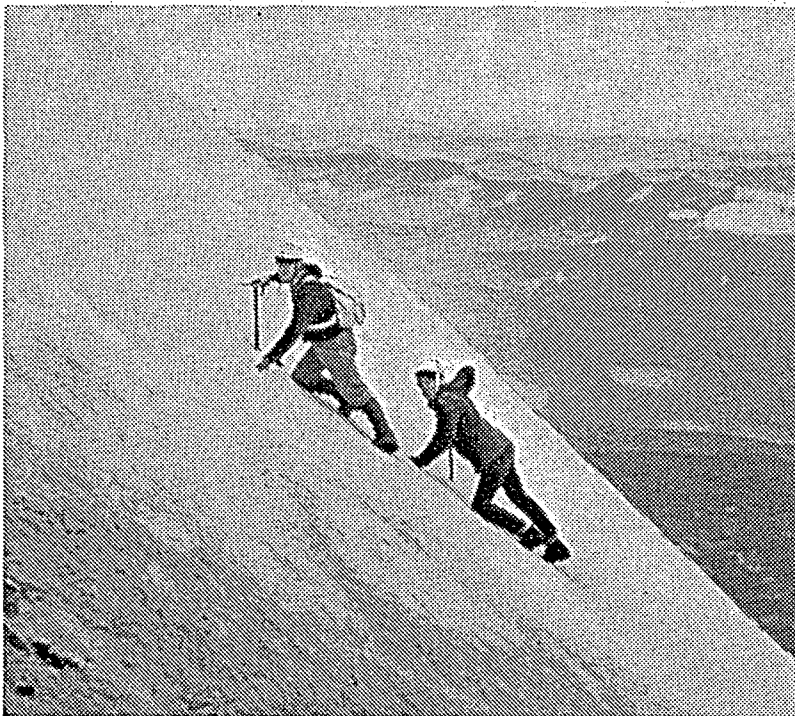


# SCHOLASTIC

December 5, 1975



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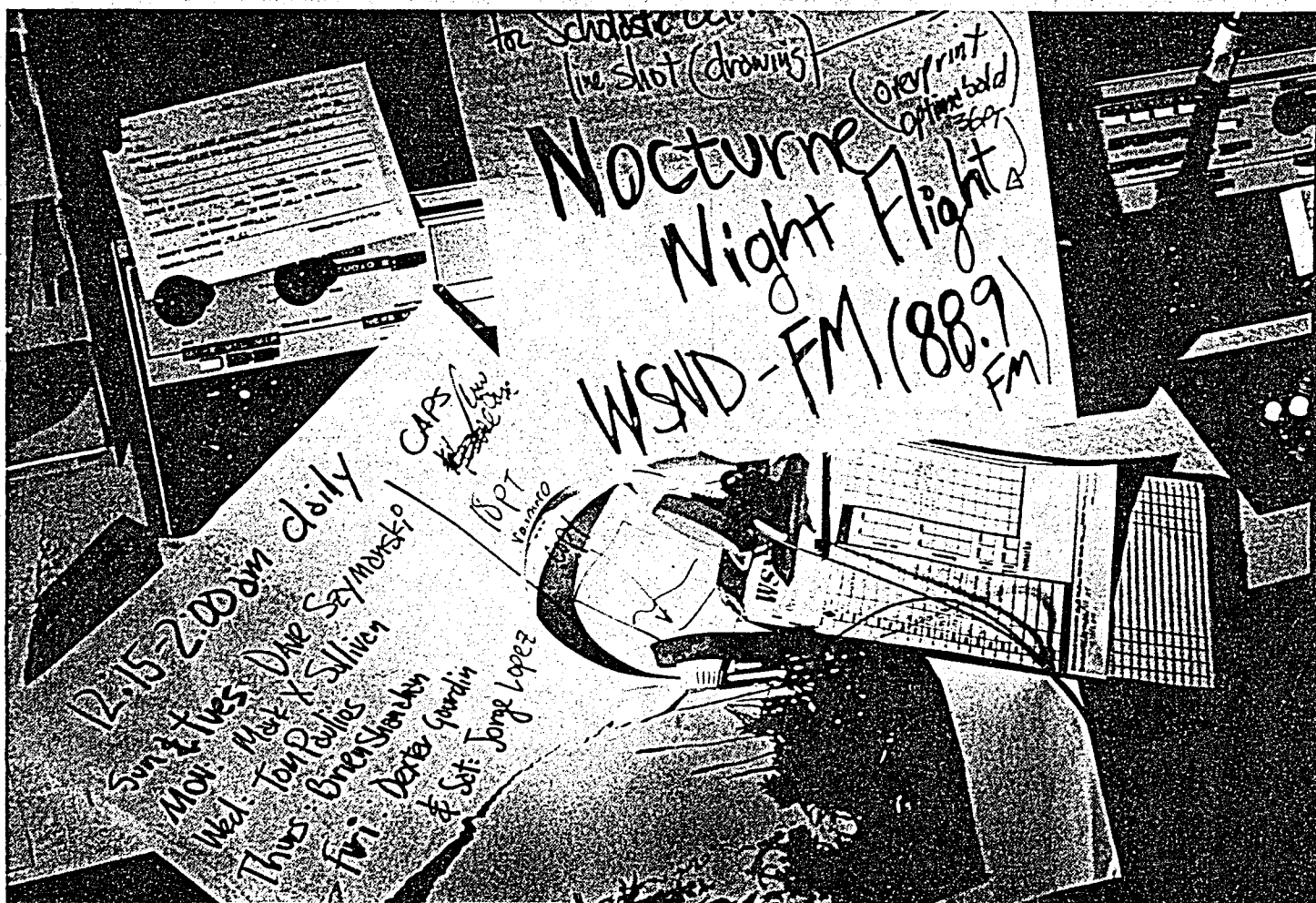
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# Scholastic

Volume 117, No. 6, December 5, 1975  
Notre Dame, Indiana

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# Celebrating a High Society

by Victoria Stephan

*Fashion; or, Life in New York* is the second play in the 1975-1976 season of the ND-SMC Theatre. It will be performed on December 5, 6, 11, 12 and 13 at 8:00 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium of Saint Mary's College.

Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion; or, Life in New York* certainly has the potential to be a highly entertaining play, but its anticipated success is due to the combined creative efforts of the ND-SMC Drama Department, and the director's wise avoidance of relying on the quality of the script. The department has devoted this bicentennial season to four American plays, of which *Fashion* is the earliest example of native drama.

First produced in the mid-nineteenth century, *Fashion* received polite, if not condescending reviews. The playwright, Mrs. Mowatt, was a member of New York's fashionably wealthy set who considered herself liberated enough to abandon the drawing room for a literary career which included writing poetry, novels, and magazine articles, in addition to *Fashion*. She went on to become a professional actress. Apparently the unconventional Mrs. Mowatt achieved some notoriety in her day, thus her play caused a sensation that frivolous New York audiences must have delighted in.

*Fashion* is at best a passable farce; it is intended to be seen, not read. It is important to point out that the characters are not wholes, but, rather, each character is representative of a certain social type. These types were as present and recognizable in the mid-nineteenth century as they are today. The humorous complications result from the interactions of these types in the manner of a farce.

The intrigue takes place in the New York household of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany. Mr. Tiffany (John Col-

ligan) is a nouveau riche merchant, haplessly bullied into corruption at the office and meek submission at home. Throughout the play he appears as though he wished he were somewhere quite distant.

Mrs. Tiffany (boisterously played by Kathleen Rink) is a former hat-maker who rose to become the grande dame of New York fashion through an advantageous marriage. The source of Mrs. Tiffany's trend setting is her French domestic, Millinette (Jeannie O'Meara). Due to the ambiguous distinction of being a Frenchwoman, Millinette's vague ideas of what is fashionable on the Continent are enthusiastically adhered to by Mrs. Tiffany, including hilarious malaprops in French.

Seraphina (Celeste Volz) is the Tiffanys' coquettish daughter. Her greatest appeal is her ability to take orders (especially from her mother), notwithstanding the size of her expected inheritance. Thus, Seraphina is found to be very desirable by Snobson (Patrick Marks), Mr. Tif-

fany's blackmailing clerk. Marks looks as though he will carry the part off quite well, having mastered wicked chuckles, and the sly raising of a single eyebrow.

Mr. T. Tennyson Twinkle (Mike Mercadante) is a poet who also fancies Seraphina. His presence in Mrs. Tiffany's drawing room is justified by its being the current rage to patronize poets. Mr. Augustus Fogg (Peter Reiher), described in the script as "a drawing room appendage," is just that. Most notable about Mr. Fogg is his indifference to nearly everything. Prudence (Bridget Ragan), Mrs. Tiffany's maiden sister, has not forgotten her origin (much to Mrs. Tiffany's distress) and is preoccupied with finding a husband.

The character of Zeke (T. R. Pauling), the butler and footman, has been adapted from a black to a Cockney, in order to avoid—I suppose—unfavorable reactions from members of the audience who might not find a comic black servant particularly comic. This calls for considerable alteration, and perhaps the reasons for such tampering with the original can be questioned. A mature audience should be able to regard drama in its proper historical perspective, not through eyes clouded with relatively contemporary issues. However, Zeke appears to have survived the transformation.

Seraphina's governess, Gertrude (nicely portrayed by Lisa Colaluca), is Mowatt's mouthpiece; Gertrude is pure common sense and virtue. Her goodness stands out amidst materialism and superficiality. Her romantic interest and counterpart is Colonel Howard (J. Matthew McKenzie.) His simple virtuousness is not as extensively (or exhaustively) pointed out, as is Gertrude's. Adam Trueman (talented Matthew Regan) is a curious rustic who has known Mr. Tiffany from better days; his unexpected arrival in the drawing room sends Mrs. Tiffany into a state



of extreme agitation. Trueman is a wise old farmer with an insuppressible penchant for moralizing. The most consistently entertaining character is Count Jolimaitre (adroitly performed by Bill McGlinn). The Count is an unabashed opportunist who finds his way into the Tiffanys' inner circle, with some cleverly humorous results. I asked Bill to comment on his impression of *Fashion*, and his approach to the role of Count Jolimaitre.

"What occurs with a script like *Fashion*, and what we've all come to the understanding of is that it is very one-dimensional. It deals in superficiality, and that's all it is. We have had trouble, all of us, in attempting to deal with the characters as if they were deeper than they actually were intended to be. They're comic characters abstracted in a style, and you just watch them work, either together in the style, or in contrast.

"You have Gertrude and Trueman, who might signify the goodness, the 'earth' quality. Then you have Mrs. Tiffany and Seraphina, who exemplify the height of social vulgarity, when manners become so affected and so meaningless that they don't point out one's personality, they simply cover it. Then you have Mr. Tiffany, who represents the middle point between vulgarity of social manner and the earth quality of Trueman and Gertrude. He's a villain in that he exploits people, but he feels and talks about his wanting to get out of that situation, and he just can't. He is stuck in it by his wife. I think Mr. Tiffany serves as sort of a sounding board for Mrs. Tiffany's character.

"We all sound off of him, but again, they're all one-dimensional characters. It's almost a style of nineteenth-century melodrama. What the audience sees is what it is; there's nothing more to it. That's why it's such a heavily physical show. Everything has to be pointed physically, so that they catch it—and then we move on. We don't stay back and say, 'What could this mean?' We just do it and move on. It's not a Molière. Molière was writing a deeper sort of satire. I think this is satire, but in that one-dimensional sense.

"As for the Count, I was having difficulty with the character; I was



William D. McGlinn and Kathleen Rink

trying to build a duality in the character. My image of him now is that he was some man's valet or chauffeur, and he had been brought up to speak properly. If you were a man's valet in Victorian England or before, you had to be able to speak properly, understand terminology and pick up some of the manners of the house in which you served.

"So we worked from that image and it works very well. Again it establishes him as a one-dimensional character, so that in the end we accept him. He makes the best of every moment. That's all there is to the Count; he is a master of improvisation. He is able to weasel out of every situation, and usually to his gain. From that stance, the one-dimensionality of the Count works for me now. It was hard at the beginning because I kept thinking that there must be something more substantial to this character, especially after coming out of *Indians*, where I played Sitting Bull. So the one-dimensionality was what I needed to get into, and the style, the physical play of the character."

After watching several hours of rehearsal, it is apparent that the cast quickly realized the importance of style and timing. An individual line does not have much significance; it is the rapid-fire interplay of speech and motion, and the style in which the lines are delivered that accentuate the lighthearted humor.

*Fashion* is under the talented and witty direction of Mr. Charles Ballinger. After a perceptive appraisal and understanding of the play, Mr.

Ballinger has more than compensated for any failings in the script with his own creative humor. He has skillfully blended verbal with visual and physical elements; from mediocre literature, Mr. Ballinger has created fine theater. He commented on *Fashion*, and what he is trying to achieve in the production.

"We were looking for an All-American season. We're one of the few theater groups in town that have devoted themselves to a bicentennial season of plays. *Fashion* is a representative type of American drama. We chose *Fashion* because of its style, and the fact that it is a comedy. We needed a comedy in this season. *Indians* has some comedy in it, but it is not considered a comedy. *Fashion* is a farce. It is a style of play that you are not always going to see; more often you will see a Molière. It is an example of early American comedy and we chose it for that reason alone, to expose our students to this particular style of play.

"All comedy deals with a serious subject matter. It is through its form and presentation that this serious subject matter is expressed. It is done in farce, so that we do laugh at it at the same time. In comedy we have to recognize a situation. We have to see a bit of our lives, a bit of our society. We laugh at it because we understand it.

"The more I have studied the play, the more I see of Mowatt's own life in the character of Gertrude, who seems to have a bit of the 'women's libber' in her. She had abilities, as she says in the script, and she intended to use them. In

the mid-nineteenth century, this was not a woman's place. I think that the play from this standpoint does make a statement. It makes a statement about the young American country and its need for materialistic goods, its copy of the European world and modes. For what else do we have? Instead of developing traditions of our own, we for so long brought them with us from the Continent. I think the whole thing is extremely social. Even today we are still very concerned with 'keeping up with the Joneses,' with being 'in with the in crowd,' and the 'in' crowd is very often the one with the money. This is brought out in the play, but it is brought out in such a manner that we are not going to preach to you. It is a comedy, it is a farce. We see the situation, understand it, and laugh at it.

"The style we are working in is certainly removed from contemporary theatrical standards. It is done in a very broad, overt style. There is a great deal of physical activity connected with the play and the presentation of it. I am a strong believer in the use of the body as an instrument of expression, as well as the intellect and the words. You need a blend between these so that they are not overweighted, one over the other. In this production, it takes just the right movement with just the right word at just the right time, to get the point to work. It all has to be synchronized to come together at the right moment. I want the audience to be entertained; I also hope that they will get the social message that I think the author intended."

Faith Adams and Richard Bergman are working to create a visual atmosphere which will significantly contribute to the comedy. Ms. Adams has been working on the costuming of the characters since mid-October. She researched fashions of the play's era, then designed the costumes herself. Ms. Adams and Mr. Ballinger agreed that the costumes should be an exaggeration of the real, in keeping with the characters. Thus the costumes are reflections of the personalities of the characters. Ms. Adams found the designing of the costumes for the character Mrs. Tiffany to be a challenge; the difficulty is in clothing a



tasteless character without jeopardizing the designer's good taste.

Mrs. Tiffany, Gertrude and Seraphina each have three different costumes. Gertrude's costumes are basically white, and her style is reserved and functional. Seraphina's dresses are in loud colors, trimmed with fringe, lace and ruffles. Mrs. Tiffany's costumes are even more bright, ornamented and overstated. That Ms. Adams and her assistant seamstresses have spent a great deal of time on the design and sewing of the costumes will certainly be evident. The costumes combine creativity, humor and realism to complement the characters beautifully.

Mr. Bergman, the technical director and scene designer, spent numerous hours researching the furniture and architecture of the American Revival period in order to find props and backdrops which suited the style of the play. He selected a muted color scheme of soft blues, grays and neutrals as the background for the bright costumes. He is using the wing-drop-border technique, a series of three panels on either side of the stage, with a backdrop. Again, comic elements have been skillfully furnished to complement the characters.

Mr. Bergman and his crew have built backdrops and furniture which are comic inventions. The furniture is overstuffed and gaudy. Many of the props are simply one-dimensional painted cutouts. Mr. Bergman's work emphasizes the idea in the play that Americans of that period insisted upon borrowing exaggerated and superficial fashions, mannerisms and decorations from Europe.

*Fashion* is a play on words, mannerisms and style. It is meant to emphasize superficiality and affectation. The people involved in the production are seeing to it that everything verbal, visual and physical comes together in an exaggerated and humorous way. *Fashion* might not quite be a landmark in the development of American drama, but this production will succeed as a comedy.

Like the characters in the play, *Fashion* is representative of a certain type, and nothing more. It must be taken for what it is; *Fashion* is intended for entertainment, not analysis. With these things in mind, the audience should find the production of *Fashion* to be pleasantly entertaining, and certainly worthwhile.

# In Loco Progeniei

by Marianne Murphy

"I'm gonna have a leaf!" What's this? Progeny in a dorm on the Notre Dame campus? But isn't that a direct violation of the sex code? Calm down, administrators, nothing to fear. In fact, this "green revolution" is worthy of true celebration, as plants of all sizes, colors, shapes and personalities creep their way into the hearts of those not already affected. Hanging plants, terrariums, bottle gardens and other forms of plant life are all increasingly commonplace as greenery adorns not only the outer but also inner ND community. Interviewing a wide cross section from the expert on down to the novice plant owner, I dug up many opinions on this new plant consciousness.

Paul Linehan, senior art major and entrepreneur of "The Hanging Gardens," a plant shop that he operates out of his room in Dillon, has some insights on this phenomenon. He views it not so much as fad but as a physical display of man's increasing awareness of his environment. Having come through the in-

dustrial revolution giving little care or attention to the environment, man is now compensating by making his surroundings more livable.

Paul is trying to promote plant consciousness on campus and his vested interest concerns much more than the monetary aspect of the business. His feelings toward plants have grown to the point where he considers them his friends and companions: "It's great to live with them!" He admits that he has gone berserk with plants; his aspirations of becoming a landscape architect had a direct bearing on this and he is presently working on plans for a picnic area near the Student Center.

It is because of concern on the part of others before Paul that Notre Dame is able to boast of such a beautiful park-like atmosphere and the reason it is so preferred among many universities. Professor Horsbrugh, head of graduate studies in environics, feels that the sense of tranquility imparted to both students and faculty with respect to the outdoor landscape should hold

true for the internal environment. Many people are no longer satisfied as passive observers of nature and are eager to discover any unknown talent for cultivation they may have lying fallow. Professor Horsbrugh has put a number of his students to the test of responsibility in plant care. He feels that if a person can't care for a plant, giving it the minimum daily requirements, he has no right to even consider marriage.

By taking on this sense of responsibility for plants through nurturing activities, an individual can gain a self-identity. This was evident as many students fell into the role of the proud parent introducing me to each one of their "babies," obviously their pride and joy. I wasn't bored in the least though, for the animation with which the plants were described usually left me spellbound.

Each plant had its own history, having been grown from just a seedling, another recently raised from the dead. The challenge of buying a sickly plant and discovering one has the ability to revive it brings on a great sense of pride and accomplishment. The continual growth of the plant offers physical evidence of success; as each new leaf unfurls itself the "dorm gardener" experiences personal triumph.

Besides the inner satisfaction that plants bring, they are great catalysts for social interaction. One doesn't have to be a botanist to discuss his plants' idiosyncrasies. One owner boasted her plant had the power to make people speechless if they bit a leaf. (That plant could come in handy at times!) This interaction can take negative forms, such as the fellow who refuses to tolerate his roommate's plants because of the bugs they draw. Yet even these hardened characters can usually be won over and may become the biggest plant freaks around.



# The Student as Crucified

by Maureen Reynolds

Barrages of papers, books, exams and lectures have hit Notre Dame students since September. Before recuperating from one set of exams and papers, many students have found themselves in the midst of another. Throughout the Notre Dame community, there spreads an apathy and fatigue more reminiscent of a war zone than a college campus. The library has become the trenches, and the classrooms, the battle sites. As the semester relentlessly marches on, a break has come to represent the only opportunity for students to catch their breaths and brace themselves for the final onslaught of exam week.

A degree of mental and physical exhaustion unparalleled in recent years plagues many Domers as final exam week approaches. The noticeable increase in tension is most frequently attributed to the absence of an October break in the calendar. One of the advantages of a break most missed is a complete recess of classes directly following the period of midterms. The knowledge that once the exams are finished there will be a break spurs students on in a period that could otherwise prove emotionally and academically detrimental.

Many students encountered an unbroken string of exams, instead of the concentration of exams characteristic of October break years. This occurrence proved advantageous or detrimental, depending on the personality and study habits of the individual. Spaced exams benefited students who are able to study for exams without noticeably accelerating their pace. However, there is a significant number of students on campus, who accelerate for every exam regardless of the time available for study.

It was about these students that Dr. Peter Grande, assistant dean of

Freshman Year of Studies commented, "When you are preparing for a test, you are working at a different speed than when you are doing daily work. With constant tests you are always on a super-charged speed with no letup." Dr. Grande further suggested that in lieu of an October break, professors should coordinate their exams for the same period and then let the pressure off. Instead of constant exams, there would be a built-in break.

The need for a break does not arise solely from the exhausting testing patterns. Rather, the need is derived from combinations of exams, special projects, reading assignments, papers, lectures and daily assignments. The problems of class requirements are particularly taxing on students in courses which demand constant attention and application. These students cannot afford the luxury of allowing these classes to slide in order to concentrate on other classes. They have little guarantee of being able to grasp the missed material.

The constant academic pressures made Thanksgiving a most welcome holiday. However, many students feel that the five days off at Thanksgiving were too late and too little. For them, "October break" has taken on connotations that resemble a successful cure for cancer more than a cough suppressant for the common cold.

Administration and professors have less optimism than students about the cure-all advantages to be gained from a midterm break. Experience and perspective give these persons an awareness of the potential unfavorable effects of a midsemester break that students might fail to perceive. Dr. Grande has counseled students who have experienced results directly opposite to those intended. Accustomed to the

daily grind of the semester, some students are disrupted by breaks and have great difficulty in getting back into the grind.

John G. Beverly, associate professor of accountancy, stressed the importance of distancing midsemesters from Thanksgiving break. "Fall and Thanksgiving breaks can be close enough that they [his students] don't recover from one before the other. Some students are on continuous vacation and forget there are classes before Thanksgiving. . . If they are here it is in body only."

The widespread, adverse effects experienced by students have not been as apparent in the administration and faculty. The break tends to be less of a necessity for them. Furthermore, a break for students does not indicate a break for the university's academic staff, and is usually used as a period to catch up on paperwork and to plan ahead in classes. Assistant Dean of Arts and Letters, Robert J. Waddick indicated that he and the other administrators keep working regardless of academic vacations. Dean Waddick felt that most administrators were more concerned about choosing a consensus calendar and sticking with it for a trial period.

A consensus calendar is also the goal of the survey distributed by student government. The survey requested student preference on the traditional calendar controversies, such as midterm break versus post-Labor Day start. Student government hopes that the results of the survey will be the basis for the scheduling of the calendar for the next few years. The examination of the surveys from one section disclosed a unanimous partiality for a midsemester break over a post-Labor Day start.

Weekend trips, as a substitute for the unscheduled break, became one of the most popular methods to relieve depression and revive interest in classes. Home and other campuses were the most mentioned destinations. However, an acceptable destination could have been anywhere without a horizon dominated by a steeple, a golden dome and a replica of Christ signalling for a touch-down. A flight from the campus may be the only recourse open to



students who cannot divorce themselves from their studies while on campus.

No one considered home football weekends to be satisfactory breaks from studies. The idea of football weekends as a break was dismissed as a nice theory, but impractical in operation. Students under heavy pressures resented having the dilemma of choosing between their visiting families and friends and their books. Excitement was spoiled by the cramming which followed the weekend's departure. Sr. Barbara Counts, rectress of Lyons, was particularly dubious about the consequences of football weekends. "Football weekends are not a substitute for a break. The pressure to do everything on Sunday leaves one ready to collapse by Monday—football weekends bring more frustration."

Frustration was the word used by Dr. Carole Moore, assistant professor of history, to describe the state of mind of her students. She said, "There's a frustration I haven't sensed before; maybe they were spoiled last year." Along with the frustration she has noticed a higher level of tension and a tendency to be on edge. This frustration is an attitude which seems particularly characteristic of students who are barely able to cope with the pressures of this semester.

Learning how to cope with intense academic pressure is a major adjustment for freshmen with a break. Without a break, the adjustment takes on Herculean proportions. Seniors who remembered their breakless first semester were particularly sympathetic to the freshman

plight. One senior said, "It's not as bad as my freshman year because I'm more used to the grind and I can make it through. However, I know I was ready to go home long before Thanksgiving my freshman year."

Freshmen tended to agree that the semester was hitting them hardest. They felt their initial adjustment to being away from home and to handling a college work load would have been difficult with a break, and found it sometimes nearly impossible without.

A comparison of the feedback received by Dean Waddick and Dr. Grande tends to confirm that there is a greater strain on freshmen. From the upperclassmen in the College of Arts and Letters, Dean Waddick heard few complaints about the schedule. The dean felt the student comments leaned toward the "Gee, it would be nice to have a break" variety.

At Freshman Year, Dr. Grande thought the freshmen were very tired and would certainly welcome a break. Freshmen visiting him were frequently volunteering that "they were pooped." Dr. Grande felt that last year's freshmen were probably better ready for the final push towards exams.

The all-consuming quality of academia at Notre Dame has been magnified to greater proportions this semester because of the removal of the October break. The increased focus on classroom academics has eliminated opportunities to participate in campus organizations, to deepen personal relationships and to enjoy the beauty of an exceptional autumn. At times, the emphasis on

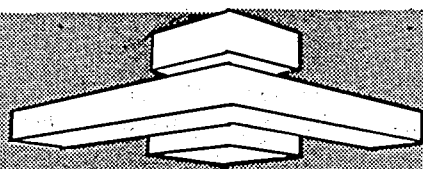
academics, G.P.A. and future employment precludes the education available outside of the class framework.

Student attitude towards campus clubs and organizations is often expressed by excuses of "I'd love to write for the *Scholastic*, but I'd let my classes slide when trying to meet a deadline," or "I used to work with retarded children, but I need Saturday mornings for study." Professor Beverly supported a midterm break with the hope that the opportunity to catch up would afford students the time for constructive campus activities outside of academics. He noted that with classes like his accounting course, there is often no space for outside activities. Student reluctance to digress from academics also extends to attending guest lectures or reading an unassigned book.

"There is a tendency to put the human side secondary to academics here. Living people need time to work out problems, but, as academic pressures worsen, people ignore their human side until they finally blow." Sr. Barbara Counts' words echo perhaps the gravest consequence of the uninterrupted accumulation of academic pressure—the destruction of human relationships.

It is impossible not to perceive the air of desperation, which is characteristic of many of the students in the library on a Wednesday or Thursday night. Nor would anyone deny the legitimate need of many students to have a break. However, students must realize that a break can only alleviate the tensions of a semester—it cannot remove all tensions, nor can it solve all problems.





## Blessed Are the Stables

by Morton T. Kelsey

*Morton T. Kelsey, an Episcopalian priest, is an assistant professor of graduate studies in education.*

Christmas tells us the most wonderful story ever told to man. It is the account of God becoming man and putting off his power and might to be a baby in a stable. Not only does the Christmas story tell us that this happened, it also tells us what kind of people received the greatest gift of God in Bethlehem and so suggests how we may receive this gift too. Christmas tells us the greatest truth of all times and then tells us how we can appropriate this truth in our own lives now!

They were a strange lot present at the birth in the stable: a woman pregnant out of wedlock, a husband who stood by her, a donkey which carried that woman on a hard, long trip, an innkeeper who would not let them in, some paltry no-account shepherds watching their sheep, three astrologists who followed a star, some cattle in a dirty Oriental stable and a manger—oh, yes—and a variety of assorted angels. . .

As we see the symbolic meaning of these principal characters of the Christmas drama, we are able to see what we can do in our own lives to allow the reality of that event to break forth in our lives now. Then we can possess or be possessed by the incredible wonder and power of Christmas. The same light and might which blazed out in Jesus of Nazareth can and wish to break forth in us. These characters are living symbols which show us how to have that power in our own lives.

Frankly, unless the same reality which appeared in the world in the events of the first Christmas can also reappear in our lives, Christmas is not very important. . . Understand, please, that just because I call these historical figures symbolic, I am not saying they are not really historical. History can be

symbolic and factual at the same time.

The first symbol of Christmas is Mary — a simple, ordinary young woman. She is the symbol of man's soul. Mary was walking quietly and unhurriedly in the garden. An angel, a messenger of spiritual reality, appeared to her and told her that she was to have a child without a husband. To this incredible information she replied, "I am the Lord's servant. As you have spoken it, so be it."

Caught up as we are in the pious ideas of later years, we fail to appreciate the courage it took to be willing and obedient as Mary was. She knew well what the villagers would say about her pregnancy, the old women gathered at the village fountain. She knew what her fiancé would think, but she was willing nonetheless. Mary was simple but not naive. This obedience took courage. Unless, however, there is the same kind of willing openness to God in our souls there will be no Christmas there, no Christ Child born there. Willing obedience, no matter what it costs, is a prerequisite to new spiritual birth in us.

And then there was Joseph. He was at first going to break the betrothal when he learned of Mary's condition. What else could he believe? But this man could listen to the depth of himself. He listened to the angel of his dream and he was spiritual enough to believe and obey . . . as absurd as it seemed. Joseph was a strong man, and later he listened again and took the woman and Child and fled by night into exile into Egypt to save the Child's life. Believing strength which knows how to listen to the secret depth of life and acts with courage, this was Joseph. There must be that in us which will protect our new spiritual life when it comes or else it will be destroyed and our original obedience will be in vain.

And then the donkey, the dumb, stubborn animal which carried the woman about ready to deliver for a hundred miles from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Simple, tough animality. So many people try to be so spiritual that they rule out their animal nature. If God wanted us this way, he would have made us so. We are not pure spirit, but half spirit and half animal and unless we care for and cherish this dumb animal, our body, what St. Francis called brother ass, then we shall never bring the holy Child to fruition in the place where he is to be born. So much of modern religion ignores and rejects the animal and physical side of man and so there is no birth of real spirituality in our religious lives, no epiphany of power and new life.

The image of the innkeeper plagues me. Can't you see him standing in the great doorway, his huge bulk standing between the fire blazing upon the hearth and the cold Palestinian winter night outside? He was a busy, practical man of the world. His inn was all filled. He did not want to be bothered. Oh, she was pregnant? That was too bad, but there are lots of hungry children in the world and lots of poor women who have no place to give birth to children.

How careful we must be not to be filled with so many things, so many activities, that we have no place for the Christ Child when he comes, that we have no place for God when he would enter our lives. Busyness is not of the devil—it is the devil. Where a life is completely full, God has no place to get in. A completely busy person is more effectively antireligious than the most violent atheist and one can even be busy with church activities and come to the same place.

The shepherds — poor, stupid, ineffectual men—the outcasts. Again romance has covered them with a sheen of glamour. How would you

like to spend night after night out in the California winter nights with only a garment of skins which comes to the knees to keep out the cold? Only the poorest men who had nothing else to do, who were right on the edge of starvation, would have been there, the men who were too emotionally crippled or too stupid to do anything else. They probably hadn't had a square meal for three months, like so many people all over the world today where one-third of the world's children go to bed hungry at night; even if we cannot do anything about it, we can at least bear it on our conscience and not be complacent.

These shepherds were nobodies or less than this and yet it was to them that the angels of heaven first announced the birth of the God-man! Why? Because they were hungering and looking for something. They were not satisfied with things as they were and also because they were not asleep, and because they were simple enough to believe that such an event could happen! The angels may well have visited some of the comfortable villagers in their beds telling them the same image in their dreams, but they only laughed at the absurdity and turned over to go to sleep in their warm beds.

Most of our churches have pagaeants in which we have the shepherds portrayed. How shocked the congregations would be, how incensed, if the real McCoy were to show up with their matted hair, questionable odor, and possibly even some lice! There is nothing so ignored or forgotten or despised and rejected in us that it cannot come to the birth of new life within us. The shepherds are the symbol of the rejected parts of us, the humble and ignored side of us, the simple, searching, rejected part of us. It is to this side of us that the message of Christmas really appeals. There is no one too simple or depraved that he cannot enter the Christmas scene. It is the comfortable and satisfied who are more often ruled out.

Thank heavens for the wise men, the astrologists from the East. They had a hard time coming from the far reaches of Persia on the other side of the world, but *they made it*. The miserable shepherds were right

there and only had to walk across the field, but there is hope for the intellectuals if they try hard enough — they are not ruled out. These men were stargazers. They had a star, a goal, an aim. Every man needs a star to follow. No man achieves much without a star to follow.

These were wise men. They had the courage to look into life and to admit that they did not have everything that they wanted, and then to continue to seek until they found what would satisfy them. They were dissatisfied with what they had and knew there must be something better. There are many motives which lead men to the power of the God-Child and his birth in us at Christmas. If we are not shepherds, and I see few who answer to that description here, then we must follow a star. We must be aware of our emptiness and seek for something to fill it. How few do this!

And what a journey! Across interminable deserts, fighting with robbers and contending with cantankerous camel drivers, through snow and icy mountain passes, rejected and turned out by hostile villages. They pressed on and on, following their star, their hope. Naturally, they looked for a king in a king's house and so they went to the palace of Herod. Then, because they were wise, they too listened to their dreams and fled in the night to escape the king's strange wrath and fear. At last they came to the newborn king. They had the inward sight to recognize their goal when they found him, even though he lay in a manger in an Oriental stable and they offered him the rich gifts they brought. They were prepared to give. Those who have much and are not prepared to give greatly never come to that place where God is born in man. Yes, I said never. . .

And so the most simple, the shepherds, and the most intelligent and searching were both satisfied along with the woman who gave her willing obedience and also her husband who had the courage to stand by. Where did they all come together? Where did they meet? Where did the power which lies behind the exploding star choose to come forth as a man? Was it in a king's palace with ladies- and gentlemen-in-wait-

ing, upon a silken cushion, before the admiring oh's and ah's of the noble parents and the courtiers? . . . Herod's palace was not exactly cordial! Where then? In the well-kept inn where a maid brought hot water and comfort and help to the woman in travail? There was no room in the well-kept inn. . .

No, the Child was not even brought forth in the humble and squalid surroundings of the village mud hut, but in a stable, an Oriental stable. Put aside the Christmas card picture of that stable and imagine what it was actually like. Have you ever seen an Oriental stable or thought of one? Use your imagination. It was quite different from a Carnation model barn. This was where the God-man chose to be brought forth into the world. The straw was not clean and the manger had not been made for a Christmas play. The ox had eaten from it only a few hours before. . .

This stable with its manger is the most important and significant symbol of the whole story. For if Christ can be born in such a stable, he can be born in any life, in any person, no matter what he is or has been, even in me. To the most humble and rejected place the Christ came to be born so that *no* man need be ruled out, *no* man. There is none so depraved or foul that the Christ cannot come into his life and be born.

Christmas tells us the most important truth of all times, that ultimate power is also characterized by love, that God came as man in a stable. This is a truth we must someday come to a decision about. What do we actually think of this idea? And Christmas tells us how we realize that power in our own lives. It tells it through living symbols—a young and obedient woman, a strong and faithful husband, a donkey and some miserable shepherds, three astrologists and their blazing star . . . and a stable.

Christmas tells us that all the obedient and strong and searching and simple may have the infinite power of the universe born in them no matter what they are or have been.

This is quite a message!

This is Christmas—nothing less—no wonder it makes such an impact. What will you do about it?



### At Christmas

Let the Christbrand burst!  
Let the Christbrand blazon!  
Dartle whitely under the hearth-fire,  
Unwind the wind, turn the thunderer,  
And never, never thinning,  
Forfend fear,  
Flare up smartly, fix, flex, bless, inspire,  
Instar the time, sear the sorcerer,  
And never, never sparing,  
Save all year,  
Let the Christbrand burst!  
Let the Christbrand blazon!

—Francis J. O'Malley



# The Secret Greeks of Notre Dame

by Michael Feord

It's cold out, you're walking to the dining hall and it's raining. You've got your collar up, head down and shoulders into the wind, but it just cuts through, the cold and the wet running down the back of your neck. If you make it there in spite of South Bend's weather, what good does it do you? End of semester/end of budget dining hall food eaten among crowds of milling zombies is all you get for your troubles. Christmas is close, but so are exams, and the more you think about the short time and long work left, the more it seems that every other day in the semester is going to be a desperate fight against deadlines and despair. At times like this you wonder why you're a college student—why you bring yourself here to get lost in a whirl of faceless neurotics.

The nature of college work puts a lot of pressure on the student to get the grades, to be able to endure long periods of concentrated work and, especially, to maintain a distinct identity. As the semester wears on, books, tests and papers occupy a larger and larger part of the student's routine. Outside activities decrease, and the student's self seems to become defined more by his role as an I.D. number on the Registrar's list that by his own action and interaction with other human beings. Alcohol, sex and athletics are used by many students to assert their individuality, but many such activities simply become manifestations of the "ND tradition" and don't

help the student break out of that role of University student. There comes, then, a need to identify with a group which is distinct from the University, and in which the students can associate with people of similar interests.

The Imperial College of St. Jude is one of many esoteric societies which operate on campus. These societies are not esoteric in the sense that they have restricted membership; indeed, most are open to any and all comers. They are esoteric in that they carry with them a unique identity, one which allows its members to see themselves as entities with some other role than that of Notre Dame University Student. Some are official organs of student life, such as student publications or the theater, but the Imperial College and others to be discussed here are of a more informal nature. Their activities cover wide areas of interest, some academically oriented, some historically, some socially, others recreationally. They all, however, contain an essence of ritual, a repeated formula of activity which gives the group its identity and brings its members together.

The Imperial College of St. Jude is dedicated to the proposition that all students have a basic right to freedom from the inertia of academia. It was originated as a response to the pressure of the academic workweek. Since Wednesday night is the traditional work night for students, the charter members of the College decided to get together on that night and celebrate. Relaxing while most of the Univer-

sity works, the College members engage in ritual celebration.

Another group which conducts its affairs in such a lighthearted manner, but which is a branch of a national organization as opposed to being a spontaneous student creation, is the Society for Creative Anachronism, the Notre Dame chapter being known as the shire of Mithrandriel Mardi. The national organization is run by a board of directors in California, lovingly referred to as the "Imperium." A nonprofit educational organization, the Society is dedicated to preserving life, not as it was, but as it should have been in the Middle Ages. Its members recreate as authentically as possible the dress and life-styles of people who lived between 450 A.D. and 1640 A.D. They do, however, take advantage of modern conveniences such as zippers (very handy for keeping jerkins on) and flush toilets (just plain very handy).

Combat having been an integral part of medieval life, Society members also train in the use of wooden replicas of the broadsword, axe, war hammer, mace, dagger and a whole array of medieval armor. Battles and wars are then held in which members compete for awards for achievement in such areas as music, needlework, brewery, armory, alchemy and combat. The basic philosophy behind combat in the Society is that one should kill and not hurt his opponent. Heavily padded combatants smash each other with

wooden swords swung with all their might, until one "kills" the other by striking a vulnerable area with the edge or point of his sword. Although many bruises and a few broken bones have resulted from these clashes, there have been no serious injuries in the 10,000-member Society's ten-year history.

From the Imperium in California, the country is divided into five kingdoms: the Eastern Kingdom, the Western Kingdom, the Southern Kingdom, the Kingdom of Etenveldt and the Middle or Dragon Kingdom. The kingdoms are broken down into shires, our shire of Mithrandriel Mardi being located in the Dragon Kingdom. Each kingdom, and in turn each shire, has a Seneschal and a Herald who handle the paperwork and executive planning. The titular heads of the kingdoms are, logically enough, the kings. In the world of the Society for Creative Anachronism kings rule not by divine right, but by right of arms, and must win their thrones in the Crown Tourney. Every year each kingdom has such a tournament, and all the able-bodied men of the realm come together to fight it out until one wins the title of Crown Prince, to rule as king the next year.

Like all civilized societies, the SCA kingdoms want to fight wars and must look for some good excuses to allow them to do so. Yet, those excuses are hard to find, for, whereas most wars are fought over geographical boundaries, the kingdoms' boundaries are set by the Imperium and cannot be changed. Human ingenuity triumphed, however, and the Eastern and Middle kingdoms were able to go to war. Since real borders could not be changed, they invented an area called the "Debatable Lands," for possession of which they could wage war.

The Pensic Wars (so-called because the border at which the two kingdoms fight runs through Pennsylvania) are fought each Labor Day



weekend and draw thousands of Society members to defend the honor of both kingdoms. On the first day, everybody arrives and sets up camp in a large field in western Pennsylvania. After the tents are pitched they relax with a medieval-style revel. On the second day, there is an arts and crafts competition, and individual challenge matches are fought. Another revel follows. The third day sees the combat of the kings' champions and the crown princes, followed by another revel. The fourth and final day brings the Grand Melee, the decisive event. Each side lines all of its warriors up in medieval battle formation, and they charge each other and start slogging away. The side with the most men left alive (most recently our own Middle Kingdom) at the end takes possession of the Debatable Lands. Then both sides, alive and dead, join for one last revel.

Whenever an individual joins the SCA she chooses a persona, invents a character who lived in the Middle Ages and makes up a life history. She is given a device with which

to adorn her costume, and in all Society functions is known by her chosen name, is identified by her device and acts in character with her autobiography. From the fifth-century Celts through twelfth-century Mongols and up to fifteenth-century Frenchmen, the Society for Creative Anachronism has them all. To avoid confusion or duplication, all devices are registered with the Imperium, and all personal histories are kept by the local herald.

Locally, Misty Lackey and Chris Hosinski, the Seneschal and Herald respectively, formed the Notre Dame shire, Mithrandriel Mardi, this last September. Since then the shire has grown to include twelve members, who meet twice each Saturday. The first gathering comes at 2:00 p.m. when they have weapons drill. Professor Lewis Soens, who choreographs all of the ND-SMC Theatre swordfight scenes and is an excel-

lent swordsman himself, trains the shire members in their sword handling. That evening at 7:00 p.m. they have a meeting in the La Fortune ballroom where subjects of historical interest and plans for future trips to tournaments and home-based events are discussed. Among other events, they are planning a night of medieval entertainment, including minstrelsy, dancing and miracle plays, for some time next semester. Yet, even seventeenth-century Celts and twelfth-century Frenchmen must return to twentieth-century America, back to Notre Dame.

A totally different type of esoteric society, not one which takes its members into an alternate world, but one which allows them to rediscover certain aspects of academic life by removing them from the classrooms, is the Wranglers Society. Every other Monday night you can find them sitting around doing what most people reserve for the classroom—reading and discussing academic papers. Yet, you won't find them in a classroom, but in the basement of Louie's. Each member writes a paper on an idea, subject or question which interests him, and which he would like to share with the group. Without the pressures of a classroom, the Wranglers can devote themselves freely throughout their two- or three-hour sessions to intellectual and philosophical inquiry.

The Wranglers were formed in the early twenties by the late Frank O'Malley with this same purpose in mind. For thirty years the Wranglers were one of the most distinguished groups on campus, until they died out in the mid-fifties for no known reason. In their earlier prime, the Wranglers had a Green Box in which all the papers which had been submitted were kept. The Green Box became a metaphor for Truth. In the Box, it was said, was Truth, and every paper submitted worked towards opening it. Everyone knew it was impossible, but they tried anyway.

The Green Box was lost and the Wranglers faded out of the picture. Until, that is, Prof. Edward Goerner, who had been a student member under O'Malley, revived it in 1973.

A group of students led by senior Fred Antczak then became the new Wranglers. Last year Ed Martin coordinated the group; and this year senior Pat Miskell is in charge of the cardboard folder filled with papers and known as the Green Box.

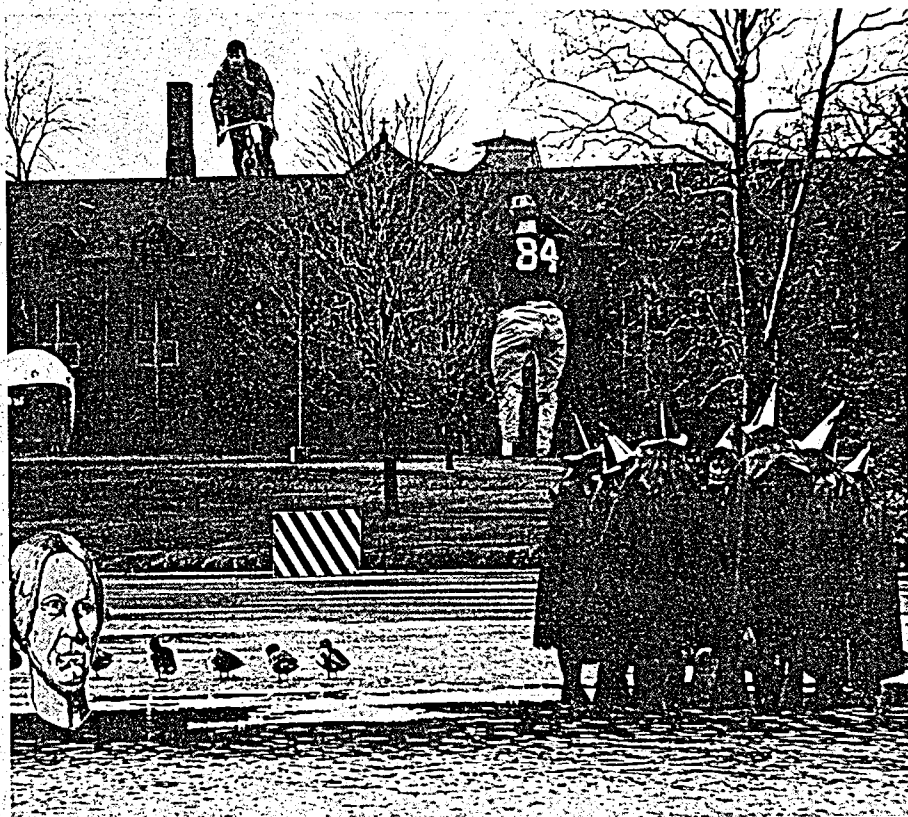
The move to Louie's came this year with Miskell. A problem the group had had in attracting new members was that the formality of the group had scared people away. The new Wranglers are not interested in any pseudo-intellectualism, just in sharing ideas outside of the shadow of organized classwork.

Different groups, then, break out of the University rut in different ways, one with levity, one with fantasy, and one by separating the learning from the school. These different groups also have a common ground in ritual; they all have their own unique ceremonies. The meal, food shared with others, is perhaps one of the world's strongest rituals. There is another group on campus which uses this very form of ritual to give its members the chance to slow down and find themselves amid the chaos. They call themselves the

Father Sorin Lunch Club.

Last year, four seniors lived together in a house off campus. Living off campus presented many problems, among which was having to run home for lunch in between an 11MWF and a 1MWF class. Communication with one another was another problem since all four had classes scattered all over campus. They began to use the statue of Father Sorin as a bulletin board and would leave notes for each other on the esteemed gentleman. The solution to one problem became the solution to another, and they decided that on Fridays they would take a break and meet for a picnic lunch at the base of the statue. When inclement weather didn't allow their picnic, rather than do without, they would move into the Rathskellar at La Fortune.

Friends joined them and the force of the ritual turned the lunch into a tradition. This year the original four Father Sorin lunch clubbers are gone, but every Friday a group of people still meet at the statue and pass around their cheese, bread and wine.

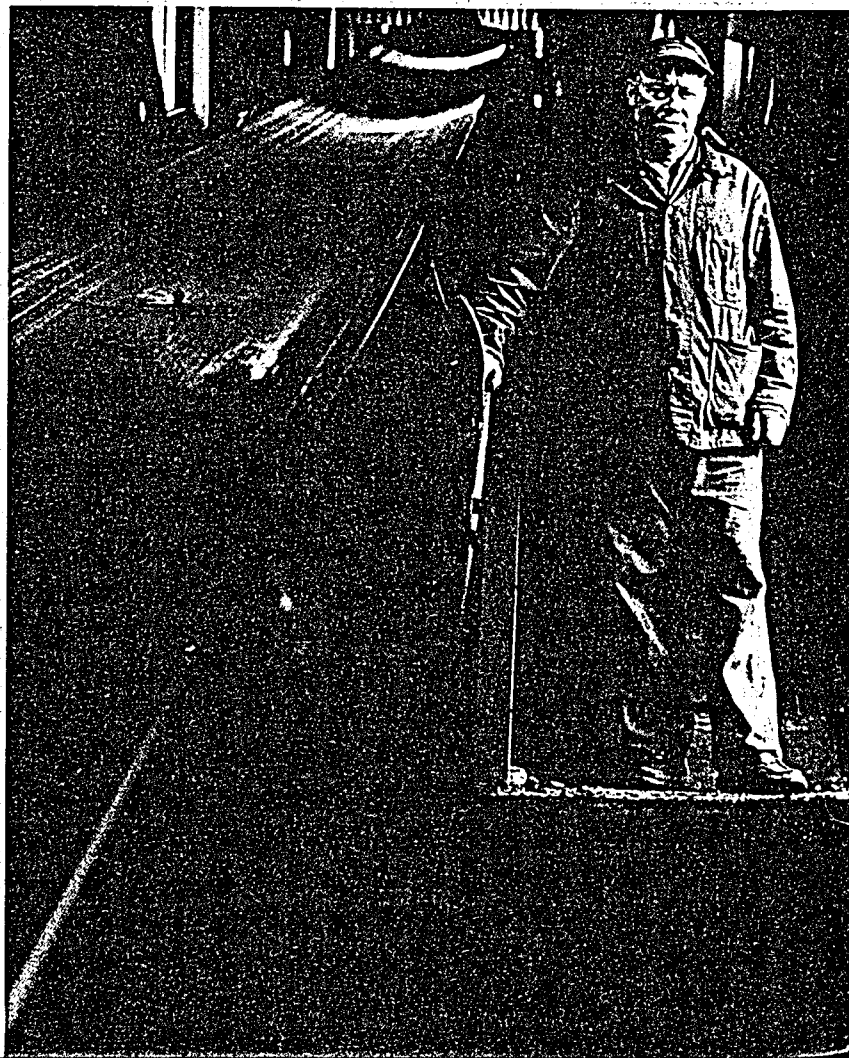


... something inside you clicks,  
as if your mind has become a shutter.  
See that scene over there? Frame it,  
Bracket, one up, one down, maybe two,  
could even be too much contrast, where's  
my filter? Maybe I just appreciate  
preserving a mood, recording feeling  
on film. . .

Gary Gross  
senior, electrical engineering  
Notre Dame



## Gallery







DECEMBER 5, 1975

# Preambulations & Pitfalls:

## A Plumbing of the Senior Bar

by Paul Starkey

Wednesday night finds a great many seniors and "guests" congregating in an old two-story brick house just south of the football stadium. Although the sign above the front entrance says "Alumni-Senior Club," most people call it the Senior Bar. Several hundred people pack the house and sometimes overflow onto the surrounding grounds. From open windows streams an excited drone of loud music and talking. People flow in and out of the house. A small queue forms at the door as bouncers check for proper I.D.'s.

Inside, the constant "excuse me" of people squeezing to and from the bar is heard above the noise of the large crowd. Mounted in one corner, a color RCA television blinks silently. Drinks and dollars exchange over the bar and beers float mysteriously through the crowd which extends to the other rooms and up the stairs. Music pounds from stereo speakers and fills the large dance room where patrons continue to "bump" into one another. In an adjoining room, small groups of people stand around a long I-shaped bar and talk.

Upstairs, one brightly lit room is full with people shooting pool, jostling pinball machines or just watching others play. Across the hall in the "wine room," couples sit at tables or on couches and enjoy a comfortable atmosphere of soft candlelight. The "upper room" serves carafes of wine and higher quality beer.

In short, the Senior Bar offers "something for everyone." The Club enjoys great popularity and has met with a lot of support. It seems that the success of the Senior Bar as a "Club" comes from the fact that it has developed gradually over a period of several years.

The first Senior Bars were merely places off campus where seniors came together on a regular basis. Each new senior class decided on a location and negotiated with the local bar owners concerning the use

of facilities; usually, the senior class enjoyed a small share of the club's profits. With the idea of taking all the profits and turning that money back into the senior class, the Class of '67 became the first class to obtain a private club license. To meet requirements for the license, the class agreed to restrictions set by the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board: No underage drinking, specifically "ladies under twenty-one"; no dancing; "and all persons must be seated while drinking." The new Senior Bar promised "to cater to couples as well as individuals." Now with a legal spirit, the Senior Bar sorely lacked a body to reside in. The problem of location remained unresolved until January of 1969.

In the fall of '68, the senior class established its "Club '69" in the lower level of The Flamingo, then a restaurant-bar in South Bend. The senior class, under the direction of class president Dave Witt, had sought the establishment of an on-campus bar. The available McNamara House, the old two-story house south of the football stadium, had served just recently as the home of the Faculty Club. To Witt, it seemed "an ideal Senior Bar." The Class of '69 approached the Administration with the idea of establishing an on-campus bar in the McNamara House, but, according to Witt, such reports fell on deaf ears. The class then returned to the idea of establishing the Club at The Flamingo, which offered the advantage of adequate physical space, proximity to campus and favorable financial arrangements.

Club '69 operated under the management of Witt and class vice-president and club director Gordon Beeler. Open from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. daily, the club offered a regular menu of drinks and dinners. Interestingly, patrons who had purchased ten-dollar shares of "stock" in the "Class of '69, Inc." were entitled to certain privileges which included happy

hours every afternoon. At the fall opening of the club, Witt promised: "Club '69 will be something every senior and his favorite girl can both enjoy and be proud of."

Hardly a week had passed, however, before the club started to experience trouble. Loiterers outside the bar were harassing club members to such an extent that the managers decided to have a policeman stationed nearby for the protection of patrons. Problems with outsiders increased and, in late October, grew serious with an incident one Saturday night that involved "at least one confrontation with knife-wielding youths." The Saturday night violence led to the student managers' immediate decision to close down the club operations at The Flamingo and to seek a new location.

The problem of relocation resolved itself in January of 1969. With the blessing of the University, the Notre Dame Alumni Association established the "Alumni Club" on the McNamara premises and extended membership and club privileges to "legal" seniors. The move by the Alumni Association to include seniors was a practical decision: the Alumni Association held the club license and nominal responsibility, while the senior class managers handled the day-to-day operations of the club. With a capacity for several hundred persons and an on-campus location, thus negating the need for protection, the McNamara House indeed proved, as Witt had suggested earlier, ideal as a club.

Happily, the "Alumni Club" opened its doors on January 16, 1969, just "in time for finals." (Remember that in those days, fall term final examinations were scheduled after the Christmas break.) Class president Witt told *The Observer*: "Seniors are going to need more than moral support to get them through first semester finals. The Alumni Club will provide that support." And it probably did. Monday through

Saturday, the club was open for business from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. Daily happy hours lasted from four to five in the afternoon. In addition to the complete bar, the club served sandwiches.

The house had recently been remodeled, and the senior class invested some \$3,200 of class funds for other improvements. The first floor was divided into three sections: a bar area, a room for playing billiards and "a date room" with a fireplace and an area for dancing. A newly-added sound system provided music throughout the bar. The second floor held another large room for couples, a card-playing room and a color television set.

The Alumni Club must have enjoyed a successful first year because an April referendum by the incoming Senior Class of '70 voted overwhelmingly in favor of keeping the McNamara House as the location of the Senior Bar. The rejected proposal had been an effort to move the bar off campus again. Apparently, the owner of Louie's had discussed the possibility of building "an extension" for a Senior Bar in exchange for a five-year contract. In the campaigns for class office that semester, both presidential candidates pointed to the "protection" problems related to off-campus bars and echoed the class' desire to keep the present location. At last, it seemed, the Senior Bar had found a home.

In May, then, the Alumni Club changed hands. With some \$3,200, the Class of '70 purchased the "operational rights" from the graduating senior class. Summer remodeling created what one senior called "a classy place," but required another investment of \$1,400. In order to meet the demands of the debt, the price of membership increased to \$7 per year, a fact that served as a source of complaint from not a few patrons. Nonetheless, the Alumni Club enjoyed another successful year. Many factors entered into the success of the club, particularly the low prices of drinks, the nightclub atmosphere and the improved male/female ratio. Class president Jack Crawford noting the ratio, estimated some nights to be 250 men to 100

women, as "the best to be found anywhere" on campus.

Curiously, *The Observer* of May 1, 1970, noted that the senior class, in the euphoria of graduation celebrations, even considered employing playboy bunnies at the senior club. Although the class at large was divided on the issue, the majority of the club patrons approved and, contingent upon available finances, a Monday was designated as "bunny day." Unfortunately, subsequent issues of *The Observer* failed to mention the appearance of "bunnies" at the Club. Thus, for the moment, the "bunny" question goes unanswered.

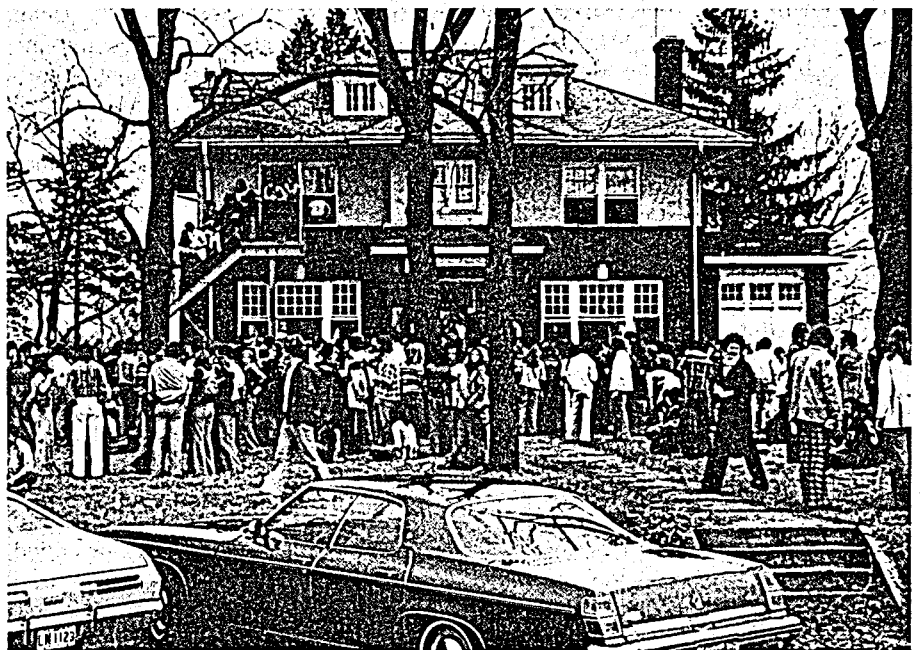
After another summer of "extensive renovations," which included the creation of a black-light room, the Alumni Club, now operated by the Class of '71, opened for another year of business. And so it continued. For a few years, the history of the Senior Bar became the story of the *status quo*. New seasons brought new faces, but things remained very much unchanged—until 1974.

In the spring of 1974, no effort was made to find a new manager for the Senior Bar. Increasingly, the Alumni Club had lost much support from the Alumni Association. Originally founded as a meeting place for students, faculty and alumni, the Alumni Club had evolved into a

largely student-run operation. In short, the Alumni Club had become the Senior Bar. Fr. Dave Schlaver, then Director of Student Activities, noted that a shift in emphasis was a major reason for the Alumni Association's negative attitude toward the club. With the removal of Alumni support and the plans to abandon the McNamara House, the roof fell in on all hopes for a "Club '75."

In an effort to pick up the pieces, the Senior Class of '75, led by class president Gregg Erickson, met with members of the Alumni Association over the summer months and discussed the possibility of keeping the McNamara House open as a senior club. Also, seniors approached the Office of Student Affairs (OSA) and asked for University support in re-establishing the club. Naturally cautious, the OSA kept from taking any definite action and cited problems with legal implications, insurance, the transfer of the license and the bar's need for a new image.

During the last weekend of September, the Alumni Board met on campus and discussed, among other things, the fate of the Senior Bar. In a unanimous opinion, the Board urged the re-establishment of the Senior Bar as the renovated Senior Club. The Office of Student Affairs accepted the Alumni proposal, as-



sumed control of the Senior Club and began a search for managers.

By mid-October, the Office of Student Affairs had chosen William "Butch" Smith as manager, Jim Sweedyk as assistant manager, and Jim Shanahan as business manager. An "operating committee" made up of student managers and members of the OSA was created to set Club policy. OSA members were Dr. Robert Ackerman, then Director of Student Affairs, Dean of Students John Macheca and Fr. Terry Lally, Vice-President for Student Affairs. The OSA, largely concerned with the new image of the Senior Bar as a club, left much of the physical management of the club in student hands, but sought to "have an influence in the direction of the club."

Renovation and "red tape in the change of the license" further delayed the opening of the club. Student Body Vice President Bob Spann and senior Ray Capp headed the renovation project. With \$1,500 from the savings of the '74 bar and a lot of volunteer work—some 2,000 man-hours—the Senior Bar received a new look. New flooring, carpeting upstairs, painting, wall-paneling, a lowered ceiling and a new music system, among other renovations, greatly changed the Bar's former image of "cracked walls, beer-stained floors." In addition to the bar, the first floor rooms housed a pool table, pinball and other game machines, and a small area for dancing. Two more rooms were "up the stairs." The "tavern," unlike the "stand-up bar" downstairs, had tables and chairs. In a quieter atmosphere, the upstairs bar served wine and cheese, dark beer and malt liquor. The "coffeehouse," the room across the hall, offered a still different type of place. At one end of the room, a small platform and mural background created a stage for local talent. Patrons seated themselves on the carpeted floor or used one of the large seat-pillows found in the room.

Despite the delayed start, the grand opening of the newly named "Alumni-Senior Club" in mid-November met with success. The headline of an article in *The Observer* of November 15, 1974, suggests some of the implications of the campus bar's initial success: "Senior Club Opening Causes Slump at Local South Bend Bars." The resurrection

of the club, the new fixtures, the "nightclub atmosphere," and the specials on drinks all must have contributed to the club's early success. Owners of nearby bars in South Bend, particularly Nickie's, Corby's and the recently established Library, acknowledged some loss of business, but expressed no fears that the Senior Bar would have "bad effects" on their business. Also, owners discounted rumors of a local bar boycott of beer and vending machine distributors that serviced the Senior Bar.

In the light of this initial success, something rather unexpected happened. Within two weeks of the Club's opening date, club manager Butch Smith was fired. Sweedyk and Shanahan moved into Smith's



position as "co-managers." Dean Macheca, offering little comment on the matter, termed Smith's sudden removal "a personnel thing." According to Fr. Lally, Smith's management of the Club had not been consistent with OSA philosophy. Lally further mentioned a lack of communication, "not getting solid answers" from Smith. Finally, Lally referred to a list of complaints. Apparently, several problems, including underage drinking, overly large crowds, damages and poor upkeep of the Club, led to the Administration's decision. For many, Smith's removal seemed too sudden. Smith protested the OSA decision. While Smith acknowledged disagreements between himself and the Office of Student Affairs over Club "policy," he felt "misled into

believing I was doing a good job." Nevertheless, the issue was moot.

Under the co-management system, notably the leadership of Shanahan as general manager, the Club experienced no further problems and enjoyed a good year. Five days before the end of spring semester, a new manager was chosen and the control of the Alumni-Senior Club moved into the hands of the Class of '76.

Better organization marks this year's Senior Club as different from those of the past. Gil Johnson, an accountancy major from New Jersey, serves as the Club's general manager. Gil oversees the total operation of the Club, keeps the books, and takes ultimate responsibility for the Club's successes or failures. Two assistant managers help out with the general operation of the Club and each one heads a special "department." Maureen Creighton, in finance, serves as Club manager. Steve Infalt, an accountancy major, manages the "bar aspect" of the Club. Also, this year marks a change in the Club's relationship with the OSA. The "operating committee" is no longer in existence, and Club managers meet with a faculty advisor, assistant professor of accountancy Kenneth W. Milani, and Fr. Terry Lally, who continues to act as liaison to the University.

Professor Milani discussed the change in the new club: "We attacked it from an organizational level." Milani noted that there was "not much of a transition" for Gil as Club manager. Milani admitted some initial problems with the Club organization, but added, "Things pretty well pulled together." Jim Shanahan, Milani stated, did "a fantastic job" of managing the Bar last year. Jim made numerous improvements in the Club, and importantly, left a report on the Bar's status which suggested several improvements and served as guidelines for this year's operation of the Club. Milani stressed the importance of "control in the operation" and the need for "consistent" policies. Such policies would cover "full job descriptions, salaries," and the question of what to do with "excess earnings." Milani described the importance of the Senior Bar as a service "not only for the students who are patrons," but as "manage-



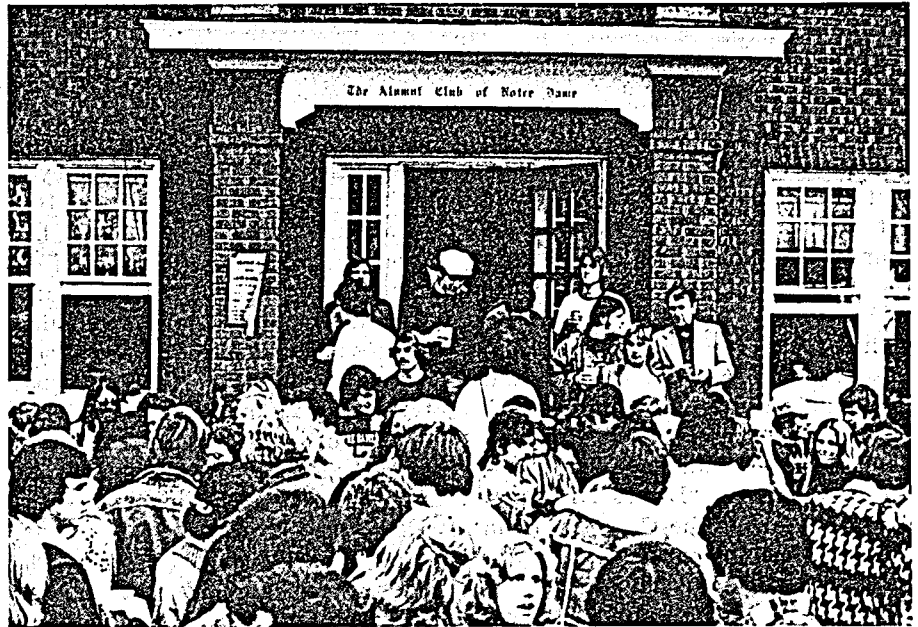
ment experience" and a source of student income "at a high-cost University" for the Senior Club staff.

As general manager of the Senior Bar, Gil takes ultimate responsibility for the Club and concerns himself with the total operation. Gil outlined the general goals as keeping tighter control of operations, especially the books, promoting the atmosphere of a club and maintaining "a good understanding" with the University.

On the subject of the books, Gil noted that prior to the Shanan administration, bar managers had failed to keep any records of transactions. Gil's brief experience as general manager has convinced him of the "need to keep accurate books." He mentioned that itemized statements of account from the University have shown discrepancies and, in some cases, the Club may have been paying for goods not ordered. There is difficulty in keeping accurate accounts, "especially because we try to account for every penny." Recalling his late appointment as manager in May and subsequent "on the spot" training, Gil talked of plans to give future managers "better preparation through earlier appointments and a training program" before the end of spring term.

Gil projected an optimistic outlook for the Club's finances. At present, the Club is "operating in the red," but he predicted a substantial profit by May. The size of the Club's debt came as an unhappy surprise to the managers, he reported. Although they had been warned by last year's managers that the Club had incurred a \$2,000 debt, University accounts revealed the true amount of the debt, collecting over a period of years, to be some \$8,000. With a good fall semester, which Gil attributed to the income from \$6.00 membership fees and large football crowds, the debt is slowly being paid off. Indicative of the Club's success are the figures for September which show \$4,000 cleared. "We're pulling more money in this year," Gil reported, but he expressed a cautious optimism because the Club expects a less profitable spring semester. In order to keep business at the Bar, the Club will offer "a lot more 'specials' during the coming term."

Discussing some of the overhead



costs involved, Gil specifically noted the "upkeep of fixtures" and salaries. One unforeseen expenditure this year, he pointed out, was the addition of a \$3,000 fire escape. Required by the fire marshal, the Club either had to pay for the ladder or close down operations. Going to the Administration with the argument that the University should pay for major physical improvements made on its property, Gil was told that the Senior Club, in exchange for free rent, was responsible for such improvements. Other expenditures for fixtures came earlier in the year with plumbing problems in the basement and damages by patrons to the house.

In reference to damage done to the Club, he sought to downplay the reports of recent *Observer* articles which catalogue some \$200 worth of theft and damage to the Bar, including the \$75 loss of a stolen stereo speaker. "There is no real problem," he insisted. "Usually the damage is 'unintentional.'" Johnson pointed to the influx of visitors during the football weekends and the larger crowds that "can create a problem."

Salaries are another important cost of club operations. The Bar provides another source of student jobs. "We're paying the salaries of three managers and 25 staff members." The costs add up to the point where "if it is a slow night, you lose just on salaries."

Gil expressed general satisfaction with this year's Senior Club. The "heavy attendance, especially on

Wednesday nights when it's wall-to-wall people" suggests to him that people are happy with the Club's management. He also pointed to the Senior Bar's popularity because of low prices and the attempt to maintain "a comfortable club atmosphere." He sees no problem with crowd behavior or underage drinking: "We run it pretty tight." Finally, he commented on the particular "closeness" of the Senior Class and its positive effects on the Club. The Bar is a "social thing. It's a good crowd. Nobody gets out of hand." Gil senses an attitude of pride in the Club. "It's their place."

Club Manager Maureen Creighton shares Gil's satisfaction with the Club and notes that it "surpassed anything I thought we could do." Maureen, with the distinction of being the first woman to have a manager's role in the Senior Bar, describes her job as "establishing the philosophy of the Club" and defining the direction of the Club's appeal. According to Maureen the Club should not try to appeal to those people "looking for a cheap drunk, but to the men and women of the Senior class that are interested in a Club. Physical renovations aren't enough," she stated. A real need exists "to develop new attitudes about drinking and about bars." Interestingly, a recent study by the National Clearinghouse on Alcohol Information, "The Whole College Catalogue on Drinking: A Guide to Alcohol Projects on Campus," cites the Senior Club as part of a program that minimizes the

"negative effects" of alcohol consumption.

Maureen stressed the social aspect of the Club, "a place to meet a friend, a place where you could bring a date," pointing to the fact that the Senior class is "so spread out in dorms and off campus" the chances to meet with friends are few. The Club serves as "a nice place to be," where people can come together. With the male/female ratio close to 60/40, Maureen feels that the Club creates a "comfortable" social atmosphere. "Senior women like the Club." Maureen noted the recent success of a "Ladies Night" at the Club. About the Class of '76 in general, she remarked: "They're good people and they make the bar a good time. People are loyal, and that promotes the idea of a Club."

Discussing the role of the managers, Maureen described the relationship between this year's staff and the Office of Student Affairs. Being a manager provides "a great opportunity to learn small business management." The Club operation is run totally by the managers and staff. "They [the Office of Student Affairs] keep their hands out of the bar." Maureen added, a great deal of "trust is involved." Fr. Lally gives the Club "a lot of latitude and we don't want to betray that trust."

The other assistant manager, Steve Infalt, also an accountancy major, stayed in the McNamara house during summer months and made preparations for the Club's early opening in September. Steve continues to live in the house for insurance purposes and finds his quarters "the greatest." As Bar Manager, he handles all the ordering of beer and liquor for the Club and accepts deliveries from the distributors. When asked to describe his job, he shrugged his shoulders: "It's the whole aspect of running the bar." Working directly with the wholesale distributors, Steve reports that the service is generally good and the Club has experienced no major problems. He noted, however, that there is a certain "pressure" from distributors to sell their product. Steve, also happy with the Club, remarked, "This is definitely the best year the Club has been open in the aspect of running the bar and the aspect of people just having a good

time." He gave a lot of credit to the staff. "The bartenders," he said, "make the bar go. They're the ones that meet the people."

Indeed, conversations with several of the bartenders provide yet another view of the Senior Bar operation. As Bill Kelly noted, between pouring beers, "It's a different view from this side of the bar." Bill said that he enjoyed watching people's reactions, especially on football weekends. "You get two types of customers," he explained. Some patrons demand service and "will bang their cups on the bar," but the majority of customers are "pretty respectful."

Pat Miskell describes his working relationship with the bar as "barkeep, record-spinner, and regular customer." He expressed the feelings shared by many of the bartenders that the "chance to see a lot of people" makes the job "really enjoyable." Pat finds the Bar a "nice study in human relations," remarking that "low pressure" makes the job seem "not like work, just a good time."

Tim Zelko, too, finds the job "a lot of fun." People "appreciate the Club. It's supposed to be a big party." Tim mentioned "music" as the only real complaint he ever gets from customers. Pat described the music, usually Top Forty singles, as "bopper stuff." "All the patrons want is Sixties—Beach Boys!" comments Tom Monaghan. Tom, "specializing" at the liquor bar, observes that "girls more than guys" order mixed drinks from the bar. He notes, too, that most customers "are there for beer," but liquor consumption increases when people want to "warm up" on colder days. Jim Wilson, also at the liquor bar, sees no problems with the Bar, but dislikes "people complaining about how I mix the drinks."

Chip Turner, who has played more than a minor role in the Club's success this year, emphasized the importance of certain physical renovations, especially the dance floor. "The whole place was switched around" to make room for a larger dance floor, which Turner feels helps make the Club more of a social "success." Serving from the bar, Chip finds most people "pretty nice" and "having a good time."

For the "bouncers," the guys that check I.D.'s at the door, the story is somewhat different. The problem, explains Rich Johnson, is that "some people view the place as a bar instead of a club. They forget there is a privilege involved here." Rich pointed to football weekends as "particularly bad with a lot of hassles from visitors." He feels that it is necessary to promote the image of the club "not as a cheap drunk, but an inexpensive good time."

Mike Welch observes that people "take it as a personal affront" when he asks for identification. A lot of people become "indignant," and Mike wryly adds, "especially the undergrads." Like Rich, he complains of the football crowds. Some visitors, "coming to the campus once or twice a year," pose particular problems because they view the Club as "just another bar." Mike reports problems with people getting angry, "insulted at being carded, others getting obnoxiously drunk, and some shoving." On a lighter note, Mike says that he enjoys the job because it gives him "a chance to see a lot of chicks."

A lot of people have contributed time and effort to make the Senior Bar "a good thing," not least among them, senior class president Augie Grace. In 1974, at the request of Ray Capp, renovations chairman, who wanted "junior involvement in the re-establishment of the Senior Bar," Augie and some 25 other juniors assisted the Class of '75 with renovation of the Club. Prior to the improvements, Augie stated, the Club "was a bunch of walls." The physical improvements greatly helped the Senior Bar to change its "image."

This year, Augie sees the Club as "the center of everything that happens for the Senior Class." He estimates that 75% of the class comes to the Club at one time or another. Noting that there is "something special" about the Class of '76, he suggests that the challenges of four years, one of the most notable of these being four years of coeducation, have brought the class together. The Senior Bar is a club for Seniors, and Augie feels people take a lot of pride in being a member: "Everybody knows that Wednesday night is Senior Bar night."

## Christmas at Woolworth's, the Poor Man's Tiffany's

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

*Robert Griffin, C.S.C., is officially known as the University Chaplain. In reality, he is the friend and confidante of much of the university community, companion of Darby "We-Never-Said-We-Didn't-Love-You" O'Gill and a much-loved, not to say vital member of the University.*

As a matriarch of the Protestant faith in our family, my grandmother had a horror of graven images that depicted the members of the heavenly court. She didn't mind our having a bust of Longfellow, the city's poet, on the family piano. She would have considered the public squares of our New England town to be quite empty without their war monuments clustering minutemen and doughboys and the soldiers in blue of Mr. Lincoln's army as the figures at a bivouac of glory, while a stone goddess representing A Grateful Country watched them in a toga draping the Stars and Stripes Forever on her shoulders. My grandmother even encouraged our grade school to buy a statue of the Father of His Country to fill a niche on the opposite side of the stage in the school auditorium from the niche filled by Nathan Clifford, the local lover of children for whom the school was named. She even wrote the school board telling them that they should give money for buying General Washington's statue.

But religious statues of Mary and Joseph, and of Jesus, especially as He is depicted under the title of the Sacred Heart, filled her with horror. If my sister and I were shopping

with her at Grant's or Woolworth's and we passed the counter where such statues were sold, she would grab us by the hand. She would command us: "Children, shut your eyes." She would guide us past those counters like a pre-Vatican II pastor leading his nuns past a pornography shop.

Later, when we would ask her why, she would quote us the commandment from the Decalogue in Exodus: "You shall not make yourself a carved image or any likeness of anything in heaven or on earth beneath or in the waters under the earth; you shall not bow down to them or serve them."

My sister and I never felt the temptation to disobey God through the worship of graven images. Most of the graven images I had seen were pretty ugly anyway. We knew what Jesus looked like from the pictures in our Bible and from the paintings hanging on the walls of the Sunday school, and that was enough. I was much more intrigued by the crucifixes and scapulars that the Catholic children wore than I was by graven images. Once I found a rosary in the park. It was black, and I decided it must have been left there by a nun. It was certainly too ugly to wear, though I didn't know what other uses that beads could have. The crucifix on that rosary absolutely fascinated me. The whole notion of a man being nailed to a cross haunted my mind so that, again and again, I had to ask the Catholic children what it meant. They said it was God who was nailed to the cross; it was God

who had nails in His hands and feet. I knew a great deal about the death of Jesus, though I thought of Him more as the Lord than as God. Seeing Him nailed on a cross was different from reading about it, or hearing about it in hymns. I was used to seeing the cross on the communion table in our church, though we never had one in our home; but the church cross was an empty cross with a lily in the center. I think that the Catholic cross with its figure of a dead or dying Christ (you really couldn't tell what that immobile figure was doing) told me more about the details of the redemption than all the Good Friday sermons I was ever to hear.

Whether the figure of the crucified savior qualified as a graven image, nobody in my family ever said. When I showed the rosary to my father and mother, they merely said, "That's Catholic." They took it, and I assumed they would give it back to Catholics. But they couldn't give back the impression that a crucifix had made on a child's mind or the emotions it had stirred in his heart. Looking back now, I don't think they would really have wanted to.

I guess it was the curiosity of wanting to see again an image of the Catholic and crucified God that led me to visit the Catholic church one day when I was with my sister on the way home from school. It was December, in the late afternoon, and the outside door of St. Joseph's Church was open. I said to my sister, "Let's go in."

She was really hesitant, and more

than a little frightened. "I don't think we're supposed to," she said. I didn't think we were supposed to either; but for weeks I had been thinking of God nailed to a cross, with a crown of thorns on His head. I had to look at Him again, though I wasn't sure we wouldn't be arrested for trespassing.

"Come on," I said, and I dragged her after me into an empty church.

Inside the church, it was very dark, but there was light coming in through the blue glass of the windows. There were candles burning in little red cups, and there was a smell of incense hanging in the air. I didn't know it was incense, of course; it just seemed like a Catholic church smell. It would always be a Catholic church smell for me, even in later years when I knew about rituals like Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the incense that was offered to the Host of the monstrance.

We walked down the middle aisle of the church to the Communion rail. There, above the altar, was the God with nails in His flesh. The image was carved out of a rich, brown wood, and there was a halo of gold about the Lord's head that contradicted the shame of the metallic thorns.

I think I knew then that the Catholic God with wounds and blood that stained the wood would always be more real to me than the Friend we had in Jesus who lived in sunshine at the Protestant Sunday School. My mood of wonder was a child's mood, not a mystic's, but I must have stood there for five minutes watching that crucifix to see if it would move. Finally, I realized my sister was trying to move me away.

"Come on over here," she said, "and see them."

She led me to a side chapel that she must have been exploring.

"Look," she said, and she was smiling with happiness. The scene that delighted her was the camels and shepherds, the Magi and sheep on their knees before a baby laid on straw, while his father and mother watched him with adoring glances. It was probably the first time either of us had ever seen the Holy Family together in a pose like that, in a presentation much more real than the printed pictures on a Christmas card. The Christmas

Crèche was not part of our religious tradition. The public schools never had crèches. The public schools celebrated Christmas with decorated trees and paper bells and thin, blue little books of Christmas carols printed by the John Hancock Insurance Company. Department stores and the civic community may have used nativity scenes as part of their holiday observance, but my sister and I had either never seen them or never paid attention to them, though the latter doesn't seem likely. Later on, we would participate in those church pageants where youngsters like us would present living tableaux of the scenes at Bethlehem. But whatever our earlier or later experience was or would be, the manger in St. Joseph's



Rev. Robert Griffin

Church seemed to us in our innocence like a window freshly opened onto the wonders belonging to the birthday of Christ. Everything that the Gospel speaks of seemed to be represented in that side chapel, and there were other show-stoppers as well. There was a little lame shepherd boy, for example, walking on a crutch; in those days, he belonged more to the pages of Henry Van Dyke than he did to the Gospel of Luke or the *Amahl* of the Menotti opera; but no matter where he came from, he was there rejoicing. It seems to me now that the Little Drummer Boy was there, though he was many years away from becoming part of the Christmas legend; I am sure that some child was there with drums. After many,

many years, one imagines too much, but I surely remember that the Grinch and the red-nosed Rudolph and Ebenezer Scrooge were there on their knees, offering gifts to the Christmas Child.

I know, in that week before Christmas, the Magi were there as handsome ceramic figures. There was a night sky filled with stars, and the brightest star of all was blessing the Infant with its light. There were angels everywhere, some of them in places where they hadn't ought to be, with one little cherub hiding under the manger bed. Best of all, of course, there was the Baby Jesus looking like everybody's favorite infant. I don't know why He was placed in the manger so much in advance of His birthday; but perhaps the school sisters had been celebrating with the children before everyone left school for the holidays. Anyway, Jesus was there as a laughing baby boy, and my sister was sighing at Him as though, playing the mother role as little girls do with their dolls, she wanted to pick Him up and hold Him.

The whole chapel scene was designed to breathe a reverence and a belief into the heart of a child. The oxen and the sheep and the shepherds looked exactly as impressed and devout as they ought to have looked in that timeless scene when the King of heaven meets the Magian kings of earth. The snow on the ground outside the stable looked as white as snow would hope to look if it had just fallen in honor of God.

As my sister and I walked home from the church to listen to Tom Mix on the radio, we agreed we should not mention to our parents that we had visited Catholic premises. Visiting Catholic churches was something that we, as Protestant children, were not supposed to do. As Republican children, we were not supposed to speak well of President Roosevelt, either, though no one had ever said we mustn't. But our parents never spoke well of Mr. Roosevelt, although my mother liked him better than my father did; and as Protestant and Republican children, we could figure out where our duties lay.

In the next few days, I might have forgotten that Nativity scene entirely, if my sister hadn't kept



reminding me of it. "Remember that littlest lamb," she would say, "I think he was happiest of them all." I couldn't remember the littlest lamb, but I would answer, "He wouldn't have been happier than me, if I had been there."

"But you were there," she said. Tricks of the imagination were never a problem for my sister.

On Saturday, my grandmother took us to Woolworth's to do our Christmas shopping. In order to keep our selection of gifts secret, we were allowed to wander by ourselves around the store, each trying to avoid the other, picking out presents. At the end of the hour we were to meet; if we had finished our shopping, we would go to visit Santa Claus in his department store toyland.

That is why neither my grandmother nor I knew what my sister had bought until that evening when my grandmother was helping each child with his or her gift wrapping. I remember that my father and I were listening to Easy Aces on the radio when my grandmother came into the room clutching a paper bag. My sister, in tears, was behind her.

"Jerry," my grandmother said, "turn off that radio. I've got something to show you." Then, opening the shopping bag, my grandmother said: "Look at what Barbara has bought." There on a coffee table, like a salesman presenting his wares, she laid out the items of my sister's shopping: one garishly painted, plaster of Paris statue of Mary, whose golden halo had run its color into her face; one very brown statue of St. Joseph, whose golden halo had run into the brown of his beard; one very baby Jesus, whose golden halo had halfway melted on His curls; one small wooden rack that served as a manger to the Child; two rather sickly sheep, that looked as though they had lost their way through the valley; and a shepherd bearing a lamb on his back as though it were a hump growing out of his shoulder.

My grandmother's comment was: "Catholic junk. Ugly, Catholic junk."

My father said to my sister: "Isn't it really very awful? Do you really think that Christmas looks like that?"

"It's all that I had the money

for," my sister said. "Anyway, the baby Jesus could never be ugly. His father and mother wouldn't let Him be." She started to cry again. "I wish you wouldn't say the baby Jesus is ugly, Daddy. Maybe he just isn't comfortable. But please don't say He's ugly, Daddy."

I thought of the crucifix showing God with nails in His hands. "God can't be very comfortable like that," I said to myself. "At least a baby Jesus doesn't have holes in His hands."

My grandmother said: "Barbara dear, the Lord doesn't want us making statues of Him. The Lord hates it when we make statues of Him. Statues are like graven images and God said graven images are an abomination unto Him. Catholics need graven images to worship God with, and they are displeasing to their Father who will not be worshiped under the form of corruptible things. We have Jesus in our hearts, and we give Him a name that is above every name, and when we see Him we will be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And He is not like this . . . this is *junk!*"

My sister said: "Please, Daddy . . . if He had a little straw to sleep on, and we could get some camels and snow, and a roof for His head, maybe we could make Him comfortable and beautiful and looking like He was in church."

My father said: "Your grandmother is right. This is the worst kind of religious junk, and I don't want my children thinking that the Son of God looks like any goddamn dime-store Jesus."

You couldn't argue with my father when he was in a mood like that. My weeping sister was led off by my iconoclastic grandmother, smashing down images with her tongue in echoes from Holy Writ. At my father's direction, I gathered Mary, Joseph and the young 'un into the shopping bag, and left them in his room. I wondered if he would give them to the same Catholics he had given the rosary to, and whether my father minded if Catholic kids thought the Son of God looked like a goddamn dime-store Jesus.

Three days later, it was Christmas. I was ready to celebrate, but my sister wasn't. She was moping around the house like a grieving fawn. None of us could get a smile

out of her, nor would she sing a Christmas carol, and she seemed to have lost all interest in gifts. On Christmas Eve, we all helped decorate the tree, and she rather listlessly hung tinsel on the evergreen branches. She had always been known as the best tinsel hanger in the family; but that year, I had to go around straightening out every one of her tangled strands.

We didn't see the tree again until Christmas morning. At five o'clock, I awoke the family; and in the early morning darkness, we went into the living room where Santa's gifts were waiting. There, under the lights of the Christmas tree, beneath a snow-covered roof thatched with evergreen, were the most exquisitely carved Bethlehem figures I have ever seen. Mary was there as virgin and mother, looking Catholic and Protestant and Jewish, all at the same time, the universal mother of earth. Joseph was there as the young patriarch piously watching, standing at attention as though he were guarding jewels. At the center of it all was the Lord Jesus, and the woodwork of the oxes' stall seemed to form a cross toward which His little hands were reaching.

My grandmother didn't come to visit us that Christmas, but she heard of my sister's happiness on that blessed day. My grandmother wept, my mother said, when she heard how my sister wept at the Christmas manger. My sister was a delicate child, and we all knew my grandmother loved her very much.

The next day when we went to my grandmother's house, we found the Woolworth Jesus, Mary and Joseph under her Christmas tree. But she had taken each figure and had most carefully repainted it so that there were no dripping haloes and no garish colors; but even she, in her love for her granddaughter, couldn't entirely redeem the dime-store ugliness. I thought to myself: there is a look on His face as though He were already feeling the nails in His hands.

My grandmother said, as if to explain her compromise of the directives of Scripture: "Christmas is a blessing that should bring us together." I think her words were intended to include the Catholics.

Merry Christmas from Darby O'Gill and me.

## Tantalizing Tales from Tiny Tim

by Mary Reher

Mary Reher is a junior American Studies major from Downers Grove, Illinois.

Picture the ruddy glow of air warming a Christmas fire flaming in the hearth. Chestnuts on the fire sputtering and cracking noisily. Puddings steaming of warmth, not of chill. Such is the picture Charles Dickens gives in his new work, *A Christmas Carol*.

Who is this Charles Dickens to speak of Christmas? He could never be more mistaken than to believe Christmas means nothing but joyous times—singing carols to red-faced, cheery lamplighters in snowy cobblestone streets. Although such an illusion of Christmas may be comforting and delightful, Christmas is not a holiday to relax and chat with old-time friends, sipping flaming brandy and devouring goose. Christmas is not, contrary to his belief, a God-Bless-Us-Everyone time.

Surely Dickens, at one time or another, must have wasted a 54-hour day shopping for a nonexistent gift, while being crowd-carted down State Street in Chicago the day after Thanksgiving. Jockeying around the bargain counter, bucking crowds to snatch the best buy in striped hot water bottles for grandma never fails to draw out the Yuletide spirit in people. This is Christmas!

Scrooge misses this completely—he never learns the skill of shopping in mobs to grab the ideal gift for some obscure relative. He does not realize that every December people's friendly handshakes move up the arm to elbow-jabs and shoulder-blocks, which somehow prove more effective in cutting through waiting lines. To Scrooge, Christmas shopping entails no more than casually calling out the window to a passing neighbor boy to buy the fleshiest turkey at the market and charge it to his account. Where is the challenge in that? (Of course, the store just happens to conveniently open at dawn on Christmas morning to garner some last-minute sales).

Scrooge might possibly master the true Christmas psyche, if the

Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future would just leave him alone. At the beginning of the story, Scrooge is a true success; a fine figure of a self-made man, not unlike our dear Ben Franklin, who built a thriving business through thrift and long hours of honest hard work. As Dickens observes, "Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! hard and sharp as flint," a levelheaded man of business. Scrooge was born with the makings of an aggressive Howard Hughes.

Not only is Scrooge aggressive, he also is a fine upstanding gentleman of respectable stock at the onset of the tale. Acting with culture, he substitutes a dilute six-letter "humbug" for more colorful four-letter curses, which I shall leave to your imagination. It seems that Scrooge's potential knows no bounds.

Then come the Spirits of Christmas. The three ghosts—Past, Present and Future—proceed to corrupt his standards overnight on Christmas Eve and warp his competitive spirit into a happy-go-lucky, everything-is-glorious, half-crazed fool. How else can you explain a man suddenly falling in love with his door knocker? "I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!" Strange . . . very strange.

Upon hearing the Christmas bells pealing to celebrate the birth of Christ, Scrooge goes berserk, jumping around the room and describing the chimes as "lusty." Or perhaps it is Dickens who is insane for imagining such a scene. In either case, it is obviously an eccentric reaction for an eccentric character created by an eccentric author; after all, how many people can sincerely find passion in a church chime on Christmas morning? *Quasi modo*, you say?

Suppose the spirits had never visited Scrooge. In all likelihood, he would never have shouted out the window to bewildered strangers be-

low in the street, "I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop!" Definitely not your James Bond breed.

Moving on to a distinctly different approach to *A Christmas Carol*, let us get down to symbolism, every English major's pet fetish.

Picture the fire, Picture the chestnuts. Picture the pudding. Picture Jerry Ford Scrooge pinching Bob Cratchit's pennies on the streets of New York City. Charles Dickens has actually created a political essay, commenting on the financial future of New York. So move over, Richard Brautigan; step aside, Kurt Vonnegut. Dickens has moved into satire, too. He has titled the story, *A Christmas Carol*, but it will undoubtedly be more popularly known and loved in the future as *Abe Beame's Swan Song*.

At the onset of the story, Jerry Ford Scrooge refuses to supplement the meager salary of Bob Cratchit, a struggling Manhattan businessman, to help allay the urban family's excessive debts. He suggests, however, that they fend for themselves as best as they can; Scrooge observes, "It's not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business and not to interfere with other people's . . . if they would rather die, they had better do it and decrease the surplus population."

However, in Dickens' tale, the entire crisis is resolved by the appearance of three ghosts, Christmas Past, Present and Future, who literally scare Scrooge into his senses so that he parts with a portion of his immense wealth to help the down-trodden Cratchits of New York. So, help is on the way after all, New York. Simply have patience and keep a watchful eye on the next December, for when the spirits step into the world, you will have no more worries.

In the meantime, Jerry F. Scrooge should listen with caution for "a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar."

# Week in Distortion

edited by J. Robert Baker

*The following excerpts are taken from the complaint book in the lobby of the library's second floor. Scholastic is indebted to Antonie L. Baker for permission to reprint these selections.*

Q. Why are there no Coke machines on the 14th floor? I get awfully thirsty when I study up there late at night after the library has closed down and all there is is Fr. Burtchaell's Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill. When do you intend to do something to correct this atrocious situation? And no milk machines either!!

A. 24 October.

You're complaining to the wrong people.

Q. Ahh! Arrgh! HELP! please respond.

A. ?

Q. Can you tell me if Connie Stevens was strangled?

A. No.

Q. Dear Mrs. Baker,

You never answered my question about the library's "no kegs" policy. This was not to be taken in jest. If I throw a party upon the 6th floor, keep it in between bookcases and have a guest list (no hard drugs or priests allowed), what then is the problem? Is this so unreasonable? As I have previously said, you too are invited.

A. 29 October.

I know what a disappointment this will be to you, but I'm afraid you have us mixed up with another "Library."

Q. Suggestions for the perennial problem of the 14th floor:

1. Remove it entirely from the building and use it as a roof to keep the rain off the reflecting pool. Thirteen floors are enough really.

2. Raffle off a key to it. Good way to make money.

3. Hold an open house sometime. When everyone sees that all there is up there is a lounge, kitchen and storage space, maybe the interest will die down.

4. Close it off entirely, change all the locks, disconnect the elevators,

glue the doors shut. (Fr. Burtchaell could help you.) Declare the entire University *persona non grata* on the 14th floor—including the President and Provost. Don't know what this would accomplish, but it makes as much sense as anything else, including the present closed-door policy.

5. Use it to throw weekly beer blasts for the dining-hall workers. They need a little fun too. But you'd better do SOMETHING!! Remember, when the revolution comes the 14th floor will be the first to go!! Another suggestion: Change the name of the 14th floor to the 15th floor. Hence no more 14th-floor problem. Absolutely brilliant!

Or: Eliminate one of the lower 13 floors, such as the sixth floor, which is another problem floor. That way the 14th floor becomes the 13th.

Or: Remove the 14th floor completely and relocate it on top of the Golden Dome. Why not? Burtchaell thinks he's God anyway....

A. 30 October.

What fascinating suggestions—with all sorts of possibilities.

Q. Why is there a God and why don't I know everything? (In 15 words or less please.)

A. \*\*\*See below.

Q. What is the meaning of Life? Also what were the principal causes of the Crimean War?

(Use both sides if necessary.)

A. \*\*\*See below.

Q. True or False—How many rooms does the library have? If so, why not?

A. \*\*\*Manifestation of midterm malaise seem to be surfacing. We sympathize.

Q. I cannot believe that a library of this "caliber" does not have a subscription to *Women's Wear Daily*, which, contrary to popular belief, is a business rather than a fashion magazine. Why not?

A. 17 October.

The University Libraries do not select serial titles for purchase. Please take your suggestion to an appropriate teaching department for their consideration.

Q. Why not a room somewhere in the library, quiet, and furnished with couches, where one could nap?

A. Aw, c'mon!

Comment. University of Chicago has the above for commuters, with attendants yet!

Q. Michigan State has the world's largest collection of comic books. Will the ND library ever catch up?

A. 12 September.

I sincerely doubt it.

Q. With so many people gathering at the 9 p.m. hour in the second-floor lobby, you should consider covering the floor with white sand and installing sun lamps so all time is not for naught.

A. 20 September.

A very intriguing proposition. In fact, it has all sorts of potential, not only for students, but for the library staff. A little piped-in sound of waves lapping on a beach to help drown out the talking, the sound of gulls screaming—oops! That's not gulls, that's the library administration screaming that it would be cheaper to physically carry the "people gathered" to La Fortune, where they claim the socializing belongs. Can't say it wasn't a good try though.

Q. What is the purpose of having a 14th floor when only certain elitist bourgeoisie are allowed to use it? Does this not imply some sort of acceptance of favoritism, discrimination of the proletariat, "all men are not created equal," and the like? Have you ever read *Animal Farm*? Get off your duffs. Rally against the domineering forms of bosses: Burtchaell and Hesburgh. What kind of a person would permit such an unacceptable social doctrine? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Love thy neighbor as thyself. What do you think Jesus would have to say about such a ridiculous situation? Or Buddha for that matter? Or even Dean Roemer? All men are created equal, but some men are more equal than others. Fascist pigs! Crucify them! Revolt!

A. 28 October.

Please refer to pages 15, 20, back of page 24 and p. 25.

# The Domers' Recess

by Bill Delaney

Notre Dame can be a very boring place at times. In order to combat the stream of tests, papers, lectures, labs and finals, there must be some form of relaxation available to the student.

Some go drinking in order to forget their problems, but the Library is a long, bitter walk on a cold winter night. Some party the weekend away, but the supply of money needed for that entertainment is quickly depleted. Others sleep, and say they enjoy resting.

A good number of people work out and play sports. Many cannot accept the fact that their high school athletic careers are over, and want to show their roommates that they can still throw like Namath, block like Simpson and shoot like Maravich. Others enjoy the mental relief provided by a long run or a strong swim. Racquetball claims quite a few of us, and some like to be alone with their thoughts on a long walk.

The track in the fieldhouse of the ACC is next to the hockey rink. It is an oval track, with six lanes extending around the hockey stands, by the long jump pit and near the football training room. Eight laps around the far length marks a mile run. On any afternoon, you can hear the sounds of feet running, tennis balls bouncing and the blades of hockey skates cutting on the fresh ice of the rink. While the student-athletes of Notre Dame are practicing, there are other student-athletes working out with equal determination. "We run because we like to," explains Paula Tale, who along with eight or so other girls, runs three miles a week. "We started during freshman year, when there really wasn't that much to do. Phys ed wasn't the greatest, so we decided to do something different. We started

off with a quarter mile each time, and gradually brought our endurance up. We all ran during the summer, and we don't plan on stopping; it's too much of a good time."

Under the direction of John Vano, the weight room offers the interested student a place to expand his (or her) muscles. "I came over to the weights because I wanted to build myself up," related John Carrico, the captain of Alumni's interhall hockey team. "I'm amazed at the way Vano runs the place—it's too good to believe. I think I'll keep lifting all year now."

Dominick Napolitano supervises the boxing program at Notre Dame, culminating in the Bengal Bouts, on the long road of hard work for a title. "I joined the program to keep myself in shape for lacrosse," said Thad Naquin. "I had never boxed before in my entire life, and sure felt funny putting the gloves on. But the camaraderie in the club was the greatest. It made the entire effort worthwhile."

When the hockey team isn't practicing, the ice is free to all students. Skating is a relaxing sort of pastime, and when St. Mary's Lake freezes in early January, skating under the stars in the brisk wind can bring out romantic interests in anyone. "We love to skate out here on the lake," said Jack Horan, who organizes hockey games during the winter for Alumni Hall. "The conditions for skating are just perfect—the ice is great, the weather fine and the people out for a good time. And that's what we want—a good time for all."

The lakes also provide a natural run for those interested in jogging. "I started running the first day I came in freshman year," explained Joe Schroer. "I knew I had to do something to keep from losing my mind, so I decided to run. There is a certain freedom of running around the lakes, and a sense of accomplishment, too. Some of the greatest moments of my four years here will be my runs around the path."

The Rockne Memorial houses one of the finest basketball courts around, and the competition every night is fierce. "The first time I ever came down here, I had to wait an hour before we could play," explained Mike Donovan. "Each game was like the seventh game of the NBA Championships—the pressures

were on everyone. When we finally got our chance to play, we were run right off the court by five little guys who ran like gazelles. And when we lost, we had to sit down again—this time for an hour and a half!"

The pool in the Rock is an old one, where thousands have swum to ease their tired muscles. The pool is getting outdated, but it is the only swimming place for the students. "I've always been a poor swimmer, so my way to fight my weaknesses is to practice," relates Dick Steiner. "We all go swimming twice a week, and every Sunday night for the free period, and I've learned quite a bit from my time in the pool."

The endless noise of racquetballs bouncing against the courts is also present at the Rock. Leagues are formed for both the novice and advanced, and tournaments are scheduled through the Interhall office. Since it is relatively easy to play the game, the campus provides quite a number of good players for either play or competition. "I've been playing for four years now, and I still can't get enough of it," admits Ed Brower, a four-year veteran. "I'm pretty skinny to play the other sports, so a game such as racquetball gives me the opportunity to display my prowess in an area I can be relatively good at with little natural skill. And I feel a certain sense of accomplishment each time I take the court—I really can't describe it, it's just there."

Karate and Tae Kwan Do started as informal groups and grew into club organizations in a very short period. Bruce Lee's exploits may have prompted many to participate, but the benefits of the activity have kept them interested. "Dressing in that white 'smock' certainly gave many the impression that I wasn't all I was cracked up to be," admitted Dan O'Sullivan. "Although I practice by myself, the forces around me are very strong. I learned to harness my body in such a way that I can unleash great amounts of power at will. Since I've always been a meek sort of guy, my new talents are coming in rather handy."

So some box, some run, some swim. The student-athletes come from all directions, in various shapes and sizes, with different motivations and interests; but come they do, converging on the Rock, the ACC and the lakes.



# Oh, Puck!

by Chip Scanlon

Things are different this year in the colder half of the ACC. A change in the program structure, a new assistant coach and a healthy, experienced and academically sound squad are a few of the highlights that are giving the Irish Icers a new look as hockey season rolls round.

A big part of the new look that ND hockey is sporting is due to the addition of Assistant Coach Ric Schafer, a Notre Dame graduate as well as a former hockey captain in 1973-74. Aside from his ND background, he has done a short term of duty with the WHA's Minnesota Fighting Saints. The playing and coaching experience gained from his stay in Olten, Switzerland, will add another dimension to the style of play stressed by the Irish coaching tandem.

Schafer has played with some of those currently skating for the Irish and some wondered if this might be a little awkward for the new coach. But from the first practice, Ric has established himself as an asset to the ND hockey program. According to John Peterson, one of the most experienced sophomore goalies in the WCHA (the other being ND's Lenny Moher), "Ric has really been a plus to the team; his playing here has put him in a spot where he can identify with what you go through to play hockey here. Playing with some of the older players hasn't affected his relationship with the team in the least."

And Ric is just as pleased with his return to the Notre Dame campus. "I am quite thrilled to be back at Notre Dame. I will always be grateful for the opportunity to coach and play here," Schafer admitted. "I hope I can really help this hockey program." One aspect of the program that Schafer will concentrate on is recruiting. This is the foundation for a good program and indicates the respect and faith Lefty has for his abilities.

Another radical change in this year's hockey program is the absence of the junior varsity program. The program was discontinued

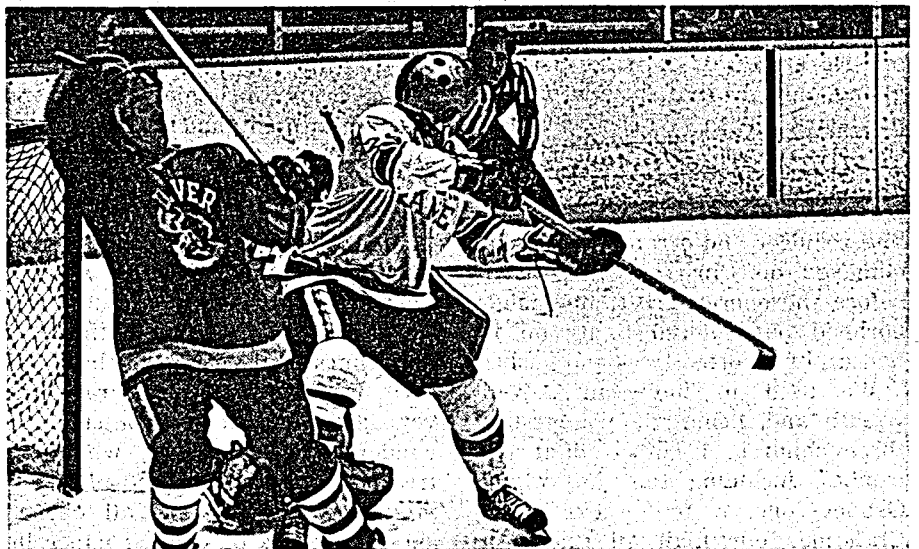
because of the lack of funds, of teams on a competitive level with the Irish jayvees, and of ice time available for practicing. Without the added ice time for the players that the junior varsity program provided, it will be difficult to keep many players constantly prepared for the goaltending position. Practice time must be juggled, using different drills and scrimmages to maintain competitiveness and to keep the players ready to play should injury or inconsistency plague the netminding corps. One thing is certain this year as far as goalies go: "The chores will be split on Friday and Saturday nights," Coach Smith confessed. And unless something radically changes, the Irish sophomore goalie tandem of Moher and Peterson will be doing most of that.

Morale will be a key to Notre Dame hockey this year: it will be a challenge for the entire 30 players to stay motivated throughout the grueling schedule of 36 games. The big chore will be for the players running twenty-first through thirtieth to maintain the proper conditioning and attitude so that they will be able to make a contribution to the team should the opportunity arise. The coaching staff realizes that it will be a difficult task. As Lefty Smith said, "Hockey players must be able to sacrifice, whether it be

practicing at weird hours, enduring cold and bad weather to play on outside rinks, or even having to buy some of their own equipment. This is why I have so much respect and admiration for hockey players as individuals."

The latter 10 players on the varsity won't have any of the glamour of suiting up for a home game or the enjoyment of traveling with the team, visiting other schools and facilities. Their job will be to play a prep team role and act as a varsity reserve. It was only last December that the Irish Icers lost four players to academic ineligibility and one to injury. "The success of this year's team will be partially attributed to the players at the 21-30 spots," Smith acclaimed. "These 10 players will allow me to adjust the starting lineup if the need arises too," he added. "You hate to have to keep a kid home. Traveling is part of the fun, but sometimes you have to."

Coaches Smith and Schafer think they have a winner on their hands this year and from all indications one would have to agree. The changes in the program will pose no insurmountable obstacles for the Irish, and despite facing some of the toughest competition in the nation, the 1975-76 hockey campaign so far is a very successful one for the Notre Dame Icers.



# The Last Word

by Sally Stanton



Christmas is a special mystery for me: it comes with warmth and light in the cold and dark of winter and is both remembered and anticipated at odd moments in July. The nuns in grade school said Easter was the most important feast (if there be such competition among holidays), and they may be theologically correct, but I held out for Christmas. Perhaps I was ruled by materialism, by all the commercial hoopla, by Mattel toys and department store Santas, and perhaps my Easters had been singly corrupted by stray rabbits and stale jelly beans, but I was adamant. Emotionally, Easter was a distant event for me: I could understand mothers and children and the cold, the solitude and quiet of late night more than I could comprehend tombs and resurrection and the chill, ethereal, alien air of early morning.

It is hard to determine when Christmas begins; I suppose I first begin the anticipation when the stores put up their decorations in mid-November. It is after Thanksgiving, though, that the real Christmas spirit sets in. When I was little, the newspaper ran a Christmas serial around December 1, some crazy adventure story of swashbuckling reindeer and errant elves which climaxed on Christmas Eve. And before the energy crisis, my neighborhood put colored lights on its houses, its assorted trees and bushes.

We used to have an Advent wreath and, being the youngest of three children, I got to light two candles, including the rose-colored Gaudete one. A few weeks before Christmas our mail all turned to

Christmas cards, gold and green, red and blue, with shepherds and madonnas and names of people from my parents' past.

The Christmas tree dominated our living room. We had boxes of ornaments collected through the years, all with their own stories. I was particularly fond of all the odd-shaped ones, the stars and tea kettles and the bells which made sounds when I put them on the tree.

We have one ornament that looks much like crumpled tinfoil and old netting, but is actually a replica of the Graf Zeppelin which hung on my grandmother's tree. It is distinctively ugly by modern standards, but unique (How many people have zeppelins on their trees at Christmas?), unbreakable (and so able to survive child-fingers) and ancient (a venerable relic of my mother's childhood). It was the first occasion of my meeting the delightful word "zeppelin" and always occupies a prominent place on our tree.

Christmas is a still point, the ritual that links my past with my present. All my Christmas trees blend together at night, and in the lights of one I remember the lights of all the others, when I was small and my concerns were different, when my family was all children and Santa Claus still came silently while I slept.

Christmas can be one of the loneliest times of the year: in the midst of a dead world, we celebrate life, yet death is still just outside the window and sometimes, when the tree is turned off for the night, or after the presents are all opened and the scraps of colored paper lie

in isolated heaps, it threatens to come in. Christmas is best celebrated in families: it is a time when loneliness or absence can be least ignored.

Although it seems in many ways a holiday of childhood, of receiving, it is primarily a time of adulthood, of loving and unselfish giving. Christmas must be created anew each year and given to the children of the day.

It seems perhaps, that it is time for us to take our part in the creation of Christmas.

Yet Christmas is not created in a day. There must be a period of preparation—and this time is difficult to find on campus now. Finals and last-minute papers oppress people as we try to finish the semester. I find myself reacting much as I imagine a cornered or trapped hedgehog might, snarling and striking out at all who come near, driven by a sense of self-preservation.

Christmas runs the risk of getting lost in all-nighters and frantic typewriting. I fear many of us, rather than bringing Christmas with us to our families, crawl home to sleep the sleep of the frantic dead, not waking till Christmas morning.

I have no glib solutions to this rush (I am preparing for the last long haul myself), except perhaps a suggestion that we each try to maintain a sense of humor and proportion throughout.

On behalf of the *Scholastic* editorial board and staff, I extend best wishes to all our readers for a merry and rest-filled Christmas and a happy new year.

*What to get Cousin George,  
Aunt Florence, Grandma Jerkins,  
and Sister Senility? Plastic  
statues of the Sacred Heart?  
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To friends, acquaintances, lovers, enemies and assorted folk:

Grace, peace and greetings!

Whereas the time rapidly draws upon us when we settle in to contemplate the elemental mystery of birth-death at Bethlehem,

and

Whereas this is also the season during which English kings have murdered archbishops and Mediterranean potentates have slaughtered children and American presidents have heavily bombarded Indochina,

and

Whereas being humankind we are also caught up in all of this and share the guilt of kings as well as the sainthood of archbishops, the bloatedness of corpulence as well as tears of Rachel, the degradation of civil body politics as well as the misery of peasants;

Therefore,

Let us recall the words of the prophet Isaiah: "A child is born to us, a son is given us; . . . They name him Wonder-Counsellor, God-Hero, Father-Forever, Prince of Peace."

There will be no more war—not even among nor within members of this community. We commend you in grace to the Everlasting Father. May He comfort you.

The editorial board of *Scholastic*