The students of Notre Dame are a basically homogeneous group. Father McNeill and CILA hope to help expand the consciousness on campus of cultural, national and global problems. Through working with active people, particularly active Christians and Catholics, perhaps cultural and personal disparities can be seen more clearly.

—Sally Stanton

Two Flips and A Split

The punt hung nearly motionless; suspended, for a long moment, against a crystal November sky.

In the stands below, 60,000 pairs of eyes turned upward as the ball, its laces white in the afternoon sunlight, began its downward flight. And on the field, as the moment of suspended animation was broken, 23 uniformed figures began a frantic rush toward the north end zone of Notre Dame Stadium.

Twenty-two of those figures were athletes: 11 dressed in Notre Dame's navy and gold, 11 clad in Louisiana State's blue, canary, and white. The twenty-third figure was Tom Lechner, Notre Dame's costumed leprechaun, and as the punt plummeted towards the LSU goal line, Lechner outdistanced ND's coverage team as he raced to the spot where he thought the ball would hit.

The ball landed on the LSU eight, caromed quickly to the four, and then hopped out of bounds on the one-half yard line. And leprechaun Tom Lechner was right there. Dancing his Irish jig with a flair never again duplicated, he whipped his rumpled hat from his head and tossed it on the spot where the punt had left the playing field. Moments later, a referee's marker joined the leprechaun's hat, making the play official, and moments after that the stadium crowd was roaring with delight.

Among those standing and shouting was Danny O'Hara, then a smallish, auburn-haired freshman. So impressed was O'Hara by the things Tom Lechner did on the sidelines that day — and on several other occasions during the '70-'71 football season — that, during the spring of his freshman year, he tried out for the position vacated by the resident leprechaun's graduation. And he made it.

And for the next three years, Danny O'Hara jigged and cavorted on grass, hardwood, and even ice, and for the next three years he existed, in the minds of many, as the most visible symbol of the spirit that is Notre Dame's.

But Danny O'Hara's career as a symbol entered a new phase last month. For it was then that O'Hara, a senior, found himself in Stepan Center, surrounded by a cluster of 20 students, most of whom were his size, and most of whom were bearded, dyed green, or armed with shillelaghs, frumpish hats, or other leprechaun raiment.

What O'Hara was doing was picking his successor, but he was not alone in his sentimental, difficult, and often painful task. The rest of Notre Dame's cheerleading squad was in the same position.

And so, as O'Hara and his band of hopefuls gave and took their own distinctive brand of blarney in one corner of the building, the squad's other seniors — Anne Cisle, Charlie Morrison, Liz Sowada, and Rich Rawson — joined captains-elect Susie Picton and Pat Heffernan and 70 aspiring tryouts on the main floor to begin the weeklong process of selecting an ND cheerleading team.

"On Sunday (March 31) we just divided everyone up," remembered junior Sue Picton. "We split the girls into three groups and the guys into two, and then we rotated the girls through three stations — dancing, gymnastics, and mounts. There were about 50 girls there on Sunday and about 20 guys, and we just sent the guys back and forth between the mounting and gymnastic stations.

"The next day, Monday, we had our first cut. We cut the number of girls down to 24, and based our decisions on how well they did the routine we'd taught them, as well as on their mounts and individual gymnastics.

"The second cut came Tuesday, and things went basically the same. We divided the girls into the three stations again, taught them one new 'Fight' routine, and then put them through the same mounts and the same gymnastics. The difference was that the girls also had to perform a routine they'd made up to the fight song, so they were being judged both on learning and creativity.

"At the same time, we cut the boys down from 12 to eight. We judged them on mounts and on how they held the girls they worked with. That, and on their gymnastic ability."

When the second cut was made late Tuesday evening, one of the female casualties was Kathi Paterno, a St. Mary's junior. The setback made her a two-time loser at the game of cheerleading tryouts, and the setback might have been a bitter one — coming, as it did, before a senior year. But such was not the case; not, at least, where Kathi Paterno was concerned.

"It's really hard to say," she mused, "what it was about cheering here that made me try out twice, that made me want to go through it twice.

"I think, though, it's because this is Notre Dame, and because cheering puts you down on the field, and makes you feel a part of the game — even more so than when you're in the stands. Of course, there are other reasons, too. There's the glamor aspect, the idea of travelling to the away games, and there's the idea of leadership, too.

"It seems like a crowd is always looking to someone for leadership, and that's where I see a lot of the value of cheerleading today. I know the girls are criticized a lot for being nothing but objects to look at, but when they're dancing around down there, getting involved in the game, they're going to get the crowd excited. They're going to psyche them up.

"And I think you need something like that today, I really do."

One thing the panel of senior judges and observers needed, even after two days of tryouts, trials, and practices, was more time in which to make a decision. So the 12 surviving girls and eight surviving guys were put through an intense schooling session on Wednesday night — a session which included learning a complex routine to Santana's "Evil Ways" — and then were put through an extensive all-phases examination

on Thursday. Then, after watching, brooding, and deliberating for nearly six hours, the judges made their decisions.

"We had an outline of our criteria," said Anne Cisle, one of last year's co-captains, "and as far as the girls were concerned, we based it on how well they caught on to what we'd taught them, how they looked, and how they performed in their dance routines and gymnastics. But we were also looking for naturalness and spontaneity. That was very important."

"And the guys," added Sue Picton, "we judged them on their mounts, their gymnastics, and their appearance. And after all that, we had personal interviews with each of the finalists."

The interviews, agreed both girls, were a critical part of the judging process. "Something like that is good," admitted Sue. "It can affect — for better or worse — your whole outlook on a person. We asked them some serious questions (such as 'Why do you want to be a cheerleader?'), and then some funny ones ('What do you like to drink?'), and then, after that, we talked about each individual, and then we voted. I think we did it very maturely, and I think we're going to have a dynamite squad next year because of it."

Conducting the personal interviews and making the final decision were by far, the toughest portion of the process as far as the judges were concerned. But while the final yeas and nays were being cast, the 20 surviving aspirants were going through their own periods of stress. St. Mary's sophomore Amy MacDonald was one of the girls selected for next year's team, but actually making the squad is not what she remembers most about that final night.

"After we had our interviews," she said, laughing, "I didn't think I had much of a chance. But I was proud, though, that I was one of the final 12 girls, and I was relieved after the interviews because we knew, then, that it was all over.

"We had a two and one-half hour wait until we found out who'd made it and who hadn't, and during that time everyone waited together. Everyone stayed close. When next year's team was finally announced, they did it alphabetically. They started with the guys, and then with the girls. Rebecca Bracken was the first girl to be announced, and then they called Mary Ann Grabavoy. I knew that if I'd made it, then, I'd be the next one called, and all I can remember after that is just hearing my name. After that, everything is blurred. But you know, the whole thing was very sincere, and everyone stayed around, together, after it was over. Even the kids who hadn't made it."

Then she laughed again. "But it didn't hit me until two or three days later that I'd really made the team. And even now, well, it still doesn't seem like it. I guess it won't until we first get back to school in September."

Amy MacDonald wasn't the only girl to earn a spot on the team for the first time. Becky Bracken and Mary Ann Grabavoy were also first-time choices, and they joined Sue Picton, and veterans Mary Short and Shelly Muller to make up the female contingent. Dennis Buchanan, Al Koch, Jim Ignaut, Andy Fimshauser, and two-year veteran Mike Corey joined captain Pat Heffernan to make up the men's group.

And like Amy MacDonald, each of the successful candidates had reasons for personal elation upon making the squad. Shelly Muller did. So did Denny Buchanan. And so did Mike Corey.

"Once I'd made the team for the first time," said Corey, "I knew it was going to be hard to go back to the stands; because when you're a cheerleader you're so close to the action.

"I guess, basically, it's a way of releasing energy for me, an outlet. I've always been athletic-minded, and if I couldn't actually participate in athletics, I figured this was about as close as I was going to come. But there are other aspects I enjoy, too. I like being an official representative of the University, and I like, especially, representing the students in the stands — the kids who can't get as close to the action as maybe they'd like.

"You know," he continued, "that's one thing about this system of tryouts. It assures that every year we're going to have fresh, enthusiastic people. The new kids will be excited because it's their first time around, and others of us will be excited because it's our senior year. I know that I, personally, may not show enthusiasm all the time, but it's there. Believe me, it's there."

Enthusiasm is one factor which seems to pervade the entire program. From those who tried but didn't quite make it, to those who made it for the third time, to those whose cheerleading stints are over, and who found themselves not trying out last month, but judging.

"It was great," said senior Liz Sowada. "It was the greatest experience. And not because of the uniform, not so much putting the skirt on, but because of the people who were involved. I appreciated it because I knew what it was like to sit in the stands — and I can say now that I've probably never laughed so much, or had so many good times, as I did this year — and it's all because of the people who were involved.

"Trying out is an experience. It gets you so worked up, and so nervous. And I know what it's like to go through it and not make it. But you get over that, you really do. But judging, for me, is a different story. I just don't like to judge anyone.

"Tryouts, though, are a good idea. They give more kids a chance to make the team, they give more kids a chance to experience the fun of it; and they're good for the squad because they keep everyone on their toes all year long."

Six newly selected guys, and as many newly selected girls made up 12 members of the 13-member cheerleading team. The selection of the 13th member — the leprechaun — was left to the University's only remaining authority on the subject: Danny O'Hara. And O'Hara's selection, predictably, was a good one. He picked Pat Murphy, a sophomore, out of a field of 20 hopefuls, and bequeathed to Murphy the tools — and the tricks — of his trade.

"We want the leprechaun to have a mature image," said O'Hara, "but we want him to be enjoyable to the crowd, too. There's really a fine line between the two, but I guess you could say we want our leprechaun to be laughed with, and not laughed at.

"I judged the tryouts this year on how well they did their Irish jig, how well they could do that jump

and kick after we score a touchdown, and on their ingenuity. I wanted them to show that they wouldn't be afraid to do something on the spur of the moment.

"But even when you consider all that, you can't forget the idea of maturity. When I was out there, I felt the responsibility for carrying the image of Notre Dame. I had to perform all the time, and I had to be enjoyable to everyone, but I still felt that I had to 'be' Notre Dame."

But that's a responsibility that Danny O'Hara never had to shoulder alone, and it's a responsibility that Pat Murphy won't have to shoulder alone, either. For Murphy, like O'Hara, will have plenty of help. And most of that help will come from the 12 other students who'll make up Notre Dame's 1974-75 cheerleading squad.

—Vic Dorr

The Best Team

Their season encompasses the entire school year, with hours of tedious practice facing the members each day. They have the winningest percentage of all Notre Dame varsity teams, and their cumulative GPA is the highest among all athletes. The facilities in which they practice are regarded as the best in the country. And they have the desire to be known not as a collection of frustrated jocks, but as a group of well-conditioned and finely skilled athletes.

The Notre Dame Fencing Team, founded in 1934, is one of the minor varsity sports here at Notre Dame, deeply rich in tradition. Unlike the football, basketball and hockey teams, the fencing team offers no scholarships, hardly conducts any recruiting (how can you recruit anybody without being able to offer anything?), and offers only a chance to compete. The team shares their locker room with the wrestling, baseball and junior varsity football teams, and many of the other coaches can't figure out just what the fencers do. Perhaps the single reason for its popularity among freshmen is in its availability for those on the team to be exempted from phys. ed.

Then why does one wish to become a member of this relatively unknown team? Tim Taylor, the assistant coach (a former epee captain for the Irish) of the team, feels the major reason of joining is in the ability fencing offers for high school athletes to continue their participation in athletics. "I had played football and tennis in high school, and I wanted to try out for the football team when I came here," said Taylor. "The outlook on making the team didn't look very bright, so I turned to fencing. Coach DeCicco offered everyone trying out the chance to participate and to earn a letter over the four years, and the team enabled me the chance to represent Notre Dame in athletics as well as academics."

There are many misconceptions about fencing which bring about a great deal of joking among the fencers. "Many people compare us to the swashbucklers of the old-time movies; the Errol Flynn or Three Musketeers type," noted Taylor. "They sometimes ask us before matches if we ever sweat during competition. If they would only come and watch our practices and meets, they would learn to appreciate the feelings a guy has after he competes."

Fencing is something which requires great agility and timing—hit ¼ a second later than your opponent and he can win the match. Practice, which begins in September, consists of running, calisthenics, and an hour or so of footwork fundamental to the art of fencing. Countless hours are spent on the different styles of footwork necessary for the fencer to perform. The average fencer is in as good or better condition than any football or basketball player, for his sport requires as much conditioning as any other.

Fencing itself is broken into three weapons: sabre, foil and epee, with each weapon having certain requirements for competition. After a few months of practicing the basics (which seem to pass like years), the new candidates are given the opportunity of choosing the weapons they wish to compete with. The remaining time will be spent in practice, trying to master the techniques needed to excel.

The individual years provide the time and factors which are im-

portant concerning the art of fencing: with each year comes more skill and knowledge. "Freshman year centered around the anxiety about receiving his blade and learning how to use it," note Ed Feeney, a sophomore who joined the team for the fun it offered. "We were nervously anticipating the end of each day's practice, waiting for our turn to fence. When we did receive our blades, the lessons offered by the seniors and our participation made us feel like an integral part of the team, something we were extremely proud of."

Sophomore year provides the first chance for travel and the ability to attain a monogram. "I think the major point for me was the help I was given by Mike Matranga, our captain, Tim Glass and Ed Fellows (an All-American fencer this year, as a result of his great performance in the NCAA's). They taught me the execution of the basics given to us in freshman year, along with some of the finer points of fencing the weapon. Sophomore year can be very frustrating at times, but thanks to Coach DeCicco, I was fortunate enough to participate in a few bouts and even travel in an away meet. It was a tremendous thrill to participate on the varsity level and gain the experience of fencing under this added pressure."

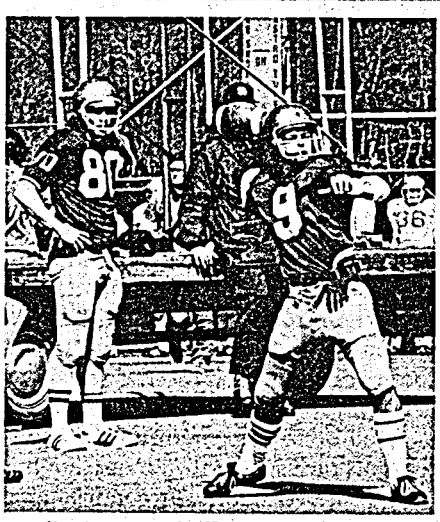
To be the coach of this team of talented athletes requires the knowledge and ability to communicate a sense of team unity and spirit. Mike DeCicco, in his 11th year as head coach, has attempted to put Notre Dame Fencing in its proper perspective. An ND alumnus (class of '50), he is a professor in Mechanical Engineering, the Academic Counselor for Athletics, and a member of the Olympic Games Committee. "I think Coach DeCicco is so respected because he's a man of principle," said Taylor. "He's very close to his family and to religion, and the players respect him for that. Coach has made countless personal sacrifices for the team, and all of its present success is due to him."

They have just come off a successful season (with one member attaining the status of All-American) proving themselves again to be winners. The team has turned out excellent fencers, but Coach DeCicco considers graduating young men his reward as coach. The fencers go relatively unknown throughout the campus, but they continue to strive for excellence in a sport a majority never have heard of before coming here.

I think fencing can be compared to the loneliness of the long-distance runner—he goes out and does his job day after day. Any records he may set perhaps will be regarded as novel for a while, but the novelty wears off fairly soon. Fencing is an exciting and demanding sport which can be appreciated by those who experience it. Notre Dame Fencers do their own thing, and seem to do it well, indicating that athletics at ND may be fun after all.

—Bill Delaney

Irish Sport Shorts



Spring football practice has begun again with daily afternoon practices and biweekly scrimmages on Cartier Field. With 80 or so out competing for the 22 starting positions on the team, Ara has a lot of muscle to work with. He has his entire backfield returning (Best, Bullock and Penick) and eight of starting defensive team (including Stock, Browner, Fanning and Collins). His major problems lie in finding a middle linebacker (Potempa has graduated) and defensive backs (Barnett and Bradley are the only returnees). The kicking team (Doherty and Thomas) has graduated and the leading candidates for the positions are Tony Brantley and Jack Stephan, both with previous kicking experience. The passing combination of Clements to Demmerle will be back for another round, giving our opposition the willies (especially Southern Cal, November 30). The practices culminate in the 44th Annual Blue-Gold Game, to be held on Saturday, May 4, at 1:30 p.m., which is the first chance the student body will be able to see the National Championship Football Team —the Fighting Irish.

Coach Noel O'Sullivan's first year as golf coach has changed Notre Dame Golf's horizon from one of consistency into one of potential greatness. His team (consisting of two seniors, two juniors and three sophomores) has won its three dual matches, and has broken the record for team scoring, set in 1969.

Confidence appears to be the major reason of the team's success. O'Sullivan has instilled a feeling in

the team that their constant work will bear the fruits of victory. His team leadership, especially displayed by co-captains Paul Betz and Jeff Burda has resulted in many schools acknowledging the Irish as a power to be reckoned with. Indeed, the future looks very bright for those men of confidence—the Irish Golfers.

Hard times have fallen upon the Lacrosse Team this season, with injuries the main factor. From the indications of last year's team, much was expected for this year, but the injuries and the unusually rough schedule the Irish have faced has left them where they are.

Highlights of the year appear to lie with the offensive team. Standout performances by Bob Thibodeau and Tom McHugh have boosted the morale of Coach Rich O'Leary and the team. There is a sense, however, that the team will pull out the season, and with the entire starting offense returning, the future looks very bright for the Irish Stickmen.

Inconsistency has been the label placed on Jake Kline's Baseball Team. With practically no spring practice and a schedule of 32 games in 26 days, the team should have their hands full. A lack of hitting and a third starting pitcher are Jake's major problems. The performances of Captain Tom Hansen, Ron Goodman and Kevin Fanning have been great, but that lack of consistency has plagued the Irish in many of their games. Kline notes that with a little luck of the Irish, the team may turn their record around. With the talent the team possesses, that possibility may become a reality.

The 1974 Bookstore Basketball Tournament, where basketball is hopelessly buried into the ground by football tactics, was the highlight of the An Tostal Celebration here at Notre Dame last week. The winners of the tournament were the talented Ducks, as the result of their victory over last year's champions, Club 31 II. The roster of the Ducks was entirely made up of Law School students, including a former professional football player, a former member of the Irish football team, and an AROTC commander.

On paper, it looked as if all Club 31 had to do was to show up for the game in order to win. Led by football players Frank Allocco, Steve Niehaus and Steve Sylvester, the team had the speed and strength to capture it all.

But it never worked; the Legal Eagles grabbed an early lead, and despite an attempt by the referees to give the game to Club 31, the Ducks held on and won. Brian Harrington's jumper from the top of the key gave the victory to the Ducks, in one of the most emotional games ever played (approximately a quarter of the Law School came to the finals, cheering "the old men" on).

The members of the winning team—Ron Hein, Brian Harrington, Joe Cooney, Roosevelt Thomas and Terry "Mad Dog" McGann entered the tournament for the fun of it. Cooney was the MVP of the tournament and Hein was "Mister Bookstore." Way to go, Legal Eagles, way to go.

—Bill Delaney

The Last Word

by Jim Gresser

For the years are rolling by me
They are rocking evenly,
I am older than I once was
And younger than I'll be
But that's not unusual.
Lord is it strange
That after changes upon changes
We are more or less the same,
After changes we are more or less the same?

—Paul Simon, "The Boxer."

Every year the same thing happens. Without anyone telling them to, and without any monetary recompense, a few highly concerned people decide to feed the ducks; not as a one-shot jaunt back to nature, but as a daily responsibility. Though any time would be acceptable, right after dinner seems to be the time when most of the duck feeders go about their chore. They do it lovingly and ask for very little in return.

Each year someone new takes on the task. This year, for example, a freshman girl, Maureen O'Neill, goes with devoted regularity to give the birds bread or cereal, often through the courtesy of the North Dining Hall. Nobody told her to feed the ducks. It's not a graduation requirement. She just started to go for walks to the lakes, and saw the ducks needed and appreciated what little crusts or crumbs she could offer.

At the same time, some of the more permanent members of the Notre Dame community took on the task years ago and still continue faithfully. The obvious example is Fr. Duck, aptly nicknamed for the creatures in his charge. He will go through the tray carriers in the South Dining Hall, usually during continental breakfast, and collect the

remnants of doughnuts and pastries discarded by those students with a characteristic incongruity between their eyes and their stomachs. The old priest then walks to St. Mary's Lake where the hungry ducks anxiously await his daily arrival. Though some might choose to believe the vicious rumor that Fr. Duck occasionally wrings a feathered neck for personal culinary reasons, it cannot be denied that he has faithfully and lovingly looked after the nourishment of the birds for many years.

Each year the old ones continue and the new ones begin to care for the lake residents. For countless years the ducks have been depending on the voluntary generosity of these campus ministers and, though the ducks are often rude, obstreperous, and highly ungrateful, these people continue to give.

On April 6 of this year, while the ducks were fooling around in the lake, Mike McCafferty was ordained a priest in Sacred Heart Church. In an absolutely breathtaking ceremony, Mike officially told the community that he was "ready and willing" to take on the tremendous task of the priesthood. The handsome young lawyer formally proclaimed his desire to give of himself for the benefit of the community. No one forced him, or the other six men ordained that day, to take on the responsibility. He chose it freely and lovingly.

At Communion the ceremony was delayed about five minutes because of the long line of boys, from the floor on which Mike is a resident assistant, who would receive Communion from no one but Mike. These people have a need for him and he is willing to fill it.

At one point during the ceremony, all the priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross on campus laid their hands on Mike's head. From the oldest to the youngest, these priests were a symbol of the selfless love and devotion which so many have manifest since the University's inception. Though over the years many of them have made glaring blunders, as seems to be so characteristic of the human animal, they still have been willing to give of themselves to fill the needs of the community they serve. Many have done this as well as they can. Somehow, for some unfathomable reason, someone always seems to be willing to assume the role. Father Mike McCafferty is one of those people and his ordination marked and celebrated that fact.

Both of these situations illustrate something very curious about Notre Dame. Since it was founded, the University has been abundantly peopled with those willing to care. In all facets of life here, from feeding the campus wildlife to caring for spiritual needs, someone is willing to care; maybe not always many people, but always someone.

It seems to start with the parents who are willing to pay so much for their daughters and sons to go here.

The same commitment is visible in the administrators. Though they often seem antique and oppressive it cannot be denied, and this is no attempt at flattery, that for the most part they do what they do out of a genuine concern for the needs of the community. Notre Dame is unlike many academic institutions in that its administrators have a certain human commitment to its students and not just a monetary contract with them. They are obviously not in it for the money.

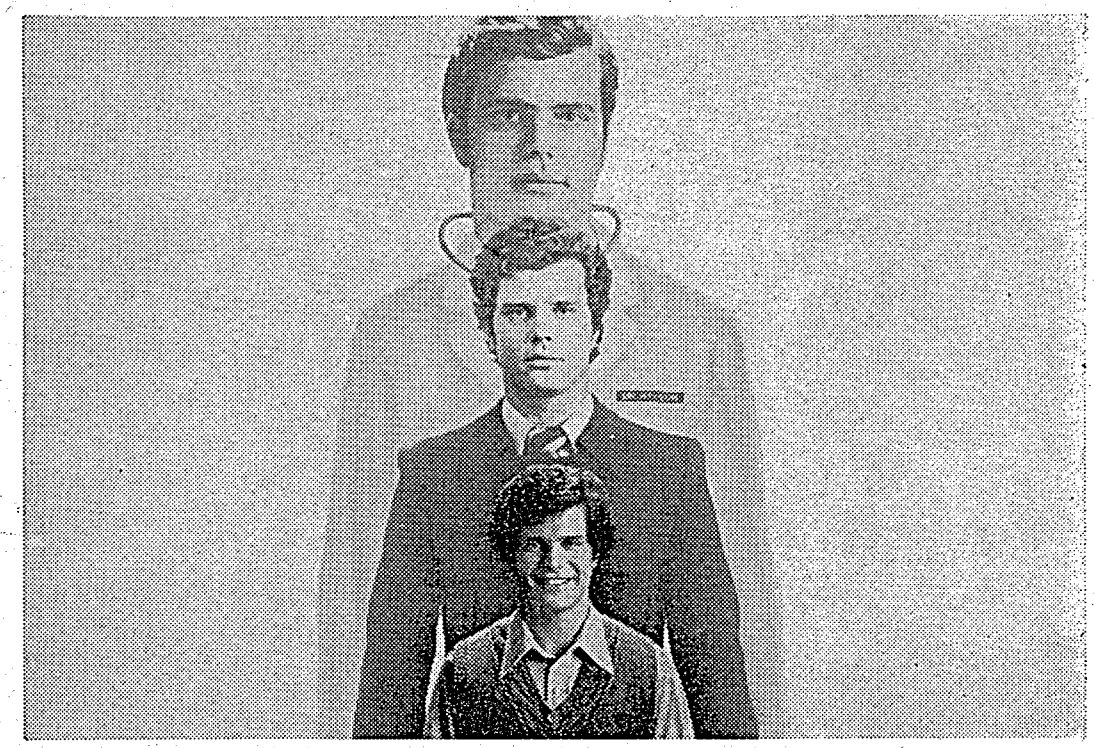
That same selfless giving is manifest, perhaps most noticeably, in the faculty. Notre Dame is not a high-paying institution and yet extremely good teachers want to teach here. Notre Dame offers one of the best undergraduate educations in the country. Its faculty members not only give of themselves in the classroom but outside it as well.

That special kind of attitude even appears in the students. Though the University by its nature must be a transient community, the students here seem to have always maintained a generous attitude toward the personal needs they find among themselves and in their world that is not as visible elsewhere. That is not to say that at present the Notre Dame student body is at a peak of concern for each other; in fact it is probably in this area where the commitment needs the most strengthening.

Looking to next year, however, it appears that things will carry on. The faculty and administrators are getting ready for the fall semester. Student Government and all the other student organizations have seen people volunteer to give of themselves next year. More freshmen will arrive to eventually become seniors. Ducks and people will be fed.

There will be many arguments and differences. That's good. Concern should never be complacent.

As *Scholastic* begins its new editorial year, though, perhaps it is wise to stay away from the arguments for a moment. Many of them are becoming so distorted anyway. There will be plenty of time and paper for that later. Perhaps it is better to step out of the thick of things and view the situation in its totality. So many people have given and are giving so much of themselves to this place. For their selfless devotion in the past they, parents, priests, teachers, administrators, duck feeders, and even old *Scholastic* editors, should receive much deserved but too often denied gratitude.



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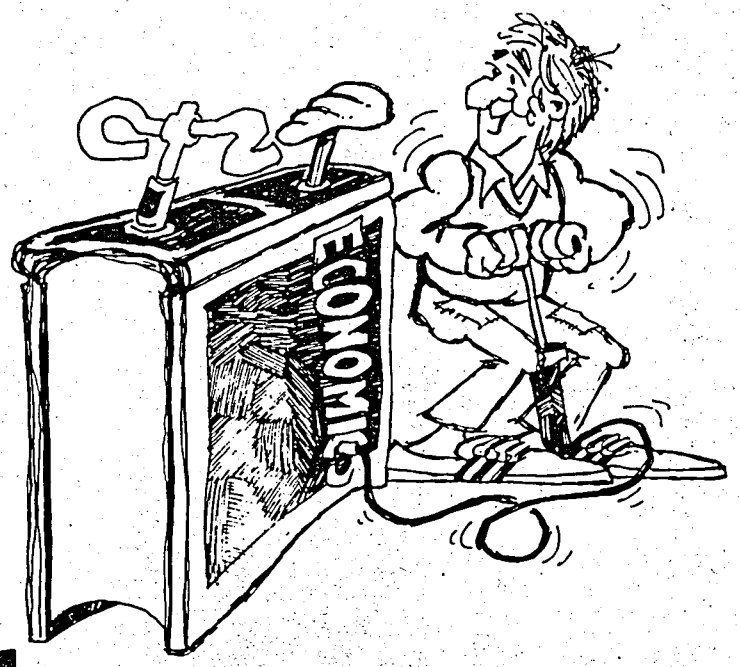

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