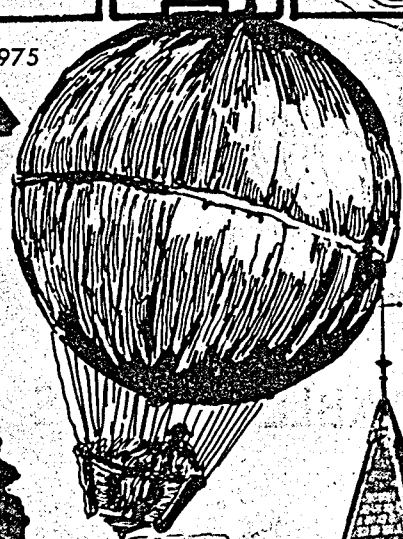
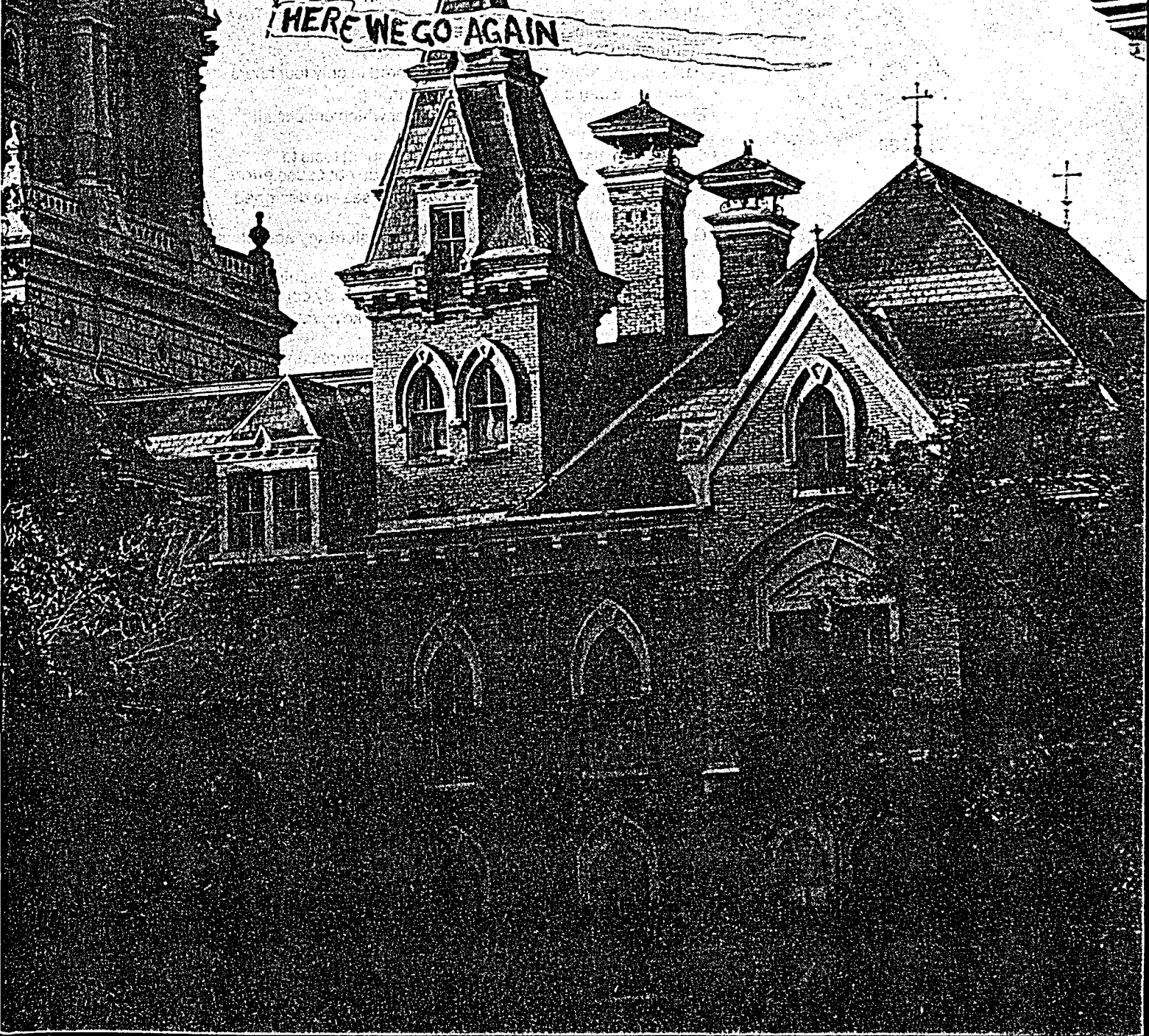


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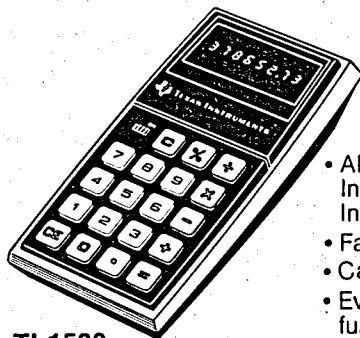
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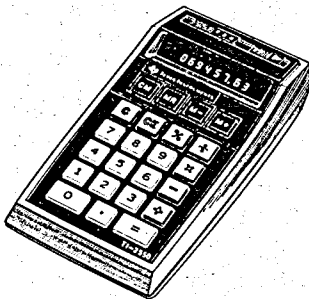
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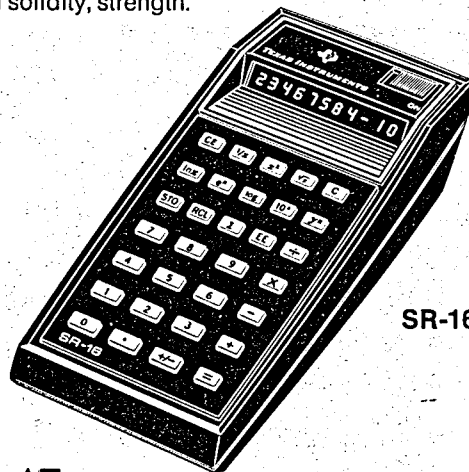
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SCHOLASTIC

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Perspectives

The search for a precise encapsulation of what makes Notre Dame Notre Dame seems an endless one. Much of this issue is engaged in that search and, perhaps, is testimony to its endlessness. Scholastic, in an effort to get divergent viewpoints of du Lac, one coming and one going, asked a senior and a freshman to summarize their feelings. Paul Starkey is a senior English major from Indianapolis, Indiana; Rhonda Kornfeld is a freshman business intent from Houston, Texas.

Through the Looking Glass

The sign read, "Pick up key and Detex in Room 112." I took the steps two at a time with a burst of excitement. Reaching the top, I suddenly realized that I was here: Notre Dame was a reality. There was an air of newness everywhere, and anxiously I set off to find Room 112 and the mysterious Detex.

I also felt that I was off to find a new world, an environment which I had pictured only through summer letters and descriptions, but which I began to suspect would prove to be something altogether different. I approached cautiously. I was apprehensive about an unknown future as I slowly mounted the stairs to my room. Opening the door, it confronted me. The room was as empty as I was.

Suddenly this new experience had become strange and fearful. I was alone, yet somehow not lonely. I could sense the warmth and friendliness around me and knew it would soon be a very real part of my life.

When my roommates finally arrived, I welcomed them with great exuberance. It seemed the first step in bringing life together, and helped disperse much of the strangeness.

Then came thousands of introductions. How can anyone be expected to remember that many names in one day? It gave me a feeling of fellowship when someone would say, "What was your name again? I'm sorry, I just can't remember."

The upperclassmen were generally understanding and friendly. On one venture across the vast expanse of campus in search of the north quad, I became hopelessly lost. I asked an innocent bystander for directions, and she informed me that I had already reached my destination. I thanked her and walked on feeling very embarrassed and very much a freshman, but I had learned a good lesson. The day before classes began, I took my trusty map and charted the route between each building which was on my schedule.

The many times I found myself lost, usually as a result of going out the wrong door, helped me to see the various facets of this beautiful campus. It was quiet and silent and gave me a peaceful feeling of belonging. It all seemed to be a dream from which I would soon awaken, and as soon as the upperclassmen arrived, I did. The quads were suddenly full of activity. The enrollment figure, which had always been rather removed, became very real.

The first week as a freshman was a whirlwind of events and experiences which gave me a taste of what I might expect at the University, yet was limited and only an initial indication. It was thrilling, at times depressing; yet there was always something to help set me straight, even if it were only myself thinking things through more clearly. I have a sneaking suspicion that I will be doing a great deal of thinking things through for myself from now on.

I have come here as an individual, hopefully, with an open heart and mind. I feel I will soon become an individual part of the unity which is Notre Dame.

—Rhonda Kornfeld



The Last Hurrah

Coming back to Notre Dame as a senior, I have a sense of coming home. No longer am I a stranger at du Lac. All the buildings and pathways are as familiar and comfortable as old friends. With so much time spent here over the last few years, this place has become, in a very real sense, a friend: someone I know and love. The buildings here are more than buildings, the trees more than trees. Every time I walk around the campus, I am constantly reminded of all the good times I've had here. Every brick and leaf calls out to the past and to my experiences here. Notre Dame has become an important part of my life. Like home, it has become a special place.

I'm very proud to be part of Notre Dame. At every turn, one feels the tradition of this place. Everywhere there are things to remind me that the tradition of Notre Dame is one of achievement and excellence. The past is rich with the names of men and women who have upheld the challenge and tradition of Notre Dame.

This tradition is exciting because it demands to endure. It calls each person who comes here to greater dedication and commitment to approach life with the attitude that he will do his very best, even in face of the most difficult situation. In accepting the challenge of Notre Dame, I've found struggle and sacrifice to be a large part of my experience here. If I weigh such experiences against the rewards and achievements, it all seems worth it. I'd like to think, too, that I have grown in many ways, that I've learned something here that I can take with me through the rest of my life.

The dedication and commitment to the tradition of Notre Dame are not easy and oftentimes both individuals and the University fall short of the ideal. For this reason, the notion of the spirit of Notre Dame is so important. It is the spirit that calls us together as one body, a community, and demands that we show genuine care and concern for one another. The spirit of Notre Dame stands as an ideal for what we want to be, the Christian goals we seek, and serves as a source of hope as we continually move closer toward it. As long as people try to make this place and the world a little better, the spirit of Notre Dame will continue.

When I told a friend about this article, he said, "I suppose you'll write about the glory of Notre Dame, the great tradition, and how the people make the place." I couldn't help smiling. "You must've read my notes," I told him.

When I think about what I've learned here and the experiences I value most, I have to risk the unoriginality and suggest that, in fact, "the people make the place." More than books, people and experience are the masters of education. So many times, my beliefs, values, and will have been challenged and tested to the limit by those around me. Some of the most important questions have come from close friends:

"Why do you do that?" or "What do you think?" The challenge of a friend is not a threat, but an attempt to reach out and understand. More than a few times over the last couple of years, I've felt alone here at Notre Dame, in need of someone to break into my loneliness. It was at those times when someone reached out to me as a friend and helped me along. In turn, I've reached out to others. For me, that's what Notre Dame is all about.

Perhaps more than anything this year, I want to celebrate my friends.

Whether with a beer at the Senior Bar or a cup of coffee down at Darby's Place, I want to meet with them, share some more good times and let them know that I care deeply for them. Together we share in a great experience. For at least a few years, this place, du Lac, serves as our common home, a place to grow as persons, but also as part of a very real community.

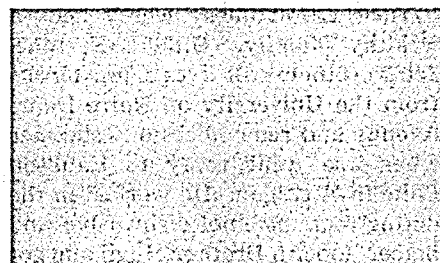
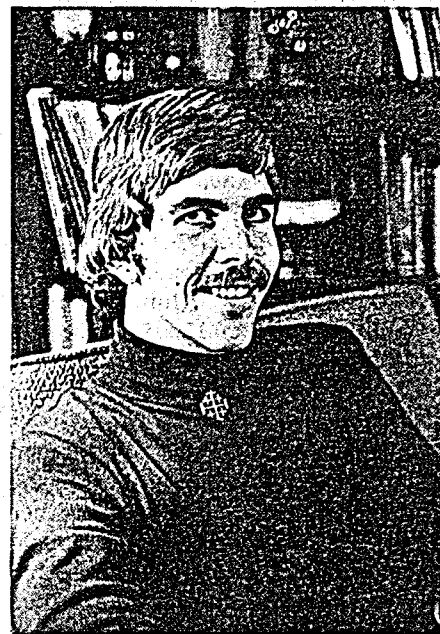
Coming back to Notre Dame this year, I feel a lot of enthusiasm and excitement, but also a little sadness. With the same thought that this probably will be my best year yet, I also know that it will be my last. At orientation, the remarks of a freshman's father really hit upon my mood. When I mentioned that I was a senior, he smiled and said, "So, this is your last hurrah." The idea of a "last hurrah" describes so well this year for me because every celebration will carry a quiet note of finality. It will be a year for endings.

Maybe it's because I just turned 21 and Indiana lets me be legal or because I'm a senior and feel somewhat bewildered by the youthful faces of those starting here for the first time; but I feel old — and perhaps a little tired. I've been in school for 15 years now. After Notre Dame, I expect three or four more. Each year moves faster than the last; it wasn't that long ago that I was a freshman and before I turn around, it will be May and graduation. This

year, I have little sense of security. If it is a time for endings, it is also a time for beginnings. Decisions made this year will affect my life in ways both subtle and profound. The main question, "Where am I going?" is accompanied by feelings of excitement, apprehension and anticipation for a new direction in life. Another question still remains, "Where have I been?"

With the idea of graduation comes a lot of happiness, but not without a real sense of sadness. I have been part of a great tradition here at Notre Dame; if I've done anything to conserve it or help it to endure, I can move on.

—Paul Starkey



Joe LaFortune: Life and Times

by Sally Stanton

People come in and out of the building at all hours: administrators on coffee breaks, faculty members bound for library offices, students looking for conversation at the Nazz or Darby's. Few seem to notice the portraits hanging on the west wall or to remember that "LaFortune" names a man as well as a building.

On the evening of August 5, Joseph A. LaFortune died in Colorado Springs at the age of 81.

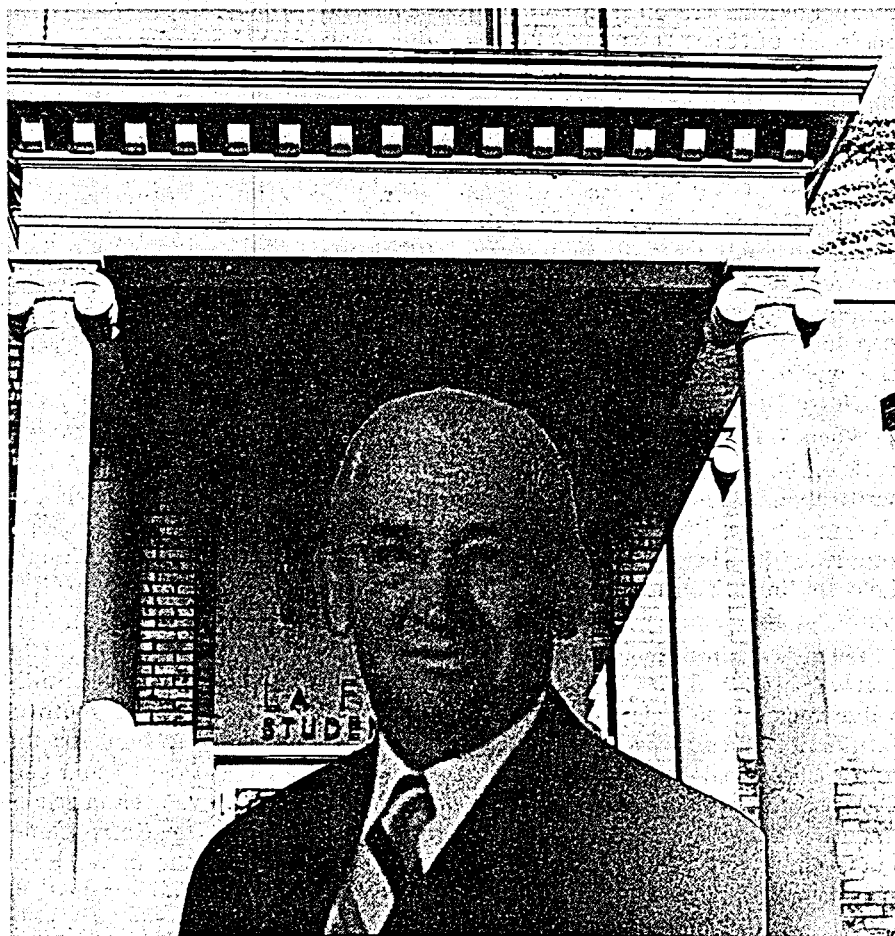
Joe LaFortune was born in South Bend; his family lived in a house on Eddy St. where the A&P now stands. His was the third generation to be connected with the University: his grandfather, Mike Hastings, was a gardener here for 38 years, taking care of the grounds, tending the flower beds around St. Ed's and helping a large nun keep the kitchen clean. For 28 years his father ran the tin shop on south quad near Brother Lawrence's undertaking establishment, fixing leaking gutters and soldering the lids on the canned food the University produced.

The LaFortunes were not a wealthy family. Bill LaFortune, Joe's brother, still lives a few blocks from the University on Notre Dame Avenue and remembers one summer when Joe went away to Bankson Lake in Michigan. He worked in the dining room as chief dishwasher and helper under a Brother Hugh and got his room and board free. At the end of the summer they paid him with a baseball and bat and a trip home.

Yet to have one less person to feed in a family of six boys and two girls made up for the lack of income.

Joe quit school after eighth grade and went to work at the age of 14 reading meters for the Northern

Indiana Gas and Electric Company. He might have continued where he was if another position which he wanted hadn't opened up. He asked for it, but his boss told him he hadn't enough education and encouraged



him to go to Notre Dame and get a degree.

LaFortune followed this advice, working his way through a two-year advertising-commerce program, paying for his tuition by dusting pictures and picking up scrap on the grounds. Knute Rockne was his chemistry teacher and the story has it that they both moonlighted working for the South Bend park department.

Joe had always been interested in sports; he saw his first Notre Dame football game in 1901 when he was 7 years old — he had to watch from behind the wire encircling the football field. When he was 12 he got closer to the game, drop-kicking, barefooted, with a couple varsity players in the gym. His brother Bill remembers that he tried long-distance running and boxing but was not overly successful at either and lifted weights for a while. Part of his tie to the University was through his interest in athletics, particularly football—even though one of his sons graduated from Purdue, he always rooted for the Fighting Irish.

Soon after he graduated from the University in 1916, the U.S. entered World War I. He joined the Navy and went to the East Coast, but the war ended before he saw action. He worked as a physiotherapist and was planning to go to South America with Bill to work on the construction of a 200-mile railway, but a revolution there killed the project. A friend told him of a job in Tulsa and he moved again.

He returned to South Bend to marry Gertrude Tremel, a native of Mishawaka, but when he brought her to Tulsa they discovered the railway had lost her trunk and he had lost his job, so he entered the oil business as a representative for an oil magazine.

In 1924 LaFortune approached the owners of Warren Petroleum, W. K. Warren and Charles Brown, offering to put out a small monthly publication for them for \$50 a month. After the second issue Warren asked him to join the company and Joe accepted, turning down an offer of \$300 a month for an interest in the owners' stock. By 1956 when the company merged with Gulf, LaFortune owned 30% of its stock. He had become a wealthy man.

Joe LaFortune did not hoard his money. His niece, Mary Lou Granning, remembered how he would get requests for money in the mail. He'd read them all, sending some a contribution immediately, saving the others to consider later. He once said, "I love to give. I get a lot of pleasure from it."

He helped his family and friends with gifts when they needed them and donated large amounts to various institutions around Tulsa: Cascia Hall and Monte Cassino Catholic schools, St. John's Hospital and Hillcrest Medical Center, Oral Roberts University and the University of Tulsa. LaFortune Park, equipped with a golf course, tennis courts and stadium was built with such a donation.

Notre Dame was probably his first love. It was a donation of \$135,000 in 1953 which enabled the University to do much of the renovation needed to transform the Science Hall into the student center which now bears the LaFortune name. In 1954 and '55 he matched the net receipts of Mardi Gras, aiding further work on the building.

But LaFortune donated time as well as money to Notre Dame. In 1941 he was named to the Associate Board of Lay Trustees at this University whose truck garden he had once worked in, picking beans and berries where the Morris Inn now

stands. In 1904 he had been chased from the lake by a seemingly pugnacious one-armed cop named Red Smith; only a year earlier he had "accepted the position as exterminator of the *Leptinotarsa decemlineata* thereby saving the potato crop for the University and staving off famine that year."

During the receptions in LaFortune at the time of his original contribution, he must have remembered the time he had teased Red Miller and been caught and held under the pump which once stood behind the building and had had cold water pumped on his head and neck. Or when the University decided to accept women in 1972, one wonders if he remembered his notation of a meeting 70 years earlier: "Too young for women and when introduced by my mother to Sister Aloysius, threatened to strike her for trying to embrace me."

When the Board of Trustees was formed in 1967 he was reappointed to serve on it, yet in 1971 he asked to be placed on emeritus status. Too much had happened to the world and the University in the late '60's. LaFortune had risen in the old order and wanted to conserve what he valued. Seeing the University move in a more liberal direction than he might want, he did not want to be the one to hold it back.

In a sense Joe LaFortune was typical of a class of men, men who started out with little and through their own initiative, prospered. It is upon these men that the University rests.

LaFortune loved Notre Dame and returned to the campus generally two times a year, in the spring and in the fall. As James Frick, vice president for public relations and development, said: "He was a very warm human being who touched a lot of people here."

People At ND



Mary Iden and Mark Grove



Dave Dempsey



Ed Sellner, O.S.C.

Every year when the freshmen and transfer students arrive in the last days of August, they are met by a group of student volunteers who run both individual hall and campus-wide orientation for the newcomers. This year's overall effort was directed by an 11-person committee, which was headed by "co-chairpersons" (or "co-persons" as they are known to some) Mary Iden and Mark Grove. Both Mary and Grover were members of last year's committee appointed as this year's co-chairpersons last spring by then-SBP Pat McLaughlin. Working last spring and staying here to work all summer, the goal of the orientation staff was to make incoming students "feel a little more at home." In addition to the standard orientation fare of past years, such as the Stepan Center dance, the breakfast for transfer students, campus tours for parents, and Activities Night, this year brings such new programs as having people at the airport to meet newcomers, and conducting talks about safety on campus for women. When he's not working on orientation, Mark is an R.A. at Keenan, a senior English student, and an Upward Bound tutor. Mary, a senior majoring in History, was last year's orientation coordinator for B-P and was B-P's Madame Fifi of Mardi

Gras fame. When asked what was the most enjoyable part of their job, both co-persons agreed on two points: 1) they enjoyed being on campus when it's nice and quiet, and 2) they loved using the power and spending the money at their command.

There are only a few occasions in life when one can actually climb to the top of his own particular heap, so when Dave Dempsey became Head Football Manager, he could enjoy one of those moments in life of looking down from the top of the pile. Dave, a senior in Accounting, started as a manager in the second semester of his freshman year, and since then he says that time has passed very quickly and that he is sorry to see his stay here almost over. However, if time seems not to have changed, circumstance certain does. Whereas in his sophomore year, Dave had to spend Friday nights before home games spray painting gold football helmets, he is now in a totally supervisory position, acting as a liaison between Coach Devine and the other managers. "If something is wrong with the managers' work, he tells me, and I correct the situation."

Among the many people who left ND last spring and who spent the

summer readjusting to new ways of life was ex-wrestling coach Fred Pechek. After the controversial termination of his duties here as physical education instructor and Head Wrestling Coach, he was offered and accepted a job at Mira Costa Junior College in southern California. He is now Head Wrestling Coach and Defensive Backfield Coach at Mira Costa at a salary which is over \$9,000 higher than that which he got at ND. Pechek bears no resentment about last spring's affair; instead of says he would "like to thank the University for making decisions easier."

Another person involved in a major transition this summer was Ed Sellner, O.S.C. Last year Ed, a Crosier priest from Fort Wayne, Indiana, was a resident assistant at Holy Cross Hall and a student in the master's program in Pastoral Theology. After a summer which included travelling to eight major cities on pastoral activities, he has come back to Notre Dame as a doctoral student and assistant rector of St. Ed's Hall. The switch into a higher level of the Student Affairs staff has been quite noticeable. Says Fr. Sellner, "Now people treat me as a human being, instead of as just a student."

—Bryan P. Murphy

My Favorite Cookbook

by Joseph W. Evans

I may not have the culinary abilities of a Father Burtchaell, but I know a good cookbook when I see one. I saw one six years ago—*The Supper of the Lamb*, by Robert Farrar Capon—and I keep returning to it every now and then—just for sheer *delight*, the *delight* of 'seeing.'

Frankly—I am about to utter a real scorcher—I don't give two hoots for cooking! Oh, cooking is a 'good in itself,' to be sure, a *bonum honestum*, the Scholastics would say—but in the hierarchy of values (of *bona honesta*) it is quite far down on the totem pole—indeed it's even a few light miles away from just 'seeing,' 'looking at,' 'delighting in,' 'celebrating,' 'hurrahing about,' 'letting things happen,' 'listening to the essences of things,' etc. (I am done with my single quotes! Are you glad, or are you sad? Or are you — life is ambivalent — glad/sad? Don't you think that they help me get my point across to you a little more sharply?)

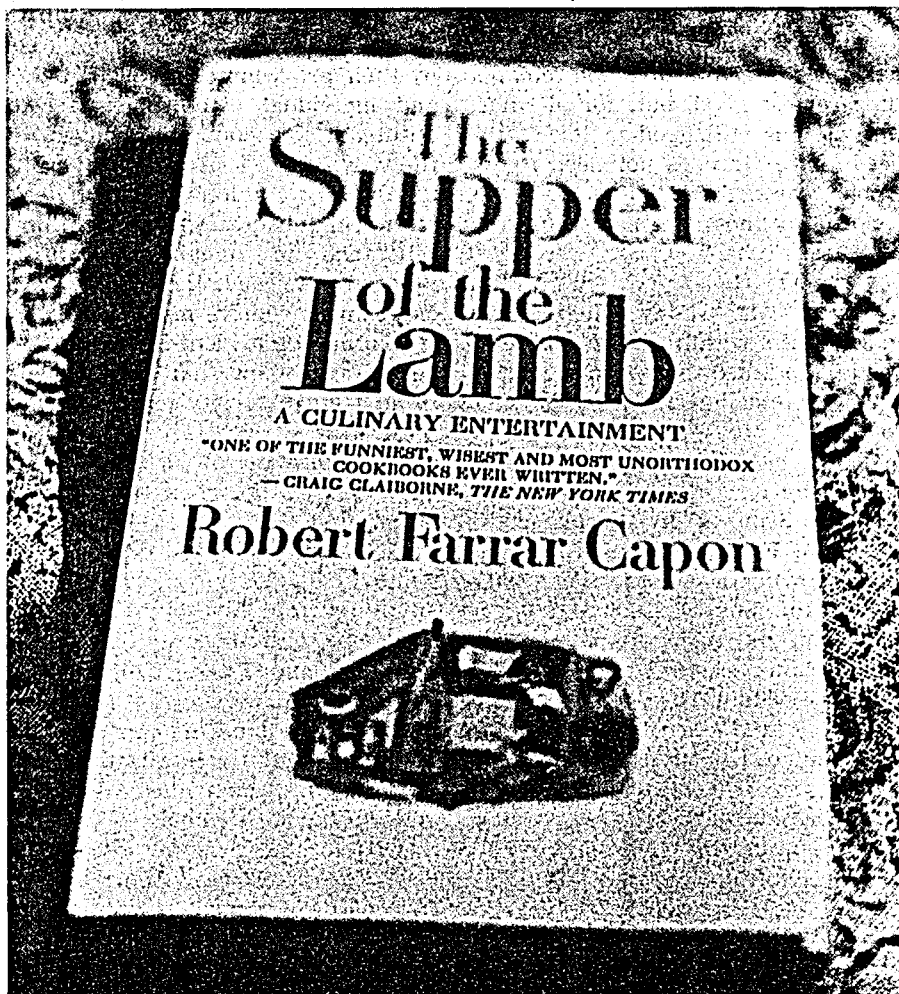
The realities pointed to within my single quotes, the "things for man to do — first," is what Capon's book is fundamentally all about. One reviewer put it this way: "To call *The Supper of the Lamb* a cookbook would be like calling *Moby Dick* a whaling manual." Another says of it: "A celebration of all creation. . . This is a book for the amateur, the lover who is not bored by the world. It contains an uncommon quantity of wisdom and not one ounce of foolishness. . ."

Let me mix you a little salad of Capon capers:

"... peel an orange. Do it lovingly — in perfect quarters like little boats, or in staggered exfoliations like a flat map of the round world, or in one long spiral, as my grand-

father used to do. Nothing is more likely to become garbage than orange rind; but for as long as anyone looks at it in delight, it stands a million triumphant miles from the trash heap."

"One real thing is closer to God



than all the diagrams in the world."

"Man's real work is to look at the things of the world and to love them for what they are. That is, after all, what God does, and man was not made in God's image for nothing."

"[God] creates in a mystery. What he holds intimately and contemporaneously in being, acts, nonetheless, for itself. The secular is not the sacred. Creation exists in its own right, is no parable, no front, no Punch and Judy show in which God plays all the parts, but a vast and raucous meeting where each thing acts out its nature, shouts I am I, as if no other thing had being. The world exists, not for what it means but for what it is. The purpose of mushrooms is to be mushrooms; wine is in order to wine: Things are precious before they are contributory. It is a false piety that walks through creation looking only for lessons which can be applied somewhere else. To be sure, God remains the greatest good, but, for all that, the word is still good in itself. Indeed, since He does not need it, its whole reason for being must lie in its own goodness; He has no use for it, only delight."

"Scene I: Hell

"There was a day when Satan took counsel with his chief tempters. 'What,' he asked the assembled Principalities and Powers, 'are we doing to hasten the dehumanization of man?'

"One by one, they reported. Formidable Senior Vice-Presidents in charge of Envy, Pride, and Avarice gave glowing accounts; the Chiefs of the Bureaus of Lust and Sloth read lengthy bills of particulars. Satan, however, was not pleased. Even the brilliant report of the Head of the War Department failed to satisfy him. He listened restively to the long treatise on nuclear proliferation; he fiddled with pencils during the section on the philosophy of the brushfire war.

"Finally, Satan's wrath overcame him. He swept his notes from the table and leapt to his feet. 'Self-serving declarations!' he roared. 'Am I doomed to sit forever listening to idiots try to hide incompetence behind verbiage? Has no one anything new? Are we to spend the rest of eternity minding the store as we have for a thousand years?'

"At that point, the youngest tempter rose. 'With your permission, my lord,' he said, 'I have a program.' And as Satan sat down again, he launched into his proposal for an interdepartmental Bureau of Desubstantialization. He claimed that the dehumanization of man was going so slowly because the infernal strategy had failed to cut man off from one of the chief bulwarks of his humanity. In concentrating on offenses against God and neighbor, it had failed to corrupt his relationship to things. *Things*, the tempter declared, by their provision of unique delights and individual astonishments, constituted a continuous refreshment of the very capacities Hell was at pains to abolish. As long as man dealt with real substances, he would himself tend to remain substantial. What was needed, therefore, was a program to deprive man of *things*.

"Satan took evident interest. 'But,' he objected, 'how shall we proceed? In an affluent society man has more things than ever. Are you saying that in the midst of such abundance he simply will not notice such a bizarre plot?'

"'Not quite, my lord,' said the tempter. 'I do not mean to take anything from him physically. Instead, we shall encourage him *mentally* to alienate himself from reality. I propose that we contrive a systematic substitution of abstractions, diagrams, and spiritualizations for actual beings. Man must be taught to see things as symbols — must be trained to use them for *effect*, and never for themselves. Above all, the door of delight must remain firmly closed.'

"'It will not,' he continued, 'be as difficult as it seems. Men are so firmly convinced that they are materialists that they will believe anything before they suspect us of contriving their destruction by spiritualization. By way of a little insurance, however, I have taken the liberty of arranging for an army of preachers who will continue, as in the past, to thunder against them for being materialists. They will be so busy feeling delightfully wicked that nobody will notice the day when we finally cut them loose from reality altogether.'

"And at that, Satan smiled, sat back and folded his hands. 'Good,' he said. 'Let the work go forward.'

Now, don't you want to read my favorite cookbook? Wouldn't you be glad if all the philosophers (not to mention the 'ideosophers'! I am indebted to Jacques Maritain for this word. — Jacques Maritain — what a *source*!) and theologians of this world would read my favorite cookbook? There is a delightful paperback edition of it — Pocket Books, New York; and a less delightful paperback edition of it — Doubleday Image Books. Or I will lend you a copy of it. Or my students will lend you a copy of it (we will not *sell* you our copies). Good reading, good 'seeing'! — Eating? McDonald's will do. But the Notre Dame cafeteria will *do* better!

Creature Features

by J. Robert Baker

Suddenly movies are in vogue again. Americans are returning to theaters and movie houses everywhere in droves. Witness the fact that *Jaws*, which was released only late last spring, has recently become the fourth largest grossing film. Not since the adolescence of the film industry have stars, directors and films in general enjoyed such avid popularity.

Thus, more than ever since its inception five years ago, the film series of the Cultural Arts Commission, Cinema '76, is faced with a tremendous challenge. The cinema series provides a sampling of the best films the art has produced. Showing 14 films each semester, the series attempts to explore various aspects of the film industry. Sean Coleman, co-chairperson of Cinema '76 with Laureen Goers, noted, "We attempt to show both entertaining and artistic films of the highest quality to provide a background and an experience for viewing all films."

The selection of films is a long and exhausting process. This is due partially to the fact that a great many films have been produced since the industry began early in this century. Much time is consumed in tracking down films through the various distributors. The selection is influenced to some extent by rental fees since a few films each semester appeal to a rather limited audience. Laureen Goers explained that this factor was minimal, however, since "the series is not a money-making endeavor — rather it is presented as an exposure to one of the arts."

The series itself is divided into four sections: American cinema, European cinema, recent popular films, and a festival. The festival explores a particular aspect of film making and focuses on an actor, director, genre, or theme.

Although the entire series constitutes a diverse sampling of films, the three films which exhibit the best of popular cinema have a common theme. *Chinatown*, *Conversation*, and *Parallax View* all center on an individual's search for truth and meaning in reality. In each film, the quest is marred by tragedy, whether it be the protagonist's own or that which he finds during his search.

Conversation stars Gene Hackman as Harry Caul, a guilt-stricken wire tapper. The film is an intense study of modern man lost, swallowed by a sense of guilt over events he can no longer control. Written, directed and produced by Francis Ford Coppola, *Conversation* is a provocative look at life in a technological age.

Chinatown explores much the same tragedy. Roman Polanski's film is more than an excellent part of the detective genre. It is a harsh look at the ruin and isolation modern man finds himself in. With Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway, *Chinatown* is among the best of recent Hollywood releases.

Ironically scheduled for the 12th anniversary of the assassination of John Kennedy, *Parallax View* ranks among the best of recent film studies on political assassination. Well-crafted and enhanced by the performance of Warren Beatty, the movie intimates the horror of our age. Judith Chirst called it "a harrowing hint at the sunlight terror of our times."

Cinema '76 manages to capture three important aspects of American film-making. The now cliché-ridden genre of westerns is highlighted by *Stagecoach*, while *All Quiet on the Western Front* covers the war movies. The series also views social drama with *State of the Union*. All



three films rank as classics not only because of their genres but also because of the acting, directing and themes.

Stagecoach is exemplary of American westerns. Although the story line of this film by John Ford seems too familiar, *Stagecoach* actually set precedents and standards which are still being used today. Many westerns have copied aspects of this movie which is the western in all its glory.

One of the first American anti-war films ever made was *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Forty-five years after its release, this movie remains one of the best statements in any art on the tragic senselessness of war. Depicting what really happened in World War I while newspaper headlines reported the western front quiet, the film follows German soldiers in their journey from idealism to disillusionment and horror.

State of the Union details the conflict between hard political reality and energetic American idealism. With Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, the film portrays the classic tension in this country's government.

Three outstanding European films are among those to be shown by the film series this semester. *M* is a German suspense thriller. Originally titled *The Murderer Is Among Us*, this film portrays Peter Lorre as a child murderer being stalked by underworld and police. *King of Hearts* delightfully spoofs both war and society. The plot follows a soldier who finds himself in a town inhabited by "crazy" people. *The Servant* tells of a servant who eventually comes to dominate the master of his house. Evil and darkness pervade the moods of this film.

The highlight of the film series should be the festival on Ingmar Bergman. Bergman, who is critically acclaimed as the master of his art, has done much to gain recognition for the art of film. The festival will cover Bergman's predominant themes: couples and sexual relation-

ships (*Smiles of a Summer Night*), man's search for God (*The Silence*), and meaning in light of doubts and aspirations (*Wild Strawberries*). Bergman's recent statements on the psyche of woman and the establishment of intimate relationships in *Cries and Whispers* completes the festival. A special feature of the Bergman festival will include two shorts which explore the meanings and artistic value of Bergman's films. *Ingmar Bergman* and *Sven Nykvist* will be shown on the first and last nights of the festival before the feature length film.

The price for admission to each film is \$1.00. However, patron cards which are good for admission to all 14 films can be purchased at the Student Union Box Office for \$5.00. As in the past, only a limited number of patron cards are available.

Cinema '76 represents a serious attempt to present both entertaining and artistic films. As a study of cinematic art it touches on most of the major aspects of the industry and enables one to become at least familiar with the highpoints of filmmaking.

September	19-20	Chinatown
September	23-24	M
October	9-10	Conversation
October	14-15	Stagecoach
October	19-23	BERGMAN FESTIVAL
	19	Ingmar Bergman (short) & Smiles of a Summer Night
	20	Wild Strawberries
	21	The Silence
	22	Persona
	23	Sven Nykvist (short) & Cries
October	28-29	King of Hearts
November	4-5	The Servant
November	11-12	All Quiet on the Western Front
November	21-22	Parallax View
December	2-3	State of the Union

CAC, Kultch & Other Beasties

by J. Robert Baker

"When I hear the word Culture I reach for my gun."

Rudolph Hess

Though the reaction to culture is not so generally vituperative as that of the Nazi Hess, it is seldom wholly enthusiastic. For, in spite of the durability and popularity of the arts, culture remains a vague, ill-defined word. Complaints are heard that it is the hardly intelligible entertainment of sophisticates. Stretching towards the opposite pole, anthropologists and others insist that it is anything which a society produces,

makes, enjoys — literally does. Perhaps it was after hearing these widely divergent definitions that Ezra Pound called culture "kultch."

Certainly, Notre Dame with its confluence of personalities, backgrounds and educations is hardly the ideal place to attempt to sift through all the nuances, connotations and vagaries of the word culture. Students from large metropolitan areas denigrate the University and complain that it is virtually lacking in cultural activity. Those from smaller cities and rural areas sometimes hail Notre Dame as a

mecca of civilization.

Amid all of this Joseph Pieper offers some firm ground from which to look at culture. Culture, Pieper tells us, is the *bona non utilia sed honesta*; that is, those good things which are neither useful nor practical, but without which man could not be truly human. "Culture . . . is the quintessence of all the natural goods of the world and of those gifts and qualities which, while belonging to man, lie beyond the immediate sphere of his needs and wants." Thus, all those things which make life deeply and richly human without necessarily being utilitarian belong to the realm of culture.

Pieper would have us transcend the everyday world of mere existence and sheer survival to see and experience the essence of our humanity. Culture, then, becomes a release from the work and drudgery of life in order to realize the truly essential in man's nature.

Chris Mahon, a junior English major from Detroit and the current cultural Arts Commissioner, echoes Pieper in discussing the motive and goals of the Commission. "The Cultural Arts Commission actually attempts to provide a release from the studies and tensions of academia. Too often, the great majority of people at Notre Dame develop a blinding sense of devotion to the mechanics of their academic work. The Cultural Arts Commission attempts to move them beyond this—to open up their interests beyond the routine of books and classes."

The Commission, which was founded in 1970, seeks to provide Notre Dame with a broad scope of cultural events. The CAC is composed of six relatively autonomous branches, each of which strives to promote a particular artistic endeavor not found at the University.

The Dance and Drama Series sponsors professional travelling dance and theater troupes. Bob Griffin, co-chairperson of the series, views it as "an effort to lift the students out of the ordinary and to put them in



touch with a few of the better expressions of the human condition seen through dancing and dramatics."

The film series Cinema '76 typically offers a selection of 14 films each semester. These range from classics of the art to contemporary efforts. Laureen Goers, one of the directors of the series, noted that every attempt has been made to select films which are provocative as well as entertaining. "We want Cinema '76 to be an exposure for students not only to classic and entertaining films but also those startlingly perceptive in their portrayal of the quintessential dilemmas and realities of life."

The Cultural Arts Commission also sponsors the Isis Gallery. The gallery, which is housed in the northwest section of the fieldhouse, is the most visual branch of the Commis-

sion. Exhibits cover a broad spectrum, ranging from photography and paintings to sculpture. Using mainly student work, the Isis Gallery is often dominated by modern art.

Three internationally recognized and respected festivals complete the Cultural Arts Commission: The Midwest Blues Festival, the Collegiate Jazz Festival and the Sophomore Literary Festival.

The Blues Festival, traditionally held in the late fall, attracts blues musicians from across the country, to celebrate their music with the audience seated on blankets on the floor of Stepan Center. In the spring, its counterpart, the Collegiate Jazz Festival, is staged. In the eighteen years since its inception, the Jazz Festival has attracted the best college jazz bands and judges who are among the finest musicians, com-

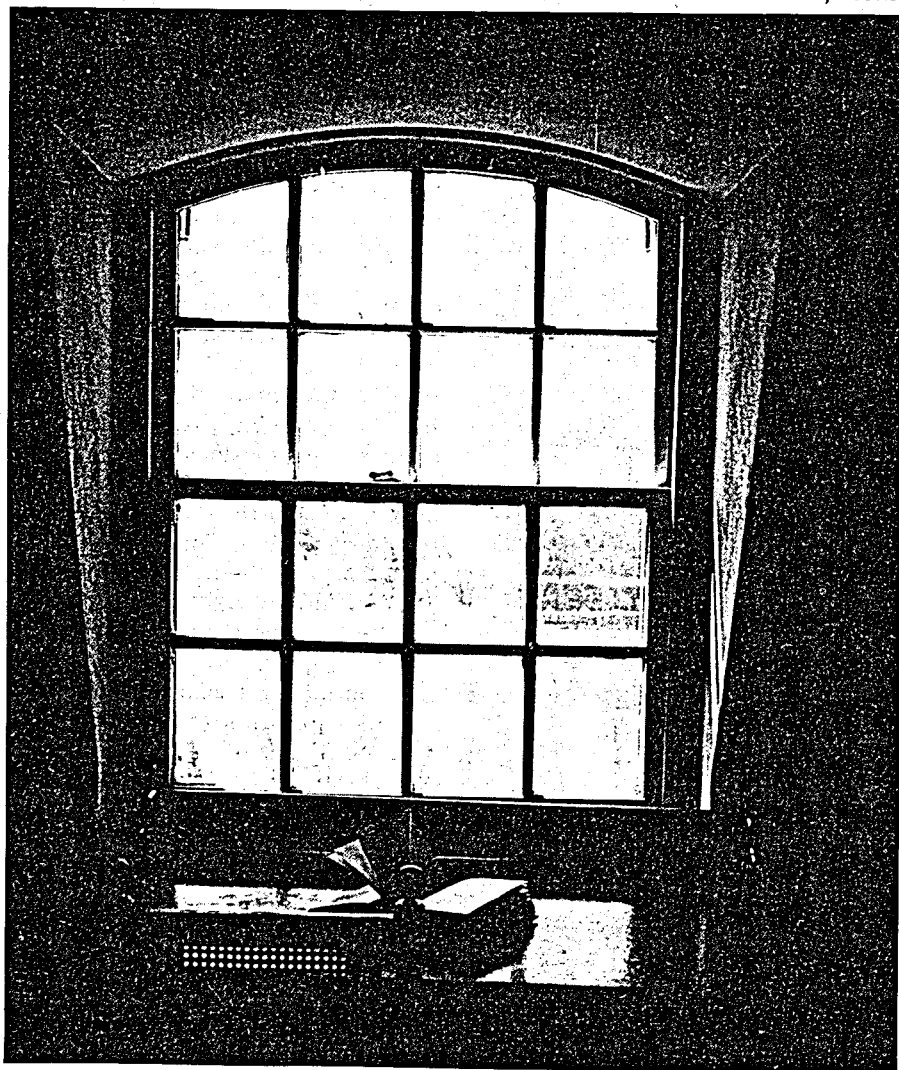
posers and critics of jazz.

The Sophomore Literary Festival—a microcosm of the three festivals—has grown from a symposium on Faulkner in 1967 to one of the most important cultural events of the spring semester at Notre Dame. Important literary figures enable students to enjoy firsthand modern literature. A myriad of negotiations and arrangements must be done before the Festival is launched. Through the literary festival—and the two music festivals, as well—art is experienced as a living part of the culture.

Each branch of the Cultural Arts Commission is largely responsible for the arrangements of its events, while the Commissioner acts as a co-ordinator, ensuring that schedules do not conflict and assisting with the publicity. The Student Union which funds the commission must approve the Cultural Arts Commissioner. The six branches, however, are self-perpetuating. The directors of each series usually select their own replacements after extensive interviewing.

Complaints have been lodged that the Commission spends far too much money catering to the interests of minorities. Mahon objected, "Culture is so broad that aspects are bound to appeal only to a minority of the students. Yet if the Cultural Arts Commission can provide a wide range of artistic events which expose the student to the fullness of life, then we have accomplished our purpose." He emphasized the fact that the CAC is a nonprofit organization which offers unique opportunities at little or no cost.

While the Commission is much like the Student Union, in that it offers services and activities, the Cultural Arts Commission is not entirely an entertainment series. It is committed to providing students with variant artistic expressions. Much of the Commission's work is a pure form of education, exposing students to the varying realities of man. While not always practical as a skill or enjoyable as entertainment, the events sponsored by the CAC do seek to enhance understanding of the human condition.



Week In Distortion

by Daniel Lombardi

To the average American housewife Notre Dame is blue-and-gold clad football players who frolic on television sets on Saturday afternoons or, worse yet, in Kojak's prime time slot on Monday evenings. To a well-known yet seldom seen University president, Notre Dame is a free place to stop and sleep on the way to Washington, Moscow or other enchanted metropolises. To the average student Notre Dame is . . . well, most difficultly defined.

Now that we've awakened from our summertime slumber and find ourselves back in the American answer to Vatican City, it's only appropriate that we, the students of Notre Dame, get a firm grasp of what Notre Dame represents to us.

Suppose a CBS reporter confronted you somewhere on the quad and asked for an insider's view of Notre Dame. What would you tell the world? Following are a few possible definitions that might pop into your minds as we present:

NOTRE DAME IS:
The Golden Dome
No place like home!

Security guards, detex cards
and other useless items.

Waiting in line to eat,
Waiting in line to register,
Waiting in line to go broke at the bookstore,
Waiting in line . . .

Getting blown out of a dorm window
by someone's stereo system.
Shouting nasties out of your dorm windows at passersby.

The dining hall presents Biafran night.
The food at the dining hall—
chicken surprise and Pepto-Bismol.

Drinking and carousing
Off-campus housing.

Being attacked by a berserk lawn sprinkler.

Turning on the shower and being
bombarded by ice cubes.

Receiving a midget's wardrobe
identical to yours from the
laundry service.

The Notre Dame ducks.
SMC chicks.

The bookstore selling N.D. monogrammed toilet paper;
Parents buying N.D. monogrammed toilet paper on football weekends.

Cockroaches playing tag on your dorm walls.

Having the lice in your sheets
changed every 14 days.

Hall maids who start work before
the sun rises, and quit before the
students do!

Basketball tickets
Student pickets
and other peasant revolts.

Fran DeMarco doing the bump with
a lamp post.

Being attacked by a large fish while
swimming in St. Joe lake.
Going fishing out on the quad during
monsoon season.

Long lists to know
Two feet of snow . . . in April?

Taking the "Quickie shuttle" up to
Michigan.
Being stranded in Michigan at 2 a.m.
Finding out the taxi fare back is
six bucks.

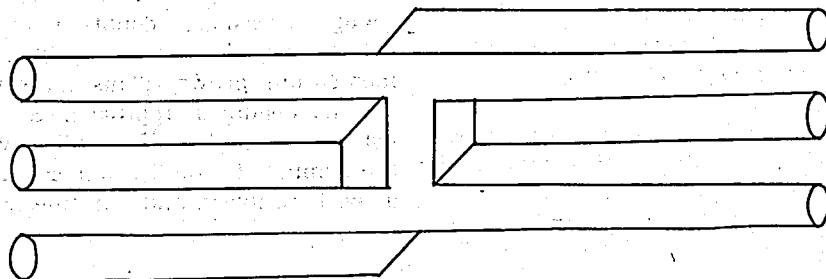
Going to the infirmary with a sore
throat;
Being admitted overnight;
Being released from the infirmary
. . . dead!

Rushing to catch the St. Mary's
shuttle as the driver begins his
hour break.

Finals week, putting up with the
grind.
Losing your mind.

A nice place to visit
A lousy place to live!

That's our list. Now, perhaps
you'd like to compose your own. It's
easy to do and it'll also give your
maid something to empty out of your
wastebasket.



The Mysteries Beyond Books

by Kathy McElroy

"I don't know why the hell I signed up for an interview at WSND-FM. I had no previous radio experience. I knew nothing about music, classical or otherwise. The only album I ever owned was an old Three Dog Night album (with a big scratch on the second cut of the first side). My voice was terrible. I talked like a Hoosier, and still do. But I signed up for an interview. I guess I thought it would be kind of neat to be a DJ—it might even get me a date or two.

"The interview was a disaster. I only knew one of the 10 composers I was asked to identify. I couldn't even pronounce half of them. But I did land a job with the station. I guess I must have impressed them with my enthusiasm. I've worked with the radio station now for three years. I've had a great time. If I ever stopped having fun, I would quit in a minute because I'm not compensated in any way for my services. Monetary compensation, that is. I've been more than adequately compensated by the friendships gained and the experiences I've had."

—Mark X. Sullivan



Harry Bainbridge

For some, 24 hours in the day is not enough; they have found that extracurricular activities are more than alternatives to studying. Involvement becomes for them an asset to the college experience and offers invaluable opportunities to make friends, satisfy interests and feel a sense of belonging.

This special breed has spent many a reflective summer night planning to change the world, or at least part of it, while resolving somewhere in the back of their minds to stay for the closing bell at the library. Although occasional doubts may be entertained, these are forgotten as momentum grows, plans materialize and deadlines approach. So the list of pros and cons compiled over the summer is shuffled under a pile of posters, flyers, and schedules.

It must be more than an overzealous commitment to the "you only go around once" philosophy which prompts these students to become involved. Perhaps it is the freedom to choose direction and priorities which attracts them. Maybe the very nature of education with its distant and elusive goals strikes them as a selfish matter. Choosing to reach out and effect a change no matter how small offers immediate gratification. And after all, it's healthy to like one's self every once in a while.

It would be wrong to suppose that involvement in community service does little more than satisfy a martyr complex. What may start out as



Jodie Korth

a humanitarian attempt to save the human race often reverses itself as a volunteer discovers that his efforts are rewarded. The smile of a child is enough to convince one that waking up early on Saturday mornings to go to Logan Center's recreation period when the world would look much more inviting at noon is a mutually beneficial experience.

While those interested in campus organizations often spread the news of their enriching experience, other students, both new and old, identify with La Fortune Student Center as "the attachment to the Huddle" or number 43 on their campus maps. But they'll have their chance to learn when recruiting season officially begins next Tuesday and prospective members sign up at Activities Night. Representatives from the numerous clubs will be there offering information, incentive, and perhaps even a little propaganda.

Other efforts, particularly for the freshmen, are being made to direct enthusiasm and encourage involvement. Dr. Emil T. Hofman, dean of the Freshman Year of Studies, is working with Harry Bainbridge and Jodie Korth, co-chairpersons of Activities Night, to make use of the list of preferences obtained from students during Guidance Testing. Dr. Hofman has presented each student organization with a list of students interested in its area, so that some of the hesitation to break into activities can be avoided. "I detest the poster method of attracting students," says Hofman. "I hope that every club will make an effort to personally contact the freshmen who have expressed interest."

Some of the most active upperclassmen recall their reluctance to become involved during their first year at Notre Dame when so much of the college experience seemed

threatening. Harry Bainbridge, now also a resident assistant in Keenan, describes his feelings of grade consciousness as a freshman. "I looked around and saw others becoming involved and still doing well with their studies. I was envious in a way and after returning from sophomore year abroad with the Angers program I decided not to lose out any longer."

Jodie Korth, a sophomore, expressed the same initial fear of involvement. "I was sure that if I didn't tie myself to the books I would watch my grades drop. But I found that if I was interested enough in another activity I could make time. I didn't just want to float through for four years. A lack of confidence often discourages freshmen and the sense that many of the clubs are so well established that they would be difficult to enter, but now I know how willing groups are to have you work with them. They really make an effort to make you feel that you are making a contribution to the whole and not just running meaningless errands."

Not all freshmen should be persuaded to involve themselves from the start. Dr. Hofman says, "It is a highly individual situation. For some it would be more appropriate to wait until they are sure of their footing. For others it provides a necessary balance and it would be more damaging if they did not be-

come involved. The very nature and personality of some students require that they pursue their nonacademic interests."

The decision a freshman makes is often influenced by upperclassmen. "Upperclassmen are an excellent source of advice," says Hofman, "although generalizations can steer a student wrong. It is hoped that students would not miss the chance for the personal development and relief from studying which outside activities offer."

From a freshman viewpoint an important discipline can evolve out of learning to budget time. Jane Lammers, president of Lyons Hall, says, "Freshmen can often be obsessed with how big the University is and belonging to a group can help clear their minds. It's a change of pace from studying, and from the broad list of activities students should be able to find an area in which they feel they can contribute." As many students have discovered, knowing that only 60 players can suit up for home football games does not constitute an excuse for not giving it the old college try.

Early involvement has its benefits. Maureen Flynn, a sophomore and staffer for the *Observer*, found in her freshman year that working for the newspaper allowed her to associate with other students who shared her interests. "I became involved in the *Observer*," says Maureen, "because I wrote in high school and I think that everyone enjoys what they feel they are good at. Working with the *Observer* has made me feel that I belong here. When I went home this summer and was asked how I liked college life, I didn't just tell them how beautiful the Golden Dome is or how much I like the A.C.C. I could describe how much enjoyment and satisfaction I gained from working with the staff."

**"Freshmen can often be
obsessed with how big the
University is and belonging
to a group can help clear
their minds."**

Often doors seem closed to the freshman. One learns to accept the disappointment of finding a four-page article appear as a two-paragraph brief, yet one is still shy enough to have the excitement of interviewing Hesburgh replaced by the hope that he might be out of town when called. As applies to many clubs, there is sometimes little direct contact between the work done by "rookies" and the supposed brilliant organization of the higher ranks. Jim Eder, Editorial Editor for the *Observer*, says plans are being made in their organization to bridge this gap. "When I started working on the *Observer* as a freshman, I was not very outgoing. I would be called to write an article and if I felt I had time I would do it, hand it in and receive a pat on the back from the copyreader. Later I became a copyreader and found myself doing the patting on the back. It was a unique position since I was still aware of the feelings of the reporters, and yet I started to learn how the inside is run."

Those who have ventured to demand from themselves commitments to outside activities have few regrets. "The value of outside activities," say Jim Eder, "works in two ways. They fill out your life, making it less hollow, and they also have a role in the education which prepares you to deal with what is to be met after leaving here. Besides learning specific skills ranging from operating a radio receiver to mastering the proper technique of a karate exercise, knowledge of how to deal with people is also gained."

A fascination evolves as one begins to realize the contributions that can be made. Tom Daly, a senior on the technical crew of WSND remembers hesitating as a freshman because he assumed that he lacked knowledge and experience. Once involved, however, he realized that one should not underrate his skill and potential. Jane Lammers became interested in hall government last year because she likes to change things. Now as president of Lyons Hall she still maintains, "I would rather organize a project and accomplish something than complain about it." Her initial "feeling of awe" for figures in authority has been replaced by an appreciation of how jobs are done. "I once had an image of 'The Administration,' but now that I have met with administrators and rectors I have a better understanding of the inside organization of the University."

The dedication of certain students to community service marks them as students of Notre Dame, rather than students of business, engi-

neering, science, or English. The question then arises: can a student be extensively involved with activities and still retain a realistic perspective of his academic priorities?

The majority is able to create a balance which fulfills the desire to give of one's self and remain a conscientious student. But for others, a point can be reached of overinvolvement. Its basis may be anything from a misbudgeting of time to the inability to say "no." What may start as a shortage of hours in the day can actually develop into a disinterest for school work because of a preoccupation with duties. These individuals stand out because of their willingness to serve, but a danger is apparent when one's role as a student loses precedence. Activities become a more fulfilling challenge than classes because the commitments they involve transcend the realm of individual achievements. Caution must be taken before a sense of invulnerability to school work jeopardizes academic goals.

A snowballing effect begins to work as those students who stand out find themselves becoming deeper and deeper involved. Unless one is gifted with a special sense and ability to say "no," the toll can be heavy. Perhaps what is especially sad is that the victims are often those who love Notre Dame most ardently.



Jim Eder supposes that some would disagree with the statement of primary purpose as being academic. "While our education is not solely academic," says Eder, "there must always be the thought in the back of our minds that we are here for an education and we're cheating ourselves if we don't make the most of the courses we take." Sending copies of the *Observer* home with each report card or bringing home the fingerprinting that a tutee drew

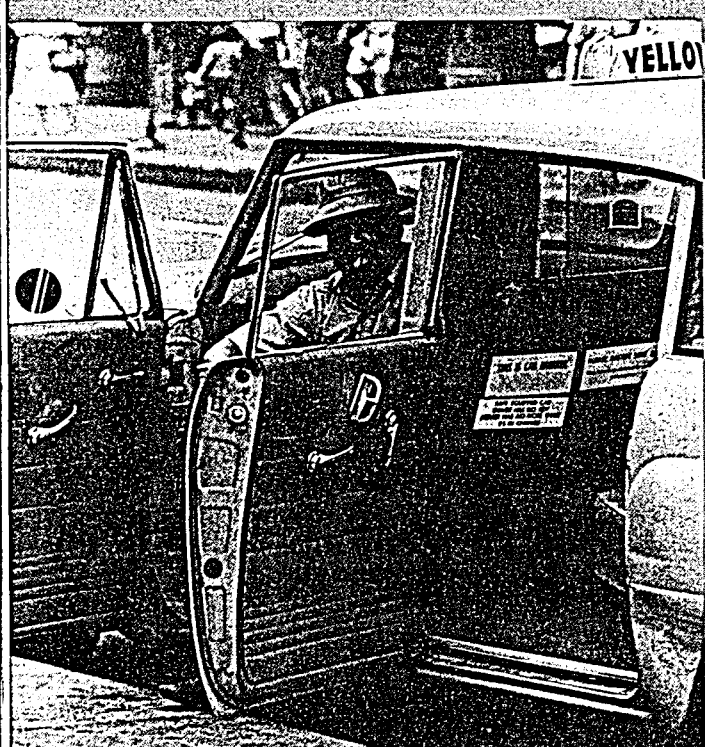
may help explain the situation to parents, but the burden of academic uncertainty is a strain.

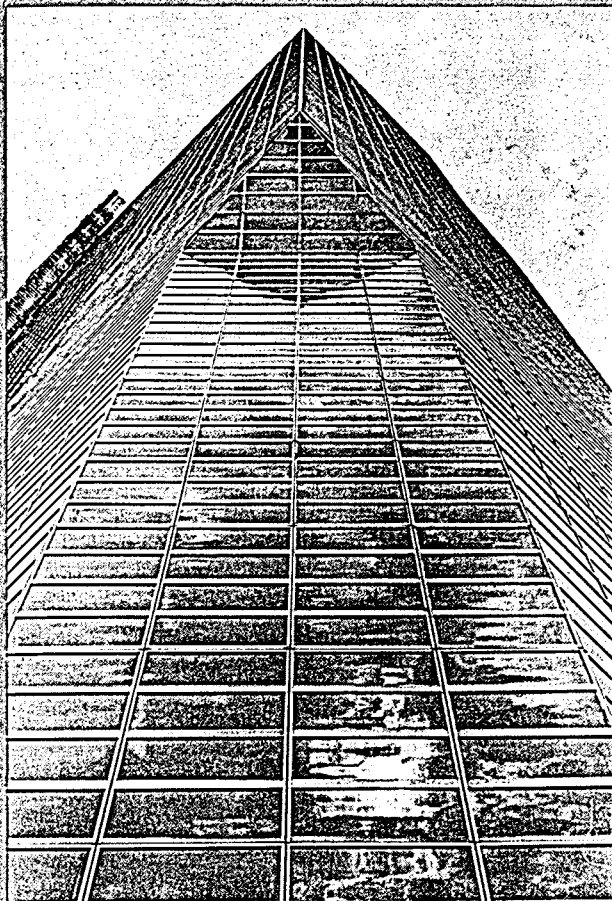
For most students, however, a harmony is possible and extracurricular activities become a complement to their education. There is no pat advice to be handed out—no master plan to organize the life of the undergrad. But most have found that time can be spent away from the library without the constant pressure of wanting to stretch the day. Occasional sacrifices are made, yet these are well compensated in the sense of purpose which naturally develops as one takes responsibility for their commitments.

Students feeling lost in the shuffle have found their place through close association outside activities offer. The occasional losing and refinding of oneself is a part of growing up enriched by having one's direction somehow dictated by the satisfaction of belonging.

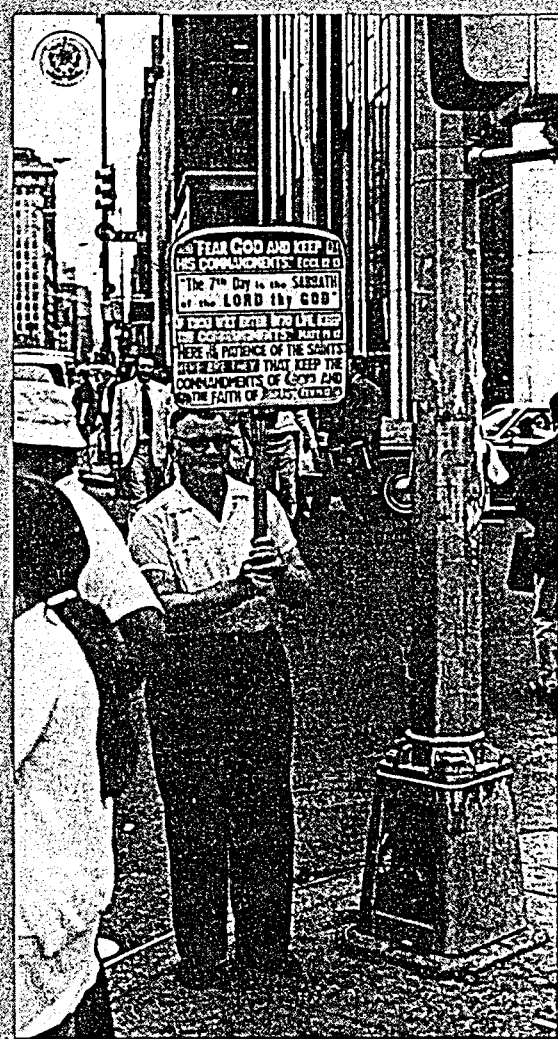
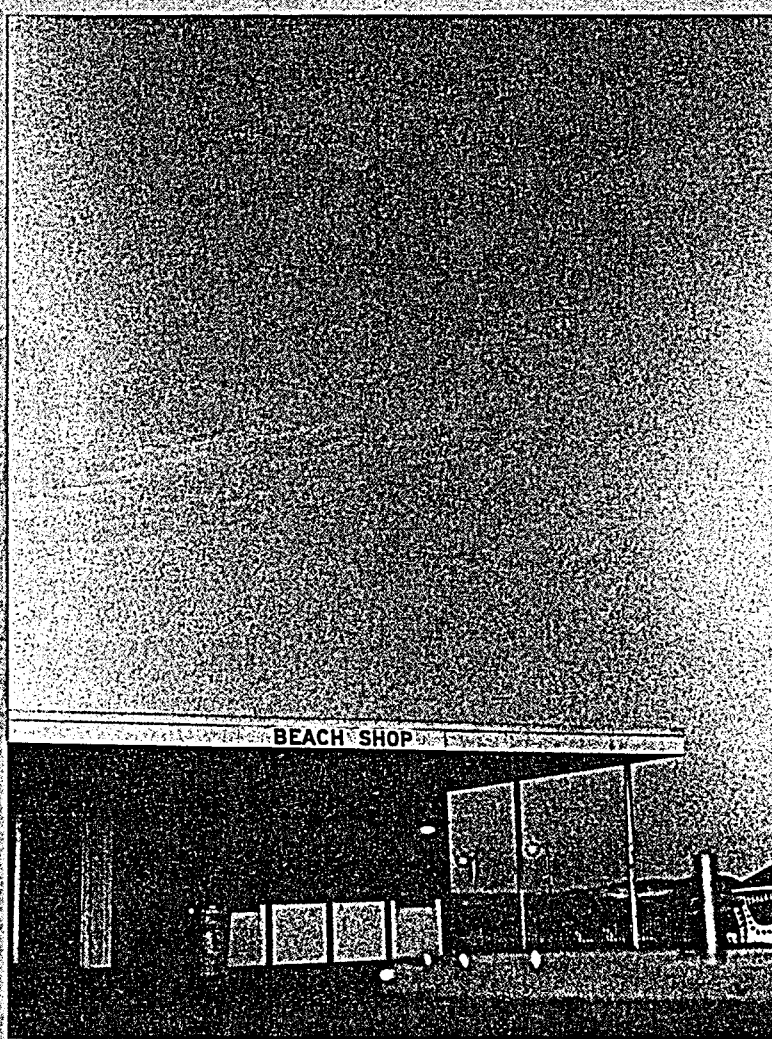
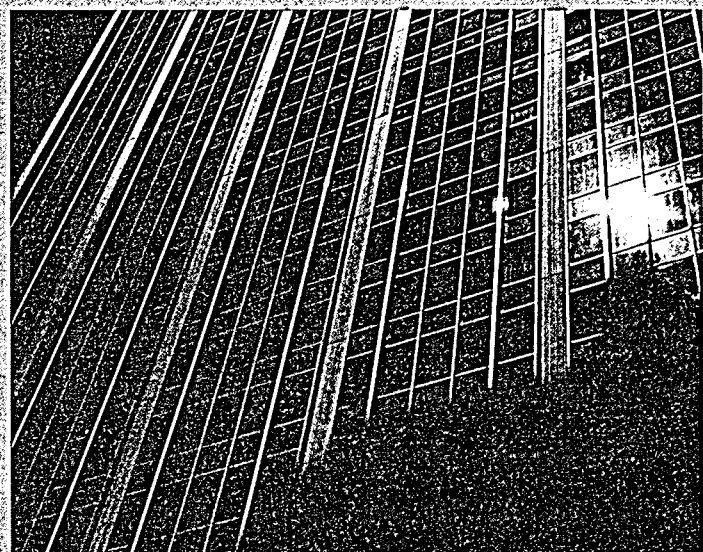
"Look, if a rookie like me can get a job . . . well, what have you got to lose? It got me my first date. . . ."

Chicago

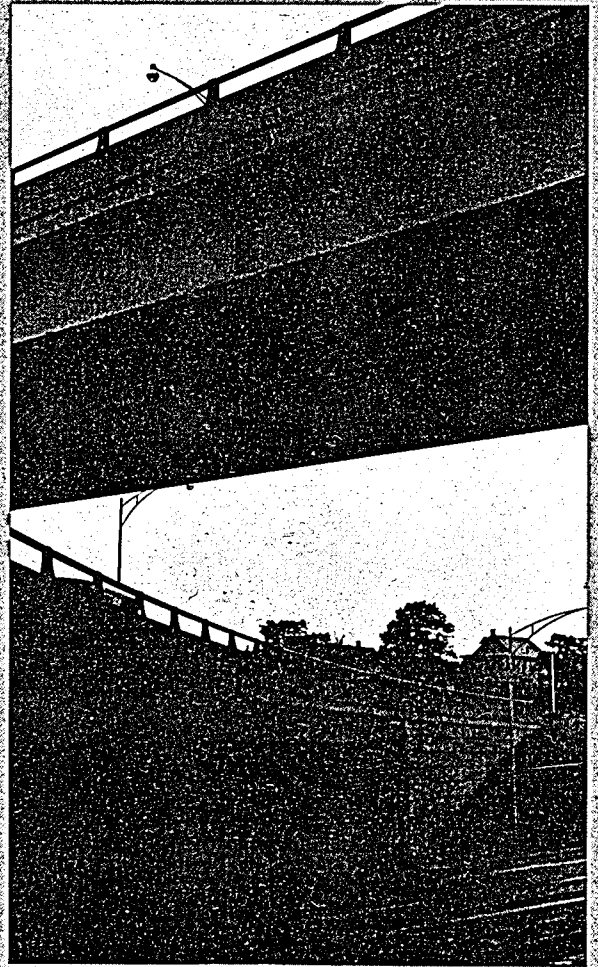
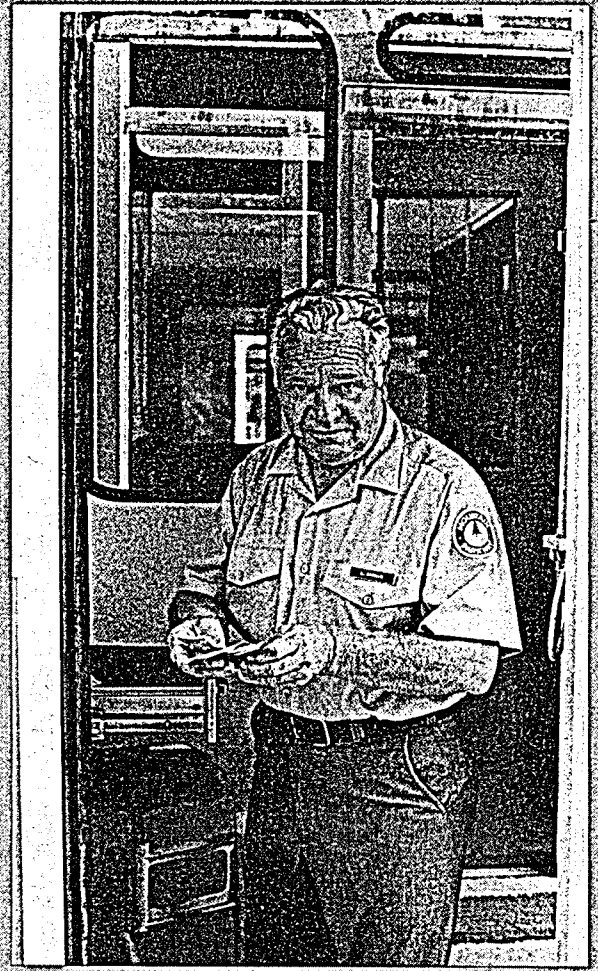
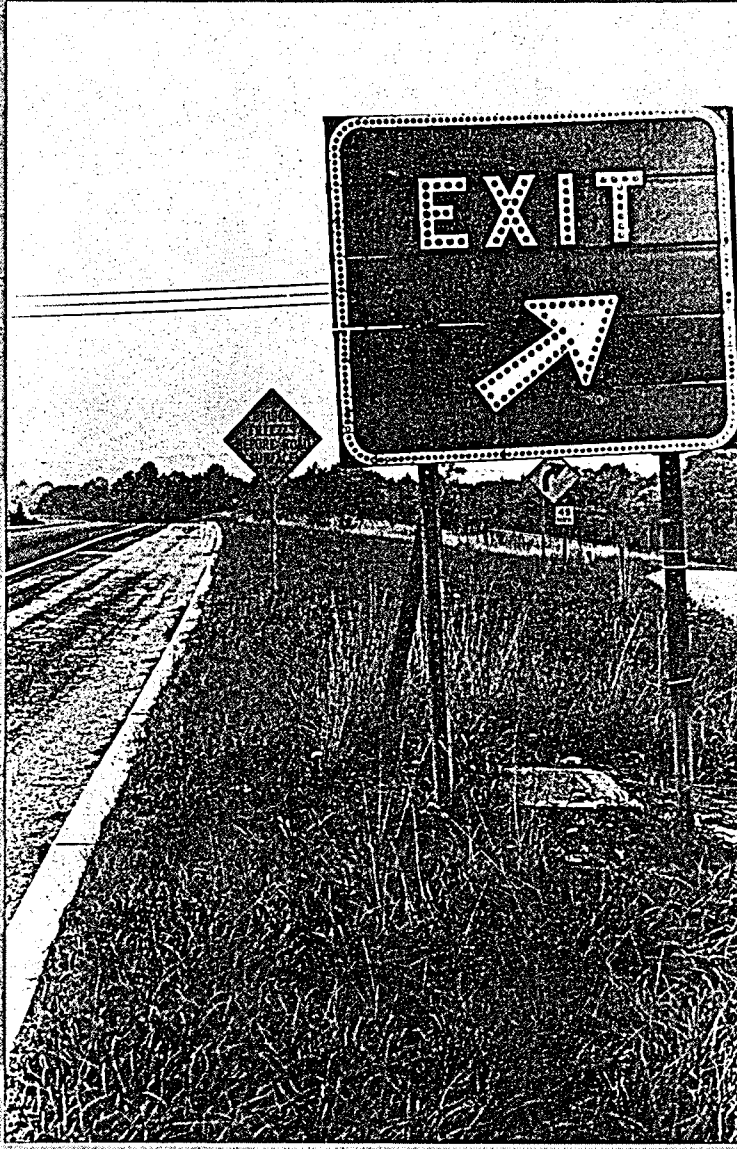




to New York . . .



and points in between.



The Great Notre Dame Bench Caper

by Joe Pollack

The Notre Dame mystique is a strange one, and its hold "until death do us part" is far stronger than the average marriage vow. After all, the love of the pure in heart is a deep and sincere love, and the Notre Dame fan loves with that true purity, especially on autumn Saturday afternoons when the football team is in action.

There are, of course, two classes of Notre Dame alumni — those who attended the school and those who never have been closer to South Bend, Indiana, than South Orange, New Jersey. The latter, a vociferous gaggle, was spawned in the purple prose of the sports writers of the 1920's and matured through constant exposure to Pat O'Brien and Knute Rockne. Both groups idolized overkill as exemplified by Frank Leahy, scorned and destroyed a nice man like Terry Brennan, pressured Ara Parseghian to unbelievable lengths and now stand waiting with bated breath to make an instant, and permanent, decision on Dan Devine, who takes over as head football coach this year.

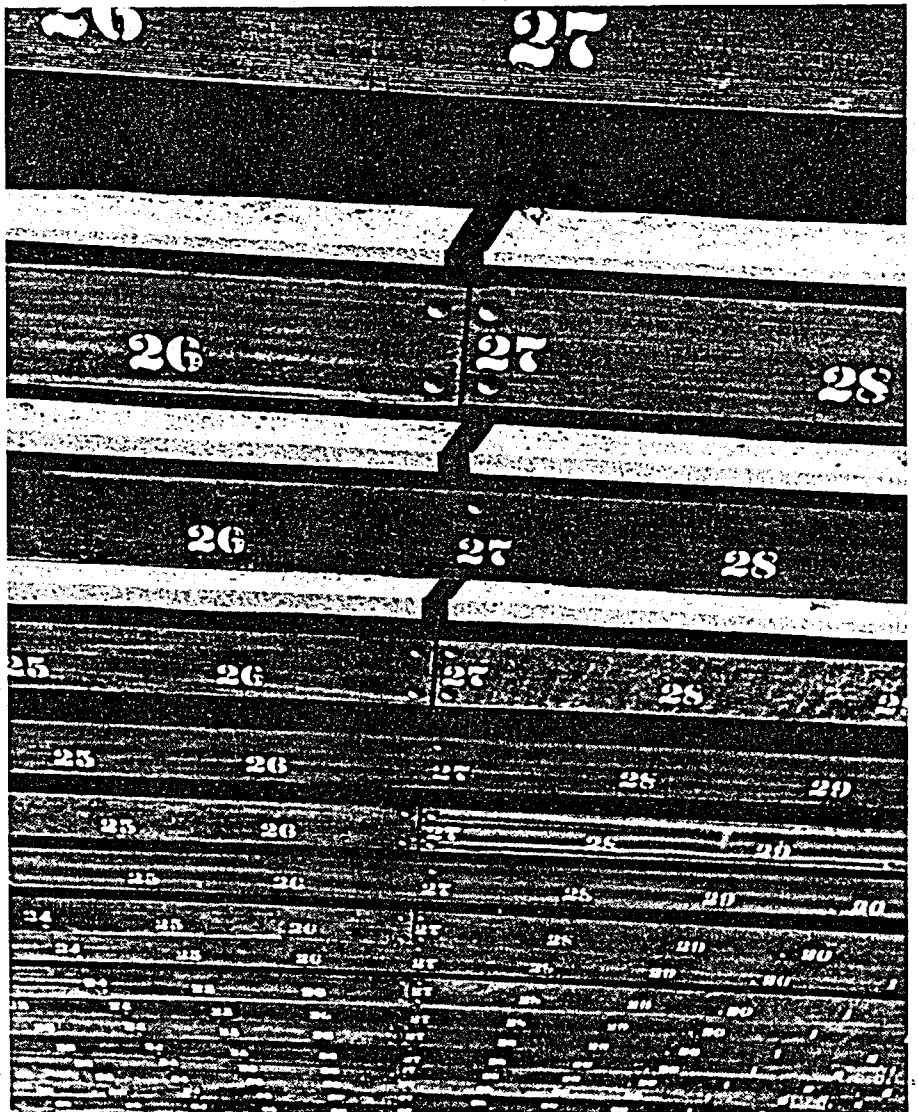
This is not, however, a look at Notre Dame football teams or football coaches. It is a morality tale, based on truth, of how the spirit of Rockne, Gipp and the Golden Dome apparently rose up to smite an obvious unbeliever who tried to cash in on the lore and legend of Notre Dame.

The hero — more properly, the villain — of the piece is not a Notre Dame alumnus, which probably was his first mistake. He must remain semi-shrouded in anonymity, though anyone who knows him, even casually, realizes that this is a man who cannot remain completely anonymous. To be cut out of the spotlight is anathema to him.

We shall call him Mr. S., which is not his complete name, and identify him further by saying that he was an outstanding football player at a Big Ten university located between St. Louis and South Bend. He resides in Chicago, where he is a highly successful insurance executive and, based upon his recent misadventures, a highly unsuccessful entrepreneur.

Mr. S. gets around a lot, knows many people, remains generally close to football and, like most folks, is often on the outlook for an opportunity to make a good investment in one thing or another.

"I really thought I had it that time," Mr. S. said as we discussed the adventure one night. He said it with a wry smile while other people at the dinner table added their jibes.



Mr. S. was about to become a bench tycoon; people would speak of him as they spoke of Rockefeller, Jay Gould and Jim Fisk.

Mr. S. is a large man, with a big and ready smile, and he doesn't really mind a needle. He was in a situation to mind it even less that night, because the dart throwers included some investors in the Great Notre Dame Bench Caper.

It all began when Mr. S. discovered that Notre Dame officials were going to rip out the old bench-style seats in the university stadium—rows and rows of wooden benches that had ensconced the rears of thousands and thousands of fans over the years of glory.

The thoughts that drifted through his fertile mind went something like this:

WOW!!!

Here's my chance to do a great public service for thousands of people around the country. They've never been to Notre Dame to see a football game. They've never been seated in those hallowed stands to watch those players of legend, the famous Fighting Irish.

I'll buy those benches, from which so many splinters have been shed on afternoons of glory. I'll buy those benches, on which so many asses have made people of themselves. I'll buy those benches, and I'll sell them to the thousands of people who dream of Notre Dame football, and they will love me — and I will make a lot of money.

Thousands, maybe even millions of people will now be able to listen to the radio, or watch the television set, while holding their own piece of Notre Dame history close to them.

They can sit on it, or show it to their friends, or caress it, or hit a snowy television receiver, or discipline their wives and children.

So Mr. S. bought the seats and had the boards shipped from South Bend to Chicago, and he cluttered up his backyard and irritated his wife. But when he found a few investors he continued to expand upon his dream.

A mere piece of wood, about 21 inches long, greyed by exposure to the elements and cured by spilled potables, wouldn't really be enough to provide the required thrills.

So in his generosity Mr. S. decided to cut the boards into shorter segments, thereby providing more seats for a greater public service. And he had the biggest splinters removed, and he mounted each one in its own shadow box with a hook on the back for hanging on the wall.

A piece of blue vinyl, marked to look like pigskin, or cowhide, or whatever it is that they make footballs from these days, was on the front, with the piece of seat mounted upon it.

On the front, emblazoned upon a football-shaped emblem, was "Original block of seats from Notre Dame Stadium, 1930-1970, Rockne to Parségian, the Golden Age of Football."

The reverse side bore a piece of yellow paper, inscribed with italic typewriter script. It said: "This shadow box contains an authentic and registered section of the original bleacher seats from the Notre Dame University Football Stadium in South Bend, Indiana. The legendary Knute Rockne was instrumental in the concept and design of the new

Stadium completed in 1930. These original bleacher seats, from which millions of 'Fighting Irish' fans cheered many of the greatest players, teams and coaches in the history of football, were removed from the Stadium in 1970."

Below that was a Reg. No., and a line upon which was written a figure, so that everything would be nice and neat.

And Mr. S. sat back and was very proud.

Of course, he didn't do that with all the boards, just enough to get started. The rest were really starting to look good in the backyard.

Then he took a full-page advertisement in *Sports Illustrated*, and he advertised in some women's magazines, for the gift trade, and in a number of Catholic periodicals that would, he hoped, be seen by the legions of Notre Dame fans; and he sat back and waited for the rush of orders to come pouring through, at \$79.95 per hallowed souvenir.

\$79.95!

Expensive for a piece of aged wood mounted in a shadow box?

Of course not.

Think of the years of tradition, the flannel and serge and cotton and denim that have sat upon them, the beer and soda and booze spilled upon them; the fact that they heard Rockne exhort and watched Gipp run.

As Mr. S. looked at his public service and read and reread the hyperbolic copy of his advertisement, his entrepreneurial brain be-

gan clicking, faster and faster.

If Notre Dame fans will buy Notre Dame seats — and of course they will, by return mail — just think of what other college fans will buy. So Mr. S. promptly sent out checks to the universities of Alabama, Nebraska and Illinois, which were planning to tear out their own benches. The checks were accompanied by bids.

Mr. S. was about to corner the market on stadium benches. He would be a bench tycoon, and people would speak of him as they spoke of Rockefeller, or Leland Stanford, or Jay Gould, or Jim Fisk, or even an Arab potentate.

Mr. S. spent the next several mornings watching for the mailman, even meeting him at the front door to be able to relieve him of that heavy load of checks that was to be arriving.

There were bills, magazines, some junk mail, an occasional greeting card from a friendly insurance salesman, a note from one of his children asking for money, invitations to join two book clubs, a record club and a rare sculpture club — even a reminder from the local police that a parking ticket fine was overdue.

No orders.

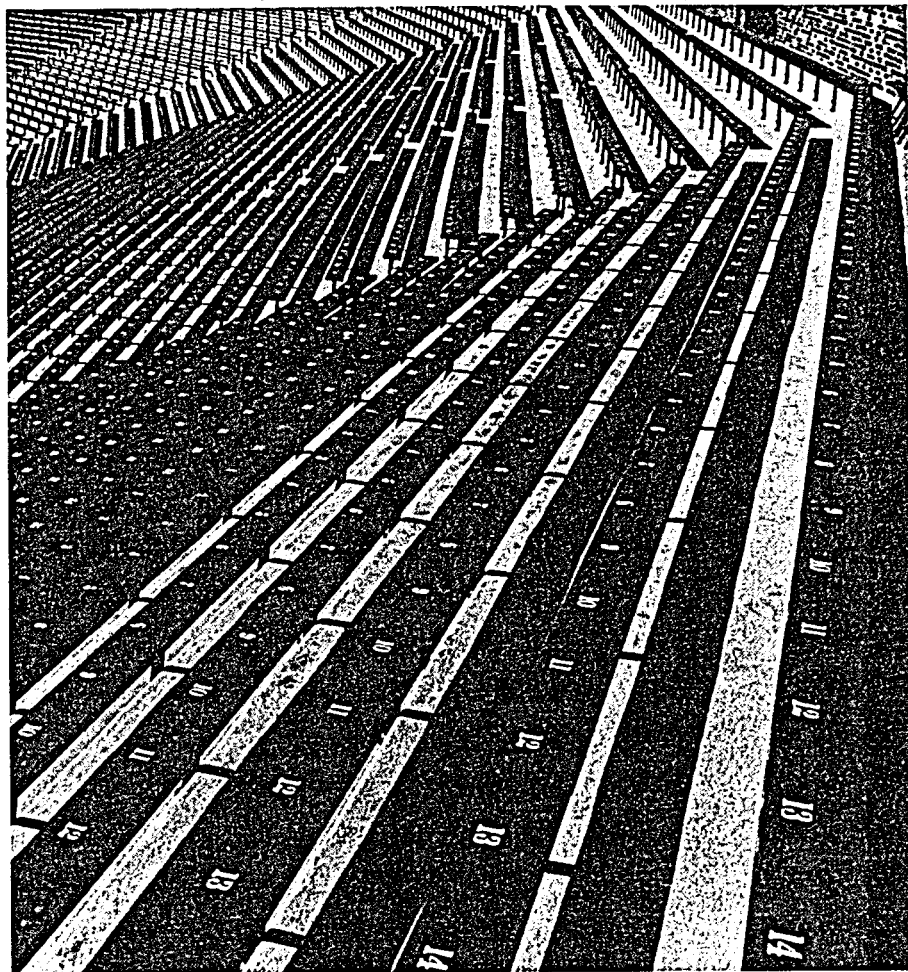
No orders?

No orders.

The expected rush wasn't a heavy flow, nor a constant stream, nor even a trickle.

About 10 days after the announcement, he sold one. Then another. Then a third. Optimism returned as two orders arrived on the same day, then began to fade as a week passed before the next.

When realization time finally arrived, Mr. S. sat down to count up the sales. He only had to remove one shoe and sock as he counted — the grand total was 12. Just a dozen; not even a baker's dozen.



"I still think it was a good idea," Mr. S. said last week, "and I'd do it again if I had the chance. I guess we were in the wrong time of the economy or something. I know it was a great idea."

The project will not be renewed for 1975, and I hesitated and restrained myself from suggesting he paint them red, white and blue and reoffer them for the Bicentennial. The benches are gone from the back-

yard, and they repose gently in a nearby lumber yard, looked at with laughing scorn by the owner, who is not a Notre Dame alumnus either.

"It didn't cost me that much," said an investor, who can spare the investment, "but I'll tell you, it was worth every cent of it in terms of the fun and laughs I've had out of the project."

In the final analysis, however, there was some good news for Mr. S. — he bid too low and didn't get the benches from Illinois, Nebraska and Alabama. Just think what his backyard might have looked like.

Prognosis '75

by Bill Delaney

Another summer has come and gone. Registration is completed, and classes have begun. The Saturday night beer blasts already have begun. Freshmen are blending into the routine of long lines, cold food and rain. Yes, we're back at Notre Dame.

We're on the eve of the football season too. Monday night marks the first occasion of Dan Devine as head football coach of the Fighting Irish. Hopefully, America will be ready to handle the new man running the program. The team certainly is.

To play Notre Dame football, however, you must have great players, and in this year's team, there is no shortage of talent. The captains for Devine's first Irish team are seniors Jim Stock and Ed Bauer. Stock, who made several All-American teams last season at defensive end, has been recently switched to outside linebacker. He has such a nose for a loose ball that whenever there are any turnovers during a game, Jim is always close to the action.

Ed Bauer has been an enigma at Notre Dame; whenever it appeared that he was to make a valuable contribution to the program, he would always suffer an injury. A five-year

man, Ed stepped into Steve Neece's guard position last year, and did a fine job. Devine is hoping that his leadership with the younger players will bring cohesiveness to the unit that faces the toughest rebuilding job of the program.

Speaking of the offensive line, only one starter returns to the trenches, and only three others have had any game experience. Al Wujciak, who started in all 11 games last season, will return at guard. One of the more finesse-type guards, Wujciak uses his body well enough to earn pre-season All-American mention this fall. Along with sophomore Ernie Hughes he should create some gaping holes throughout the year.

Mark Brennehan graduated last May, leaving behind memories of the nicest football player I've ever known. A courageous guy, he handled several All-Americans over the course of eleven games, and always came out on top. Replacing Mark will be Steve Quehl, back for a fifth year due to an auto accident. Despite broken legs and arms, Quehl has fought back to a starting berth.

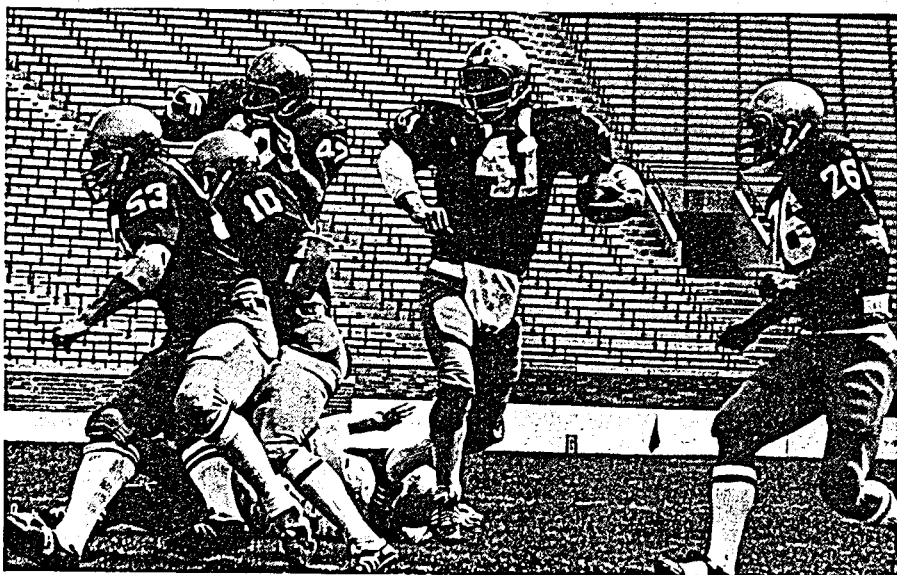
Two players are needed at the tackle position, and who will start is

being determined as I write this article. Senior Pat Pohlen has returned this fall a new man, bigger and stronger than ever. Along with Bauer, these two have been with the first team this fall. Harry Woeckenberg (out the entire spring with mononucleosis), Cal Balliet and Mike Carney are being tried at different positions along the line, thereby giving the coaching staff depth at these positions. Of all the areas considered, coach Devine faced his greatest problems with this group, and only game experience will tell the story.

The quarterback story is a long and complicated one. Frank Allocco, the heir apparent to Tom Clements, separated his throwing shoulder during spring ball. A week later, Rick Slager cracked a rib in a scrimmage, leaving sophs Joe Montana and Gary Forystek as the starting quarterbacks in the Blue-Gold game. Since the beginning of fall practice, Allocco has had trouble in coordinating his throws, and another contender, Mike Falash, has suffered a knee injury. Slager and Montana appear to be battling for the top spot, and Slager's experience will probably carry him through. But beware of Allocco—he'll be back.

Pete Demmerle was an exciting split end for Parseghian; it appeared that he never would drop the ball. But we must all graduate some day, and Demmerle's loss is a law school's gain. This, however, does not do much for Devine, since he needs a replacement. The candidates for the position are Ted Burgmeier (who saw limited duty in the defensive backfield last year), Kevin Doherty (Demmerle's backup) and Bob Walls, a walk-on who improves with age. Add Dan Kelleher, the leading receiver for the junior varsity last season, and you have a lot of talent to choose from.

Notre Dame has also had the tra-



dition of having the power fullback; the one who could always be counted on to pick up that crucial yard. This season, Tom Parise (Wayne Bullock's backup last season) and freshmen Jim Browner and Jerome Heavens figure to be in the battle for the top spot. Parise has the typical dimensions of a Notre Dame fullback, but the freshman's speed may tell the story during the season.

The Irish had problems all season long without having any speedy halfbacks; they had the runners able to gain the six or seven yards, but no one to break it all the way. The return of Al Hunter and Danny Knott should immediately give us a fighting edge against many of our opponents. Hunter, who returned a kick 94 yards in the Sugar Bowl, has returned bigger and quicker than ever. Knott has the potential of being a great one with game experience. Reliables such as Russ Kornman, Terry Eurick, Steve Orsini and Steve Schmitz, along with the very durable Mark MacLane lend experience to a critical area for Irish success.

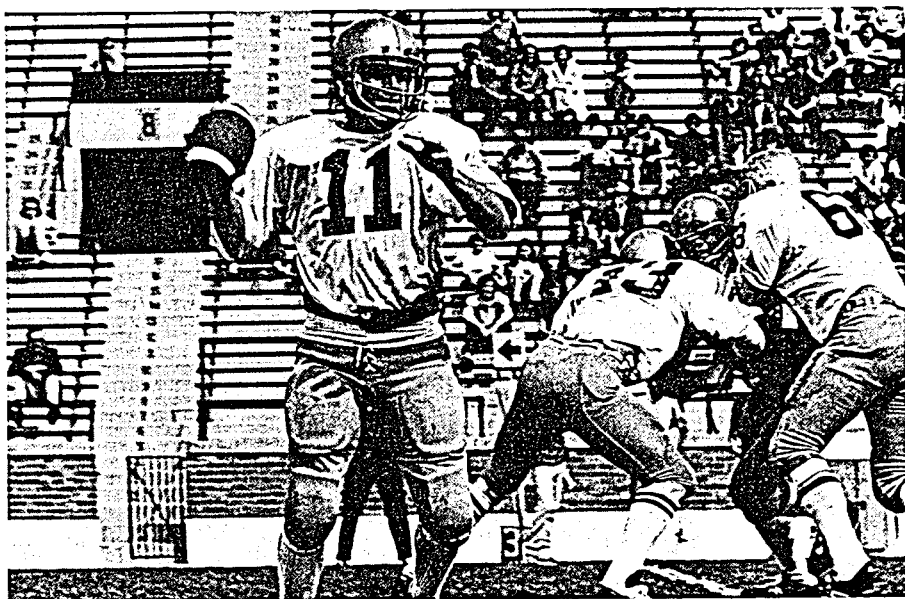
Our defense is as tough as ever. Last season, Notre Dame was number one against the rush. Defensive line coach Joe Yonto (the finest defensive coach in the country) could have his best defensive line ever in the persons of Steve Niehaus, Jeff Weston, Ross Browner and Willie Fry.

Niehaus, everyone's All-American, comes off last season playing for a full season, his first. He is stronger and quicker than ever, and opposing backs had better watch out for big number 70.

Weston is only a sophomore, but is he some soph—big, quick and strong. Yonto is handling this kid with a great deal of patience and hard work, something which should pay off in the future.

Browner and Fry are returning after a year of inactivity, something which would worry many coaches. Not hitting for an entire season might dull the quickness and execution of moves to a player. But not these two: they're ready to start at the ends tomorrow if needed.

Notre Dame has also had a strong tradition in hard-hitting linebackers. This year is no different for, aside from Tom Eastman and Marv Russell returning, Stock has now as-



sumed the role of outside linebacker. Eastman and Russell, who divided the season at middle 'backer, will be joined at the side by Doug Becker, one of the more reckless members of the sophomore class. Tony Novakov and Pete Johnson will also be around to help in the hitting, making the linebackers a tough group indeed.

Defensive backfield coach Paul Shoults had a serious problem last year when he had only one veteran in his group. He made a few gambles, and in looking at the overall season, you'd have to agree that he was some kind of a miracle worker. This year finds Shoults welcoming back a solid deep backfield, with more quality players than positions to work with. He must feel very happy.

Losing your entire unit may have been a blessing to Randy Harrison and John Dubenetsky, for they entered last fall without a position. Randy, a freshman, had literally "walked" into the job as free safety, and John's fine play reaped benefits at the corner. Both return this season with full experience, and along with Luther Bradley's return and Tom Lopienski's fine spring, make up the d-backs. Mike Banks, Randy Payne and Bob Zanot (who sat out the entire season with a knee injury) will spell the starters, with one or two stepping back into a starter's role before the third game. This may be our deepest position.

Other players along the defensive front that are available for duty are Nick Federenko and Jay Achterhoff at tackles, Rudy Ruettinger and Gene

Smith at end, and Tom Maschmeier and Pat Sarb at backs. If anything were to happen, the coaches have the utmost confidence in these men at their positions. We shouldn't suffer at all.

The kicking game, once last year's soft spot, has become very solid. Dave Reeve has developed into a fine field goal kicker, and senior Pat McLaughlin has impressed many with his distance in kicking off. Tony Brantley returns as punter, but is being challenged by freshman Joe Restic. Restic has impressed everyone with his distance, so the top spot isn't final yet.

The final area to be discussed is the tight end position. I'm writing about it now, because I simply forgot all about the position. But how can you forget about Ken MacAfee? Six-foot-four. Only a sophomore. Physique like a bear. Where did God come up with a kid like this? Coach Devine loves him, and believe me, we all know why he does. Doug Buth, another bear of an end, is the other tight end, and will see action at dual tight end situations.

Devine faces a very tough schedule, with his first home game against Northwestern on September 27. The traditional Southern Cal game is scheduled for October 25, with Miami rounding out the schedule down in the land of sunshine the 22nd of November.

One offensive lineman returning. A quarterback dilemma: whom to start? A fantastic defensive line. Great coaching. And to think Playboy picked us 6-5. No way. No way at all.

Limiting the Teams

When the University of Kansas played Notre Dame in the NCAA regionals last year, six Jayhawks fouled out of the ballgame. Notre Dame won the contest handily, and advanced along the NCAA route.

Many of you may be wondering why I mention this obscure incident, but due to the recent rulings from the NCAA, member schools will have to be on their guard when participating in intercollegiate athletics. Some of the policies will greatly better the image of the NCAA, but others have the possibility of creating new athletic philosophies, on the administrative as well as participant levels. Hopefully, this attempt at reviewing the new policies and ramifications will create an



open atmosphere for all those interested.

In their recent meeting at Chicago, the delegates from the 783 member schools of the NCAA made the attempt to put controls on the number of scholarships, travelling and home squads and expenses for the student-athlete at his or her institution.

Specifically, allocations of \$150 per year for books and no funds for course-related supplies were adopted. The \$15 monthly allowance has been waived, thereby forcing the student athlete to pay for his own laundry and dry-cleaning bills.

In the area of scholarship assistance for each member institution, football may award 30 grants a

year and basketball was reduced to a limit of six initial awards a year. Recruiting contacts by the coaching staffs to possible recruits have been set at no more than three off-campus visits. Seventy-five football and 12 basketball recruits are the maximum that are allowed the campus visit for the intention of participating in sports. An extra game was added to the schedule for basketball (St. Bonaventure), increasing the number to 27.

Perhaps the most sweeping and controversial change adopted concerns itself with the size of rosters for the various teams. On August 15, the NCAA adopted a 48-man traveling squad for all football teams. What this breaks down to is having your first and second teams along with four specialists available for each away game. It was the NCAA's view that a fair amount of money could be saved over a season with a 48-man team. What this means to our program is that over 60 football players will be sitting in their rooms catching away games on television rather being there on the sidelines.

First year football coach Dan Devine has had tremendous pressures since accepting the head coaching job last December, and these new policies do nothing to help his situation. "As a coach, and not speaking for the University, I am drastically opposed to what the NCAA has done in their meetings," said Devine. "Some of the players practice day in and day out for the opportunity to dress during their senior year. It's our way as coaches to make a gesture of appreciation for four years of service. Now, I don't know what to say to these boys. If anything, I'd like to suggest a plan to declare 60 players two days before the contest, and add 20 men to the roster as non-players. They'd sit on the sidelines, and wouldn't play, but would be a part of the team."

Basketball Coach Digger Phelps faces the bleak outlook of carrying only 10 men to away contests be-

cause of the new rules, and can only count on 13 for games in the ACC. "In the Kansas situation last season, they (Kansas) would have had to play four-on-five against us, if the new rule was in effect," admitted Phelps. "Now, I have four unhappy kids who will not be able to travel, and one who can't even suit up at home. In trying to keep my entire program happy, I will not be able to give everyone their chance. If the NCAA really had the idea of saving money, then they have a false way of going about it."

Recruiting, always critical to Phelps here at Notre Dame, faces its toughest test in years. "The name of the game will be 'pressure recruiting,' where the one who stands to lose the most is the athlete," concedes Digger. "The new policy allows three quick sales, where before, visiting a recruit 15 or 20 times wasn't too unusual. The kids will have to be hustled, and infractions will undoubtedly happen."

The new policies have perhaps affected Lefty Smith's hockey program the greatest. He is permitted to dress 20 on an away trip, and can have 23 on total scholarship. "With our schedule normally being two games per weekend, you cannot afford injuries, academic problems, and the players themselves," concedes Smith. "You look at football, where Dan has 90 kids to work with, and then my situation where I have a maximum of 30, there is a great disparity in the margin of error. The NCAA may be honest in its attempt to change, but the way it is going about doing it leaves a lot to be desired."

There have already been grumblings toward the new policies, and undoubtedly, there will be more. Last week, a judge in Alabama issued an injunction against the NCAA regarding the 48-man traveling rule, citing that the "fair play doctrines of the NCAA were being violated." The NCAA is planning to appeal the decision, and the situation should be resolved by the Boston College game. One thing is clear though; the coaches are mad at the decisions. Hopefully, a concerted effort between the NCAA and the coaches will resolve the problems. Otherwise, it's going to be a tough year for college athletics.

—Bill Delaney

Irish Sport Shorts

There were many departmental changes within the athletic program this summer at Notre Dame, with four young, exciting individuals heading key positions in the department. Since this premiere issue of *Scholastic* coincides with their recent appointments, a profile of these individuals is in order.

Joe Piane, the quiet, affable assistant coach of the Irish track program for the past year, has been appointed Notre Dame's head track coach. Only 28, Piane has had a great deal of experience in track at the coaching level. In his work with the Peace Corps, Piane coached the number-one junior cross-country team, with several of the team members participating in the 1972 Olympic Games. A graduate of Loras College, Piane has made a genuine effort to be involved in every facet of Notre Dame athletics aside from his coaching duties in track. With key standouts such as Jim Hurt and Jim Reinhart returning, Piane has a solid nucleus with which to build his new ND track team.



Forty-two years at one position would appear to be a lifetime to many, but not to former baseball coach Jake Kline. Kline, who recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday, has turned over the reins of the team to Tom Kelly, former assistant director of intramurals.

Kelly, who was an assistant to Kline for the past few years, inherits a team with great traditions, but lousy weather conditions for playing the national pastime. Kelly has planned several tryouts for the benefits of the campus and is anxiously waiting for recruits. The new coach has the goal of arranging a fall schedule in the 1976-77 campaign to put Irish baseball back on its feet. Pitcher Bob Stratta, outfielder Stan Bobowski and the rest of the ball club are trying to make Kelly's inaugural year as mentor a good one, and if past indications have any significance, then watch for Tom Kelly and Notre Dame baseball.



Assistant Athletic Director Col. Jack Stephens has found another Army man to keep him company in the athletic department this year with the appointment of Ray Sepeta as wrestling coach. Sepeta, a West Point graduate, has been the assistant wrestling coach here at Notre Dame since 1970, while he has been in the process of earning his doctorate in Mathematics. In addition to his new coaching duties, he will join the faculty of the Department of Mathematics this fall. Veterans John Dowd, Dave Boyer and Pat McKillen are hoping that they can make Sepeta's new position a good one, as does everyone else involved with Irish wrestling.



With the female enrollment at Notre Dame approximately 1500, some major steps have been undertaken to promote a women's sports program. Further advancements were made over the summer with the appointment of Astrid Hotvedt. Miss Hotvedt will organize the women's athletic program at Notre Dame and will still retain her role as instructor in the Physical Education Department. As an overseer to the present club system, it is Hotvedt's hope to arrange a three-year program to gain varsity status in golf, tennis, basketball and fencing. Her major goals concerning the program are to develop opportunities for highly skilled women and to promote a complete and versatile athletic program for equal opportunities for women on campus. If her past accomplishments are any indication of her potential, then the men of Notre Dame had better watch themselves, for one of the hardest-working women around campus is Astrid Hotvedt.

Perhaps Athletic Director Edward "Moose" Krause's analysis of his new people says it best, in that: "We are delighted to find four such young, dynamic, yet qualified individuals to head up these programs."

On behalf of *Scholastic*, I wish them all the luck in the world.

—Bill Delaney

The Last Word

by Sally Stanton



I know September's coming when I see the back-to-school ads in the paper and the rows of Flintstone lunch boxes in the dimestore. I find it hard to pass the shelves of plaid and plastic-handled bookbags and I feel an annual urge for new saddle shoes or loafers. September smells more of paper than of leaves to me, of new books, newspaper-covered bulletin boards and brown-paper lunch bags.

I can barely remember a time when the coming of September wasn't synonymous with the coming of school. It seemed natural and right, an occurrence ordained by some omnipotent being that children under the age of 16 would spend five or six hours a day, five days a week, learning in classrooms. Yet, especially in the beginning, after a good summer, it was sometimes difficult to sit at desks and to wear shoes again.

As I repeated the cycle I began to identify myself as student, as first-grader or senior, and to gauge my accomplishments in terms of tests and report cards. When we would worry about pagan babies and Communism, the sisters would tell us that everyone had a "station in life" and that ours was "student," that for a while at least someone else would change the world.

Now, suddenly, I find myself coming closer to the time when I'll change that "station," when I'll stop measuring time in semesters and vacations. Each September I come back

now becomes more a conscious decision and less an inevitable or predetermined event. Being a student is an exciting and enjoyable occupation, filled with beginnings and discoveries, and learning does seem a prerequisite for growing. Yet there are many pitfalls to the profession: an overdependency on external evaluation, a tendency to measure worth by what one does or what one knows rather than by what one is, a desire to succeed to unexamined goals, sometimes at the expense of other people. And there are sacrifices; it does seem necessary to leave the pagan babies in someone else's hands for a while.

In a very real sense, I think, each of us begins the semester without a history. We enter rooms filled with nameless faces and listen to professors we know only by reputation or not at all. Before, when we attended the parish grade school or neighborhood public school, the other kids in the rooms with us shared our histories: they grew up with us, shared summers with us, knew our families. It may have been easier then to see a wider picture of persons. Now we all come from different parts of the country and of the world, from small towns and large, East Coast, West Coast and Midwest. Maybe 10 people on this campus have met my parents, and even fewer have met my brothers. All you know is what I tell you.

The campus these first weeks has been filled with talking, people try-

ing to tell the stories of their summers, to fit three months into five minutes. It has been filled with much joy and quiet celebration, if already some serious studying and uncertainty. (For uncertainty is not the special territory of freshmen and seniors, but is felt also by sophomores and juniors, faculty and administrators, bookstore cashiers and library checkers.) Yet it is not always completely possible to bridge the gap between summer and school; at times it seems we live two lives.

We each have a history no one shares and few people know except through our vision of it, but we are not isolated from each other. In coming to Notre Dame, we enter or assume a common history. For close to nine months we share the same dorms, the same town, the same weather — be it raining or shining or snowing. We come to a place that is rich in tradition, that many people have loved and cared for, that has many friendly ghosts. Although we will leave after four years, we share in this tradition now; we are creating and recreating it; it will be different because each of our separate histories has mingled with it for a while.

For a while we are all held here, in all our diversity and similarity. And there is much energy in that tension.

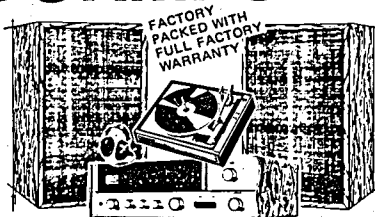
So I guess I'll be a student yet again. September still smells of paper to me and new books are still pretty exciting things, if a little more expensive than in years past.

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