

May 2, 1975

May 2, 1975

1960-1961  
 1962-1963  
 1964-1965  
 1966-1967  
 1968-1969  
 1970-1971  
 1972-1973  
 1974-1975  
 1976-1977  
 1978-1979  
 1980-1981  
 1982-1983  
 1984-1985  
 1986-1987  
 1988-1989  
 1990-1991  
 1992-1993  
 1994-1995  
 1996-1997  
 1998-1999  
 2000-2001  
 2002-2003  
 2004-2005  
 2006-2007  
 2008-2009  
 2010-2011  
 2012-2013  
 2014-2015  
 2016-2017  
 2018-2019  
 2020-2021  
 2022-2023  
 2024-2025  
 2026-2027  
 2028-2029  
 2030-2031  
 2032-2033  
 2034-2035  
 2036-2037  
 2038-2039  
 2040-2041  
 2042-2043  
 2044-2045  
 2046-2047  
 2048-2049  
 2050-2051  
 2052-2053  
 2054-2055  
 2056-2057  
 2058-2059  
 2060-2061  
 2062-2063  
 2064-2065  
 2066-2067  
 2068-2069  
 2070-2071  
 2072-2073  
 2074-2075  
 2076-2077  
 2078-2079  
 2080-2081  
 2082-2083  
 2084-2085  
 2086-2087  
 2088-2089  
 2090-2091  
 2092-2093  
 2094-2095  
 2096-2097  
 2098-2099  
 2100-2101  
 2102-2103  
 2104-2105  
 2106-2107  
 2108-2109  
 2110-2111  
 2112-2113  
 2114-2115  
 2116-2117  
 2118-2119  
 2120-2121  
 2122-2123  
 2124-2125  
 2126-2127  
 2128-2129  
 2130-2131  
 2132-2133  
 2134-2135  
 2136-2137  
 2138-2139  
 2140-2141  
 2142-2143  
 2144-2145  
 2146-2147  
 2148-2149  
 2150-2151  
 2152-2153  
 2154-2155  
 2156-2157  
 2158-2159  
 2160-2161  
 2162-2163  
 2164-2165  
 2166-2167  
 2168-2169  
 2170-2171  
 2172-2173  
 2174-2175  
 2176-2177  
 2178-2179  
 2180-2181  
 2182-2183  
 2184-2185  
 2186-2187  
 2188-2189  
 2190-2191  
 2192-2193  
 2194-2195  
 2196-2197  
 2198-2199  
 2200-2201  
 2202-2203  
 2204-2205  
 2206-2207  
 2208-2209  
 2210-2211  
 2212-2213  
 2214-2215  
 2216-2217  
 2218-2219  
 2220-2221  
 2222-2223  
 2224-2225  
 2226-2227  
 2228-2229  
 2230-2231  
 2232-2233  
 2234-2235  
 2236-2237  
 2238-2239  
 2240-2241  
 2242-2243  
 2244-2245  
 2246-2247  
 2248-2249  
 2250-2251  
 2252-2253  
 2254-2255  
 2256-2257  
 2258-2259  
 2260-2261  
 2262-2263  
 2264-2265  
 2266-2267  
 2268-2269  
 2270-2271  
 2272-2273  
 2274-2275  
 2276-2277  
 2278-2279  
 2280-2281  
 2282-2283  
 2284-2285  
 2286-2287  
 2288-2289  
 2290-2291  
 2292-2293  
 2294-2295  
 2296-2297  
 2298-2299  
 2300-2301  
 2302-2303  
 2304-2305  
 2306-2307  
 2308-2309  
 2310-2311  
 2312-2313  
 2314-2315  
 2316-2317  
 2318-2319  
 2320-2321  
 2322-2323  
 2324-2325  
 2326-2327  
 2328-2329  
 2330-2331  
 2332-2333  
 2334-2335  
 2336-2337  
 2338-2339  
 2340-2341  
 2342-2343  
 2344-2345  
 2346-2347  
 2348-2349  
 2350-2351  
 2352-2353  
 2354-2355  
 2356-2357  
 2358-2359  
 2360-2361  
 2362-2363  
 2364-2365  
 2366-2367  
 2368-2369  
 2370-2371  
 2372-2373  
 2374-2375  
 2376-2377  
 2378-2379  
 2380-2381  
 2382-2383  
 2384-2385  
 2386-2387  
 2388-2389  
 2390-2391  
 2392-2393  
 2394-2395  
 2396-2397  
 2398-2399  
 2400-2401  
 2402-2403  
 2404-2405  
 2406-2407  
 2408-2409  
 2410-2411  
 2412-2413  
 2414-2415  
 2416-2417  
 2418-2419  
 2420-2421  
 2422-2423  
 2424-2425  
 2426-2427  
 2428-2429  
 2430-2431  
 2432-2433  
 2434-2435  
 2436-2437  
 2438-2439  
 2440-2441  
 2442-2443  
 2444-2445  
 2446-2447  
 2448-2449  
 2450-2451  
 2452-2453  
 2454-2455  
 2456-2457  
 2458-2459  
 2460-2461  
 2462-2463  
 2464-2465  
 2466-2467  
 2468-2469  
 2470-2471  
 2472-2473  
 2474-2475  
 2476-2477  
 2478-2479  
 2480-2481  
 2482-2483  
 2484-2485  
 2486-2487  
 2488-2489  
 2490-2491  
 2492-2493  
 2494-2495  
 2496-2497  
 2498-2499  
 2500-2501  
 2502-2503  
 2504-2505  
 2506-2507  
 2508-2509  
 2510-2511  
 2512-2513  
 2514-2515  
 2516-2517  
 2518-2519  
 2520-2521  
 2522-2523  
 2524-2525  
 2526-2527  
 2528-2529  
 2530-2531  
 2532-2533  
 2534-2535  
 2536-2537  
 2538-2539  
 2540-2541  
 2542-2543  
 254

# The Past Four Years Development and Change

EUROPEAN CAR RENTALS  
RENT YOUR CAR IN HOLLAND  
THIS YEAR AND REALLY SAVE.  
VW or Fiat only \$9.00 per day IN-  
CLUDING 100 free KM's daily.  
Larger cars/campers at similar sav-  
ings. MINIMUM RENTAL AGE 18.  
HILTON and MARRINGA  
826 Marin, Vallejo, Ca. 94590

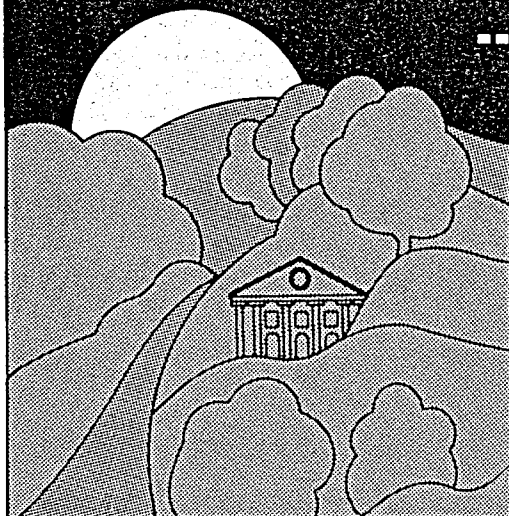
FUTURE CPA's — Learn How  
to prepare for the CPA Exam.  
BECKER CPA REVIEW COURSE.

Call Collect:

AKRON . . . . 216 434-1171  
CINCINNATI . . 513 651-4487  
CLEVELAND . . 216 696-0969  
COLUMBUS . . 614 224-3290  
DAYTON . . . 513 426-5087

# C.W. POST

...A BEAUTIFUL WAY  
TO INVEST  
A SUMMER



We make summer matter with a full range of undergraduate, graduate, Weekend College and Continuing Education courses on one of America's most beautiful campuses ... and with special institutes and workshops, modern residence halls ... and our good teachers.

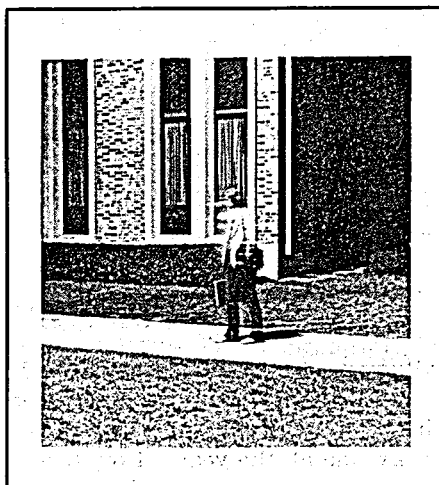
3 SESSIONS (day and evening):  
May 21-June 20, June 23-July 25 and July 28-Aug. 29

Call or write for the Summer Bulletin:  
Summer Session Office, C.W. Post Center  
Long Island University  
Greenvale, L.I., N.Y. 11548 • (516) 299-2431

**c.w. post center**  
LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY

# SCHOLASTIC

Volume 116, No. 15 May 2, 1975  
Notre Dame, Indiana



**Editor**  
James Gresser

**Art Director**  
Bill Weyland

**Production Manager**  
John Phelan

**Managing Editor**  
Sally Stanton

**News Editor**  
Jane Thornton

**Arts Editor**  
Katy Sullivan

**Sports Editor**  
Bill Delaney

**Business Manager**  
Sarah Bartzan

**Circulation Manager**  
Paul DeBacco

**Photography Editor**  
Ed Brower

**Advisory Board**  
Ronald Weber, Carl Magel, Ed Sanna,  
Madonna Kolbenschlager, David  
Schlaver, C.S.C., Richard Conklin.

## Staff

Mike Karels, Steve Slater, Thomas J. Waldoch, Dave Beno, Annemarie Sullivan, Peter Fitzgerald, Ron Rundstedt, Tara Carey, Mark Luppino, John Kenward, Mark Ondash, Dave Dreyer, John Harding, Tom Birsic, Jack Pizzolato, Leo J. Mulcahey, Don Reimer, Kathy McElroy, Dave Miller, Mike Sarahan, Nick Strittmatter, John M. Murphy, Mary Digan, Chris Meehan, Lonnie Luna, Mike Feord, Patrick Smid, Mark Hopkins, Bethann McGregor, Bob Gilroy, Rich Odioso, Eileen O'Grady, Paul Hess, John Vincent, Tom Moskow, Mike Towle, Rich Nugent, Dan Adler, Tom Desmond, Rich Landry, Mike Casey, Paul Starkey, Patrick Cole, Sue Grace, Bob Kissel, Gary Harden.

The opinions expressed in SCHOLASTIC are those of the authors and editors of SCHOLASTIC and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or the student body. Second class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, SCHOLASTIC is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back numbers are available from SCHOLASTIC. Please address all manuscripts to SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of SCHOLASTIC.

copyright © 1975 Scholastic / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

## HEADLINER

- 6 **Four Years** — A brief look at the change and development at ND during the class of '75's years.

## FEATURES

- 9 **Reflections** — A personal look by eight seniors at their stay at du Lac.
- 10 **Chris Grace**
- 12 **Bill Weyland**
- 13 **Martin Cohen**
- 14 **Christine Burger**
- 15 **Ann McCarry**
- 16 **Paul Bollwerk**
- 18 **Bill Smith**
- 19 **Sue Sarcone**
- 20 **Photographs** — A short photo essay by our own Bill Weyland.
- 26 **Top Ten** — Listing the outstanding athletic highlights of the past four years.
- 28 **Track** — Time and hard work are necessary to succeed in this all-around sport.

## REGULARS

- 4 **Perspective**
- 22 **People at ND**
- 23 **People Behind ND**
- 24 **Week in Distortion**
- 25 **Irish Gym Shorts**
- 29 **The Very Last Word**

Illustrations: Photos on 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28 by Ed Brower / Photos on cover, 3, 6, 8, 13, 15, 17, 30 by Tom Paulius / Photos on 20, 21 by Bill Weyland / Photos on 25 by Bill Delaney / Photo on 26 by Zenon Bidzinski / Photo on 26 by Pat Gibbs / Photo on 27 by Harry Busch / All artwork by Paulius / Photo on 9 by Kevin Maguire.

## Chips on My Shoulder

by Rev. Robert Griffin, C.S.C.

*He held the School List, a long sheet curling over a board; and each boy, as he passed, spoke his own name for Chips to verify and then tick off on the list. . . . Some of those names, in little snatches of a chorus, recurred to him ever afterwards without any effort of memory . . . Ainsworth, Attwood, Avonmore, Babcock, Baggs, Barnard, Bassenthwaite. . . .*

*Where had they all gone to, he often wondered; those threads he had once held together, how far had they scattered, some to break into unknown patterns? The strange randomness of the world beguiled him, that randomness which never would, as long as the world lasted, give meaning to those choruses again.*

James Hilton's *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*

Though it may be trite to say so, I suppose that all of us older folk living on a campus like Notre Dame identify with the experience of James Hilton's Mr. Chips. As year piles upon year, hurrying the decades by, the litany of names in our minds from the past grows longer and longer. There are faces we search for on the Quads; we inquire after a boy named Kelly or a girl named Sue; we learn that one is finishing med school, and the other is dating an earl. We meet a chap we think we know; we ask him how he likes his job with the prime minister, and to our astonishment learn that the lad is a freshman. We have confused him with his older brother, who was hanged for bigamy by the Women's Liberation.

Already on campus, there are children belonging to some old school chums of mine. Any year now, a face that I almost recognize will appear in my doorway: some youngster entering Notre Dame as a first-year preprofessional student will be saying, "I think you knew my father when he was a freshman in Dillon." Indeed I will have known his

father, and the blighter will probably still owe me money from his losses at gin rummy.

An old hall directory or an out-of-date appointment book (mostly unused, because I'm constantly making the mistake of trying to keep things in my head) can evoke memories of a hundred conversations in which the moods were divided between tears and laughter. Faces seen at a Sunday Mass remind me of a thousand, or ten thousand, other faces lovingly remembered from years of sharing the Eucharist in a touchingly familiar place. At a Glee Club concert, there are still rows of tenors fronting the basses and baritones, elegantly shirted and formally tailed. The songs being performed are partly familiar; and there are dozens of cities in the country that are now *deja vu*, because I have been gleeing there before. But these are a different set of gentlemen songsters from the chorus I started traveling with a long time ago. I keep searching the risers for figures that belonged to an earlier performance, and the stage seems to be haunted by ghosts.

*When you are getting on in years (but not ill, of course), you get very sleepy at times, and the hours seem to pass like lazy cattle moving across a landscape. It was like that for Chips as the autumn term progressed. . . . For Chips, like some old sea captain, still measured time by the signals of the past. . . .*

*A great joke, this growing old—but a sad joke, too, in a way. And as Chips sat by his fire with autumn gales rattling the windows, the waves of humor and sadness swept over him very often until tears fell, so that when Mrs. Wickett came in with his cup of tea she did not know whether he had been laughing or crying. And neither did Chips himself.*

The past, then, serves as a gallery

witnessing the events of today; and to tell the truth, there are days when the *nows* become mixed up with the *thens*, and all the years of my life become contemporary to the moment I am living. I begin to say good-bye to friends I have just lately met. Our time together will be so brief. After a thousand days of fellowship, arranged in order, like the treats on a picnic table, according to the schedules of academic calendars, my friends will leave. Except for brief, spasmodic handshakes on an annual football weekend, or a terse note of greeting, with a snapshot of the kids, at the holidays, the camaraderie will be allowed to sit and simmer, like the pots pushed onto the back burners of the stove. Remembering can be a dreadful curse, if you are a sentimentalist. A fear of nostalgia makes you almost vow never to make another friend from whom you must separate. It would almost seem better if you never cared for anyone, if that anyone is going to run off so that you never see him, living like a cloistered priestess or an astronaut landed on the moon.

Crowded in as I am with memories (though I don't suppose I have any more memories than any other Methuselah of my age), I feel like a man washed overboard when I am asked (as I have been asked by the editor of this slick journal) to reflect on the four years that are just now passing into campus history. How does one sift through the sands of time and separate the marriages, the deaths and the alumni visits into their proper chronology? I remember that once there was a Vietnam War; and in our Masses and protests, we sent the peace doves flying everywhere. I'm afraid most of those birds got stuck with arrows. I don't quite remember when it ended, but I think the protests ended before the war did. Or did the war ever end? It's hard to know from reading this morning's paper, but we did celebrate



something as a cease-fire. President Ford came once to Notre Dame on a March 17, St. Patrick's Day, but what year was that? I remember it was a lovely, festive day in springtime, but we've suffered several wintertimes of snow since then, so the Ford visit couldn't have happened very recently.

Once upon a time, we were—or are—Number One as the National Champions of Football. In the minds of students, being Number One is the dream they live on, and Camelot is Winning All the Games. Our sweat shirts tell us who we are (the bookstore supports our dream), and the victory dates of the Bowl Games hardly matter. Ask any freshman who we are; he will tell you: "We are Number One." It hardly matters that it was only true in '67 or '73. Just a little while ago, we were Number One; in December of this year, we will be Number One again; in the interim, we might as well act as though we were Number One, for we have the hearts of Champions. Even if the popes have moved to Avignon, the power and the glory belong to Rome. We are the Capital City of the World, the imperial lions of God, the horsemen of the Apocalypse. Our playing fields are the holy ground of victors who are Number One in the hearts of their countrymen, today, yesterday, and forever.

In the world beyond the golf course and the parking lots, popes and presidents strut their brief hours upon the stage; governments, temporal and spiritual, sustain themselves by elections and apostolic successions. It is not always easy to know whom allegiances should be sworn to in that topsy-turvy political jungle. But at Notre Dame, these are the Hesburgh years, and our father is forever. Who remembers any other time? Who needs any other time? Our buildings? Why we have always had our buildings: the Library, the Convo, the Towers—just as we have always had our coaches, and the great ones have always needed to walk in the footsteps of Rockne, may he live forever! The

Dome is immortal; the Grotto is eternal; the Quads, like the lakes, are without a beginning.

So life passes timelessly on the green acres on this dreaming, brooding Emerald City. The classes come and go, like the women in the room, talking of Michelangelo. A second ago, the freshmen were not here; a minute from now, they will have already left. Whether in their brief flicker of an eye here they were as turbulent as tempests or as noiseless as the splashing dew, a silent forgetfulness rushes in to hide the places where their frisbees skimmed the sky. Their best monuments are in the memories of the teacher and priest, who themselves must move along quite quickly enough, until all of us—every single one—are borne by the ebbtide onto the waves that are outward bound. For a while heads bob above the surface, or an arm is lifted in a farewell to the shore. Eventually every glimpse of life from our generation is lost sight of; and the harbor that awaits our homecoming is a mystery of reunions that do not end with a Sunday in June. Generations come and generations go, while the earth of du Lac endures forever.

*His life . . . and what a life it had been. The whole pageant of it swung before him as he sat by the fire that afternoon. The things he had done and seen: Cambridge in the sixties; Great Gable on an August morning; Brookfield at all times and seasons throughout the years. And, for that matter, the things he had not done, and would never do now that he had left them too late. . . .*

If an aging man seems to be suggesting that the whole campus experience of Notre Dame is all sadness and loss, he is telling lies, and must not be believed. Those of us who have lived here know it to be a wondrous place; our remembrances assure us that we are not much apt to see its equal anywhere again, even though there is more pain than we can comfortably think of; and all the loneliness and discouragements and

defeats, and all the common little dreads that make a day seem tacky and terrible.

*"I thought I heard you—one of you—saying—it was a pity—a pity I never had—any children. . . . But I have, you know. . . . I have . . ."*

*"Yes—I have," he added with quavering merriment. "Thousands of 'em . . . thousands of 'em . . . and all boys."*

*And then the chorus sang in his ears in final harmony, more grandly and sweetly than he had ever heard it before, and more comfortably too. . . . Bone, Boston, Bovey, Bradford, Bradley, Bramhall-Anderson . . . wherever you are, whatever has happened give me this moment with you . . . this last moment . . . my boys . . .*

I am not Mr. Chips, nor will I become Mr. Chips, nor do I wish to be Mr. Chips, as much as I love him. But all of us have known his original somewhere. If you live long enough on the Quads, you will meet the sweetness and sadness, the loss and the gain, the Aprils and autumns, the now-and-then things of a life like his that is lived in the shadow of an endless commencement.

When you know Mr. Chips, you can ask him about what happened this morning, but don't go asking him about yesterday, for he will get terribly confused in the mind, poor chap, and he doesn't need that kind of confusion, really.

Don't ask me either, because there is a sort of Chipsian mood you may catch me in—it isn't wake and it isn't sleep; it's a sort of in-between state full of dreams and faces and voices.

*Old scenes and old scraps of tunes: a Mozart trio that Kathie had once played in—cheers and laughter and the sound of guns—and, over it all, Brookfield bells, Brookfield bells.*

But if it were me, and not Mr. Chips, it wouldn't be Brookfield bells at all. It would be the Glee Club with the music of the Alma Mater.

# Four Years of Change

by Bill Gonzenbach

The years one spends at Notre Dame often seem to blur into a melange of experiences and dreams. As the students enter Notre Dame as unsuspecting freshmen, they are swept into the fast-moving systems of Notre Dame. The individual loses himself in the moment; he is enthralled by the rapid-pace day-to-day functions of being a student. The student also loses himself in the future; hopes, goals and plans dominate the life of the student. As the student succumbs to the moment and the future, the past oftentimes fades from the student's thoughts. This article will hopefully capture the spirit and major events of the years the class of '75 spent at Notre Dame.

It is the opinion of most seniors who were interviewed that the 1971-72 school year was the best of the four years they spent at N.D. As one senior from St. Mary's stated, "There were parties going on somewhere almost all of the time." Another senior from Notre Dame judged that "freshman year was the best of all the years our class spent here."

The 1971-72 academic year was a time of change and problems throughout the world. The problem of military involvement in Vietnam was still plaguing our nation. Other problems were incurred by the admission of Red China to the United Nations. In the United States, a prison uprising at the Attica State Prison troubled the minds of many Americans.

The Notre Dame campus was also going through a volatile period at this time. The question of a merger between Notre Dame and St. Mary's filled the minds of people at Notre Dame. In November of 1971 Mr. Edmund Stephan, Board of Trustees Chairman, said that the merger would "definitely go through." Then, on November 30, it was officially announced by Notre Dame and St. Mary's College that "it is not possible to accomplish complete unification at this time." However, on February 9, negotiations on the merger reopened. The negotiations were to no avail, for on February 28 attempts to merge were terminated.

Though merger between Notre Dame and St. Mary's was not ac-

complished, Notre Dame did decide to go co-ed in the fall of 1972. Badin and Walsh Halls were officially designated as the women's dormitories for the following year, much to the dismay of the male residents of those halls.

Though there was an air of seriousness about the problem of merger, there was an atmosphere of frivolity which permeated the student government elections. Notre Dame elected a king. The call from Bob Kersten, the elected king, was for the establishment of an oligarchy, and the student body welcomed it with open arms.

Kersten's course to election was filled with satire and tricks. In an attempt to gain attention, R. Cal-



houn Kersten staged a kidnapping, much to the amusement of the student body. Also, the King rejected the normal running mate, and chose instead the Un-candidate, his cat. Though Kersten mocked the office with such comments as "I want to be King so it will look good on my transcript for medical school," he won the election.

After the election Kersten declared martial law at Notre Dame. "I just want to get rid of any checks and balances on my awesome power," Kersten explained. In all, the election was a challenge to the seriousness of student government, and, by their choice of candidate, it appears that the students did not take the student government very seriously.

A fact which may have added to the seniors' high opinion of their freshman year was the concerts held that year. Performances by Jethro Tull, Cat Stevens and Elton John certainly added to the good times at a rather sedate Notre Dame.

All things must pass and so it was with the 1971-72 school year. The fall of 1972 brought a different spirit to Notre Dame.

On the national scene, the hopes of most American liberals were crushed by the defeat of McGovern in the presidential race. Conservatism had triumphed; Nixon was again our president (but not for long). The remaining embers of the movements of the '60's were over. The dreams of change were quieted. At Notre Dame the hope for change was also quieted. Fr. Burtchaell's article *In Loco Parentis* marked an attitude in University policy of control and restriction. The hopes of greater student freedom and independence seemed to be curtailed. Evidence of the University's controls was seen in the Lewis Hall incident, where a graduate student was asked to leave the University for parietal violations. The problems

that students encountered with regard to state laws was revealed when the "Nickie's 26" were carted to jail for liquor law violations.

The humorous hopes that Kersten gave to student government also faded in the fall of 1972. People saw that oligarchy brought no real change or benefits — just a few laughs. In October, H-man, Dennis Eitenne, headed the student government, while King Kersten relegated his kingly role to the ceremonial level. The efforts of H-Man were worthy; however, he brought no great change or hope to student government.

**"The individual loses himself  
in the moment; he is  
enthralled by the rapid-pace  
day-to-day functions  
of being a student."**

At first, coeducation brought high hopes to the Notre Dame campus; however, these dreams were soon leveled to reality. Because of an error in administrative planning, the male dorms incurred an overcrowding problem. Every available space in the male dorms was filled with the body of some bewildered freshman. The males also found that coeducation was not all that coed. The number of girls on campus was few. This was a problem that only time and more females could settle.

A sense of student discontent and apathy was also revealed in the move to elect Mr. Dirt, a no-count hero of sludge in car engines, as the Senior Class Fellow in the spring of 1973. It was as if the seniors that year were pursuing the absurd. Fortunately, the honor was not given to the illustrious Mr. Dirt, but to Fr. Griffin.

A true moment of happiness was felt that year when a cease-fire was declared in South Vietnam. To celebrate the event, the University held a peace Mass in the ACC.

The academic year of 1973-74 was viewed in the height of the Water-gate scandal in Washington. The dishonesty of our officials was revealed and the problems of internal government functions were disclosed. While Washington had their scandals, Notre Dame had her problems also. Jim Rybarczyk, the Student Union Director, was impeached because of a ticket scandal in which 54 tickets for the Southern California game were reserved for Student Union officials. The University also staged drug raids in October of 1973. Under the direction of Dean of Students John Macheca, drug raids were conducted in St. Ed's, Dillon and Grace to, as Macheca stated, "rid the campus of all drugs."

In the national arena, pressures from investigations of illegal dealings forced Vice-President Spiro Agnew to resign. At Notre Dame, Ed "Knaked" Klemler agreed to terminate his third-quarter stripping act at the football games because of pressures presented by Assistant Dean of Students Fr. Terry Lally.

The social life at Notre Dame also felt restraints because of drinking rules. In October, "party rules" rendered by the administration limited the parties at Notre Dame. The problem of drinking rules was felt most at the Irish Wake, where liquor was not allowed to be served.



There were emotional outlets for the students, though. In the early spring of 1974, numbers of students at Notre Dame renounced the shackles of clothing and streaked the quads and hallways of Our Lady's campus. In all, a not-too-thrilling experience for those who had to view the specimens of manhood.

Plagued by the problems of a falling social life, the students of Notre Dame resorted to the old standard of athletics to develop a spirit of excitement. Fortunately, the teams produced the needed action to give the campus some excitement. In a thrilling 24-23 victory, the Fighting Irish defeated Alabama in the Sugar Bowl to take the National Championship. In basketball, the Irish defeated Coach Wooden's Bruins 71-70, thereby ending the Bruins' extended winning streak. Though most athletics gave a sense of unity to Notre Dame, the Billie Jean King-Bobby Riggs tennis match developed a humorous spirit of conflicts between the men and women of Notre Dame.

Unfortunately for the males, Billie Jean won and the males were forced to pay off outlandish bets and to hide their heads in shame for a few days.

The 1974-75 school year is now drawing to a close and, in examining the events of the year, there does not seem to be much that sticks out in one's mind. There are however a few things worth noting. The social life at Notre Dame was hampered by the passage of new state liquor laws. Hall parties with liquor became a thing of the past. A new fad became to take the parties to Michigan. A positive force for the social life was the Nazz, which offered excellent folk and jazz music for the students.

Social concern seemed to get a lift by such groups as Right to Life and the Hunger Coalition. Under the leadership of Joe Copora and Keefe Montgomery, the Right to Life group made extensive efforts to educate students about the abortion issue. The Hunger Coalition also made extensive efforts to educate and to

raise money for the world hunger problem.

The renovation of LaFortune finally became evident this year, as is evidenced by the new stairways and the altering of the main floor. Also, after a year's arduous labors, the *Observer* finally succeeded in designing a new masthead.

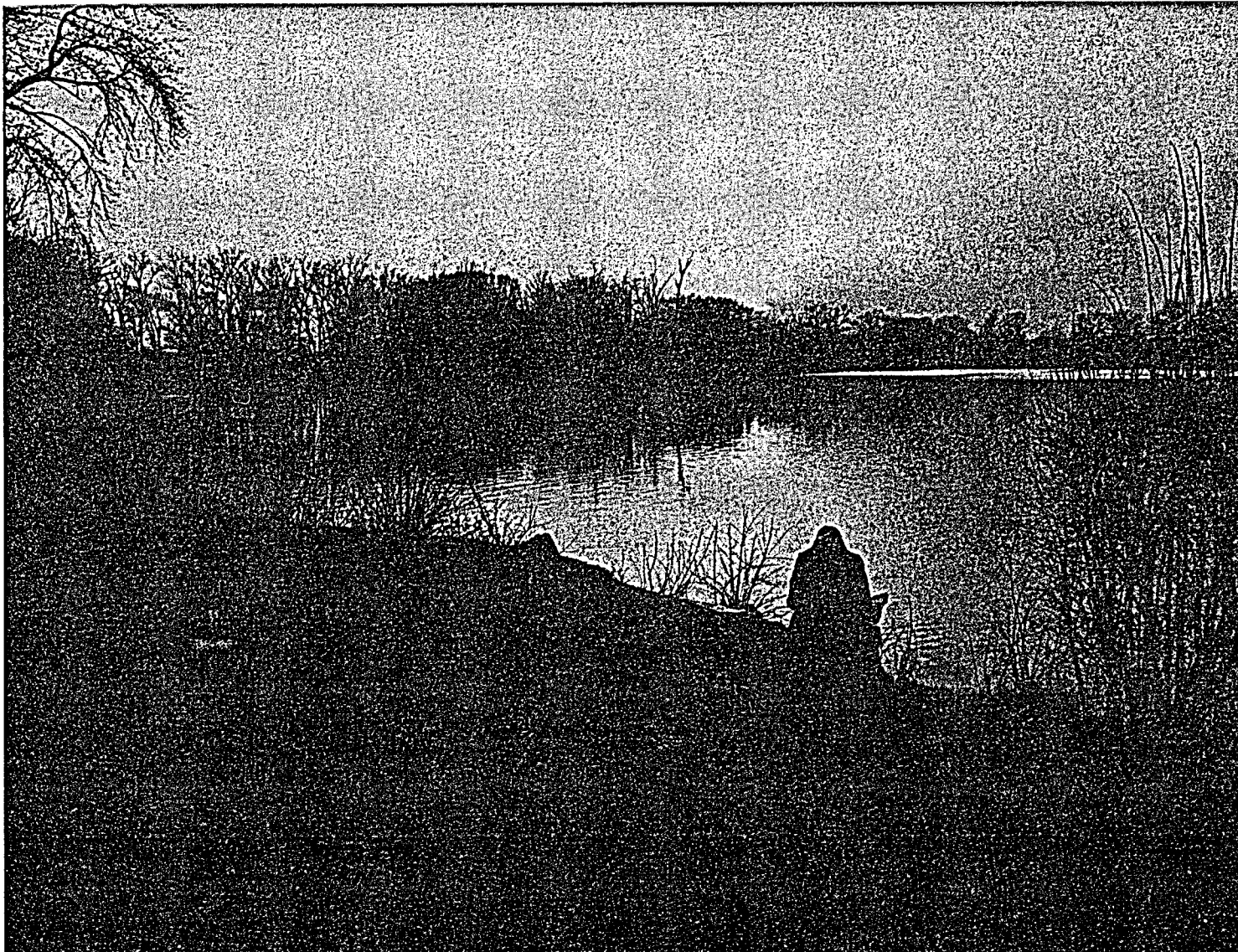
The changes that coeducation produces were also felt by the women students this year as Lewis Hall was designated as an undergraduate hall and Badin was designated as a graduate dorm. Though there was some dissension by the graduate students, the transfer went about without much difficulty.

The academic code was also altered this year, raising the Dean's List to 3.4 instead of 3.25. The move was an effort to reduce grade inflation at Notre Dame.

A highlight of this year for some people was the visitation of President Ford to Notre Dame. The visit, garnished with rumors of secret motivations and announcements, resulted in a "pleasant" speech and a few somewhat humorous jokes.

People's reaction to the President's visit varied, just as people's reactions to all events that occur at Notre Dame are varied. The students at Notre Dame are unique people with individual tastes and varied interests. To each graduating senior the years have a personal meaning. For some the years were filled with nights in bars and parties. For others, the four years were dedicated to books and to tests. Each person will leave Notre Dame with a different opinion of the place and of the time spent here. Hopefully, this article has recaptured some of the spirit and experiences of the last four years at Notre Dame, so that graduating seniors can better remember their four years at Notre Dame.





## Reflections   Reflections   Reflections

The end of the school year is a rather bizarre time; the end of senior year particularly so. The outside world moves placidly along while students rush through a crazy series of changes: courses, homes, occupations.

The end of senior year seems especially designed for reflection. *Scholastic* asked eight seniors to consider the four years they spent at Notre Dame and to try to articulate what they felt to be important. We asked these particular seniors because they are all involved in campus media, and have been in touch with the wide and varied trends within the ND/SMC community.

Chris Grace, a science preprofessional major, is the Editor of the *Notre Dame Science Quarterly*; Bill Weyland, a fifth-year architecture student, is the Art Director of *Scholastic*. The third piece was written by Martin Cohen in Civil Engineering and Editor of the *Notre Dame Technical Review*. Christine Burger, another preprofessional major, served as Senior Editor of *Dome* this year. Ann McCarry, an American Studies major, is an editor of *The Observer* and a writer for *Notre Dame Magazine*. Paul Bollwerk, also in American Studies, was Station Manager at WSND this year. Bill Smith, an Accountancy major, worked on both *Juggler* and *The Business Review*. Finally, Sue Sarcone, an English and Modern Languages major at St. Mary's, contributed to the SMC alumnae magazine, *The Courier*.

# Chris Grace

While lifting my trunk up to the REA man, for its first trip out to Notre Dame, he said to me, "You sure do have a great football team." Later in conversation with one who had gone the same circuit for which I was preparing, Notre Dame was summed up in the comment, "Well, it's a great place to be from." Now, in preparing to leave Notre Dame I can see the truth of these statements. But it was almost four years ago, after being on campus for just a few minutes, that I began to realize how much more there was to Notre Dame. Within those first few minutes I discovered the greatest asset of this university: her people. From the first of many welcoming smiles, to the always helpful "Sure, just walk around Washington Hall and head for the stairs, it shines, you can't miss it," it has been the students and faculty who have been the greatness which is Notre Dame.

The purpose of a university is to provide an environment of growth in academics; more importantly, to provide a place for the individual to learn about himself, his relations with others, his community, the universe and God. What I will always cherish, when my thoughts flash back to Notre Dame, are my friendships with some of the greatest people I've had the opportunity to know and to grow with. What I will rely on for a lifetime is what I was fortunate enough to learn from those around me. Albert Schweitzer said, "Example is not the main thing in influencing others, it is the only thing." I will be forever grateful for

the wealth of knowledge I have gathered from the influence of my friends and professors at Notre Dame and it is for them that I write this essay.



From my teachers I have received the gift of a lifetime, one of the essential keys to my future happiness: the joy of learning. It is that spark of light in the darkness, kindled by hours of concentration and quiet contemplation, whose realms are limitless, yet readily available to

everyone. We all have at our fingertips one of the brightest flames of learning in the world. Notre Dame is a university of fantastic depth. In every nook and cranny there are lectures, movies, theater and scientific research just waiting to be tapped by anyone willing to reach out.

Most of my reflections are conglomerates, myriads of thoughts, actions, hopes and places, blended together into series of smiles, grimaces, grins and frowns: eight o'clock classes in the freezing cold, volleyball and beer in my backyard, eating at 12:05 with the B line for lunch bunch and peace every Sunday afternoon with Fr. Griff; the realization of that absolute to find you've only begun, the wizardly visage of the Sacred Heart steeple, the surge of spring fever in early December and frisbees, baseballs, music and dancing on the North Quad; Senator Kennedy and Rusty Rhodes in Stephan Center, the Beach Boys in the ACC, the beaten path down Notre Dame Avenue and care packages from home; Mardi Gras and An Tostals, tackle football in the snow, picnics in the shadow of the Dome and a "How you doing?" to brighten the day; roast chicken on a friend's front porch, Fr. Hesburgh's sermons on spaceships and food, the smell of popcorn drifting down the hall and coal black nights dotted with stars.

The events of long spans of time seem to smear into blurs of library desks, piles of books, catnaps in cushioned chairs and baskets full of first tries, only to be crystalized

every Tuesday with fourteen ice cream cones and explorations of the St. Joe River. Semesters have passed that have almost melted together, held apart only with basketball, hallelujahs and walks throughout the halls. The hours spent with Tom Dooley, the candles' light at the Grotto, the Saturday afternoons spent cheering and the miles of O'Shaughnessy's hallways, seem all to be one now, but their meanings are so manifold.

My most prized memories are my simplest ones: late night studying with a close friend, with laughter and play in deserted classrooms, walks around the lakes at dusk, deadlines finally met after days of work and questioning the reality of reality over cigarettes and coffee, the joy of finding friends in your room after a night with the books, card games and soft music when your papers remain unwritten, and reading the thoughts of men with whom you share ideals.

During my four years at Notre Dame I have seen a slow maturation whose impetus was, and continues to be, the introduction of coeducation. Although just in its first few years, the role of women at this university has taken a real and very much needed place. The women of Notre Dame, in addition to creating a more normal and healthy environment, have helped to infuse a maturity that has filtered throughout the campus. But before Notre Dame reaches its full potential, the responsibility, inherent in maturity, of individual decisions must be given to the students. Responsibility for one's own

morals and ethics cannot be learned when they are left in the hands of the administration and governed by parietals and liquor laws.

There is one stigma at Notre Dame that I feel needs immediate searching into and understanding of, because its implications go far beyond the classroom and laboratory. Throughout my years here, I have felt a subtle friction between those not involved in the science program and those who are, that has grown out of a snobbery and blindness by both groups, not only by the students but also within the ranks of the faculty. It has to stop. Man, in the midst of his rapid development, has left his planet in a crisis of energy, food, population and atomic weapons. These problems, too complex to be faced by any single-minded group of people, will only be solved with scientific ingenuity and cultural change. The first step towards any solution is the realization that all people, from all different academic backgrounds, must educate themselves in as many fields of learning as possible. Once this begins, the sociologists and economists, scientists and ethicists, physicians, engineers and political theorists will be able to join together and work together, so that together they may save our planet. I have seen the beginning of such concerted efforts here at Notre Dame and it has inspired in me a faith in people and an optimism for the future. It is only after the scientist takes his first step out of the laboratory that he will be able to meet the nonscientist who is coming in.

Spring has thawed our frozen grounds and from the beauty surging from this campus I can feel, once

again, the spirit of Notre Dame come alive. Creeping out from cinderblock cities, the spirit and joy of life comes forth and fills the quads with men and women eager to stretch their dormant legs. I always enjoy spring at Notre Dame because it sings and laughs and basks itself in the sunshine. It is that springtime feeling, only expressible with a deep breath of freedom, that will come to me whenever I pass through the trees and flowers growing with the spirit of Notre Dame.

As with all who have ever stepped upon this campus, Notre Dame has given me much more than justice can be done for in a few reflective words. The memories these sentences touch upon will forever be an integral part of me. The emotions, ideals and admirations that underlie each paragraph were gathered through study, work and play and molded by the influence of that ever golden specter. The ember of four years of life, engendered by this university, will always glow and shine, and keep kindled within me the spirit of Notre Dame.

# Bill Weyland

*"Modern man's feeling of isolation and powerlessness is increased further by the character which all his human relationships have assumed. The concrete relationship of one individual to another has lost its direct human character and has assumed a spirit of manipulation and instrumentality."*

Erich Fromm

There is so much here.

One four-day weekend last fall I had the pleasure of showing a friend the campus. On Thursday night we met at St. Joe Airport and got re-acquainted in the upstairs lounge of the Senior Bar. A little after midnight we wandered through the South Bend cold to find the warmth of Darby's Place. And the evening and morning slipped away.

Friday offered the opportunity to share the experience of attending some of the exceptional classes I have had here. We dropped in to see Joe Evans "see-ing," Robert Leader re-creating the feelings and emotions which shaped art history, and John Dunne transmitting energy. In the evening we were carried along in a riotous march to Stepan Center, and a Notre Dame pep rally which was followed by an equally riotous evening on duty in the dorm.



The next morning we wandered through parking lots meeting friends—hot dogs and beer for breakfast—and then there was the game, a Notre Dame football game. After we won there were more parties and the Beaux Arts Ball. Still later there was an early morning run to the hospital—stitches for a guy in the section—and an escape to the off-campus house of friends to find quiet and relaxing conversation.

Sunday came quickly and offered time to wander around the lakes and hear Griff's early evening mass. Then it was up to the office to prepare for the layout of a new *Scholastic*. Her parting words ring over and over again, "Bill, you are lucky. There is so much here."

And that is the fascination. Notre Dame is the common bond strung between the tensions of such coexisting elements as a Notre Dame pep rally and a Beaux Arts Ball. The range of studies and expressions is so large that it is difficult to even become exposed to the various groups much less understand them.

I have found that the people I learn the most from don't really speak the same language I do. Learning seems to come along the interface between what I see, feel and dream and what "my teacher" relates to me about his perceptions, feelings and dreams. I learn when what he says illuminates new regions of my own being. I learn most when I cannot understand what he is saying and yet he inspires me through something deep within both of us, a knowing that we can give much to each other.

This view of a teacher has evolved from a gradual understanding of some of the elements involved in teaching. When I arrived here five years ago, the fall after the Irish war protest strike, students were actively involved in student government. Even hall council meetings were events which stretched into late night debates. A design prof confronted my class with an irritating challenge to overcome the psychic numbing of twelve years of

formal education. These students and this prof challenged me to look more deeply into myself and seek an understanding of viewpoints and feelings I had never questioned. "Why?" became a constant companion.

But there was still something missing until I found a new teacher, a giver of energy inspiration. It was provided by the wonder of a year in Rome, a magical city of infinite new vistas and a beat of life. The year abroad opened a world beyond the intellectual, a world of the senses and of feeling. A human world. And I learned because each new element provided a small window into myself and out to the world. The windows were sources of inspiration which provided an answer, a way to learn, idols to live by.

When I became most comfortable with these idols I met the most important teacher, the idol burner who starts the entire process of learning over again. He has opened before me a magnificent world where everything holds wonder, where everything holds within itself equal parts of the mystery of right and wrong.

But this teacher has also left me very uneasy, for I find many false idols here at Notre Dame and in them I find frustration. How do you tell the freshmen in your section they can't do a damned thing to affect the rules which govern their living situation? That all is controlled by economics and the personal visions of administrators? How do you convince people that they have to give a little bit of themselves to develop a viable community from the mirage we call community? How do you convince people they do have a reason to live when everyone around them is content?

Things become greyer and greyer until all that was once black and white has washed together. We rush on without even looking for the patterns of black, white and grey in ourselves and in those around us. We rush on in artificial contentment and, as we all know, elements in contentment slowly die.

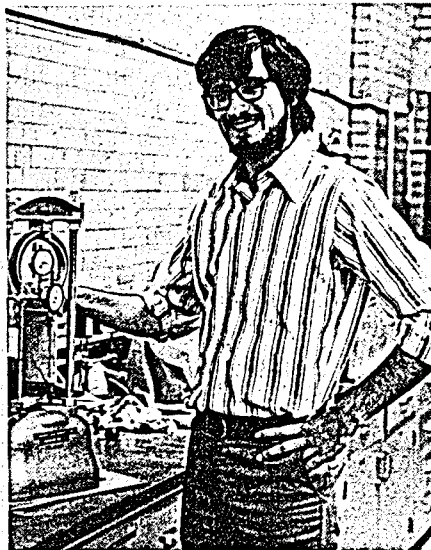


# Martin Cohen

When writing the reminiscence of his life at Notre Dame, a senior tends to wax nostalgic. He can easily remember the academic program at Notre Dame, its beautiful campus, and its sense of community spirit. He can also recall the frivolous side of life, whether it was weekend drinking bouts or throwing firecrackers under a sleeping neighbor's door. Certainly, one develops an attachment to an abstract glorification of his alma mater. Notre Dame is also easy to conceive. One can dissect Father Burtchaell's directives, or ask how many days Father Hesburgh spends on campus or voice any number of perennial complaints. I want to avoid these tendencies and focus on some of my observations over the past five years.

One ever-present factor at the University is the academic grind. A student's life is usually booked for two weeks in advance with homework, exams, papers and reports. The first part of each semester demands the least amount of work; the pace accelerates until the hectic week of finals arrives, when there remains little time for anything but studying. The student, now removed from the pressurized environment by completing his last exam, has to readjust to a normal life. The demand for excellence, while necessary to foster a good education, causes one to view his college years as something to put behind him. The typical student anticipates graduation and a more relaxed tempo.

Recently, tightening economic conditions and the narrowing job market have made the academic pressure even more noticeable. One not only bears the normal demands of his professor, but also a keener competition with his peers. In the last five years, student attitudes have become increasingly pragmatic. Everyone seems to be more concerned with his credentials on paper, whether



they are higher grades or extracurricular activities. One needs an impressive record to meet the competition for graduate schools and good job openings.

In the case of extracurricular activities, however, the student's record is deceiving because he usually spends minimal time on them. Only the name of the activity appears, not

the amount of work he put into it. Organizations which have declined, such as the *Technical Review*, must practically coerce people to join their staffs. Such a lack of student effort does not reflect apathy; rather, it indicates that higher priorities exist. Likewise, the decline of campus political activity does not demonstrate a lack of concern; instead, it signifies anxieties about employment.

Probably the College of Engineering is more susceptible to changed attitudes than the other colleges at Notre Dame. The effort in technology is constantly shifting to meet current needs, and this is evident in the engineering curriculum. For example, the structures division of the civil engineering department used to receive a large portion of the department's total income. With the environmental crisis, however, the government quickly diverted these funds to finance pollution studies.

Engineers are also re-evaluating their education. How many liberal arts courses should one take to form a broad base? Similarly, educators cannot agree upon how specialized engineering subjects should be. Therefore, it does not surprise me when I now see my former courses in a radically altered framework. They not only have a new style of presentation, but also a varied content. When viewed in this perspective, it is easy to understand the current confusion of engineering students as to the state of their formal education and its future value.





# Christine Burger

This is a lot harder to write than I thought it would be. I'm having trouble just getting the first words out—not wanting to get too sentimental or sappy but somehow knowing that I will.

The Notre Dame that I've gotten to know in four years has been very different from the Notre Dame I thought I would get to know four years ago. I had seen pictures of the campus, had talked to students and had visited for a football weekend before being accepted. Coming from a little town to the Irish-one-derland was exciting and I remember how much I looked forward to school starting in the fall.

In four years my opinion of this place and my experiences here have changed me more than I could have imagined. Sure, I'll always remember the many football and basketball games, the parties, the concerts, the nights in the library, all the studying, etc., etc., but in retrospect those moments don't compare to the talks I've had with friends late at night, in the cafeteria, or just walking around the lakes—you see, the things that have come to mean the most to me aren't things at all.

I've found the mystique and even the magic of du Lac to be in the people who have challenged me to think and to become—people who encouraged me to keep trying after I had failed, to experience anything and everything I could, to live, to feel and to grow. People that I have laughed with, have cried with, have danced with, have talked with—and now people to remember with. I regret that it took me four years to learn such a seemingly simple lesson. . . .

Freshman year was a "break out of the shell year." Those late night talks with only a candle burning hardly seem four years ago. I still remember them so clearly. I was apprehensive when I first moved into Augusta Hall at St. Mary's that first Saturday in September of 1971; when I moved out the following

May I knew that I had changed a lot . . . and I had made an essential friend.

Sophomore year was another trying time: re-rooting at Notre Dame with coeducation. With all the excitement and frustration of being "one of the first women at ND,"



many of my friendships that are most important to me today were solidified as I realized that true friendships did not depend on time or space but only on a mutual desire to stay friends.

Being in the spotlight that year as one of the "lucky 175" was a big deal, but many times I felt more like a token of coeducation and objected to always being called upon to express "the woman's point of view." But with time, the transition became easier, the novelty wore off, and the TV cameras left campus. Eventually I came to feel a little more like a regular student and not just a part of the quota. I began to like being a Notre Dame woman.

Junior year was tough for me but luckily, once again, friends taught me that college involved more than just book learning. Struggling with all those mind-boggling questions (i.e., Who am I? What do I want to be when I grow up? Where am I going?) was rough, but those around

me encouraged me to be different—to be an individual—and to do what was in my heart. Come spring of my third year I could honestly accept my decisions and feelings; I felt that I had weathered the storm.

Senior year has gone much too quickly to suit my liking. This past year has brought many new experiences and new faces into my life. I have felt many of the forces of friendship, of love and of death. I have been much more conscious and sensitive to the life that is in people. Most importantly this year I have realized how much I *have* changed in four years.

Being an RA in Farley this year has been a "super" experience. Adding a third dimension to the year (the other two being senior and student) has been at times frustrating, but more often than not it has been challenging and fun.

Now I have less than three weeks to be a senior. I feel that it is time for me to get on with my life. Thoughts have been going through my mind about leaving those of whom I have become so fond. I just hate to see a good thing end.

When I begin to get "mellowed out" with thoughts such as these I remember and smile about all the good times, and soon I realize that in graduating I'm leaving a place—and not people. I'm leaving class buildings and dormitories and Kubiak's and all the other places that I've frequented for these four short years. Many of the people who have made all those places so special will be leaving too—maybe not this year but soon.

I may not be able to see them often, but they will always have a special spot in my memories and most especially in my heart. If I may quote from a familiar source:

*It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.*

*The Little Prince*

# Ann Mc Carry

I don't know.

I knew that you were going to read this article and ask "What are you doing next year?" So I had my answer all ready and waiting for you. People keep asking me that; ten already today. I, too, ask myself that every morning when I find my empty mailbox offers neither job nor rejection letter. Even the Army has stricken my name from their propaganda list. And this should depress me. I should be scared. My palms should sweat when I realize that I'm going to be a graduate in a couple of weeks. But, they don't. Not at all. I think I'm ready. I think I can handle it. What? I don't know.

My life here has prepared me well for "I don't know." As a freshman I was really hyper about the Future. At one point, near the end of my sophomore year, I was so frightened by "I don't know" that I almost dropped out for a semester. But, I kept going, realizing that I was crossing the proverbial bridge before I came to it. Now, I'm fast approaching the insolent tollgate with no money, and it doesn't bother me. Everything always works out. How? I don't know. But it does.

I do know that it was a relief to laugh and tear up a Form 50 marked "YR:5, SEM:1." I really knew that I was a senior, though, when friends asked for course recommendations and my Senior Bar card. Hmmh. And, the freshmen keep asking, "You're a second semester senior. Why are you studying?" I don't know.

If there's one thing that I've learned in my four years at Notre Dame, it is that everything always gets done somehow. It may not get done well, correctly or on time. I often find myself winging it in the eleventh hour but I usually get by. In four years I've learned how to cope, stay cool under fire, adapt and talk or write my way out of almost any "I don't know" situation. Finesse. It's the key to college. I assume it's the key to life. You can get away with anything as long as you act like you know what you are doing. That's why I'm not worried.

You may be wondering what this has to do with "My Four Years Under the Dome." I don't know. It's so obviously impossible to rehash four years in an article like this that I won't even try. I shy away from the bittersweet sentimentality inherent in such eulogies.

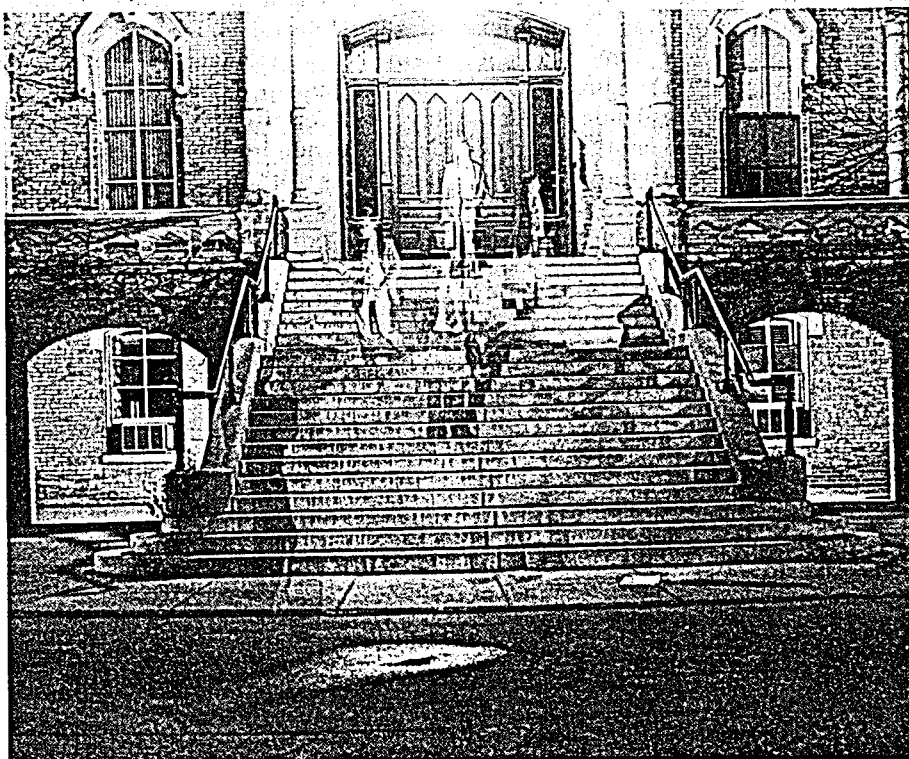


While Notre Dame has taught me to write a salient essay and find a book in the library despite the camouflaging cataloguing techniques, it has also taught me how to pull all-nighters, slurp coffee as if my life depended on it, play pinball and academic roulette and survive both Corby's and the dining hall. I've saved my books and four years of notes. Anything that I need to know I can look up. The most important thing I've learned—how important friends are—is something I'll always know. And, the thing is, I probably would have learned that no matter where I went to school. It's just growing up.

Here comes the sappy part.

I think I've learned it a little better here than I would have somewhere else. Notre Dame is a very special place and will continue to be for me. Sometimes I've hated it, hidden in it and been hurt by it, but I can't think of any place I would rather have been. Corny, huh?

But, now it's time to pack up and move on. So, I'll take my books and my notes. Mostly, I'll take my memories. Where? I don't know. But I'm ready.



## Paul Bollwerk

When I was asked to write about my reflections on four years at Notre Dame, my first reaction was "Ah—revenge at last!" After talking with several other seniors, I have discovered the same feelings of discontent and disappointment with Notre Dame. However, I have also discovered in my four years here that Notre Dame students have a tremendous talent for "bitching" about nearly everything. In all fairness, I must say my four years here have not been a disaster or a waste. Notre Dame's efforts to educate me deserve proper treatment so I will try as best I can to present a balanced statement of my reflections on life at du Lac.

Notre Dame's greatest strengths, I feel, lie in two areas — its academic quality and its community atmosphere. During high school, which now seems eons ago, when I was trying to decide which colleges to apply to, the scholastic standing of each institution was the major consideration. Notre Dame has not disappointed me. To be sure, I have had my share of academic lemons, courses in which the indifference of either the students or the professor made learning a farce, but these have been relatively few. On the whole my education here has been a rewarding experience.

I think the community spirit of Notre Dame is a very unique asset. I have found this spirit both in hall life and in my involvement with WSND. There is no denying the existence of a feeling of community in each hall which makes the dorms more than just a place to sleep. Most students are more than willing to extend a hand in friendship or

in aid. I have seen this same kind of spirit at WSND and I am sure it exists in other campus activities where students have joined to seek a common goal. There is a cohesiveness here which binds the University together into what I feel can be called a community in the truest sense of that word.

Well, so much for the rosy side of the picture. Up to this point I have been very laudatory but I warn any readers who dare to continue on that I will have little that is nice to say about life under the Golden Dome. For those who believe Notre Dame can do no wrong, proceed at your own risk.

The class of 1975 will be the last to have seen Notre Dame without female undergraduates living on campus. Those days are probably gone forever, which is just as well. But, I sometimes have nagging doubts as to how much coeducation has changed the basic nature of the University. Does the Notre Dame man now view a female as another human being or a mindless toy used for personal gratification? Does the administration now treat females as students or are they still showpieces? I am sure that in answer to both questions there are more than a few members of both sexes who would declare the latter to be true.

The subject of coeducation also brings to mind a related topic which really has not been heard about in quite a while — the unmerger with St. Mary's in 1971. The real reasons for the merger's failure have never been clear and perhaps are really not important. The question which does deserve some reflection, though, is the possibility for growth and improvement at Notre Dame and St. Mary's which were lost as a result of the unmerger. Notre Dame would probably have been better off in two



respects if the merger had gone through. First, the administration would have been forced to deal with women in mass rather than in small doses as in the past three years. This probably would have led to a great deal less special treatment for the females and would not have created as much resentment among male undergraduates. Also, it would have avoided the present housing crisis and would not have necessitated forcing men out of their dorms and off campus, but rather housing them at St. Mary's. It is a crying shame the two schools could not reconcile their differences for the benefit of both student bodies and coeducation.

As I look back over the past four years, if there is one thing that grips students above all others it is the administration's perennially negative attitude toward student requests or opinions. This attitude is not from indifference, but rather from a different perspective in university life. Most students are here only four years while most administrators are here at least twice that long. Administrators, therefore, feel they can see the long-range interests of the University much better. Perhaps this is true. The trouble arises, however, when, for the administrator, the University ceases to exist to meet the needs of the students and becomes instead an institution to be preserved. At Notre Dame, especially, this notion of preservation becomes deeply entwined with a

long-standing tradition. This means the status quo will be given first priority. Combine this with a fear that any noticeable changes will cause the alumni to sit on their wallets and there is a situation in which student demands will be handled in such a manner as to maximize the probability of defeat or despair. The one body which supposedly deals with questions of student life is a perfect example. For the most part, the issues coming from the Student Life Council with a likelihood of reaching Fr. Hesburgh are those with administration support. Those which originate solely with student backing are likely to be tabled for study and then studied to death. If the administration does not like a proposal it can wait until student support is diverted or disappears. The odds are stacked in its favor.

The student body is not without blame either though. Over the past four years there has been a definite move toward student apathy. Of course, there are students who are interested in pursuits other than booking and boozing. Those in the Hunger Coalition, INPIRG, and the volunteers at Logan Center are excellent examples. But, the apathy is still widespread. Certainly it is part of the nationwide trend away from political and social involvement as a result of the Vietnam War, but it has hit the interests of the student body on this campus particularly hard in one vital area, Student Government.

One of the highlights of the history of Student Government at Notre Dame certainly is the Kersten reign. His campaigns have become something of a legend. His candi-



dacy sparked both the students' imagination and sense of humor. And, Kersten had his point: student leaders should not become so involved with the trappings of office they forget about the student body who elected them. The promotion of this lesson was important, but it should have remained just that — a promotion stunt. Unfortunately, Kersten was elected. This caused a loss of credibility for the office from which it has been long in recovering. The students voted for a joke, but the joke turned out to be on them, especially when we wanted effective representation on such matters as the housing crisis. If the students did not take the office seriously, how can they expect anything but the same attitude from the administration? Strong leaders are needed in office, but this leadership is wasted without backing from the student body.

But, enough of this. This is supposed to be a thoughtful reflection and not the closing sermonette. As I think back over it all, I must say I am glad I came to Notre Dame; glad because of the people I met and the education I have received. I suspect over the years the unpleasant memories will fade, leaving only affable reminders. This means I will

probably contribute annually to the Alumni Fund. But, I am also glad to be leaving Notre Dame for I feel I have paths of personal development which I cannot follow here. I was accepted into law school here, but I have chosen to go elsewhere. Maybe it's just that I cannot stand the rain and snow mixed with intermittent sunshine anymore. If there is one thing I am sure of, it is that the weather has not gotten any better in four years.

I value what I have found at Notre Dame and there has been much. It has been four years of moral and mental growth and development which, I guess, when you come right down to it, is what being a student is all about.

# Bill Smith

*Can you give me sanctuary  
I must find a place to hide  
A place for me to hide  
Can you give me soft asylum  
I can't make it any more  
The man is at the door*

Jim Morrison

*They enter the new world naked,  
cold, uncertain of all  
save that they enter. All about them  
the cold, familiar wind—*

William Carlos Williams

For a guy like me who has trouble remembering what he did the day before, reflecting over a four-year sphere of existence can be quite a task. A task, I might add, that normally amounts to nothing much more than a lengthy confessional narrative about what one hoped Notre Dame would be, what it was, and what it could have been. I'd rather like to avoid that.

Instead, I'd prefer to relate what I am feeling at this moment, just a few weeks before I am to depart as a BBA graduate from Notre Dame. Primarily, there is a tremendous amount of relief. Relief from the academic pressures, which are symptomized by such things as registration, finals, and of course — the grade. Relief also from the unconscious, yet mechanical, routines of being found around here, like dining hall meals, football weekends and a lot of the other "mass-experiences." But perhaps the greatest relief of them all has been the release from the paranoia.

For these last four years here, I have tried to figure out what it was

that made students, and faculty, walk across this campus with their heads down. Or, why most refuse to smile and/or simply say hello to fellow students. It's because we're paranoid. Some feel it when they exhaust their "smoke" out the window. Others feel it when they condemn their own sexuality, then attempt to regulate others. The rest sense it when the administration dictates some tabetic policy and we're too entrenched to do something/anything about it.

This vast dementia exists, I feel, because of the type of students admitted here, and because of a Christian philosophy that is, in a lot of incidents, only a facade for much shadier behavior. Take for a small example the food fights held in the dining halls: a "supposedly" innocent little expression of frustration that horribly wastes precious food, and is most certainly annoying to nonparticipants.

This fear, however, is not all due to the students. Those in *control* are just as afraid of losing that *control* as we are of gaining it. What would there be for them to do if there were no parietals to be enforced, if there was no ridiculously high Dean's List cutoff to be set, if there were no inconveniences to be made by constantly juggling an academic calendar? What would they do? What could they do?

Importantly, not all my feelings right now are of this tremendous relief. I am also very thankful at this moment to have been involved with some of the most talented and creative people that are attracted to this place — either to teach or to learn. Although, in my case, many of these contacts have been away from my eventual degree in Business, and there is a bitter sense of frustration along with my appreciation. Yet, I have been fortunate enough to have watched both the literary festival and jazz festival



grow in size, as well as importance. I also have been fortunate enough to witness the conception and institution of Notre Dame's coeducational program, which meant so much to so few, the program that I believe will be the key to a much healthier Notre Dame.

Also, there have been those individuals that honestly make this place what it was meant to be. These are not necessarily specific persons, but they are the ones that enable us to maintain some semblance of sanity. They were the close friends that relay verbally, emotionally and physically what one is — socially. They were also professors who were human enough to be both teachers and friends. And they were those whom you didn't know (personally), but you were aware of their sacrifice—their commitment—and you're proud because of it.

There are also those times, those instances, when this university was almost a bearable state of reality. Again, these were not *specific* occasions, but the moments when you could rise above the pain here and laugh. For some, they were the football championships; for others, they were spring walks around the lakes. And for the lucky, they were the loves lost and the loves found. And so, while I am immensely glad that I'm leaving Notre Dame, I am often particularly happy I came.



## Sue Sarcone

In the wake of several years of campus activism, the class of '75 at Saint Mary's College and Notre Dame found a relatively calm campus upon their arrival in 1971. The football team was enjoying a good season and coexchange classes were running smoothly. For the most part, everyone was satisfied at Saint Mary's College until November 1971.

Saint Mary's of Notre Dame once again became Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana. Class boycotts, tuition withholdings and finally transfers marked the immediate reaction to the cancellation of the long-awaited Saint Mary's-Notre Dame merger.

It would never be the same. We knew many first-year friends would never be back at Saint Mary's. While many students were anxiously transferring to Notre Dame, many students left South Bend for other universities. About 60 of us went to Rome on the Saint Mary's program.

Stories of the new Notre Dame women, many of them former Saint Mary's students, reached us through letters from friends and late *Observers*. Everyone agreed there was a change, but not necessarily a successful change on the Notre Dame campus. It seemed to be a good year to be abroad.

By second semester though, there were decisions to be made about going home. Would we go to Notre Dame or stay at Saint Mary's? About a fourth of the group started collecting recommendations, pulling the necessary strings and sending transcripts to Notre Dame.

Coming back to Saint Mary's the next fall was a disappointment. But it did not take long to realize that Notre Dame students were no happier. Campus life had dropped to a new low. The great number of weekend parties that were a mainstream of activity freshman year had dwindled to a few on-campus and an increasing number of off-campus parties.

Some friends at Saint Mary's claimed the relations between the two schools were totally destroyed. But to most students at Saint Mary's, it was not so devastating. Most people who wanted out left. Saint Mary's took on a new pride in itself that I would not have believed possible from my Rome view. There were parties now in Saint Mary's dorms, while Notre Dame parties were forced off-campus. And enrollment was going up, leaving Saint Mary's more financially secure than many small, private schools and many large universities.

Maybe the College was just beginning to grow on me after three years, but I was not alone in liking Saint Mary's and liking it for its own sake. Unlike freshman year, my enthusiasm no longer depended on the day we finally merged with Notre Dame.

Junior year felt like an entirely new start. The important differences were not the outward ones, like the cutback in the Saint Mary's-Notre Dame coexchange program. Rather, it seemed as though some imaginary line had divided the students of both schools, especially the women. Sometimes I have wondered if many Notre Dame women, especially underclassmen, are more than half-conscious that Saint Mary's exists.

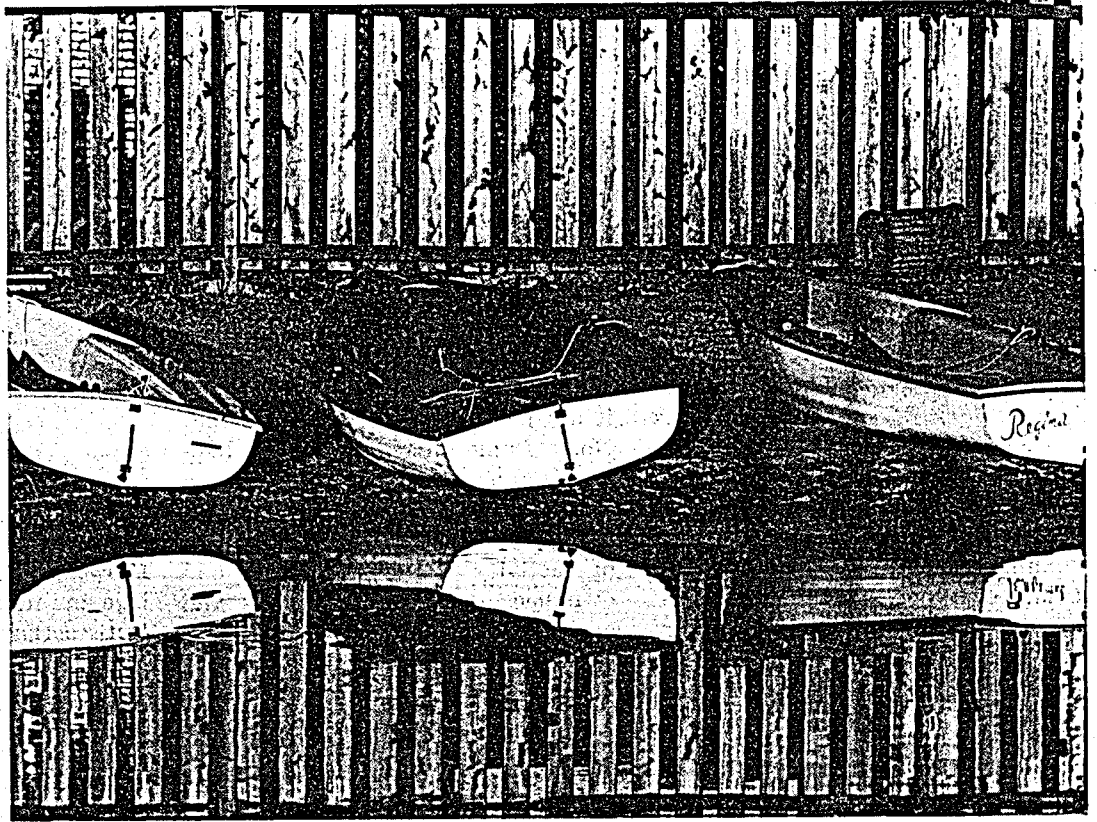


The four years here have seen some very real changes in Saint Mary's students' view of their College and its relation to Notre Dame. But perhaps the most marked change in the class of '75 on both campuses is a change in post-college goals.

Most of my friends came to school in the fall of 1971 with little idea of their post-graduation plans. Maybe graduate school, maybe a year in Europe or maybe a job. But attitudes on the necessity of making money after college changed. No longer was it all right to merely get your degree, take a year off, or move on to more education merely for the love of learning.

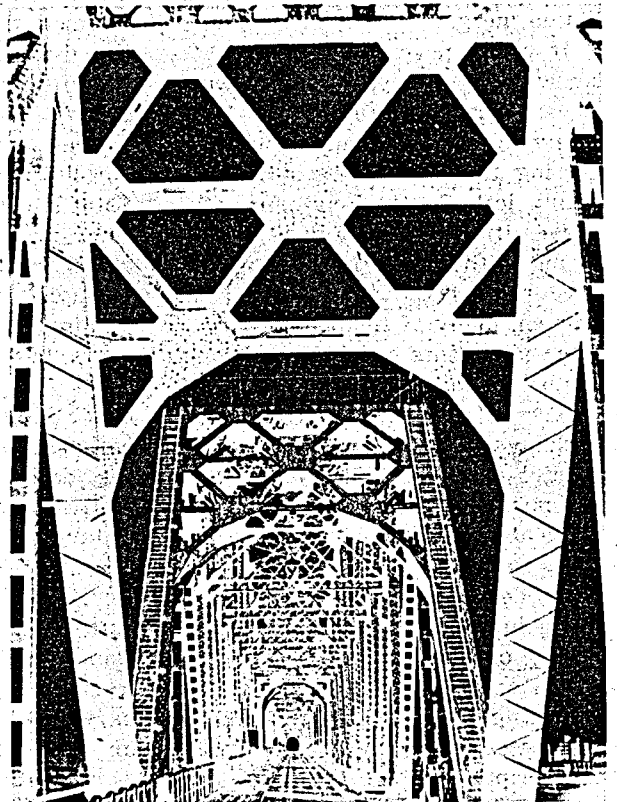
The class of '75 does face an uncertain future with nearly everyone wanting jobs and few actual positions available. Because admission to law school or graduate school is no guarantee of obtaining a job, graduates this year choosing these alternatives face an equally uncertain future.

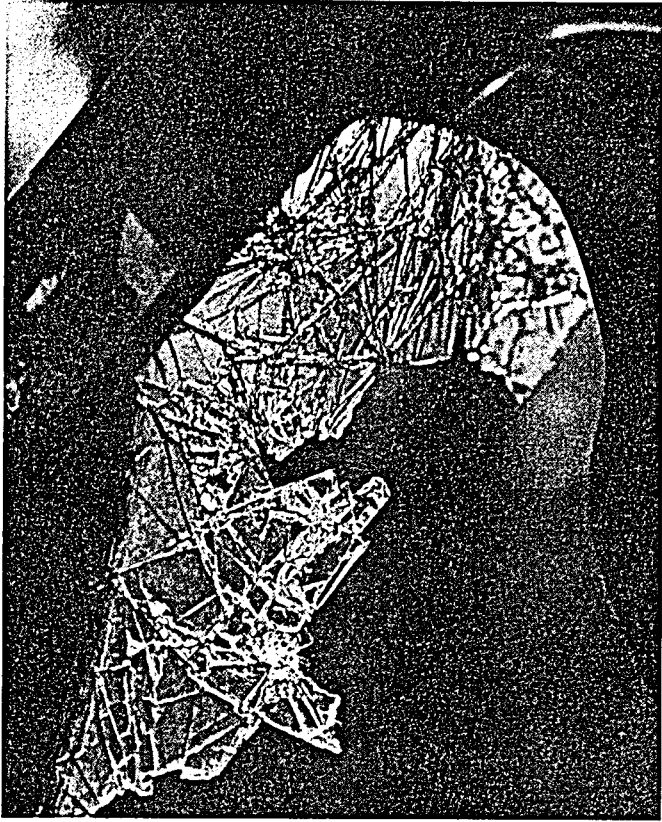
By second semester senior year, it is easy to forget once-great problems like a cancelled merger and a much criticized social life on campus. But at this point, it is hard to ignore the pressure to find a job in a time of troubled economy.



# Photography

by Bill Weyland





...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...

...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...

...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...  
...the ... and ...

# People at ND



Although the majority of students that stand out in the University seem to be upperclassmen, this year's N.D. freshman class is not without its distinctive personalities, too. Among them is **John Erikson**, a Business Intent from River Forest, Illinois. John is an accomplished skier, despite the fact that he is almost totally blind. He started skiing about three years ago when he heard, through a resource teacher, about the American Blind Skiing Foundation. Under the direction of the organization, ski areas in the Chicago vicinity donated equipment, lift tickets and a professional ski guide to instruct blind youths in the program every week. At the end of the year, a competition was held among the members, and John was one of seven to win a four-day ski trip to Aspen, Colorado, with BOLD, the Blind Outdoor Leisure Development. The following year the competition was extended to various other cities in the Midwest, and again John emerged victorious, this time with a week trip to Aspen. There he also took a gold medal in the Nastar competition.

John, who lives in Flanner Hall, has continued skiing on his own, although being at school keeps him from participating in the vari-



ous programs. Water skiing and backpacking rank highly among his other leisure interests.

For the first time in its history, Notre Dame has two valedictorians. This unique double occurrence is due to the fact that both **William J. Kellner** and **Michal J. Wahoske** have maintained 3.985 averages during their four years here. Rather than going through the normal interviewing process to eliminate one of the candidates or trusting to the flip of a coin, the two seniors talked the registrar into awarding both of them the title.

Bill was apartment-hunting at Madison, Wisconsin, when the *Scholastic* interviewer reached him. He will begin studies at the University of Wisconsin Medical School at Madison this fall and hopes to pursue a career in either pediatrics or general practice. The science pre-professional major from Green Bay, Wisconsin, volunteers at St. Mary's Day Care Center, the Halfway House, Manassa and Northern Indiana Children's Hospital (NICH). While one might think a valedictorian has time for nothing but his books, Bill maintains that not only is there time for both academics and



extracurricular activities, but that it is essential to do both.

Mike, a government major from Ripon, Wisconsin, says balancing his studies and other activities comes "only by working at it. It wasn't a natural thing, like I could study a half-hour before a test. And it involves studying at odd times, like Friday and Saturday nights."

He presides over the Notre Dame chapter of Pi Sigma Alpha, broadcasts WSND news and sings in the Chapel Choir. During his sophomore and junior years Mike was a member of the Arts and Letters College Council. He also represents students on the University Academic Council and has been active with the Student Advisory Council for the past three years. In addition, Mike is involved with the Philosophy Honor Society and the Pre-Law Society. Recently, searching for a new dean for the College of Arts and Letters has occupied much of his time. Initiation into the Phi Beta Kappa is coming up soon. This fall Mike will begin classes at the Notre Dame Law School under the Kiley Fellowship. Therein and thereafter the doors of the legal world should swing wide open for this young lawyer on the go.

—Jane Thornton  
Sue Grace

# People Behind ND

## Oh, Riehle!

Father James L. Riehle, currently the rector of Pangborn Hall, has served Notre Dame in a variety of capacities throughout his career at the University. Only two years ago he was Dean of Students. I asked him about the changes at Notre Dame in those two years. One of the big changes was the policy on alcohol. Fr. Riehle commented that "the new ruling is no different from the old ruling; it is only the interpretation of the law." After reviewing the court case under which Notre Dame might be held legally responsible for minors consuming alcoholic beverages on the campus, Fr. Riehle noted, "With the Faccenda amendment we are now not responsible for what goes on behind closed doors."

As rector Riehle must function in many roles ranging from disciplinarian to counselor. Noting the diversity in the job of a rector, he pointed out, "The duties of the rector depend an awful lot on the individual." Regarding the philosophy of "in loco parentis," Riehle admitted that a young person may come to Notre Dame hoping to find the guidance he had from his parents. He felt, however, that the rectors "should not be baby sitters," but that the rectors do have the right and the responsibility to intervene wherever the rights of someone are abused.

Riehle has also been indirectly involved with athletics. In his capacity as Coordinator of Chaplains,

he has the responsibility to see that the basketball and hockey teams have chaplains at their games. These chaplains say Mass for the teams and perform other duties, such as counselling when the need arises.

He noted that the pressures on the student athlete were different from those of the average student. "Many schools isolate their athletes in a particular dorm. At Notre Dame we like to put them together with the rest of the student body. As a result there is added pressure on their social life as well as their academic life." Riehle remarked that at Notre Dame the athlete must respond to peer pressure and cannot withdraw into an "athletic shell." He pooh-poohed the idea that athletes receive preferential treatment in the classroom because "most professors treat all students the same."

In addition to his other duties, Fr. Riehle also holds the newly created position of Director of Energy Conservation. Admittedly not an expert in the field, he has crammed to learn about energy. Recently he spent a week in the power plant in a crash course on energy. He believes that there are two ways to solve the energy problem in the United States. "We can go back to a more primitive way of life or we can just rationalize our energy use."

One alternative Fr. Riehle suggested was putting meters in student rooms and billing students for the



amount of energy used. Ideally this would increase student awareness of the energy shortage and result in a decrease in energy use.

In two years the fuel bill at Notre Dame has gone up a million dollars. Riehle said, "It is time to realize that we must use some energy conservation programs."

Fr. Riehle also discussed Fr. McNally's recent recommendation on coed dorms. Fr. Riehle said, "I don't believe Notre Dame really needs it right now. I think coeducation had something to offer, but I don't see where young men and women living together has any merits. The idea is not universally accepted in the United States yet, and it is too early to experiment with it. I think there are two main arguments against it. One is privacy. I think there are times when men should be alone and there are times when women should be alone. Secondly, there is the sexual argument. As a priest, my feeling is that young men and women cohabiting before marriage is wrong. When men and women live together, serious problems of cohabitation are more likely to occur."

The interview ended as Fr. Riehle characteristically takes up — on his cigar, of course.

—Mike Casey



# Week In Distortion

by John M. Murphy

"A time for every purpose under heaven." A time to distort. A time to put things in proper perspective. There is no time like the present for this latter endeavor, and herein, for one brief moment, I want to be serious and reflective. Rev. Robert Griffin, a man of insight and sensitive perception, has noted that "there is a quality in some of us who were touched in our birth with traces of the Celtic imagination, by which we romanticize the past, fantasize the present and dream of futures that can never be." By extension, I believe that this applies to us seniors, who in their last days at Notre Dame wax sentimental and nostalgic.

With the final days of a last year upon us, our minds and memories become melting pots of past things; the bewilderment and confusion of several hundred days, the frustration and loneliness, the reassurance of friendship, the moments of illumination, and the opportunities unpursued—all things, happy, sad and nondescript, that have happened to us in four years—merge into a confused and bittersweet blur with highlights often akin to those in a romantic novel. Each of us to some degree is in search of time past, seeking and dwelling on a day which by retrospect seems to have been more joyful and carefree than the present.

We are forced, perhaps against our wills, to live in the present, albeit a short present. A time span of about three weeks will test our psyches, letting them run the gamut, from bliss to bewilderment. Commencement and the days preceding it will

bring much: acceptances, rejections, forged destinies and shattered dreams. A series of preparations to leave and to go elsewhere, the parties, the final meetings, afternoons in the sun and rainy walks to the Grotto by night will all culminate in one eventful Sunday afternoon when we gather those we care about to witness where we have been, and where we are. We will delude ourselves into believing that we can linger like lotus-eaters in this collegiate haven which is almost a mythic kingdom, but there is nothing like an academic gown upon one's shoulders to drive home the reality that an era has ended and that a new one awaits. To adopt the cavalier "seize the day" philosophy might be the best bet for those of us who wish to eke out the essence of what remains.

The future, the post-du Lac question mark called a lifetime, seems like a very formidable thing to contend with. The uncertainty of things yet to happen kindles in us mortals a certain amount of fear and trembling, and a shaky and volatile future often prompts at least half-hearted longings for a secure past. Notre Dame, a protecting but often demanding mother, is sending her child into what might be an indifferent and malicious world. The child in us asks why we can't gather about

us forever the people, friends and experiences that have brought us happiness, why we can't stay at the party, why we can't perpetuate the ties that bind, the certainty and security that friendships and day-to-day community living provide. We wonder why the good-byes must occur and why they must be so difficult. The adult in us answers that we have outlived our usefulness at one point in our lives and that we must explore and test yet another. A new generation, a different group of men and women, wait to take our places, and we must surrender an outgrown world so that a new, untried and anxious group of successors can take over, bringing new talents and interests which might possibly outshine and surpass our own; sons must succeed fathers, seniors must move on to make way for more freshmen. The cycle is an old and archetypal one, but the existence of it insures vitality and promise.

As graduation approaches, it is good to think about time, the happy and not so happy memories of the past, the immediacy and exacting activities of the present. But, it seems that now our gaze should be ahead. We have written only part of what promises to be a long and interesting autobiography. All of the blank pages have to be filled. We may look occasionally backward, but our vision and our step must be a future and progressive one. Even the most quixotic of us must be attentive to the words of reality: "Look always forward; in last year's nest there are no birds this year."

# Irish Gym Shorts



Dan Devine will bring his battered Fighting Irish into the forty-fifth annual Blue-Gold Game Saturday afternoon. Injuries have made Devine's first spring here at Notre Dame an unpleasant one, with as many as thirty-five players out of action due to one ailment or another. The usual South Bend weather hasn't helped the situation either, but the competition for positions on next year's squad hopefully makes the game worth the effort. Admission to the contest is free with the presentation of ID cards.

Digger Phelps and his Irish basketball team will be playing in a series of exhibitions on behalf of the Italian government in a few weeks. Departing May 23, Notre Dame, along with Oral Roberts, Purdue and a Canadian National Team, will journey to Rome to play in a series of contests for the Italian people. The series, to last two weeks, will mark the first appearance of an Irish varsity competing in a foreign country since the freshman football team featuring Tom Clements journeyed to Mexico to play the University of Mexico three years ago. In that contest, the Irish easily won, 82-0. Here's hoping that Phelps' boys are as successful playing before the Pope.

There may soon be an announcement that the Boston College game, originally scheduled for September 13, will be moved to Monday night, September 15. The American Broadcasting System should pick up the rights to broadcast the inaugural of Dan Devine as head coach of the Irish, and it is speculated that Howard Cosell will be doing the play-by-play for the contest. The announcement marks the second consecutive year that the Irish will appear on national television at night.

Tom Fallon's Irish tennis team has come on strong this spring with some fine performances by the veteran group. Seniors Chris Kane, John Carrico and Randy Stehlik have had impressive springs, with Stehlik having a period where he won twelve consecutive singles matches. John O'Donnell has teamed with Stehlik to make Notre Dame's second doubles a hard act to beat. With freshmen Tony Bruno and Brian Hainline returning as well as O'Donnell and the Inchauste brothers, Fallon should be very confident of continued strength in Notre Dame tennis.

Finally, Irish Sports Shorts has completed its first year as a regular feature of *Scholastic* with this issue. In the preceding ones, the minor sports as well as participants in those sports have been singled out and noted.

There is so much more to Notre Dame athletics than the constant drive to win. The men and women representing Notre Dame on the athletic fields are each unique and ought to be respected as individuals. A Clements-to-Demmerle pass play may have been one of the prettiest sights this season to watch, but the hours of prepping each day by guys like Bob Walls, Nick Federenko and Pat McLaughlin kept a finely tuned offense rolling. Adrian Dantley may have been the second-leading scorer in the nation and may be the finest basketball player at Notre Dame (sorry, Austin and Moose), but Roger Anderson, Myron Schuckman and the Blue Team acted out each defense Dantley could expect to face in order to score the points he did.

The notoriety of the "big jock" is dead. It took fifteen guys and five months for Digger Phelps to reach the NCAA's, something no one thought we would do. Lefty Smith stood behind two freshman goaltenders and a young team, taking them to the WCHA playoffs. Denny Stark made the swim team a viable one once again. Noel O'Sullivan has taken a group of golfers who want to excel against the best, and has come away victorious. And of course, Ara was Ara.

What is critical here is that you as readers, participants and observers think about Notre Dame athletics. We have the distinction of being a national athletic power, and the caliber of opponents is always the tops in each sport, bar none. And above all, Notre Dame is the only place where there is a proper mix of athletics and academics. The entire purpose of an education is to learn and to have fun, and Notre Dame is the best place to realize that goal.

I hope you've enjoyed what we've done this year with *Scholastic* sports. We'll be back next year to do it again, and with the challenging schedules ahead of us, Irish Sports Shorts won't be lacking for copy.

Have a good summer.

—Bill Delaney

# IRISH TOP TEN

by Bill Delaney

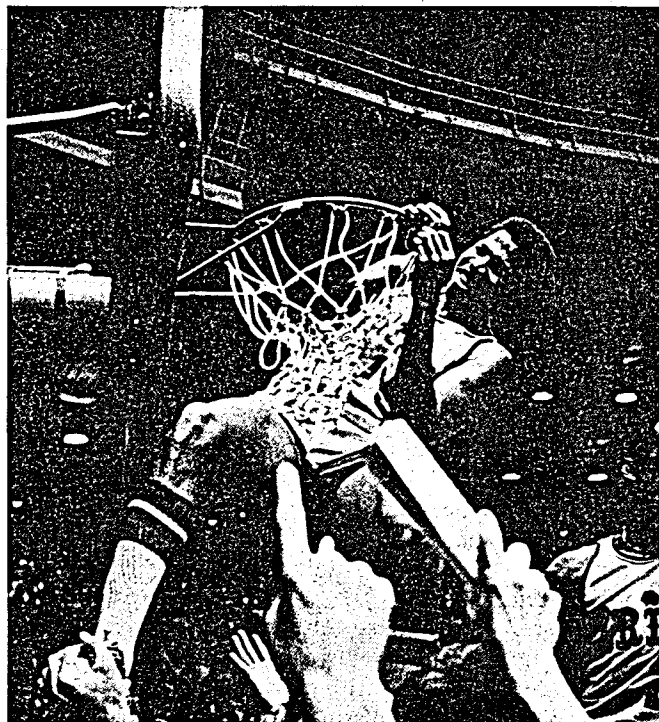
For many, a championship is always a dream: something to aim for, to set your sights on. Wishful thinking. But in Notre Dame's case in 1973, a reality.

New Year's Eve night. Tulane Stadium. Ara versus the Bear. Two undefeated, untied teams entered that misty stadium. One would leave with the National Championship of College Football.

Third down, deep in Irish territory. Clements drops back. He releases the ball downfield to the left hash.

Robin Weber.

Notre Dame 24, Alabama 23.



Eighty-eight college basketball games span an extremely long time—approximately three full seasons if you bother to count.

John Wooden entered the not-so-friendly confines of the ACC on a cold January afternoon in 1974, and when he left, a miracle of college basketball was left behind in the rafters of the double-domed sports complex.

The spirits of the ACC will always remember Shumate's job of handling Walton, Brokaw's bombs, and Novak's gutsy defense. And, of course, they'll always talk about Clay's jumper from the right.

Two minutes and thirty-three seconds. Not even enough time to cook an egg. But enough time to build one basketball program and cloud another.

## '71-'75

Eric Penick was fast. Really fast. There were some instances in the fall of 1973 that it appeared as if Tom Clements was perhaps too slow to hand off to Penick.

The combination proved to be perfect for the USC game, however.

The Notre Dame student body was getting very miffed at the fact that its football team hadn't beaten USC in seven years. In that space of time, a national championship or two were whisked away by the Trojan Hurricane.

Clements, Penick and crew were out to set the record straight.

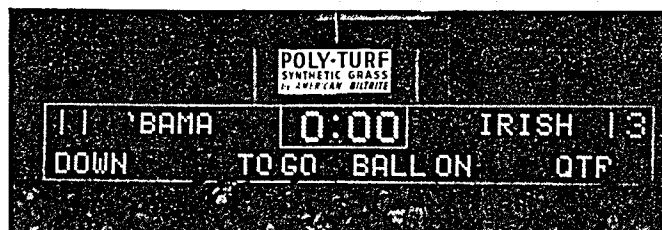
The rain, Clements' touchdown sneak and Penick's gallop were what USC was all about. It just happened so fast. And then it was over.



Many of you couldn't pronounce Ara's last name before you came here in the fall of 1971. But you soon learned that it was Parseghian that gave Notre Dame football its image.

He did a favor for you — he resigned with you from Notre Dame. He's going to "graduate" with you in May, to go out into a new world, to do new things. So you see, he's actually a member of the Class of 1975.

We'll miss him.



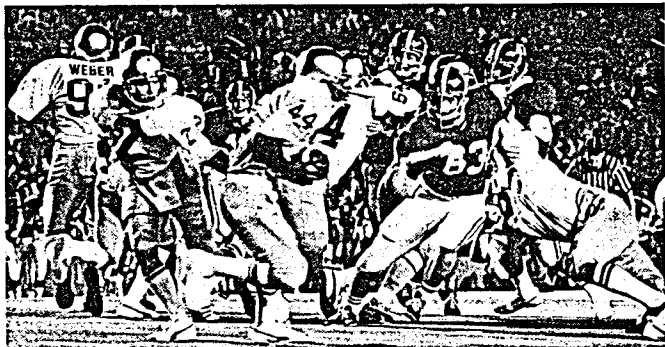
Defending some ideal or principle is something very hard to do. Everyone is out to get you, and you're always the enemy, no matter what you do.

Parseghian's last football team at Notre Dame *had* the enviable position of being the National Champions of College Football.

Parseghian's last team *also had* the unenviable position of defending that crown.

Losses to Purdue and Southern Cal made this year's Orange Bowl crucial only to Alabama's opportunity of being national champs.

But this was also Ara's final game. Reggie Barnett's interception in the waning moments of the 13-11 win made Ara's farewell a successful one and also brought a sense of respectability back to Irish football.



There is something about UCLA and John Wooden that makes the campus come alive. UCLA week has to rank right up there with Jerry Ford and Ted Hesburgh visits. Digger Phelps just has this thing with John Wooden. Call it fate, call it whatever you want — we've got UCLA's number at the ACC.

UCLA was again defeated here at Notre Dame this year with Phelps and Wooden again at the coaching reins. But this year, a man named Dantley made the difference.

Adrian Dantley and crew came out of their locker room in the ACC, and before they showered, they out-hustled and outplayed the mighty Bruins. John Wooden again lost and once again pointed out that his Pac-8 games were the ones that count.

But John Wooden did quit, and the Digger is still going strong.

The history of the Notre Dame Hockey Program has been a very weird tale indeed. The going has indeed been rough for Lefty Smith and supporters of the program which has been a varsity sport for only a few short seasons.

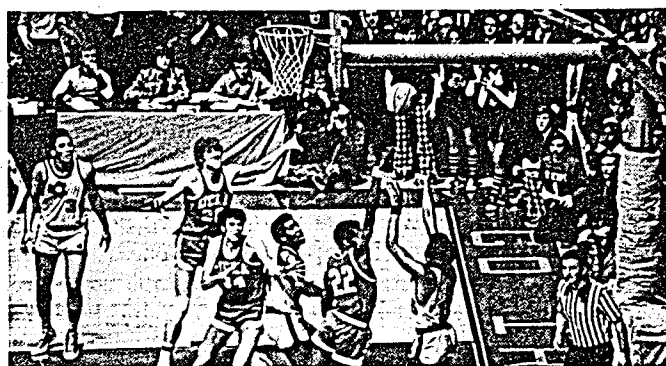
Wisconsin is the Southern Cal and UCLA of hockey to Notre Dame. Sweeping the "Big Red" of Wisconsin has added much solace to Irish hockey fans over the years. And a sweep was needed for Notre Dame to make the playoffs.

In the tradition of Irish hockey, Wisconsin pulled ahead, but outstanding performances by Eddie Bumbacco and company downed Wisconsin Friday night, and the same actions occurred Saturday evening. Notre Dame made the playoffs, eventually finished second in the WCHA at the season's end and gave the Irish *Fanatics* something to cheer about.

The National Invitation Tournament, an annual post-season basketball tournament, has had some of the finest games in the history of college basketball. Second-year coach Digger Phelps brought his young Irish team into Madison Square Garden on St. Patrick's Day and almost came away with the tournament crown. Featuring a rejuvenated John Shumate and newcomers Gary Brokaw and Dwight Clay, Phelps clawed his way to a 16-11 record, and banked on the hope that the Tournament Committee would see a team like Notre Dame with the nickname of "the Fighting Irish" as a good drawing card.

The hoping paid off.

Bobby Stephens' jumper from the right of the key ended Notre Dame's Cinderella tale in the finals, but what had Notre Dame really lost? We came to New York, won the crowd's support, won a couple of games, got plenty of national exposure, and of course, were the Irish on St. Patrick's Day.



This brings us now to Dick Phelps. Hired off the Fordham campus in the spring of 1971, Digger Phelps was hailed as the catalyst behind Notre Dame's resurgence in basketball. In the fall of 1971, Phelps started a 26-game schedule that was by far the longest of any coach's dreams.

Finishing 6-20 isn't the greatest way to start a coaching career, but with the schedule and talent Phelps had to work with, the future could be only better.

Indeed it was, and it has become better.

When a team is a twenty-point underdog and many just wonder if it is worth the battle showing up for the game, something usually clicks inside each player to do his best. Such was the case in the mud at Ross-Ade Stadium at Purdue in the fall of 1971.

Nobody gave Purdue the slightest chance of upending the mighty Irish on that cold, wet, Saturday afternoon. But something helped the Boilermakers shut off Ara and his boys up to the waning seconds (58 minutes and two seconds to be exact) of the game.

It was then that the luck of the Irish once again came to the rescue. A bad Purdue snap for a punt attempt from the end zone resulted in a fumble. Fred Swendsen pounced on the ball in the Purdue end zone, and the Irish had their first points of the wet afternoon.

Down by one (7-6) now, Parseghian had to go for the two-point conversion. Pat Steenberge found Mike Creany in the end zone, and the conversion pulled the Irish past Purdue by the narrowest of margins, 8-7.

Even the rain and cold became bearable.

# Cindermen

Thousands of years ago, they were the idols of the Greek people, mortal manifestations of supernatural gods. They were worshipped and adored by an entire empire. No higher status could be attained. They were the track athletes of a long-forgotten era. My, how things have changed since then.

Today, the track athlete is an enduring remnant of what once was a legend. Even here at Notre Dame, where the heroic exploits of innumerable athletes are as hallowed as the good Father Sorin himself, the track man goes virtually unnoticed. But this lack of attention in no way dampens the enthusiasm of the Irish team. Joe Piane, the easygoing coach in his first year at Du Lac as an assistant to head mentor Don Faley, reflects on the spirit which characterizes the Irish squad. "My association with this year's group," he relates, "has enabled me to realize just how highly motivated these athletes are." An occasional onlooker at meets or practices might not be able to fully appreciate the coach's sentiments, but a closer look at the track athlete's rigorous training routine might do a great deal to change his mind.

The long-distance runner is a classic example. Nowhere in the far-

reaching, diverse world of sports can one find a more dedicated athlete. And the Notre Dame distance men are certainly no exception. Coach Piane supplies some convincing evidence. "No one trains harder than the distance men," he says. "Here at Notre Dame they run ninety-five miles a week." Which is amazing indeed. But even more amazing is the fact that they do it for all fifty-two weeks of the year. There is no "off season" for the runner as there is for almost all other athletes. Spring training for him is year round. He runs on Christmas, on Easter, in ice, mud, or snow. The Pony Express should have been so dependable.

The track team, however, is not composed entirely of runners. There are the field men, too. The top pole vaulter is junior Mike Hagan, a South Bend native whose best this season is 15'8". Man-mountain Bill George heaves the discus for Notre Dame. George, an affable, gargantuan senior who eats hot dogs like french fries in the South Dining Hall, exemplifies the single-minded determination necessary to excel in the field events. "A lot of guys here on campus work out with the weights," Coach Piane explains, "but I doubt that any of them do it with as much zeal as Willy. He's as mo-

tivated a guy as you'll ever find."

With the schedule which his coaches have concocted, George and his teammates appear to have no choice but to be dedicated. It's either that or lose, which isn't exactly the Notre Dame tradition. Coach Piane describes the schedule as being "as tough as any in the country," and it's hard to disagree with him when one considers the competition. "We go up against the best in the Big Ten and Southeastern Conferences," Piane proclaims. "This year we've already had meets with defending NCAA champion Tennessee and Villanova, a perennial powerhouse in the East, and we still have to face the Big Ten champs, Indiana." The coach concludes, "We may not bring home all that many trophies, but I think you can understand why."

As for the future, Coach Piane expresses optimism and confidence, as the Irish have a solid group returning next year. Included in this group are three freshmen who are particularly promising — vaulter George Matteo, miler Dan Horgan, and discus thrower Mike Meyers.

Hopefully, this portrait of the Notre Dame track team has convinced you just how determined these athletes are to excel. If not, consider one last item — sophomore Mark Sullivan will compete next month in the Drake Relays for the Fightin' Irish. His event? The marathon run—all twenty-six miles, 285 yards. He's shooting, says Piane, for a time of less than two hours and forty minutes. Does this require dedication? Try it some time.

—Paul Hess





# The Very Last Word

by Jim Gresser

It's hard to believe how quickly the time has passed, isn't it? I can remember just a little while ago when the heavy storms covered the campus with snow. Now it seems like the winter has turned overnight and all the leaves and flowers are replacing the cold whiteness. In a similar way, it seems like only yesterday this editorial board took over *Scholastic*, and only the day before when we were all waiting to hear from the Notre Dame admissions director.

Please don't misconstrue those words as mellow, second-semester-senior nostalgia because they're intended much more matter-of-factly. I could just as easily say, "my, how time flies," and let it go at that.

But this is my last chance to write to you and I'd like to say a little more than that. It has been suggested that I use my last "Last Word" to tell everybody finally what I *really* think of them. Another person envied my chance to recommend openly that Fr. Burtchaell lie down in front of a train somewhere. Somehow those suggestions are a little off the track.

The fact is that a student is only at Notre Dame for a relatively short time and perhaps it takes someone his entire college career to realize the implications of that. And he's lucky if he realizes it then.

Because this University is a transient community, we have to relate to our time here in two very significant and distinct ways. The first way looks at the time we share as solid blocks of minutes, days,

months and years which must be lived as fully as possible for their own sake, as ends in themselves. The second way looks at the time spent here as a means to other ends. Our job is to balance the two.

The first way demands that we live lives here which demonstrate Christian love and responsibility for those around us. It requires, or rather allows, us to spend time learning about and appreciating the world and its people for their own value and beauty. It also demands that we make the concerns of the people we now live with our own concerns. It lets us come to know other people and to know ourselves.

Someone who knows this school well once told me that Notre Dame is characteristically a place where people *fall in love*. This phrase can be taken with its usual meaning or it can be understood in the sense that one falls in love with a friend, or a teacher, or a group of people, or God. The key aspect of this love, however, is its personal nature. Falling in love with a person takes time, and so it is the time we spend on each other that makes us valuable to each other. To make the best of our time we must generously share our knowledge, our thoughts, our ideas and ourselves with other people. We have to realize that it isn't an improper use of time to waste it, even daily, by being *gentle* with each other.

But I said before that there are two aspects to the time that has passed so quickly and the second one must not be omitted. This second way of relating to our time here is both separate from and linked to the first.



It is distinct from the first way because it looks at the time spent in the university as a means toward a greater end. It tends to emphasize the fact that a college education is an opportunity offered to a relative few, an elite. That opportunity can only be justified if those who accept it also embrace the responsibility that goes along with it. In a university community that calls itself Christian, that responsibility is even greater because it sets higher goals for its members.

Those Christian values, it seems to me, require that education not be confined within the University walls and those values place a severe judgment on a university not consciously aware of its responsibility to the larger community. The university must not define or limit the lives of its students while they are in it. Moreover, it must prepare them to expand their lives when they leave it. Because of this responsibility, we must, for example, seriously confront the problem of world hunger; and that is why it is unjustifiably self-indulgent to say such subjects are "overdone." It is because of this responsibility that we must realize the infinitely smaller significance of squabbles over ticket prices and over which building we live in.

After all, we only go to school here; our lives are so much bigger than that. This of course comes as no surprise because the one thing we all knew when we decided to come here was that in four years it would be time to move on; the idea being that after four years here we would be able to move on *better* than if we had not come.

This second way of relating to time here is, as I said earlier, not totally separate from the first. By concentrating on improving the here and now, we are hopefully preparing ourselves to continue and to expand the improvement process outside the university. And if we each want to become the best person we can be, we must recognize our need for the support and affirmation of our fellows. If we want our individual futures to be as fulfilling as possible, we must take advantage of the opportunity of the present time we share. As someone else has remarked, "We all can become, but we need one another."

In fact, if some incoming freshman was to ask this wizened commentator for a nickel's worth of advice, I think this is what I'd tell him: take the time to make the best of the people here. It'll probably make all your later successes much greater.

I might also add the warning that opening yourself to the possibility of fulfilling your time not only makes your successes greater, but could also make your failures worse. They say the risk you take when you give yourself away is a great one. And because of the temporary nature of your stay here, you can make the pain of leaving even worse. The people you know become uncompleted opportunities. You realize you never told them how you feel about them, and now they may never know. And saying good-bye is so hard.

Time just doesn't wait for you. You turn around and the prospect of four long, cold years has turned into the prospect of two short weeks. One chapter of the book is finished. And it really was nice . . . for a time.



It has been our intention throughout the year that *Scholastic*, as a magazine for this community, try to relate meaningfully to the time we spend here. We have tried to present stories which would not only make students aware of the interesting people and things around them, but which would also challenge them to broaden their perspective and remind them of their responsibility outside Notre Dame. We feel that it is our role to be a service to the students and we have interpreted that role to mean pointing out their personal potential and their Christian duty to fulfill it. This goal is obviously very lofty, perhaps unattainable, but we would be remiss if we did not set it.

It would be impossible for me to thank adequately the people who have worked so hard for *Scholastic*, but at this time some recognition should be given.

First, I would like to thank Sally Stanton, managing editor, and John Phelan, production manager, for their unparalleled dedication to the magazine and its purposes. I'm also happy to announce that Sally will

be taking over as *Scholastic* editor next year.

A great deal of thanks is also in order for the rest of the editorial board: Bill Weyland, Jane Thornton, Katy Sullivan, Bill Delaney, Sarah Bartzen, Paul DeBacco and Ed Brower. They make the magazine.

Special thanks to D. C. Nokes, advertising manager, and Rich Nugent, course evaluation editor, whose services to the magazine are particularly appreciated.

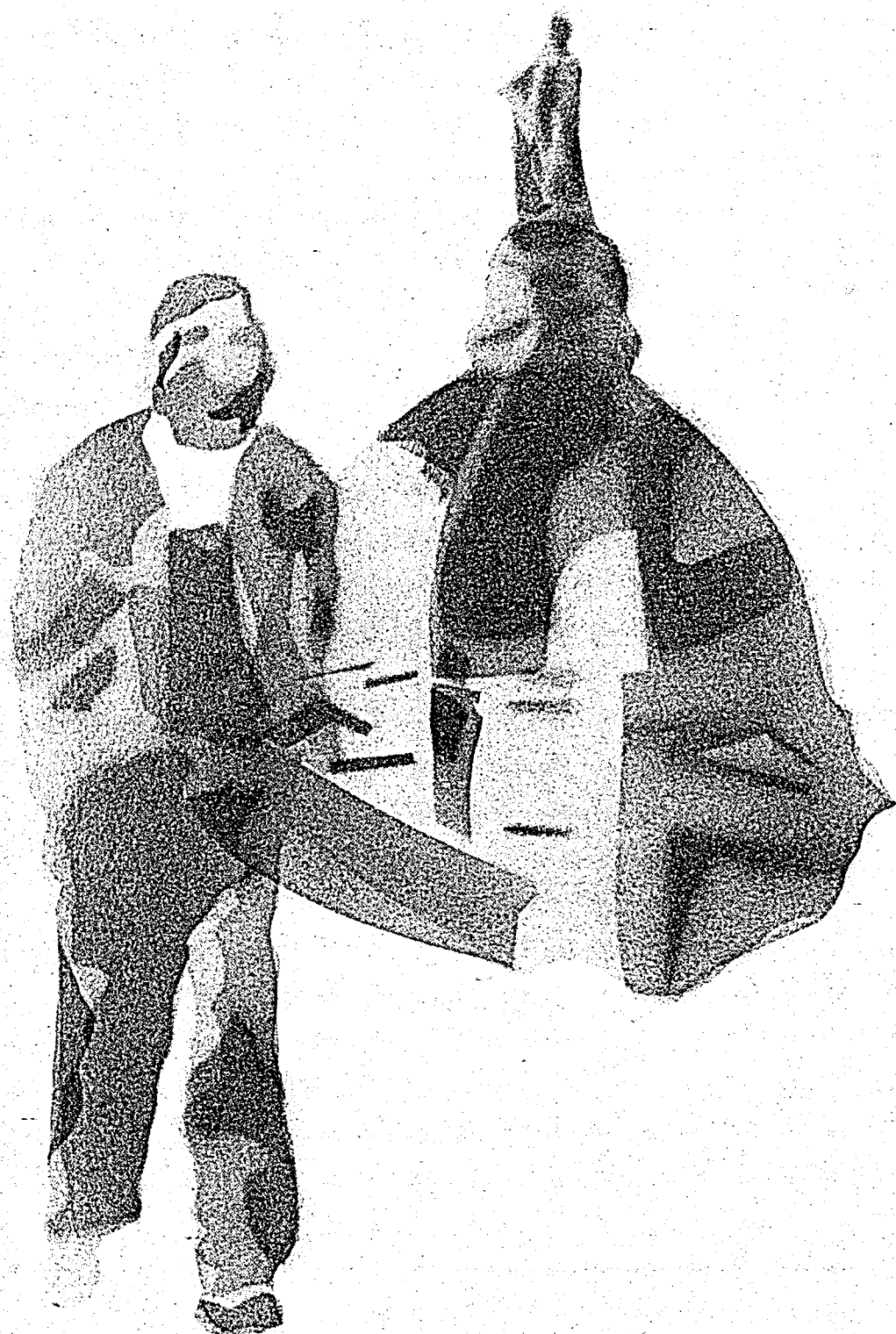
Thanks also to our advisory board, especially Fr. Dave Schlaver, whose enthusiasm and faith in *Scholastic* have been a great support to the entire staff.

Speaking of the entire staff, here's where thanks are definitely deserved. I really appreciate all your time and efforts, and if we have had any misunderstandings, I apologize.

Thanks also to Mr. Ed Sanna, Esther Doty, Jim Cook, Danny, George, Harold and all the people at Ave Maria Press whose patience, talent and generous assistance have been invaluable to this publication.

Most importantly, my thanks go to you, the reader. I hope we have lived up to the trust you placed in us.

It's been fun.



Seniors, take a  
little bit of ND with  
you next year.

order

**Scholastic**

and get news analysis, in-  
depth sports, the Juggler  
and the Football Review.  
For only \$5.00

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556

Please send me a subscription to SCHOLASTIC for  
..... years at \$5.00 a year.

I am enclosing \$..... CASH  
..... CHECK

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

SCHOLASTIC  
SCHOLASTIC  
SCHOLASTIC  
SCHOLASTIC