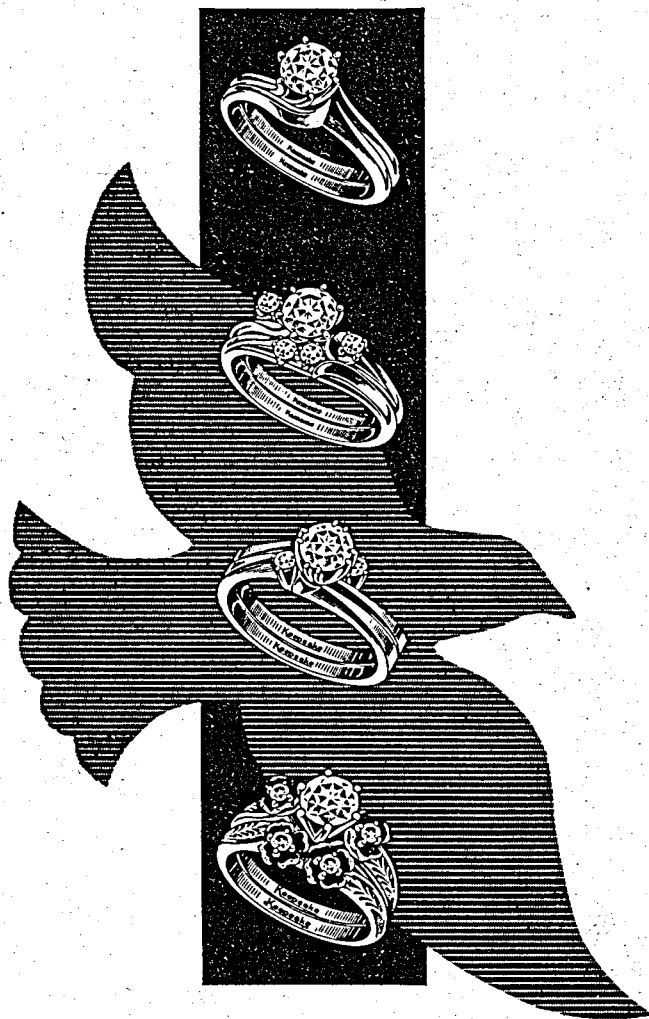


SEMI-ANALYTIC

October 4, 1974



NORTHERN IRELAND
AT WAR



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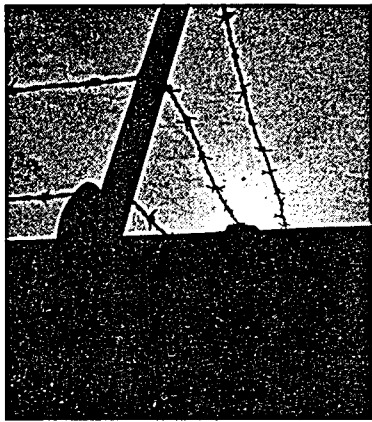
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SCHOLASTIC

Volume 116, No. 3 October 4, 1974
Notre Dame, Indiana

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The Cincinnati Ballet

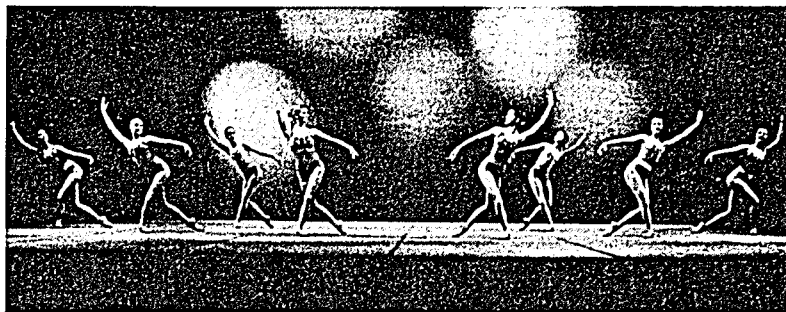


"The Cincinnati Ballet Company itself tells us that American dance energies are to be found not only in the great theaters and opera houses of the world but also on campuses, at educational institutions willing to nourish both art and artist and to permit the dance creator to adventure, as do astronauts, into that endlessly marvelous realm of space that is the dancer's horizonless world."

This comment from Walter Terry of the *Saturday World Review* expresses the vitality of the Cincinnati Ballet Company. Currently in its twelfth season, Cincinnati's resident professional repertory dance company consists of twenty-four dancers who perform a diversified repertoire of thirty ballets and modern dance works.

The Ballet Company, sponsored by Dance and Drama Series of the Cultural Arts Commission, will be performing in O'Laughlin Auditorium (Saint Mary's Campus) at 8:00 p.m., Monday, October 21. Tickets are \$3.50 for adults and \$2.50 for students and will be available at the CAC office beginning October 7. One major classical work and one major modern dance work will be in the program.

Last summer, one major classical work appeared on CBS television when the Cincinnati Ballet Company performed Stravinsky's "Firebird." *The Cincinnati Post* exclaimed, "CBC's Firebird performance surpasses all expectations." James Wierzbicki, music critic of the *Post*, said, "A ballet company can be proud when it develops one excellent set of soloists. But when it comes up with two sets, each one as impressive as the other, it ought to ring bells and tell the world about it." I saw this performance on TV this summer and was amazed at how interesting and exciting ballet can be.



Under the artistic direction of David McLain, who has previously held positions with the Robert Joffrey Ballet Company and American Ballet Center, the present season not only includes "Firebird," but also the world premiere of the multimedia ballet, "Et Cetera." Electronic music, projections of crystal photomicrographs against the white-clad figures and earthy blue-jeaned dancers create "a fascinating audio and visual adventure," according to Gail Stockholm, *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

In 1973-74, the Cincinnati Ballet Company appeared in full residencies through the Coordinated Residency Touring Program of the National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C. The residencies included a one-week return engagement to America's oldest dance festival, Jacob's Pillow in Lee, Massachusetts, and two-and-a-half weeks in the

Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

The dancers of the Company are extensively trained in both ballet and modern dance techniques through the Company's official school, the University of Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music, whose distinguished faculty includes Dame Alicia Markova, D.B.E., Miss P. W. Manchester, Oleg Sabline, David Blackburn, James Truitte and others.

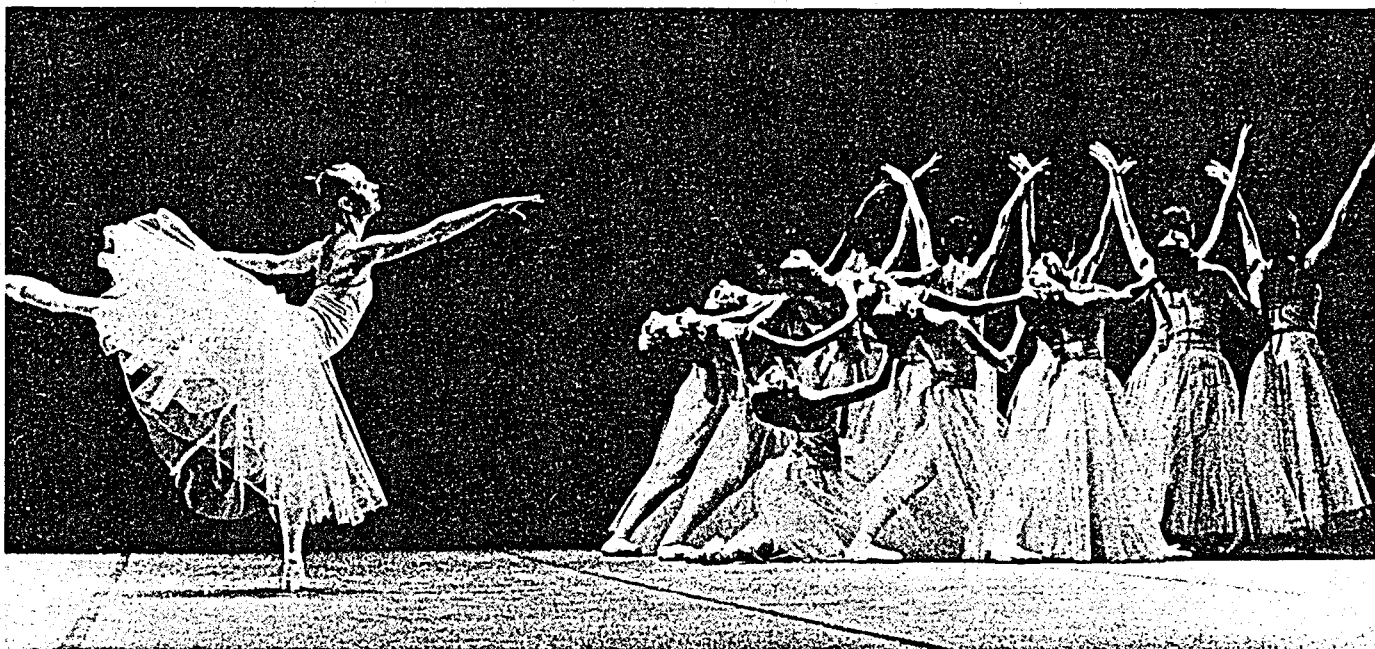
McLain, who is also national chairman of the Conference on Ballet in Higher Education, has a special wing of ballets created by the late Lester Horton, one of the West Coast's most renowned dance figures. Balancing the repertoire, Dame Alicia Markova brings her very special brand of classicism to bear on his company with Anton Dolin's recreation of the celebrated Victorian *Pas de Quatre*. Walter Terry of the *Saturday World Review* comments,

"Dame Alicia has made her four young charges look good in a most difficult, stylistically demanding ballet."

The Cincinnati Ballet Company uses ballets from the international repertoire of Balanchine, Dolin, Horton, Louis Johnson, Markova, Sabline, Truitte, and Tudor, plus works created by David McLain, Cincinnati's artistic director. Ranging from classical ballet to modern dance, their specialties include multimedia ballet and South American samba.

Deborah Jowitt, *Village Voice* (N.Y.), called the Cincinnati Ballet Company, "Strong, vivid . . . eloquent and stylish . . . feverishly bright . . . mature and skillful performers." Don't miss the Cincinnati Ballet Company, Monday, Oct. 21, at O'Laughlin Auditorium.

—Theresa Stewart



Northern Ireland

Living at War



At first I looked upon going into Northern Ireland as a mad lark—an experience that would provide me with dozens of stories, that, at the very least, would help to relieve the tasteless drudgery that is the North Dining Hall. However, from the 15th of July onward I started to view the journey in a different light. From that day on in County Sligo, in small cafés and shops, in crowded, noisy pubs, by lakes and mountains immortalized by William Butler Yeats, I met hundreds of temporary exiles from the six counties of Ireland under British rule.

For the Twelfth of July brings about an incredible dichotomy among Northerners. To the Ulster Loyalists it touches off a fortnight of celebration to commemorate the victory of William of Orange (a Dutch Protestant prince) over James II of England (a Catholic monarch) at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. For the Irish Catholics it serves as a reminder of something they would just as soon forget.

So they leave their homes in exodus-like numbers and head for some point in the Irish Republic. As one woman from Derry put it, "When the drums get noisy we get out." Each of the exiles comes equipped with dozens of tales of the "Troubles." It is common to hear of people being taken away in the night and returning months, sometimes years later; bizarre, unexplained shootings; and people being tortured by the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the British Army. One tends to question the sanity of those who venture North out of a sense of curiosity.

Soon Sligo, as well as a host of other peaceful places, passed into the misty recesses of my memory. The moment of truth—or putting it undramatically, the train from Dub-

lin to Belfast—was fast approaching. The last twenty-four hours before the trip was consumed by insomnia born of nervousness. I wrote six letters, which I instructed a woman in Dun Laoghaire to mail if I did not return (a very real fear at the time).

Boarding the Belfast train at Connolly Station in Dublin I searched for a friendly face. Believing I had found one I sat down next to a nun named Sister Philomena. In her aged hands was a worn copy of *War and Peace*. We quickly became friends and discussed the beneficial effects literature could have on people. She asked me where I was getting off and I said Belfast. Sister Philomena looked upwards to heaven as if to ask God why did he create such mad creatures.

"Do you have any friends or relatives in Belfast?"

"No, Sister."

"Do you have any place to stay?"

"Not as of yet."

"Oh, dear God!" she exclaimed. "Give me a piece of paper."

Quickly she wrote out an address she knew well—The Gatts, 19 Tullymore Gardens, Andersonstown.

Speaking quietly she added, "The Gatts are friends of mine. Tell them you met me and I gave the address to you. They'll take you in. When you get off the train look for a black taxi. Whisper to the driver 'Andersonstown.' Once you're inside say quietly 'Tullymore Gardens.'"

She told me that she was getting off at Dundalk (last major town inside the Republic), where several nuns would be waiting to take her to Downpatrick, because they thought it was unsafe to get off in Belfast. Her premature departure did wonders for my nerves. The whole mood of the train seemed to change abruptly at Dundalk. Those that remained after we pulled out of the station were silent, almost somber. It was as if all concerned were heading for the funeral of someone

they loved dearly. The mourners stared out the windows looking numb. When this rolling hearse stopped at Great Victoria Street Station all of its occupants were immediately searched. Welcome to Belfast.

Though I thought the good sister just a bit too melodramatic I followed her instructions to the letter. Soon I would find out that the normal tone of conversation in Belfast is slightly louder than the dropping of a pin. Complete surprise greeted me as the door of 19 Tullymore Gardens swung open. All at once I tried explaining that I had nowhere to go, that Sister Philomena told me to come here, and, if it weren't too much not to turn me away. I felt like Joseph checking out the Bethlehem Hilton. Mrs. Gatt said I could stay as long as I wished provided I was willing to share a room with her son, Billy. At this point I wouldn't have minded sharing a room with a gorilla so long as he was reasonably friendly. A feeling of relief and quiet happiness swept over me as if a cool breeze had touched me. For eight days I was part of the community, and I came to feel that I was a member of the Gatt family. I shared many of their hopes, their fears, their confidences, and their dreams. During that time I came to feel that I, too, was under siege. Whatever political opinions I may have had would not have mattered to the troops. In their eyes I had chosen my side simply by living with an Irish Catholic family. Somehow I had become part of the nameless, faceless enemy that the British Army hated.

The most unnerving thing (for someone not used to it) in the An-

dersontown section of Belfast was the constant presence of the Royal Black Watch Regiment. They were in jeeps, armored cars, at barricades, on foot patrol, and in "Silver City." Silver City, only a block away from my "home," was an impregnable-looking combination of barbed wire, corrugated steel, and concrete blockhouses. It was one of the homes of "the laddies from hell," the appellation that the Black Watch had been known by for centuries. It was quite normal to look out your window at breakfast and see them crawling around in your back garden stamping out the loveliness that was once a rose. The Scottish troops have acquired a reputation as "Catholic haters" which is richly deserved. The Black Watch has to be one of the few units of the British Army that looks forward to its tour of duty in Northern Ireland. It is obvious that anyone wearing a Legion of Mary pin is a terrorist. Since "A-town," as Andersontown is sometimes called, is the home of Irish Catholics, every resident of the neighborhood was automatically suspect.

One afternoon I was walking along the Glen Road when someone speaking in a Scottish brogue yelled

"It suddenly occurred
to me that I might
as well have told them
that I was running guns
for the Irish Republican
Army."

for me to stop. Then four soldiers in full battle dress started running towards me at top speed.

"Hands up," was the simple order. I was spread-eagled against a wall. One searched me from top to bottom. Another started leafing through my notebook. The first thing that aroused his suspicion was logically enough the first page. It contained a poem by William Butler Yeats entitled "The Lover Tells of the Rose in His Heart." The soldier refused to believe that it wasn't some sort of code. So he radioed back to local Army headquarters the entire poem. The absurdity of the situation did not upset me nearly as much as the fact that he read the poem so poorly. Poor old Willie Yeats must have been doing somersaults in Drumcliffe Churchyard when he heard this rendition. (Obviously the soldier

had never heard Professor Garvick "perform" while reading Yeats.) While this Rhodes Scholar was butchering verse, two of his companions held SLR's (British semiautomatic weapons) a few inches away from the back of my neck. I never realized that I looked dangerous enough to merit the attention of four of these brave souls. (By the way, it's quite easy to be brave when there are four of you armed to the teeth watching one unarmed person.)

"What are you doing here?"

"Just traveling around Ireland."

"Where are you staying?"

"With a family on Tullymore Gardens."

"How do you know them?"

"They happen to be friends of a nun I met on the train from Dublin."

It suddenly occurred to me that I might as well have told them that I was running guns for the Irish Republican Army.

"Why do you have a camera at your side?"

Replying very nervously I said, "Well I'm an American. And all Americans have cameras."

It was as if we were born with Kodaks dangling from our tiny necks.

"If you want to get in trouble just point the camera at something."

The next day I was again stopped. This time I was held by two of them for thirty minutes. They claimed they had orders to stop all foreign nationals except those holding British passports and hold them until it could be proven that you hadn't so much as committed a traffic violation anywhere in the world. After a barrage of questions I waited for the soldier to receive word from somewhere that I wasn't a complete incorrigible. After waiting for what seemed like an eternity (actually closer to fifteen minutes) I said to the soldier:



"If I was that desperate of a character I'm sure you would have found out by now."

"If you were that desperate of a character I would have shot you by now."

A short while later I received his final query.

"Do you have transport?"

"No. I'm walking."

An angry, skeptical voice demanded, "Are you telling us the truth?"

By this time I was very tired and very irritated. In a typical example of Irish bravado (and personal insanity) I replied:

"I really wouldn't walk but my Rolls Royce is in the shop right now."

Let it suffice to say that they did not see the humor in that statement.

Yet in the midst of this raging torment that afflicted the city there was an island of calm. It was the Gatt household. No matter how much violence swirled around them there was a sense of peace that dwelled within the home unmolested.

Originally the Gatt family consisted of Mr. Gatt (who came from the island of Malta), Mrs. Gatt (a Belfast native) and nine children.

When Mr. Gatt died, one by one the children were married and left home. Then Tony entered the seminary and all that was left was Mrs. Gatt; her son, Billy, who was in his late twenties; and Patsy, the family dog.

Mrs. Gatt is very active in parish affairs including helping to run a youth club. Amidst all the angry rhetoric a sticker on the lapel of her coat asks the simple rhetorical question, What Price Peace? She remembers as a young girl being burned out of her house by the B-Specials, the reserve arm of the Royal Ulster Constabulary in 1921. Etched across the vivid landscape that is her mind is the memory of her father (an Irish Protestant) coming home with tears in his eyes. He tried to explain that he no longer had a job at the shipyards (Belfast's largest employer) because he had been driven out of work for having a Catholic wife. To the Unionist mob that was a sure sign of disloyalty to the newly created state of Northern Ireland.

"Andrew, I've been through the troubles twice. People have no idea of what it's like. But I've grown

**"Yet in the midst of this
raging torment that afflicted
the city there was an island
of calm."**

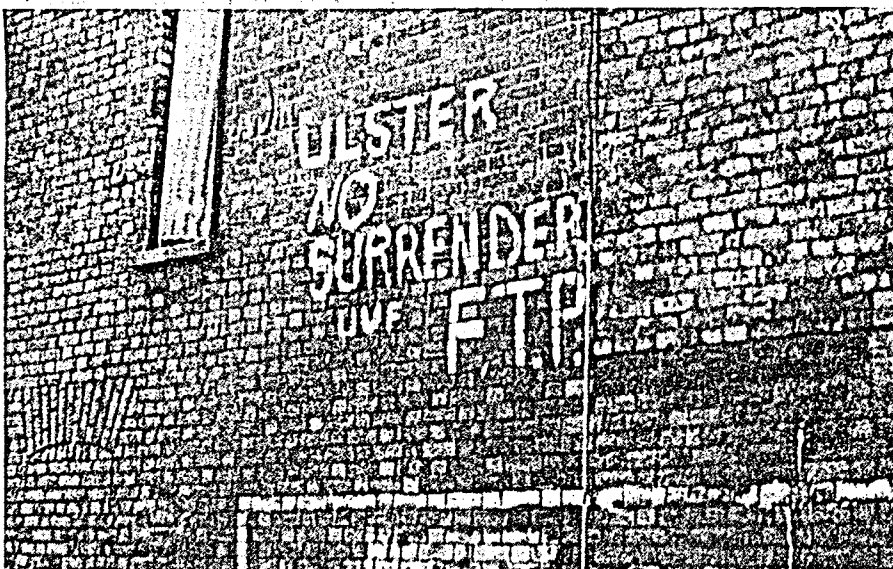
tired. I just hope I live to see peace break out."

Her son, Billy, was an art teacher for the secondary schools in the area as well as being a professional artist. Upon his canvas, the day I arrived, was a harbor and the people that lived on its edge. No storm was brewing on the water. It was as if the picture summed up the hidden hopes of Billy and all those he cared for.

The person who made 19 Tullymore Gardens complete was Mary Grant. Mary was boarding with Mrs. Boyle, who lives across the street from the Gatts, and was Billy's fiancée. She entered the convent at a very early age and was planning to live out her life as a nun. Yet she would soon find that it did not bring her fulfillment. However, it not being in her nature to let people know what her problems were, she remained where she was. It was the remarkable Sister Philomena who finally convinced her that she could do more for God outside the walls of a convent than within. Then she saw to it that Billy and Mary were virtually thrown into each others arms.

Mary Grant was perhaps the most perfect Christian I have ever met. Anger never crossed her mild countenance. She spoke ill of no one. I remember one night her talking about the Rev. Ian Paisley, an extremist Protestant leader, who was slightly less civilized than Attila the Hun and whose politics lay somewhere to the right of Mussolini. "I'm sure once you get to know him he isn't such a bad old fellow."

Late at night the coal fire would



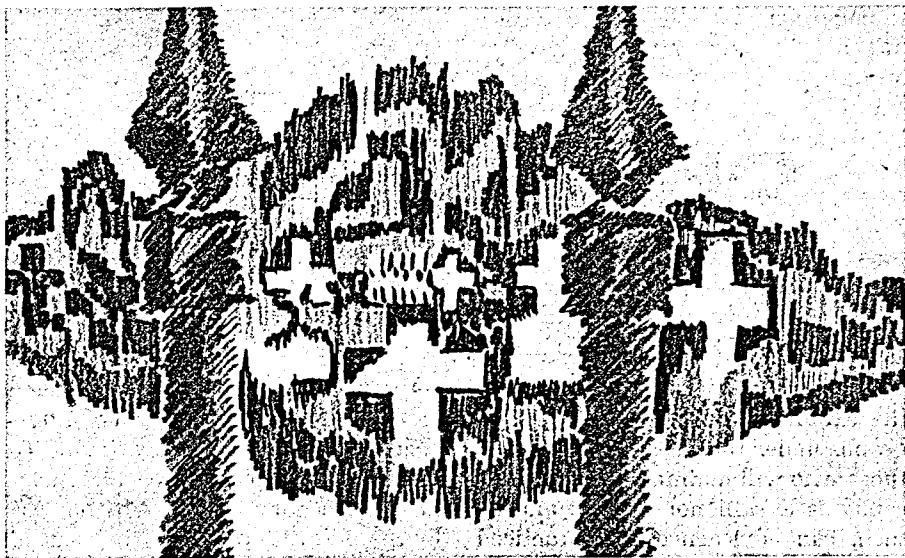
warm our very hearts. Mrs. Gatt would be preparing tea and biscuits for all of us. And Billy would paint songs across the canvas of his twelve-string guitar with his Mary by his side. This portrait of serenity was a scene out of a novel which I had written.

Not only was I made to feel at home by the Gatts, but I was befriended by many of the young people of Andersontown. I was one of the few "Yanks" they had ever met. They felt that I was genuinely interested in them. They were always concerned for my safety because I went into sections of Belfast where they would never go.

A number of them invited me into a home one afternoon. The first thing that one of the girls did was put a single on the record player. It was "The Night That Chicago Died." Just as the song began there was a soldier silhouetted against the window. If this had occurred in a movie I would have thought it was all terribly symbolic.

The best story I heard there was told to me by a 17-year-old named Sean. He was describing "The Battle of Casement Park."

"About eighteen months ago the Brits took over Casement Park. This is where we all play Gaelic football, hurling, and camogie. They turned the thing into a bloody armed camp and we couldn't use it. Our parents begged and pleaded and requested that the troops give back the park to us. They just laughed at our folks. So one Sunday, when normally we'd have our matches, a group of us were standing around an' someone suggested we have a go at Casement. About a hundred of us charged the place and started ripping the corrugated fencing down. They opened up on us with rubber bullets, which will break your bones if you're hit with them. But we used the fencing as shields and the bullets bounced



off and over our heads. Behind the safety of our shields a lot of the lads started throwing rocks at the Army. They charged. We retreated. We charged. They retreated. The Army only captured one of us. My cousin Seamus tripped and a 'snatch squad' took him. By the way, Seamus is six."

Later in the week some of my friends decided to take me to a local pub. Now this pub seemed to be straight out of a Humphrey Bogart movie. From the street it looked just like an old house. Only if you were a local would you know otherwise. As you opened the door you were met by a curtain of blankets. It gave the customers a degree of privacy and helped to deflect bullets when the Army decided to shoot up the neighborhood. Go five feet, turn to your right, push aside another

blanket, and you would find yourself going up a set of stairs. I was going to sit down next to a window but Liam told me that somebody was shot and killed there last year. ("No, Liam. I'll move down. It won't be any problem.") Going downstairs to pick up several bottles of Harp lager for my friends, I noticed that the back door was constantly left open. I was informed that in case of a raid any of the "boyos" (Northern Irish Catholic slang for the IRA) or any men on the run could leave quickly.

Yours truly decided that no trip to Belfast would be complete without a visit to the Shankill, the toughest Protestant neighborhood in Northern Ireland. I looked at my street map and started to head in the proper direction from what's left of downtown Belfast. The street was filled with people and no street sign was in sight. I asked a woman what street I was on and she said, "This is the Shankill." The tone of voice seemed to say "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Written on the walls were the slogans that have made the Shankill the tourist attraction it is today. "Taigs (slang for Catholics) will be shot." "Expletive deleted the Pope." "Ulster forever," "Up the UDA (Ulster Defence Association)." The shops and homes were bedecked with British Union Jacks, the Red Hand (provincial flag), and the Vanguard banner (belonging to an extreme Loyalist group). In one of the back streets there was a painting on the wall of William of Orange. Someone

"Taigs (slang for Catholics)
will be shot."

"Expletive deleted
the Pope."

(Continued on page 24)

Photography As Art

There are those who will question the exhibition of a series of photographs under the title "Art Gallery," those who will maintain that photography is a skill not an art, and as such, can be learned and practiced by anyone who has the money to purchase sophisticated enough equipment. This is a debate that has gone on almost since photography began; certainly since it first began to be proposed as another of the "Fine Arts." It is probably the most written about question in photography—and particularly insofar as photo-realism is concerned. This is the school of the "straight-shooter"—the photographer/artist who alters nothing in development, who simply chooses a subject and photographs it as he finds it. The catch, however, lies in the term "simply." To the photo-realist the judgment of what

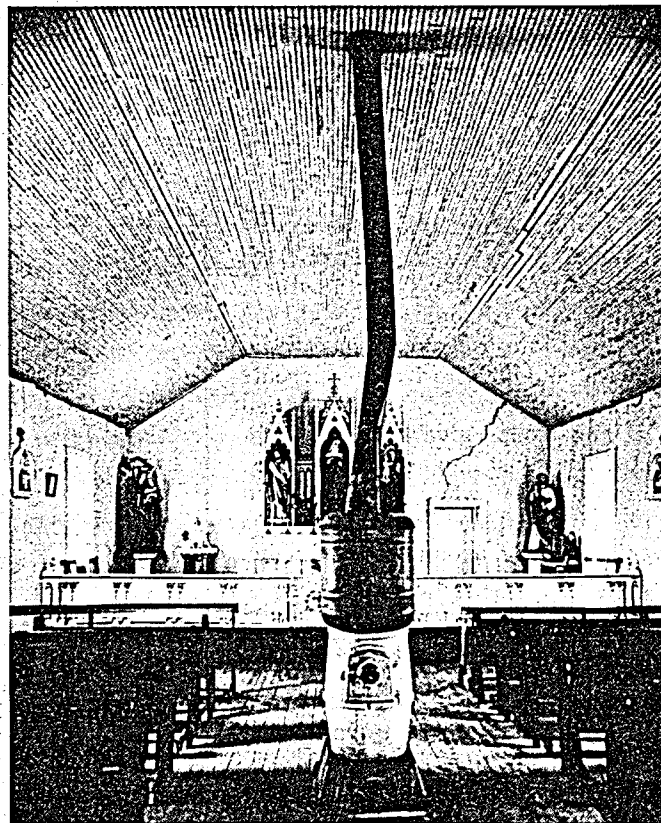
subject to shoot, in what light and from what angle marks the difference between art and snapshot. To him, it is the recognition and judgment of beauty that is Art, not the mechanics of creation; the crucial moment is that of decision, not that of the opening and closing of a shutter. Generally, it is this viewpoint that has come into widespread acceptance; the creative photographer today, in most circles, is recognized for what he actually is—an artist of the first order. Nevertheless, there are still those who refuse to believe that even the best photographs of the best photographers are that much different from the snapshots you or I produce with a pocket Instamatic. For these skeptics there can be no better demonstration of photography as art than that found in the works of Minor

White.

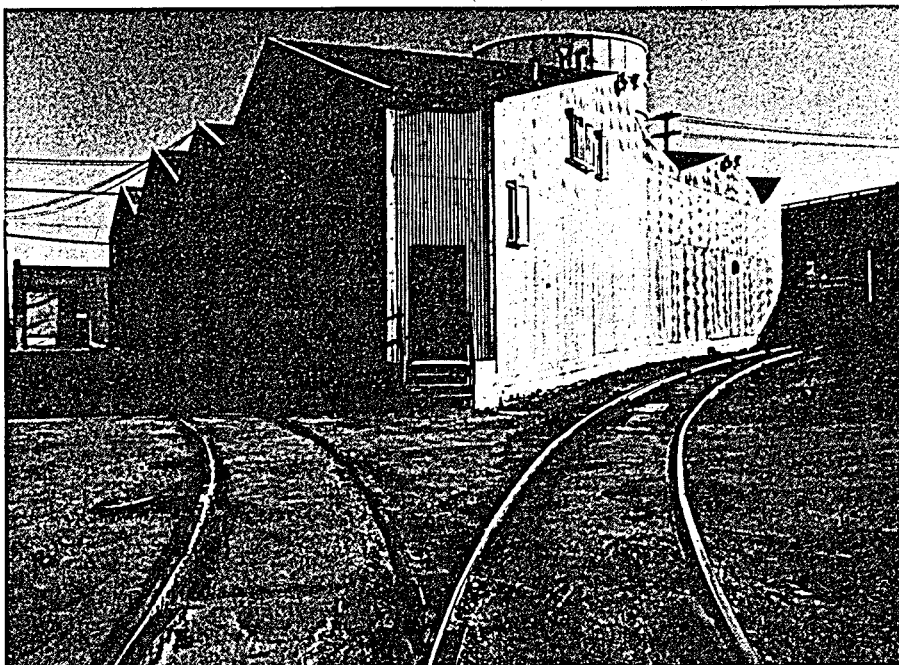
Minor White is a distinctly American artist. He has probably done as much or more, in his 66 years (born 9 July 1908 in Minneapolis, Minnesota) as any man, alive or dead, to establish photography as a vibrant, living Art—both here and abroad. His work is strongly individualistic, as easily recognizable as, say, a painting by Rembrandt or a sculpture by Rodin (not such farfetched comparisons as might at first be imagined!). To one who is experienced to any extent with his photos, there is no mistaking a "Minor White" for the product of any other man. The artist himself expresses it thus: "Ever since the beginning, camera has pointed at myself." In Minor White's art we see a vision; it is an American vision, but a vision tainted by other experiences and



Windowsill Daydreaming



Interior of a Church



Tracks and Building



Blowing Snow on Rock

other worlds. Searching for a comparison, one can only call to mind the feelings evoked in the early works of Faulkner, the distinctly American world, grim and with an atmosphere of decay, containing a separateness and a touching of something beyond—in a sense, an almost mystic consciousness. It is not the best of comparisons, yet the feelings are akin.

One can pick up this feeling most directly from such works as "Windowsill Daydreaming," dated in

1958. This is actually part of a sequence of photos, entitled "Sound of One Hand Clapping," inspired by the now-famous Zen Buddhist koan. But in spite of these mystic "Eastern" overtones, the aura is American, and strongly so. There is the characteristic use of strongly contrasting light and dark areas, the perpendicular lines that mark almost all of White's photos, but there is more. The majority of his "people"-oriented works project a poignant atmosphere of desertion—not

rejection, but abandonment, such as follows age. His subjects, in this photo and in others (see: "Interior of a Church," "Tracks and Building") are worn, tired; decayed, in the Faulknerian sense—the seeming side-products of a speeding civilization. His doors are closed, his wall stark and naked. Even the open window looks out on a blank, worn wall. There is a nostalgia in his work, and a search to come to terms with a world that seems empty and abandoned. The simple lines and contrasting light serve only to emphasize this, his subjects to underscore it. It is an American feeling and an American search.

A somewhat different feeling is projected in his "nature"-oriented photographs—a rugged appreciation of natural beauty, a truly American love of scene and country. There is the same loneliness, perhaps, and the same search for understanding, yet his appreciation of deserted beauty comes through even stronger. In works such as "Blowing Snow on Rock" from 1966 we sense the explosive qualities of nature—the overawing and uncontrollable presence of the world that surrounds man. There is a stillness in the change, and it is not a violence of aggression that is portrayed; rather, it is a violence of beauty, neither harmful nor good, but part of the body of fact that makes up nature. In many of his nature photographs there is a quality of chaos, a jumble of subject, light, and form that leaves the viewer searching for a pattern or for a clue to order. It is this search itself, perhaps, and not its solution, that is the key to approaching the work of Minor White.

Much more will be obvious from viewing the works of Minor White on exhibition at the Art Gallery. He works, for example, in sequence—series of photos related closely to one another—a concept which he was instrumental in introducing. And through his work there runs a strong sexual tension—a sexual imagery that becomes obvious when a number of his photographs are viewed together. He achieves a rare combination of strength and softness that must be seen and studied to fully be appreciated. The work of Minor White can overwhelm an individual, can change completely the



conception a person takes in with him of photography. It can leave a person feeling empty, at times it can leave him looking for something, not certain of what it is, certain only that it is missing. The work, when seen, may not be loved, but its significance and importance as creative art will come through. It can overwhelm, it can educate. It is, above all, art that can open new horizons. And it is the product of a creative art that should settle, once and for all, loved or hated, the question of photography as Fine Art.

(The Minor White Exhibition will open October 6 in the East Section of the Notre Dame Art Gallery and will remain on exhibit until November 24. It will include many of the artist's prominent works.)

—Peter Winkler

Letters to the Editor

Imposed Morality?

Sir:

What with the University's stance on expelling students for violating the premarital sex precept of the Church (represented by the sex rule here on campus), should not students who take the name of God in vain also be excluded from this community? Catholics here know that their religion makes distinction between two types of sin—mortal and venial. The two transgressions listed above would be classified as mortal sins. The Church does not, to my knowledge, judge degrees of mortal sin, at least in cases where the sin is committed willingly by both parties and does not violate anyone's rights. If it is such a sin, judgment beyond its being a mortal sin should be left to God. In that case, then, both the fornicator and the blasphemer should be banished from this voluntary society.

This school claims to be a university, open to those of all faiths, beliefs, philosophies and walks of life. What then of those who are not Catholic, not Christian and espouse no other established religion? In this group might possibly be some who not only condone premarital sex but see it as a very positive good. Per-

haps the University is correct in making Catholics (and others whose faiths coincide on this issue) abstain from the mortal sin of premarital sex as per their religious beliefs, but if we are to believe Notre Dame truly a university, we cannot stand for its trying to impose morality on those whose faiths and/or philosophies of life, through the free choice of life-style a university is supposed to accord, differ from Catholic standards of what is moral and what is not.

Tom Sheridan

Not the Last Word

Sir:

I just got a copy of *Scholastic*. Your descriptions of the meanings between idols and heroes are good ("The Last Word," Sept. 9), but certainly there are more than two types of public figures. Five pages of your publication concern Nixon. He is still a public figure, but he is neither idol nor hero. What about the likes of Hitler and Stalin? Your classifications cannot be "the last word."

Martin Baron
Editor, *The Brown and White*
Lehigh University

Gallo Responds

Sir:

We have received a copy of the September 9 issue of the *Scholastic* and note the full-page ad headlined, "America's Farm Workers Are Asking You To Boycott Gallo Wines." We feel that you would not have run such an advertisement if all the facts of this controversy had been at your disposal.

In an attempt to bring to the students of Notre Dame a more factual and fair presentation, we have marked the ad to point out where the truth lies, and enclose it for your publication.

Ernest Gallo
E. and J. Gallo Winery

(Ed. note: *Scholastic* has donated magazine space in past issues to publicize the wine boycott by the United Farm Workers of America. Having considered Mr. Gallo's objections, we still feel that he does not adequately counter the statements of the UFWA.)

Coming Distractions

MUSIC

Oct. 9—Srimati, Indian musician and artist, Library Auditorium and Lounge, 8:15 pm.

Oct. 11—Gordon Lightfoot, ACC, 8:30 pm. Tickets \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.00.

CENTER FOR CONTINUING EDUCATION

Oct. 5—Conference on American Catholicism.

Oct. 9—Air Systems Seminar.

ART

Notre Dame Art Gallery

Oct. 6-Nov. 24—Bill Kremer, a one-man show of recent ceramic art sculptures by a member of the Notre Dame Art Department, Gallery 1. Reception—Oct. 6, 2-4:30.

Oct. 6-Nov. 24—Minor White, the internationally known teacher and photographer, demonstrates his mastery in capturing the spirit of American life. Gallery 2.

Oct. 15-Nov. 15—Opus Donatelli. 100 enlarged photographs by Clifford West of the Renaissance sculptor Donatello's pulpits in the Medici Church of San Lorenzo, Florence. Gallery 3.

St. Mary's

Oct. 1-28—Eugene Atget: Paris Photographs (1900-1925). Main Moreau Gallery, 12-5 daily except Mondays.

Oct. 1-28—Configurations of Form: New drawings by Sister Cecilia Ann Kelly. Hammes Gallery, 12-9 every day.

Oct. 1-28—Paintings by Harriet Rex-Smith, 12-9 every day, Little Theater Gallery.

Oct. 1-28—Watercolors by Gertrude Harbart, Photo Gallery, 12-9 every day.

FILMS

Oct. 5, 6—"Play Misty for Me," Engineering Auditorium, presented by the Minnesota Club. Times to be announced.

Oct. 7—"Hamlet," Engineering Auditorium, presented by the Cultural Arts Commission. Times to be announced.

Oct. 9—"Carnal Knowledge," Engineering Auditorium, presented by the Minnesota Club. Times to be announced.

Oct. 10, 11—"Siddhartha," Engineering Auditorium, presented by the Cultural Arts Commission. Times to be announced.

Oct. 15, 16—"Shoot the Piano Player," Engineering Auditorium, presented by the Cultural Arts Commission. Times to be announced.

Oct. 17, 18—"Slaughterhouse Five," Engineering Auditorium, presented by the cheerleaders. Times to be announced.

MORRIS CIVIC AUDITORIUM (232-6954)

Oct. 5—David Carridine and Water, in concert.

Oct. 12—Comedy: "Move Over, Mrs. Markam."

Oct. 19—Karate Expo.

SPORTS

Oct. 6—Women's Tennis vs. Lake Forest College and the University of Toledo, 2:00 pm.

Oct. 11—Soccer "B" vs. Marian, 7:30 pm.

Oct. 12—Soccer "A" vs. Wisconsin (Madison), 7:30 pm.

Oct. 12—Lacrosse: Alumni game. 5:00 pm.

Oct. 15—Soccer "B" vs. Goshen JV, 4:00 pm.

Oct. 19—Rugby "A", "B", "C" vs. John Carroll.

OTHER DIVERSIONS

Oct. 5, 10-12—"Look Homeward, Angel," ND/SMC Theater Production by Ketti Frings. O'Laughlin Auditorium, 8 pm.

Oct. 9—Paul Soglin, Mayor of Madison, Wisconsin; Library Auditorium, 8 pm.

Oct. 11—Midsemester Reports of Deficient Students.

Oct. 14—Lecture: Abigail McCarthy, Washington, D.C. Library Auditorium, 8 pm.

Oct. 16—Cardinal O'Hara Memorial Lecture Series: Eli Ginzberg, Director, Conservation of Human Resources, Columbia University—"The Role of Values in National Economic Policy," Library Auditorium and Lounge, 3:30 pm.

Oct. 15, 16—Rusty Rhodes: "Who Killed JFK?," Washington Hall, 8 pm.

Oct. 16—John Conway, President of Common Cause, Grace Tower Well, 2:30 pm.

—John A. Harding

Facing the Dilemma of Off Campus Housing

One out of four Notre Dame undergraduate students lives off campus. The problems of these students have become apparent of late to the University. There is now, for only the third year, a director of off-campus housing, in the person of Father Thomas Tallarida, C.S.C. The newness of this office indicates that Notre Dame is tackling the plight of the off-campus student seriously for the first time.

There are many reasons for a student to move off campus, and many reasons that make it difficult. One problem involves the off-campus students' lack of participation in the full life of the University; another has to do with costs and housing conditions. These are complicated problems, but hopefully solvable.

The number of undergraduates living on campus is approximately 5,100—75% of the total undergraduate population. Father Mulcahy, the director of on-campus housing, explains, "The University insists that it's basically residential. You're missing something if you're not on campus. The chances of meeting other people are very much a part of Notre Dame. You just can't do that off campus." Of course not. Notre Dame is a self-contained University. The life of a student is centered here. He eats, sleeps, and studies on campus. He can see movies, plays, concerts, and athletic events here. All of the opportunities and joys of Notre Dame are on campus. But the

fact remains that it is not possible for everyone to live on campus, nor does everyone want to. The 5,100 beds for 6,800 people leave about 1,700 students who must find their own housing, cook their own meals, and do their own laundry. There is a need for these students to be brought into the mainstream of University life.

The vast majority of these students are juniors and seniors. About one third of the junior class and two thirds of the senior class are off campus. Freshmen must live on campus unless their homes are nearby. Any sophomore who desires to live on campus is assured of a room. However, junior and senior rooms are subject to their availability.

Father Tallarida sees three reasons for students to move off campus: "There are students who have been forced off; there are students who want to leave the University—the concept of privacy or they don't like the regulations; and there is a category of students who are responsible—they're looking forward to moving off campus, taking on something new instead of somebody putting things on a platter. It's a good way for them to grow." According to a recent poll conducted by Father James Shilts, former director of off-campus housing (as reported in *The Observer*), the most frequently given reason for students moving off campus was to escape campus rules and regulations. This

reason was given by sixty-nine percent of the students who responded. Sixty-one and fifty-eight percent, respectively, cited "the need for change" and "the desire for more responsibility" as reasons for leaving the campus. The hall lottery, by forcing or "scaring" a student off campus, was reported to be a cause for twenty-seven percent of the students. Less than five percent moved off because they were married.

In the last few years, there have not been enough students moving off campus voluntarily to meet the necessity for 1,700 off-campus beds. Thus the University adopted a hall lottery last year in order to make people leave the campus.

Father Mulcahy explained how last year's lottery worked. The housing office figured the number of beds in each hall which would be available for juniors- and seniors-to-be. Then, for each hall, two lists, one for the seniors and one for the juniors, were given to each rector. (A third list of sophomores-to-be was made up in case the halls decided to have room picks using these lists.) These lists had the names of the students of a class in the hall selected and put in random order by a computer. Sixty percent of the beds available in the hall were allotted to the juniors-to-be at the top of the list, and forty percent of the beds to the seniors-to-be.

When someone decided to move off campus, his name was crossed

off the list, and that bed was assigned to the person next in line. All students who didn't turn in their room contract cards by April 15 were assumed to be moving off.

After April 15, the lists would show the people who would be forced off campus. But Father Mulcahy said, "It turned out that we didn't force anyone off campus." However, some people who were low on their lists decided that if they wanted good housing for the next year, they would have to commit themselves before it was certain that they were forced off. These people were "scared" off campus because they did not want to risk being forced off and having all of the good housing already taken. Mulcahy continued, "All those who forgot to turn in their contract cards were eventually given rooms, but not necessarily in the dorm they wanted. Everybody who really wanted to get on, who was stubborn enough to wait it out, got on. We will probably use the same system next time."

Inflation is hurting the off-campus student. Father Mulcahy cites a movement this year across the nation back to on-campus living because of the rising costs for tuition, books, food, and good housing.

While off-campus students can eat at the dining halls or the Huddle, food prices aren't reduced for them. There are plans, however. Student body president, Pat McLaughlin, envisions a nonprofit wholesale food mart for the off-campus student, located on campus.

The housing situation can be, and is being dealt with, by the University right now. Under the leadership of Father Tallarida, houses and apartments are being evaluated, and these evaluations will be made available to students. Tallarida said, "The sixteenth of September, we're starting to visit the big proprietors, those that have more than one dwelling, and we will evaluate these under the new format we have drawn up."

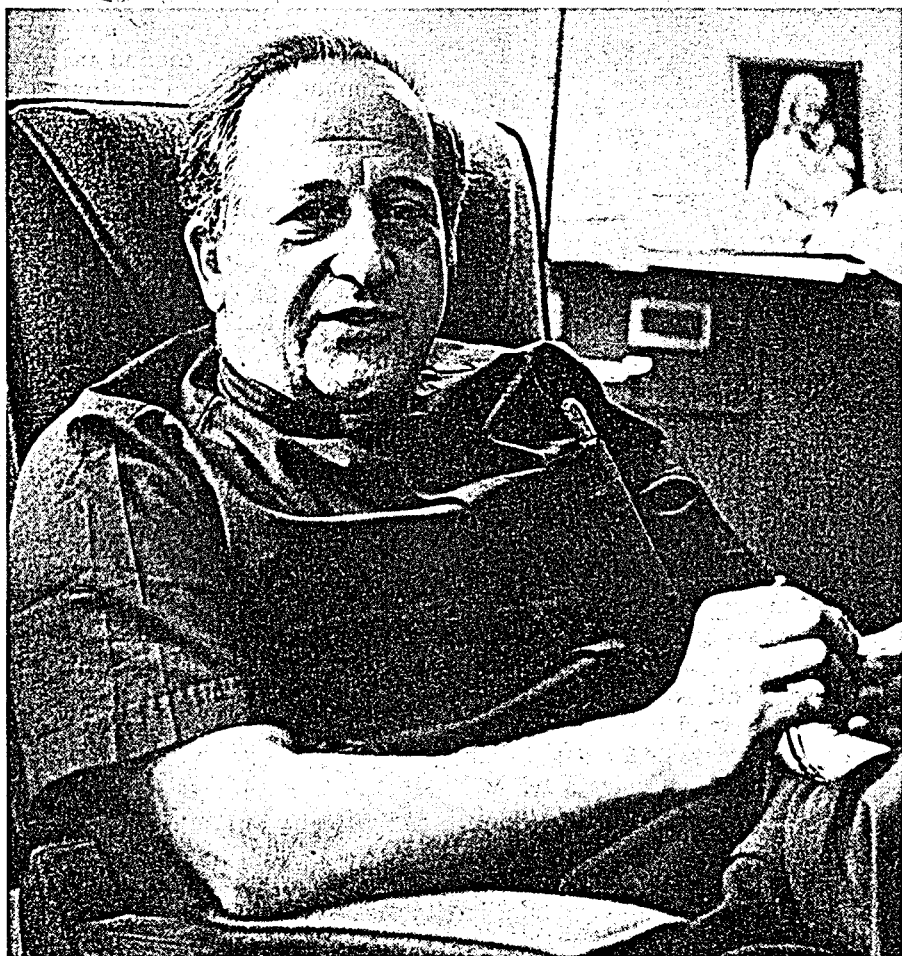
This new format checks for the following things: stove and refrigerator, carpet, whether the utilities are

furnished or not, whether the house or apartment is furnished or not, air conditioner, washer and dryer, whether the house or apartment is on the bus line or not, private bath if apartment, how many months required by the lease and amount of the deposit, the number of bedrooms, kitchen, living room, bathroom, shower or bathtub, dining room, basement, storage space, whether there is parking on or off the street, and date available. Other considerations include the nearness to the University, the quality of the neighborhood, rent per student, and any possible discrimination on the part of the landlord. Then the inspector grades the residency: superior, good, fair, or unacceptable. The University will not include unacceptable residences in its list of available housing given to students.

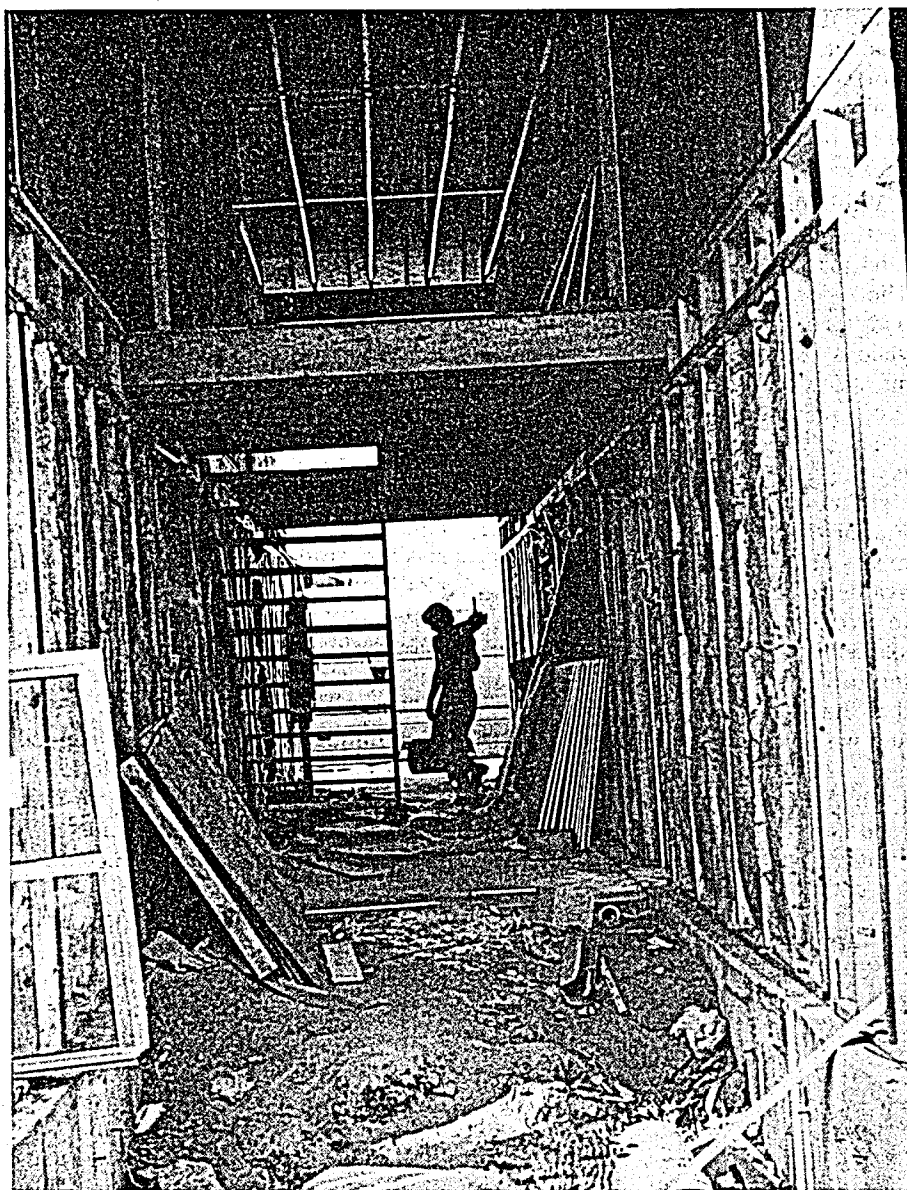
These inspections will hopefully force landlords to maintain in good condition their housing, while keeping costs down. Since July, Father Tallarida estimates that he has saved the students about \$8,000. He sees one of the evils of the housing situation to be that some landlords charge illegally by the head instead of a flat rate. But Tallarida warns, "The thing is a two-way street. You can use the influence of the University to improve the quality of housing, but let's not kid ourselves, a lot of University students are highly irresponsible. The irresponsibility of students is forcing landlords to increase the price of their particular rent, and also to stay away from the aspect of furnishing utilities. So if a student were responsible . . ."

Some are and some are not. "A lot of proprietors are very happy to get Notre Dame students. Many praise Notre Dame students for their conduct and the way they keep up the property, and show respect for the elderly." On the other hand, Father Tallarida has seen senseless damage: holes in walls, stained furniture, and wrecked rugs. He sees students "establishing a milieu whereby certain proprietors wonder about the Notre Dame student."

Campus View is one noticeable trouble spot. Campus View is an apartment complex which was due to be finished before the fall semester began. Father Tallarida reflects that this goal was unrealistic.



Fr. Tallarida



Campus View Apartments

Only a few of the units were complete, and none of them were furnished. So the students temporarily occupied Stoneridge, sleeping on mattresses on the floor until their Campus View furniture arrived. The students and their furniture were moved back to Campus View as each unit was completed.

There were to be fifty-seven units at Campus View, with four students per unit. Forty students have canceled, and only forty-seven units will be completed. Tallarida sees Campus View, despite its current problems, this way: "Campus View is a plus for the students, because it

will have a heavy concentration of students, and have common facilities. But right now it's not finished. I think I would rather have students somewhere close to the University, where they can get good housing, but also participate in the life of the University."

Tallarida continued, "The people there are asking: Can we have a Campus View football team, hockey team, basketball team? Can we have the campus ministries say Mass there on Saturdays or Sundays? Can we invite professors, have a fellowship program? That is in the offing."

Father Tallarida cannot continue

improving off-campus conditions without the help of students. He would like to see the student government handle complaints between students and landlords, and between students and students. That has never been done. It would be an education for student government. Pat McLaughlin is willing to help solve the problem. McLaughlin is cooperating fully with Tallarida, and says that Father "is doing a fantastic job."

Two major problems which the student government and housing office have no way of solving concern crime and psychological services.

To alert students to crime, Tallarida plans to take a good look at the regions where off-campus students live, get police reports, and give students an idea of the rate of thievery in particular areas. He says the only thing a student can do is buy insurance.

The only way an off-campus student arrives at psychological services is by walking in himself, self-referral; in a hall, the rector, an R.A., or fellow resident can refer a student. Tallarida says, "There were more self-referrals coming in from off campus than coming from the campus last year. Self-referrals in three areas: depression, drugs, and alcohol."

The University needs a better structure, improved communications and relations with the off-campus student. If the student government succeeds in creating some kind of food cooperative, then there will be the beginnings of leadership, communication, and some structure with which off-campus students can deal with their problems. What is needed is leadership from every off-campus area, with a system for these representatives to meet, discuss their problems, and get things done. With off-campus students in constant communication with the representatives of their particular region, there will be greater progress in attempting to solve their mutual problems.

—Mike Zengel,
Dan Adler

World Population Conference

"If all the delegates would please listen in on their headset monitor, we could commence with each delegate presenting his or her nation's opening remarks to this plenary assembly. In accordance with your preconference briefing, we ask that you stay within your apportioned 15-minute time limit." With such a statement, the World Population Conference came to order on a hot August day in Bucharest, Rumania. All world nations had been invited. For the next two weeks, six-man delegations from over 133 nations would meet in sweltering, congested groups, in hope of drafting a plan of action that would solve the problems of world overpopulation. To point out the possible anxious concern with which the delegates viewed the problems confronting them, it may need only be said that in the time that it took to conclude the preliminary statements of each delegation, there had been over 675,000 new members born into the human race. Race, indeed!

The United Nations had held four preliminary world regional conferences, each gathering information on separate major concerns of overpopulation. In 1972, worldwide government officials had assembled in Cairo to deliberate the political problems created by overpopulation in such areas as Africa. Later that same year another conference, this time in Honolulu, attracted experts who studied the family systems alterations brought on by overpopulation. In 1973, Stockholm had been the location for the Third Regional World Conference. In this meeting, world overpopulation was considered in light of its responsibility for environmental deterioration and the depletion of natural resources. The final preliminary meeting con-

vened in Amsterdam, where human rights and the quality of life were reviewed with respect to overpopulation. Now, in Bucharest, for the first time in history, the United Nations had come together to make a combined study of those four separate regional topics.

Donald Barrett, a professor of sociology here at Notre Dame, was in Bucharest to attend the conference. Serving as a technical advisor on demography, Professor Barrett assisted the delegation representing the Holy See. In having been asked why he in particular had been appointed to his position, he suggested that the reason could have been his



Donald Barrett

previous participation in the Papal Commission on Birth Control. Also among the Vatican delegates were a notable economist, physician, geneticist, geographer, international Catholic organizations administrator and a representative from the Vatican Department of State.

In giving his account of the conference, Professor Barrett claimed that before the conference took place, the Population Commission

had been fairly well sold on the catastrophic Malthusian concept which predicted a dwindling source of world subsistence that would soon be stripped away by an exploding increase in world population. Professor Barrett emphasized that the accuracy of this concept could be argued and that, indeed, it readily was so argued at the conference.

Briefly, he cited the overwhelming potential of Arab oil to provide the nitrogen substance needed to produce fertilizers. Secondly, he proposed that a continuance in the production of new breed "super grain" and technologically improved strains of rice and corn could deter the gloomy Malthusian prediction of mass starvation and political upheaval. His third example concerned the energy potential of nuclear power. With the technology and resources now available, the only thing lacking is the decision for its implementation. Dr. Barrett concluded that consensus could have it that even though scarcity is a problem and that scarcity could be an even larger problem in the future, there could be much more confidence placed on present and future technology. He then turned his thoughts to the principles and objectives of the conference.

The major concern for tempering the world birth rate was that no nation should be coerced or duped into adopting policies contrary to social or political interests. Instances of overzealous programs in Brazil and Argentina, which caused the deaths of several people, were cited as examples of programs which had in common an all too prevalent characteristic of misunderstanding and subjugation of people whose neither interest nor will had been invoked. He went on to propose that the intentions of the United States merited questioning.

According to Professor Barrett, the conference was subsidized, for the greatest part, by the United States. In comparison to the over \$65 million provided by the United States, Sweden was the second largest contributor with its \$25-million funding. Consequently, Professor Barrett said that he was appalled by the dummy voting that the United States delegates were able to "animate, direct, and control." This, however, was not his

largest complaint concerning the U.S. delegation. He regretfully suggested that the United States delegation may not have pursued the true interest of the world population. Rather, they pressed for an assurance of their own economic and political interests. This type of attitude, which was also seen among other delegations, was remonstrated by the Vatican delegates as being incompatible with any sincere pursuit of love for humanity.

There were several other events in the conference that Professor Barrett felt were worth noting. The delegations from Russia and China—two nations which could have made great contributions to the conference—were often preoccupied with blocking, screening, exhausting, and objecting to each other's attempts to offer constructive efforts towards the development of solutions to the problems of world overpopulation.

Professor Barrett recalled that perhaps the most flagrant example of a complete lack of cooperation

came in the absolute refusal on the part of Asian delegations to allow the Israeli delegation to participate in any of their meetings.

There was also a situation that Dr. Barrett told about that he said was very instructive, while it was unfortunate in respect to its having deterred a unified conference effort. He explained that several African nations respectfully submitted their refusal to consider those matters having to do with further liberation of women. This, they said, could totally destroy their society which allows little or no women's rights as, say, the Americans know them.

According to Professor Barrett, one of the most striking conflicts experienced in the conference was the objections raised by the delegations from Uruguay and Argentina. They claimed that their nations possessed large tracts of uninhabited, undeveloped territories. Their objections centered around the consensus of many conference delegations that rigorous international methods of

slowing the world birth rate be employed. This, the two South American delegations argued, was in direct opposition to their own national interest. They also declared that they would resist and resent any intervention by other nations who proposed implementation of stringent plans of birth control, family planning, or mass immigration from overpopulated areas to Argentina and Uruguay.

The two-week whirlwind conference left a lot of rubble where preconceived concepts, intentions and ideals once endured. When the final draft of the conference's Plan of Action is published, it may be found that Dr. Barrett's suspicions will be confirmed that little more than an awakening of nations' to the complexities of world overpopulation may have been accomplished. No cures. Little agreement. More understanding. Mostly a concern to communicate with other nations.

—Dave Miller

Book Review

It may be safely said that autobiographies do not engender much enthusiasm; the reasons for this are too elaborate to allow an exposition here. Yet, occasionally an autobiography is written which is a blessing to the literary world. Malcolm Muggeridge's *The Infernal Grove* is just such an autobiography, and it is well worth reading.

Malcolm Muggeridge is, among other things, a British journalist and critic. He is something of an intellectual outcast, one of those unique individuals who, as he admits, is not tolerated by the Left or the Right, but is, by no means, a moderate. Yet, he is extremely conscious of himself and of his times, and his writings clearly reflect this awareness. His thought, distinct and formidable, is a peculiar blend of nihilism, skepticism, and an honest Christian individualism. Among the many sources from which he draws his inspiration, Augustine, Blake, Tolstoy, Dickens, Kierkegaard, and Solzhenitsyn rank high. As one would expect, Muggeridge repeated-

ly denounces the myths of political demagoguery, superficial intellectualism, and materialism—especially scientific materialism.

Muggeridge's slender volume reads like a picaresque adventure novel. The author travels in every direction—sometimes a journalist, sometimes a civil servant, other times a secret agent in Her Majesty's service. With a sweeping style, Muggeridge describes the crumbling bureaucracy of the League of Nations, the steaming editorial room of a British paper's foreign office in Calcutta, a few vivid impressions of the Russians after his adventures in Moscow, the grim oncoming of the Second World War, his own intricate, fascinating adventures as a spy—an account that reads as well as a novel of John Le Carre, and, finally, an unusual but impressive account of the restoration of Europe after the war. Within these personal wanderings and recollections, one catches glimpses of the more notable intellects of the time—Greene, Waugh, Mauriac, Gide, Hemingway,

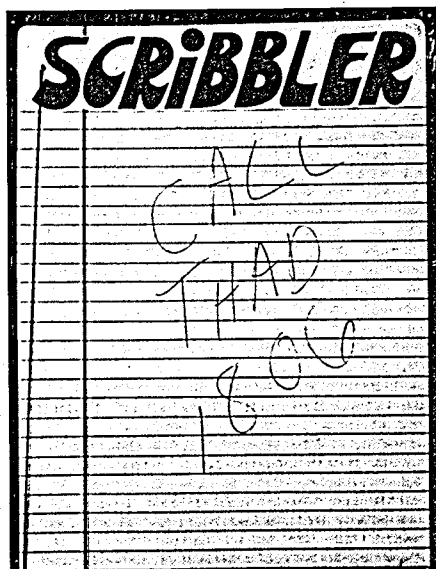
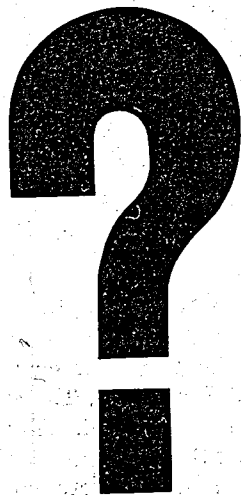
Weil, and many others who have left an indelible mark on our contemporary culture. The book provides a panoramic vision of the times without neglecting notable particulars or essential detail.

Besides being an excellent personal account of a man and his times, the narrative is fortified with a fine prose style, a style adept at blending a dramatic narrative and expanding imagery to produce a deep, vivid, intoxicating literary expression of the personal wanderings and beliefs of a true man. One can only hope that this work becomes a model for future autobiographies; if nothing else, *The Infernal Grove* will rally enthusiasm from the intelligent reader.

Title: *The Infernal Grove, Chronicles of Wasted Time: Number 2*
 Author: Malcolm Muggeridge
 Publishers: William Morrow & Company, Inc.
 Price: 7.95

—Gilbert Zachary

People at ND



The question mark of the week is reserved for the whereabouts of Notre Dame's legendary Stripper. Throughout last week's disastrous game, thousands of students anxiously awaited the fulfillment of Irish tradition in the form of a home opener victory and the appearance of the Stripper. Both events turned out to be nonevents, leaving many poststreaking-era students in a state of bewilderment and confusion. Losing the game was stunning, but having no Stripper was curious. The meteorological conditions were tolerable for his traditional garb, and certainly the students could have used a rallying point for some additional spirit and enthusiasm. Yet there was no stripper to be seen. Some hypothesize that he may have sold his student ticket to an alumnus or merely overslept the game. From what is known of his character, however, it is highly unlikely that he would commit either of these cardinal sins. The only reasonable explanation which offers us any condolence is that the disheartening performance of the team dampened his spirit and quelled his enthusiasm for disrobing. If this is indeed the answer then there is little doubt that against Rice we will see him rise above the crowd to again model his traditional fall birthday suit.

Call Thad? This mysterious message began cropping up last week on the doors of Farley and Breen-Phillips hall residents. Girls throughout both halls found the message left on their memo boards and many were puzzled as to who exactly Thad might be. Curiosity was further developed when one of the signs held up by the students at the Purdue game read, "Call Thad." By the week's end the message was still unsolved, but many believe it to be some sort of emergency distress signal to be used only in times of great danger. This theory has gained popularity and leads many to believe that Notre Dame has a new champion of justice and the

American way: Thad. So keep in mind that when you find yourself in danger, when you're threatened by a stranger, when it looks like you will take a lickin', if there's no one else to turn to—call Thad????!

A large part of the excitement and spirit generated at each Notre Dame home game is a result of the stimulus provided by the Fighting Irish Marching Band. Directing the motions of that band is therefore an important assignment, and no one appreciates that more than this year's drum major, **Tom Burke**. Tom, a junior mechanical engineering major, has been with the band since his freshman year and only earned the top spot after competing against several other candidates last spring. His job as a drum major is one of motion and precision coordination. Tom leads the band when marching on and off the field and directs their motion during performances. In addition to his other duties, Tom is also chairman of the show committee which is responsible for arranging and putting together the half-time shows given at each home game. The stereotype image of the drum major's position being one primarily of showmanship is only partially justified, for many people fail to realize the work and effort Tom and the entire band put into each performance. Leading a marching band is hard work and time-consuming, yet the excitement and thrills commencing with the striking up and stepping out from Washington Hall offer a just reward.

Those who have been following former President Nixon's illness may have noticed that the distinguished physician attending Mr. Nixon, **Dr. John C. Lungren**, is an honored graduate of Notre Dame. Dr. Lungren graduated with the class of '38 and last year served as president of the Alumni Association.

—Tom Birsic

People Behind ND

Moving the Mail



Bro. Purzicki

In 1851, the Brothers of Holy Cross opened the first post office at Notre Dame. Today, that office is still in operation, a tangible witness to their work for man. In the words of Brother Francis Meduri, assistant postmaster, "Here is where we put Jesus' Good News to the test . . . to show that Christianity is a very vital part of our daily lives." The salaries the Brothers receive as civil servants are freely contributed to the Midwest Province to be used in the best interests of their order.

This apostolic witness was begun by Fr. Edward Sorin, who, with the help of Congressman Patrick Henry, persuaded President Millard Fillmore to establish Notre Dame as an official U.S. post office in January of 1851. Fr. Sorin was appointed postmaster at that time and remained in that position until 1893, a total of 42 years. Prior to 1967, when the present building was constructed, the post office was located in the Knights of Columbus Hall and an even earlier location was in a small building just to the right of Fr. Sorin's statue.

Brother Ramon Purzycki, postmaster, is in charge of the present office, located across from the Morris Inn on Notre Dame Ave. He has been in the postal service at Notre Dame for over twenty-five years and in 1967 had the distinction of being appointed postmaster by President Johnson.

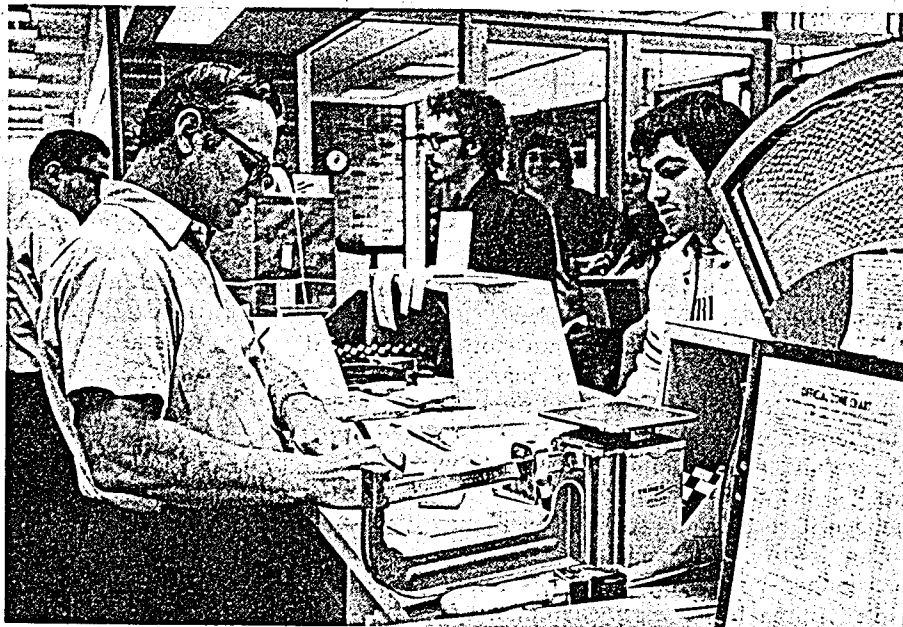
Assistant postmaster, Brother Francis Meduri spent a number of years working at the Ave Maria Press on campus before joining the post office in 1967. As assistant, he is directly responsible to the post-

master and is in charge of making up schedules, supervising operations in the mail room and making sure the mail flows smoothly.

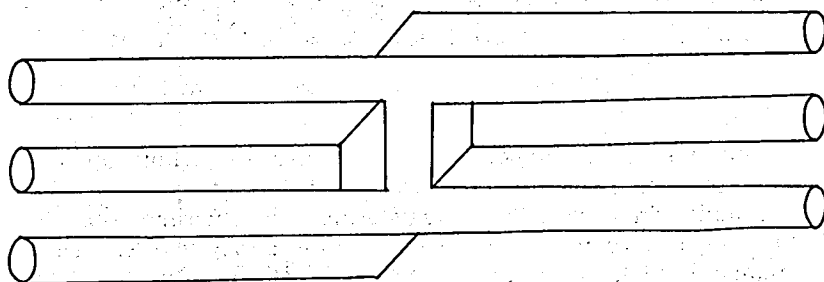
Service is provided to the entire Notre Dame-St. Mary's community by the campus office. All of the employees have passed civil service exams and are members of the federal government. They include 7 brothers and 4 laymen. Judging by the amount of mail processed through this office, Brother Francis states that Notre Dame is "comparable to a city of 50,000." During the peak months of operation, which are September through January, approximately 400,000 letters leave campus per month. Ironically, the amount of incoming mail is not nearly that much, averaging about 200,000 per month. Beginning in February of this year, the office has

begun to implement a new system, Area Mail Processing. The system is designed to speed mail delivery and fully utilize South Bend's mechanized post office. As a sectional center, South Bend's office will take over the sorting and processing of all mail from its 46 associate post offices in the area. Incoming mail will still be sorted by the respective offices. For instance, at Notre Dame, the incoming mail is initially put into one of 80 breakdowns, later to be distributed to any of the 20 residence halls or 600 departments in the post office itself.

The post office at Notre Dame is just a little bit out of the ordinary. It is not merely a government service, but also a place where men like Brothers Ramon and Francis put their Christian commitments into practice.



Week In Distortion



By virtue of my position as *Scholarlastic* columnist, I am often privy to certain information of which most collegiate plebians are ignorant. On occasion though, my munificence prompts me to share my knowledge with all of you out there. Now I can say with some degree of assurance that few of us have given any thought to that bleak and formidable reality known as an "EXAMINATION." Finals surely are of no concern to us now. However, mid-terms loom up in the not-too-distant future, and must be contended with in some way before the vacation break.

Through some discreet snooping and information leaks, we've stumbled upon some potential essay test questions which professors in the various disciplines might spring on the unsuspecting student. Lest you be caught unaware, we've decided to pass these on to you. In the event that your major is not included in this offering, consult your department chairman.

Pre-med—You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze, and a bottle of Boone's Farm. Remove your lab partner's appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. You have 15 minutes.

Political Science—There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Dial direct. Report at length on its sociopolitical effects, if any.

History—Describe the history of the papacy from its origins to the

present, concentrating specifically, but not exclusively, on the social, philosophical, and religious impact on Europe, Asia, and Africa. Include a short list of American popes. Be brief, concise, and specific.

Biology—Create life. Estimate the differences and similarities in subsequent human cultures if this form of life had developed 5 billion years earlier, with special attention to the American political scene.

Music—Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate it and perform it with a flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

Sociology—Estimate the sociological problems which might accompany the end of the world. Construct an experiment to test your theory.

Public Speaking — 2,500 riot-crazed Pygmies are storming the classroom. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin or Greek.

Economics—Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effects of your plan in the following areas: Cubism, the wave theory of light, provincialism, occultism. Outline a method for all possible points of view. Point out the deficiencies in your point of view, as demonstrated in your answer to the last question.

Engineering—The disassembled parts of a high-powered rifle have been placed on your desk. With them you will find an instruction manual, printed in Swahili. In ten minutes a

hungry Bengal tiger will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.

English—Trace the history of English literature from Beowulf to the present. Discuss the symbolism used by each author.

Accounting—Prepare a balance sheet for and audit the books of Richard M. Nixon.

Management Science — Define management. Define science. What are their similarities and differences? Create a generalized algorithm to optimize all managerial decisions, assuming an 1130 CPU supporting 50 terminals, each terminal to activate your algorithm, design the communications interface and all the necessary control programs.

Philosophy—Sketch the development of human thought; estimate its significance. Compare and contrast with the development of any other kind of thought.

Physics—Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science, and science on mathematics.

Epistemology — Take a position for or against the truth. Prove the validity of your position.

General Knowledge—Describe in detail. Be objective and specific.

Extra Credit — (For All Disciplines) Define the Universe. Give three examples.

(Inspired by M. T. Hynak)

—John M. Murphy

Academic Code: Problem or Solution?

Recollections of registration day bring to mind the long lines, the bored faces, and an enormous stack of beige pamphlets bearing the inscription "The Academic Code." Knowing that plenty of free time was available, it seemed that it was my duty to become acquainted with the rules governing my pursuit of knowledge and wisdom, so I read it with some care. It soon proved to be boring reading as most of it was merely a restatement of what I already knew to be University policy, but I was more than a little surprised that some of the proposals which had seemed only tentative last semester had been approved just as soon as most students had left for the summer. The two most controversial sections were section 9.1, entitled Class Loads, which reads:

Except by recommendation of the department chairman and with special permission of the dean of the college, the undergraduate student in the Colleges of Engineering and Business Administration may not register for more than 18 hours of credit work in a semester; the undergraduate in the Colleges of Arts and Letters and Science, as well as students in the Freshman Year of Studies Program, may not register for more than 17 hours of credit work in a semester . . . Additional tuition will be charged at the rate per credit hour for overloads.

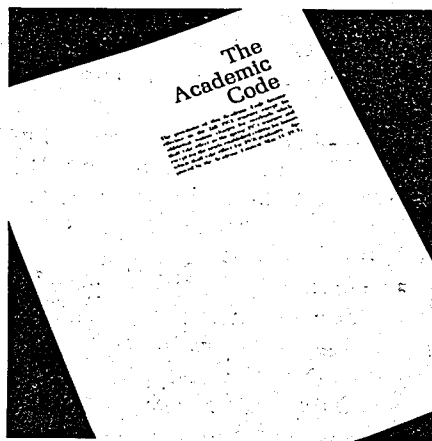
And the new requirement for Dean's Honor List stated in section 21.1:

The Dean's Honor List includes those students who carried at least 12 graded credit hours in the previous semester and who achieved at least a 3.4 average in that semester.

Many people had protested last semester over the new rules, and I found that the situation had not changed much over the summer. Typical of the opinion of many stu-

dents concerning the course load policy was the reaction of Linda Slaughter, a junior in accounting: "I would like to get more out of my education than my 18 hours of accounting and I don't see why the University wants to limit what I wish to learn." Most who disliked the regulation thought that the University not only wanted to discourage a student from learning more, but also from graduating in less than four years.

The decision to raise the requirement for Dean's List caused disappointment to many who had grade point averages between 3.25 and 3.4. The distinction of being on Dean's List is one that is valued when the time comes to apply for medical, law, or graduate school, and it seemed that once again a less than reasonable edict had been handed down from above to bother the students.



Father James Burtchaell provided a few answers when asked about the code, as he had served as chairman of the executive committee of the Academic Council when the code was approved. In reply to questions about limited class loads, Burtchaell explained that, in the past, students have been overloading when registering, thus artificially increasing the teacher load and costing the University money. In addition, in past years students have increased

in the practice of picking up more class cards than they need when registering, then choosing from that collection those they like. This closes courses to many people who have a sincere desire to enter a particular course, but do not have the desire to hinder others.

While the reasoning up to here is easy to understand and accept, something enters which is debatable. According to Father Burtchaell and Dr. Frederick Crosson, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, the academic experience here at Notre Dame is such that the greatest benefit is derived from a four-year program, and that taking many hours to be able to graduate in three years spreads the resources of a student too thin to be able to give sufficient attention to each course. I reminded Dr. Crosson that some people do not have enough money to go through here in four years, and he replied that alternative methods are being developed to aid those who would like to shorten their college careers and cut costs. Among those were increased use of credit by examination and advanced placement tests, as well as a plan to allow students to attend a less expensive college in their home states for a semester or a year in an exchange program.

In spite of the reasons given for imposing a limit and a charge for extra courses, the issue is not completely decided. Father Burtchaell informed me that he intends to propose to the Academic Council that it postpone the additional tuition charge until fall of next year to give the idea more thought. It is there that the matter rests for now.

Concerning the second point of contention, the raising of the Dean's List required grade point, Crosson said that in the late 60's, 30% of the students in the College of Arts and Letters had the necessary grade point for Dean's List, but that last semester the figure reached

60%. Both Burtchaell and Crosson expressed the conviction that the Dean's List was a distinction and that by definition it should include a minority of the students. This has changed somewhat since throughout the University a trend has continued over the last few years of grade inflation. The University-wide average has been increasing by as much as a tenth of a grade point a year and is causing concern to those who fear that the quality of Notre Dame's educational system will be questioned by postgraduate institutions as being too lenient. Using Dean Crosson's terminology, grades have become a "national currency," and we cannot afford to let it get devalued, since those who suffer the most will be the students who wish to enter law, medical, or graduate school. The trend seems to spring from the increasingly easier grading by professors, for while the College Board scores are very much the same on the average from year to year for entering freshmen, grade point averages continue climbing.

Overall, in reading the Academic Code, one can only judge that it is as good as can be expected, keeping in mind that it has been successful thus far in preserving academic order. It even gives students something to look forward to: under the right conditions, a graduating senior can be exempt from his his finals. Small comfort, but one to be enjoyed as long as it is there.

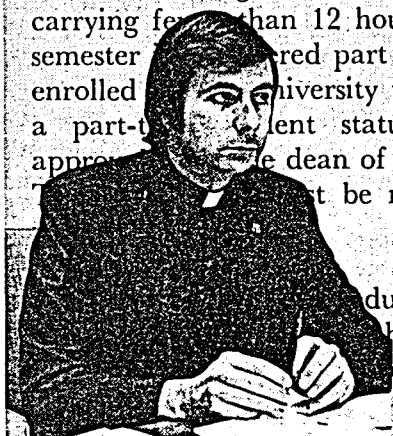
—Jorge Lopez

8.2 For purposes of class rank, the student's cumulative average will be used and shall include all courses taken at the University for which a grade was received and credit given.

Class Loads

9.1 Except by recommendation of the department chairman and with special permission of the dean of the college, the undergraduate student in the Colleges of Engineering and Business Administration may not register for more than 18 hours of credit work in a semester; the undergraduate student in the Colleges of Arts and Letters and Science, as well as the students in the Freshman Year of Studies Program, may not register for more than 17 hours of credit work in a semester. These maxima exclude courses in Air Force Aerospace, Military, and Naval Studies. Additional tuition will be charged at the rate per credit hour for overloads.

9.2 An undergraduate degree-seeking student carrying fewer than 12 hours of credit in a given semester may be considered part time. Students already enrolled in the University who wish to convert to a part-time student status must request such approval from the dean of their respective college. The request must be made during a regular



schedule of the graduate student. The maximum number of hours of course work a student may be at the 500-credit hour load for

undergraduate man of Second-MBA co restricted the 600

Changes

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Portrait of Heaven No. 1

Heaven is an all-night radio station broadcasting from someplace near Salt Lake City where God speaks to you in a mellow, heavy, FM voice and tries to rap with you about a really fine concert he attended where this far-out guy from Nazareth gave off some pretty strange vibrations.

Portrait of Heaven No. 2

Heaven is a greasy diner serving up hamburger deluxes to go with greasy, salted fries on the side, and a thick malt — I mean a malt, no skimping on the malted.

The Coca-Cola sign out front says it's open 24 hours a day, but closed on Christmas on account of it's the owner's birthday.

INFORMERS WILL BE SHOT PARA. ROYALS IRA

(Continued from page 9)

was staring at me when I pulled out my Instamatic to take a photo. I asked if he minded me taking a picture of the wall and he said, "Not at all. Just as long as you're not a Catholic or something like that. We shoot them."

I felt like somebody who wandered into a Ku Klux Klan meeting by mistake.

From the Shankill I crossed over into the Falls which is an Irish-Catholic stronghold. A number of streets between the two serve as an eerie no-man's-land. In the midst of all the bricked-up houses there is a set of Army barracks and block-houses in order to keep watch on the Falls. I decided when I was within twenty feet of one of the block-houses that it would make a great photograph for the newspaper back in Pennsylvania that I was working for. Detecting a soldier inside I calculated when he would be looking in the opposite direction. Quickly extricating my camera from beneath my sweater, I took the snapshot. The soldier heard the camera click and, though realizing that it doesn't sound anything like a rifle, he peered out of the slit in the concrete. We stared at each other for about five seconds. He looked at me and saw a frightened figure holding a camera. And then he opened fire on me. It was a quick burst of four or five bullets. I'm not certain whether the soldier wanted to hit me and missed (after all I do present a small target) or if he just wanted to scare the hell out of me. But believe me he scared the hell out of me. I started running down the street and every door seemed to beckon me to come in. Diving into the last one I thanked the people for opening the door. Since they didn't know me I couldn't figure out why they let me in.

A man of about 45 explained, "Well, we figured if the British Army was shooting at you, you couldn't be all bad."

As if I hadn't tempted fate enough I decided ten days after I left Belfast to reenter the Six-Counties. I was planning to stay in Derry two days. In no place has there been such a rejection of the British authorities by the Irish population as a whole.

When you leave the Diamond (centre of town) you pass through a maze of British Army checkpoints and into the Bogside, the most famous part of what came to be known as Free Derry. The first thing you notice as you pass through the courtyards of Rossville Flats is a memorial to the 13 people of the area who were murdered on Bloody Sunday. (That is the designation given to the day when British paratroopers opened fire on a crowd of civil rights marchers killing 13 and wounding 17.) None of those in the march including the victims were armed. Two hundred yards away is a wall with the famous sobriquet, "You Are Now Entering Free Derry." When the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the B-Specials tried to shoot up the Bogside in August, 1969, the residents of the Bogside, the Creggan, Brandywell, and Shantallow set up a system of barricades around the area which then became known as Free Derry. When you take the road to turn up into the Creggan you see a picture on the wall of a shadowy figure clutching a submachine gun. "Join the IRA" is the message. Other slogans follow. This "billboard" ends with the sobering thought, "Informers Will Be Shot."

Walking past the tiny houses and overcrowded apartments and a half-dozen Army patrols I was on the long, winding road that enters the Creggan Housing Estate. Realizing that it might be wise if I knew my way around I asked a middle-aged man for directions. He turned out to be John McCrystal, chairman of the Creggan Tenants Association. Asking McCrystal if he knew his way around the Creggan is like asking Tom Clements and Greg Collins if they know how to play football. He showed me the community centre that he was so very proud of. Mr. McCrystal told me that the Creggan had 16,000 people, the largest youth population per household in either Ireland or Britain, and the lowest crime rate (not considering political offenses). That is all the more remarkable when you consider that a policeman hasn't set foot in the Creggan since August 1969.

He took me down into the Bogside

in his car and pointed out where each of the marchers died on Bloody Sunday. He knew all 13 victims. Vividly he recalls seeing a person bleeding to death near Rossville Flats. A friend, Bernard McGuigan, raced into the street to retrieve the wounded person. "Don't shoot. For God's sake, don't shoot," he screamed. A fusillade of bullets ripped him to shreds.

While rounding a corner in the Creggan a young man with medium-length black hair tipped his cap. Mr. McCrystal gave him the thumbs-up sign. In a matter-of-fact tone he stated, "Remember the lad who nodded to me? He's the Provo (Provisional IRA) Chief-of-Staff in Derry. Kind of like a public figure up here."

He promised me that there would be plenty of excitement that night since it would mark the 3rd Anniversary of Internment (when British troops first arrested people on the basis of suspicion). At midnight there was an open-air concert sponsored by the Prisoners Dependents Fund (there are 1400 people interred or in jail on political charges) featuring rebel songs. At 4 A.M. people poured into the streets for "bin-lidding." The words of a popular song came to mind. "and it was scream, bang, shout. You've got to

raise a warnin' when the Army they come in."

Around 4:15 A.M., a block away from me, a gun battle started up between the Provies (slang for the Provos) and the British Army. At first one heard the sharp crackle of about 8 Thompson submachine guns (the Provos'). The very noisy reply was several dozen British SLR's. People looked at each other, crossed themselves, and prayed for "the lads." The gun battle went on through the night providing a noisy lullaby.

Later there was a large anti-internment march. Starting in the Creggan it wound its way through the Brandywell and ended up in "Free Derry Corner" at the base of the Bogside. The most memorable of the speakers was Mrs. Maire Drumm, Vice-President of the Sinn Fein Party. She had all the inflammability of a petrol bomb. One was certain that one day she would actually ignite and her bright, terrible flames would consume every British outpost in the North like a purging sword.

"Three years ago I asked you to get off your knees and get out into the streets. And you did! I asked you to go on rents-and-rates strike. And you did! I asked you to resist the Army and the RUC every way

you could. And you did! Together we shall see the day when Long Kesh Concentration Camp is burned to the ground and the cages are reduced to ashes."

The most poignant story I heard in the North was told to me by a 19-year-old girl from the Bogside named Maura. "It's been a year today since Liam and I were engaged. We would probably be married right now except for the fact that Liam is in Long Kesh Concentration Camp. When the troops came in the morning of internment people knew they had to do something to give our men a chance to escape before they were 'lifted.' We needed barricades. Liam hijacked a double-decker bus and put it in the street. The Brits swore they'd get him. He was always a step ahead, so last year in August he proposed. Four days later he was arrested. He'll be there for eight more years because of that bus."

Tears started to pour out of those lovely brown eyes and you knew she would wait.

The next day I left the North for the final time this summer. I came away with a deep admiration and love for those people. Life is very difficult for them and yet they carry on in the midst of turmoil. They are good people.

—Andy Winiarczyk

Portrait of Heaven No. 3

Heaven is reachable only by car. To get there you follow Route 80 West. It is surrounded by Howard Johnsons and Stuckeys. Hojo colas for everyone and a free box of candy with your fill-ups.

The rates in Heaven are pretty good and Holiday Inn will call ahead for you to reserve a room. The food is all right and there is miniature golf for the kids. All major credit cards are acceptable.



If these are your ideals,
consider a Franciscan career.
Send for free descriptive booklet.

LORD

make me an instrument of Your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
and where there is sadness, joy.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Franciscan Vocation Office
1615 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210

I am interested in
☐ Franciscan priesthood
☐ Franciscan brotherhood

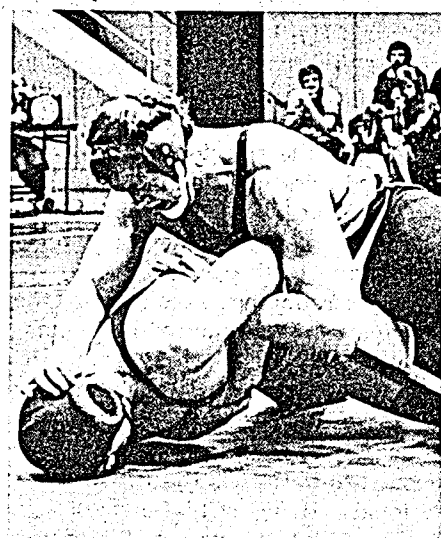
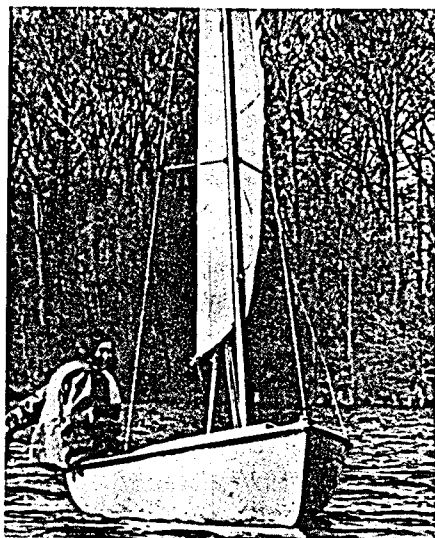
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Irish Sport Shorts



Varsity Hockey Coach Charles "Lefty" Smith opened the first day of preseason training on September 8, with 61 skaters vying for positions on the team. The icers included returning monogram winners, junior varsity hopefuls, freshmen recruits and walk-ons.

The NCAA Champions from Minnesota will be the first test for the team, in an exhibition game at the ACC on Friday, October 18, with the face-off scheduled for 7:30 p.m. The regular season opens a week later at Wisconsin, and Smith's contingent is hoping to improve on last year's 14-20-2 overall season, posting an 11-16-1 mark in the tough WCHA.

Eleven lettermen return from the '73-'74 squad, including Pat Conroy, Les Larson, Jim Augustine, Pat Novitski, Paul Clarke, and Brian Walsh, last year's WCHA Rookie-of-the-Year. The situation at goal is wide open, with Thom McCurdy and Dave Caron returning with junior varsity experience. Rookies Len Moher and John Peterson (probably the most highly recruited goaltender on the North American Continent last year) will also give Smith an added assurance he will need in the months to come.

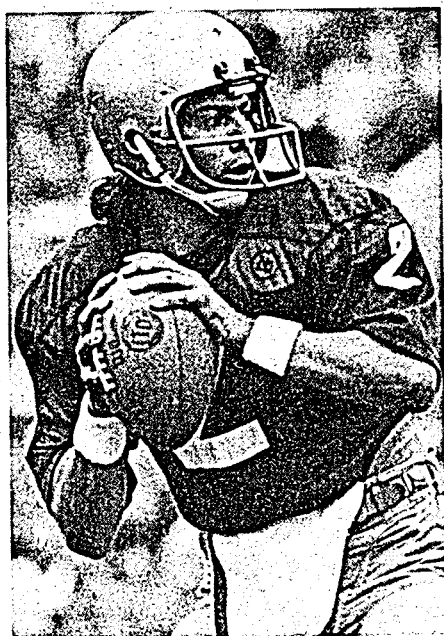
The home portion of the schedule commences on Friday, November 1, against Colorado College. Season ticket applications may be picked up at Gate 10 of the ACC between 9 and 5 on weekdays. Tickets for the exhibition against Minnesota are not included in the season package, but may be purchased at the same outlets.

Ahoy mates! The Notre Dame Sailing Club is steering toward another winning year, according to racing team captain Bruce Marek. Ranked second among the forty-three teams in the Midwest, the Irish sailors return this year with four seasoned skippers. Marek heads the list, followed by senior Jon Makielski and sophomores Buzz Reynolds and Dave Constants. Competition got under way on September 21 as ND hosted a twelve-school regatta at Diamond Lake in which Florida State carried away first place honors,

with the Irish in second. Michigan State is cited as Notre Dame's primary rival in the Midwest this year. The nationally ranked Spartans and the Irish will clash over the weekend of October 5, with ND hoping to regain the number one spot. Other prominent meets include the Timmie Angsten Regatta in Chicago at Thanksgiving, along with the Douglas Cup scheduled in California during late October. The team hopes to be sailing until June, "not in a regular regatta," says Marek, "but in the national finals."

The addition of such teams as East Stroudsburg, Montclair State, Wisconsin-Parkside, and Indiana State to the Notre Dame football schedule would signify a drastic de-emphasis. But in wrestling it means just the reverse, a significant upgrading in the caliber of competition. That second-year coach Fred Pechek has added these nationally regarded teams is indicative that Notre Dame intends to assert herself on the mat. Leading the Irish on the grueling schedule are returnees Dave Boyer, Fritz Breuning, John Dowd and (after football) heavyweight Mike Fanning. Pat McKillen and Pat Landfrid are among the talented newcomers Pechek has to work with, so the future of the Irish Matmen is definitely on the rise to bigger and better things.

Quote-of-the-Week: again goes to fullback Tom Parise on his comment after the Northwestern game. Parise, a man never at loss for words, described his assignment on the last Notre Dame offensive play versus the Wildcats: "You all remember that I fell while executing that complicated play. Well, it was all part of my plan to have the entire Northwestern defense key on me. While I did my impersonation of a whale doing the backstroke, Terry Eurick snuck right behind their defensive line for the score. You know, it's all for the team, and all that junk." Thank you very much, Tom. Again.



Omens of Disaster

"You know, God works in strange ways," commented a dejected Marv Russell after his Fighting Irish had been stunned by upstart Purdue, 31-20. "We started out at a disadvantage, but we never gave up. It was a series of strange turnovers and plays that killed us."

The entire Purdue weekend was a strange two days to say the least. It was raining throughout Friday's final warm-up for the encounter with the Boilermakers, and those of us that were there felt bad omens in the offing. The sky was grey and foreboding, and the wind whipping around, reminded me of the future days autumn brings. It really didn't feel like a good day to do anything—except to go back to the dorm and sleep. Friday afternoon definitely was a bad omen for the game, then some 22 hours away.

Friday night offered the campus their first home pep rally—a gala affair in Stepan with a 15-minute fireworks display immediately afterwards. Co-captains Clements and Collins said a few words, the starting offensive and defensive lineups were introduced, and Ara spoke. For the first time in my three years at Notre Dame, Ara actually sounded as if he was really psyched. Clements and Collins talked for over five minutes, something that the huge crowd couldn't believe. Even the PA system worked for the entire rally, a new first. Yes, there were some weird happenings some 15 hours away from game time.

Saturday was the first home football game for Notre Dame, and all the ingredients making up an Irish football weekend were there: all the old alumni, hot dog stands, a few bands in front of the dorms, and some pretty girls, giving the freshmen their first glimpse of the true

Notre Dame weekend. Perhaps if the alcohol rule had been enforced, and the girls were missing, things may have been different. But the campus really was hopping. Again, this was an omen of disastrous things to come.

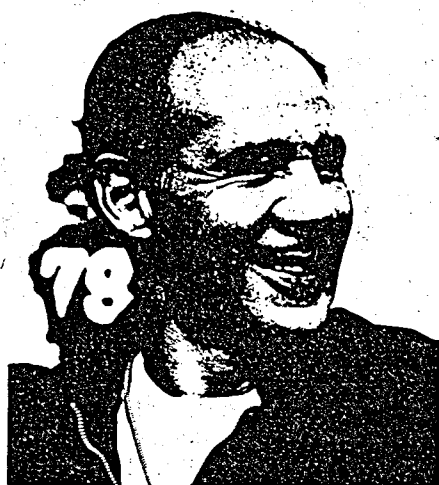
Fifty-nine thousand and seventy-five screaming partisans filled forty-four-year-old Notre Dame Stadium Saturday, pitting the Boilermakers, an inexperienced, young team, against last year's National Champions, the Fighting Irish. Purdue's Coach, Alex Agase, had never beaten his former teacher, Irish mentor Ara Parseghian. Purdue had stopped the Irish string of 39 games without a defeat in 1950, in 1954 had stopped Notre Dame after a 13-game streak, and in 1967 gave the Irish their first loss after eleven games.

Purdue was again the spoiler for the Irish on Saturday. In the space of eight minutes, Purdue put 21 points on the scoreboard, on a fumble recovery, an interception, and a sweep. By the end of the first quarter, Purdue led 24-0, that total representing the most points ever scored against the Irish in a first quarter. It was an omen of things to come.

Try as we might, we could never get untracked after those first eight minutes. Notre Dame had to abandon their game plan and play catch-up football, something the Irish are not used to. Clements tried to rally the Irish, but nothing could help. The Irish "D" played one of their finest games that many could remember, but the brilliant play of Greg Collins (who was in 28 tackles) and Marv Russell couldn't do everything.

Omens can be good or bad—Purdue weekend resulted in the latter. Michigan State, up in East Lansing, can be the good omen we desperately need.

—Bill Delaney



From the Sidelines

It has been observed often that experience is a great teacher. Unfortunately, sometimes the "great teacher" furnishes a scar to impress the mind for long periods of time. Because it would be a very dull existence if we all learned and reacted the same way, the ingenuity of people divert their attentions, their talents, likes and dislikes in multifaceted directions.

A football player, any athlete, or any person learns from all the sum total of his or her experiences. I would not belabor the point that the doer or participant learns, in microcosm form and in time, what the real game of life has to offer on a more grand scale. I might suggest also, that vicarious learning is a major contributing factor since we cannot possibly experience everything by ourselves.

With this in mind, I have been asked to write my observations about the young men that take to the football field for the University of Notre Dame. Are they students first? Do they blend, add, contribute to the University community and to themselves? I have always assumed positively that they did, and far beyond the hackneyed colloquial phrase of "building character," though I am certain that happens also.

Through the course of nearly

twenty coaching seasons and eleven as a player, a hard introspective look at what has transpired within "gridiron mania" has impressed me deeply.

There are sad, tearful, almost tragic circumstances when one witnesses the misfortune of an injured player. There are cries skyward, "Where is justice now?"

A good illustration of the latter is to behold a sparkling athlete such as Notre Dame's Tim Simon coming off a freak summer accident in which he lost the use of one eye. Knowing the anguish and the adversity he suffered through, and watching him return to fall practice was a reward in itself. At the end of one week of practice, Tim had sufficiently gained on the "syndrome of setbacks." To say it plainly, he "wowed" us. Returning punts in practice scrimmages, exploding with zigzag thrusts and electrifying the defense whenever called upon, Tim was on his way back. It was one of those punt returns, in one of those scrimmages where he tore the ligaments of his right knee.

Another moment at a later time: Greg Collins and Drew Mahalic, two parts of a three-man linebacker team, wept openly in the Georgia Tech locker room for the loss of their 3rd part, Sherman Smith.

Make no mistake, all of these men

came to the University for a total education. Football was the medium of their particular skill. It is only a means, but while they are caught up in it at this phase of their lives, an important one.

What of education? Education? What kind? About life or people or wizardry with numbers or electronics or chemicals? Education at best is a nebulous word. Can one person ever be totally educated? Can anyone in the sixty or seventy immeasurable years allotted for normal lifetime internalize all knowledge?

More realistically, we follow a lead, a bent, a talent; and in the small sphere or spheres of this intensified scope, become aware of values that are universally sought and found and paid for! All of us enter phases in our lifetimes. We start out with "I," grow somewhat to "we," and if we are very big, understand the "all" concept.

When I was 20 and in a stage of life where my intellect got its surface scratched, I knew everything there was to know. The second stage came in my 30's. I got shook—doubted—grew puzzled and unsure. The 40 stage, though not much for my vanity, is a lot easier to come to grips with, "I know that I don't know—anything with certainty!"

The test tube, the textbook, the laboratory, all discovery points of

magnitude, could never totally allow one the knowledge of camaraderie, loyalty, team unity, aching pride.

Normal logic fails when one understands "I must lose myself, so that I can find myself." To become a part of a team that represents a university, to receive the accolades, the criticisms, the pressures, and the praise—are points of a great learning experience. To become a part of something bigger than any of the parts is what being a team member is all about. There are rules; break them and you cannot be a part of it all. It is not easy; one cannot *buy*, cajole, charm one's way! The way is paid for dearly. The price is effort, tenacity, hard knocks, durability—loyalty. A kind of "Hang in there, Baby, because this is what we're made from" philosophy pervades.

Athletics *IMPOSE* ADVERSITY. Everyday one practices against this diabolical friendly enemy. Pity those that practice little or never for they

will fall prey to all the modern escapes.

Adversity does form "tough" people. Not "a tough," but mentally tough people who can grasp tough going resiliently and bounce back

"One thing
endures . . .
character."

with high performance. "Tough people" never quite say "uncle." The extra research hours, the last-minute grind, the selflessness of parents, reflect tough people with a character that only God's design could elicit from such a valley of tears as life's clouded paths.

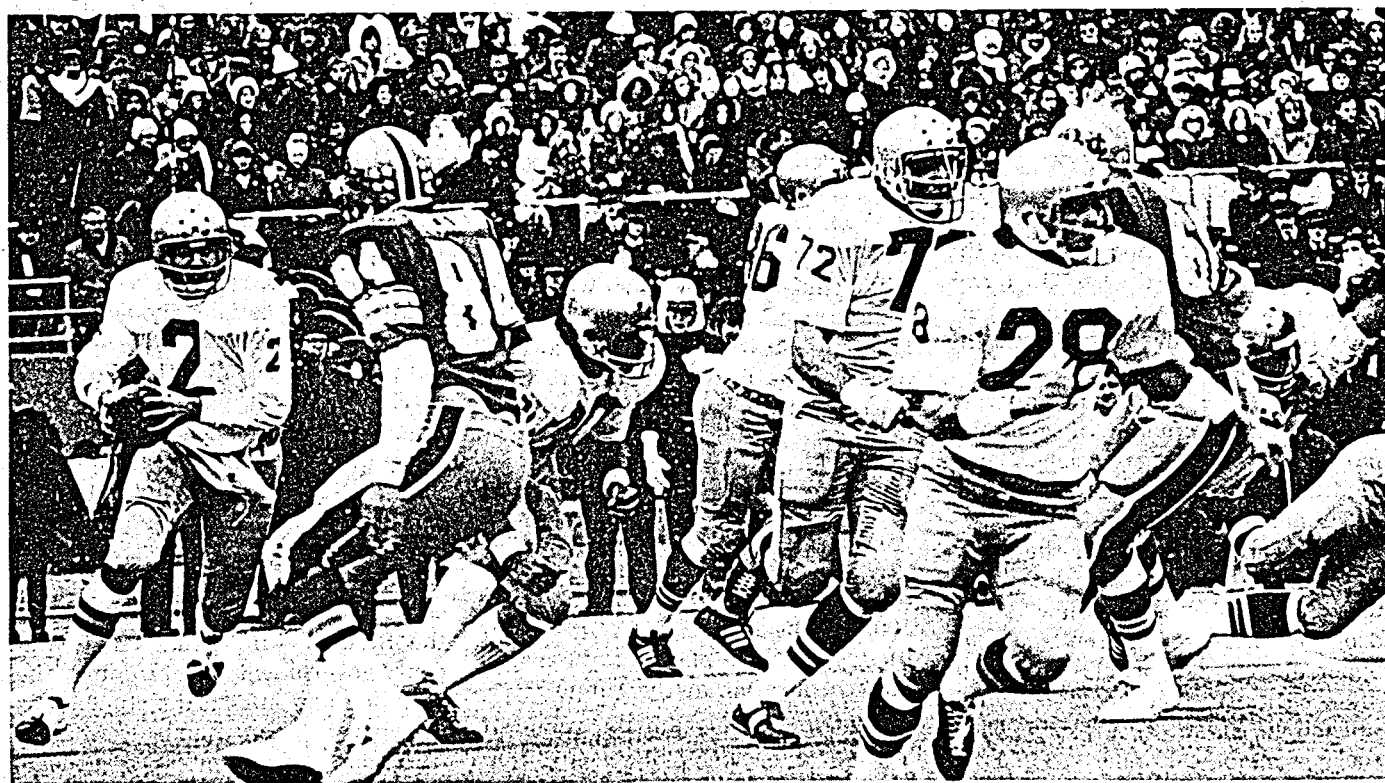
When I view life this way, I am proud of the contribution athletics makes to those that support it. I am more-proud of the athletes and the University for holding the classroom to allow it.

Perhaps Horace Greeley understood life best, when on his deathbed he uttered these classic lines:

"Fame is a vapor
Popularity an accident
Riches take wings
Those that cheer you today
Will curse you tomorrow
One thing endures . . . character."

The University of Notre Dame transcends seasons and injuries. It encompasses all of us fortunate enough to be a part of it. The open secret of Notre Dame is that it is a place of character and a great experience in life—one of the better ones!

—Tom Pagna



The Last Word

by Jim Gresser



As hackneyed as the subject may be, coeducation must still remain a topic of concern and, more than ever, action. The future of coeducation is as precarious now as it was during the merger talks with St. Mary's. The effects of decisions made today are as important as those which converted the first men's dormitories for women's use, forcing men off campus.

As it is, Notre Dame is not coeducational. We have on this campus a small group of students who are conspicuous not because of their value as people of academic and personal quality, but only because they are women. Though the improvement over past years cannot be denied, it's almost like having two schools on the same campus.

Personal interaction between the sexes is still defined solely in terms of parties and dates. At those parties, the men grow angry with the women either for being too few or too aloof. The girls, on the other hand, justly complain of going to parties where they are seen as commodities and denied respect.

Outside of parties and brief exposure to one another in the classroom (still plagued by the "give-us-the-woman's-point-of-view" syndrome), there just aren't enough opportunities for people to get to know each other on a personal level.

Though the problem may be a sociopsychological one, rooted in the bizarre experience of Catholic, monosexual high school education, 130 years of tradition and a myriad of other causes; and while the problem will never be solved until students open their own minds to more normal attitudes, some of the solu-

tions must be more concrete. Places and situations must be developed conducive to personal interaction not restricted by sex. To borrow from Dean Macheca, Notre Dame is faced with a challenge to be creative in its social life. Clubs and volunteer services offer this type of interaction to a certain extent, but this student body needs much more.

The problem also translates into a question of numbers. No normal community can grow where the population is so off balance; and it is foolish to talk about any ratio as desirable unless it is an even one.

Cloak-and-dagger-type negotiations, à la Henry Kissinger, may or may not be the way to run a country. But it's certainly not the way to run this University, especially with regard to coeducation.

We must decide now what our commitment, as an entire community, to coeducation is. Is it a glorified tokenism or is it a commitment to a balanced, normal human community?

Unfortunately, nobody seems to know.

It has been reported recently that the University administration plans to increase the female enrollment to 1500 by the fall of 1976. Great. But then what? The plan is to "reevaluate" coeducation at that time.

That kind of planning reeks of secrecy and bureaucratic foot-dragging and is simply unacceptable.

Granted that coeducation cannot be accomplished in a hasty, slipshod way, on the other hand, it should not be forced to remain in painful growing stages for an undue length of time. And, again unfortu-

nately, that seems to be what we can expect.

So many questions should be brought out into open discussion now. For example, how are we going to house even those additional women to be enrolled by 1976? Should new dormitories be built, or is conversion of male dorms the answer? Are the men dedicated enough to coeducation to give up another dorm? Which one? Are women going to be forced off campus? Are we going to seriously and maturely consider the possibility of coeducational housing?

Beyond these considerations, are we going to consciously maintain some abnormal, arbitrary male-female ratio permanently? Or are we going to admit people to this University because they are qualified individuals, regardless of sex.

All these questions should be discussed by students, faculty and administration; and the time to begin is right now. It would be a great mistake if some decision were officially dumped on this community before a break or at the end of a semester when nothing could be done.

Specifically, what is needed is a commitment from organizations like the Student Life Council and student government to examine the situation and inform the students as to what is being planned, what is being done, and what can be done.

Our commitment to coeducation should be a complete one. After open, frank discussion among all segments of the University, we should move toward the fulfillment of that commitment without useless, harmful delay.

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Not true. We were among the first—back in 1967—to sign a contract with the United Farm Workers Union. And further, our 200 year-round workers were among the last of 45,000 UFWA workers to reject that union.

Also not true. The majority of our workers selected the Teamsters to represent them in exactly the same way the majority selected the UFWA in 1967—by presenting us with verified signature cards.

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We agree. Democracy is what it's all about. The workers chose their own Union and we respect their choice.

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We have always favored free, secret, legally-supervised and totally impartial elections.

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There are 2,300,000 farm workers in the United States—less than 10,000 of them belong to the UFWA.

We have always supported bringing all agricultural workers under the National Labor Relations Act, which guarantees secret ballot elections for workers. The UFWA opposes bringing farm workers under this Act.

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Other American workers are guaranteed this right by law, but agricultural workers aren't. By boycotting all Gallo products, you can help give them this basic right.

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pesticides back into the fields, and allowed virtually unlimited automation. Fair employment practices went out the window, and living and working conditions returned to the bad old days. UFWA organizers and sympathizers were systematically fired and evicted from company-owned housing.

Faced with the prospect of a giant step backwards, Gallo's field hands turned out on strike. But men, women and children manning the picket lines were met with a massive campaign of violence and intimidation forcing them to withdraw from the fields and return to the consumer boycott. But they need your help to make it work.

The basic issue in the Gallo boycott is, simply, democracy. The workers want the right to choose their own union through free, independently supervised elections.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, the world's largest winery, spearheaded the union busting effort. Last June, Gallo announced that UFWA contracts would not be renewed. New contracts were signed with the Teamsters Union, contracts that had been worked out behind closed doors with no worker participation. Not only that, the contracts gave Gallo and the Teamsters Union everything they wanted, and gave the workers almost nothing. The Teamsters contracts brought dangerous

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misinformation about our farm workers and our position. We hope this sets the record straight. If you would like to know more about the boycott of Gallo Wine, write to: Ernest & Julio Gallo, c/o FACTS, P. O. Box 1130, Modesto, Ca. 95353.

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