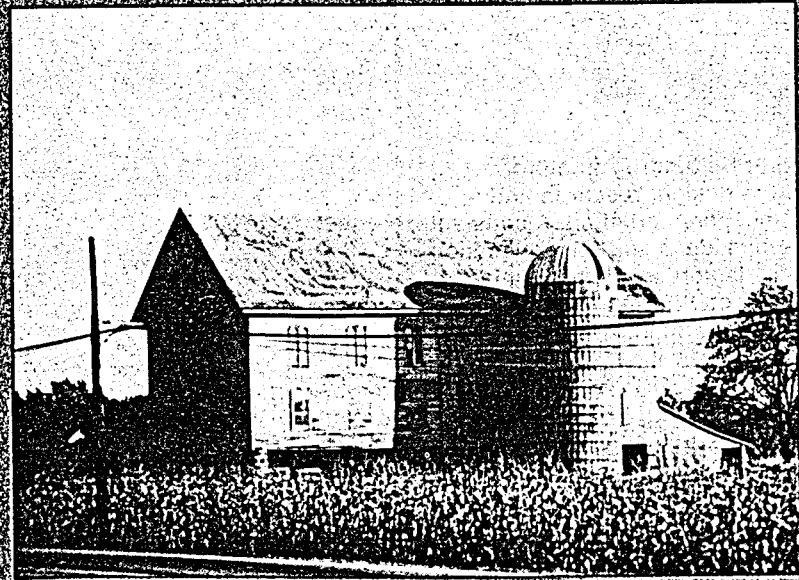
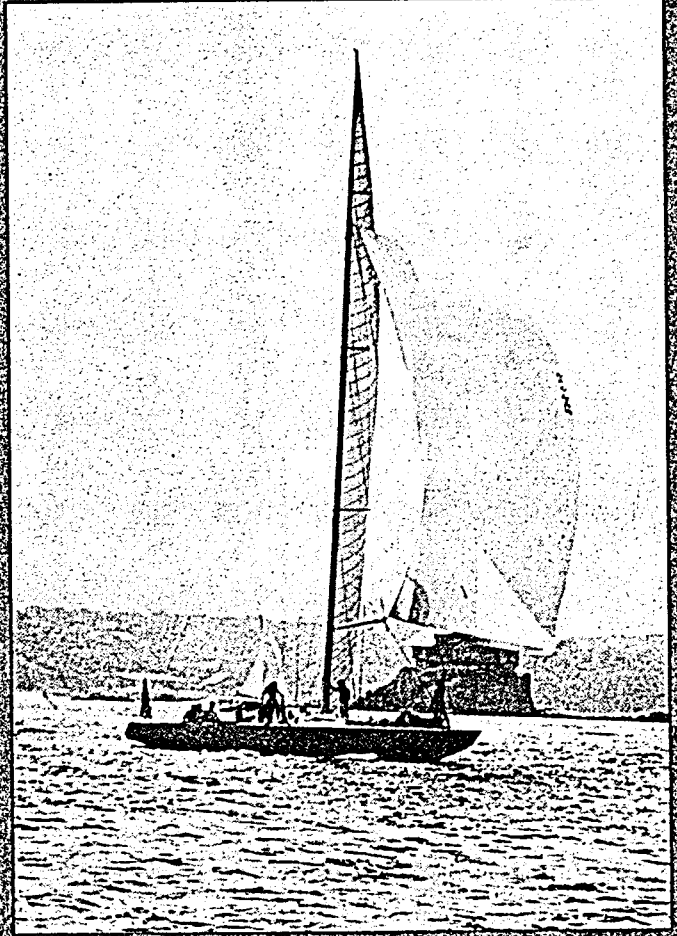
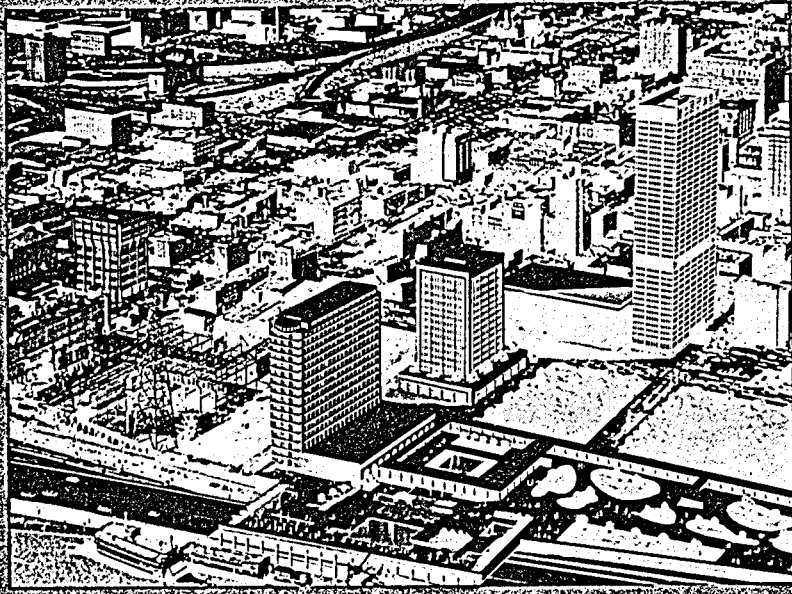


# SCHOLASTIC

January 31, 1975



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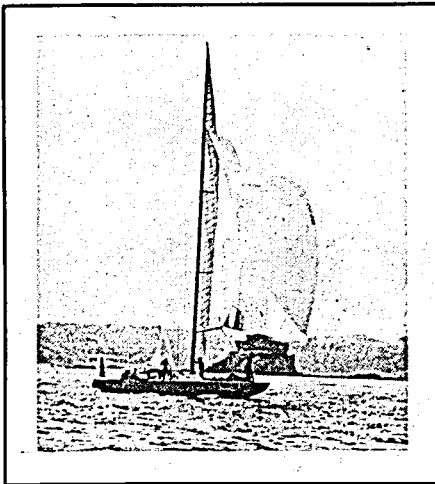


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# SCHOLASTIC

Volume 116, No. 9 January 31, 1975  
Notre Dame, Indiana

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# Unity Without Uniformity?

Unity without uniformity is a concept almost always associated with "the American Dream." For many Americans it means the opportunity for people with diverse backgrounds, interests, customs and abilities to live together and share themselves without losing their individuality. Diversity has therefore been seen as a way of enriching culture, a way to add more and deeper dimensions to the people called Americans.

But perhaps the melting pot is working too well. Fostered by the rapid, almost insane growth of technology, and overbearing allure of affluence, perhaps what America faces is not unity without uniformity, but a stagnant homogenization. The comment so often made is that the country is getting smaller and smaller. You can travel from Atlanta to Chicago inside four hours. You can drive from South Bend to Denver inside a day. People change home towns at a staggering rate. The family unit has grown from large, supportive groups to rootless, isolated units. What does all this mean?

What about clothes? What about art? What about food? Is there no way to kick the golden arches habit?

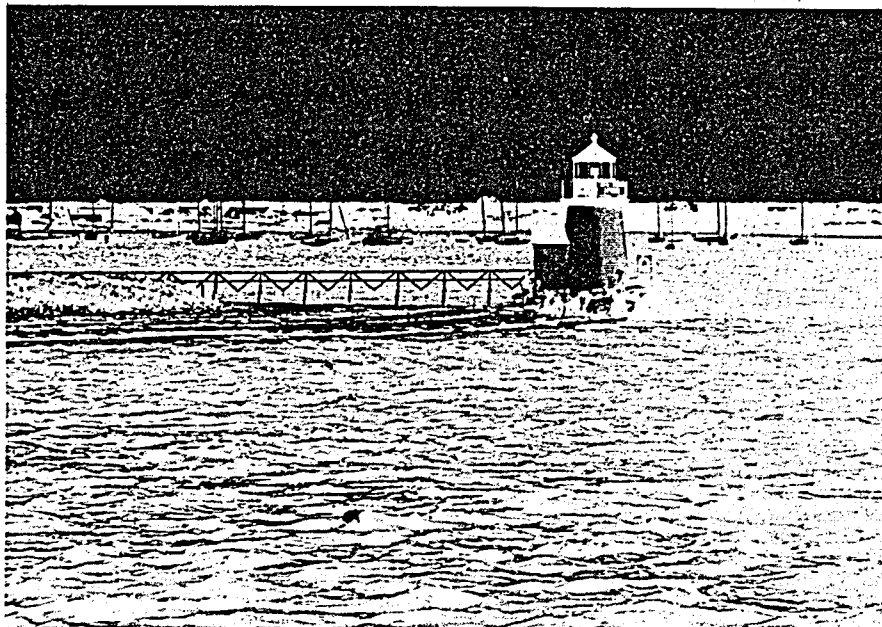
What about speech? What has happened and is happening to a rich, varied, colorful language? Nowadays it sounds like everybody's from Ohio.

Or what about the cities? Are they the cultural focal points of our society, or only like so many huge bins for a nation's waste? Is Miami another New York, Chicago another Los Angeles, Atlanta another Denver? If not, what is it that these cities still distinctly retain?

What is happening to our land and natural resources?

As do most major universities, Notre Dame draws its students from all over the country. In the articles that follow, we asked the members of our staff to make a personal response to their particular locale. We asked them to try to answer the questions asked above. Their responses are varied and very personal. It would be impossible to judge adequately the extent to which sterile homogenization is affecting our country in the amount of space we have available here. Nonetheless, perhaps these stories will give some small insight into the direction the country is taking.

—James Gresser

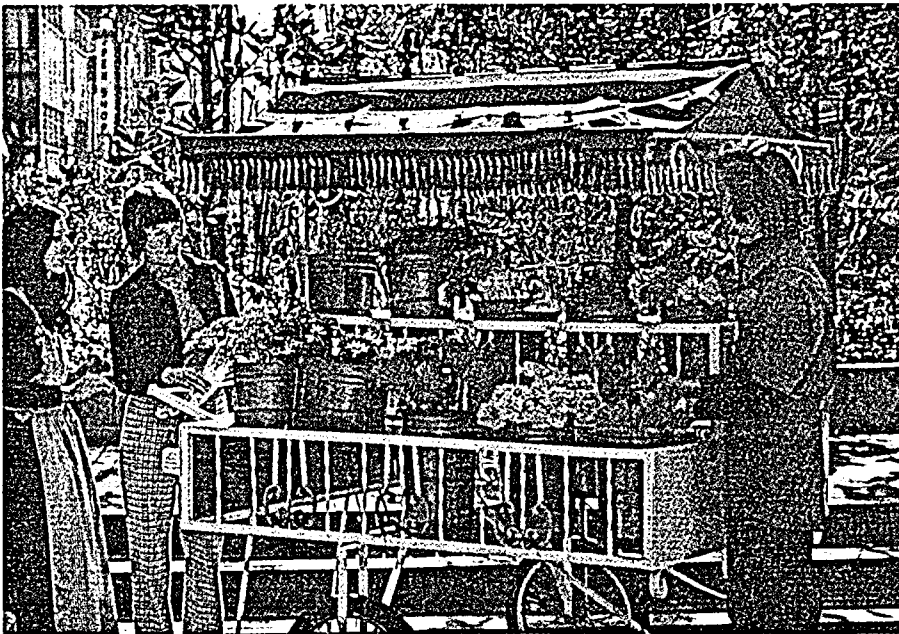




# Boston

If you amble up onto the front porch of the Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, pick out a big wooden chair, and settle yourself down to watch the town's main street go about its business, you'll probably get a good idea of the pace of life in Stockbridge. The town may impart to you a bit of its "atmosphere," its sense of itself—and, at the same time, you can rest your feet. Not a bad proposition.

the bad, the common and the uncommon, the dignified and the ridiculous—and their precarious balance can fairly claim to represent Boston. If you would search these out, then explore the streets and alleys, the parks, the prominent places and the hidden corners. Look at the institutions; listen to the people. Walk through Boston like a king surveying a newly acquired territory, and set no limits on your



If, on the other hand, you ever tear yourself away from that comfortable chair, head east, and find yourself in Boston wondering how to get a sense of what the city's about, don't even consider sitting down and waiting for the place to unfold before you. The difference between Stockbridge and Boston is more than just a hundred and twenty miles of turnpike; an afternoon on a park bench in Boston will show you, at best, a very narrow slice of the city. Like any other, it wears a thousand faces. Only a sense of the juxtaposed elements—the good and

curiosity.

If you come in on the subway and emerge from the underground station at Copley Square, you'll find yourself on Boylston Street, next to the main branch of the public library. A vendor by the side door, hunching his shoulders against the cold, is peddling pretzels. Across the street, the Store 24 lists its merchandise in the window: Milk, Bread, Toys, Friends, Eternal Life. Two blocks away, the Prudential Tower climbs fifty stories to the top of the skyline. If you're not afraid of heights, you can ride to the top and

look out over the city. You won't really see Boston, though, unless you come back down and start walking.

Around the corner, the stone steps of the library face on Copley Square, an oasis of open space hedged in by office buildings and old Trinity Church, recently sandblasted clean and looking not a day over ninety-five. The architecture is out-of-place, but its long history makes it invulnerable to encroaching progress. On the other side of Boylston are the first in an alphabetical procession of streets: Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter. And, in the center ring, the new John Hancock building pokes even higher into the sky than the Prudential. In spite of the distinction, it's a skyscraper with problems. When it neared completion and the windows were installed, onshore winds shattered them all, and the superstructure was boarded up while a team at M.I.T. worked on the matter. The answer? Thicker, stronger windows that are now replacing the boards. Another detail that seems to have eluded architect I. M. "Wind Tunnel" Pei remains a problem: the position and size of the building funnel and intensify winds at the street level as well, and a windy day is a tough one for pedestrians.

Don't stand around waiting for a breeze to spring up; head up Boylston and take a look at Boston Garden. In the summer, it is at its best. The Swanboats then make their slow way around the lake; children throw bread to the ducks while their parents hang onto their shirts to keep them aboard. The benches and walks are not very crowded. Old men rest on the benches, students read on the grass, and businessmen pass through on their way to someplace else. On one side the stately Ritz-Carlton surveys the scene, and on another, the Boston Common stretches away towards the narrow streets of the shopping district. In warmer weather the Hare Krishnas in saffron robes chant on the sidewalk to a largely disinterested group of passersby. The wall near the Park Street subway station is covered

*(Continued on page 18)*

# Southern Illinois

Three words characterize the people of southern Illinois—friendly, conservative, and content. Without being smug about it, they—or rather we—are happy in our small towns. We live in a comfortable world at a moderate pace—faster than the states to the south of us, but not quite as frenzied as Chicago to the north. Because the small-town atmosphere is so unique, it is not unusual for any citizen with a complaint to walk over to his mayor's house, call him by his first name, and sit down and talk over whatever is the problem. There aren't many political scandals in our communities because everybody knows everybody else and there are few secrets that can be kept for long. There is also an easy familiarity

with the members of the police force and the fire department—how can there not be when they are all neighbors of either oneself or one's friends?

Of course, there is the local newspaper, the miniature weekly *Chicago Tribune* in which everybody gets his name and/or picture at least once a year, and the other necessities for small-town life: the churches and bars. It seems that no matter how small our villages are, one is sure to find at least three churches and three taverns in them. I suppose this is indicative of the type of simple pleasures we engage in. For example, in our area bowling easily beats golf in popularity, and fishing and hunting have a great edge over racquetball. The latest pastime to

strike the imagination of our youth, however, is ice hockey. We already have our fanatically devoted fans, and many families have made the long journey west to see the St. Louis Blues in action.

Summer is a great time to visit our part of the state. The region abounds with county fairs and homecomings. People flock from miles around to compete in or observe the many 4-H contests and livestock shows. There are rides, food, and entertainment. On a smaller basis, but just as much fun, are the city-wide homecomings. Usually for the larger cities, these celebrations also offer many rides, games, and shows in a carnival-type atmosphere. In the winter months high school sports are an important diversion for the population. Of course there are many cultural opportunities in St. Louis—art museums, classical and rock concerts, lectures and universities—but the "Gateway to the West" is some distance away for many rural inhabitants. Sometimes hayrides and wiener roasts just have to do.

The people's conservatism even in recreation can be seen in a recent  
(Continued on page 19)

# Philadelphia

Your sense of smell is filled with a scent as crisp and fresh as that of a series of brand-new dollar bills; your ears, with the sweet gurgle of gently filling swimming pools. Watered by these laughing ponds of pleasure, gently rolling tennis court hills lie verdant with life and hope. All is peace and serenity; you are visiting the home of the American Dream—the Main Line of Philadelphia.

The Penn Central railroad operates a commuter line which runs northwest out of Philadelphia for about 20 miles. This set of tracks stretches from downtown Philadelphia to a town called Paoli, in the area of Valley Forge Park, and gives the Main Line its name. A series of towns and villages developed along this line, first as "country" homes

for the wealthy, leading families of the city; later developing into a modern suburban sprawl but retaining its exclusivity. However, as urban sprawl follows suburban sprawl, the Lower Main Line has been infiltrated by common elements, and the true spirit of upper middle class regularity is now found to be concentrated in the Upper Main Line—that half of the Main Line which is closer to Paoli and Valley Forge than it is to Philadelphia.

Its location gives rise to a strange irony—the Upper Main Line, a symbol of the American Dream, next door to Valley Forge Park, a symbol of the American Ideal. At Valley Forge, the men of the Continental Army survived a cruel winter by working together and sharing the few essentials they had. The Amer-

ican Ideal of freedom and equality which they fought and suffered together for is commemorated there. In the Upper Main Line, people struggle desperately to accumulate the signs of financial success, to fulfill the American Dream—to have two cars in every garage (or at least a two-car garage on every house), to have a steak in every broiler, to belong to the local country club, to have clean-cut, all-American kids, to give the best luncheons, to appear at the most fund-raising events, to keep ahead of the Joneses, to be alive, upper middle class, American and regular. Their Dream is to be more powerful than others, to be higher in the social hierarchy than most. The Ideal commemorated at Valley Forge was a country where no one would be more powerful than anyone else, a country whose social hierarchy would only consist of one position. But maybe not.

Perhaps there is a subtle contradiction of that irony. Dotted around Valley Forge are small wooden huts about six feet tall, six feet long and four wide. These huts or ones  
(Continued on page 21)

# Colorado

*There are places in the mountains  
Where I've often been before  
I go there to be thoughtful  
To make peace with my own world  
I walk in the gentle valleys  
And lean upon the trees  
I talk to simple solemn peaks  
And listen to the streams  
Yes I've come to know the mountains  
And they've come to know me  
And in our quite solitude  
There's respect and there is peace*

Colorado is definitely an outdoorsman's paradise, no matter what the time of year or how you find your pleasure. In summer, the sun rises over thousands of little campfires that mark the resting places of tourists, like George and Martha Landowner from East Orange, N.J., who have established their residency in huge Air Stream trailers. In most of our National and State Parks and Forests you can move in for any length of time with all the comforts of home and still enjoy the majesty of the Western Wilds. However, in many places, horses have been recently replaced by numerous trail-motorcycles that are everywhere buzzing through meadows, around trees (usually), over boulders and across the remains of what used to be called wildlife. (If the life was wild before, it is now dangerous!)

But there are also dude ranches where, for a nominally outrageous price, you may have more than the comforts of your own home while experiencing the old West as it never really was, due to a lack of basic electricity. Horses, square dances, chuck-wagon dinners and hay rides are all included, and golf, swimming, saunas and cattle (lurking behind authentic barbed-wire fences), are optional, but worth the extra price. However, if you are a local fellow, or like to think of yourself as such, there is still another option open to you. You may choose to save your dollars (and it takes a lot of dollars these days), until you can afford to

buy a very light-weight nylon pack, a pair of hiking boots that you could set a broken ankle in, a down sleeping bag and an assortment of utensils that may be carried for unknown numbers of miles a day upon your very own back.

My friends and I are definitely members of this latter group, and like to head across country to where no man has ever been before (Ha! Fat chance of that!). It's quite a feeling of independence knowing that you carry your home with you, and are, for the most part, responsible for yourself. One time, my best friend and I had packed rather far into the wilderness, only to be forced into our little two-man tent to escape a heavy rainstorm. In the middle of the night the storm blew the tent down, and as we struggled to put it back up we thought we were being watched by a bear. Now here's a suggestion for you: if you think a bear is interested in your activity, stop your activity immediately and pretend you do not exist, because if you don't, the chances are that you'll never get to pretend again. (Wilderness Rule #1: Do Not Feed the Bears.)

But now, you might be wondering

why a civilized man would want to carry a 35-50-pound pack into the uninhabited wilderness. Well, I think the answer is to be found in my question (which is convenient for me); some of us just need to go where other people are not likely to be found. Any place that is easy to get to is bound to be more or less crowded, and the crowds somehow spoil the scenery. Backpacking is something you enjoy doing if the wind blows within you and not against you, and if you have that insatiable curiosity that makes you want to hike to whatever might be over the next hill, or around the next ledge, or up in the next tree. It's these things and a sort of social frustration, that make you want to include Nature as one of your very best friends, and one that you must visit with intimately.

But, of course, it's not always summer in Colorado . . .

*A freezing night beneath the stars  
A Harvest moon that stares  
Summer's not been long enough  
For all the things we dare  
Colors played like kaleidoscopes  
Are salted through the hills  
As memories like leaves will float  
Around our fires fighting chill  
And it's slowly coming to me  
How quickly time must fall  
If it wasn't for the seasons  
I'd miss the changing of it all*

The arrival of fall in the Rockies is a sight to be seen from around  
(Continued on page 22)



# Montana

Montana: The Treasure State, Big Sky Country, Land of Shining Mountains. To most people, Montana is no more than a slogan or a picture from a brochure promoting a chance to escape from crowded polluted city life to a beautiful wilderness area. The people who live there, however, find life to be quite ordinary. With a population of less than 700,000, the state boasts under 4 people/sq. mi. on its more than 147,000 sq. mi. of land. Billings and Great Falls are the state's two largest cities, each with a population of about 80,000. I live in Great Falls which is located on the Missouri River just east of the Rocky Mountains.

Four distinct seasons make up Montana's climate. Each season is characterized not only by its weather conditions but also by the multitude of outdoor activities associated with

it. Our lives are closely linked with our natural surroundings, and we seek to spend every spare moment outside.

Our longest season is winter and Montana winters can be rough. There are always a few days when the temperature never gets above 20 below. The ground is frozen thick with snow. The sky, blue-black and cloudless. When it's this cold, the moisture in the air freezes and infinitesimal ice crystals form. These particles are so small that you can't feel them, but you can see them glittering everywhere in the air. It cannot snow when the temperature is so low. These cold days do not halt our lives, however. We keep a fire going in the fireplace for additional heat and we bundle up before going outside. It is rare for Montana businesses and schools to close due to inclement weather.

The Chinook wind is our built-in relief from the subzero temperatures. A warm, dry wind which descends the eastern slopes of the Rockies, it is a welcome visitor throughout the winter. When it "Chinooks," the temperature rises to 40 degrees, the snow melts, and we enjoy one or two spring-like days in the middle of winter.

There is a lot of skiing to be found around Montana. We frequent a "day-area" about 70 miles from Great Falls which is known for its deep powder. A Saturday or Sunday is well-spent skiing. We enjoy the local area mostly because of its convenience. There are also larger resorts which are fun for a weekend or so. They aren't as elaborate as the famous Colorado areas, but they are much less crowded and provide excellent skiing. Most ski areas in the state open in November and operate until March or April — the "sunbathe on the slopes" months. As the snow gets mushy and the rocks reappear, however, the ski season melts into spring.

*(Continued on page 23)*

# Tampa

In the last city election, the major issue discussed by the city council and mayoral candidates was the city's growth; and with good cause. Last year, according to a recent article in *The Tampa Tribune*, new residents poured into the state of Florida at a rate of 7,700 per week, and the burden of these new residents fell, of course, primarily on those areas of the state already densely populated: Miami, Jacksonville, Orlando and the Tampa-St. Petersburg area. It is projected that the state's population will reach ten million by 1979.

That kind of growth can't help but tremendously affect the makeup and the character of the state and its cities.

The question of growth that is foremost in the minds of Tampa citizens is not at all restricted to this

town. The amazing inflow of northern people and northern money is being felt in areas throughout the southern states. It is possible, however, to look at Tampa as a southern microcosm and see in its successes and failures those being experienced throughout the South.

Tampa is undergoing the same growth process that is having devastating effects on most of the South's larger cities. Tampa, like the others, is finding itself forced to lose its charm and southern lifestyle to the furious lifestyle of northern cities (by northern, I mean just about everything that isn't southern). Because it is located in a boom state like Florida, Tampa's sprawling expansion has had even greater effect. It has often been said that Florida is not really a part of the true South, and while basically I would tend to

disagree, it is true that of all the southern states perhaps it has lost and is losing the most of its character. Look at cities like Atlanta, Nashville and Mobile and you know that what's happened to Florida can't be too far off for the rest of the region.

Unfortunately, the major manifestation of the loss of southern character is the cities, and Tampa is no exception. Outside this city and the other major Florida cities, in other words in the northern and central portions of the state, one can still see much of the southern character. Tampa, like other cities, has been forced to become not a center of cultural growth serving the rest of the state, but just a larger concentration of people; people trying to live at the faster pace of northern cities at the expense of everything good in the southern way of life.

Tampa used to be known as the center of Latin culture in the state. The Spanish and Italian influences are very strong in the state, especially in Tampa, and the city bore their marks in its food, its entertainment, its architecture and in many

*(Continued on page 20)*



# The Southwest

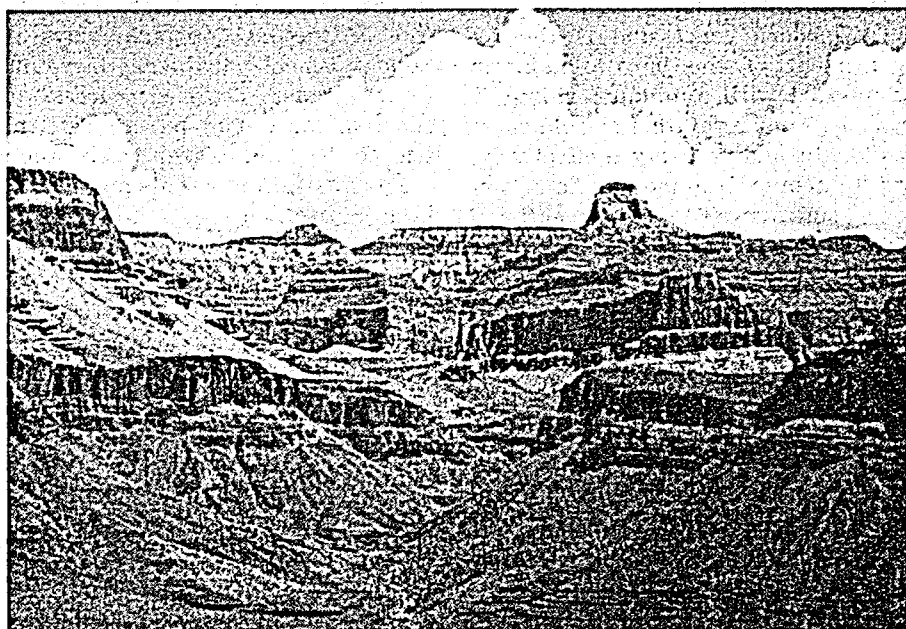
The land of the tumbleweeds, the saguaro cactus, the migrant worker, the burrito and chile, where dust storms prevail and rain is scarce — this region is scarred by mountains and blemished by forests; this is the Southwest. This acreage has seen many a war and many a flag. This territory once knew the Spanish *conquistadores* in search of the Cities of Gold, the missionaries sent to Christianize the Indians, the many Indian tribes — Apache, Papago, Hopi, Navajo, Comanches and many others.

The Spanish culture has touched almost every aspect of life in the Southwest, a relatively dry terrain except for the forests of Arizona and New Mexico; a vestige of the Iberian culture exists in ninety percent of the names in the area. In New Mexico, for example, in Lincoln National Forest, there is a town called Ruidoso, or "noisy," appropriately called by the Spanish visitors because of the noisy brooks and streams that echoed in the mountains of Lincoln National Forest. Another town, in the same region, is called Carrizozo, or "very reedy"; the word *carrizo* means "ditch reed." The city of Albuquerque, the home of the University of New Mexico, located in the northwestern mountains, is named after the Duke of Albuquerque, a duke during the reign of Spain. Likewise, in El Paso del Norte, the city was given this name because, at that time, it was the only "pass of the north" to the rest of the Southwest. The *conquistadores* would depart from Tenochtitlan, or Mexico City, and journey northward and establish the city of El Paso on the westernmost tip of Texas as a stopping point before continuing their journey. However, in northern New Mexico, the town of Taos is named after the Taos Indians. Arizona is characterized by the Indian culture and when the Spanish journeyed through the state, they began to intermarry and thus cause the intermingling of the

two cultures. This did not in any way change the Spanish life-style and culture but instead added to it. The Indians taught the Spanish the arts of farming, pottery making and many other things.

The life-style in Phoenix is no different than in El Paso, Las Cruces, or Albuquerque. Culturally, they are all sister cities, neighbors even though they are geographically separated. Mexico, a cousin to the Southwest, will remain a close influence, a close intimate. The Southwestern culture is a mixture of

sense of direction. A stick is placed in his hands so that he can try to hit the *pinata* in three tries. If he is unsuccessful, the next youngster takes over. This continues until the *pinata* is broken and all the candy spills from the entrails. An occasion like this is quite *alegre*. Another occasion that Americans do not celebrate is a girl's 15th birthday. On this day it is the custom of her parents to proclaim "legal to date" by giving her a *quinzaniera*. A *quinzaniera* is very enjoyable because it assumes a wedding-like appearance. The girl having the *quinzaniera* chooses fifteen of her girl friends with their escorts, symbolic of her fifteenth year of life. The occasion begins with a Mass with the girl and her boyfriend at the altar, as if in a wedding. Following the Mass, a reception where all the girl's relatives give her their regards and congratu-



Spanish and American. For every occasion the Americans have, there is a certain way the Mexican-Americans celebrate it. On birthdays, for example, the celebration is entirely different. As is the American custom, the child receives gifts but from there on, the party takes on a different perspective. A beautifully decorated *pinata* (a clay pot, decorated with different colors of crepe paper and newspaper in the form of an animal or bird, filled to the brim with edibles) hangs in the *patio*, or courtyard, awaiting the youngsters. The birthday child begins the fun by being blindfolded and then spun around to make him lose his

lations follows. After a brief rest after the reception, a magnificent dance follows. The birthday girl is introduced to the general dance public as in a wedding and then is followed by her "bridesmaids." At the dance, the girl has become legal for dating.

The mere mention of the Southwest brings water to the mouth as the thought of all the delicious exotic foods runs through the hungry mind. The one food typical of this region is the little green flame — the *jalapeno*. This three-inch green pepper has caused much discomfort in the bowels of the eaters. The

(Continued on page 19)

# Connecticut

Cheshire, Connecticut, is a small New England town that has many of the characteristics most people acquaint with such communities. The center of town looks much as it did when Cheshire was first founded, a cluster of meticulously cared for white clapboard houses surrounding a town green bearing Civil War, WWI and WWII memorials. A Protestant church with a majestic steeple reaching proudly into the sky faces the town hall, last renovated during the depression by the Works Progress Administration.

A modern concession is the replacement of the hard-to-maintain clapboard with aluminum siding, a sacrilege our forefathers would curse as loudly, and probably as effectively, as they cursed automobiles and women's suffrage. The Congregational

church has been expanded and the steeple was brought down and rebuilt, voluntarily, in the late '60's to prevent its falling down on its own. The nearby Episcopalian church, founded in the early 1700's and rebuilt following a spectacular blaze in the mid-1800's, still has the original graveyard alongside its now red brick walls.

Many of the town's founding families, whose names can be found on the streets and oldest businesses in town, have their names etched into these now weatherbeaten tombstones. One of the most popular days in Sunday School was the day first- and second-graders carried pieces of charcoal and tracing paper out to the site to try and reveal where their great-great-grandparents might have been laid to rest.

Understandably, it is the people of Cheshire more than any of these ancestral relics that are most memorable. The landmarks stand out only as an outward indication of where the townspeople's sentiments lie. The old buildings remain intact and even refurbished because generations of Cheshire's families have grown up with them and look upon them as structural extensions of their own homes. For a parent in Cheshire, tearing up the town green would be like dismantling the swing set or tree fort he built in his backyard. Both will remain as long as children are around to enjoy them.

This resistance to change is the strength and the weakness of my hometown and its positive and negative aspects can be seen in the classmates from my graduating class. After three years have gone by, the graduates from my class at Cheshire High School still in town at Christmas time can generally be divided into three groups: those who are going to college, those who tried university life and rejected it or were rejected by it and those who never left. Each of these groups can

*(Continued on page 21)*

# Cleveland

A city loses no time, it draws no conclusions; it cannot be subtle, cannot compare the possible to the probable: it is and is because it is only a possibility that reaches the length it does; but here now is a singular impression, a thought on one day of a thought one day which was turned to the direction of a sight.

Midwest means from the suburbs (right now) To the city (right then) whatever you mean the land to be. The land is no virgin, no young one to shelter — the skin is parched, dried and surfaced in concrete, and much is to do anymore else to do the bastard child up right.

Yes once and once upon a time was once a time one could know the sun would clear the musty holds and shiver from the night, rise in its way despite any holds

imposed by morning —mourning now the particles collected, detriments, detrimental, deleterious to survival; the smoke of a factory smokes smoke cinders forever more you can answer. No need to visit, no need to cringe under the sea — your you're must needs be needed, must needs be anymore

than some one more enveloped next week:

stare at the stairs, the words rhyme, the clock is timed.

Sounds, occasion certainty away, animal throats anthem experience proffered — animals know and no, you do not, know. Ribbon, wax, propound your step, retract your gait on exit: the chairs too knowable to neglect, the life

jacket loosed too tightly, an answer too ready to answer.

Time was once, was once, there once was a time when once you once onced like a black hole

and knew the perimeter of the stars; winter skies now coldly

rest in shades only parodied by the ground — the white like your life you thought was white when now is once a time you cannot once away

—for every carcinogen it expels, the air breathes.

Every wheel that crosses, turns,

rides the skin to tired-timed limits, scrapes along the long way

around — no enigmas, no challenges, no questions — yes assurance,

yes recurrence, yes to be at place in fifteen minutes;

do not step lightly, step hard, step down,

you too are turning a wheel, a wheel turning you, a real too much of a real for you to surface,

circumvent or expound:

*(Continued on page 22)*

# Washington, D.C.

It is hard for me to react to Washington, D.C. without considering the Watergate incident and the fall of the President. While these events have now receded from the public view in favor of the economy and energy, the city seems clearest to me seen through the experience of the past summer, for it emphasized that Washington was, in fact, a human habitation.

The city, with its monuments and monumental public figures, often impresses both visitors and residents with the sense of its being larger than life, beyond the scope of the everyday concerns of other cities. With the ready availability of national prominence and influence

who are called by the promise of change (whether for the better or for profit). And they come each year, looking for that chance opening to the center of the structure.

An unfortunate few do find their way to the upper levels. President. Vice-President. "President's right-hand man." Here the power they dreamed of can turn back on them and destroy them. For the Watergate defendants it happened so quickly that, in many cases, it was just a moment of decision or indecision that could not be reversed.

But it was the city that would not let it be reversed since under its blinding scrutiny no ambitious man could admit human limitations. And

The city, then, is power for those willing to exercise it. But what of stability in the city of the nameless and the powerless? What of the limitations to power that basic humanity can offer?

Permanence is here, to be sure, in some instances almost to the point of stagnation. But its influence is usually unseen, sandwiched in somewhere between the glaring superficialities of the "official" Washington and the network of interlaced secrets by which the city really operates.

The tempering human element of the city, however, did make a rare public appearance in the progress of the Watergate investigations and trials. In this conflict between power and justice, the offenders, the political elite, were shown to be unmistakably, of our own species, and it was even expected that they should be. Ruth Gould, one of the jurors in the conspiracy trial brought to a close on January 1, gave her reason for the conviction of the major figures: "They should have to do things the way that we do."

The simple logic of this statement presents a great hope for the city because it cuts through the aura of power, but it should not be taken too far. The limits on power in Washington are not strong and not usually invoked.

To believe that stability will ever be the controlling interest in Washington is to misunderstand the city, for while its people will not allow their leaders to blatantly break the law, they certainly do *not* expect the upper level to "do things the way we do" in all respects. Washingtonians glory in the reflected light of camera flashes. They enjoy the close, though vicarious, association with power.

But this is, after all, another side of human nature. And Washington is a human city. In the underlying strength of the city demonstrated by the Watergate investigators and the gross delusions of Nixon and his men, in the sophistication of the celebrity and the unabashed boorishness of his fan, and in the idealism of the uninitiated and the jaded cynicism of those who have stayed too long — in all these ways and many more, the city is a measure of man himself.

—Mike Sarahan



within its boundaries, it does afford the opportunity for a step outside the normal flow of life. Watergate's lesson, however, was that there are limits: one's steps must not take one too far from realities.

That is easier said than done in the environment of Washington, for it nurtures dreams and dreamers. The city is characterized, of course with justification, as a place where decisions are reached, where things happen, and many are drawn to this concentration of power as if by magnetic attraction. These are the dreamers — people of great ambitions and natural human limitations

it was Washington, D.C., that led to the rise of the problem for the Administration in the first place. Egil Krogh, in his testimony before the Watergate committee, said that there was no way to prepare a man for the power that this city is willing to give him.

Put simply, Washington serves as a catalyst for the grand schemes and personal perspectives that can, and do, lead to disaster. It brings to its borders men with egos large enough to think they can lead the 200-plus millions of the nation, and, incredibly, it invites them in, not with reservations, but with open arms.

# Iowa

"... Iowa, Iowa, that's where the tall corn grows." That's the way the song goes. Iowans have enjoyed singing this line for years, but recently, the facts behind the words give Iowa's immense agricultural productivity a new meaning.

As the problem of feeding the world becomes more acute, increased demands will fall upon food producing areas for additional output. Iowa, with its gigantic and well-oiled agricultural machine, will play a vital role in confronting this enormous task of battling world hunger. Today, from its rolling pastures and endless fields, Iowa ranks first in the nation in value of agricultural output. It ranks second in agricultural exports to other countries, pointing up Iowa's importance in feeding a hungry world.

As the lyrics indicate, corn does grow in Iowa and it is, indeed, tall. Corn remains Iowa's number one crop. It is this staple which makes the state's corn-fed beef a desirable commodity throughout the nation. At first sight, the amount of corn planted is overwhelming. On an August drive through the countryside, cornfields seem to engulf one's entire vision. The farmhouses dotting the horizon appear as tiny islands in a vast, green sea. Iowa's soil is as rich as soil anywhere. Not only is Iowa bountifully blessed with fertile land, but also with a proper mixture of the right amount of rainfall and hot summers necessary for the production of corn.

With the current recession the national unemployment rate has grown to over seven per cent, while Iowa's has remained less than half that figure. The state's vitalic economy is a result of a convenient balance of agriculture and industry. The tie between the two is unique, as much of the state's industry is agriculturally related. Just as the business of raising food is important, so also is the business of harvesting it. To do this, farm machinery is needed and the manufacturing of these machines forms a major industry in the state. John Deere, which employs

25,000 Iowans, is just one of many companies that turn out farm equipment. Buyers of this equipment come not only from the Midwest, but from the entire country and around the world. Other industries such as meatpacking, the making of fertilizers and seeds, and food processing give jobs to thousands and at the same time erase the necessity of going outside the state to supply its agricultural needs.

The harmony between agriculture and industry is not only evident in the larger cities, but in the smaller ones as well. A considerable portion of Iowa's industry is located in the numerous rural towns of three to ten thousand people. Iowa is fortunate in that it contains no one major city to siphon off an overshare of the state's resources. Des Moines is the capital and largest city with only a quarter of a million people. For this reason, much of the industrial burden is left to small towns which causes even greater symmetry in the economics of Iowa.

With no major city, an abundance of small towns, and farmland which appears to continue forever, a visitor to Iowa gets the impression that not too many people live in the state. A population of just over three million shows that observation to be not far from correct. Few Iowans, however, are complaining. They enjoy the freedom that comes with a scarcity of people and they aren't anxious to relinquish it.

In fact, during the 1960's, Iowa's population declined steadily, arousing some concern about the state's future. Since 1970, however, as a result of the current exodus from urban to rural life, Iowa's population is once again on a slow upward trend. The state's job market of recent years has been such as to provide opportunities both in the cities as well as the towns. As a result, people moving to Iowa have been able, in most cases, to settle in the type of city which suits them best. Unlike the inhabitants of many cities across the country, Iowa city-dwellers are never more than a few minutes away from wide-open spaces.

Iowa has always retained its small-town character even in its larger cities. This used to be a subject of embarrassment and ridicule. However, with the present desire to move out of the big city and into a more

people-free environment, all embarrassment and ridicule have vanished. As this shift in population becomes fashionable, Iowa appears to be right in style.

It is only fitting that some of the state's most notable people have come from the hamlets of Iowa. For instance, Glenn Miller, the "King of Swing" who entertained millions during World War II with his big band sound, was born in Clarinda, Iowa, a town of six thousand people. Twenty miles southwest of Clarinda is the community of Corning, the hometown of comedian Johnny Carson, with a population of two thousand. The first president born west of the Mississippi River was Herbert Hoover in West Branch, Iowa, a town half the size of Corning. As a boy, Baseball Hall of Famer Bob Feller developed his fastball by pitching rocks against the side of a barn on a farm near Van Meter, Iowa. Van Meter has four hundred inhabitants. Artist Grant Wood achieved national fame for his painting "American Gothic" and also depicted rural scenes near his home in Stone City, Iowa. Today, one hundred people live there.

Iowa's educational opportunities continue to be plentiful as evidenced by the state's having the highest literacy rate of any state in the union. Its unusually large number of private universities attract speakers, touring symphonies, and dramatic productions direct from Broadway for all Iowans to take advantage of.

Iowans are very much aware that in their state they have a good thing going. A recent program designed to take a look at Iowa's future called "Iowa 2000 Project" has gotten tens of thousands of people thinking, working, and planning on the Iowa of tomorrow. The state contains no towering snowcapped peaks, death-defying canyons, or rushing mountain streams. But Iowans take a deep pride in the beauty stemming from Iowa's immense land productivity that would be difficult to match anywhere else. As the world's food situation continues to deteriorate, this beauty will unfold even more. Iowans are extremely conscious of the happy balance that exists between farms, factories, cities, and towns, which all add up to the "good life" in the Hawkeye State.

—Nick Strittmatter

# Louisville

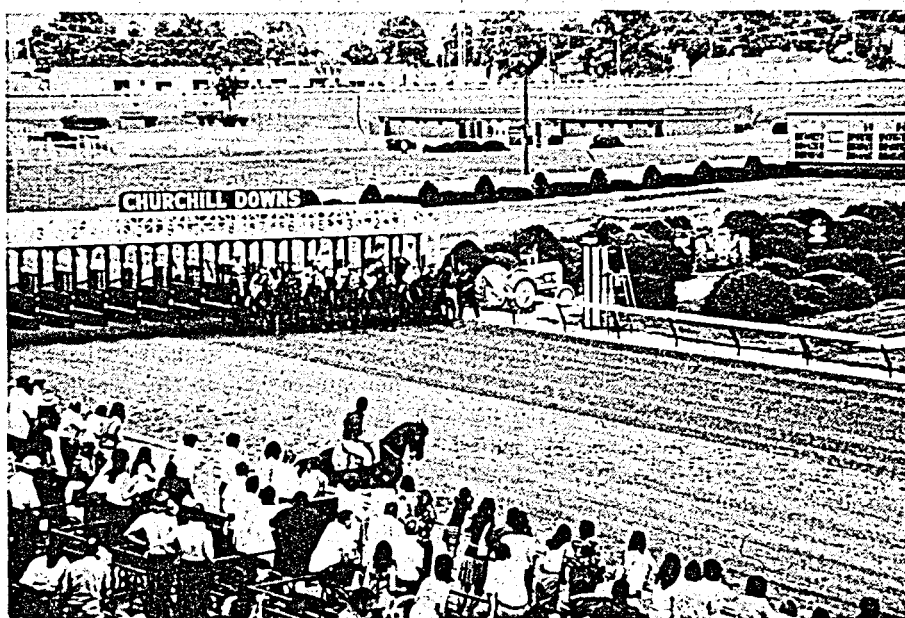
Louisville is a river city. It is the focal point of a state that has rivers as Colorado has mountains, as Michigan has lakes, as Arizona has deserts. Kentucky has more miles of navigable streams than any other state except Alaska. And Kentucky owns the stretch of the Ohio River at Louisville, all the way to the Indiana shore. Geographically, however, it's the undisputed natural boundary between Louisville and the towns of New Albany and Jeffersonville, Ind.

Louisvillians are very proud of the river. The tallest and newest buildings orient the downtown toward it. Homes line the shore and mansions crown the river bluffs in the suburbs. To the east are the private clubs with terraces overlooking the river. To the west are the huge water-linked industrial complexes.

The boat is Louisville's favorite form of recreation equipment. From May to October trailer-mounted boats and strapped-down canoes are a common sight on expressways leading to and from the water. The river itself is a twenty-four-hour panorama of sailboats and houseboats, of fishermen and water skiers, of cruisers and huge barges laden with raw freight. But the *Belle of Louisville*, a one-and-only stern-wheeling, calliope-tooting ghost from the past is the focus of the river whenever it makes one of its afternoon or evening cruises. The "Belle" is only one of the examples of a charmed history which gives Louisville a character of its own.

In 1773 Louisville's first temporary settlement was made but it was not until 1779 that the area was permanently settled. The site of this permanent settlement was at the mouth of the Beargrass Creek on the southern side of the Ohio River just above the Falls of the Ohio. The falls are more like rapids but they did pose enough of a barrier to force travelers to stop, at least momentarily. This in itself was enough to

force a settling of the area, but in addition to the necessity of this site selection is the alluring beauty of the area. Above the falls for six miles the river stretches out into a broad smooth sheet of water, a mile in width, and the Kentucky shore offers an immense surface of level area which gave the site a particular potential for urban development.



The first major jump in population coincided with the beginnings of the first of two major eras of prosperity. In 1811 the steamboat appeared, bringing with it an increase in population from 1300 to 4000 between 1810 and 1820. Louisville developed as a commercial center with Main Street and the wharf providing the focus for city activity. But until 1822, when the swampy low-lying areas surrounding the city were drained, there were severe epidemics of disease which brought the label "Graveyard of the West" and severely limited population growth. By 1825 the city finally built a canal to allow river traffic to bypass the area of the falls, and by 1831 Louisville had become the largest pork and tobacco market in the United States. The city population at this time was made up of

English, Irish, Scots, Africans (dating from original settlement) and Germans who represent the city's only major influx due to immigration. This population make-up has remained the same since then.

In 1850 the railroad arrived in Louisville beginning the second era of prosperity and giving the city a new focus of activity. The city re-oriented itself to the new center of commercial life, the railroad station, leaving the riverfront to become an area of warehouses. The railroad also brought a change in the source of Louisville's vitality. The *entrepot* characteristics of the steamboat era gave way as the railway gave Louisville a cheap source of power (the Kentucky coal basin lies directly to

the west) and magnified the potential of its central location. The most essential aspect of this shift toward industry is that the success of industry in Louisville was based on cheap power and efficient transportation, and this appealed to a diverse range of industrialists.

The industrial influx reached its height in the 1880's and Louisville enjoyed a high level of prosperity into the 1920's. Louisville was a progressive thriving center of transportation and industry. It was also a center of education and the arts. But as the end of the 1920's approached, the city's prominence began to decline.

The end of Louisville's most prosperous era came because the progressive vitality of the city was stifled into an indifference which

(Continued on page 20)



# Patty Fenelon: Librarian



One of the characteristics that seems to make Notre Dame somewhat unique among university communities is the almost inexplicable warmth and satisfaction that university employees feel for having been connected with it. Such is certainly the case with Patty Fenelon, assistant reference librarian in the Notre Dame Memorial Library. But as she finds this community and the library work extremely fulfilling, many others, students and faculty alike, find Patty herself to be rather memorable as well.

Davenport, Iowa, happened to be the place where she was born and therefore also the first segment of her life until high school graduation. From 1952-1956, she attended Cardinal Stritch College in Milwaukee, receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree in History. At that time, she was fortunate, and bright enough, to attain a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship in Oriental Studies for graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania. She stayed there for one year, concentrating on South Asia. To qualify for this Fellowship, she was required to have a background in four languages, which she had. She knew Latin, Greek, French and German, and picked up Sanskrit at Pennsylvania. "Languages are my thing," Patty explains. But it seems that there was a lot more to her than just that. After completing her fellowship, she then came to Notre Dame as a clerk for a number of years, when she experienced the first feeling of compassion for a place that she originally sought as a sanctuary.

"After I left Penn," Patty said, "I had no idea what to do so I came to

Notre Dame." Why? "Because it was Catholic." With this basic rationale working apparently in her favor, she decided to devote herself completely to the library field. She attended Columbia Library School in New York City for two years during the tumultuous protest demonstrations of the late sixties. It was there that Patty first discovered a phenomenon that has been with her ever since. While observing a demonstration during the famous Columbia student strike of 1968, a student walked up to her and asked if she worked at the library at Notre Dame.

As Patty explains, "You can't get away from Notre Dame. I had a friend who went vacationing at Mount Kilimanjaro and the first thing he saw there, after leaving here, was a Notre Dame sweatshirt." This worldwide identification with other Notre Dame people surfaces even today, Patty claims. Talking about all the communication and correspondence she still receives from graduated Notre Dame students who knew her, she says, "They've called from the Canary Islands." Hardly anyone would dispute that Patty is quite unforgettable.

After completing her study at Columbia, she came back to Notre Dame and has worked full-time as a librarian and part-time as a student for the past five years. She just qualified for her PhD in English from Notre Dame last September. Three years ago, she received a Master of Arts degree in English here as well. So now she has established herself here, having bought a house in South Bend, and committed herself to library work. Besides the fact that

she is editor of the Library Newsletter ("I've been an editor all my life, since high school.") and has interviewed such literary notables as John Matthias and Carvel Collins for that publication, she also has some rather interesting ideas about a college library.

"We've got to be connected with what the kids are doing," she says in relating her belief that the library should have a direct relation to the university curriculum so as to help students more adequately. "I believe we (the librarians) are phenomenally involved with teaching the kids," she continued.

As well as being an assistant reference librarian, Patty is also "the whole Collection Development Department. There's nothing more important than buying books and librarians that read them," she said in reference to her claim that librarians have a responsibility to be intellectually linked with the students. While nobody who knows Patty doubts the validity of that achievement in her case, it is even more interesting to hear her views about this Notre Dame community to which she has decided to commit herself.

Of all the things that Notre Dame means to Patty Fenelon, perhaps the most poignant of descriptions she related was an ironical comparison. She said, "Notre Dame's book collection is like cheese: sweet as camembert, but full of holes like Swiss."

Revealing a sense of perception beyond compare with that insight, she went on to say that "I have the same intellectual and religious attachment for this place that Frank O'Malley had." Why does she feel

this way? "Because Notre Dame is the last bastion for humanism in the country; not just Christian humanism, either. In political science here, you can still study Hegel." In addition, Patty has strong opinions about the social atmosphere: "Everybody here is a family. It's the greatest. When you come to Notre Dame, you don't just come to a school, you join a social group. We don't have the atomic family atmosphere. We haven't gone big-city — yet." Does she think we are becoming "big-city"? "We are becoming more technological. The main buildings on this campus used to be the Dining Hall and the Church. Now it's the library and the ACC. We are more secular and that's why the library has to maintain a humanist stance."

With a voice of experience and intelligence in these remarks, Patty then used the same qualities in describing herself: "I'm the last of the old-fashioned Catholics. I'm not a part of technology. I'm an educator in the larger sense of the word — and a psychologist. And to be a university librarian, one must be an intellectual and I must say I am that." But perhaps her best remark, displaying a real honesty that so many others shun in today's society, was in response to a question of her goals, her direction from here. She replied, "My vocation is to do what Frank O'Malley told me to do: guard the intellectual integrity of this library."

With an ultimatum like that in her possession, Patty should have

her hands full. But as those who know her can attest, she will live up to the challenge. But above all else, she is a vibrant, sensitive, concerned individual, who is dedicated to the full enjoyment of life and self-improvement. Still pursuing her interest in languages, she remarked, "I'm starting Arabic today because of my recently developed passion for the Mid-East." Students would do well to make use of her. She considers it a "privilege" to work with them. "They're really bright," she contends. And one couldn't find a more thoughtful and caring librarian, when one needs real constructive intellectual advice. Patty surely complements this university community.

—Dave Dreyer

## Week In Distortion

For many of us undergraduates, it is difficult to believe that we are back at Notre Dame. Indeed it is another semester that we are into, and surprisingly enough, three weeks of it are already in the past. However, if you are still incredulous, we have come up with a little check list to show you beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are once again a citizen of Du Lac. We present: You know you are at Notre Dame when:

watching Mary Tyler Moore seems like a good way to spend a Saturday night;

doughnuts and peanut butter become staples of your diet;

the *Observer* runs clinical reports about sex codes and attitudes at the University;

Rusty Rhodes is due to make another lecture appearance;

you can count sunshiny days on one hand;

"viable," "relevant," and "human condition" creep into your vocabulary once more;

tentative tuition increases become definite;

administrators adopt a "wait and see" policy;

senior job-rejection letters are re-deemed for beer at the senior bar;

room picks are presided over by a riot squad;

the median age of a security guard is 65;

the infirmary runs its winter special: throat cultures and Chloraseptic;

talk of forcing students off campus begins once more;

you miss "clean sheet" day because you have an 11 class at the Rock and a 1 class at O'Shag;

"the committee fails to reach a decision";

a Burtchaell "suggestion" becomes law;

secretaries take three-hour lunches;

all of the shower stalls have cold and cold running water;

Fran DeMarco passes you on the quad and asks seductively, "Wanna boogie?"

you have to specify which "library" you're going to;

a new academic calendar has classes starting on July 15;

co-education is still talked about;

the ND-SMC shuttle runs predictably off-schedule;

next semester tuition bills arrive before last-semester grades;

the dining hall schedules "Make Your Own Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich" night;

freshmen spend Thursday nights in seclusion;

seniors spend Thursday nights at Nickie's;

you're glad to get junk mail;

you answer junk mail;

traces of blood are discovered in your alcohol system;

the maids' clanging waste cans serve as alarm clocks;

"tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps . . ."

John M. Murphy

## People at ND



The directors of the Study Group on the Nature and Extent of Research Involving Living Fetuses have announced the appointment of Notre Dame Professor **Harvey A. Bender** to the group.

Created by Congress, the study group will be working under a federal contract to Yale University and will aid the National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research in its task of assessing fetal research. The role of the group is to review and compile all information concerning "the nature and extent of research involving living fetuses, the purpose for which such research has been undertaken, and alternative means for achieving such purposes." Prof. Bender explained that this involves "an attempt to review all the world literature on the subject," since substantial works have been done in countries such as Germany, France, and Japan, this requires quite a bit of difficult translation for Prof. Bender and his colleagues. Prof. Bender's congressionally assigned task carries with it a two-month time limit and his findings will seriously affect the future legality of fetal research.

A distinguished member of the Notre Dame faculty since 1960, Prof.



Bender has returned this year from Yale University where he spent a year as a visiting professor at the Yale School of Medicine. He has spent nine years on the Board of Directors of the Council for the Retarded of St. Joseph County and his professional memberships include the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Society of Human Genetics, and the Society for Religion in Higher Education.

The dean of the Notre Dame Law School, **Thomas L. Shaffer** has been elected to the executive committee of the Association of American Law Schools at the association's annual meeting in San Francisco. The AALS is the accrediting group for law schools and is generally considered the official national spokesman for legal education in America.

Shaffer's term on the eight-member board will run for two years, during which he will participate in governing the organized affairs of the 158 law schools holding membership in the AALS. In addition to his newly appointed duties, Shaffer will be serving a second term on the board of advisors to the Journal of Legal Education.



Each year the Sophomore Literary Festival credits its class with one of the campus' most prestigious cultural events and makes its chairman one of the busiest people on campus. No one realizes this more than this year's chairman, **Chris Mahon**.

Since his appointment last April, the sophomore English major has been working to get the annual event ready for its presentation in early March. The event requires an enormous amount of organization and dedication from its chairman and staff. Contacts with the authors, publicity, scheduling of presentations and activities during the Festival week and making accommodation arrangements are among the most pressing tasks facing Chris and his committee. Chris credits most of the Festival's progress to the efforts of the thirty-plus members of the committee.

Chris hopes that the Literary Festival will help to "increase the awareness that literature is more than just print." He believes that "although the printed word can have a stirring effect, the spoken word — especially if it is from the artist himself — is often more stimulating."

—Thomas Birsic

THE SCHOLASTIC

# A Search For Wholeness

By Prof. Joseph W. Evans



"For Jane Thornton"

Dr. Joseph W. Evans, Associate Professor of Philosophy and Director of the Jacques Maritain Center is also a recipient of the Charles E. Sheedy Award for Excellence in Teaching. Scholastic is honored that he is the first contributor to this column devoted to writings of Notre Dame professors, students and administrators.

To See a World in a Grain of Sand,  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your  
hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

William Blake, *Auguries of Innocence*

How thankful I am — how I thank God and thank my lucky stars — for William Blake's gift to the world of these beautiful lines. It is not that I think that without them I would have been entirely and unredeemably without the insight expressed in them. No, I think I can say I had a 'beginning' of this insight quite early in life — and indeed every child has it to some degree, every man has it to some degree. In my own case, it was *nurtured* by an environment of 'sweet especial rural scenes,' and by much silence & solitude & quiet study. Later, it was nurtured still more by my study of *philosophy* — especially (and I think, very fortunately) the thought of St. Thomas Aquinas and of Jacques Maritain. Later, too (life is

ambivalent!) the insight was at times hampered and curtailed — at times well-nigh 'imprisoned in a dungeon' within me — by my study of *philosophy*, or better, by all of the 'trappings' and gamesmanship and 'obstacle courses' than often surround the study of philosophy in the Academy. But always Blake's lines have been there — to activate and to stimulate, to quicken, to deepen, a *thirst* that I think I have (or at least aspire to have) for Wholeness — to see things WHOLE, and to love things WHOLE.

To my mind, the *objective realism* of a St. Thomas Aquinas best grounds such a thirst — and for myself this realism has come alive thanks to the writings — and to the *person* — of Jacques Maritain. Maritain has such a sense of the *synergy* of being — of the *dynamic continuity* and *vital solidarity* of being, and of beings. And he is such a master — both in his thought and in his life — of '*Distinguer pour unir*' — '*Distinguish in order to unite.*' And he has such a sense of the *existent* — and of how attentively our gaze should be fixed on the *existent* — and of the 'intelligible mystery' that is any *existent* — and of how the gaze of our intellect, falling on any *existent*, should *ricochet* off it, onto and into and over and under, and all-around, *every other existent*.

Josef Pieper has been another godsend for me — especially his book *Leisure the Basis of Culture*.

Pieper — to my mind — does not have the *depth* of insight of a Maritain, nor the same sense of the *complexity* of things, or of the *complexity* of human existence. But he can express the *realism* of St. Thomas Aquinas with a wonderful lucidity and freshness. One of his expressions has been particularly helpful to me — namely, his saying that man is *capax universi*. Man is *capax universi* — capable of the *universe* (capable of relating himself — in these activities that we call knowing and loving — to the whole universe, to *anything at all that is*), and also (the two go together) capable of the *universal* (capable of attaining — however dimly, and however 'never exhaustively' — to the *essences* of things).

Speaking of the 'world' of man, as compared with the 'world' of the animal and the 'world' of the plant, Pieper writes felicitously: "... there is just one more observation to be made on the structure of the world in the context of 'spirit': it is not, of course, merely in the matter of quantitative size that the world in this context is differentiated from the 'environment' of plants and animals — a fact which many discussions about world and environment so often overlook. The world as co-ordinated to spirit is not merely the world of all things but at the same time of the essence of things. And that is why an animal's world is limited: because the essence of

things is concealed from it. And, contrariwise, it is only because man, being a spirit, is capable of attaining the essence of things, that he can embrace the totality of things — this interrelationship was traditionally expressed in the following terms: both the essence of things and the universe are 'universal'; and in the words of Aquinas, 'the spiritual soul is capable of the infinite because it can grasp the universal.' To know the universal essence of things is to reach a point of view from which the whole of being and all existing things become visible; at the same time the spiritual outpost thus reached by knowing the essence of

things enables man to look upon the landscape of the whole universe."

As regards this 'seeing things WHOLE,' anything at all will do as a starting point, although admittedly some things do *do* better than other things. A human person *does* better than anything. I myself like to start with: a pebble, or a ripple in a stream, or a blade of grass, or a rose, or a sapling, or a robin red-breast, or a star, or a starlet, or telestar, or a wisp of hair, or a smile, or a jet (an 'ordinary' jet), or a Concorde Supersonic jet, or a 'Jet-Pak,' or a 'whirling dervish,' or a 'surrey with the fringe on top,' or a family, or a village, or a 'so-

ciety for the preservation of barber-shop quartet singing,' or a body politic, or a 'flash in the pan,' or a 'jack-of-all-trades,' or 'someone crazy enough to give me a daisy.'

Tennyson once started with a "flower in a crannied wall." Behold what he saw in it:

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my  
hand,  
Little flower — but *if* I could under-  
stand  
What you are, root and all, and all  
in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

## Boston

(Continued from page 5)

with graffiti; occasionally it forms a background for a pair of street musicians who set down a hat and fiddle to the circle of listeners that gathers.

Several blocks away and out of sight, the Combat Zone, the city's red-light district, shares an uneven border with the theatre district. The powers-that-be in the city government, making a stab at upgrading the area, have rechristened it with a wholesome, patriotic sort of name: Liberty Tree. Not a soul in Boston, of course, thinks of the Combat Zone as anything but the Combat Zone, and "Liberty Tree" just draws stares and blank looks.

Up on the other side of the Common, Beacon Hill runs past the gold-capped State House and down by an unobtrusive building marked "Boston School Committee." The scene is oddly removed from the turbulence of the city's schools; here there is little sign of urgency and violence. Still farther down the hill, a huge copper kettle hanging outside a corner restaurant puffs steam, and beyond, a wide stone plaza separates the John Kennedy building and the new Government Center which houses the mayor's office. The courthouse is a block away; at noon the streets and restaurants fill with lawyers and city officials.

A little closer to the harbor, the

pavements of the financial district are crowded with bankers conversing in pairs. The waterfront just beyond is quieter. At a distance there are shipyards and restaurants, but here the lots are empty. Three long old buildings seem to await either a wrecking crew or a total renovation. The only sign of life is a red curtain in a small window and a faded sign that proclaims "Restaurant." Inside, a dumbwaiter lowers food to the single cramped room crowded with patrons and vibrating with noise. The hall that runs the length of the building is lined with fruit stores and delicatessens that must survive on the business of old and regular customers. There is little sign from outside that the place harbors anything but dust.

The relative quiet is a rare virtue, especially on the coastal side of the city. Logan Airport, stretched over filled-in marshland, lies uncomfortably close to residential east Boston. When the landing pattern brings a jet screaming down over the three-deckers, the thunder deadens all other sound.

In comparison, the noise of the city may seem blessedly subdued. You may even escape the grinding of traffic and discover some of the city's good sounds: the Pops in Symphony Hall, the crowd in Fenway Park, the quiet of the small shops.

Stay a little longer, and you'll run into some of the ugly sights and sounds. Most of the country has now taken a hard look at the ones in South Boston's schools. More are hidden in an alley deeper in the city, where the Pine Street Inn does its business in a decaying building. It is not a hotel. It is a place where alcoholic, homeless men who live on the streets can be deloused and get a meal and a bed for the night. Church groups supply some of the meals, which are greeted by hungry eyes and a long line. At times, small battles for a place in line break out. College students occasionally show up to get a free meal, but it is the older men who form the core of the project. Many are the relics of tragedies. Some merit a small piece in the newspaper when they are found frozen to death in an alley. They are as real a part of Boston as the shopkeepers on the waterfront or the lawyers in Government Center.

All of this, in the end, may not cohere into a sense of the city. Innumerable nooks remain to be peered into; countless Bostonians have yet to be encountered. It may be, too, that no single impression can encompass all of its characteristics and contradictions. Before dusk falls, though, follow the Charles River until you find an empty bench; the last sailboats are returning to shore. The city behind you, slowly darkening, is full of politicians that are devious and one-way streets that are infuriating. Still, you may find yourself wanting to go back.

—Mary Digan



# Southern Illinois

(Continued from page 6)

small-town crisis. It seems that some local shopkeeper had the nerve to open up a pool hall in one of the more respectable parts of town and only two blocks from a large public high school. Cries of outrage and accusations of loose morality and degradation poured forth from the community. The uproar lasted more than a few weeks, but the hall remained open for lack of a legal way to close it.

Even the younger generation is fairly conservative. Although some kids grow long hair and smoke to be rebellious, this is usually reserved for the real "freaks." The Student Council, Homecoming and prom-type atmosphere is very prevalent in the high schools. After graduation only a few options are available for the future, but few seem to mind.

Having been familiar with the simple life-style all their lives, most students feel comfortable about getting a job on a farm or in a nearby factory and getting married soon after they complete twelve years of education like their parents did. Some do continue their schooling at a local junior college, and some go up to the big state universities, but few venture north of them. Life, then, is to be enjoyed in the teenage years before one has to settle down. In that spirit we often followed the fads which came from the big city—St. Louis. While we thought we were cool, we never realized that they had entered the United States from the cosats many months before. Some of the fads and records never even reached us. It was a long time before long hair

came to our area, and in fact it is held under considerable suspicion by our families and employers. The arrival of drugs took some time also, but we have gotten used to hearing about drug raids even in our community.

The people of southern Illinois are not backward, however. We realize that times are changing and that we must too. We are still mostly middle class with only a few extremes in either direction. We still feel such a unity that foreigners stand out — even visitors from Chicago can easily be determined by their accent. Our population is beginning to rise, however. Many of our farms are deserted, and although our industries are doing well, the pollution they cause is having a damaging effect on our environment. We are becoming urbanized at a faster rate. Chain stores, motels and nursing homes are multiplying like rabbits. We have weathered change before, however, though not quite as dramatic, and we shall adapt again.

—Chris Meehan

# The Southwest

(Continued from page 9)

*jalapeno* comes in various degrees of heat — hotter than boiling water but not as hot as fire. The more acid the soil and the drier the climate, the hotter the *jalapeno*. This pepper is used in many foods: by itself, in *chile verde con carne* or *chile con queso* (chile with cheese). And along with the *jalapeno* comes the food known and made famous by Pancho Villa — tortillas, beans and *burritos*. The tortilla was the bread of the Mexican and now has become the main "bread" of the Southwest. There are two kinds of tortillas — corn and flour. The corn tortillas are used for enchiladas, tostadas, tacos and quesadillas. The flour tortilla, on the other hand, is used for the *burrito* — bean, chile con carne or *guacamole* (acocadoes) — or as toast in the mornings with breakfast. One breakfast that is really delicious is *huevos rancheros* or "ranch-style eggs." This breakfast features two eggs, sunny-side up, covered in

*chile con queso*, beans, hash browns, and plenty of tortillas. The breakfast is followed by plenty of delicious *sopapillas* covered with honey. Another specialty is *chiles rellenos* or "stuffed chile peppers." Long green peppers are stuffed with cheese and then fried with eggs. One other delicacy is the *gordita* or "little fat girl." The gorditas are pouches made from corn meal filled with meat and topped with cheese, lettuce, tomato and that good old *jalapeno* chile.

Many people seem to think that the Southwest is no place for snow but, on the contrary, it gets its share of snow, especially in the north of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. Although the winters are generally mild, there are a few instances where the temperatures reached zero degrees. Quite unusual, I must say. The winter sports are not totally unknown but they are not exactly played very often. The sports played

in the Southwest include everything from A-Z. The sun shines ninety percent of the year so this allows people down there to wear cut-offs, T-shirts, etc. The worst time of the year to be in the area is when spring is in the air. With the change of season come the infamous Southwestern dust storms that flare up every afternoon. But after spring turns into summer, that is the best time to be there — if one can take the heat. This part of the country is notorious for its high temperatures — 122°F at times in various parts of the region. But because the air is dry, the heat is not bad at all. One has to look at the better things of the climate. The high temperatures drive the luscious babes to the many swimming pools in their pink, white, green and many other colored skimpy bikinis seeking the coolness of the water. After the pools close and the scorching sun sets and after a brief rest, the night leaves itself open to the antics of the inhabitants.

A typical night out on the town may take in a few nightclubs, a little dining and dancing, the movies or a trip to Old Mexico. One drink that is famous and the best

is Mexico's tequila—ah, yes, the fire in the bottle. Inexpensive, this bottle has been the center of fights in the *cantinas* or "bars." One particular brand of tequila is Mezcal, the tequila with the worm. Many a man has died for the pleasure of devouring the small insect at the bottom of the vanquished bottle. Almost everybody knows how to partake of this beverage, but for those who do not, here is how it is done: 1) Put salt on your hand and lick it. 2) Drink the shot of tequila and immediately follow with a suck off a half-lemon. Ninety to ninety-eight proof, the drinker will not last too long. But for the smart drinker who wishes

to survive, there is always the Tequila Sunrise. Another delicious cocktail is the Margarita — crushed ice, lime juice and tequila. After a night on the town the poor soul is ready for bed to recover for tomorrow's work.

The Southwest is experiencing a boom. Land is selling quite rapidly, cities are expanding and businesses are opening every day. One unfortunate occurrence of this boom is the migrant workers. They cross by the hundreds in search of jobs to support their families. The migrant workers follow the crops. Because they are migrant workers, they are not eligible for minimum wages or

wage bargaining. This makes their labor cheap and profitable to the farmer or business. Many consider the migrant workers assets to the farmer and a pain to the job-seeker.

The sun sets in its gold, orange, red and yellow array behind the curtain of the western sky as the stars begin to appear. The moon makes its bold entrance as its light exposes the mysterious desert landscape; the lonely coyote howls to the motionless moon in search of a mate. A gentle warm desert breeze rustles through the *mezquite* as slumber culminates to await the brilliant sunrise in the Land of the Vaquero.

—Lonnie Luna

## Tampa

(Continued from page 8)

other ways. Now, in what sounds like an epitaph of modern cities, much of that is being sacrificed to big business, expressways and other forces of homogenization.

Tampa's problems seem to be reflected in its politics. For the most part, those in political power for the past years have been willing to sell out the city. They have allowed large development corporations to come into the town and force it to grow irresponsibly. They have courted industry into the town and placed no restrictions on what it could do to the city. As a result, much of the industry has taken great advantage of the city's natural resources with less than adequate repayment. The last mayoral election, in which the candidate of the builders, developers and corporations was chosen, seems to indicate that this trend will not be ending soon.

Another aspect of the political index which indicates the South's problems, and especially Tampa's, is the problem of civil rights. Though in no way to be shamed by its falsely liberal northern counterparts, Tampa and other southern cities have still been unable to adequately deal

with the problem that has been their characteristic disgrace for over a century, racial intolerance. While much of the value of southern culture is being systematically destroyed, this one aspect, perhaps the most negative aspect, has not found sufficient eradication.

Closely tied to the political issue is the problem faced in Tampa and its surrounding area of the uncontrolled waste of its natural resources. Tampa's air and water are in worse shape than almost all the other Florida cities. By allowing big businesses and developers to come and abuse all the land, that too has lost much of its characteristic beauty.

I believe it is a peculiarly Floridian phenomenon that shows this so well. That phenomenon is the "planned community." Begun by land developers like the Mackle Bros. Corporation, these utopian communities are sweeping the state. The usual process is to strip the land of all its natural beauty and build a very organized system of residential, recreation and shopping areas. It sounds idyllic, but the reality is more often sterilizing dullness. For some reason, these planned communities have destroyed the concept of neighborhood. Everything is so regimented that no sense of community is developed among the residents.

More than any other region, the South has always considered itself as separate and distinct from the rest of the nation. It has usually defined itself *vis-à-vis* the other parts of the country. Perhaps it is good now that the South is rejoining the Union, but the form of that reunion is quite disturbing. In the process, the goal is said to be equality, but the reality is that diversity is lost and equality is not even approached.

As John Egerton points out in his book, *The Americanization of Dixie*, and Tampa points out so well in its current situation, the South and the rest of the nation seem closer than ever before. As they draw closer, though, the South seems to be losing its principle of hospitality, its slowly paced life style, its language, its grace and its beauty. And rather than losing its political and sociological disgraces, the rest of the nation seems to be adopting them.

It appears that the South, the city of Tampa in particular, and the nation are not exchanging strengths in this amalgamation process as much as they are exchanging faults. They are sharing and spreading the worst in each other while the best is being left to deteriorate.

—James Gresser

## Louisville

(Continued from page 13)

counteracted Louisville's natural appeal and marked the end of Louisville's role as the distributive cen-

ter of the south. The wealth of the city was controlled by a few conservative individuals who were willing to "leave well enough alone" and did not push to keep the vitality of the past alive. Without this vitality Louisville allowed itself to become a museum of past glories.

This decline was checked only by World War II as Louisville was revitalized by the needs of wartime industry. Louisville was again thrust into a position of prominence, and after the war projections for the future were bright. In a government study made immediately after the

war, Louisville was ranked with Atlanta and Houston as cities of greatest potential growth. But attitudes had not changed, and the city did not push for growth but stumbled into a period of decline even more intense than before.

Only in the past ten years has the city begun to grow again. The success of Kentucky Fried Chicken brought huge sums of new money into the city and helped shake up the conservative money. Industrially the city is very sound, being the na-

tion's leading producer of synthetic rubber, paint and varnish, and whiskey, and the nation's second leading producer of cigarettes and home appliances.

With conservative attitudes shaken, there has been a large amount of new building. These modern structures give Louisville its first semblance of a skyline and have brought new life to the riverfront. In the same area very ornamental cast-iron facades adorn beautiful old buildings which are now being ren-

ovated into an area of night-life center. These developments, along with the city's beautiful park system, fine reputation as a medical center, and very noticeable southern charm and hospitality give it great appeal. By reaching into the past for the charm and beauty of a southern river city and reaching into the future as a regional center, Louisville may reach its potential as the crossroads between the north and south.

—Bill Weyland

## Conneticut

(Continued from page 10)

be further divided into those individuals who accept the road they've chosen and those who have yet to choose. Cheshire's strength is her stable, peaceful atmosphere, devoid of distractions which confuse the kind of sincere decision-making these friends must make. Cheshire's biggest weakness is that life there is so pleasant, as opposed to the real world, that the decision to leave is very hard to make. Unfortunately, if a high school graduate wants to continue to grow he or she must leave because few opportunities to do so exist in town.

One of my classmates, whom I will call Daryl, is taking advantage of one opportunity left to those who don't go on to college; work in one of Cheshire's family businesses. Daryl reserved a niche for himself by working part-time during school, full-time in the summer and, probably most importantly, by being the son of his father. There are not enough businesses to allow all those students who would like to stay all their lives the chance to gradually be assimilated into a lifelong occupation. Daryl is one of a lucky minority.

Mary is more typical of those who

had no intention of furthering their education. She considers her job as a dental assistant temporary, until something more challenging or interesting comes along. Mary's days are spent at the office, her nights are divided between those spent vegetating before the TV set and those passed equally unproductively at one of Cheshire's two deteriorating red-neck bars. During the Thanksgiving and Christmas breaks the tempo picks up some and she might travel to one or two of the more respectable bars in the neighboring towns, but these evenings only serve to increasingly depress Mary as she hears the tales her ex-high school friends relate about their college or occupational life-styles. Since Mary is living in Cheshire reluctantly and few opportunities to do otherwise are available, she is understandably harsh on Cheshire's intrinsic values. "There's nothing to do . . . none of my friends are still around. . . . I can't wait to leave this place," are some comments I've heard her make.

A number of my friends have decided Cheshire has much more than they had thought it had to offer them. One or two faltering years in school was enough to convince them that classroom education was not going to satisfy them. They have returned to work at gas stations and in supermarkets, and some aren't work-

ing at all, much to the chagrin of their parents. Some, like Dave, commute to Hartford to work, but the energy crisis and overall price hikes in town have convinced him that moving is inevitable.

The high cost of living in Cheshire is the tragic flaw that faces the parents who have preserved our town's historical integrity. In saving Cheshire's landmarks for their children, parents have priced their children out of the market. This is the quandary facing those classmates of mine pursuing a college education in hopes of being able to afford to eventually live in Cheshire permanently; we all figure to return someday, but, it may not be until we retire!

Cheshire's problem is not unusual and its consequences have been experienced by other towns like ours. Parents do all they can to keep their town attractive for their children but their children cannot afford to live there. Newcomers, who have not grown up appreciating Cheshire's rural atmosphere, buy the houses instead. My greatest hope is that my parents and enough of their friends will continue to act on behalf of the *newcomers'* children, if not their own, so that anyone fortunate enough to live in Cheshire will see it as I did, a historical showcase surviving in a tradition-starved world.

—Ed Byrne

## Philadelphia

(Continued from page 6)

like them each sheltered six of the luckier men that winter; those not so lucky had to make do with worse. However, in the middle of the park is a fairly large, well-furnished, two-story stone house, now preserved as it was while it served as Wash-

ington's headquarters that year. In that house, the good General George, father of our country and hero of so many illustrious campaigns, spent that cruel winter with a quartermaster's corps to keep his stomach full, and Martha to keep his bed warm. Maybe if the American Ideal had been more a part of American Life back then, Americans would strive today for the Ideal rather than the

Dream.

As it is, the Upper Main Line exists more as the shrine—a shrine to the American Dream. Valley Forge exists not so much as a shrine to commemorate the Ideal, but to serve the Main Line and its Dream—a pleasant interruption in the landscape of shopping malls, country clubs and \$60,000-and-up houses.

—Michael D. Feord

# Colorado

(Continued from page 7)

ten thousand feet up, where you can really view the panorama that is splotted with fire-like colors. The leaves of the Aspen in particular, scattered among the Evergreens and Pines, turn into a form of non-negotiable gold that becomes precious to anyone who sees them. This is the "off-season," when hunters are filled with the craze to shoot something (anything), and when locals drive about looking at the changing scenery and counting the new cabins that have been built through the summer months. It's a quiet time of year when you start to talk about snowfalls, and wonder if the slopes will ever have enough powder to satisfy your needs.

*Snowfalls cover up the trails  
I'd come to know so well  
I guess there's no mistaking  
The stories Nature tells  
A picture book of paintings  
Etched and colored white  
Everything seems waiting  
Like dreams that hide in night  
I'll have to get to know the cold  
And enter with my skis  
A few of us take time alone  
To cross the country frozen in sleep*

Colorado is probably best known for its skiing, and rightly so because throughout the state one can find some of the best skiing of anywhere in the world. Aspen and Vail, Steamboat and Winter Park are magic names to many people . . . perhaps too many people! When

President Ford was at Vail recently they were handling the area's skier capacity per hour, 18,000 people, which is a lot of skiers to be on the mountain at the same time! (*Colorado Locals Rule #53: Don't Bother Trying to Ski at Holiday Time.*)

I've been skiing for a number of years now and my favorite areas are Aspen, Vail and Copper Mountain. The runs there are long and wide and the peaks command amazing views of the surrounding mountain ranges, and the snow is of the powder or heavy powder type. But every place is getting crowded these days and, therefore, some of its basic appeal is being outshone by the glitter and glamor of those vast numbers of skiers with . . . money. Skiing, I think, is at its best when it's early in the day, you're at the top of the mountain with a couple miles of trails ahead of you, and the urge to become poetry in motion becomes your reason to live (if you can imagine that). However, there are so many would-be poets these days that it's not often we can freely express ourselves on the slopes.

If you're determined to learn about weather conditions, and waxing techniques, and physical fitness (not to mention wines and cheeses), then this could become your sport. Although trails are to be found throughout the state, I am more inclined to make my own trail, making new tracks into the virgin White Wilderness. Experience and the right sort of companions are definitely needed before doing anything extensive in this type of skiing, but eventually you may want to pick up here where you left off in the summer. All you have to do is put your back-

packing equipment on over a lot of warm clothing and you're ready to carry a winter camp! (*Winter Common Sense Question #1: Do You Know How Cold It Gets in the Winter?!*)

But, of course, not too many people go winter ski-packing and those who do are the real outdoors fanatics. In fact, the average Coloradan is not all that outdoors-oriented, although the natural beauty of the state infects everything and everyone in it. The *Denver Post* says, "'Tis a pleasure to Live in Colorado," and no matter what you do there, I think this saying holds true. There are even cities there, like Denver, where all sorts of interesting things are happening (at least that's what I've been told), but you'll have to look elsewhere for information on that. As far as I am concerned, Colorado means the mountains, and when the snows turn into streams, and the fields fill with flowers, and the woods weave living tapestries and I can hike through the hills in humble amazement, then I know I'm home. So come to God's Country and be welcome, but when you leave, buy a postcard instead of land. . . .

*Tracing sunrise Westward  
Wings are on the way  
There's magic in the hearts of us  
As skies forget their grey  
I guess you must be Springtime  
Though you seem a bit too young  
Like a child that's lived a lifetime  
With the warming of the sun  
Aspen leaves returning  
And gentle winds that say  
"Sorry that you're leaving us  
But snow you're in the way"*

—Patrick Smid

# Cleveland

(Continued from page 10)

what can be the hurry? The story, before, you've heard the story.

Oils weaken, broken down to confuse your lungs — the point's the point, nothing more. Do not yield your you're to a whistle, or hands ungenerate of any being; you know more you know than more you know

or ever more than once a time, once a time . . . Who shows you the sun sign, breaks the anarctic of clouds in blue, turns your head's ears in an animal direction, turns a matter like you around? The winds cannot answer if no winds can question, you cannot question the wind; what shows you where, shows you how the origins move in unison?—? Not in your files or your staples can you discern a reason, not in any thing a thing can be named can you know a

reason; try to listen, to try to hear to try to hear. One blank page of your notes surrounds the corners of your eyes, you may disguise your dates but you may not deny your measures and weights waiting for your feet to feet the road; one question, one answer one more question to answer another question: the cities grow too much with us, grow too much despite our growth; you, we, all all branch like an elm to know. All things left undone, songs unsung to anyone, all movements cease;

but we do not cease, do not increase to cessation: there to parallel the stones and mortar, the wires and frames, there to join is the knowing of the land, parting of the soils to stem from roots an opposite of reason; a coming of the plants sown so beneath the paperweights of a desk. You need not know to answer, but answers you need to know; we plant a city, cities can plant us: but we can but we can leave an ice of the glass on glass, the glass pane only sand, only sand at last. Wasting is convenient, saving

expedient, we are all the children of our age, of our age who were children of an age once distance to this removed, it is not easy to impress the noetics of a thought, to express the areas bounded by maps, to relate to paper some birds in flight: but this is the region, this is the reason of a consideration in retrospect already considered, already upheld. True, you must needs time stay, must possibly oftentimes remain — you may impose upon the words for the syntax they're worth; that here now is the region, here now is the season is here

now the writing — the context is as much as the print; a coin so well spent is not rolled further than its metal lasts: —just so the cities, just so the reasons you hold; that for some the dawn moves and for some the dawn stays consider the being of a child; but what you choose, what I choose, what we use to decide is the changing of a sound, the learning of a now: the writing of a town faceless if not a town not traced to any other than the town traced down.

—M. Thomas Hopkins

## Montana

(Continued from page 8)

Springtime in the Big Sky Country turns the dormant foliage to beautiful green. This is an important time of year for the state's largest industry, agriculture. The winter wheat which farmers planted last fall is just beginning to grow and the spring wheat must be planted. A spring evening is the perfect time for a party with friends. There are a lot of great places to hold such an event not too far from town on the banks of the Missouri River. Once we're there, all it takes is a blazing bonfire, a newly tapped keg of "Oly" and a friend's guitar playing the best in sing-along favorites.

Summer is just the opposite of winter. July and August are hot months, but the dry Montana air makes the 90-degree days more enjoyable. There are so many things to do during the summer that there's no excuse for boredom. We like to spend as much time as possible at our cabin on St. Mary's Lake, two miles outside of Babb, Montana.

Situated in the Northwest corner of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, U.S. 89 and State Road 17 keep the town of Babb in existence. These two highways carry most U.S. and Canadian traffic into the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park which lies in a rugged section of the Rocky Mountains. Life in Babb

is not too busy. Most of its 52 residents, that is, people living within 10 miles of the "city center," make their living as ranchers. Babb's only major retail outlet is Oscar Thronson's General Store. It serves as the area grocery store, hardware store, sporting goods store, post office, and is also sort of a local newspaper.... Since everyone in town trades with Oscar, he is well informed on area developments. The Babb Bar provides "locals" with the ultimate in nightlife activity — and tourists generally shy away. A couple years ago the bar was the scene of a shootout which still has the town talking. It seems the owner shot a man, injuring him in the shoulder and was forced to take refuge in Canada. Since then the bar has been open, but no one's sure who's running it.

Babb, obviously, is not what attracts one to the area. Glacier National Park sits just on the other side of the mountain behind our cabin. The park contains approximately 40 glaciers today but actually gets its name because huge Ice Age glaciers carved its spectacular terrain. With over 900 miles of trails, we spend a lot of time hiking into remote areas. The trail over Dawson and Pitamakan passes takes you along the continental divide to Triple Divide Peak (elev. 8020). From the top of this mountain you can stand in one place and pour water into three bodies of water. This is the only place on the North American continent from which the water flows in three directions: into

the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, and the Hudson Bay.

Summer ends in August and September brings turning leaves and cooler nights. But fall means hunting season, and to many Montanans this is an important time of year. A lot of families depend on a deer, moose or antelope for their winter supply of meat and many schools even allow boys to miss two class days for hunting purposes.

The people themselves play a large role in the beauty of the Big Sky Country. Montana is an agricultural state with a large rural population engaged in farming and ranching. Since it takes a lot of dry Montana acres to produce a profitable crop, the average farm size is about 2000 acres. The farmers have to work many long hours during the hot summer days. The money they earn from this year's harvest is all they and their families have to live on until the next year's crop is ready. For this reason, it's not hard to see why the state is notably conservative. These people, whose physical labor earns them every cent they make, are not too eager to spend their money on social programs for those who can't or won't work. Yet, conservative as they may be, Montanans are famous for their friendliness. Most would bend over backwards to help a neighbor whose crop has been destroyed by hail. In Montana a man is judged by his worth as a person, not by the money in his bank account.

—Bethann McGregor





# Devine

(Ara Parseghian resigned as Head Football Coach for the University of Notre Dame Sunday, December 15, 1974. On Tuesday, December 17, Father Edmund P. Joyce, Executive Vice-President of the University introduced Dan Devine as the new head coach of the Fighting Irish.

Succeeding a legend is very hard to do, but Devine has the credentials to do so. He brings with him a collegiate record of 120-40-8 compiled at Arizona State and Missouri, ranking him 30th among the winningest major-college coaches. After four years as an assistant coach at Michigan State, he took over the head duties at Arizona State, compiling a 27-3-1 record. His record at Missouri (93-37-7) was the second-best record in the school's history. He has guided teams through victories in an Orange (1961), a Sugar (1966) and a Gator (1969) Bowl.

With the sudden resignation during final examination weekend last semester, the *Scholastic* deemed it necessary to bring an interview to the student body, in an attempt to introduce Notre Dame's twenty-third football coach in eight-six seasons. *Scholastic* Sports Editor Bill Delaney and Art Editor Bill Weyland conducted the interview with Coach Devine.)

## An Interview

**Scholastic:** To begin with, how does it feel to get back into the College Ranks?

**Devine:** Well of course, I'm very happy to return, but remember, I've been a College Head Football Coach for 16 years. No, I've enjoyed every bit of it, and I wouldn't trade my past experiences for anything. There is a special something about college campuses that I really can't describe, but it's great.

**Scholastic:** Is Notre Dame the most glamorous college football position?

**Devine:** Definitely. Because of the tradition, spirit and nature of Notre Dame, no other school can top it. There have been two places where I always wanted to coach. Secretly, Army and Notre Dame have been my dreams, for the spirit at these two schools is so great. And I'm a great believer in spirit.

**Scholastic:** You said you enjoy the college campus. Why?

**Devine:** I've always had a great relationship with student bodies, since the time I was the faculty advisor for a Catholic Fraternity at Missouri. I respect the ideas of students, and I hope they respect mine.

**Scholastic:** Turning to the football program here at Notre Dame, you're losing your entire offensive line with the exception of Al Wujciak at guard. Is your biggest problem filling the gaps on the offensive line or trying to arrive at a feasible quarterback situation?

**Devine:** I really don't think we can put any of these problems into a specific priority as to what should be handled before anything else. I like Allocco. I'm not trying to say that Frank will be the starter, but it is logical that he would be the logical guy to step in there at spring practice.

**Scholastic:** At your press conference in December when you were appointed Head Coach, you were asked about the offense you considered most effective. Could you elaborate on this?

**Devine:** I like a quarterback-orientated offense. If we don't have a quarterback that can run the option, then the option won't be very much a part of our game plan.

**Scholastic:** We do have a number of fine players returning for you to work with in the upcoming season, but the key problem appears that practically all of them have had little or no game experience this season. I guess the question I want to ask is what is spring ball going to be like for the program?

**Devine:** We'll try to get the experience to the guys that didn't get it because the games were so close. Your minutes played again gives an unusual indication of how things went this season. Now Allocco, who was the number-two quarterback, logged only 44 minutes the entire season. Clements had 318 minutes, Samuel 274,



Bullock 277. And Parise played 66 minutes, which isn't much for a very good back, but the nature of the season dictated that certain members had to play. It just puts us in a situation where we don't have a great deal of experience.

**Scholastic:** They say you're defensively oriented. At Missouri, you liked kids that hit, and you commented about this at your press conference. Is this still a valid statement?

**Devine:** I think I'm defense-oriented to this extent—that you've got to have a good defense to win. There's no other way. Offense entails a lot of skill; if you've got different teams due to passing and receiving, then you'll have different offenses. When I had Mel Gray at Missouri, we did a lot of passing. And for some reason, we were better (Gray is an all-pro with the St. Louis Cardinals). You have to be sound with your defense, which takes up about one-third of the ballgame, with the remaining two-thirds spread evenly between the offense and kicking games. In order to win big, you've got to have all three.

**Scholastic:** Which brings us to the next question: the kicking game. Freshman Dave Reeve returns, as does punter Tony Brantley, who handled all of the punting chores in 1974. Will you work with these two (and Pat McLaughlin, who is eligible to return)?

**Devine:** I haven't looked at the kicking game as much as I have at the offense and defense, but I'm aware of the strengths and weaknesses of these people. But we'll improve any place where we can. Doesn't MacAfee punt?

**Scholastic:** Yes, he does. He was working out earlier in the season. Lopienski and Joe Montana, the freshman quarterback have also seen action in practice.

**Scholastic:** We're an independent school. Missouri was in the Big Eight, and Michigan State was in the Big Ten.

**Devine:** And when I was at Arizona State, we were in the Border Conference, which has now changed.

**Scholastic:** Do you like that? Do you like being an independent? But have the pressures of not being restricted to any bowl for post-season play (as is the case in the Big Ten and Pac Eight, for example)?

**Devine:** Well, being an independent is similar to the schedule, the weather—nothing I can do about it. So I like them all; I like the schedule, weather . . . You know, you're going to play whether it's 85 degrees, or if it's 12 degrees. Whether it snows or it rains. We've got to play that schedule whether I like it or not.

**Scholastic:** What about bowls?

**Devine:** I've been in a position many times, the last in 1969, where with the exception of the Rose Bowl, could've had our pick of where we wanted to play. I've been in that position before, and I like that feeling.

**Scholastic:** What about next year, with the additions of Boston College and North Carolina to the schedule?

**Devine:** We do hit a number of teams that are on their way up. Boston College probably has one of the finest programs it's had in the last few years. Purdue and Michigan State have shown great signs of improvement. Georgia Tech is on their way back. Pittsburgh has had one of their best teams since the thirties. They have more stature now since World War II. And I think Miami, despite the fact that we beat them here, the only team that beat Miami decisively was Notre Dame. We went out ahead I remember, and I do believe we were the only team to do that to them all season. But of course, I've been on the other side of the fence before, and I was at Michigan State in 1950 and 51, and we beat Notre Dame. Now, to me, I felt that at that time, since we weren't in the Big Ten, beating Notre Dame twice did as much getting us in the Big Ten than any other victory. We could've beaten Army 100-0, but we beat Notre Dame 36-33 in South Bend, and the next year, we beat them something like 35-0. I know how Boston College can not only make their year but in that fact, the century, by beating Notre Dame. I'm well aware that every time you step on the field that if you could term it a "disadvantage" then it would fit. That's not a good choice of words, but you're never going to sneak up on anybody. Never. Plus the fact that you're an underdog, and that's a big game on everybody's schedule.

**Scholastic:** Any final thoughts or comments regarding the football program?

**Devine:** Most of the schools we play next year have been opponents to me in the past, and I've taken a couple of teams to Air Force, Northwestern, etc. I think that's an advantage. Pepper Rodgers was at Kansas when we played them, and Majors was at Iowa State, and Pete Elliot was at Illinois when we played him. And there's Agase. So I know about half of the coaches we'll meet, which should help us.

**Scholastic:** Final words to the student body?

**Devine:** Just the fact that I don't expect respect right now, but I'll earn it. And that's a promise.

# Irish Sport Shorts



The fortunes of the Irish Tennis Team are being built this winter with their winter conditioning in the ACC. According to Coach Tom Fallon, this period will determine the starting positions of the team for their spring season, which commences with a southern trip to Texas for midsemester matches. Sophomore Randy Stehlik and senior Chris Kane are two of the key veterans returning for Fallon. Freshmen Brian Hainline and Tony Bruno are being carefully watched, and may be called on later in the season.

Matches with perennial powers Ohio State and Illinois follow the southern trip for the team, who are shooting for a possible invitation to the NCAA's in April. But for the time leading to the trip to Texas, the upcoming weeks will be critical for the Irish netters.

The coaching turnover in the football department has created many new changes in the football program, according to Athletic Director Edward "Moose" Krause and new Head Football Coach Dan Devine. The defensive staff of Linebacker Coach George Kelly, Line Coach Joe Yonto and Backfield Coach Paul Shoults have been retained, as well as assistants Greg Blache, Mike Stock and Brian Boulac. Devine in the past weeks has announced the appointments of Johnny Roland as specialty teams coach, Mervin Johnson as offensive coordinator and line coach, and Pete Kuhlman as offensive backfield coach. With a complete staff, the exhaustive and demanding job of recruiting can now go ahead, the first test for the new crew at Notre Dame—the Devine team.

The Irish Fencing team returned home a winner after a long Eastern trip with some of the finest collegiate fencing teams in the nation. Victories over Penn State, Baruch, Maryland and Princeton twice brought the Notre Dame name in fencing to areas where football was the dominant sport. A five-point loss to defending National Champions NYU (16-11) and a tough loss to Army were the only blemishes for the Irish. Standouts for the trip included Tim Glass and John Strauss in epee; Sam DiFiglio in sabre and Pat Gerard and Mike McCahey in foil.

"It was a great experience to meet and go up against the best, and our record during the trip bears out the success of our program," said Tim Glass about his reactions of the trip. For Glass and the team's, the

"harder" portion of their schedule is just beginning with key encounters with Ohio State and Wayne State a few weeks away. But for now, the Irish Fencers can sit back and think about one of their finest weeks in their long and great history.

Women's basketball is the latest sport to hit the Notre Dame scene, and Basketball Coach Digger Phelps had better watch out for some good players of the fairer sex interrupting his practices every afternoon. The women under coach Jeanne Murphy have an eight-game schedule, including cross-road rival St. Mary's, Ball State and the University of Toledo. Attaining club status for their team this season, the girls have shown that their hard work and determination have brought results.

The United States Junior Olympic Team has chosen sophomores Jack Brownschidle and Clark Hamilton from the Irish Hockey Team to represent the United States in the upcoming Junior games. The team will travel to Germany on March 18 for a month to play in the World Games, which is a preliminary to the trials for the Olympic squad.

Brownschidle, noted for his excellent stick handling, and Hamilton (the finest skater on the team) tried out for the team last fall, and are looking forward to the opportunity in representing America in the games.

Finally, one of the more emotional moments of the year (perhaps in many years) was at the halftime festivities of the UCLA-Notre Dame game last Saturday. Student Body President Pat McLaughlin presented Head Coach Ara Parseghian and his wife Katie with presents for their accomplishments over the past eleven seasons—his for winning football games, and hers for putting up with him for the games he lost.

"We've always considered you more than a football coach, Ara, and this you proved," said McLaughlin of the legend of Notre Dame. "You won, but you did it honestly. You lost, and you were honorable about it. But you were more than that, Ara—you took pride in Notre Dame, and we took pride in you."

And so it ended as it had begun—at halftime. Eleven years ago, the unknown Parseghian was introduced to the Notre Dame Student Body in the Old Fieldhouse. Saturday afternoon, the Era of Ara came to a close in the new ACC. But not to an end.

—Bill Delaney

# An Autobiography

**By James S. Ward**

*On Saturday, January 11, 1975, James Ward, a senior pre-med student, died in Hollywood, Florida, while on a concert tour with the St. Mary's Collegiate Choir. A consistent dean's list student and editor of the Notre Dame Science Quarterly, Ward wrote the following autobiography to accompany his applications for admission to medical school.*

As one who is walking through a forest and is observing the seemingly random associations of those things making up the forest, so it sometimes appeared as I have lived these twenty-one years and have tried to correlate the many persons, places, and events that I have encountered. However, when one leaves the forest, steps out, and looks back, as I am stepping out of the present and reflecting upon my past, one is able to see those particulars as they compose the whole, the



forest, or, in this case, my life, and discern a meaning. The purpose of this essay then, is to explore the more salient, particular influences in my life and how they have affected an understanding of myself, my friends, and my God in hope of discerning a sense of my present and my direction into the future.

At this point, it is almost redundant to say that my encounters with the out of doors have played a considerable part in my development. The many hours spent in the wilderness with my family and friends served to deepen my respect for the natural processes, to enhance my reverence for their Creator, to strengthen my relationships between myself, family and friends, and also to spark a curiosity toward this life pulse I felt while in the woods. These strong feelings for the natural not only deepened a sense of personal responsibility for their maintenance, but also spawned an inquisitiveness for their basis, the laws governing and regulating their functions. So, growing older and progressing in school, I was led to the study of the sciences. The realization that my education in school was not divorced from what I knew and had experienced outside of school was the first impetus given to my learning process. Even in grade school, I was motivated in the classroom by trying to use my new-found knowledge in outside activities.

My involvement with the out of doors and with science continued through high school as I made several Canadian canoe trips, was a member of an Explorer Scout unit, and in school pursued an accelerated college prep curriculum. In high school, however, the scope of my activities broadened and I became increasingly involved in community affairs. Serving as president of my Student Council and Catholic Youth Organization, I came into contact with a wide variety of people from many different educational and social climates. I took part in such varied activities as organizing a "Hunger Walk" through which several thousand dollars were earned, and speaking at public forums on such topics as race relations and the quality of education in our town. Out of these experiences came a community awareness, a societal commitment, and a concern for my fellow man. Coupling my community concerns with my increased curiosity and knowledge of nature and science, I was drawn more and more to an interest in the seeming perfection of the natural processes, man.

My college years have served to strengthen and enlarge my earlier involvements. I have been fortunate in experiencing a variety of activities and people while at Notre Dame which have helped me to broaden my reli-

gious, social, and educational perspectives. My participation in the Neighborhood Study tutoring program for underprivileged youth and work at St. Joseph's Hospital have allowed me to actively function within the community and have convinced me of my need to apply my interest in science within a societal context. Throughout my life and college years I have tried to be a participant and not a spectator in the affairs around me, using as a foundation my interests and education. I have tried to structure my college education as an integrative mechanism to enable me to see the whole as well as the particular and to prepare me for my future work and a functional place in society. So, while I have tried to pursue a rigorous program in the sciences, I also have attempted to develop myself in those humane disciplines to better relate to those around me. My growth as a humanitarian as well as a scientist has been a primary concern and, for example, next year in addition to being editor of the *Science Quarterly Magazine*, I will be teaching a freshman humanities course.

In summation, my twenty-one years, although not without their variation and seemingly untimely change, have seen a steady progression in the basic values leading to my decision for this vocation. My life experiences, particularly the death of my father freshman year, have impressed upon me, and convinced me of, the fragility and the value of the natural and the human life. My intent, then, is to follow a career and a way of life dedicated to the preservation of the quality of life in all of its forms and more specifically man's, and I am certain that medicine will provide a rewarding and stimulating means of expressing my values, goals, and ideals.



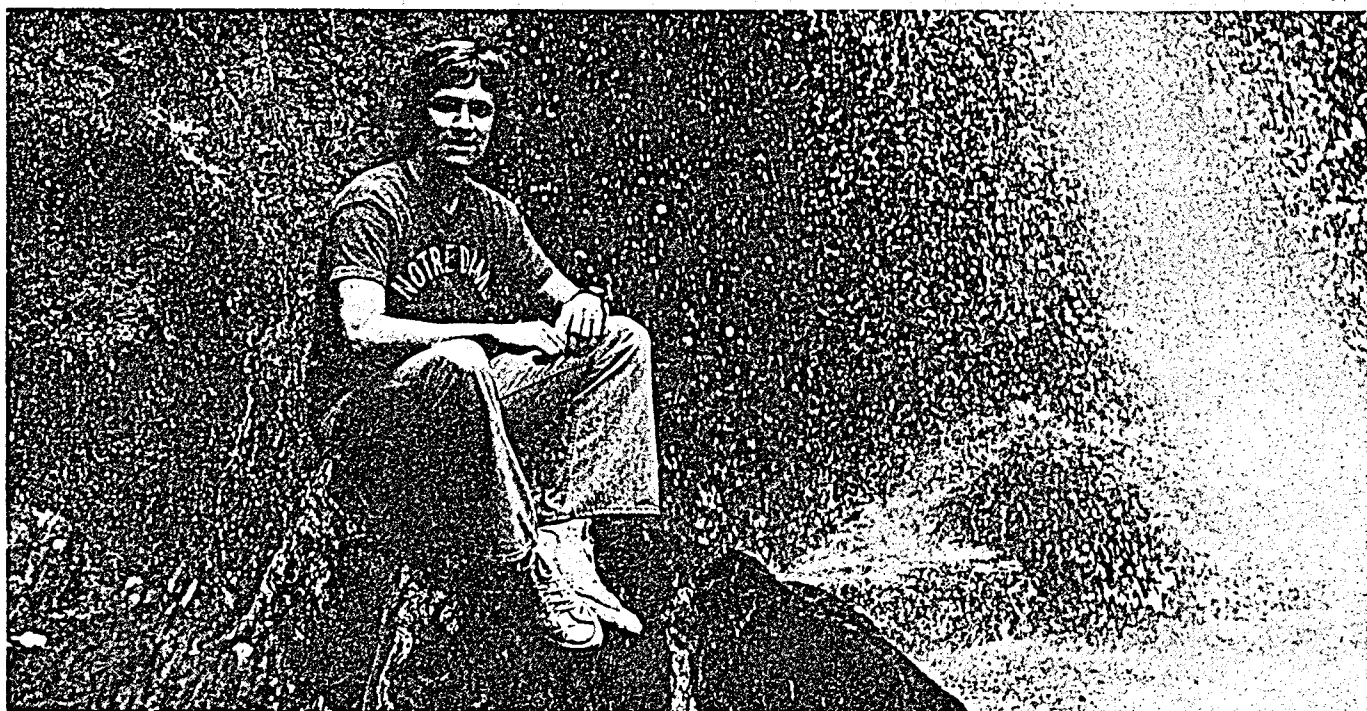
#### MEMORIAL EVENTS

Wednesday, February 12 — Memorial Concert featuring the Notre Dame Jazz Band and Jazz Combo; 8:30 p.m. Washington Hall; donation \$.50.

Saturday, February 15 — Memorial Concert; featuring campus talent; 8:30 p.m. Washington Hall; donation \$.50.

Sunday, February 16 — St. Mary's Collegiate Choir; 8:00 p.m. O'Laughlin Auditorium; admission free.

*All proceeds will be donated to charity in Jim Ward's name.*





# James Ward's Preface to The Science Quarterly

*The following is James Ward's editor's introduction to the November 1974 issue of the Notre Dame Science Quarterly. It is gratefully reprinted here with the permission of the Science Quarterly.*

Something should be said, in this first issue, of the purpose, the *raison d'être*, of the magazine and our reasons for putting it together. Let me begin by saying that there is a definite need within the scientific community for such a publication. In a universe bent on achieving a state of maximum disorder (the Second Law, students), we sorely need the cohesive force of communication. To pause, reflect, and discuss ourselves and our relation to the wider circle of activity around us are vital processes in these formative years. We need to know one another and what each of us is doing. Everyone is important and everyone has that innate desire to be heard, to have his importance affirmed. Can we take the time to leave the limited realm of means and ends, look about us and interact? Are we trapped in the immediate goals of courses and careers and forgetting the meaning of our long-range educations and lives? A backward step is necessary for a moment out of the mainstream, the ordinary, to analyze our collective past and future directions.

And so, how can an eternally dull scientific magazine serve to quicken these idealized goals? Can this collection of supposed raw scientific articles serve as anything other than a literary substitute for *Sominex*? Hopefully, the magazine won't be merely a compilation of "interesting" articles, but rather a series of articulate people's interests. The fact that we are not scientists first, but rather people who enjoy science, should not go unnoticed. Let us come together then, on the human level, and share our experiences and dreams. We all are awakening our senses and expanding our effective environments by pursuing our interests. These interests are important, not only to ourselves as individuals but also to the community as a whole. In order to grow, to become, we need the stimulative forces and encouragements of our fellows. Possibly, then, the magazine will serve as a forum for our particular ideas in order to forge a common ground for new understandings. Our ideas are all we *really* have. Eternalize them, for they are valuable. . . .

I ask you to take a part in this shared educational responsibility; not just to make the magazine worthwhile, but to catalyze the concomitant interchange of our experiences. In the words of the philosopher Pascal, "We are not, we hope to be." We all can become, but we need one another.

## The Last Word



by Jim Gresser

*My life experiences, particularly the death of my father freshman year, have impressed upon me, and convinced me of, the fragility and the value of the natural and the human life.*

—James Ward

In the past year, the Notre Dame community has been forced to accept a great number of personal losses. From the student body we have lost Beth Storey, Boni Burton, Jim Gallagher, Bob Rieman and Peter Lardy. From the faculty we have lost Professor Frank O'Malley. Add to this list the names of deceased alumni mentioned on the back pages of *Notre Dame Magazine* and the number is quite large. Multiply that number by years, communities and nations and, of course, the figure reaches paralyzing intensity.

So let's stick to Notre Dame. If the names on that list mean nothing to you, it is probably easy to overlook even the small recognition given to their deaths. But to anyone close to them, to anyone for whom one of those names means more than just words on a page of *The Observer* or *Notre Dame Magazine*, one of these deaths is perhaps the single most important event of the year.

Over the Christmas vacation another name was added to that list: Jim Ward. For many people perhaps his name too is "just another name," and, for them, anything said about Jim would be sloppy, sentimental and possibly meaningless. But those who knew him, of course, know that his is not "just another name." They see all too clearly what an inestimable loss (please allow the use of that term for now) his death really was. But even to those who loved Jim Ward, and there were

many, what should be said? Should they be told of his academic and social achievements? There is no need. Should they be told of the way he looked, or the way he talked? Or of the phrases he used, or the thoughts he thought? Or even of the way he laughed or smiled? There's no way.

If none of these questions are to be answered, then perhaps you ask, what else is there to say, and why should Jim Ward's death be singled out above all the others? The answer is not easy but, for me, it is very important, not only as it relates to Jim, whom I was lucky enough to call my friend, but as it relates to all those names on the list. Let me apologize beforehand for my awkward, insufficient explanation, but I believe that while it's impossible to say adequately what Jim Ward *meant*, perhaps one can share what Jim Ward *taught*.

In the most honest way, Jim Ward taught those who knew him what it means to wonder.

He knew what it meant to wonder at life, in all its facets and potentialities, including death. He saw in every part of nature an essential relatedness with every other part; in the single object he saw the beauty of every other object. A brilliant student and potential physician, he sought knowledge wherever he could find it—in the humanities as well as the sciences—with insatiable desire. His intellect, however, was not a proud one, and he approached the ultimate questions humbly. He did not demand pat explanations, but was content to observe in mystery.

Perhaps his ability to wonder was best shown in his love for people. As Fr. Charles Bober said in his sermon at Jim's funeral, "More than anything else in the world, he was a realist." He never expected perfect happiness, and yet whenever he experienced even the smallest joy or pleasure, especially with people, he was therefore able to view it not as something falling far short of perfection but as a beautiful gift to be treasured and cherished. He saw that gift, that special essence, in every person he met. He didn't seek out people for what they could do for him, but considered each person to be as significant as all others and asked only to share his friendship.

With characteristic gentility, Jim was willing to give his friendship

to anyone who asked for it, and in his friendship that person became uniquely significant to Jim's life. Jim knew the essential life in one person was as wonderful as the life in any other, but he did his best to affirm that wonder in those particular people it was his opportunity to meet. As he wrote in his introduction to the last issue of the *Notre Dame Science Quarterly*, "Everyone is important and everyone has that innate desire to be heard, to have his importance affirmed. Can we take the time to leave the limited realm of means and ends, look about us and interact? . . . In the words of the philosopher Pascal, 'We are not, we hope to be.' We all can become, but need one another." In a passage from Kurt Vonnegut's *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* which Jim



found particularly interesting, this idea found a similar expression: "people need all the uncritical love they can get . . . you've got to be kind."

Strangely enough, his desire to share himself seems not to have found a frustration in his death, but a fulfillment. And more than ever before he seems a part of the wonder of life. It's as if his human desire to share himself was inhibited by his human nature. With his death, that great desire, so long trapped in a body, has been let loose. When his friends and family began crowding into Beaver's SS. Peter and Paul Church, it was not as if Jim Ward was gone, but as if he was everywhere, in every face. And though it's a difficult feeling to describe, it's not even as though Jim

has really left those of us here at Notre Dame; he is here in a way more infusive than ever before.

Jim Ward always wondered at the greatness of the whole, which he saw in the essence of the particular. His death teaches that ultimately the two are united. His death has become a fulfillment, not a cancellation, of his life.

During the drive down to his funeral, a comment was made about what kind of person Jim was. He was the kind who didn't just talk about getting up early to watch the sunrise; he did it. Significantly, he did so the day he died. Someone then said how sad it was that he would never see that event again. Well maybe that's not quite true. If Jim Ward has been let loose in the world, he may not only see the sunrise again, but he will see it everyday, and he'll see it every time someone who knows him sees it.

Jim saw in everyone the essence and the value of the universe. That's what he taught us in his life and is now showing us so much more fully. If you try to see things the way he saw, or know things the way he knew, with wonder at the tremendous mystery of life, no single human life, or death, is less significant than any other, or all of them. Each life is as important as, and contains in its essence, the totality of life.

He taught us to open our eyes and appreciate the world and, most of all, the people around us. His life and death should be singled out for teaching us how much every life, here at Notre Dame or anywhere, is worth. If there are to be any regrets, they should be not for Jim but for ourselves. Why do we need someone to die to show us how to live?

I said before that Jim Ward's death was a great loss for those who loved him. If we believe what he believed, however, we must see his death as a great gain, for now he is in a way closer to his family and his friends than ever before. He stood in wonder before human life and before the unifying possibility of human relationships. In his death, and he would say in anyone's death, that relationship can paradoxically become closer and more beautiful than ever. That's a wonderful gift.

"We all can become, but we need one another."

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