

SCHOLASTIC

April 25, 1975



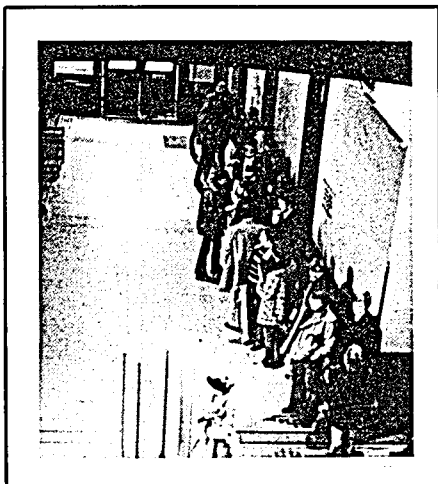
The Graduation
Blues

Ride a Bike for the Retarded

Sunday, April 27

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SCHOLASTIC

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HEADLINERS

- 6 **Graduation Blues** — A look at what graduating seniors might expect to find in the scholastic and real world beyond du Lac's borders.

Perspectives:

- 9 **Graduate School**
10 **Law School**
12 **Med School**

FEATURES

- 4 **Photographs** — Europe in black and white, a photo-essay by Carvel Collins.
20 **Standardized Testing** — How accurate and realistic are the SAT's, GRE's and other general exams?
22 **ETS** — The function and inner workings of the Educational Testing Service.
26 **Pechek** — Trying to answer why ND's most successful wrestling coach was not rehired.
28 **Allocco** — The shattered dream of finally becoming ND's number one quarterback.

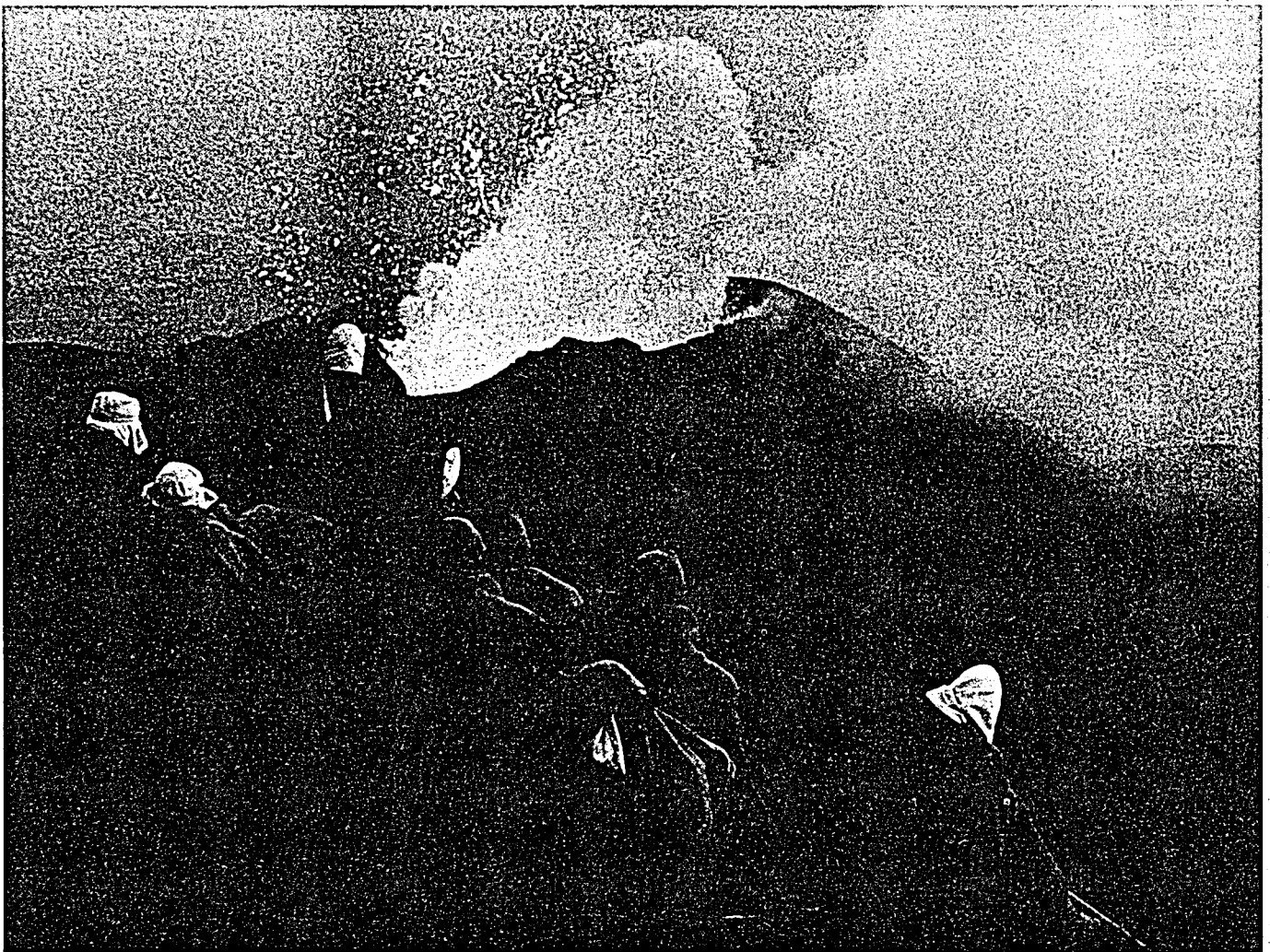
REGULARS

- 9 **Perspectives**
14 **Book Review**
16 **Letter**
18 **People at ND**
19 **People Behind ND**
25 **Week in Distortion**
29 **Irish Sport Shorts**
30 **The Last Word**

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PHOTOGRAPHS

by Prof. Carvel Collins



Etna



Salzburg

Florence



Got Those Graduation Blues?

by Bill Gonzenbach

Another beautiful winter has passed at Notre Dame and spring is slowly blooming. The yardmen have raked and seeded the lawns and soon the quads shall be green again. The ducks on St. Mary's Lake are beginning their nuptial rituals, much to the delight of all Notre Dame males.

Notre Dame is alive again. Suddenly the students have emerged from their winter hibernation to fill the quads. The air is filled with laughter and carefree voices.

The most carefree of students are the seniors. The pressures of exams and study have passed by the wayside for most seniors. The Senior Bar has replaced the library as the place to "study" and to meet friends. Though most seniors are living a rather carefree existence, there is a concern in each of them about the future. Soon the soft comforts of Notre Dame will be gone, and the seniors will have to face the cold, real world.

This article will be an attempt to detail the situation the seniors will have to face by explaining how the 1974 graduates fared after graduation. The examination is based on the survey of *The Future Plans* of May 1974 graduates of Notre Dame. This survey is administered each May by the Office of Analytical Studies in the Dean of Administration's Office. In the survey, 1347 of 1669 in the class of 1974 responded to the survey, giving a reply percentage of nearly 80%.

Of the 1347 students that replied, 474, nearly 35%, reported that after May they would be entering America's work force in some sort of job. Of the 474 students, 310 stated that as of May 1 they had jobs. The average salary of 310 workers was \$10,600.

The students of the College of Business fared well in the job market for 1974. Of the 405 students in the College, 340 responded to the questionnaire, giving a rate of 84.2%. The accounting majors had the greatest success in finding jobs. Of the 118 accounting majors who applied for jobs, 103 had jobs at an average salary of \$11,105. Of the 35 management majors who applied, 22 had jobs at an average salary of \$10,432. The finance majors, of which 20 of the 32 applying got jobs, had an average salary of \$9,800. Lastly, of the 37 marketing majors who applied, 14 had jobs with an average salary of \$9,000. Mr. Willemin, the Director of the Placement Bureau, stated that for 1975 the accounting majors were getting the best job offers. He added that marketing students were finding jobs in the sales area, while finance or management students were incurring some difficulty in finding jobs.

"The great job demands are for engineers," said Mr. Willemin. This statement is supported by the employment of the College of Engineering in 1974. Of the 210 students in the College, 167, nearly 79.5%, replied to the survey.

All the departments of the College had an extremely high percentage of job placements, as is exemplified by the Department of Electrical Engineering which placed 21 of the 28 students who responded to the survey, at an average salary of \$11,600. The students of the Department of Metallurgical Engineering had an average salary of \$12,500, the highest of the different jobs examined in the survey. The worst department to fare in the college was architecture, which placed three of the 12 who responded to the survey. The lowest average salary was \$9,100 for the architecture department.

In the College of Science, 254 of the 306 majors replied to the survey, giving a rate of 83%. In the working field science majors did not fare badly. Of the 17 math majors who

applied for jobs, 14 received positions at an average salary of \$9,600. The small number of chemistry, physics and geology majors were very successful in procuring jobs.

The salaries and number of positions obtained in the College of Arts and Letters are extremely varied. Of the 748 students in the College, 585, nearly 78.2%, responded to the survey. By examining a few of the majors some idea of the Arts and Letters job situation can be gained. Of the 13 economics majors who applied for jobs, five received positions at an average salary of \$11,400. Of the 17 English majors who applied for work, seven obtained jobs at an average salary of \$6,100, while the average psychology major obtained an average of \$9,500.

In all, there were less jobs for students in the College of Arts and Letters, and the average pay was less than the other colleges.

In this era of reducing employment, an increasing number of students sought advanced professional training in law schools. Where there were 197 applicants for entrance to law school in 1972 and 203 in 1973, in 1974 there were 216.

While qualifications of Notre Dame applicants rose slightly, requirements for admission, caused by tough competition nationwide, also rose. Of the 216 applicants in 1974, 134 or 62% had been accepted in law school at least once as of May 1, 1974; in 1972 this percentage was 70% and in 1973, 75%.

In 1972 the acceptees to law school scored an average of 602 on the Law School Admission Test (LSAT); in 1973, 625, and in 1974, 627. The mean grade point averages (GPA) reported by acceptees for the same three years were 3.27, 3.33, and 3.30, respectively.

Of the 216 who applied, six were females. Their average LSAT was 582, as compared to the males' average LSAT of 611. Of the 134 accepted, four were females. The females' average LSAT who were accepted was 609, as compared to 629 for the males.

The greatest number of law school applications came from the Government Department. In all, there were 285 applications from 70 applicants. There were 78 total acceptances, of which 42 applicants were accepted.

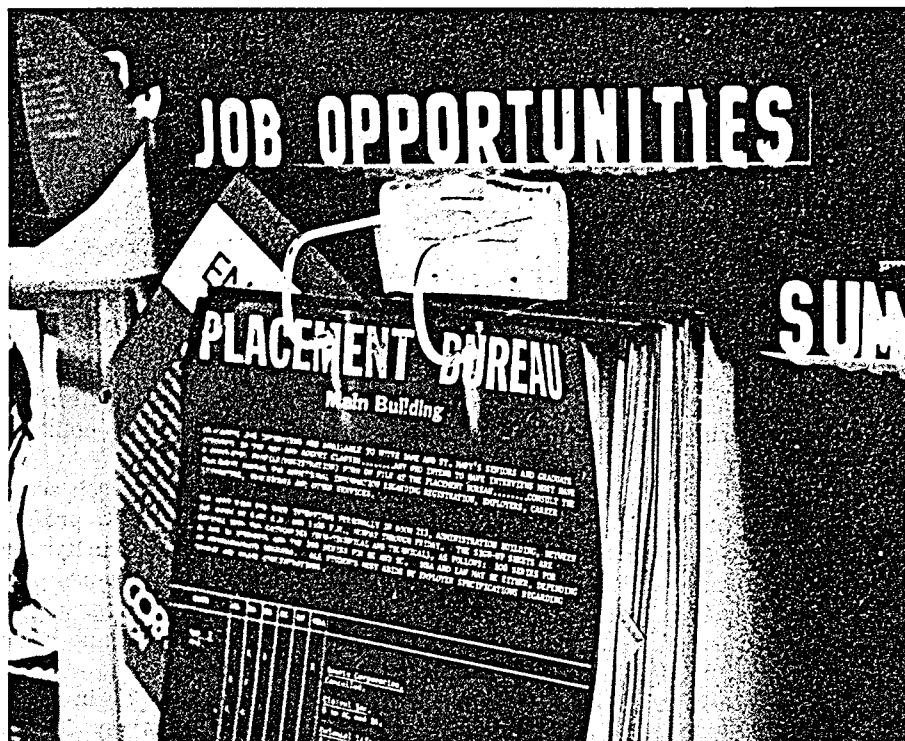
The second largest number of applications came from the Department of English. From the 21 applicants, 85 applications were submitted. There were 27 acceptances for 11 of the applicants.

A serious problem facing students who enter the legal profession is the fact that law school enrollment is steadily increasing while available positions are not increasing in proportion to the enrollment growth rate. However, in our present economy there are not many fields which are not overcrowded, and the problem of overcrowding does not affect the prospective lawyer in his quest for the legal profession.

In relation to the increase in law school enrollment is the increase in the enrollment of the Master of Business Administration Program. In 1974 there were 76 students from Notre Dame who applied to MBA school. Of that number, 59 were accepted. The average GPA of those accepted was 3.05.

The Economics department had the greatest number of applications with 16. Of the 16, there were 13 accepted to MBA programs. The average GPA of these students was 3.06.

There were eight applicants from the Department of Finance. Of these, five were accepted. The average GPA of the group was 2.91.



The Government Department had seven applicants of which five were accepted. The average GPA of this group was 3.03.

However, the MBA is no assurance of a job in our present economy. Students with good backgrounds in accounting or engineering and an MBA have good chances for employment. However, if one lacks an accounting or engineering background, chances for employment were somewhat hampered.

The number of students pursuing graduate education has been decreasing recently. In 1972, 50% of all respondents were planning to pursue graduate education in some form; in 1973, it was 47% and in 1974 it declined to 45%.

The greatest number of students from Notre Dame pursuing graduate work in 1974 was from the College of Arts and Letters.

In the English Department 25 students applied for graduate school. Their average GPA was 3.37 and their average Graduate Record Exam was 1217. Of these 25, there

were 22 students accepted to graduate school. Of the accepted, the average GPA was 3.33 and the average GRE was 1220.

The second largest number to attend graduate school came from the Modern Language Department. There were 14 who applied and all 14 were accepted. The average GPA was 3.52 and the average GRE was 1204.

Finally, the Psychology Department had 11 people apply to graduate school according to the survey. Of these seven were accepted. The average GPA was 3.13 and their average GRE was 1200.

The other departments in the College of Arts and Letters had fairly numerous applications; however, the number is too extensive to examine in detail.

In the College of Science, the departments of Biology and Math offered the greatest number of graduate applicants.

In the Biology Department there were 14 applicants, 11 of whom were accepted to graduate school. Of these 11 the average GPA was 2.96, while the average GRE was 1231.

There were eight applicants for graduate school from the Math Department. Of these eight, there were seven students who were accepted. Their average GPA was 3.56 and their average GRE was 1401.

Compared to the College of Arts and Letters, the College of Engineering has less applicants for graduate school. The greatest number of applicants is from the Electrical Engineering Department. In this department, there were eight applicants, seven of whom were chosen for graduate school. The average GPA of the acceptees was 3.53 and the average GRE was 1298.

The number of applicants from the College of Business for graduate work is almost negligible.

Of all the students who responded to the survey, 179 applied to graduate school. Of these 150 were accepted. For the acceptees the average GPA was 3.25 and the average GRE was 1251.

In this day of decreasing job supply, a great number of students are turning to the medical health profession in order to find employment. Each year the preprofessional program at Notre Dame draws a huge number of students.

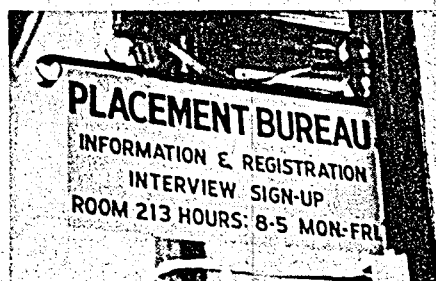
Of those students who responded to the survey last year, 128 applied for medical school. The average GPA for these applicants was 3.35. Of the 128 there were 88 who were accepted to medical schools. The average GPA for the acceptees was 3.45.

The majors of the applicants varied from psychology to chemical engineering. However the greatest number came from the preprofessional program and biology.

There were 94 Science Concentrate preprofessionals who applied to medical school. Of these 64 were accepted. The average GPA for the acceptees was 3.35.

There were 11 Arts and Letters preprofessional students who applied for medical school. Of these, nine were accepted. The average GPA was 3.29.

There were also ten biology majors who applied to medical schools



in 1974. Of these ten, seven were accepted. The average grade point of these acceptees was 3.51.

While there is a certain job security in the medical and law professions, the greatest job security for any senior is the military service. Each year the ROTC program at Notre Dame commissions seniors for duty as military officers.

In 1975 there will be 17 Air Force ROTC graduates, 22 Army ROTC graduates and 28 Navy ROTC graduates, with three Marine options. Hopefully for these graduates, most of them will be commissioned in their respective branches of service.

In this time of job scarcity, students are also turning to volunteer programs to procure some sort of work. This is evidenced by student application to such agencies as the Peace Corps and VISTA.

The rise in unemployment has caused a certain amount of disconcertedness in the graduating students. There is a rejection of the idea of job permanency. Some students are questing for mobility and freedom, and therefore they seek more menial-type work such as bartending or working on ships.

Mary, a senior from St. Mary's, is planning on going to Nantucket Island to be a cocktail waitress. She says that the pay is good and the job offers her the freedom she desires.

Ken, an economics major, is attempting to get a job on a barge for

a few years. "You can't get a job without grad school, and I don't feel like going to grad school yet," he said.

Like so many others, Ken and Mary desire the free life that the less skilled jobs afford. These jobs do not require the commitment and pledge that many more prestigious jobs afford; yet they do offer money and freedom many graduates desire in these uncertain times.

What the future holds for the Class of 1975 is rather difficult to determine. All the statistics on job placements and graduate school acceptances have not been compiled.

However, being without the aid of statistics, it is possible to gain some perspective of the job situation by using a meter other than statistics. And that meter is the Senior Bar. On "Rejection Night"—the evening where a senior shows a job rejection slip and receives a drink at a reduced price—the Senior Bar was packed. Students filled the large rooms of the Bar and spilled out upon the lawn surrounding the haven for disgruntled seniors.

The graduates-to-be had many a rejection slip in hand and many a drink to drink. Throughout the bar there was a sense of carefreeness—as if all were saying "What's a person to do?"

Mr. Willemin, the director of the Placement Bureau pointed out that the Notre Dame graduates are faring better than most other schools. So maybe the graduates should count their blessings. However, it is rather distressing to spend over \$16,000 and four years and not be able to find a job.

The answer to the job problems does not seem close at hand. The seniors at "Rejection Night" were able to forget about the problems of the job market and graduate school. But the night passes and reality appears again the next day.

Perspectives

Graduate School Is a State of Mind

by Larry Burns

If I were a visitor from another planet, I would say things like this about graduate students:

"They really are not like students at all, but more like computer technicians processing data found in books, on paper, in small print, with footnotes on every other page. They digest words with giant yellow marking appliances that soak up all kinds of good things."

Graduate students have been known to live in libraries for weeks at a time existing on a diet of Heinz soups and saltines. During that elapsed time they are researching topics of great importance. On my planet we call such people, "tvomes." Translated here, it would mean "Space Technicians" or "Scholar's Disease." Space technicians are the people we call in the middle of the night when we can't get to sleep and we need something to read. They are well paid on my planet and highly respected.

I see no difference between graduate school and learning how to be a plumber, except of course plumbers make more money when they graduate, but we won't mention that because it will be a sore spot for too

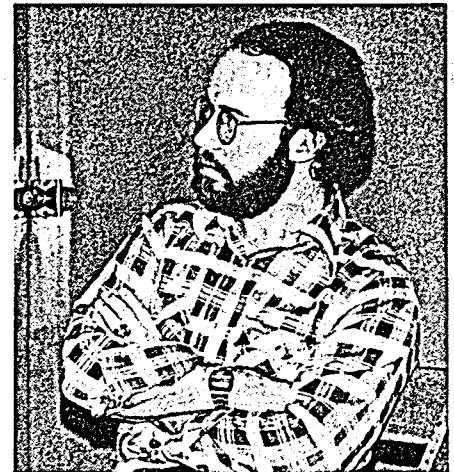
many graduate students who are wandering around aimlessly. Why are they wandering around? Usually, most grad students don't know why they are in grad school. "Shylish" is the name we give to such behavior on my planet. Roughly translated here, it means "Ivy Wall Disease." It generally occurs in the spring of an individual's senior year in college. Symptoms include vomiting, a redness around the pupils, and severe choking around the neck.

If I were here in graduate school, I would take a course in graduating. After all, isn't that the point of going to school? I mean, why prolong the natural course of events? As the sun comes up, the night goes down. As we go to school, we graduate. So why is it so hard to make the transition?

* * *

If I were a visitor from another planet, I would say that the purpose of graduate school is rather confusing. On my planet we learn to graduate in college. We give students credits for living off campus, for learning to cook and learning to clean. We run seminars in "Realistic Social Expectations," "Transitional Fears" and "Christian Money Management." On my planet we see no reason to go any further with education.

Our scientists have noted a retarding effect upon those who have ventured any further than common sense will allow. English majors, for instance, have been known to exhibit



(Mr. Burns graduated in 1972 and is back visiting Notre Dame in the form of a graduate student. He is quick to point out that it was not the famous Notre Dame mystique which brought him back, but that it was in reality a Ford Pinto.)

a hate for their subject after such a nonsensical experience.

Somewhere along the proverbial plumb line of education, individuals decide not to enroll in graduate school. On my planet we say such individuals have a Davy Crockett determination for non-academic adventures. I would encourage these individuals to multiply and I would place them in important positions in schools.

If I were a visitor from another planet I would encourage seniors at their commencement exercises to read the dissertation titles presented in their souvenir programs. Then I would say: "All right, folks, stand up. . . (I would pause for dramatic effect) . . . Now 'Graduate,' Goddammit!"

Some Observations on Law School and Attendance Thereof

by Neil Rosini



(Neil Rosini, '73, is currently studying at the Yale University Law School. Rosini was a writer for *Scholastic*, an *Observer* cartoonist and he also served as president of the Arts and Letters Student Advisory Council.)

In the second week of my law school career, the entire first-year class was invited to another in a series of welcoming addresses, this one coming from a member of the faculty. Most of us showed up — I guess we just could not be welcomed enough — and precisely at four in the afternoon, as promised, an imposing gray-suited gentleman took his seat on the oak platform at the head of the class, and a silence settled—quickly.

With crisp articulation, without smiling, he first said, "You are all welcome. *We* are all welcome. Why shouldn't we be?" This question — unlike the other seven or eight thousand posed in two weeks of classes — was *meant* to be rhetorical.

He then told us a few things about attending law school, like, "You are not going to miss much by spending a few years of your life here." (Even after eight class days, this was a timely reassurance.) He called law study "something of a professional course in liberal arts." He promised that we would acquire "ways of analysis" through "dialectic" and "SOCRAT programming" (a reference to the question and answer method of instruction employed also by Socrates).

He noted, "Law school is a passport to upward mobile travel without further visa." He warned us to beware of the "tendentious manipulation toward support of society's status quo" and before sending us on our way, afforded two final comforting observations: "Law school is a community — in a way — and the last socially legitimated opportunity to think hard about something irrelevant." (That last word was intended as a synonym for "academic.") The lecture proved inspirational for us first-year bundles of insecurity. Many already found some aspects of law school somewhat unsettling: the involuntary audience participation in every class, the unfamiliar vocabulary of legalese, the hefty required reading, the cumbersome case method of culling information, the distinctive electric crackle of a highly competitive atmosphere. And then there was a gnawing ache born of that first month's most burdensome question:

What *am* I doing here? We were all touched by the gracious gesture of this gray-suited professor of law, giving generously of his time to put to rest some of our trifling concerns. His solicitude was all the more remarkable since he had been conducting his class in Contracts — from day one — with all the charm and sensitivity of a Grand Inquisitor. He made the ogre in *Paper Chase*, by comparison, seem as threatening as Owen Marshall. (I should point out that *one* of the fatal flaws in *Chase's* reality was the students' lack of humor. Even Contracts class never became so oppressive that a little sniggering couldn't brighten the atmosphere.)

Fortunately, professors with a taste for student-directed sadism are not common. Some of my other classes have been downright entertaining, especially when professorial aggressions were directed elsewhere. Every day, for instance, right after Contracts came some of the most delightful classroom hours I've spent: a course in Torts, a word derived from the same root that brought us "torture." It means "wrong."

Torts is technically a "study of liability without contract" but, since our professor had a refined sense of *case-directed* sadism, an acute sense of timing, and the storyteller's urge, the topic's comic potential was exquisitely realized. Parties were always falling through collapsing staircases, slipping on figure-soap bars, dropping fireworks from commuter trains, or contracting dread contagions in foetid railroad puddles. A Torts course examines in excruciating detail a sample of suits pressed to set things straight again. That is, the severely injured attempt to collect a fortune in damages and retire comfortably. It was in Torts that I first realized attorneys — like physicians — necessarily develop a "clinical detachment" when their business involves so much misfortune.

In that first semester there was also a mandatory course in Federal

Civil Procedure, designed to impress one with the number of technicalities a crack legal system can devise with 800 years to do it. Constitutional Law led me to conclude that Supreme Court justices — like clergymen — can derive from a textual quote almost anything they choose. Property Law is the study of fantastic abstractions concocted to keep owners and would-be owners from killing each other. Other courses I've taken include Criminal Law, Taxes, Estates, Family Law, and Corporation Law, to name a few old standbys.

Not all this stuff is exactly amusing; much of the class discussion I've heard seems calculated to obfuscate the obvious. More judges than you'd believe can't put two sentences together and maintain coherence. Hours and hours are spent studying the most tedious legal controversies with which every lawyer ought to be familiar, especially when facing a bar exam. Imagine the prospect of dragging a yellow Hi-Liter, for three years, over miles of lines like:

Since the Judicature Act there is no doubt we have to apply the principles of equity, and according to those principles there was in this case that which was not granted by deed, and which need not be granted by deed, and therefore there was that which is valid now in equity as a good title upon which this gentleman, the plaintiff, being in possession of a seat, had a right to stay and say "It is no use your saying to me I am obliged to go because I have not got in the language of *Wood v. Leadbitter* (1) a grant by deed; this is an interest which, whether you call it an easement or not, is an interest which I can now acquire in equity by parol and I have that interest."

People tend to dislike studying law in direct proportion to the frequency of turning up sentences like that.

After a few terms of law school, I've made a few other observations too. I expected that having four different law classes at a time would be like cutting a tuna sandwich in quarters and calling them a four-course meal. In college there was always diversity, different disciplines, different ideas. How different could be one law text from another? I've discovered, as you may have guessed, that the differences can be chasmal, since different areas of law have developed in remarkably distinct patterns. But still the intellectual diet in professional school does have a different taste (to maintain this series of metaphors). In retrospect, the diversity of an undergraduate course load seems juicy and luscious—like fresh, ripe fruit—compared to the baked-in-a-pie flavor of law study. But this is not to disparage those who prefer their fruit in a crust.

I've also observed that for most students the formal part of an education in law entails much more than book learning. There are mock trials (to sharpen courtroom technique), moot court exercises (for appellate argument practice), law journal writing (for those inclined toward legal scholarship), and clinical programs (for getting students out to do things for people.)

There is also the experience of simply living in a group of law students who are, after all, a distinct bunch from the typical lot of undergraduates. Much of the old camaraderie grows scarce as considera-

tions like marriage, careers and the end of adolescence exert an influence. Outside interests constrict a bit; many students don't have any interests at all beyond legal opinions and finance pages. Some display awesome altruism in tireless efforts to benefit the underprivileged; others seem composed only of raw ambition, a condition which excites in the individuals an unhappy disposition and in others, a distaste.

I have also observed that most law schools can be disagreeably competitive: the law journal has just so much room in its staff box, the high grades are limited in number, the desirable job placements are finite.

But there are compensations to studying law. The gray-suited ogre pointed out a few. There are others: like a playful sense of gamesmanship, which is interesting, at least for a while, and appeals to acrostic-makers and crossword-solvers. But fortunately, law study is more than a word game—it's a sometimes exciting pursuit of the mechanics of society, a search for fair priorities, a quest for orderly process. Law touches almost every aspect of our lives (if you don't believe it now, someday you'll find out); it's a source of security to know why it does and how. An attorney has taken a good, close look at "the system," knows its workings, knows how to influence it. Even a trivial victory is satisfying, especially when the cause is believed in.

I would not recommend law school to everyone. I'm not even sure whether I like it or not; I am sure, though, that right now there's no place I'd rather be. And if you do apply and attend, forget this article and come expecting nothing. You might be pleasantly surprised. Either way, three long years and \$20,000 from now, nothing is going to keep you from what you really feel like doing. Maybe.

Med School: A Means To An End

by Greg Stidham

The first day, you stand in interminable lines waiting to sign papers, to have your photograph taken, to pick up your schedule. Cocky and fidgety, you suspiciously eye dozens like you, cocky outside, fidgety inside. This is the day you have worked four hard years to see. Now, four more stretch before you, and you really don't know any more about what they will be like than you did four years earlier.

Medical school presents many changes from the undergraduate years. One of the first to become apparent to the first-year student is the difference in the curriculum. For two years, the curriculum is composed of extensive, all-inclusive, unmitigated study of the "basic sciences." This is the usual pattern, though there are a few variations on the theme.

Medical schools in the United States can be categorized in any of several ways. First, there are three-year programs and four-year programs. In the first, classes continue throughout the summer; in the second, summers are given to the traditional vacations. Thus, the total amount of time in school is approxi-



(Greg Stidham, '73, is enrolled in the University of Toledo Medical School. Stidham is also a former editor of Scholastic.)

mately the same, and the real differences between the two approaches are more subtle. The advantages of finishing school in three years must be weighed against the disadvantages of having to push through the three years without a major pause, of being unable to add summer earnings to the income supplied by huge loans, of having one year less to assimilate and organize the quantities of material one is expected to master in that time. Finally, if any part of the program must suffer from the compression of time, it more often than not, unfortunately, is the time devoted to actual clinical experience. The arguments go both ways, and the topic is still one of heated discussions among medical educators. Apparently, the now ten-year-old experiment of three-year medical schools has still not received its final judgment.

A new approach to curricula developed hand in hand with the new three-year schools, and its advantages are still being assessed by educators. Known by various descriptive names, the "systems" approach

divides the basic sciences curriculum according to body systems in lieu of science subjects. Thus, instead of spending his first year studying biochemistry, physiology and anatomy the student might study the cardiovascular system, the respiratory system, and the renal system. He would study each of these systems in all of its aspects, e.g., the anatomy of the heart would be studied conjointly with the biochemistry of heart muscle and the physiology of vascular hemodynamics. Of course, there are advantages and disadvantages. The student studying "systems" is likely to have difficulty forming cohesive notions of basic physiologic principles; the student studying "subjects" is likely to have more difficulty relating the physiology to the anatomy which he may not yet study for some months.

It seems that there is a third viable classification of medical schools, and this is a philosophical one. Having talked with many friends in various schools across the country, I have concluded that there is a great difference of opinion on how much clinical experience should be given to students and when it should begin. ("Clinical experience" refers to the experience of interviewing, examining and taking part in the treatment of patients in the hospital situation.) Some schools consider this experience sacred to the last year or the last two years of medical school. At the other end of the spectrum are schools which give a course in physical diagnosis at the beginning of the first year. Here students learn techniques of the physical examination and begin to examine patients immediately, though they may not fully understand the significance of what they do or of the disease entities they uncover until a later time in their studies. In this approach, limited clinical exposure is integrated into the curriculum from the beginning, with one or two after-

noons a week spent with patients until the third or fourth year, when the student spends his entire day in the hospital as part of the health-care team.

The three categorizations of medical school curricula which I have tried to outline describe some real differences among schools, though in the end I think these differences are not so significant. The suitability of one program over another is largely a matter of personal interests, inclinations and preferences. Furthermore, the choice of a school—when there is a choice—is rarely based on these considerations, but more often on factors such as location, size and expense.

Finally, it is necessary to add that in a large number of medical schools, students and educators alike are convinced that the type of program matters far less than the individual's attitudes toward educating himself. The bulk of a physician's knowledge and competence is acquired not in school, but after he graduates, when he himself is his only professor.

I have tried to describe some of the variability which exists among medical schools; indeed, there can be little question that each school possesses a character all its own. At the same time, there are experiences which are shared by all medical students, regardless of their school.

One of the most memorable of the medical school experiences is that of the long hours in anatomy lab—the days that it took to become comfortable dissecting a human cadaver; the long and tedious hours spent picking through a small area of tissue, attempting to identify tiny and obscure structures; the “home-work” hours, trying to compare textbook diagrams with recollections of the cadaver and memorizing names of muscles with their origins and insertions. It is grueling, difficult and unpleasant work, and when one describes it gently to a nonmedical person, he is likely to be met with exclamations of horror and accusations of callousness. Although grueling and unpleasant, it is still essen-

tial to the understanding of the human body, and virtually all medical students spend the better part of a year literally getting to “know” their assigned cadaver.

A second indelible memory of medical school must be the recollection of the long hours of study. Many students come to medical school hoping to shed the reputations they acquired as undergraduates for their long hours and small number of other interests; usually they are disappointed. First, the pass/fail systems are poor disguises for the continued pressure to succeed, numerically, on tests. Second, the student who is relieved to be freed of the competitive grind he endured while trying to gain acceptance will often be dismayed to find his colleagues more competitive than ever. Finally, and this is perhaps the only valid consideration, the volume of material which must be mastered in a short time is such that one, almost always, is compelled to spend all of his time studying, trying to learn what he must to be a competent physician.

Status-seeking, sadism and greed, in that order, are the three major personality traits of American medical students. If Hitler had been born in this country instead of Austria, he no doubt would have become a doctor, and victims of his sadism and thirst for personal power would have been limited to a few hundred patients rather than tens of millions.

—Pierre de Vise
University of Illinois

The quote appeared in the newsletter of the Student American Medical Association. Exaggerated, perhaps; but also frighteningly perceptive. The temptation is great, I am

afraid, to allow self-interest and self-gain to become the primary motivators for one's efforts in medical school. And if one is not constantly on his guard against that possibility and highly sensitive to his own motives—conscious and unconscious—he is sure to fall victim, to fall into the group described by de Vise. Sadly, many do.

Is it possible to say: I love medicine, but I hate medical school? This is the situation I find myself in. Medical school has been the most frustrating academic venture that I, personally, have attempted. The emphasis on tests has not changed dramatically since my undergraduate years. Students compete for top spot in the class, bickering for test points in a way that should have been outgrown years earlier. The demands of study invade every area of one's time, even the time once reserved for privacy—for reading, for thinking quietly.

Medicine, outside the classroom, is vastly different. There is the impact, of course, of seeing close-up, people who are suffering greatly, some of whom are dying. It is hard. Sometimes it is very hard. But there is the growing realization, and the halting, initially uncertain confidence, that one can really do something to make that suffering a little less painful, a little less prolonged, or a little more bearable. And, for those who wish to do that, medical school is something which must be experienced, and sometimes endured.

I guess that is a good word—“endured.” I have found that medical school is not pleasant, and is not the culmination. It is a continuation of an unpleasant process of preparation. But I have also found that what comes after is, indeed, most worthwhile. It is at that time that I will, at last, be better equipped to help allay the suffering of fellow humans. And that, to me, is the most worthwhile thing one can do.

Book Review

Working in America: A Pacemaker Gone Crazy

by Madonna C. Kolbenschlager

If the long lines at the placement bureau are not convincing, the campus graffiti of the mid-70's are the best evidence of a new spirit abroad in the land: "Revolutions and Revelations Are Bullshit: Go Out and Get a Job!" The real signs of the times are the want ads. Consciousness IV is decidedly pragmatic.

For those in the process of entering the world of work—and not yet contaminated by it—Studs Terkel's *Working* is an enlightening and sobering experience. It is a kind of guide through the labyrinth of economic bondage in our society, a celebration of the work ethic and at the same time a dirge for its passing. For many leaving college this year, the first job will be equivalent to stepping into Charon's ferry—there will be no turning back. For others, employment will be serial, an adventure as hazardous and uncertain as an expedition up the Amazon.

Terkel's subject is as plastic and pluralistic as his form, the oral history. In an age of instantaneous communication by radio, television, phonograph and jet travel, the tape recording replaces the diary or the journal as the most authentic and immediate transcription of human experience. Whether the oral history genre began in the 30's with the testimonies of Southern tenant farmers in *The Disinherited Speak*, or with James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* or with the Federal Writers Project—by any standard Studs Terkel is a pioneer in the field. (He has been interviewing people on WFMT-Chicago for over 21 years.) Terkel has often compared his work to gold prospecting: "You have to have a sense of the drama of life itself, so that you can preserve the truth by taking a hundred pages

of transcript and making it ten pages, without distorting the truth. Well, it's cutting all the fat off and getting the gold—it's like a gold prospector—he's cutting through the ore, and getting the gold dust, and that is the trick." Like *All God's Dangers*, another superb contemporary oral history, Terkel's edited transcripts are not only a recognition of the intrinsic and untranslatable poetry and truth of the individual, but also of the necessity for an artist to give it significant form. Terkel feels that in this process the tape recorder acts as a kind of "booster," heightening the common man's sense of self-respect and significance.

The form he gives to his collection of workers' oral histories is thematic and functional at the same time. The Table of Contents, for instance, looks like the Mid-America Job Guide, interspersed with a few cameo chapters. *Working* does not have the metaphorical resonance of his earlier work, *Division Street*, which explored the spectrum of self-division and social polarization in the American neighborhood. Yet, on the whole, the testimonies are more self-probing than Terkel's oral histories of the Depression, *Hard Times*. And there is the curious and, at times, startling effect of juxtaposition: the farmer and the strip miner in "Working the Land," the TV executive and the ex-president of a conglomerate in "In Charge," the baby nurse and the nursing home attendant in "Cradle to the Grave." In temperament, philosophy and expression these individuals leap and clash on the pages of print, shouting their exhilarations and shrieking their pain. Work is not something one feels neutral about. One of the most interesting



Sister Madonna Kolbenschlager is an assistant professor in the Department of American Studies.

sections is the last one, called "Fathers and Sons." Here, while the sons' occupations often differ from their sires', one is struck by the intensity with which faith in work, belief in one's choice of occupation or profession is transmitted from generation to generation.

Sharon Adams, receptionist in a Midwest business establishment, reiterates a common post-graduation experience: "Okay, the first myth that blew up in my face is that a college education will get you a job." The hours she spends chained to the telephone have changed the way she talks and have set limits on her normal sincerity. It has literally transformed her personality: "I remember on applications I'd put down, 'I'd like to deal with the public.' (Laughs) Well, I don't want to deal with the public anymore."

If the telephone has been her nemesis, the automobile has shaped and muted the lives of thousands of Americans in thousands of ways. Terkel's chapter on "The Demon Lover" captures America's slavery to the mechanical bride, from the assembly line to the car dealership. In a series of Ford Plant vignettes, Terkel documents the slow metamorphosis of men into machines and robots—a process that is short-circuited only by sporadic little psychic "revolts" that seem to be increasing in American industrial life. Workers who daydream: "When you dream, you reduce the chances of friction with the foreman or with the next guy." Workers who tell jokes, invent pranks and games to get through the

day. Workers on drugs. Workers on the bottle. Workers who, like Gary Bryner of the Lordstown plant, resort to sabotage and deliberately let a car "go by." For him, it's a rare moment of exhilaration in the midst of stifling, repetitive regimentation: "With us, it becomes a human thing. It's the most enjoyable part of my job, that moment. I love it."

But the assembly line is not the only job that spawns sabotage and friction-proofing devices. The office worker who draws Mondrian doodles on company time and the switchboard operators who "yank all the plugs" experience the same sense of liberation. The act of sabotage lends a kind of comic creativity and community to the tragic sameness and loneliness of much of the American industrial structure.

Some of the happiest and unhappiest people in Terkel's catalog are numbered among a group that might be called "the hustlers." Ironically, many of them seem unaware of the stress and strain they suffer, judging by the incidence of ulcers and alcoholic problems among them. These are the people who spend most of their waking hours "hawking," "hyping" or "faking" for the sake of a buck, a product or a cause. They are engaged for the most part in beating down consumer resistance to whatever they're selling, and they play longer hours of emotional tennis than most other workers. The group includes such disparate occupational roles as stewardesses, models, hookers, advertising writers, commercial artists, press agents, public relations officers, solicitors, undercover investigators and car salesmen. Their plight—conscious or unconscious—is summed up metaphorically in the recurring nightmare of John Fortune, the advertising copy chief: "I'm a stand-up comedian. I'm standing on a stage with a blue spotlight on me, talking. I begin by telling jokes. Gradually, I begin to justify my life. I can't quite see the audience. The light becomes more and more intense. I can't remember what I say. I usually end up crying. This dream I've had maybe three, four times." Or, take the case of the young Xerox salesman who is on the verge of a nervous breakdown: "You give him bullshit. You wiggle, you finagle, you sell yourself, and you get him to sign. Pow! you

won a round. The next day is another round. What the hell am I doing? I don't enjoy it." Or the grim reminiscence of a middle-aged designer: "I wanted to be at the drawing board, creative, doing something I believed in. But I became a pimp." He found he could outdrink his clients and get contracts by catering to their frailties. "I got the work all right, but it made me sick. I couldn't stand it."

The philosophy of "hustling" is perhaps best expressed by Roberta Victor, a prostitute since the age of fifteen. Of all of Terkel's respondents, she has the most remarkable sense of the archetypal significance of her profession for the larger American society. She sees her life as not terribly different from the assembly line worker who works forty hours a week and comes home numb, dehumanized, cut off. "Hustling" has made her cold, unable to care and to feel. But the overt hustling society of which she is a part is a microcosm of the larger society: "The power relationships are the same and the games are the same. Only this one I was in control of. The greater one I wasn't. In the outside society, if I tried to be me, I wasn't in control of anything. As a bright, assertive woman, I had no power. As a cold, manipulative hustler, I had a lot. I knew I was playing a role. Most women are taught to *become* what they act. All I did was act out the reality of American womanhood."

The "hustlers" may indeed be harbingers of things to come. If futurologists are correct, more and more people will be drawn into this kind of work as we approach the end of the century. Alvin Toffler suggests that we will witness a revolutionary expansion of industries whose sole output consists not of manufactured goods, nor even of ordinary services, but of pre-programmed "experiences." People will begin to hoard experience as they once hoarded things, which is to say that more and more people will be needed to sell us something that we don't need or want—yet.

While the laborer struggles against the machine and the hustler against emotional resistance or indifference, the broker and the bureaucrat contend with the demon of the "system." A recurrent image of parasitism runs through the testimony of

Terkel's unhappy brokers—a sense that they are raking off a cut from the productivity of others. The bureaucrat frets because his work does not have a direct impact on others—he suffers from a chronic sense of meaninglessness.

The shadow image which emerges from so many of these confessions is, of course, the American Dream. One might say, the disillusionment is often directly proportionate to the intensity of the promise and expectation. Throughout *Working* the dream clings to the frayed edges of the worker's aspirations. The dream of retirement is to be expected: the bungalow down South, the garden, the boat, the little business. But the most persistent fantasy is the one of "the next step up the ladder." Americans are incurably hooked on social mobility. "Thirty and out" has one meaning for the assembly line welder, and another for the advertising man. The threat of early obsolescence is offset only by the dream of a constantly rising occupational star—the Horatio Alger myth. Pauline Kael, a film critic and one of the happiest workers in Terkel's catalog, notes the incredible disparity between the imagined and the real opportunities that Americans must resolve. Advertising, TV movies, folk wisdom, socialization and the school system brainwash the young by glamorizing some occupations and implicitly degrading others. "So people form a low self-image of themselves, because their lives can never match the way Americans live — on the screen." Ray Wax, a Wall Street stockbroker who was happier when he was building houses, traces his unhappiness to his childhood belief in the dream that someday he would "score," someday he would make it to the top. When he did, he found there was a limit to what he was prepared to do to make money.

Americans who do not suffer from delusions of grandiose occupations may be the victims of another obsession, "excitement." The happiness reflected in some of the *Working* testimonies is difficult to reconcile with the compulsive, self-punishing, debilitating syndromes that accompany these jobs. It is in fact not happiness, not contentment and equilibrium, but what one contemporary psychiatrist has called "addiction to stimulation" that is devouring these

individuals. Environment, mass media, child rearing—our cultural milieu tends to “hype” the American to expect peak experiences—excitement, exhilaration, stimulation—as the norm. Many work at jobs which feed this lust for excitation and by dint of their frenetic activity end up as corporate executives or politicians with control over other people’s lives. And then, God help those who are not afflicted with the same addiction. Larry Ross, an ex-president of a conglomerate, has been there. He got tired “playing God.” He dropped out to become a kind of roving consultant: “I’ve been to the mountain top. (Laughs) It isn’t worth it.”

No occupation, it seems, is immune from dehumanization or self-betrayal. What then of the really happy ones, the chosen few who seem fulfilled, integrated, uplifted by their work? Who are they? A significant number of them work with concrete things, *small* things—like the piano tuner, the stonemason and the bookbinder. For many of the satisfied, work is connected with a sense of continuity and immortality. The instruments, the buildings, the books that survive their labors are an extension of the worker’s identity into the future. Some, like the waitress and the community organizer, are intoxicated with giving service. She loves her job because, “I have to be a waitress. How else can I learn about people? How else does the world come to me?” He enjoys bringing people together who have been cheated by the “system,” left out. He builds things that will give people the power to make changes in their lives. “I’m one of the few people I know who was lucky in life to find out what he really wanted to do.”

If these modern utopians have anything in common, it is probably the fact that for them work is more than a job—it is a dedication, a calling. They extract a satisfaction from the motivation of their work, not merely from the work itself. Like the storefront lawyer and the piano

tuner, most of the happy ones can say, “My life and my work are one.”

The concept of work as a “calling” and as a “stewardship” for greater ends is one of the most significant and persistent components of the American heritage and perhaps explains the degree of dissatisfaction and restlessness among working Americans. In a sense, we have been programmed by our Puritan-evangelical history to expect more of ourselves and our work—we are all spoiled prophets in search of a vocation. Nora Watson, an editor, in one of Terkel’s most brilliant interviews, observes: “I think most of us are looking for a calling, not a job. Most of us, like the assembly line worker, have jobs that are too small for our spirit. Jobs are not big enough for people. . . . You invest a job with a lot of values that the society doesn’t allow you to put into a job. You find yourself like a pacemaker that’s gone crazy or something.”

But to change the pacemaker would require anaesthetizing the entire economic system—impossible. The answer seems to lie in some sort of separate peace that each individual must seek and make with his situation, some psychic equilibrium he can achieve within the scope of his indentured status. For a professional like Nora Watson it might mean: “You recognize yourself as a marginal person. As a person who can give only minimal assent to anything that is going on in this society. . . . What you have to find is your own niche that will allow you to keep feeding and clothing and sheltering yourself without getting downtown. (Laughs.) Because that’s death. That’s really where death is.” For a carpenter like Nick Lindsay—the son of the poet-doctor Vachel Lindsay—it’s a kind of rhythm, a kind of doubleness that is not destructive but vital: “I say my calling is to be a carpenter and a poet. No contradiction. (Chants.) Work’s quite a territory.” So is Studs Terkel’s book.

Letter

A Letter to Friends

“Human existence is something so fragile, so exposed, that I cannot love without trembling.”

—Simone Weil

It was, I believe, Simone de Beauvoir who told the story of a young friend who joined the French Communist Party, but soon thereafter became disillusioned and quit. Even Communists, he explained, die alone. It is, indeed, a sobering thought, one with special aptness to the Lenten season. The young friend, explained de Beauvoir, had come to the gripping realization that death can emasculate even the most all-consuming ideas—that no sense of fraternity, sincere or imposed, can significantly soften the blow when death comes to call. The story haunts me as I sit out another evening of the late winter rains which have drenched this area for weeks. Something—perhaps memories of my recent pilgrimage back to Notre Dame—prompted me to return to an earlier *Scholastic* issue, to the touching words of Jim Ward, who learned too soon the embrace of death, and to the pained words of Greg Stidham, numbed by the death of an old man whom he “knew only by his struggling face.”

I have been told that it is most inelegant, if not downright rude, to dwell publicly on death. Still, risking opprobrium, I press on. Prudence would also warn that the Notre Dame community has seen and heard of too much death lately, and will not greatly appreciate my dwelling on the subject. But a time

comes, after the shock and the numbness wear off, when we must at last look death in the face and try to make some sense of the losses we have had to endure.

One who is very dear to me once said that she needed faith because it was the only way she could understand death. My thoughts drifted to Block, the squire in Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*, playing chess with Death, and at one point lamenting, "To believe is to suffer. It's like loving someone in the dark, who never answers." Faith does, as my friend said, help make sense out of death. But faith itself is a difficult thing. And at times one almost feels that it is an abdication of one's responsibility to face death and reckon with its grim visage. The temptation of faith, in other words, is that it can become a crutch instead of a foundation.

But this need not be so. In the same way that Socrates taught us that philosophy is the exercise of learning how to die, Lent can be, for the Christian, the time to learn how to die—and how to live. The driving snow and persistent rains that greet the beginning of Lent give way at its end to the first signs of spring, the promises of regeneration after all seemed lifeless.

I hesitate to go further. What was intended as a letter of sorts to those with whom I still feel a very deep and special bond has begun to sound more like a homily. It is, rather, that bond of which I wish to speak, that undercurrent of solidarity or fraternity which has become imprisoned in the overly abused word "community." I risk here committing a second *faux pas*: dragging out the skeleton of that which was (originally quite sincerely) termed the "Notre Dame community." I shall, however, take the risk of further reproach, for I consider the point an important one.

It is, indeed, a paradox of this life that we are drawn together most effectively by tragedy; that it



Kerry McNamara

seems to require the death of one from among us to bring again to light the links that bind us. But every paradox has its awkward truth. For, as Christians, we know that the horror of death is balanced off by its promise of new life. We find hope in the darkest days of Lent, and in the loss of one dear to us—for in the continuous flow of confusing opposites which constitute our life, sorrow always brings promise of joy.

I have in the past been accused of incoherence—and I fear that I might be subject to the same complaint here. My point is actually rather simple, and was made more concisely and much more eloquently by Greg Stidham. It is a primary temptation of college life to become effectively isolated from the world and all those who surround us. We build a fortress of our preoccupations and only grudgingly open our

door to others. In a do-your-own-thing world, we each build our little universe and defend it against all comers. We become islands unto ourselves. Meanwhile, people, some nameless and some all too familiar, die, or feel pain, or despair, or require help. And only when the tragedy stares us right in the face, only when death gets so uncomfortably close that we cannot ignore it, do we come out of our shells (albeit temporarily) and join others in a common suffering. It is, however, in those moments of shared strife that the seeds of community are first sown. What we have most in common is our experience of suffering, of the transitoriness of joys and sorrows and of the fragility of human life. These experiences, if fully felt and shared, can be the foundation of the deepest and most meaningful of communities. But our preoccupations too often force us to deprive ourselves of these experiences through a sort of emotional lobotomy. Community can only exist among those who toil and suffer together—who together share the profound losses and uncertainties as well as the profound joys of life. Community cannot be spawned by a housing plan, nor created in the medium of a keg of beer, nor perpetuated through a bureaucracy for the careful control and "improvement" of student life. It cannot exist as long as the most crucial and painful experiences and emotions of life remain totally private, or are summarily ignored as distracting or unpalatable.

Yes, Greg Stidham, people *are* dying. And only when we learn to see the face of death, and therefore the glow of life, in every face that passes in a hallway—only when every contact with another and every deed done for another take on the urgency of trying to save a dying man—will we fully understand what death is trying so tragically to teach us.

Kerry McNamara

People at ND



This year the N.D. crew team is being captained by Paul McEvily, a senior from Bricktown, N.J. Paul has been on the team since he was a sophomore and last year was the treasurer of the club. Since his home is located on a river, his interest in the sport came naturally. He also has two older brothers, one that graduated from N.D., who were rowers and urged him to join the N.D. club.

Having played soccer, basketball and tennis in high school, Paul has discovered that rowing is one of the best activities there is for all-around conditioning. It provides him with disciplined, consistent workouts as well as a relief from studies, and a chance to travel during the season.

Paul's duties as captain are varied. In addition to maintaining good relations between the coach and team, he is responsible for the care and repair of the delicate and expensive equipment. During the winter months he also keeps the team in good physical shape by conducting workouts six days a week.

Paul will be graduating this May with a major in government and international affairs. Rowing is inevitably to be included in his future plans. His three years in crew have made him a lifetime member of the very "fraternal group."

If anyone were to hold a "busiest man on campus" contest at N.D., Tom Porter, the chairman of the 1975 An Tostal Committee, would surely be a prime contender for the title. The spring festival preparations, which started in November, have made his schedule during the past few weeks very hectic.

Tom received the duty of running An Tostal as one of his major responsibilities as the Executive Coordinator of the Hall Presidents Council, a post to which he was appointed this year. He is a senior math major from Cranford, N.J., and in addition to working in the



dining hall, he has been president of Grace Hall for the past two years. Under his direction the hall won the James E. Brogan Award at last year's An Tostal for the fireworks display sponsored in conjunction with the St. Mary's Student Government, ran a \$1,000 charity drive, and sponsored the first-place booth at Mardi Gras this year. Tom has also initiated a TV station within the dorm which has recently taped its first program. Now, with a new president elected in Grace, and the end of An Tostal, Tom's last few weeks at N.D. should be somewhat more leisurely.

Each week the research staff of *Scholastic* magazine directs its efforts outward in an attempt to uncover the most noteworthy and pivotal personalities of the Notre Dame community. This week our focus is directed inward on our own staff as we uncover the gem of the *Scholastic* news staff, Jane "Sparkles" Thornton. Jane has served as the *Scholastic* news editor for the past year and is credited with such highly successful columns as "People at Notre Dame." Aside from her daily functions as news editor, Jane has also played a key role in the compiling of this year's Course Evaluation booklet. Along with her involvement with *Scholastic*, Jane must also find time to perform duties as a resident assistant in Farley Hall. The topic of Jane's future after her spring graduation has sparked much speculation and rumor. One highly placed source has her accepting an offer from *Time* magazine, which has allegedly offered her an immediate executive position on the strength of her *Scholastic* experience. Those who know Jane best, however, report that she is bound for law school in Florida, where she may be pressed into service as the editor of the Law School Course Evaluation booklet.

—Sue Grace
Tom Birsic



People Behind ND

The Quest for Understanding

"Throughout his teaching life, Brandl's motive force has been his oft-repeated contention that 'only by knowing its history can anyone understand what architecture really is.'" This was written about Ernest Brandl in the *South Bend Tribune* in December of 1958 when he was still an active teacher in the Department of Architecture. Since then, he has retired and been appointed Scholar in Residence, but he is still proving that statement true. On the evening of Thursday, April 10, 1975, Ernest Brandl gave a lecture to a group of architecture students, telling them about a man who is little heard of in American architectural circles but who is, in Brandl's opinion, the greatest architect of this century—Adolf Loos. He began the lecture by talking about Loos as an architect, showing how his work contained many innovations attributed to later architects and showing how Loos always kept meeting the social needs of man in his work. Then he began to talk about Loos the writer, reading some of his work, including a piece about Oskar Kokoschakar, a great painter. Then he began talking about Kokoschakar, showing us some of his paintings and explaining why he thinks that this man is perhaps the century's greatest artist.

But what has this got to do with understanding architecture by knowing its history? Well, to know the history of architecture, one must know and understand the culture in which it developed. This is the purpose of the course which Prof. Brandl is teaching with Prof. Richardson, chairman of Architecture, and for which Brandl gave his Loos lecture. The course is an elective for seniors, titled History of Modern Architecture, and it tries to link recent developments in architecture with developments in other cultural areas, such as art, music, literature and philosophy. It's an attempt to deal historically with our own period

in, as Brandl puts it, the widest sense—through the works of the mind.

This search for total cultural awareness has been evident throughout his life. In the 1930's, when he was an architectural consultant to the city of Vienna, he organized the first International Summer Courses. This was a program by which foreign architecture students came to Vienna, were given work and a chance to share ideas and viewpoints. The Nazi invasion of Austria forced him to leave for England, where he spent the war years. In 1947 he came to the United States, after having taught in several architecture schools in England. In 1951 he came to Notre Dame.

While here from 1951 to 1965, he taught courses in Philosophy of Architecture, History of Architecture and History of Culture. One part of his stay here that he likes to talk about is his work with the students in the Fine Arts Circle. The Fine Arts Circle was a student discussion group, like the Wranglers, but dedicated to the Fine Arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and music. Students presented papers and examined works of art with the hope of being able to come to a judgment of value. The group was formed in 1957 and asked Prof. Brandl to act as its faculty moderator "because there are few who possess this catholic world view, this understanding of the hierarchy of value (and, too, the knowledge of the subject matter) as you do." He served as moderator from the group's beginning in '57 until he left Notre Dame in '65.

It was also during this period that he met Frank O'Malley. Brandl says that Notre Dame has a great tradition because there have always been great individuals here who have left their stamp on the place, and that Frank O'Malley was the greatest of them. There is little to wonder at that a man like Brandl, who strives



to bring a fuller understanding of our culture to more people, should have been so close to so great a teacher as O'Malley.

In 1965, Brandl retired from teaching and was appointed Scholar in Residence. However, a visit to California State Polytechnic College for one quarter turned into six years; and Brandl taught there until 1971.

At that point, however, Brandl felt that he must have more time to continue his research and to write down all of the information which he has compiled. He returned to Notre Dame and was welcomed back warmly by Prof. Richardson and Fr. Burtchaell. Now that he is back he has two major projects under way: a complete translation of the works of Adolf Loos and a history of American cathedrals built before 1850. He is presently annotating his translation of Loos' work to prepare it for publication. After he finishes that, he has files full of research on American cathedrals by himself and the students in his architectural history seminar, which he wants to put into book form.

One might think that a man who has lived and worked for so long in and around schools would tend to judge achievement by their scholarly merit. Not so with Ernest Brandl: his diversity in viewing culture and history extends itself into his views on personal achievement. The one thing of which he is most proud of doing was not scholarly but humane. An animal lover, he collected over a hundred faculty signatures for a petition sent to Congress to influence the passage of PL 85-765—a humane slaughter bill.

—Michael D. Feord

Limits of Standardized Testing

by Sally Stanton

A standardized test can be a useful instrument; it can also be a very dangerous one when taken beyond its limits. "You have to be careful not to claim you're doing more than you are," Mr. Charles W. Daves, director of Test Development for the Higher Education and Career Programs at the Educational Testing Service says. "There are standard errors in any sort of standard test."

Everyone has heard of an exception to the rule, the person who scored very low on the SAT and graduated magna cum laude from an Ivy League school, yet this also is in the statistics. "Validity studies prove the tests are fairly accurate for what they are designed to test," Mr. Daves asserts.

But what are the tests designed to test? Mr. Ben Colbert, involved in the College Entrance Examination Board Program at ETS defines the scope of one instrument. "The SAT evaluates performance at a particular time and only predicts performance in the first year of college. It is based on general patterns of be-

havior; there are always some exceptions." The best single predictor according to Daves is performance in previous experience. The results of standardized tests, when combined with such long-term measures as grades and rank in class produce the best index for prediction.

Notre Dame uses a weighted formula in undergraduate admissions. "The SAT's do play a role in determining the probability of a candidate's success, but a much lesser role than high school achievement and rank," explains John Goldrick, director of admissions. He is quick to point out the claims ETS does *not* make about the tests. "The people at ETS recognize the test's cultural bias. They do not claim that it is a perfect instrument and caution against using it as the sole admissions criterion. Yet to do away with the SAT seems meaningless if no alternative is presented."

The popularity of standardized tests suffers from a basic problem: they are designed to be relatively selective. As Colbert suggests, "the

problem comes in when you attach meaning to scores, when you determine what are acceptable scores for each institution. For a kid who wants to go to a particular institution and can't because of his score, all rationalization can't help." Citing Bowden College as an example of an institution which no longer requires scores, Colbert noted a declining emphasis on the SAT. Yet much depends on the size of the college and how it uses the scores. Many educators feel that the abolition of the SAT is not a panacea.

"Standardized testing grew as the college population broadened; each school had its own testing batteries. Finally, the colleges decided to group together," Daves explained. Now the test can serve as a common national base, modifying the "buddy system" method of admission. As Daves sees it, "Standardized tests enable students from less prestigious high schools to get into universities." Before, if the high school was unknown, or had not previously sent students to a selective institution, the students had admission problems. Goldrick agrees, "The SAT's help us get a balanced view, to look at a high school from what it says it is and how it fits into a national scheme."

Dr. Peter Grande, Assistant Dean in the Freshman Year of Studies elaborated, "Test scores are a convenient way of dealing with mass data; they can summarize potential and achievement. Often they serve as an equalizer to let a person from a lesser known school emerge." Tests are not only one-way streets; they can also aid the student. "Properly used scores can be quite useful in guidance. A student who scores high and yet does poorly in school, or a student in the lower end of the verbal curve, might profit from special attention." Yet it is extremely important that this data be interpreted and used properly. "There is a certain self-fulfilling prophesy in test scores," Grande feels. "If an



*Peter Grande, Assistant Dean
Freshman Year of Studies*

individual takes his or her score seriously, he may start to achieve at that level. Even the way a teacher perceives a student affects his performance; if he expects the student to do better, he does better. The difficulty comes from labeling, when a student starts thinking of himself as a 'C' student for example."

"Tests should be used not abused," Goldrick said. "It is the colleges that abuse, not ETS." Yet, since ETS is responsible for the administration of the tests, and is in the best position to be aware of their limitations, it is also in the best position to guard against that misuse. As Daves admits, "the people in the business are much more skeptical about standardized tests than outsiders."

ETS does sponsor programs and seminars on test use, yet positive results are not guaranteed. The definite measures they can take are limited; beyond publishing brochures or issuing warnings, the final step ETS can take is to terminate its contract with the offending institution. Mr. William Turnbull, the president of ETS, does not feel that ETS can or should police the use of its scores. He compares his organization's position with that of a car manufacturer, who is not required or able to insure that his cars are not used to speed.

For the last ten years, the average SAT score has declined throughout the country, causing speculation on the quality of secondary education and/or students. Daves feels that it may be due to a more heterogeneous testing population. Grande speculated that the difference may also derive from the nature of the test itself. The SAT is a fixed reference test. In 1948, the reference group of 11,000 students was fixed and the statistical mean determined at 500. "In order to keep with the reference fixed in 1948, a common thread must be maintained throughout. This may have broken down."

Besides secondary students and the College Board, ETS is involved in developing tests to select for a wide range of postcollegiate study. Fr. Robert Austgen, director of the graduate admissions program at Notre Dame, points to an important difference between the graduate and undergraduate admission situation. "The study intents of a student applying to a graduate school is different from those of an undergraduate

freshman. A graduate applicant is applying for a specialized area within a particular department. Testing must be much more specialized than that at the high school level."

The GRE's, the Graduate Record Examinations, were developed from a need for a "uniform test." "There are many important things that the test doesn't measure: creativity, research ability, teaching ability," Austgen admits, yet he feels that such an instrument is necessary. The admission process consists of three requirements: a transcript, recommendation and test scores. "If we don't know the school or professor, we need a standardized test to help gauge the student."

Dr. Francis Yeandel, Assistant



*John Goldrick
Director of Admissions*

Dean in the College of Business Administration, stresses this point. Admission decisions are complex when the candidates come from all different types of institutions, with different grading scales. It is further complicated when the candidates come from all over the world or have been out of school for a number of years. "A standardized test provides a common basis. You have to have comparison points. It is not the perfect answer, but the logistics and variables involved are tremendous."

One test which ETS administers appears to be particularly well adapted to its purpose. The Law School Admissions Test, LSAT, was first developed in 1947 at the request

of law deans. It is owned and controlled by the Law School Admissions Council, which is composed of representatives from all the law schools which use the test.

Dr. Robert Waddick, Assistant Dean in the College of Arts and Letters, has long been involved in pre-law counseling. He feels that the test is a valid measure of aptitude. "The questions are all formulated by law teachers; ETS does not make it up, not at all. ETS just edits and puts it in test form."

Ms. Marianne Hopkins, in Notre Dame Law School Admissions, concurs. "The LSAT does give an indication of certain natural abilities: to read rapidly and comprehend, to think logically, to analyze material. It is testing for the way a mind approaches a problem." Without these skills, law school is much harder and chances of success smaller.

The test administration is carefully controlled by ETS. "At least once a year an inspector from ETS comes to campus to take the test. He looks just like a college student, so we don't know he's there," Waddick states. Test security is high, but competition and pressure to cheat are high.

Waddick points to a growing emphasis on scores. "The importance of the tests has gone up with grade inflation. Letters of recommendation have inflated too."

As it is, pressure is on the student to do well on the tests and this may contribute to poor results. "Often, too much rides on a performance at one or two sittings," Grande feels. Dr. John Malone, Associate Dean and the director of the graduate division in the College of Business Administration sees this happening on the graduate level. The Business Boards, (formally the Admission Test for Graduate Study in Business, ATGSB) differentiate between the student who has a low capacity for learning and one with a high capacity, except for those students who do not test well. "Some students take the test too seriously," Malone contends, "and find themselves reading too much into questions and getting confused. They see things that the designer didn't expect. They overtake the test. Others become exceedingly anxious; they can't cope with the extreme time pressure." Yet perhaps the test is selecting here

too. "People like these, 'victims of anxiety,' may not be able to cope with high-pressure management problems."

A third group of poor test takers are students who just don't know how to take tests. "Many students don't prepare, psychologically or methodologically."

"There is a tremendous band of 'ordinary' students," Malone feels, "a tremendous middle ground of people which the test has no ability to measure." The factors involved in success are varied, but ability and desire enter in. "The best measure of self-control, self-discipline, drive, determination and enthusiasm is the academic average." Although Malone recognizes grade inflation as a problem, he sees rank in class as adjusting accordingly.

Admissions is a difficult problem. And, as Malone points out, there is no direct correlation between academic average and professional performance. None of the standardized tests claim to predict performance past the first year at the new institution. "There is a difference between the most successful lawyers and the best law students," Daves admits. "They are not necessarily correlated. The tests have no claim to prediction after the first year, and especially after graduation."

Educational Testing Service: Through the Looking Glass

by Sally Stanton

Standardized tests have now become a fact of life for most students. Few are strangers to the "pre-test blues" or the "butterflies-in-stomach" syndrome, and in contrast to ordinary test trauma (which is the semester companion of all good academic procrastinators), standardized trauma cannot be assuaged by more conscientious class attendance or last-minute cramming. You take the test and get the scores.

Yet a great deal depends on the quality of those scores: college, graduate school, career. It seems unfair that a few hours can decide so much. The relation between test and goal is murky; the questions, a psychological maze. There's a feeling that you're looking in a mirror; seeing the surface, suspecting something behind it, but unable to go through the looking glass to get to the other side.

On that other side is a "wonderland" called ETS, the Educational Testing Service, a collection of low, modern buildings four miles outside

Princeton, New Jersey. The grounds, once farmland, include 400 acres of gently rolling hills, woods, a man-made lake and a flock of migratory ducks.

When founded in 1947, its duties were fairly limited. The American Council on Education, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and the College Entrance Examination Board decided to unite their testing operations and created an independent, specialized entity. As the quality and quantity of education expanded so did ETS. It soon grew too large for its original office across Nassau Street from the University and in 1958 moved to its present headquarters. In the meantime, it has sprouted branches in Berkeley; Evanston; Washington, D.C.; Los Angeles; San Juan; Austin; and Atlanta.

ETS is a nonprofit corporation, chartered by the Board of Regents of the State of New York to "engage in, undertake, and carry on services, research, and other activities as may be appropriate to such purpose." It develops and processes most of the standardized tests students take like alphabet soup during their educational careers: SAT, AP, GRE, LSAT, ATGSB, *et al.* (The notable exception is the specter of pre-med existence, the MCAT.) The name ETS, well known from its frequent appearance on test bulletins, booklets and answer sheets, is often maligned when the test results arrive in student mailboxes.

Actually much of this spleen is misplaced. ETS is not directly responsible for the content of the tests. Its major testing programs are owned and controlled by various independent agencies: the College Entrance Examination Board, the Graduate Business Admissions Council, the Graduate Record Examinations Board and the Law School Admissions Council. These bodies contract with ETS to produce any particular



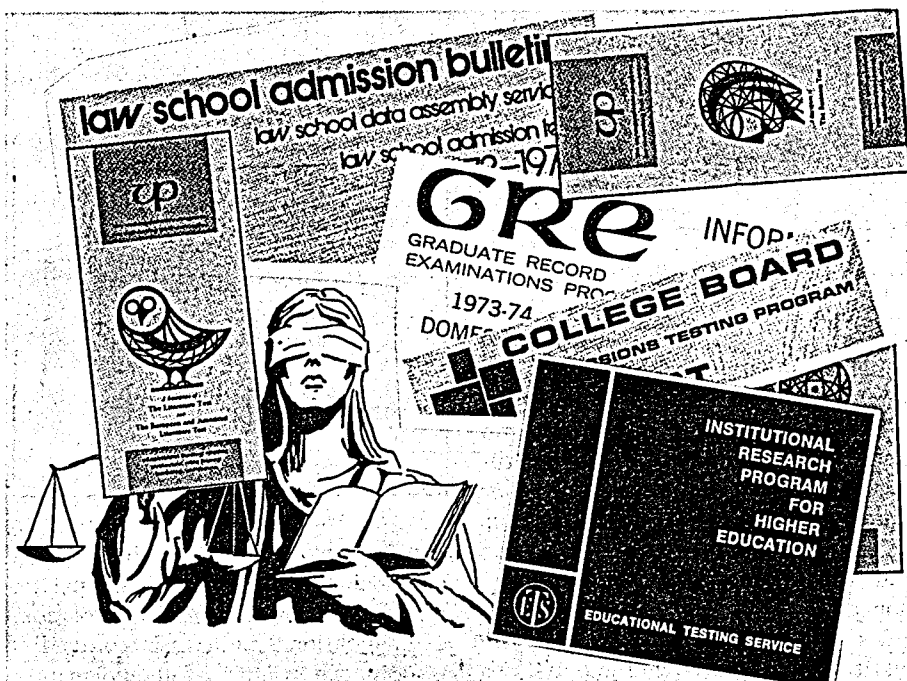
Robert Waddick, Assistant Dean
College of Arts and Letters

test and retain control of that test's production through policy boards elected from their individual educational constituencies.

As Mr. Charles W. Daves, director of Test Development for the Higher Education and Career Programs at ETS, describes it, test production is a dialogue. Though the degree of control may vary, the general process is the same: the policy board meets with ETS to determine what skills it wants to test, the degree of selectivity it wants and any other "content and statistical problems." The policy board decides what to test; ETS, how to test it. Each stage of test development is open to question and review to determine its conformance to the group's specifications and the consistency of its style.

Test designing is not a simple process; a specific test takes approximately two years to develop. Before it reaches the student, it must go through a pretest run to weed out any ambiguous questions. Each test contains, besides the majority of questions, two particular types: experimental questions which are not included in the candidate's score and are themselves being tested to see if they are performing well enough to use as score-determining questions, and the equating questions which are included in the score and which serve to keep the test on scale, as Mr. Daves explains, to "keep an individual from being harmed or helped by the fact that he took a particular test with a particular group of other students."

Standardized tests given by ETS and others have been accused of cultural or racial biases. Yet perhaps much of any existing bias stems from the nature of aptitude testing. Aptitude tests test skills developed over a long period of time; they cannot assess "raw potential." If the tests are biased, which Mr. Daves grants they are, they are "biased in an academic way and as schools are geared." Economics, rather than race, determine a student's opportunity to



develop the necessary academic skills. To guard against any class bias and to make the "general feelings about the test better," ETS includes members of minority groups on test reviewing committees.

Besides testing, which is probably its closest contact with the student population, ETS is involved in research and instruction. In fact this is where much of its internal energy and enthusiasm is directed. Mr. William W. Turnbull, the president of ETS, sees his organization's concern as one of "providing, studying and devising services for carrying out educational concerns, helping individuals and institutions do a good job." Testing is an important and necessary part of this concern but "testing must be in the context of an educational purpose." Mr. Turnbull would like to see ETS have a role in defining that purpose.

One aspect of research is directly linked to the testing process. Validity studies try to ascertain if the correlation between what the test purports to measure and the achievement of the individuals selected by that measure correspond within certain limits. For example, a test which was designed to measure skills necessary for sweeping floors would be a poor test if no one who passed it and was selected to sweep floors could do so. On the other hand, no test claims that all the individuals who do well on it will do well in the actual area of concern, nor should it be the only factor in determining admission to a

specific group. To be an outstanding floor sweeper one needs more than just skill or talent; self-discipline, enthusiasm and dedication are all important, though unmeasurable, attributes. ETS, in cooperation with its policy boards, tries to reconfirm data and reevaluate its measurement devices.

ETS has moved into other areas of research less closely tied to the actual testing process. Some of its projects have been requested by the separate policy boards, some by government agencies and some by independent foundations. For example, ETS recently completed a survey of men and women with doctorates for the Graduate Record Examinations Board to determine if the experiences of the two sexes differed. A division of ETS, the Education Policy Research Institute is under a contract with HEW to analyze the financing of public education and suggest possible ways to improve it.

ETS's Center for Occupational and Professional Assessment, COPA, has developed tests to select police and firemen, to certify auto mechanics, and for real estate salesmen and brokers. There are self-administered tests for dentists and pediatricians

**"The College
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to help them stay abreast of developments in their fields.

ETS is involved in instruction and instructional measures. The Institutional Research Program for Higher Education, established in 1965, aims to help institutions study themselves and their students, to aid in reevaluation and educational change. It provides such self-study measures as the Institution Goals Inventory, IGI, to gather faculty, student and administrative opinions as to institutional goals; the Institutional Functioning Inventory, IFI, to aid an institution in determining what its present strengths and weaknesses in policies, teaching practices, and academic and extracurricular programs are as viewed by its three broad groups: faculty, administrators and students; and the Student Instructional Report, SIR, to allow instructors and students to assess course instruction.

Possibly one of the most exciting new research programs is not institutional, but individual in emphasis. Made possible by a grant from the National Science Foundation, the System of Interactive Guidance and Information, SIGI (pronounced siggy), is a computer-based system designed primarily for community and junior college students to help them in making career decisions. Developed from a humanistic philosophy, SIGI combines a system of guidance based on individual value decisions, a vast store of occupational data and a strategy for processing information. The student is compelled to make a choice between hypothetical occupations and, in the process, to reexamine and reevaluate the relative importance of specific vocational values. Though not a definitive instrument, or a crystal ball, SIGI is designed to aid the student exploring his or her goals.

Although ETS is actively involved in other areas of educational research and development, one keeps coming back to its involvement in

standardized testing. ETS itself, should it want to, cannot escape the testing profession. "ETS cannot pursue educational policies in contradiction to the wishes of its governing boards," Turnbull observes, "We are accountable to our Board of Trustees which is in turn responsible to the policy boards." Since ETS is chartered by the New York Board of Regents, it has a third body to which it must answer.

Its responsibility to the policy boards at times obscures the fact that measurement, and more importantly, education, is a two-sided affair. It is the institution which uses the scores gleaned from standardized tests, but it is the student who actually pays to take the test and goes through the three- or four-hour, sometimes longer, ordeal.

Mr. Ben Colbert, a new employee in the division of ETS which works most closely with the CEEB, is sensitive to student problems. He and the group he works with are trying to "get out more," visiting the testing centers and observing the actual testing situations. "Most of the students who take the SAT's are not quite as vocal as their older counterparts," Colbert observed. Most are only sixteen years old, without definite goals. These tests may be among the first of their kind they have encountered. Colbert's division has tried to im-

prove its communication with students, making the test bulletin more readable, working with test supervisors, bringing students to ETS. "We are trying to develop a continuing mechanism to deal with students' problems and frustrations."

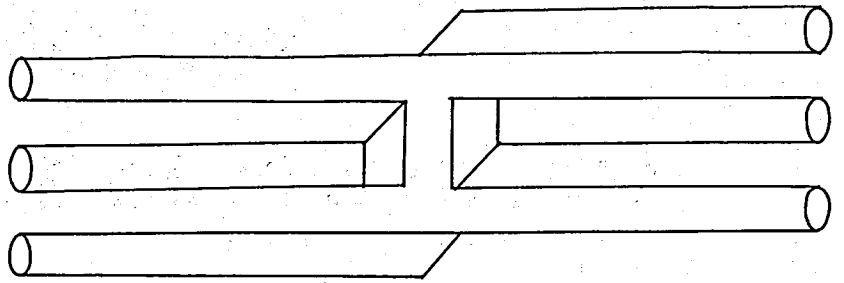
Mr. Turnbull is also aware of this lack. "Most of the benefits students receive now are secondhand, developed from needs of institutions." The problem is determining how to gather student opinion. The specific complaints are attended to routinely; the individuals involved bring the problem to ETS's attention. It is the general questions that require feedback. "We want to know what kind of resources students would find useful when they need more information in making decisions," says Turnbull. "The College Location Service sponsored by the College Board was a critical success, but a box office flop." The service, through which students can arrange to receive information about colleges with programs which interest them, came about two years too late. Student interest in the project is low.

Student panels and questionnaires are adopted by each program to serve its needs. ETS is now trying to tie the various methods together to get a more cohesive picture of its operations.

ETS is, as Mr. Colbert points out, "in the middle between colleges and students." It devises the tests, but does not control their material. It has the hapless task of processing the scores and sending out the results. Yet its position is not totally unenviable. As Colbert points out, "ETS enjoys the fact that it is the main pacesetter in determining what education is, yet this position is also kind of disturbing."

Perhaps Colbert sums the situation up best. "The only thing stable in the whole thing is that that damn test continues to be hard and hard and hard."

Week In Distortion



Though one must concede that Notre Dame social life oft leaves much to be desired, Domers do try to make the most of the situation. Dances, concerts, and interhall and interquad activities seem to be drawing large crowds and attracting audiences. Perhaps the biggest perennial crowd-pleaser is the good ol' American movie. Indeed, cinema-going seems to be *the* most popular pastime, second only perhaps to elbow-bending at local taverns. Maybe you like to catch the latest flick, or perhaps you're a devotee of vintage oldies. At any rate, before you scuttle over to the Engineering Auditorium or travel to one of South Bend's theaters, you might want to consult our descriptive list of movies, new and old. Sit back and browse through this special edition of MOVIE GUIDE. . . .

On A Clear Day You Can See Forever — documentary exploring the unique weather phenomena of the Michiana area.

War and Peace — two-part survey of a struggle to reinstate the Julian calendar. Part I — combat between administration and students. Part II — adoption of the Provost's proposed calendar.

Kidnapped — story about a chaplain's truant cocker spaniel.

There's A Girl In My Soup — futuristic wierdie about how nymphs take over a male university by way of the cafeteria.

The Greatest Story Ever Told — examines in epic fashion perennial promises to lower student drinking age.

Cat On A Hot Tin Roof — family

flick showing the humanity of dynamo security bigwig J. Arthur Pears; rescue of a helpless feline from the top of Stepan Center.

Sleeper — educational film demonstrating the soporific effects of some college courses on some college students.

Take The Money and Run — story of a diabolical University president's escape with student tuition increases.

The Great Escape — the tale of the mass exodus of 6,000 undergraduates for summer vacation.

Valley Of The Dolls — Yarn about what two consecutive weeks of No-Doz can do to one's health.

True Grit — home economist's study of the effects of institution food on the average student.

20,000 Leagues Under The Sea — marshy adventure reel about daredevil North quad walking after a spring rain.

Around The World In Eighty Days — fantasy concerning the picaresque travels of a college president.

Deep Throat and Dr. Dolittle — double bill; I) short about larynx examinations at university infirmaries; II) expose of quack physicians and their malpractice suits at the same infirmaries.

Last Tango In Paris — foreign flick about the legendary belly dancer Fran DeMarco before her deportment to Indiana, America.

Andromeda Strain — Greek classic about a transsexual god who develops a hernia.

Magnum Force — tale about the inhumane gestapo tactics of college campus security staff.

Yours, Mine, and Ours — film dia-

logue between a president and a provost which turns into a fight over who is king of the mountain.

How To Stuff A Wild Bikini — beach flick about amorous college seniors at the Michigan dunes.

Dirty Dozen — all-star cast in a domestic espionage thriller about school administration graft and corruption.

Rosemary's Baby — X-rated sizzler about unwanted pregnancy in a co-ed dormitory.

Up The Down Staircase — story about the madness and frenzy at O'Shaughnessy Hall during change of class.

The Godfather — biography about the dark patriarchal figure who charts the human destiny of the ND student.

Frenzy/It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World — double bill about pre-registration hassles, check-marked cards and closed-out courses.

Bless The Beasts And The Children — anthropological film study about the ethno-religious cult that derives from the Urchins' Mass.

Well, dear readers, this is the final chef-d'oeuvre of your favorite (?) *Scholastic* columnist. No more will this witty and ubane auteur pen and purvey knowledge and humor. Another will take my place next September, in an effort to charm, amuse, and instruct. So, as I quit this verdant campus of Du Lac, I say as did the poet Catullus, "Fratres Ave Atque Vale." (For all of you plebeian Latin flunk-outs, that means, "Brother, Hail and Farewell")

—John M. Murphy, Esq.

Pechek: Unanswered Questions

Before the 1973-74 season, the Notre Dame wrestling team had only seven winning seasons out of a total of eighteen, with the highest number of wins in one season being the 11 meets won in '71-'72. In '73-'74, a new coach, Fred Pechek, took over, and that year he took the Irish wrestlers to a 10-7-1 season, with a record nine consecutive team wins. Then during this past season, '74-'75, Pechek's wrestlers went 14-11 against an extremely tough schedule, to set the school record for most team wins in a season. Also, wrestlers have set six individual records in Pechek's two years here.

Coach Pechek was a member of the last class (1963) of Notre Dame students to graduate with a B.S. in Physical Education. From 1964 to 1967, he worked here as a graduate assistant in the Phys. Ed Department, while getting his M.A. in Educational Administration. He then went to Purdue University and worked again as a graduate assistant while earning an M.S. in Physical Education. As a grad student both at Notre Dame and at Purdue, he acted as assistant wrestling coach.

After a year as head wrestling coach at a high school in upstate New York, Pechek went to West Liberty State College in West Virginia. While there from 1969 to 1973, he was head wrestling coach, defensive backfield football coach, and assistant professor of Phys. Ed. in a major's program. In addition to his official coaching and teaching duties, he initiated the first summer wrestling camp ever held in West Virginia, initiated the first free-style wrestling tournament in the

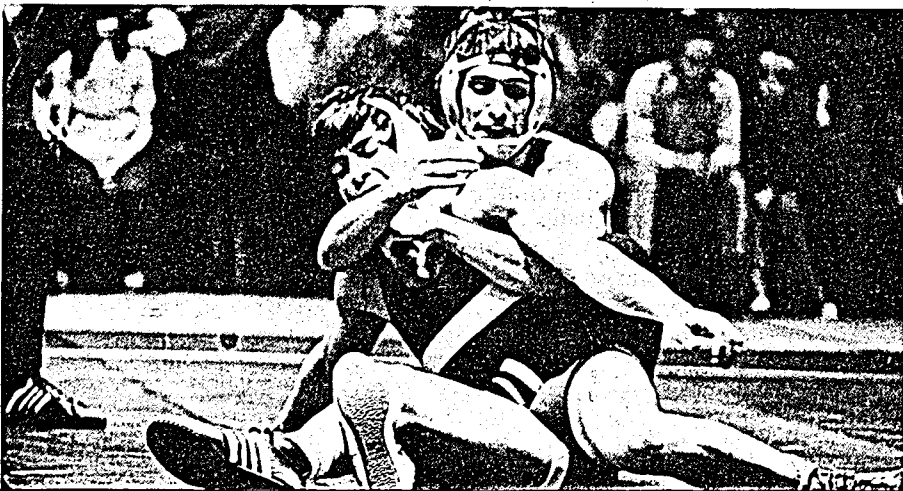
state, served as West Virginia chairman of the U.S. Wrestling Foundation from 1969-72, and served as chairman of the West Virginia Conference wrestling coaches in 1971-72.

Then, in 1973, when he was offered the job of phys. ed. instructor and head wrestling coach at Notre Dame, he accepted and came here. Two seasons passed and at the very end of February, 1974, Pechek and his young, returning wrestlers had finished the most successful season of any Notre Dame wrestling team and were looking forward to an even better one next year. But that season may have to wait, for on March 1, 1975 (while Pechek was at the NCAA tournament) Mrs. Pechek received a registered letter, notifying Fred Pechek that the Phys. Ed. Department was not going to renew his contract for the 1975-76 school year.

The problem, it came out, was that Coach Pechek's job was not only to be a wrestling coach, but also to be a phys. ed. instructor. Although he was quite successful as a wrestling coach, the Phys. Ed. Department, which was responsible for hiring him, was dissatisfied with his

performance as an instructor. Yet many students, especially wrestlers, were stunned by the department's action. Most students were of the opinion that Pechek was a good teacher, as well as a good coach, and wanted specific reasons why he was not being rehired. To indicate the students' feelings, a few wrestlers circulated a petition supporting Pechek and collected close to 1,500 signatures in the two days before spring break.

The anatomy of the decision, not the reasons behind it, was all that was made public by the department. Dr. Fallon, chairman of the department, described the process in this way: "Mr. Pechek had been hired for a combination job of physical education and wrestling coach; the only decision which this department made is that through due process, which consists of reviews of his performance by a committee on appointments and promotions, it was decided by this committee to recommend that Mr. Pechek's appointment to this department not be renewed." In accordance with Faculty Manual instructions, a recommendation by a department's C.A.P. and chairman then goes to the dean of



the college, and then to the Provost for approval. Since phys. ed. is a freshman activity, the dean in this case is Dean Hofman of Freshman Year, and since the C.A.P. is made up of tenured members of a department's faculty, the committee making the original recommendation was made up of Dr. Fallon, golf coach O'Sullivan and swimming coach Stark. The decision, then, began with Fallon, O'Sullivan and Stark, went through Fallon as department chairman, went to Dean Hofman for approval and then to Fr. Burtchaell for final approval.

Scholastic then went to the individuals involved to see if we could get the reasons behind the decision. Fr. Burtchaell was unavailable for comment. Dean Hofman said that the workings and recommendation of the committee were all handled through due process, and, therefore, there was absolutely no reason to not approve the committee's action. Mr. Pechek had made an appeal, said Hofman, but he and Fr. Burtchaell had considered it alongside the committee's recommendation and had turned it down. An appeal having been made, Hofman considers the matter to be totally final and closed. He added that the deans must assume that each committee is a responsible group, and that their work must be kept secret, or the entire administrative process involved would suffer.

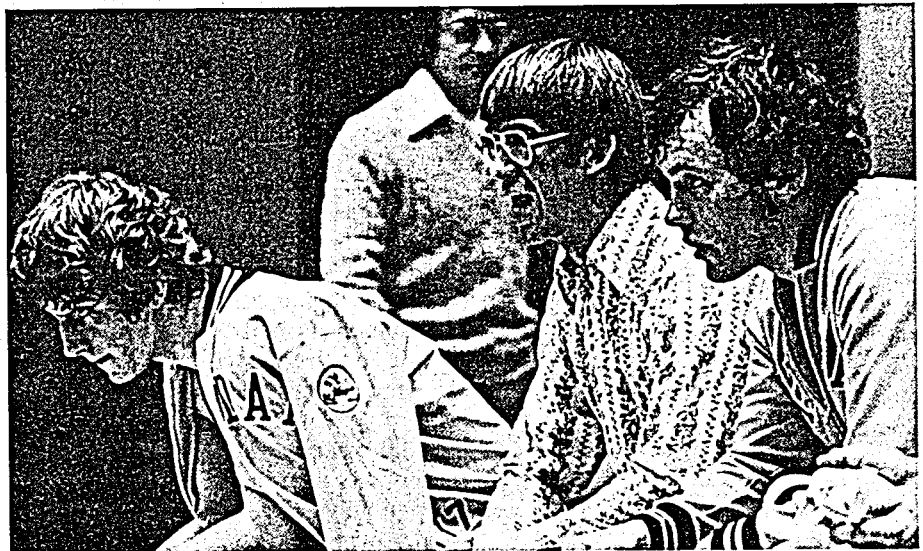
Fallon commented on the method of evaluation which the committee used, saying that each of the committee members operated individually on a standard evaluation form. The evaluation is, he said, based on observation of the teacher's performance and attitude. He admitted that each evaluation was bound to be largely subjective, but maintained that all the committeemen reached the same decision separately — that Fred Pechek's performance did not meet necessary standards. The main methods of observation are, said Fallon, generally observing a teacher's behavior around the office, occasionally observing a class, and covering for other teachers when they are absent. "You can tell very often when you're covering someone else's class," said he, "the kind of work they're doing." He admitted not having dropped in on any of Coach Pechek's classes, but said the

other two men had. He also mentioned that there had been some negative student response to Coach Pechek, as well as the usual favorable feedback. O'Sullivan and Stark were not reached for comment.

The only time we heard any specific reasons offered was when Coach Pechek gave us his side of the story and told us what the committeemen had given him as reasons. He said that his first year here had been very difficult, with disagreement on both his and Dr. Fallon's parts as to what his role in the program should be. He admits that his attitude towards the program in his first year was not very good, and says that at the end of that year he had not wanted to renew his contract. Dr.

formed and that he no longer controlled the situation: "I think it would be unfair for me to take him aside. I could then only speak as one person, and anything that I told him at that time would reflect on my opinion, but it might very well be that the others thought to the contrary." About Pechek thinking that he had improved, Fallon said that that was a matter of opinion on which Pechek and the committee did not agree.

After finding out about the committee's decision, Pechek saw the evaluation form and went to each member asking them what reasons they had for their poor evaluation. Specific reasons for not giving him a good evaluation on organization



Fallon talked him into staying and said that they would go through a trial year. Pechek says that Fallon promised to sit down and talk with him if, during that second year, things weren't working out. Pechek still wasn't sure about wanting to stay until the beginning of this semester, when, encouraged by the success of the wrestlers, he decided to stay and work everything out. He felt that during the second year his attitude towards the program had improved and that he was doing his job as well as could be expected. Then he found out that he was not going to be offered another contract.

When we asked Fallon about this, he said that he remembered the discussion, but not the promise of a meeting if things weren't working out. He also said that between the end of last year and the beginning of this year, the committee on appointments and promotions had been

were based on his not having initialled his semester class lists on time, having another teacher fill out his student record cards at the end of one rotation, and supposed disorganization of his class when other teachers covered for him. Pechek says that during the week in which his class lists were to be initialled, he was away at the National Catholic Tournament at the beginning, had three dual meets in the middle and had to wrestle John Carroll University on the weekend. His student record cards were filled out by Miss Astrid Hotvedt (who did it willingly) at a rotation change where one rotation ended Friday and the next began Monday, and Pechek was on a road trip from Thursday to Tuesday. About the covering incident, Pechek said that O'Sullivan complained that, the five times he took over for him, the class was totally disorganized. Pechek replies that

once, after O'Sullivan had complained that he did not leave detailed enough instructions, he left a page-long list of activities for the class to do, but O'Sullivan ignored them and had the class do leg lifts and calisthenics for the whole period. He also feels that the committee was unable to properly evaluate his teaching because only O'Sullivan ever saw him teach, and only three times at most, over two years.

He was told that he had poor professional attitude because he said things detrimental to the department and Notre Dame. Pechek feels that this means he spoke last year about things which he felt were being done wrong in the department; he says he's reformed since then and has been quieter this year. He also points out that whenever the members of the department went out to lunch

together, at which they usually discussed physical education related topics, the three committeemen always declined any invitation to come. There were also at least three Sunday afternoons when members of the department met at Pechek's house to work out future course plans. Again, the committeemen did not participate.

One other criticism he got was that he dressed atrociously; that is, he didn't wear a shirt with "ND Phys. Ed. Staff" on it every day. Pechek wonders how they know what he wore in class when he was only observed three times in two years. Those were the only specifics he was given and he feels that there is more to explain. Things like: if the members of the committee each evaluated him individually, why did they each use exactly the same

phrases, down to the last word, to tell him that he had a poor attitude because he filled out his weight chart during a staff meeting (incidentally, he says it wasn't a weight chart)?

To get some indication of how good a teacher Fred Pechek is, we obtained one of his class rosters and called the students to find out what they thought about him. Out of 23 students, we reached 18. Out of the 18, 18 thought he was a good teacher; 11 of those 18 thought that he was better than most of the other instructors, and 7 of those students were extremely enthusiastic in their support of Pechek.

—Michael D. Feord
Stumpy Murphy

Allocco's Clouded Dreams



Frank Allocco has had the distinction of being the backup to Tom Clements as Notre Dame's quarterback for the past three seasons. An injury suffered early in his sophomore year had given Frank an additional year of eligibility and, with Clements graduating, Allocco was given the choice of coming back to take over the job for next year. He decided to take the advantage of the extra year.

The winter-conditioning program described in the other article on spring ball was one of the happiest times of Allocco's stay here at Notre Dame. "Here was the chance that I'd been waiting for since I've come here," said Frank. "I've had so many dreams about becoming Notre Dame's quarterback, and now they had come true."

Until the scrimmage.

Less than two weeks ago on the ninth play of the spring's second scrimmage, Frank rolled out to his left, was hit and, in the process of falling, landed squarely on his right shoulder. It was diagnosed as a separation and would require corrective surgery if he wanted the opportunity to throw again. Allocco's dreams,

a reality for three months, are now clouded again, and neither he nor anyone connected with the gutty senior knows what will happen.

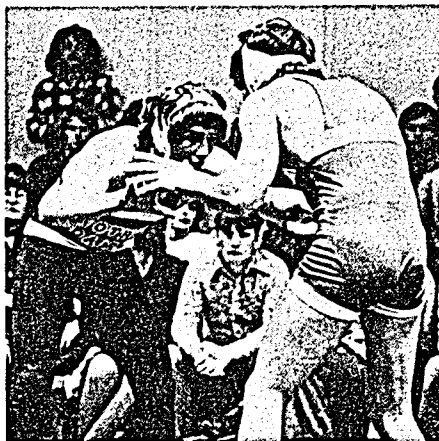
Frank was operated on last Monday afternoon and the operation was termed a complete success. He'll be in a sling until mid-June, when he'll have to start all over again building up his arm. But for now, the spring is over for Frank Allocco.

As I write this, the spring has claimed besides Allocco a tackle, split end, fullback, a center on offense, two, perhaps three linebackers (one of them a co-captain) and a safety on defense. Add to this the possible return of the suspended football players and the ones already excused from spring ball for one reason or another, and you'll realize why spring ball has become a bit eerier this year, the inaugural of Dan Devine.

Practice is always needed for excellence and conditioning is one of the foundations for a successful team. But what price must be paid for glory in April, when it is in October that performance makes or breaks Notre Dame football?

—W. J. Delaney

Irish Sport Shorts



The Irish baseball team, not known for their early starts, has provided the campus with a pleasant surprise this spring. After a rain-filled midsemester break, Coach Jake Kline and his corps have come back to South Bend with the power and hustle of which champions are made. Pitchers Bob Stratta and Bob Hughes have carried the load in the throwing department, while Stan Bobowski, Jim Schmidt, Frank Fiaski and Dave Doemel have provided clutch hitting down the stretch. Even attendance at the stadium has increased this season, Kline's last as Irish skipper. And a winning season would be the greatest send-off to the man who guided Notre Dame baseball for all these years.

Irish wrestling, on the upswing over the past few years, has announced the captains for next year. Seniors Dave Boyer and John Dowd will lead the grapplers in the '75-'76 season, which looms to be the finest in one of the oldest Notre Dame varsity sports.

Lefty Smith and his hockey team also recently announced the captains for the upcoming season. Senior Pat Novitzki and junior Brian Walsh have been tabbed to lead the youthful icers. With only two seniors graduating, and the number-one line of Hamilton, Walsh and Pirus returning, the team has the potential to be number one in the WCHA next year.

As I stated in the last *Scholastic* issue, the Yankees and the Mets will meet in a subway series when the regular baseball season ends. The Yankees will win the series in five games, with Bobby Bonds and Catfish Hunter starring for the team that will win their first series since 1964.

As for you diehard Cubs and White Sox fans, if there were a seventh place in the American West and National East, they'd be in that position. But unfortunately, there are only six positions, and that is where you'll find both Chicago teams at the end of the season.

After enjoying their finest season in many years, the Irish swim team under Coach Denny Stark has appointed Mark "Speed" Foster as captain for the upcoming season. Foster, a junior, will join Drew Wallach, Jim Severyn and crew in the attempt to better their performances of this season, the goal of the Irish tankmen.

Congratulations are in order for Dick DiBiaso, assistant basketball coach for Notre Dame for the past four years, who was recently appointed head coach at Stanford. DiBiaso, a knowledgeable man in the fundamentals of the game, and a powerful recruiter, now enters one of the toughest leagues in college basketball. With his strengths, however, we know he'll be a winner, and on behalf of *Scholastic*, I'd like to wish him the very best of luck.

Another new appointment within the Athletic Department has been the hiring of Kevin Hoene as head hockey coach at St. Mary's in Winona, Minnesota. Hoene, a graduate of Notre Dame, played on the hockey team and was named captain his senior year. He's remained with the Irish hockey program since then as an assistant to Lefty Smith. Again, we wish him the best of luck in Kevin's new position.

The women's tennis team has already begun its spring season this year, and according to captain Betsey Fallon it's going to be a good one. "Most of the other teams we're playing this season should be pretty close to our caliber, so we are all pretty optimistic." So far this season they've played in four matches, one of which was against Indiana University, Indiana's best women's team last season. Still to come is an away match at Lake Forest and their final game against Northwestern here on May 3 at 1:00. Besides first singles player Betsey Fallon and second player Jane Lammers, other standouts include Carol Guckert, Carol Simmons and Janet Krier.

—Bill Delaney

The Last Word

by Jim Gresser

When next August rolls around, I'll begin to serve my time as a high school teacher of English and Theology. To be frank, I'm very much afraid of that prospect. I wonder what I can possibly teach high school students; and why. So far I've decided not to smile until Valentine's Day and to tell my students on the first day of class that we'll operate on the basic assumption that human nature is a fallen one. Beyond that, unfortunately, I'm lost.

I mention my own situation only because it seems in some ways to parallel closely the situation of many other seniors. As we confront the gloomy fog that looms past graduation, the specter of not having a job—or, perhaps worse, *having* a job—raises its ugly head. And if employment, or lack thereof, isn't the immediate question, then continuing education probably is. Even for those considering graduate or professional education, the future is uncertain at best and possibly grim.

Along with a worsening economy and job market, seniors also seem to be suffering a philosophical dilemma as well. There seems to be among so many of us a strong feeling of being *disjointed* in time. For the past twenty-one years, everything seems to have flown in such a smooth continuum; it was always expected that all of us would make it this far. But now what? Most of us don't really know. As America's choice educated, we seem to be less equipped for a functional role in society than anyone else.

This anxiety over the future is not just characteristic of arts and letters majors who never seem prepared for anything anyway. It's even experi-

enced by people as future-oriented as the pre-meds and pre-laws. The pre-med, for example, is confronted with an education which may have prepared him only for med school. One letter from a med school can mean four more years of educational security and a predetermined future, or a confrontation with the existential abyss.

In any case, friends, here we are. Faced with *the real world*.

In all honesty, though, looking at the real world isn't so bad. In fact, it's kind of exciting. For one thing, it does make us examine what four years of college education have done for us. It's a bit cliché, but it is, after all, not necessarily the purpose of education to teach a student to *do something*, but to *be someone*. If after four years of "higher learning" we are people who can look around us and appreciate our world, its people and their works, I think we're doing all right. Anything beyond that is probably hubristic anyhow. It might even be an explicit purpose of education only to give us certain insights and then ask us to share them.

Perhaps the purpose of our education, whether in science, business, engineering or arts and letters is exactly to enable us to escape occasionally the world of means and ends, goals and objectives, careers and futures. That's a world that is always threatened by failure; and while failure is unavoidable and necessary for growth, there must be a solid intellectual, personal and spiritual foundation which is free from failure and therefore able to sustain it.



If this university is successful, and I believe that its students prove that it is, it needs people who can teach and who can learn what is truly valuable and enduring and why that is so. It must have people who realize the value of work, but also believe, as Saint Exupéry writes, "Straight ahead of him, nobody can go very far." Students must be able to see their work in the context of the world of their lives.

As Professor Joe Evans points out in his essay, "The Vocation of the Teacher," it is the role of the teacher, then, "to be able to see and point to the 'world' in a grain of sand—or in a sapling, or in a robin-redbreast or in a falling star, or in telstar, or in a wisp of hair, or in a smile, or in two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen, or in a family, or in a village, or in a 'society for the preservation of barbershop singing,' or in a body politic."

If Notre Dame has done that for its students, whether they get into med school or not will of course not be determined. But in some ways it may not matter quite as much if they do or they don't. It won't matter either if they take a few years off to decide what they want to do. And being disjointed in time may present itself as a great opportunity. If our education has been successful, there might even be something to teach high school kids in Tampa.

You've been there. Now you can help them.

They've got a long way to go. In a world that isn't easy. But with someone's help, they'll make it. What they need is a friend. Someone to act as confidant and guide. Perhaps, it could be you as a Salesian Priest or Brother.



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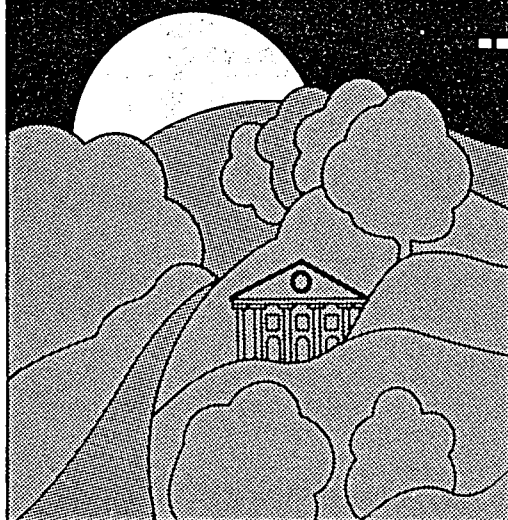
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