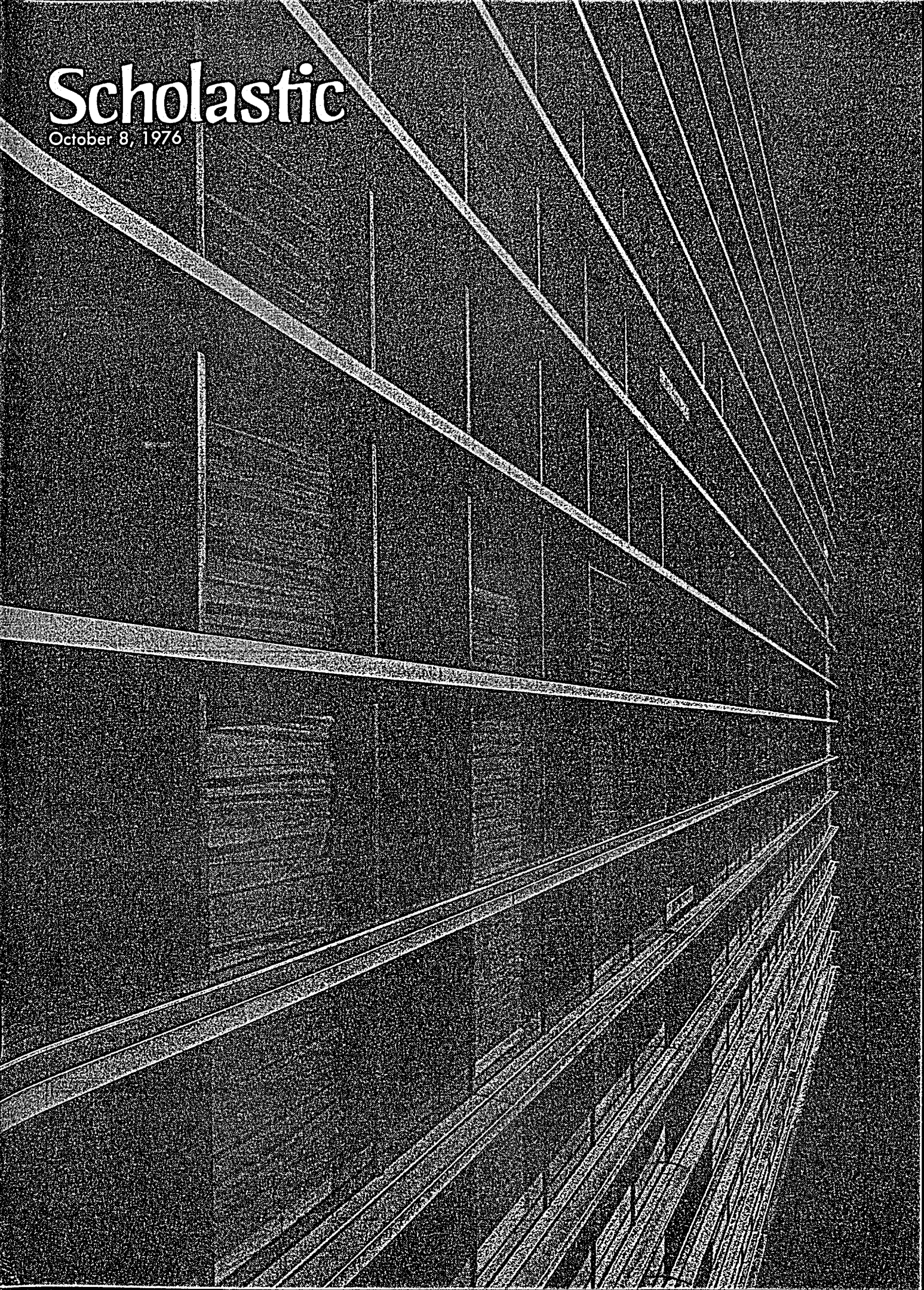
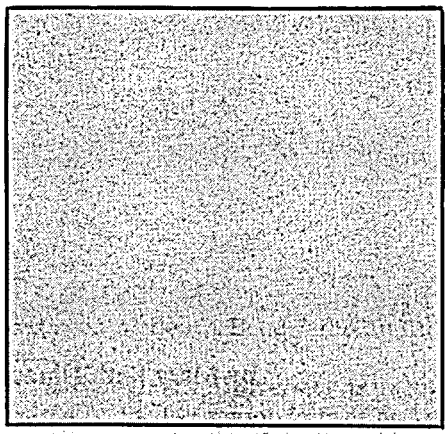
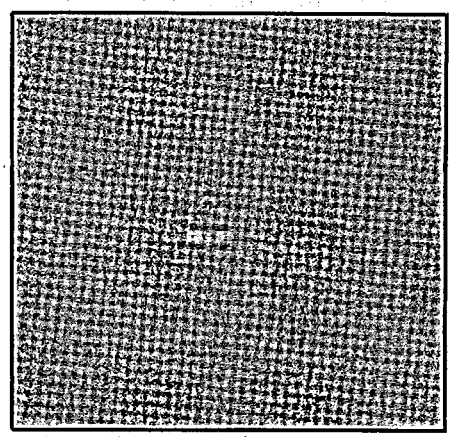
Scholastic

October 8, 1976







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FEATURES

REGULARS

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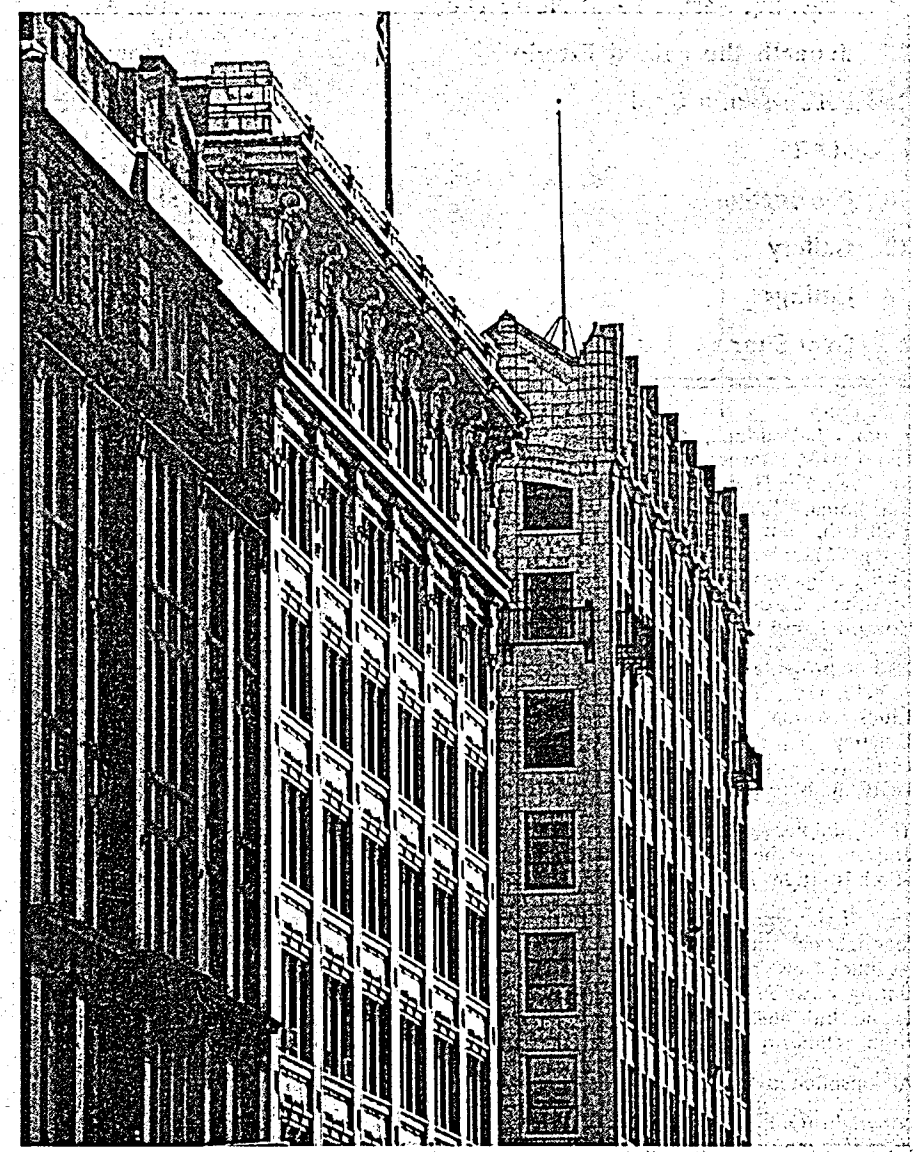
Universities Make Good Neighbors

by Mary Beth Hines

When 10,000 young adults enter the South Bend region every year, what kind of reception do they get? "We know when they're back!" quipped Captain James Sweitzer of the South Bend Police, traffic division. He is quick to point out, however, that South Bend loves the University and is very proud of it. He believes that a person could hardly live in South Bend without being affected by the University.

Whether as a participant or observer, the consensus is that most people of South Bend are, to some degree, affected by Notre Dame. There are direct effects felt in political, economic and social spheres as well as psychological effects. Steve McTigue, executive vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, notes, "Up until the loss of Studebaker, South Bend was known for two things, Studebaker and Notre Dame." He also claims that Notre Dame contributes to the "livability factor" needed to attract industry; that is, the quality of life an area offers.



"Notre Dame put South Bend on the map," said Michael Carrington, Administrative Assistant to Mayor Peter Nemeth. "The prominence of the University is a major plus." He added that while people may not know of South Bend, Indiana, they do know of Notre Dame University.

Michael Vance, the city auditor, explained that when visitors do come to this area, it is for Notre Dame primarily, and the South Bend sights secondarily. He agrees that Notre Dame is a drawing attraction.

That Notre Dame is a drawing attraction is somewhat of an understatement. The flow of traffic on any home football Saturday is continuous from 10:30 a.m. to dark. South Bend converts major thoroughfares to the University into one-ways to handle the increased traffic. Seventy-five to 80 policemen monitor this flow, while 50 more keep the stadium under control. Overtime pay for traffic control on home games totals $5,000. Captain Sweitzer added that the force is volunteer. "They're N.D. fans — that's the main reason they're there, whether they admit it or not."

The University also attracts guests of other interests. Noted speakers, educators and entertainers come to Notre Dame frequently. Many of the community's citizens take advantage of this opportunity, several city officials said. Vance claimed that speakers come to the area for both the Notre Dame audience and the town audience. He conceded, however, that distinguished guests appear at the University rather than other places in town. "I'm sure Mondale would rather talk to the students of Notre Dame than to the

citizens of South Bend," the auditor stated.

Although the University is recognized as having major impact on the city, officials are quick to defend the city's own identity. "The city is very much aware of the importance of the University in the community," Carrington declared, "but by no means is Notre Dame running the city of South Bend; nor is it subservient to the community." Carrington went on to describe the relationship as "good neighbors," both willing to help and cooperate. During the last administration, Carrington said, an accusation was made that Notre Dame was running the city. He said, "The city is sensitive to this."

Vance also attributed a large part of South Bend's notoriety to Notre Dame. He claimed that South Bend would still be known without the school, possibly for its industry.

City officials do not view Notre Dame as a one-sided donor to the city. The relationship between city and University is a symbiotic one, with mutual give-and-take.

McTigue cited one instance of this occurring, noting that the new "Century Center" performing arts center is physical proof of this relationship. Notre Dame, being a school of international and national representatives, naturally makes a cultural impression on the town. The wide geographic range implies a wider range of interests than would typify a nonuniversity town. Thus, the arts are emphasized more here. "The area schools enhance the appetite for the arts," McTigue points out, "making for a high interest in the town for cultural events and the new building."

Nuances of this cultural effect even extend into voter tendencies. "Citizens of South Bend are less conservative about getting certain types of legislation passed because of the better exposure to the rest of the world," McTigue contends.

City officials cited many resources that are available to the city because of Notre Dame: the physical property itself, the lectures and entertainment, as well as a wealth of research that directly benefits South Bend. Of the latter, several professors and their students have participated in business, government, architectural, and social projects and studies. This saves the city money, the city auditor indicated, and gets its problems solved. The collaboration between city and school represents "an exposure and exchange of ideas," Vance said, that are beneficial to the University also. "The University has a chance to step out of its academic role and see how the realistic world operates."

In pure economic terms, Notre Dame's impact cannot be refuted. Besides being the second largest employer in the community, the University is responsible for millions of dollars flowing in and out of the school. Thus, besides providing jobs, Notre Dame relies on local merchants to purvey both the school and the Morris Inn. Furthermore, special events and conferences that bring people to town are profitable for town businesses.

The city of South Bend, on the other hand, patronizes the University by making its resources readily available. The city provides a commercial center, a business district, public transportation, secondary police and fire protection and traffic control when needed. South Bend's prime quality, city officials agree, is willingness to help and cooperate.

The willingness to help and cooperate should not be taken for granted, Walter Lantz, the deputy controller warned. "You don't necessarily have working relations between a municipality and a university just because they're located together." The "good neighbor" situation has to be developed, not assumed.

Although the rapport between city and school is amiable now, it was not always so. Ten to 12 years ago, "The fences were a lot higher," McTigue explains. When annexation of Notre Dame was discussed several years ago, the "fences" reappeared, he added. Since that time the animosity has died down. "Today," McTigue said, "the academic world, the business world and city government blend well, exceedingly well."

Notre Dame Comes to Town

by Julie Runkle and Peggy McGuire

The city of South Bend began as a few log cabins situated on the banks of the St. Joseph River. Pioneers settled there to reap the benefits of the location: a means of power, a source of water, a transportation system.

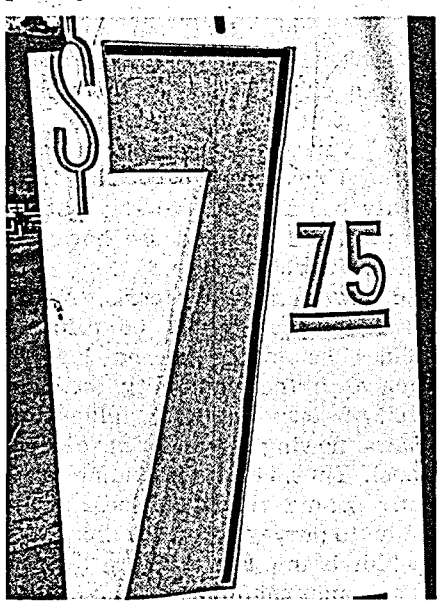
The University of Notre Dame's origin is rooted in the Holy Cross missionary Father Sorin's dream to establish a school. Free land donated as a gift by Father Badin determined the site in northern Indiana.

South Bend, with its proximity to Chicago and its railway connections, sprang up as an industrial town supported by the James Oliver Plow Works, the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Studebaker and the timber mills. Rich in possibilities, it became a "depot for immigrants," according to American Studies Professor Thomas Schlereth.

Notre Dame, too, expanded with ever-increasing influence, and also with a spirit of autonomy. As Martin Sullivan reported in an essay in 1970, "Father Sorin was intent upon preserving the independence of the University from external secular influences." He went so far as to seek the intercession of Henry Clay to ensure that Notre Dame would have its own post office. For a long time, the University perceived itself as a city within itself.

Father Sorin also went to lengths to keep the students from frequenting South Bend establishments, namely, the taverns. Residents of South Bend were asked to cooperate by refusing service to the students.

At the same time, however, Sorin was fostering a working relationship between Notre Dame and South Bend. "Sorin was eager," said Sullivan, "to establish friendly ties with the social and political elite of the city." He maintained a constant stream of correspondence and hospitality.



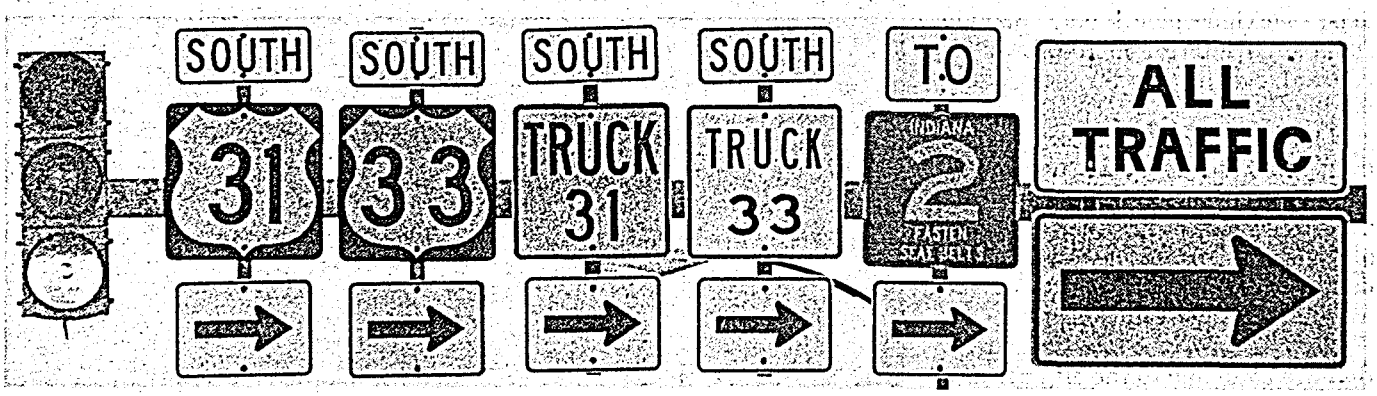
As early as 1879, Coquillard, a prominent South Bend fur trader, stated, "In former days, when our present city was but a small hamlet, these same people (the priests of Notre Dame) did more to foster its growth than any and all other institutions in the city, because they were among the first of any note among us, and during the long years they have been with us, it has always been their intention to do all in their power for the benefit of our city and its inhabitants, as every merchant, mechanic, clothing house, boat and shoe store, drygoods store, grocery, lumberman and miller can testify."

Not much has changed in a century. South Bend still flourishes on its industries. Dean Roemer would prefer his students to stay out of the bars, and yet, a mutual interaction is still cultivated.

One predominant factor uniting town and school is the amount of tourist business that the community of Notre Dame brings to the community of South Bend, which can be measured principally by the business levels of hotels, motels and restaurants in the area.

Since the 1920's when Knute Rockne formed the legend of Notre Dame athletics, football has established itself as a sort of major local industry, attracting thousands of visitors who in turn spend thousands of dollars on food and lodging.

Years ago it was estimated that each football weekend contributed over one million dollars to the city's economy. Even in the days before the neon "No Vacancy" signs on U.S. 31 were imaginable, when South Bend was served only by the Oliver, LaSalle and Hoffman Hotels downtown, visitors brought great profit to the community. Extra chartered trains provided transportation for droves of fans from adjoining states. Oftentimes, people from South Bend would take in perfect strangers as guests for the weekends; other times,



people along the roads would advertise their rooms for rent, which later expanded into present-day motels.

Today, Notre Dame attracts thousands each year not only for football games, but for conferences and conventions since the construction of both the ACC and the CCE, making the traffic of visitors to the campus a year-round phenomenon.

While many more motels, hotels and restaurants have been constructed with relative proximity to campus in the last 20 years, it often seems to the Notre Dame community that there is a manifest shortage of space for the frequent inflow of people into South Bend. A commonly held opinion is that the industry capitalizes on the demand resulting from interest in Notre Dame.

From the other side of the Dome, views are not quite the same. When asked of the relationship between themselves and the University, the general consensus of hotel and motel managers was "six weekends do not a year-round business make," or as Jack Bovard of the Royal Inn put it, "I could just kiss Notre Dame on the cheek every time a football weekend rolls around, same as the beverage and food industry," but the University accounts for only a small percentage of annual business.

They also acknowledge the business that Notre Dame brings in through conventions and conferences, but again claim that this is not the majority of their business. Rather, it is the industry of South Bend that attracts businessmen and salesmen on a year-round basis.

Motels on U.S. 31, such as the Blue and Gold and Howard Johnson's, say that Notre Dame was an influence in establishing their location, but more importantly, the construction of the toll road played the major role. South Bend is a convenient stopping-off point for travelers in general. "People pull in for the night and they ask me, "What's that gold thing over there?' " stated one of the motel managers.

In general, the motels and hotels tend to operate at a fairly consistent 60% capacity. It is only on Notre Dame's special weekends and for very large conventions that they expect to be filled. The downtown hotels and the Holiday Inn do not, perhaps contrary to popular belief,

raise their rates in the fall, nor are the economy establishments on U.S. 31 allowed to by law. Most of the others do raise rates, but only by a couple of dollars in accordance with guidelines set by the industry.

A common practice, however, is double-night booking. Some motels feel they are entitled to this privilege, while others rationalize it by saying that the added condition helps hold down demand.

None of them go out of their way to cater to Notre Dame — the market does not have to be captured; rather, it is there. They do accept room reservations from six months to a year in advance, however. "We try to maintain a friendly receptive atmosphere, which seems to radiate back and forth. This is a community interest."

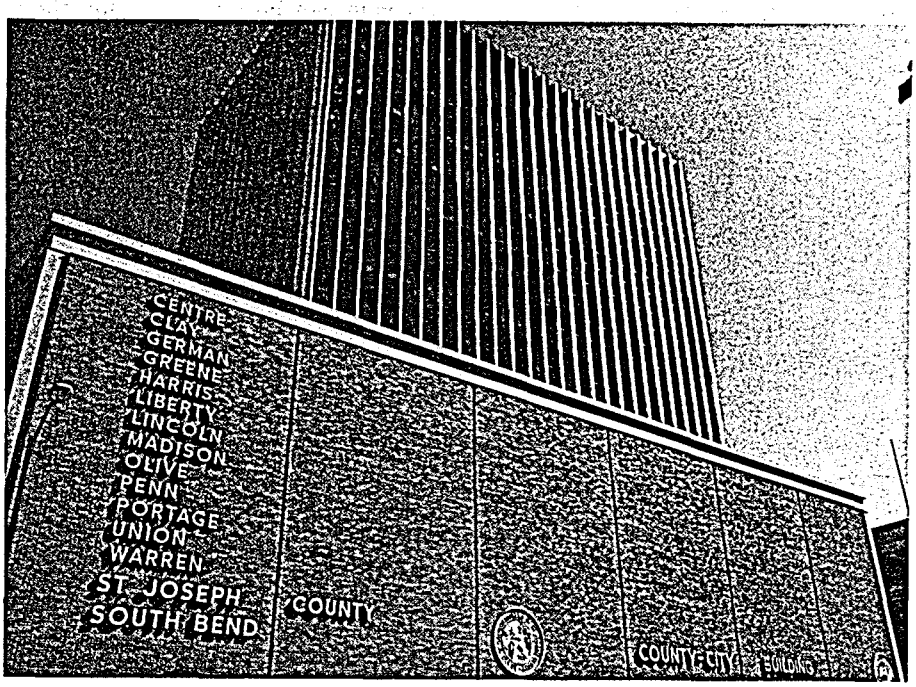
Conditions are similar in the restaurant sector. Football games and parents' weekends are welcome boosts to business, but are not of necessity to sustain operations. Restaurants do recognize the fact that they are largely patronized all year by students, and a substantial portion of their advertising is geared toward them.

While most of the newer establishments attribute 10%-15% of their business to the Notre Dame crowd, some of the older restaurants, like the family-run Sunny Italy, have long whetted hungry Domers' appetites. One of the managers of Sunny Italy, which is in its 50th year of business, claims that N.D. brings in 40% of their customers. Visiting alumni often frequent the restaurant during the summer. The N.D. clientele receives a warm welcome from the Italian food specialists. "You have such nice boys out there. We've never had any problems with your boys."

Reputations such as these have been built through the years. South Bend welcomes the business that Notre Dame brings with open arms, and generally acknowledges the sizable impact the University has on its community's economic situation.

But just as Notre Dame does not rely on South Bend, neither can South Bend revolve around Notre Dame. As M. F. Swango of the Albert Pick Motor Inn commented, "Notre Dame is the frosting on our cake."

'Tis a thick layer.



The ACC: Cross Your Heart

by Tom Browne

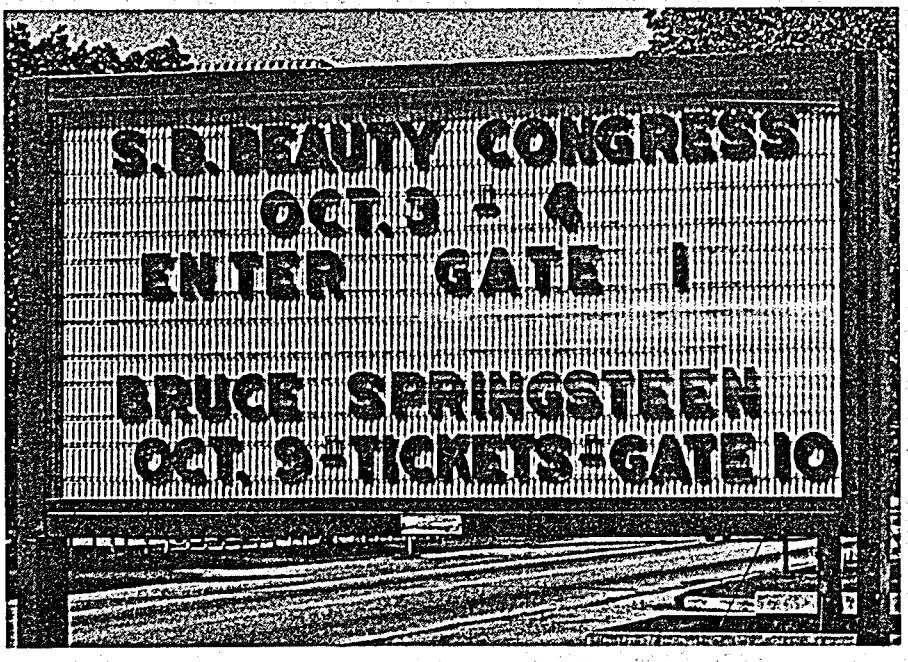
A dream which took two and one-half years to realize at a total cost approaching nine million dollars — the Athletic and Convocation Center plays a vital role in drawing the University closer to the surrounding communities. The ACC is wholly owned by the University despite rumors that it is jointly owned by Notre Dame and South Bend.

There are advantages to both Notre Dame and South Bend to be derived from the ACC. South Bend benefits economically, socially and culturally, while Notre Dame's benefits are in revenues obtained to offset upkeep of the building. The most important aspect of the ACC as far as the community is concerned is that it is a means of employment and livelihood to many area residents who are directly employed by the Center. The total of both full- and part-time employees by the Center is close to 250 and that does not include the number that are employed by the athletic offices in the ACC.

Just after the second world war, South Bend felt that a convention and sports arena was needed, partly to accommodate the University and to accommodate the convention business in the area which was picking up. It was to have been located about three miles away from where the Center is located today. However, the city was unable to raise the needed revenues for the project and so it was abandoned, until Notre Dame built the Convocation Center.

The Center is having a large socio-economic impact on the local community. The South Bend-Mishawaka Chamber of Commerce estimated income of over eight and one-half million dollars for the local community from convention traffic in 1970 and expected to attract more than 100,000 visitors to conventions at the ACC. Each year since then the estimates have risen even higher.

Its economic benefits are readily apparent for these communities when one realizes just how much revenue can be generated for them. Interestingly enough, however, according to Melvin Swango, manager of the Albert Pick Motel, the ACC helps the community by increasing travel to it, but the community could live without it.



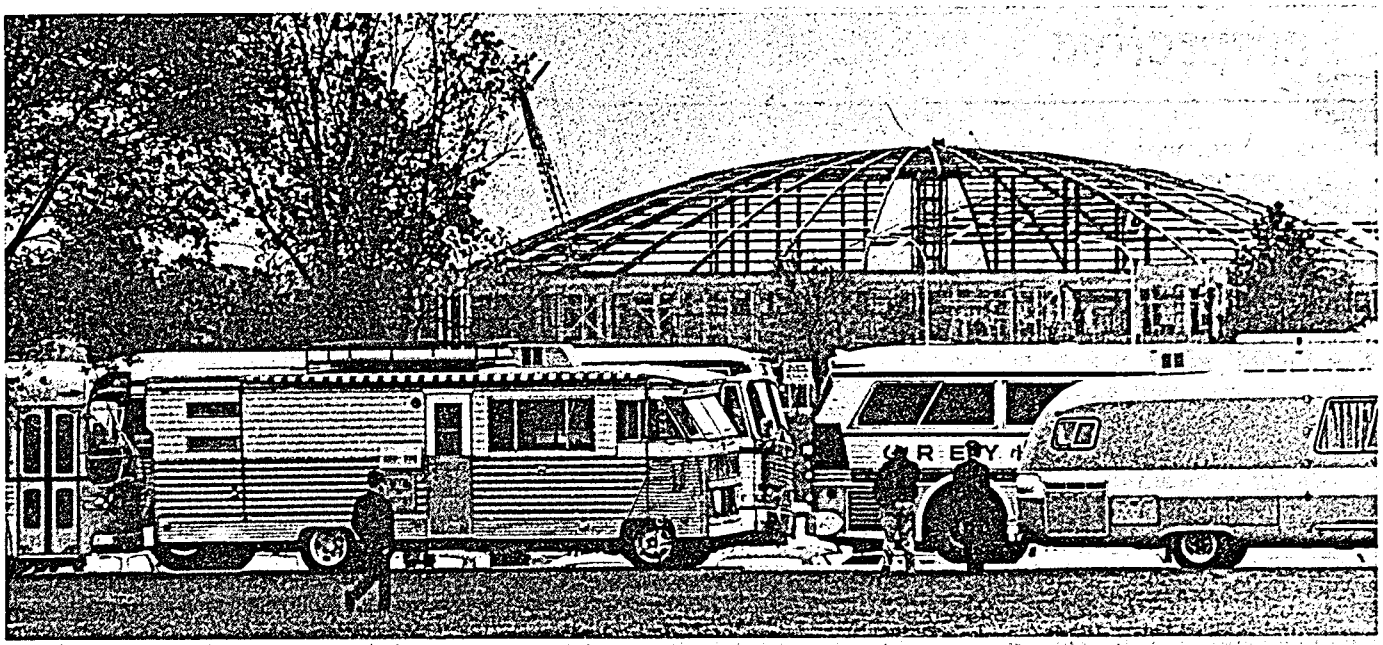
Socially the Center has assisted the communities with the availability of skating facilities which it provides throughout a good part of the year, with its sponsored exhibitions by such favorites as the Harlem Globetrotters and the athletic events of the Notre Dame community.

However, according to John F. Plouff, managing director of the complex, the Center primarily exists for the benefit of all of the Notre Dame community and in particular for the student body. Some students may question the truth of this statement when they walk over to the ACC only to discover that the facility is closed because a show or group is using the Center. However, Plouff feels the relationship between the student body and the ACC is a good one.

This is evidenced by the comment, "It sure beats the Rock," made by countless students over the years since the ACC has been built. The quality of the relationship also shows up in references to the complex as the University's "Center of Impact."

Thus, despite the extensive use of the Center for activities which generate revenues for the University and the surrounding communities through rentals, Plouff thinks the ACC is still in existence principally to serve the needs of Notre Dame. During the evenings and on weekends certain facilities are inaccessible to students, but the arrangements which have been working out for the students' use of the ACC "are satisfactory for the needs of most students," commented Plouff.

The Center has and can be put to



numerous uses by the Notre Dame student body. During the week the ACC accommodates several of the freshman gym classes. The fencing class can be found here as can the ice-skating classes and a newly instituted class, Introduction to Track and Field. These industrious students can be found running the track in gym shorts on near-freezing mornings, long jumping or attempting to hurl the discus. Later in the afternoon, the hockey and basketball teams can be observed working out.

On the weekends the facility accommodates future Peggy Flemings now in their college years skating or the small fry of the community. One small skater was heard to remark, "We call it the turtle, cuz it looks like it could almost crawl."

As far as the student life is concerned, the most important aspect of the ACC has to be the spectator sports which it houses: basketball and hockey. It is not unusual for many Americans who watch television during the weekends of December through March to see the Irish on the tube via the Irish Basketball Network. Hockey traditionally does not draw the same large crowds which basketball does and the television coverage it receives is limited to the local newscasts.

The Athletic and Convocation Center can be seen as a two-faceted facility in that it is used by two different groups of people for purposes which are, in a number of cases, vastly different. It is more clearly seen, however, as a "melting pot" drawing the surrounding communities and the University of Notre Dame closer through their extensive cooperation regarding the facility.

The joint cooperation has been clearly evident since fund raising began to raise the Center. Alumni and friends of the University made the dream a reality with the "Challenge II" capital funds drive. The members of the surrounding communities, through the funds raised in the "Valley of Vision" campaign, assisted the development to the tune of almost two million dollars.

An investment of two million dollars on the part of these communities may seem substantial by itself, but when weighed against the social, cultural and economic gains the ACC has made possible for these communities the substantiality of it rapidly diminishes.

The community needs the ACC socially, culturally and economically. The University needs the community in the ACC if it hopes to keep the immense facility in peak condition — the condition required to best serve the needs of the students. Coopertion between the two is vital and is in the best interests of both if the full potential of the complex as an athletic and convocation center is to be realized.

The Most Important Thing is to Finish

by Sheila Kearns

Through some act of God, touch of fate or whim of the stars, some 20 or so students were chosen to take part in a course entitled English 304: Film Writing. What the course is intended to teach them is precisely what the title indicates. They are to learn about writing screenplays and in the course of the semester they are to write their own original film scripts.

As the matter comes down to a more functional level, the selection of the students was not in the stars but in the hands of Professor Donald Costello of the English Department. As it stands also, the they of the chosen is really we, as I am a student in English 304. We were chosen for the course on the basis of our applications; yes, there were applications, which were to give some evidence of our interest in writing. The evidence came in whatever form we could muster it, our written work, essays, fiction, poetry or the act of throwing ourselves at Dr. Costello's feet and begging and groveling. In any event, we all ended up in the course as a result of our wanting to be there and being able to give some convincing reasons why we should be.

So, if we are going to learn how to write a screenplay, it seems only logical that there should be someone teaching the course who has some involvement in evaluating screenplays as written works that may possibly be made into films. This is where Tony Bill comes in. It seems that in the process of producing *Hearts of the West, The Sting, Taxi Driver* and *Harry and Walter Go to New York,* he has probably picked up some knowledge of what goes into a good film script and how it is written. Since Tony Bill is a graduate of Notre Dame and a close friend of Dr. Costello's, we're batting a thousand. So with him and Dr. Costello, we have a couple of teachers and an assignment and that seems like a a pretty good place to start.

We started with what Tony Bill had to teach us, and the very first thing that he had to tell us was that "Writing a screenplay is not an academic exercise. It is a serious business. The only reason to write a screenplay is to have it made into a movie and if that is not what you intended, then there is no use in writing it." Thus the Hollywood producer and millionaire speaks, or maybe just the voice of common sense makes itself heard.

The whole point of the existence of any script is that it be made into a movie that people will go to a theater to see. If you are a script writer, work hard at what you do and do it well, you succeed only when you have managed to get someone to buy your script, or at least put up the money to make it into a film. The only place for the satisfaction of the finished work is in the film, not in the script itself.

Tony Bill is one of the people who reads scripts to decide if they will be made into movies or not. He estimates that a screenplay is a reading experience for approximately 100 people. These are producers and directors and whoever else might be involved in trying to make it into a movie. Even if it is made into a successful film, probably no more people than this will ever read it. If it is not made into a film, probably even fewer than that will ever see the words on a page that were never made into a movie.

Being the students at Notre Dame that we are, we know that we are supposed to do what we do well. That is what Tony Bill is telling us also. There is no point in writing a script if we do not intend to do it well. If we do it well, then it will be something to be sold, something we want to see made into a film. He also tells us that, to begin with, the most important thing is to finish.

Now with all of this in mind, Dr. Costello is left to hold up the academic end of the bargain. After all, this is a university and we are supposed to be engaged in some sort of academic activity. At least those are the rules of the game that I was taught.

In Dr. Costello's eyes, we are serious students of film as a form of expression, or art, as you will. Our particular focus is film in its written aspects, the script from which a film is made. We study what others have written, see how it has or has not been made into a film, and why it does or does not work. All of this is supposed to help us in our own writing. Dr. Costello maintains that what we do as students is important in and of itself. The academic exercise should have value and does.

What all of this adds up to is one course with two teachers, each coming at the same subject from different perspectives. They definitely come into the classroom from opposite directions. They may or may not be in opposition.

The one point that both of these teachers definitely have in common is that our main job is to finish the script. Tony Bill knows that, in his terms, a script is not finished if it really does not exist. You don't make movies from unfinished scripts. As

". . . writing and screenplay is not an academic exercise."

far as Dr. Costello is concerned, the script that we write is the one measurable requirement of the course. If we finish it, we pass; if we don't, we fail. So, all in all, the value of getting done has definitely been impressed upon us.

Until we have written a script, none of us is in the position to call himself a screenwriter, and unless there is someone who is a lot further ahead of the game than I am, none of the people in the class have to worry about that quite yet. What we have, though, is a man telling us that there is no reason, if we have the talent, that we can't be just that.

Tony Bill is telling us that we have just as much chance, and probably more, as anyone else to have a script made into a film. Our skills and talents, if we have them, are marketable and we should consider them as such. We also have another man telling us that we are students and our main concern should be our involvement in a learning experience. This raises the question, though, of whether or not that is all that each of them is telling us. If that is all that there is to it, then they are in definite conflict, and although they may not be working at cross-purposes, they are definitely not trying to teach us the same things.

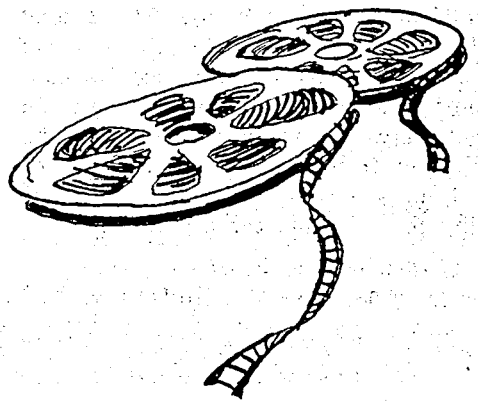
I guess that I raise this question because it seems to me to be a natural one. At the same time, though, I can see that the case is not one of conflict but of complementarity. Each of these men has more to say or to offer than his own particular perspective, while they each allow the other to articulate the one which he knows best. Dr. Costello operates within an academic framework and that is what he has to offer his students. Tony Bill is in the business of making films and his experience at it is what he brings to his students.

I think that the idea of complementary roles in the classroom has its best illustration in the fact that Tony Bill is here as a teacher. His position as a film producer qualifies him to teach about the writing of film scripts, but this position does not nullify the fact that he is operating in an academic milieu. He has taken on the role of teacher.

There is no antagonism or conflict when Tony Bill talks about Fellini, Bergman and Antonioni as "Costello's men." The conception of film as an art form does not exclude the conception of it as a commercial venture, or vice versa. Tony Bill is coming back to Notre Dame because he is helping teach a course, because he wants to spend some time with friends here and because there is something in the academic atmosphere that he is attracted to. So in all of this, what we have is a course in film writing with the perspectives of two different teachers that work toward complementing each other and enhancing what each of them has to offer.

Whatever the logistics of what is being taught and how it is being taught, the best statement of what is going on comes from taking a look at the students. I think that I would be safe in saying that there is not one student in the class who is not excited about the prospects of what he or she is doing. By this, I mean that it is pretty exciting to think that when the semester is over, each of us will have a film script that we have written, a work somewhere in the vicinity of 100 pages in length. The prospect of having it made into a movie is just added fuel for the fire.

At this point, there may even be a few of the students who are in the position to get excited about tangible accomplishments. There has been rumor that there could possibly be one or two of them who have even begun to write their scripts — at least to the point of "fade-in." As for myself, I at least know that I definitely intend to finish.



Faculty Handbook: A Modest Proposal

by Prof. Ferdinand N. Dutile and Prof. Thomas L. Shaffer

A highly placed source revealed today that a new edition of the popular *Notre Dame Faculty Handbook* will be published this year. The source said that the editors of the *Handbook* have decided to bind the publication in hardcover, so that it can no longer be folded in the middle and used as a doorstop. This source, who must be known only as "Deep Tassel," said he fears retaliation if his identity is disclosed; he mentioned, as a possible form of retaliation, the assignment of eight o'clock classes. However, the information which follows has been confirmed by a second source ("Black Tassel") who is placed so low that he probably knows what is going on. While some of you may prefer to see the movie, here are the most significant parts of the *Handbook*:[1]

I. UNIVERSITY GOVERNANCE

a. *Introduction*

The University is situated adjacent to South Bend, Indiana, whose mean annual temperature is mean indeed. This institution of Catholic higher learning was founded in late November, on the feast of St. Andrew, at about 5:15 p.m., just before the NBC Nightly News. The Founders were intent on founding the University on that particular day, and, therefore, lest they arrive in South Bend too early, spent four days in Akron. They called their creation the University of Notre Dame, which has come down to us as Université de Notre Dame du Lac. (The "k" was dropped from the end of the word "Lac" by an early president of the University, who needed a word which would rhyme with "Rock" after the University instituted indoor sports; regrettably, the word "jock" did not appear in public usage until the middle 1960's.)

[1] The General Counsel for the University is reminded that the authors of this article are tenured.

The first century of Notre Dame's history has been amply recorded in *Notre Dame: A Hundred Years Without Ara* (St. Mary's Press, 1948). The second century began almost immediately after the first, in order to avoid a deficit in operating costs and a consequent diminution in the University's endowment. On the issue of budget, between the years 1945-1976, the operating budget grew from four to 65 millions of dollars, which reflects a total growth of over 1600 percent or, allowing for inflation, three percent.

b. *Bylaws of the Board of Trustees*

All powers for governance of the University shall be vested in the Board of Trustees, which shall answer only to the Provost, and shall base its deliberations on the President's Newsletter. In order to prevent impacting of the Board, no more than two-thirds of the members shall be given chairs.

The Board of Trustees shall meet annually on the Friday preceding the Southern Cal game. The Secretary of the Board shall keep a record of all votes and minutes of the proceedings of the Board and sign for the bar bill.

c. *Officers of the University*

All Officers of the University shall be appointed by the Board of Trustees. To promote the principle of checks and balances, the Board of Trustees shall be appointed by the Officers of the University. (It is not clear who goes first.) The Officers are the following:

1. The President shall be a non-Jesuit priest. He shall preside over the President's Dinner. Ordinarily he is guided in his policies and decisions by consultation with the other officers, by the deliberations of the Academic Council and by gut reaction. In the absence of the President, other officers serve as Acting President in the following order: The Provost, the Executive Vice-President, the Associate Provost, the Chief of Security and the Fencing Coach.

2. The Vice-Presidents serve at the pleasure of the President. Their number may vary from time to time, but in no event shall fall below that of the entering Freshman class.

3. The Provost shall have responsibility for the calendar.

d. *Committees of the University*

1. The Academic Council

The Academic Council is composed of the President, the Provost, the Executive Vice-President, all other Vice-Presidents, the Associate Provost, the Assistant Provost, the Deans, the Directors of University Institutes and all other Directors. Members of the faculty are eligible, but in no event shall constitute more than 49 percent of the Council, and may speak when spoken to, provided they are believing articulators.

2. The Faculty Senate

The Faculty Senate shall have total power:

a. to suggest agenda items for the Academic Council.

b. to "explore the possibility" of collective bargaining.

3. The Faculty Board in Control of Athletics shall not bite the hands that feed it.

4. University Committee on Interdisciplinary

Studies

(This Committee has been unable to meet due to disagreement among the various departments as to the time and place for meetings.)

5. The Financial Affairs Committee shall consist of not less than five (5) members, one of whom shall be the Executive Vice-President, one of whom shall be the Vice-President for Business Affairs and none of whom shall be poor. It shall meet annually to raise tuition.

II. FACULTY

a. *Categories*

1. Teaching-and-Research faculty members have the ranks of Professor, Associate Professor, Assistant Professor and Instructor.

2. Special Research Faculty do not.

3. Nonregular Faculty should not be teased about it.

b. *Ranks*

The *Professor* should possess the Doctor's degree, demonstrated teaching ability and a windowed office. In the event a professor is assigned a basement office, he may draw a window on the basement wall and buy a television set.

The *Associate Professor* should possess the Doctor's degree and notable achievement in scholarship, or, where appropriate, by meaningful contribution to public service, to the catering staff of Young America on Parade or to the Alumni Fund.

The *Assistant Professor* should possess a confidential source on the A. and P. committee.

The *Instructor* should possess an independent income.

c. *Tenure*

Tenure is permanence of appointment. Its purposes are to protect academic freedom and to enable the professor to remain calm even while his students fill out course evaluation forms.

III. FACULTY SALARIES AND BENEFITS

The services of members of the faculty are usually engaged for the school year. In some cases, services of the faculty may be performed in the summer and, in alternate bicentennial years, be performed for additional compensation.

Faculty benefits include the following: (a) Blue-Cross-Blue Shield; (b) Major Medical; (c) pension contribution; or (d) free parking. Each faculty member is to elect each September that one (1) of the above benefits which he desires for the current academic year.

A member of the faculty ordinarily retires and becomes *emeritus* if and when the Payroll Office finds out about his 65th birthday. A member may retire at an earlier age, at his option, or by teaching seminars. Retired *emeriti* are permitted to attend all of the President's addresses to the faculty, to pray in the Grotto and to use pay telephones.

Female faculty are entitled to a leave of absence for childbearing purposes. To conform to HEW policy 2-1068, the same leave of absence is granted to male members of the faculty at those times when they would have borne a child had they been female (requires Form 603).

IV. APPEALS TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Any dispute or grievance involving University policy may, if the matter is of serious importance and does not involve indirect costs, be referred, in the discretion of the Board of Trustees, to the President for final determination. The President may hear such matter either *en banc* or through an *ad hoc* committee made up of himself, the Provost and the editor of the President's Newsletter.

V. REGISTRATION AND RELATED ACTIVITIES

All students must register during the times announced by the Registrar. Contrary to popular theory, it is from the Registration procedure that the famed "Spirit of Notre Dame" originates. Registration should be viewed by the student as an exhilarating and challenging event (cf. "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"). It should be borne in mind that in 1975-76 alone, some 22 students were able to enroll in the courses of their choice.

Classes for the Academic Year commence on the date announced in the University calendar, normally around the end of July. Students are expected to attend class regularly or punctually, at their option.

At the beginning of the Semester, the instructor shall announce to the class the penalties to be imposed for excessive absences. An instructor may give a failing grade to a student for excessive absences unless, of course, that student was absent when the instructor announced the policy.

Students may presume that a class has been cancelled if the instructor does not appear within 15 minutes. Conversely, the instructor may presume the class has been cancelled if the students do not appear within 15 minutes.

Grading is as follows:

A = Bluebook coincides perfectly with instructor's views

B = Good work, but bluebook shows some sign of independent thought

C = Dullsville

D = Higher education is not for everyone

F = Bluebook too difficult to read

I = Incomplete ("Who is this kid?")

VI. PROCEDURES FOR REVIEWING AND AMENDING THE ACADEMIC MANUAL

The Academic Manual is reviewed periodically to make certain that the paper on which it is printed is used on both sides and is of a rough, heavy, nonflammable texture. Amendments may be proposed at any time but will be considered by the Board of Trustees only during the second half of a home football game, and then only if the score is lopsided.

A Night Walk

by Michael Feord

I stood on the steps of Holy Cross Hall at Saint Mary's and looked down the road to Notre Dame. Spots of lamplight filtered through the long line of oak trees which bordered the road. Above the trees was a sky covered with clouds glowing from the light of the moon which they hid. Beneath the sky and on either side of the road, everything was dark.

I looked at my watch in the dim light which came through the door behind me. It was a quarter till four in the morning. Then, focusing my attention on the dot of red light at the end of the road, a dot which seemed so far away, I put my hands in my pockets, hunched my shoulders forward and started on my way. It was damp and cold out, and a stiff wind blew through my jacket.

My legs felt heavy and mechanical, and my mind whirled in rhythm with my steps. My teeth chattered when I didn't consciously grit them, and the muscles around the back of my neck and shoulders periodically contracted in a shiver. A long day and a longer night were coming to a close. The only thing left now was to make it to that red, and sometimes green, light at the end of the road and then beyond it to the Holy Cross at Notre Dame.

As I walked down the sidewalk, what had been a distant string of lights now became one isolated pool of light followed by another. Shadows constantly sweeping back and forth across the light described the movement of leaves and branches in the wind. Behind me a wake of disturbed leaves weaved from one side of the sidewalk to the other, but I forced my feet on in as straight a path as possible. My neck was tired, and I couldn't find the energy to hold my head up without leaning it all the way back, my chin jutting up high and my eyes fixed on the traffic light at the end of the road. When I tired of holding my head so, it fell limply forward, my eyes looking at my feet kick through the leaves and stones.

The goal of my walking was no longer a small spot of light, but was now a well-defined traffic intersection. Beyond it was a locked gate and a road leading into darkness. When I reached the intersection the light was green, and I crossed U.S. Highway 31, feet plodding, head spinning, hands in pockets and skin cold. The fronts of my thighs were numb where my jeans rubbed with every step. Below, my feet were hot and sweaty. I wiggled my toes; they were slippery and felt sore.

The road on the Notre Dame side of the intersection was covered with sand and gravel. I kicked into it with the toe of my shoe and watched pebbles and dirt fly off and hit other pebbles and particles of dirt, forming, as they went, intricate patterns of chain reactions. My thoughts shifted to the past, to a time six years earlier, and the skittering gravel became, in my mind's eye, a beach of small, smooth stones; not sand, but stones. Under a pale blue sky, the breaking waves continually pulled the stones into the dark blue sea and then tossed them back onto the shore with a pulsating, crunching sound. There was a warm sea breeze and, in the middle of the beach, a World War II pillbox whose narrow opening stared unmovingly up at the sky, its cement base having shifted during 25 years of disuse.

On a vacation trip to that Devonshire beach with my family, I ran ahead when I saw the relic of the war. Reaching the small, tilted shelter, I stood on its base and peered inside. It was black and nothing could be seen. I jumped off and circled the structure only to find that its door was buried. On the top, I discovered a metal trap door, but it was fused shut. There was no way around it — I couldn't get in. After my younger brothers and sisters had gotten there, they began climbing on it and were shooting each other with imaginary machine guns, making high pitched, staccato noises with their throats. My parents looked on to make sure that none of the combatants were hurt.

I stood off a ways and heard church bells ring—they rang loud and frantic all over the country. I looked back; my family was no longer there, and the pillbox had righted itself in the stones. Between me and the water's edge were long rolls of barbed wire on wooden stakes. Through the aperture of the fortress, two worry-taut faces peered out from under flat, British helmets. They stared out towards the sea's horizon where a fleet of warships traced white paths on the surface and left a trail of black smoke against the grey sky. Bobbing on waves between the fleet were countless amphibious landing craft. Then there was noise. Aircraft whirled, screamed and shot at each other overhead; the ships belched sudden puffs of smoke, and shells came whistling down and exploded, throwing water, gravel, concrete and men in all directions. My foot caught in a pothole; I stumbled; it was cold and dark.

Temporarily disturbed by the near fall, I re-established the rhythm of my walk, feet plodding, hands in pockets, shoulders forward, head down, skin cold. To my right the lights from Fatima Retreat House's parking lot shone through the hedges which bordered the road. I preferred being in England and turned my thoughts back to our stay.

The stony beach and blue sky were gone. Instead, I stood in a field of damp, thick, bright green grass under a grey, misty sky. In the middle of the field, black sandstone and granite walls with long sweeping holes, where majestic, stained-glass windows had been, formed the ruins of the church of Glastonbury Abbey. The cloister had been razed and only its square foundation adjoined the church. My father told me that when Henry VIII took over

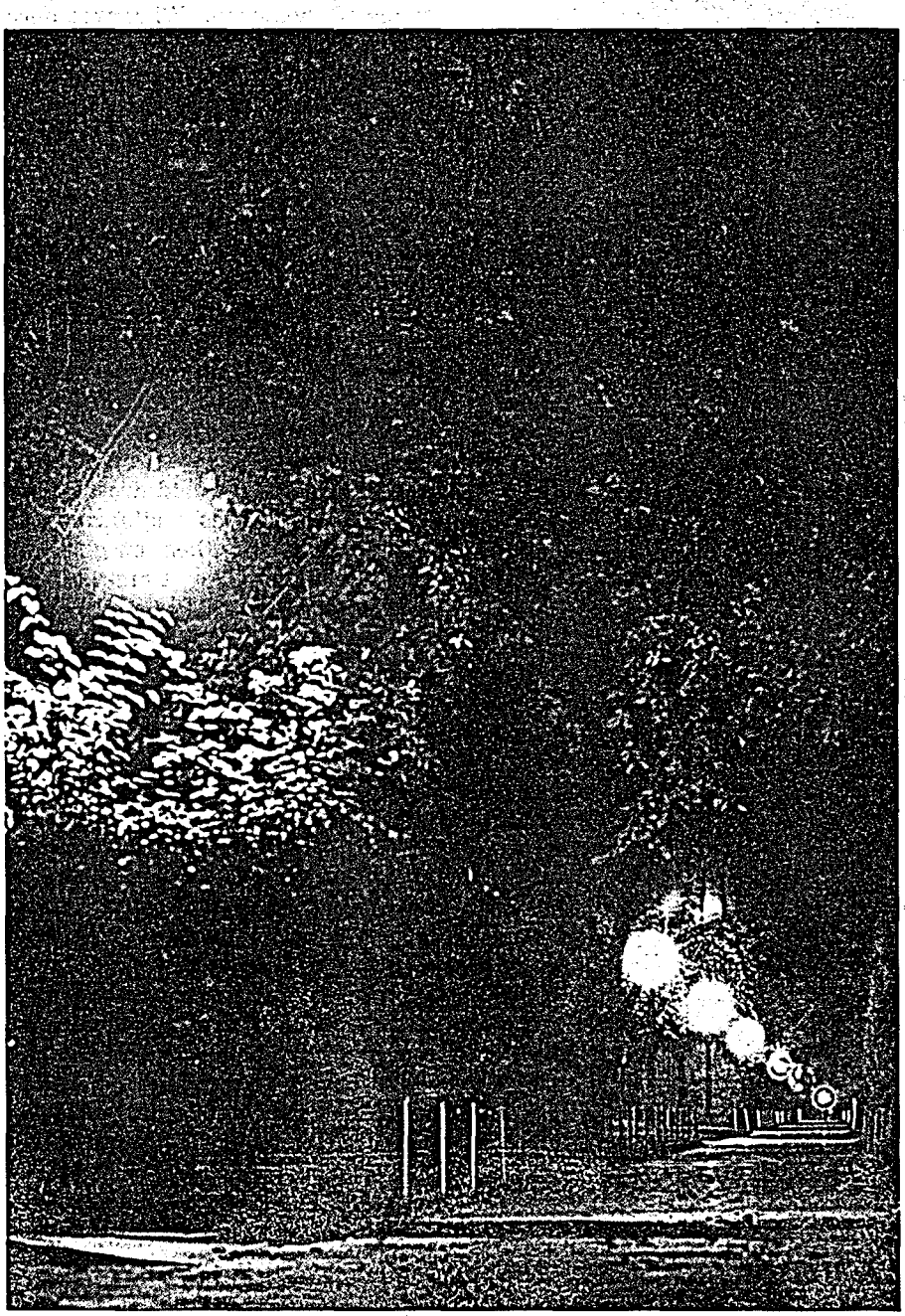
the Church, he drove the monastic communities out of the country and stripped the windows and roofs of their buildings of lead, leaving them exposed to the elements. Lead was very valuable, he said.

The explanation irked me; it didn't recreate the splendid interiors fighting against rain and snow. It didn't recreate timbers and tapestries struggling to survive storms and scavengers. I stood there trying to rebuild and recover what had been stolen, until I was called away to join in climbing the tall, steep hill nearby which was the legendary site of druids' worship.

I made my way up the sheer sides, my legs straining with the effort of pushing me from one foothold to the next. Around me a group of men with long hair and uncut beards trudged up the hill, their robes, a bright moonlit white in the dark night, flapping in the wind. The wind, itself, blew strong, grabbed the fire of their torches, tore off sparks and flames and flung them into the dark. They carried animals and food for sacrifice and canted solemn hymns in a lost tongue.

Then I was surrounded by my brothers and sisters scrambling up the hill in the middle of a grey, misty day, my parents bringing up the rear. I got to the top, and all that I found was the top of a grassy hill covered with tourists.

The circles of light that splashed onto the road on the Notre Dame side of the highway were fewer and less intense than those on the Saint Mary's side. I was past Fatima, almost done for the day. On my left, a flat, dark field ran out to a line of trees, silhouetted against the moonlit clouds. My nose was cold, my hands cramped from holding them finger-to-palm in my pockets; my mind still foggy and my feet tired and plodding. Then I could no longer see my feet, and the field was not bordered by trees.



I stood on the moors, miles of untouched, rolling landscape. Knee-deep in heather, a strong, moist wind made it impossible to hear and difficult even to walk. I stood on the moors. A skinny kid wearing his school blazer with the collar turned up to the wind, I surveyed the scene—heather, drab green with spots of grey and yellow, waving wildly back and forth under the steel grey sky, the sun a dull white spot in the clouds.

The feeling was one of pure exhilaration. The wind smashed into my face and my skin tingled with excitement; every inch of my skin responded to the call. My mind flew on the wind, whipped along with it, dove into the heather and bracken, jumped out again, and back into the wind. On it raced, faster and faster, over the churning, green waves of the moors, out over cliffs and boulders, over crashing, white waves of the sea, over vast blue expanses of an endless ocean, and then slowed down and lowered me gently onto the road between Saint Mary's and Notre Dame.

I was finally up to the cemetery. Ahead was the path through the trees which led to Holy Cross, to warmth and a soft bed. I stopped and looked into the cemetery; the black wrought iron gate seemed to dance and twist as a tree whipped its branches back and forth across the street lamp at that section of road. Behind me was only darkness, except for the spots of light which marked the road. Around me was the cold wind and, except for the wind, everything was quiet.

I continued on my way. I went into the path through the trees which led to the hall. An electric light at the entrance shone at the end of the path, and I headed for it.

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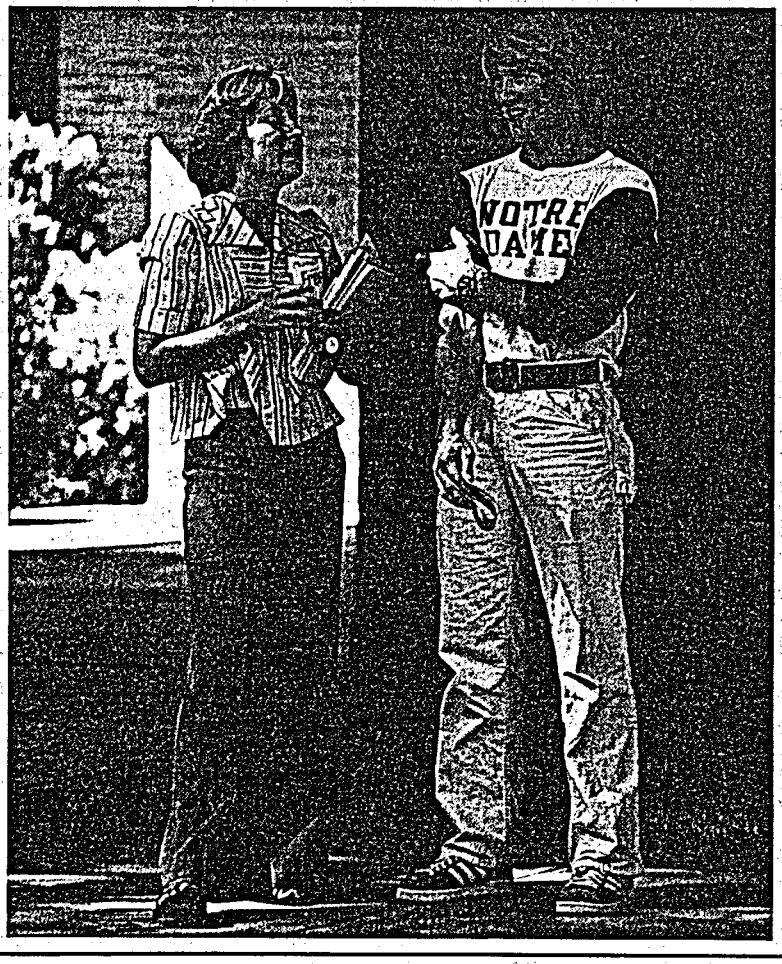

Fashion critics here will notice that denim, painter's pants and T-shirts have become the *N.D. "Classics."* Denim, of itself, is not new, but its proliferation in every avenue of fashion — skirts, jeans, shirts, jackets and jumpsuits — is an interesting phenomenon. What was once the trademark of the counterculture may now be seen in leisure suits worn by business majors.

Thankfully, most business majors don't wear leisure suits, because only a very big man can wear them without looking like a model for Sears' Men's Store. Another popular item is painter's pants. Their baggy, rumpled look seems to represent a vacuum of fashion; people will, however, argue comfort.

Bib-overalls have gained a measure of popularity at du Lac. It used to be the case, five years ago, that only farm boys would wear them, but now both girls and farm boys wear them. I like them on girls. All abuse aside, however, I am told that they are comfortable . . . by the farm boys. No, I take that back — I know of too many big guys who wear bib-overalls.

Hats deserve a measure of comment. Why doesn't anybody wear hats anymore? (ROTC excluded, of course. Their form of dress is very stylized and a bit too cliquish for my taste.) Back to hats. On occasional Saturdays some people wear knit caps that say "Irish" or some other such bosh. But except for that, I only know of one person on campus who wears hats — and he wears a hard hat to his Milton class.

One extremely bizarre, yet commonplace form of dress here merits scrutiny. People have been known to complain that the image of du Lac is that of a football school. Understandably, students and scholars (am I redundant?) resent that

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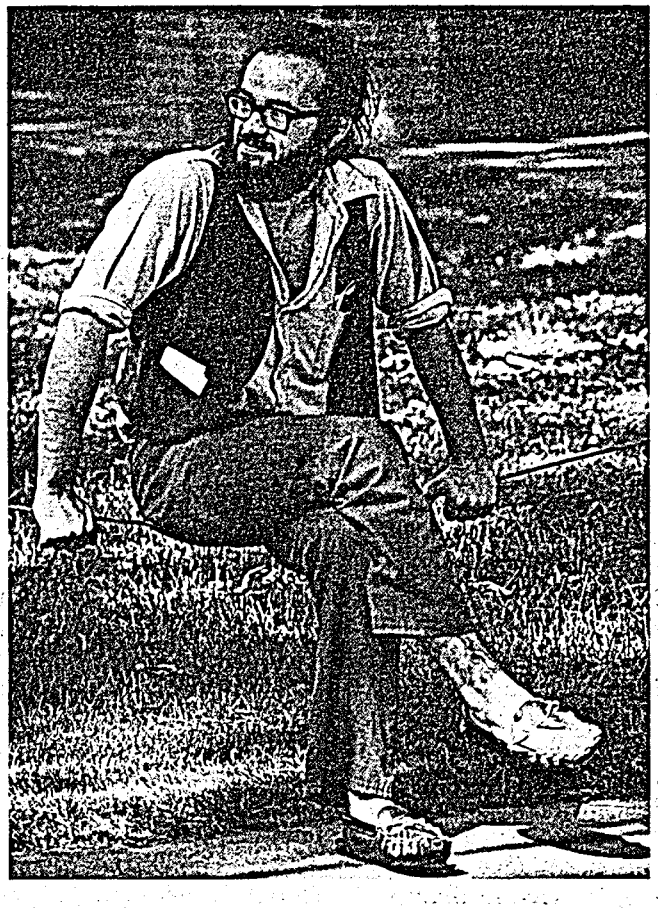
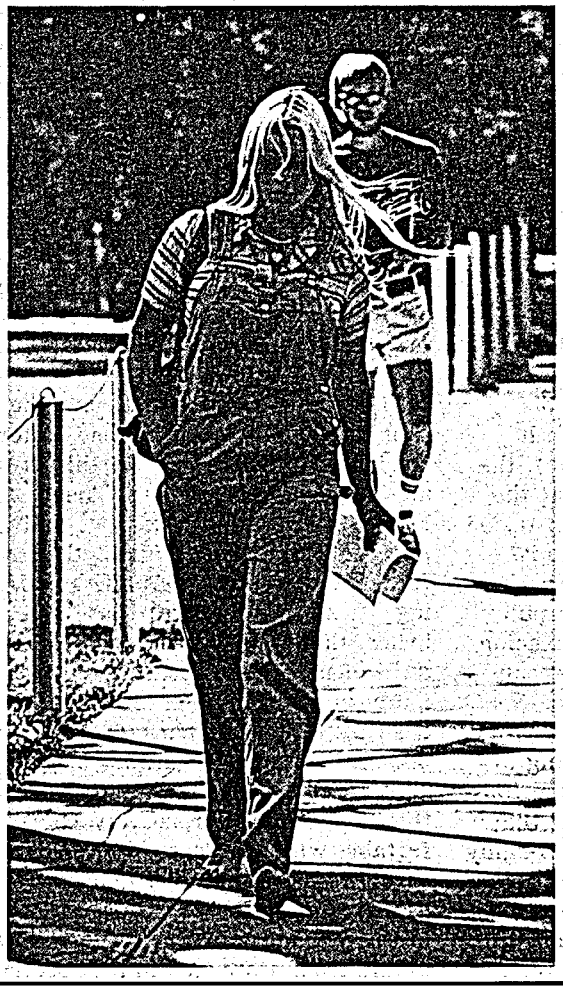
by Jim Romanelli

the rigor of their academic pursuits is ofttimes pooh-poohed by the outside world. After all, the mania of football lasts only half the year. But consider: at what other university do men and women consistently arrive at the dining hall dressed in well-exercised sweats? Answer: nowhere else.

A small minority of people here dress in a style which might be termed "remnants of a moderate strain of counterculture." This is where you wear vests without jackets, shoes without socks and dresses without support. Usually, these people are art, English or brilliant physics majors. The first two groups receive a great deal of abuse for their dress because uniformity reigns at Notre Dame. Brilliant physics majors take no abuse, however, because they are brilliant physics majors. A more in-depth analysis of this circumstance reveals that business majors (who are in the majority and who typify conventionality here) can ridicule the art and English majors who won't get jobs after they graduate. But brilliant physics majors will get better jobs than the business majors and business majors can't argue with money.

The final trend to be considered is that of the fashion-minded student. Each fall she arrives with an array of the latest early-fall things (did you expect me to say he arrives with a full duffel bag of the latest summer gymshorts?). The biggest fashion event, however, is when she returns from October or March break wearing the cutest sweater or the most risque blouse. Criticisms aside, however, this girl does add some sophistication and class to this wasteland of fashion by wearing skirts or simply by dressing with some care. Oh, but doesn't she know it?





Poetry at the Table: Booklist for Gourmets

by Richard Landry and John Santos

We have all, at times, done anything but eat at the table. It is such a pleasant part of the house, the table. The swift wooden counter of it turning around to meet itself, secured mid-air by four posts, four legs, three if you are the owner of a confident or dilapidated table. Why should the table with all its wholeness and simplicity not act as a rialto for all the most common endeavors of the household?

It is a well-known fact that the breath of song is taboo in the company of diners and the dinette set. Nevertheless, we have all, at times, done anything but stay silent and contrite at the table. We whistle, we sing, the best of us with the worst. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony has been known to conjure the images of eggplants or green bell peppers with their solemn colours and waxed figures. Perhaps the German master was inspired by some auspicious vegetable to break out into whistling strains of powerful sadness and joy, all at the table.

More importantly (and with deference to the article's title), the age-old practice of reading at the table must be discussed, even tasted in some depth. This habit also is condemned by a hand that reaches from behind the centuries to pull the books away from us, replacing them with the treacherously lean knife and the piercing, four-eyed figure, the fork. We must, however, insist that like singing, reading at the table suffers unjustly from its prohibition. Yet we all know that we have, at times, been thoroughly uninterested in the lean diet provided by speaking mouths around the dinner table and have longed for more substantial fare. How then to overcome the ennui of politics and peas? How to innervate every meal so that it may become the creative process it deserves to be? How do we finally reveal all the ancient melodies and lyrics of eating?

The answer can be as simple as it is tasty: Make the meal itself a literary process. The Spanish poet and eater of some renown, Antonio Machado, provides us with a quick insight in his short poem, "The Art of Eating":

The Art of Eating

Lesson one. Don't pick up
your spoon with the fork.

The message here is obvious and clear. Do not complicate the processes by which you live. Eating is as simple as its simple tools. The quick decisions of the knife. The slow embrace of the spoon. The precise measure and pierce of the fork.

The same state of affairs may be said to apply to poetry. (The editor reminds us that, after all, this *is* an article about poetry.) The shapes of poetry are distinct and purposeful like the design of the fork. Poetry picks at understanding. It spears the sentiments and brings them to the mouth. We are, most of us, able to speak in one or many languages; some of us can dash off sentences, paragraphs and doctoral theses if conditions are right, and a few can even read them. We are all relatively comfortable with words, to the point that we have (wrongly) taken our literacy for granted. Poetry exists in the medium of words. And poetry differs from prose only in that poetry is more memorable: it contains enough *formal richness* that it is able to draw the reader back to it again and again.

How then is reading poetry somewhat akin to eating rice with a fork? We need only to consult our daily experience. We are a generation bombarded, like no other, with written and spoken words. We are subjected to such a flood of communication that we no longer have the sympathy with which a child, for instance, delights in an individual word. We are numb and left without an anthem. Like people accustomed to monotonous diets, we are unfavorably disposed toward trying something new.

Our conventional educations have not helped matters either. We have been led, by teachers who themselves have misunderstood poetry, to deal with it as we would a legal argument: to dissect, interpret and wrench the meaning out of poems until there is nothing left but a structure of bones, colorless and without marrow. Likewise, we have all at some point learned an imposing array of rules, each designed to tie us into tighter knots of confusion. But poetry is much more simple than our teachers would expect, and the guidelines needed in order to navigate in the sphere of poetry are, like the rules for using forks, remarkably few and simple:

1. *Poetry is meant to be read aloud.* This is perhaps the most fundamental of rules, and unfortunately it is the last one which most of us learn. The poetic form is so closely allied to song that, like song, poetry demands that we loosen our bashful tongues and let it flow. A great measure of the actual beauty

of poetry lies in its pleasant, natural rhythm.

2. *Poets mean what they say.* Too often we read anxiously, looking under the dress of every word and metaphor, hoping to spot there a softly-rounded symbolism, pleasing and universal. English literature relies heavily on such symbols, but this knowledge should not keep us from reading and appreciating the words on the printed page *for themselves.* If the poet had meant something else, he would have written something else.

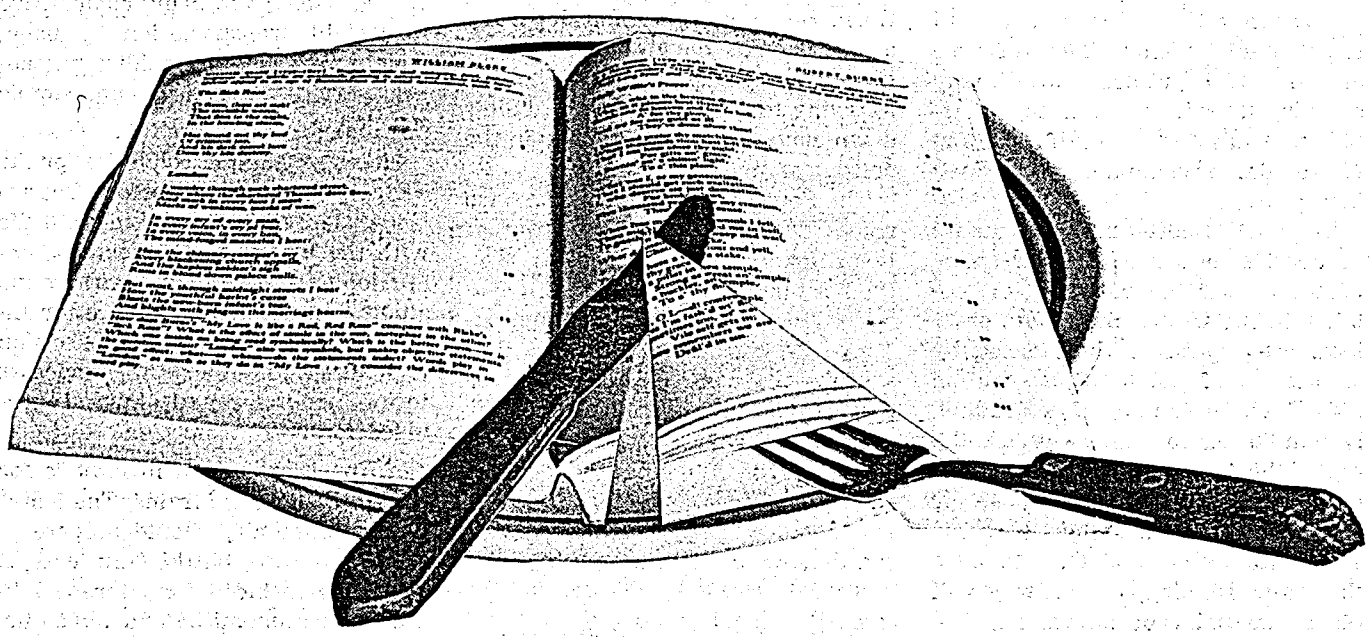
3. *Poetry is meant to be reread.* A good poem will mature with each successive reading. Indeed, it is necessary to reread many poems in order to begin to sympathize with them. This is not the fault of the reader; it is in the nature of poems to be rich and complex. We can easily be confused on the first time out. Some poems do require a knowledge of special facts; but, these are not the first sorts of poems to read. In fact, one could make a list of books of poems, none of which require a special knowledge, and all of which could excite for many years or lifetimes. All lovers of poetry, like true gourmets, develop such lists of their weaknesses after a while; we share ours here not because we think it the best or most virtuous of lists, but because it contains poems which have made us, and continue to make us, full and happy and content.

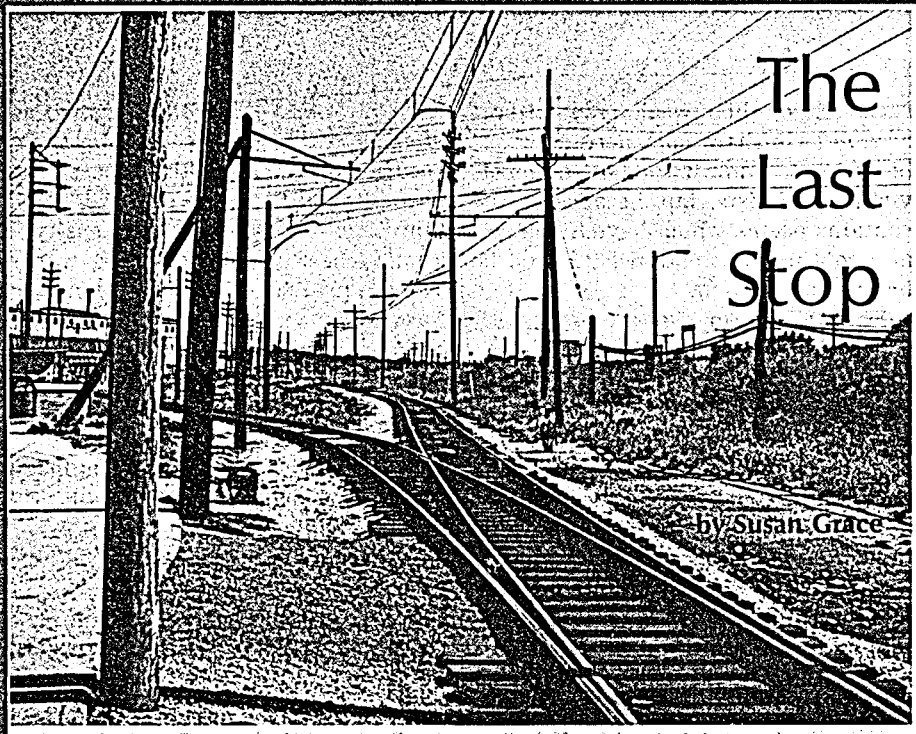
Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass:* Of all the collections of poems mentioned, Whitman's work suffers most acutely from our habit of reading poetry silently. The beauty and rhythm of song which is such an integral part of *Leaves of Grass* disappears within the prison-house of silence, leaving a lifeless, redundant structure. But Whitman freed by sound is both charming and expansive, a delight and continual pleasure.

Petrarch, *The Sonnets:* Here is the poet's poet. A man in love, forlorn, writes all his life of the glorious creature, Laura. These ornately beautiful poems are a lyric of the heart. Like no other poet, Petrarch writes with a pen filled of mind, soul and body. But he is sad. And these sonnets which span a lifetime focus quickly on the most delicate images of sad hours. You may cry, but you will enjoy.

Ezra Pound, *Cathay:* Regardless of the controversy surrounding their accuracy as translations, these poems taken from the Chinese represent, in their simple intensity, Pound's best and most lasting work. The unique clarity of perception for which the Chinese poets are noted is masterfully captured here; *Cathay* is as immediately attractive as it is unusual.

John Keats, *Collected Works:* This poet died very young. His brief offering of poems and letters, though, is a grave and monumental series in the history of literature. Almost flawless in their lyrical form, the poems are sometimes brilliantly joyous and piercingly haunting. After Keats learned that he would die of tuberculosis, his friends saw to it that he would be accompanied to a place where the climate would serve to ease his last days. John Keats rode on a train to Italy with a man he did not know, realizing that he would die there. The poems sometimes seem to contain a premonition of death and in many ways they are like journals from a death voyage to a warm country where everyone speaks a different language.





The Last Stop

by Susan Grace

"Laaast stop! . . . . Ennnd of the liiine! . . . We don't go aaany fuuurr-therrr, . . . watch your step; don't trip . . . Laaast stop, . . . ennd of the line!"

Anyone who has ever ridden the South Shore Line to Chicago may recognize these lines chanted daily by a tall, white-haired conductor as the train pulls into Chicago en route from South Bend. These days his melodious warnings bear an ironic significance. It seems that December may bring the last stop, the end of the line, for not just one trip on the South Shore Line, but for all trips to follow. The effects of time and financial problems are finally catching up with the passenger service that has served South Bend and Notre Dame community for over fifty years.

The South Shore Line is a remnant of another era when public transportation was the backbone of mobility in the United States. Its problems are typical of those faced by all sectors of public transportation today, whose funding was gradually diminished to make way for the rise of the American Dream Machine, the auto. Unless the public sector comes to the South Shore's rescue soon with new tax dollars to keep the trains running, the railway will reach the point of no return. The South Shore Line has been operating at a deficit of expenses over revenues approaching $3 million per year.

The end of the South Shore passenger service to Chicago would represent a considerable loss to the Notre Dame community, not just in terms of a transportation alternative, but also in terms of a cultural learning experience. A ride on what is affectionately called the "Vomit Comet" is like a trip through the past. For instance, one of the conductors is a perfect example of the Petticoat Junction stereotype trainmen of years ago. Tall, heavy-set, slow, he lazily bellows out the names of stations as the train approaches them. He saunters up and down the aisles, chomps on a sandwich, cautions to a group of men who are hurrying to get off the train: "Slow down, boys. You'll burn a hole in the bottom of my pants."

The South Shore rail cars are also remnants of better days. Most of them are at least 50 years old, though they had predicted life expectancies of only 30 to 35 years. They are tired and rickety, they squeak and rattle, their paint is chipped and peeling, and the cups to the water coolers collapse before they're full. But new cars cost $80,000 apiece, and a new fleet would represent a $35-million project. Renovations are almost as costly, and would result in new cars of the same 50-year-old design.

Other benefits of the ride on the South Shore are not to be overlooked. A day trip provides the passengers with an overview of the Midwest, as the train passes through South Bend, past Bendix, through farmland and suburbs, by Gary, along Lake Michigan and into Chicago.

There are countless other fringe benefits on the South Shore, by virtue of the mix of people that ride the train. A student might be offered a beer and a valuable lesson in life by a lady truck driver sharing the next seat, or run into a group of nostalgic Notre Dame alumni riding the train to Chicago and back "just for old times' sake."

There is not much that the Notre Dame student body can do to save the beloved "Vomit Comet" from dying its natural death other than to vigorously encourage St. Joseph's County and Porter County to establish a Fund Transportation Council (as have Lake and La Porte counties) which would deal with the problem. No source of funds has been developed by any of these four counties that the train serves.

The South Bend Public Transportation Corp. has made it particularly difficult for the South Shore Line to get aid in this area. The sentiment is that the train, which is a private business, should not receive funds before the public busing project, which is extensively used by the people of the city. Meanwhile, the South Shore, by operating its passenger service at a loss, has prevented itself from being competitive in freight transportation by using freight revenue to subsidize passenger service. There is no simple solution.

If no funding from the public sector comes through before December 1, the South Shore Line will file with the Interstate Commerce Commission to stop services. Hearings and studies would prolong service for another year or so until the decision is made, and either the service is terminated or a practical plan is provided for its continuation.

Authorities express little hope for the survival of the trains. The Notre Dame community should prepare to fight an upward battle. Otherwise, it will have to bid a fond farewell to the most economical and adventurous way to get to Chicago via public transportation, short of hiding in the luggage compartment of a Greyhound bus.

TENNIS COURT REGULATIONS

1. THESE COURTS HAVE A THIN SURFACE & NO POINTED OBJECTS ARE PERMITTED PLAYERS MUST WEAR TENNIS SHOES.

2. PLAYERS MUST REGISTER & SHOW I.D.

3. PERSONS ENTERING COURTS WHEN CLOSED MAY BE PROSECUTED.

by John Delaney

Beware! All spike-wearing tennis players, spearchuckers and people with sharp teeth: the tennis courts next to Cartier Field are off limits. "These courts have a thin surface. No pointed objects are permitted . . ."

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Sometimes things just don't work out as they should. Tim McCarver, catcher for the Philadelphia Phillies, had an experience earlier in the 1975 baseball season which proved this point. With the bases loaded, he hit a high fly to deep right field. Confident that the ball would clear the fence, Tim put his head down and took off in a spirited home-run trot. Garry Maddox, the runner at first and one of the faster Phils on the base paths, was not so sure and paused about ten feet from the bag in case the ball should be caught. As the ball carried over the wall, Maddox started for second only to see McCarver running past him. McCarver then realized what had happened, as did the second-base umpire, who called the hitter out (for passing the base runner) and allowed Maddox to score. The result: three runs and one out on a very long "single" by a very bemused ballplayer.

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People, especially it seems politicians, like to put every conceivable topic into a sporting analogy. Election years are particularly fruitful for these gems, but the year's best comes not from the campaign trail, but from the recording studios instead. RCA Records has released a recording of a song by Bobby Bare, which crosses the bridge between religion and football. The song has run into problems, however, getting air play because of its content and unusual title. It's called, "Drop Kick Me Jesus (Through the Goalposts of Life)". Now if Notre Dame ever needs a new fight song, the place to go is obviously Bobby Bare.

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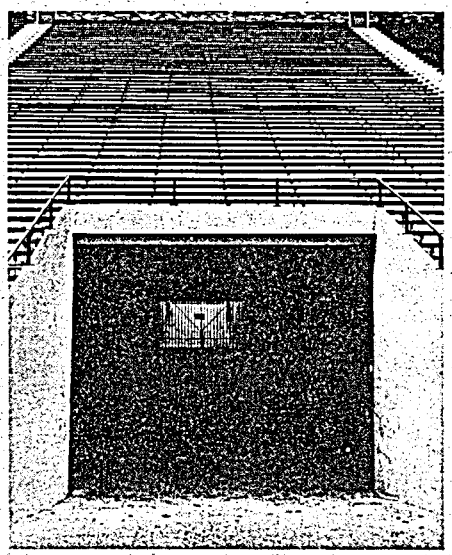
As the start of basketball practice approaches, a not-so-ordinary session of drills of the Notre Dame team comes to mind. The team was shooting on the main floor of the ACC. A couple in the tenth row, obviously not interested in the action on the court, were engaged in a "public display of affection." "Digger" Phelps, ever-observant head coach of the Irish cagers, noticed the sideshow and stopped practice. The players and other spectators watched as Digger blew the whistle and called a time-out in the private practice session. The somewhat embarrassed pair listened as the coach explained, "I'm trying to teach these young gentlemen how to play basketball and you're trying to teach them how to do something entirely different!" After declining the coach's offer of his office keys, the two hurried out of the arena headed in the direction, one player speculated, of the hockey rink.



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Richie Ashburn, formerly a major league baseball player and currently a broadcaster, recently related a true refutation of the maxim, "Lightning never strikes twice." Once during a game, he fouled off a pitch which flew into the stands and struck a woman spectator on the head. While she was being escorted from her seat to a first-aid room, Ashburn hit another foul which, you guessed it, hit the same lady on the head. Fortunately for her, he missed the next pitch.

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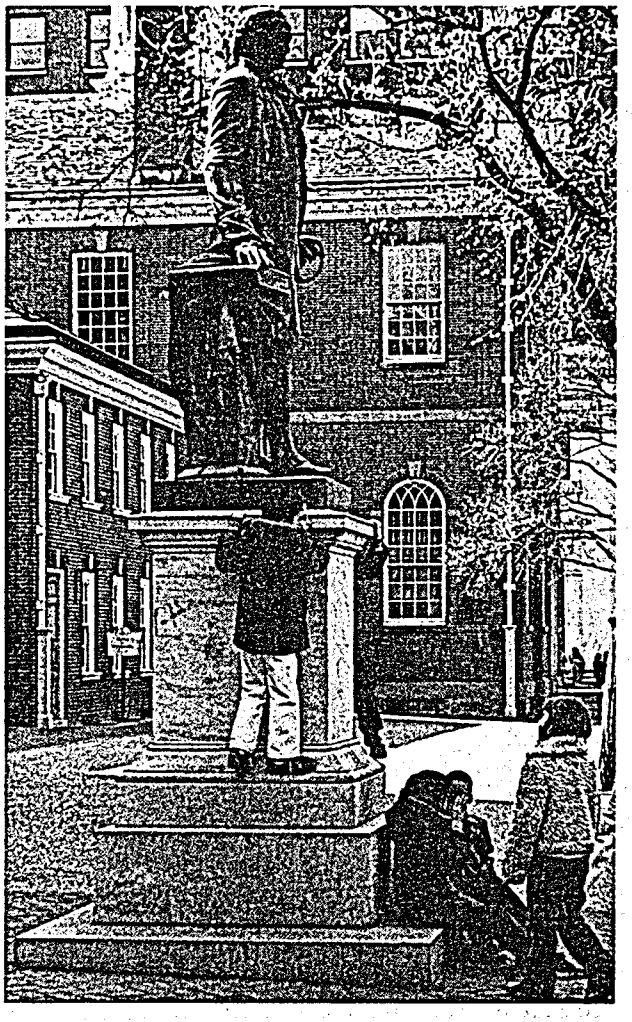
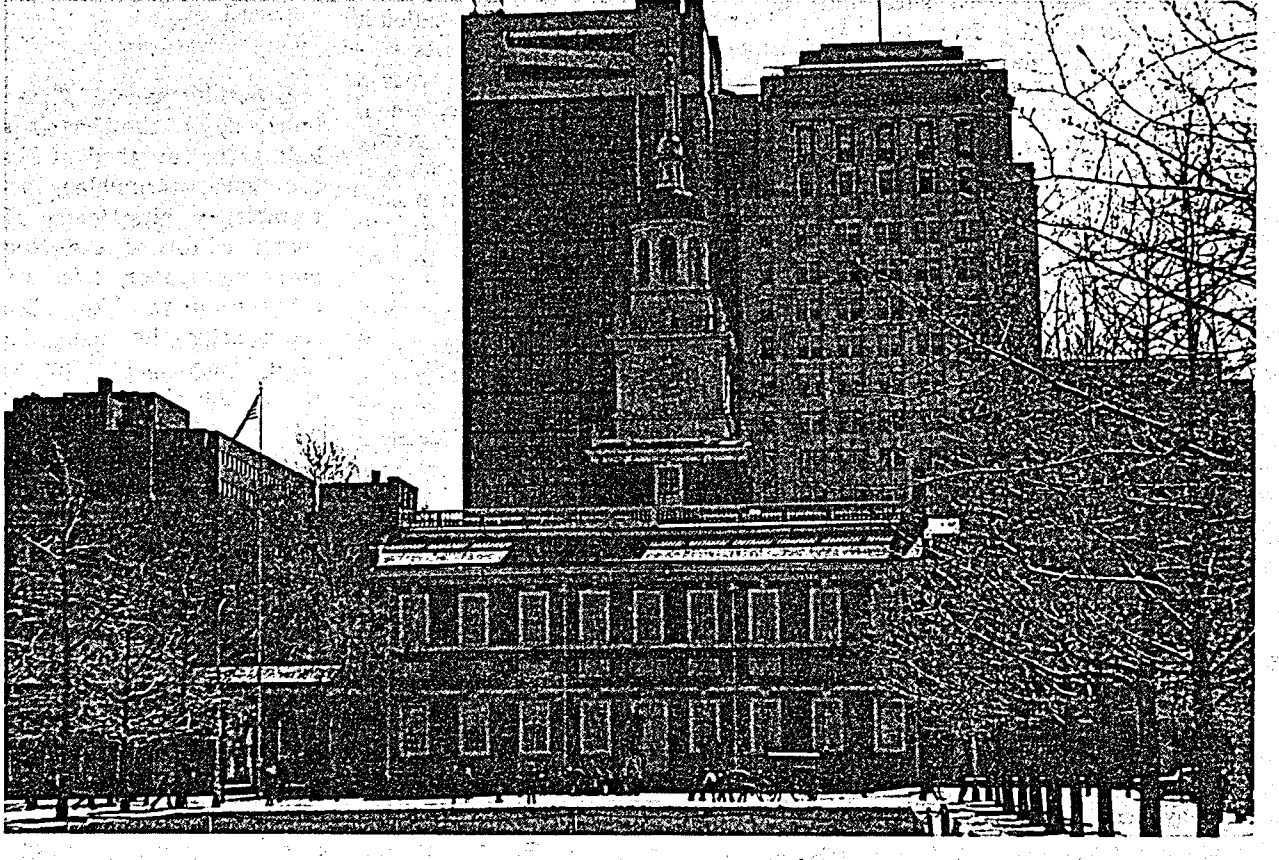
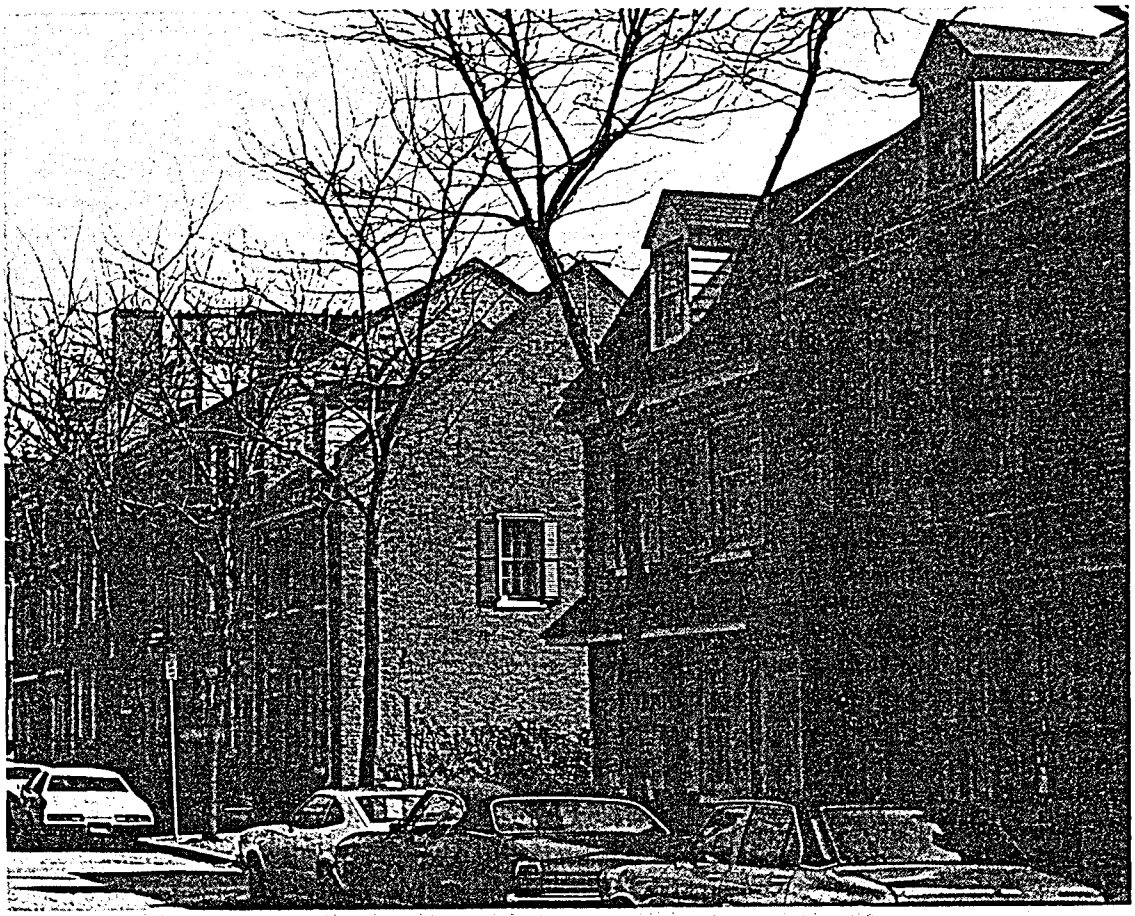
Is nothing sacred? Two weeks ago on the day of the Northwestern football game, another of the all-male sanctuaries crumbled, or at least trembled a bit. Helene Elliott, the sports editor of the Northwestern daily newspaper, tried to gain admittance to the Notre Dame locker room after the game. Roger Valdiserri, the sports information director of the University, resisted, and an hour after all of the writers got in, Ms. Elliott was still outside waiting to get admitted. Finally, after all the players had showered and dressed, she was allowed in to talk with Dan Devine and Rick Slager. Ms. Elliott in the past had been allowed entrance to the Northwestern locker rooms, without undue embarrassment caused to either the players or Ms. Elliott. Although she was noticeably upset after the incident, she now certainly realizes that, at Notre Dame, traditions do not fall easily.

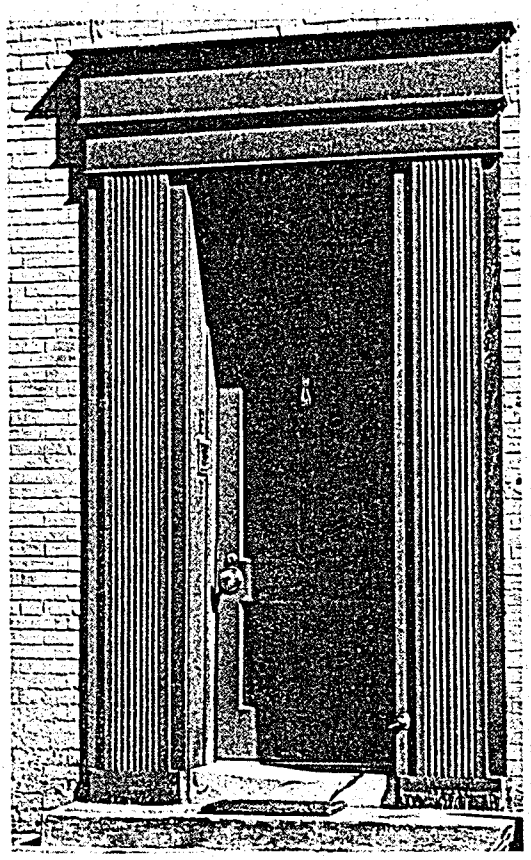
Gallery

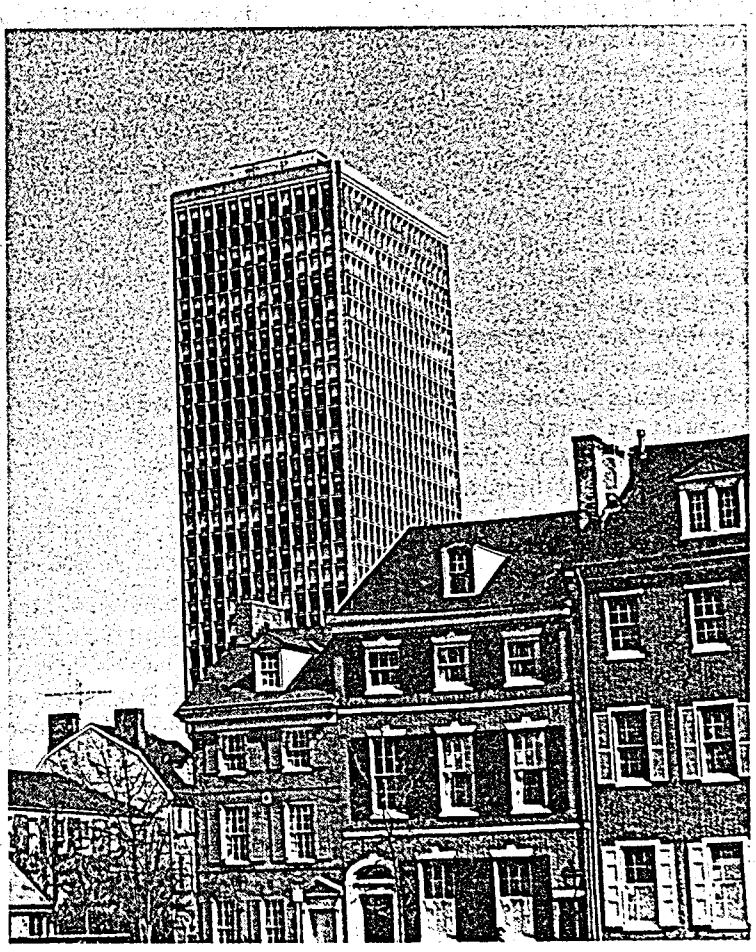
by William Reifsteck











Pardon Me, Sir, Is this the Freshman English Express?

Teaching Assistants at Notre Dame

by Greg Marshall

Gregory Marshall is a native Kansan, a Vietnam veteran, and has taught Comp and Lit at Notre Dame from 1973 to 1976. He holds a BA in Government from Central Missouri State University, an MA in English from Emporia, Kansas, State College, and is currently a Dissertation Year Fellow in the Department of English. He writes poetry, is an aficionado *of low-speed, short-distance running, and effects a skill at amateur sleight-of-hand. Please check your pockets after reading his essay.*

Freshman year and graduate school are similar rites of passage, and once in a while these parallel courses, like the lines imaginative geometers suppose to meet at infinity, meet in a classroom, usually one designated for English 109, Composition and Literature. Such a classroom is at a much more definite location than is infinity, but what happens there, or what is supposed to happen there, often is just as vaguely, or as creatively, defined.

The proposition that courses taught by graduate students, or Teaching Assistants (TA's), are a liability, a "problem" for the University to overcome, is a cliché of academic discourse, and one recently repeated in these pages (Annemarie Sullivan, "Freshman Year: Protection or Restriction?" *Scholastic,* September 10, 1976, pp. 8-9.) Since TA's teach 32 out of this fall's 40 sections of Comp and Lit, compared to only a few sections of Freshman Seminar, since I have neither the knowledge of nor an interest in defending those who only grade assignments or lead once-a-week discussions and, above all, since my own experience of teaching Comp and Lit at Notre Dame for three years so qualifies me, my remarks can claim direct relevance only to teachers and students of Comp and Lit.

Being a TA is not all fun. Our facilities, for one thing, fail to wholly disspirit us only because they are so totally comical. Before I came to Notre Dame, I taught at Emporia State of Kansas, where ten of us shared four small desks in two tiny rooms. When all of us showed up at once, like at 7:30 a.m. since we always got the prime hours, we would develop overcrowded-rat-cage symptoms, squealing and baring our teeth at one another. I took, therefore, to absenting myself whenever possible. When I got to Notre Dame, I found an even worse situation: 31 TA's sharing six desks in one room. Fortunately, at least half of them had already adopted my strategy of absence, whether because of the overcrowding or because of the wet gym clothes draped, by our resident long-distance runner, over chairs, desks and partitions to dry to their fullest perfume. A panel of distinguished professors from other universities, who last spring reviewed our graduate program in English, found these facilities, track meet or no, shocking and ridiculous. Things are better now, just in time for me to not get the advantage of them (I have retired into full-time scholarship). English TA's are three to an 8' x 10' in the old music practice rooms on the second floor of O'Shaughnessy, and, of recent note, have at last been awarded locks for the doors and one phone to use.

Beginnings are the most frightening, and in retrospect, the most interesting parts of rites of passage. Rob Tully, president of the Class of 1977, has been characterized for me by his parents as the world's greatest bullshitter. But when it came, in the fall of 1973, to putting all that stuff down on paper, I found him distinctly undertrained. In fact, Rob and I probably saw each other at our respective worst, during our first semesters at Notre Dame. He recalls being both apprehensive and excited about seeing his first N.D.

prof at the 8 o'clock hour that beginning Wednesday. Then I walked in, sucking coffee through my beard, long hair flowing, dark sunglasses glaring blankly. If it hadn't been so funny, he would've cried and gone home. I didn't wear regular clear spectacles for some time, having lost mine, and when I finally put on my long-awaited new ones, the whole class booed in unison and told me to go back to the shades. Rob has found TA's, whatever their eyesight, hard to deal with. "I think grad students teaching for the first time come off arrogantly," he says, "like they have all the answers. Sometimes kids just feel more comfortable with a regular prof." He thinks, too, that, since peers tend to be more severe toward their fellows, TA's demand more of students in response to the demands made on them in grad school. For Rob, obviously, the comradeship inherent in the parallelism between freshman year and graduate school failed to materialize.

The problem of arrogance, or conversely of timidity, the problem of how aggressive to be and what image of what kind of authority to project is a central one for novice teachers. Chad Tiedemann, now a junior prominent in N.D. Young Republicans, was straightforward enough to let me know, about halfway through our Comp and Lit course of spring 1975, that he thought I should be more aggressive in directing the flow of class discussion. I could, still can, see his point. As it happens, though, Walter Davis, my advisor and teaching mentor, visited sessions of that same class, and noticed that I was sometimes too aggressive in pursuing a point, often to the extent of missing out on topics the students were apparently ready to talk about, in favor of the one I was determined to have them talk about. A. J. Ouellette, who unlike Rob saw me at close to my best during spring semester 1976, finds that the TA's she has encountered have these conflicting demands in reasonable balance, enough so, at least, to be quite approachable and accessible. "You don't feel so stupid," she tells me, "going up to someone who's a student the same as you are and saying you don't understand something." She is especially appreciative of the amount of time TA's have to give and the willingness with which they give it.

None of this is anything new to Donald Sniegowski, a fisherman and Rhodes scholar who is in his fourth year as Director of Undergraduate English and boss of English TA's. The TA's like him well enough to call him "Sniegs," and he likes them well enough to put up with it, and with their complex and obscure Polish jokes. The distinguished outside reviewers were impressed with the TA program in the English department, and the director is not too modest to agree. "I'm very happy with the performance of the TA's in the course," Sniegowski affirms. "I've said that publicly a number of times." He is probably more conscious than anyone of the problems of the first-time teacher, since part of his job is to help solve them, but he is quick to point out that those problems are not peculiar to TA's: of five regular English faculty teaching Comp and Lit this semester, two are first-time teachers and a third has never taught this or any other freshman course before. Furthermore, Sniegowski adds, many beginning TA's have had prior experience in teaching, some in high schools, some, as I did, at other colleges, and can bring to Notre Dame and share with their fellows added perspectives on teaching. Thus, he concludes, "Whatever direction I offer TA's is offered as from one professional to another."

The main teaching strengths Sniegowski sees in his TA's are the energy, enthusiasm and encouragement of students A. J. sensed and Rob found wanting. TA's have a special opportunity to develop such qualities because their teaching load is one section only. Teaching but 20 students at a time allows one not only thoroughness of class preparation and commentary on assignments, but permits as well concentration of psychic energy on the task of getting to know students. Writing, even on the most impersonal of topics, is a very basic expression of selfhood. Through contact with the basic selves of students, contact not possible for a faculty member with 40-60 other students to worry about, a TA can connect with writing problems and virtues at a deep and essential level. Personal consultation is invited, in many cases required, and is facilitated by the six hours of office time TA's are required to keep each week. Such focus on individual persons and their individual problems pays off, Sniegowski thinks, and he cites as particular instances that pleasure him the number of outstanding students guided into the Committee on Academic Progress by TA's and the posite memories of Comp and Lit he encounters. "I'm encouraged by the number of sophomores and juniors who talk to me about the good experiences they've had in English 109," he relates. "In fact, quite a few of them ask me if a particular TA is still around, so they can ask for letters of recommendation."

Although he hasn't asked for any recommendations (yet), Rob and I are still friends. The possibility of such friendship and respect I attribute to the coxswain being in the same boat as the rowers, the TA being in a situation similar to that of the freshman. I usually blush before military metaphor, but there is something to be said for the old ideal of the officer or non-com who don't ask nothing of the men he can't do his own self. What this amounts to in Comp and Lit is reading and writing: the TA views others' difficulties with these skills through the humanizing lens of his own current problems. The TA can also rejoice in the job, if not well done, at least done on time.

Any other situation, I think, is corrupt. Teachers must not be those who cannot do, but must do along with their students. In the background of the cliché we started with is the idea that some professors are too busy with their own research to teach. At Notre Dame, with its admirable emphasis on the quality of undergraduate teaching, this idea sometimes gets turned around: to teach well, the professor must de-emphasize research; he or she must *not* go along with his or her students. Well, rot and nonsense, I say. In my experience, those who are busiest with their own scholarship and publication are the best teachers, and the most available and helpful to students. The problem is not that some professors are too busy with research; it's that too many of them aren't busy with anything at all. These we are all burdened by, but we are blessed with the presence of those others who prove that the ideal of the scholar/teacher is a living ideal.

I have found that TA's are in a position to emulate this ideal, if very imperfectly and only for a short time. My colleague Steve Smith, a TA for three years and currently Senior Teaching Fellow, thinks TA's are closer to the subject matter of Comp and Lit, the basics of reading and writing, than some faculty are. My writing and drinking (not necessarily in that order) buddy, Nich Talarico, long-time TA (Sniegowski is getting tired of seeing his face at those meetings), active and published poet and musician *extraordinaire,* uses his background in the creative and performing arts as a basis for innovative treatments of literature and expression. Other TA's follow suit, capitalizing on their own unique capabilities to create the classrooms they think most enjoyable and useful.

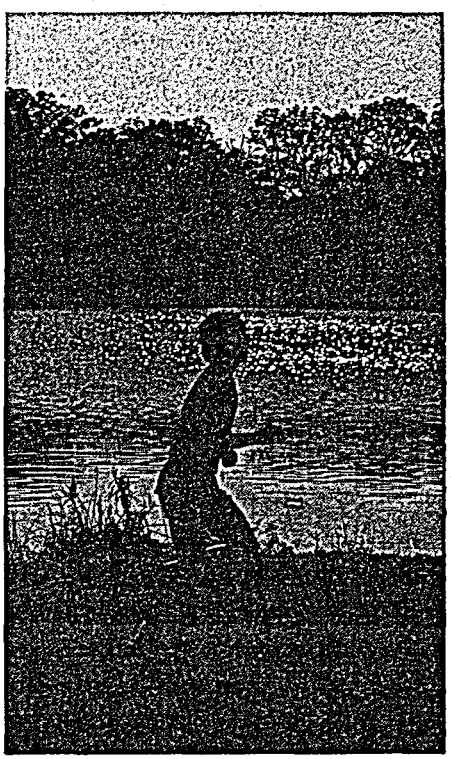
The effectiveness of these ploys varies, no doubt, but my Teacher-Course Evaluations (TCE's) and those my friends have shown me suggest that students think TA's about as competent as faculty, burden or blessing.

I think it would be enjoyable and profitable for regular faculty to have to share the burden and blessing of Comp and Lit now and again, and I have said so often enough that whenever I raise my hand in a departmental meeting nowadays I hear groans and muted, desperate cries: "Oh, no — here we go again." I think, for one thing, that faculty should meet their public, the Notre Dame students whose tuition and future contributions to the University go toward salaries. I think, for another, that regular faculty could well get acquainted again with the basics of their discipline(s) and maybe meet up with some new teaching ideas, too.

All of this comes around to another cliché of academic discourse, one related to, and perhaps at the root of, the one we began with: that teaching freshmen is not "significant" work, that it is not sufficiently "interesting" to those of sophisticated training. I usually stay further away from morals than from metaphor or anything else, but this position is offensive to me. *Au contraire:* it is not less "significant" to teach freshmen basic skills than it is to teach sophomores and juniors something like literature and the American Indian Hoo-Hah, nor is it less "interesting" to teach freshmen what poetry is like than to teach graduate students Olde Icelandic Arcana. However, despite what I imagine as the stunning impact of my openly scornful but self-evidently true moralization, one of the privileges accorded senior faculty is relief from such drudgery as Comp and Lit portends. This prejudice, moreover, is institutionally reinforced, as senior faculty also get higher pay and better working conditions than anyone, junior faculty or TA, who teaches freshmen. The problem of students who can't write, and this is the one problem most everyone is beginning to agree on, can be solved just like any other problem is solved: find the people who can do the job, make it possible for them to do the job, pay them decently and stand back.

Energy, enthusiasm, prejudice, imagination, creativity, infinity — I've thrown around a lot of words, or as Rob might say, a lot of bullshit. But people need to find words for whatever is valuable to them. Eskimo languages, for obvious reasons, have up to 19 words for snow; Cantonese, because of the importance attached in China to kinship structures, has three words for uncle. My experience as a TA at Notre Dame is valuable to me, and so I have found these words for it. Freshmen come to Notre Dame with plenty of words for sex, booze, sports and rock music. Most of them want to find other words for other things, too. TA's, having been there not long before and in some sense still there now, try to guide freshmen in their search, show them the words others have found, and help them figure out what to do with the words they finally find for themselves.

BENEATH THE PAINED EXTERIOR



by Marc Novak

Why would a person suffer the pain and exhaustion brought on by running 80-90 miles a week? For glamour and fame? Hardly. Some people at Notre Dame are probably unaware that the University has a cross-country team. Senior Jim Reinhart, this year's captain, explains: "We run 12 months a year, put in lots of work, all for little or no glory. We have an avid core of 20 to 30 fans, but the rest of the campus isn't that interested."

Cross-country may be an esoteric sport, but that doesn't bother most of the team. The runners agree that the major revenue sports probably deserve the greater recognition that they get. As one N.D. runner said, "Of course it would be nice if we had more fans, but cross-country is more of a personal sport anyway."

The thousands of miles a distance runner strides yearly do tend to add a dash of self-sufficiency to his personality. The individual satisfaction that a runner receives is sometimes the most important factor in going out for the sport. Reinhart expressed this opinion: "My goal is to do the best I can for myself," he said.

Some athletes see the cross-country season mainly as a preparation for track. Dennis Vanderkraats, the number-two runner on the team and a participant in the Canadian Olympic Trials, uses the fall sport to get in shape for track. "It's important to get a good mileage base in the fall," he said. "Cross-country gets you in great shape."

Running is used to tone up athletes in almost all sports, and distance running is the ultimate sport for conditioning. Exactly "how great" a conditioner it is is revealed by pulse rate and body weight. The average pulse rate of a distance runner is between 40 and 60 beats a minute. Compare this to the average adult rate of 70 to 80 a minute and this will give a good indication of the superior cardiovascular capacity and efficiency of a runner. Also (weight watchers take note) a distance runner weighs 10 to 15 pounds less than an average adult of his height. The fewer pounds a runner has to carry over a five-mile race distance, the faster he can travel.

As to the reason why other athletes are out for this sport, one runner remarked: "I don't see why these questions arise. Do people ask football players why they play football? I run because I like it."

After many miles of hard training, cross-country meets may seem anticlimactic. Jogging five miles is difficult for some people, but a good cross-country runner can cover the distance in about 25 minutes.

The moments before a race, as before most athletic events, are often tense. Each runner raises questions about his ability not just to run fast, but to finish the entire distance. "What happens if everyone blasts the first two miles? Should I let them go and hope they die, or should I stick with them? Should I risk going at the three-mile mark?"

As soon as the starter shoots his pistol, all anxiety disappears, and all thoughts turn to the task of putting one foot in front of the other — as quickly as possible.

Each person has his own strategy for the race. The lead runners bear the burden of the run. They break the wind for the ones behind who are watching the leaders' every move. The front runners control the pace, but the runners immediately behind "draft" or "sit on" the leaders. If the front runners pick it up, the followers will also speed up the pace. Once a runner tries to make a break from the pack he must obtain a substantial lead. If he falters he will be overtaken immediately.

There is not a great deal of psyching out opponents in cross-country. Vanderkraats "just tries to run an even pace and get a fast time." Again, the personal goals — improving one's time or simply doing as well as possible — are the main goals of runners.

Top man Reinhart just tries to stay with the competition. "Sometimes I sing a song in my head and run to it to keep a good rhythm, or to keep up."

If a runner doesn't "keep up" or doesn't do well, there is no loss of scholarships, since there aren't any cross-country scholarships to lose. There is no terrible trauma or emotion over not doing as well as expected. Most runners forget their bad races and savor their good ones. The simple thrill of being able to run is sufficient gratification. It's not something that everyone can do. To paraphrase an old saying: I was disappointed that I didn't run well, until I saw a man with no legs.

The human body is a magnificent machine. When it runs as it should, the movement is exquisite. This rapid movement by foot is the basis of all sports, which makes cross-country the purest form of athletics — or is it an art?

Let's Make a Deal

by Tom Kruczek

When a college recruiter comes to the house of a prospective athlete, he will try to impress on that athlete the finer attributes of the school that he represents. While the recruiter speaks, the athlete listens and listens and listens. Very little of what the recruiter is saying will be new to the athlete; the only difference between what this recruiter is saying and what the last one said is the different name.

"Well, usually it starts out with a school contacting you by mail and then they wait to see if there is any sign of interest by the recruit," according to Rich Branning. Branning is from Huntington, California, and last year at this time he was going through the recruiting game. All total, he was contacted by over 100 schools.

Following the initial contact with the school by mail, the coaches will then find out if the athlete will be academically eligible for Notre Dame. Frank McLaughlin, assistant basketball coach and recruiting coordinator for the team, pointed out that last year out of the top 75 high school basketball prospects, 43 did not qualify for the University academically. This cuts the available pool down further for the recruiters.

The recruiting policies followed by different schools vary. Some come on with the hard sell, some soft-sell it, while others might use a combination of the two, letting the area alumni sell the school hard while the coaches will use the softer approach.

Ty Dickerson, freshman wide receiver for the football team, felt that Notre Dame tries to use the soft-sell approach. "Coach Brian Boulac (line coach and recruiting coordinator) came on in sort of a mild-mannered way and brought out the fact that I could play early, that I would be getting the best education and that my future would be good at Notre Dame."

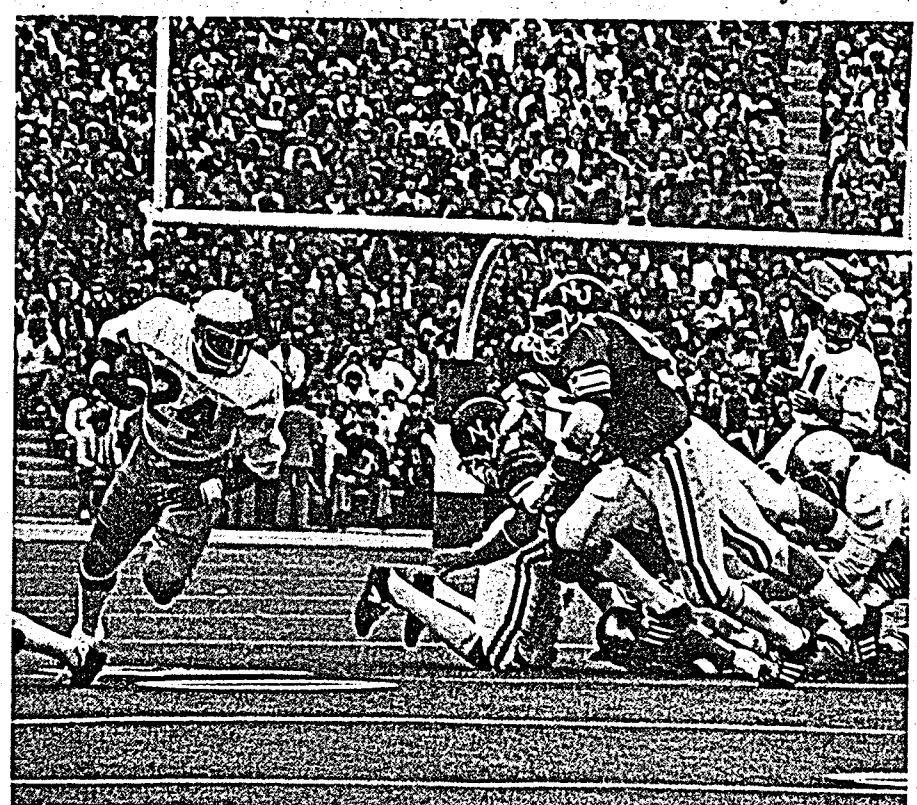
The recruiters are usually assistant coaches of the various sports. Once they know who will qualify for the University academically, they can go into action. For football, the coaches can begin contacting the athletes in August, but once the season for high schools begins, this contact has to be limited to the weekends. The basketball coaches have to wait until the first day of the athlete's senior year to contact him.

According to a recent NCAA ruling, the athlete can only have three official visits from someone representing the university, which means that the coach can visit the athlete and wine and dine him at the maximum of three times.

Boulac pointed out that when he was recruiting Steve Niehaus for Notre Dame, which was prior to the NCAA's new and tighter regulations, Niehaus admitted that one day he went out to eat three times with three different recruiters. During Niehaus's senior year, Boulac himself was in Cincinnati 36 times, and each time Niehaus received a visit from Boulac.

Following the visits from the coaches, and sometimes more than 50 schools actively pursuing the athlete, he has to pick out six schools which he would like to visit. In past years, the senior could visit any number of schools that he wanted to and Boulac pointed out that he knew athletes who spent nearly every weekend of the year on the road and some weekdays as well.

During the 48 hours that the athlete is on campus, the coaches like to have him spend time with other athletes from the team and to get a feel for the university. In the last two years, six basketball recruits have visited the University on an of-



Willard Browner

ficial weekend, while for football around 80 athletes came. In the end last year basketball gave out two scholarships, while the football team gave out its maximum of 30.

But the fact remains that no matter how low-key a school's recruiting policy may be, if 50 schools follow the athlete around, he still is facing a very demanding schedule. "Recruiting was coaches calling my home, letters from all the interested schools and a lot of bothering," freshman quarterback Kevin Muno related. Muno was also pursued by UCLA and USC.

Although the athletes contacted admitted to feeling pressure, each also stated that the experience, by and large, was a good one. Willard Browner, freshman running back, was one who reflected this viewpoint: "Actually, recruiting wasn't that big a deal. If they would have all been after me at the same time, it would have gotten pretty hectic. But one coach would come one week and one would come the following week, so this way, it wasn't all that bad. It was all in all a nice experience. It was something you worked for since you were a child and it was a rewarding experience."

But the problem with recruiting is that there are other schools which may not feel that the athlete should come out of the recruiting game with a nice feeling and that the high-pressure approach would be better. For example, Washington State University will have around 40 to 50 basketball players visit the campus in the course of the year for visitation weekends. Others just like to spend money, and lots of it. McLaughlin, while not giving an exact figure, pointed out that because Notre Dame will deal with fewer athletes in the course of a year, they can keep recruiting costs down. He pointed out that Oregon spends around $80,000 a year on basketball recruiting.

"I agree that the nature of recruiting is all too often pressure," assistant basketball coach Dick Kuchen said. "But the NCAA, in imposing limitations on the number of visits that a school can make to an athlete and in the fact that an athlete can visit a school only once, are all added to protect the athlete from pressure."

In addition, the NCAA's limitations also help to keep the recruiting budgets down in schools, and that can be the other motivating factor behind the imposing of the limitations. Also another additional bonus sprang from the limits, as Boulac pointed out.

"Look at the football seasons in the past couple of years or look at what has happened already this year in college football. There have been a lot of upsets, and what is happening

Dick Kuchen

is that there is greater balance now. The schools which in the past couldn't compete with places which gave out lots of scholarships can compete now because of the limits on the number of scholarships a school can give out."

Of course, this rule can be limitations, the NCAA proved that it had a sense of humor with the "Bump Rule." Kuchen pointed out that this permits a coach, if he sees a recruit on a visit to his school that is not directed toward getting that particular athlete, the coach doesn't have to walk past the athlete and ignore him. He can talk with him, but wining and dining is definitely out.

Of course this rule can be stretched to the ridiculous, and it was pointed out that coaches could just happen to be at all 20 basketball games of a certain athlete and the coach could just happen to run into him after the game each time. All of this would be legal under the "Bump Rule."

Other things can be done which are not so legal, and the fact that 22 schools are now on probation, mostly through recruiting violations, points out that some coaches are not beneath breaking the rules on occasion.

McLaughlin speculates that the reason a school might offer something extra to a player would be because it can't compete on an equal basis with other schools unless it adds something to entice the athlete.

"When you're buying a Mercedes, the dealer doesn't try to toss in the air conditioning to get you to buy the car," McLaughlin related. "But when you're buying a Volkswagen, the dealer might because there is a difference in quality between the Mercedes and the Volkswagen. I feel Notre Dame is the most honest program run, and that is barring none."

In many of the cases of the schools which were on probation, it was not the coaches who made illegal financial offers to the athletes, but rather the alumni. Although alumni can visit and talk with prospective athletes, if they officially represent the university, it would be considered one of the three visits. Of course, like the "Bump Rule," if an alumnus just happens to run into a highly recruited player, he might just happen to mention something about the school and why he should play there.

It is doubly unfortunate for the athlete when a school has a group of rabid alumni like Notre Dame. However, both Kuchen and Boulac stated that the alumni have not been a hindrance to recruiting, but rather have been a help. The alumni from Notre Dame are generally a successful group, and the coaches pointed out that when that is shown to an athlete, he'll usually be impressed with what a Notre Dame education can do for a person.

When the final decision has to be made, it comes down to what McLaughlin described as "a decision to be made by the athlete and his family." Many recruiters realize that for many an athlete, after the parade has finally left his doorstep, he will turn to his family for help in sorting out what was said. Dickerson related that a certain school used this ploy to lure him. "I was recruited pretty heavily for Vanderbilt because my brother plays football there. Since

any parent would like to see his sons play ball on the same team, Vanderbilt seemed to recruit my parents a little stronger than they did me."

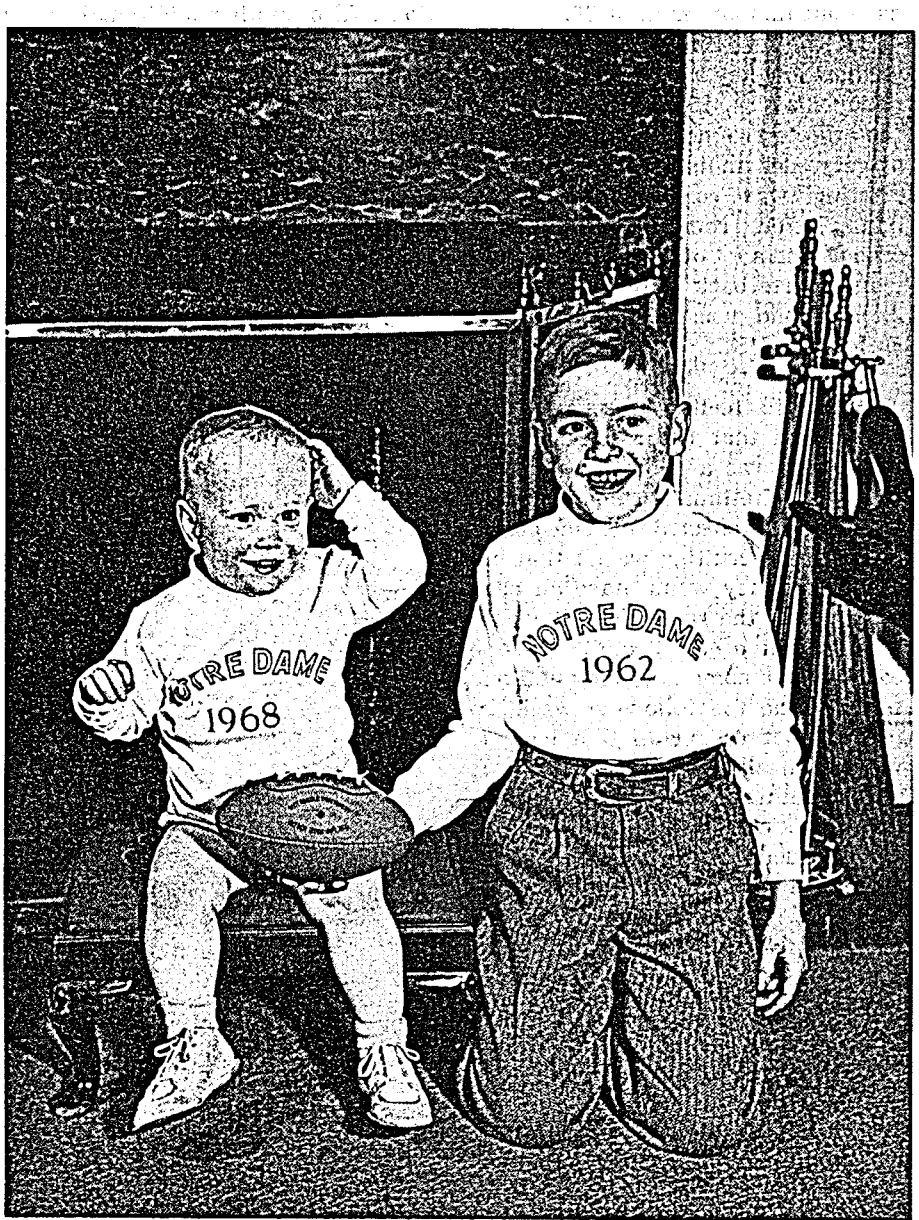
The athlete will usually come up with two or three schools that he is particularly interested in from the six that he visited. The athlete will then try to decide about the schools' educational aspects, how often they appear on television, the location of the school, who the head coach is, how good the team is, and of course, whether or not he will play.

The athlete will have to sort through six schools telling him that his particular major at their school is the best in the country. He has to sort through six schools telling him that he will be the best thing to come to that school since water fountains. And, he will have to sort through six schools telling him that they have the best of everything else that the athlete could want.

To this all, McLaughlin tells the recruit to "Listen to every coach that comes by, but don't believe any of it." That probably is the best advice that anyone can give to a recruit, because when it comes down to the actual decision, much of it will rest not on what the recruiter has said, because the athlete has heard all that before. It will come down to subjective impressions of the recruiter, the school and the players he met.

When the recruiters have left, it's then up to the athlete to make his decision. Dickerson recalled that he had signed a conference letter of intent for South Carolina, and then after speaking with Boulac, suddenly one night decided that Notre Dame was the place for him. Some decisions are made that way while others involve more soul searching.

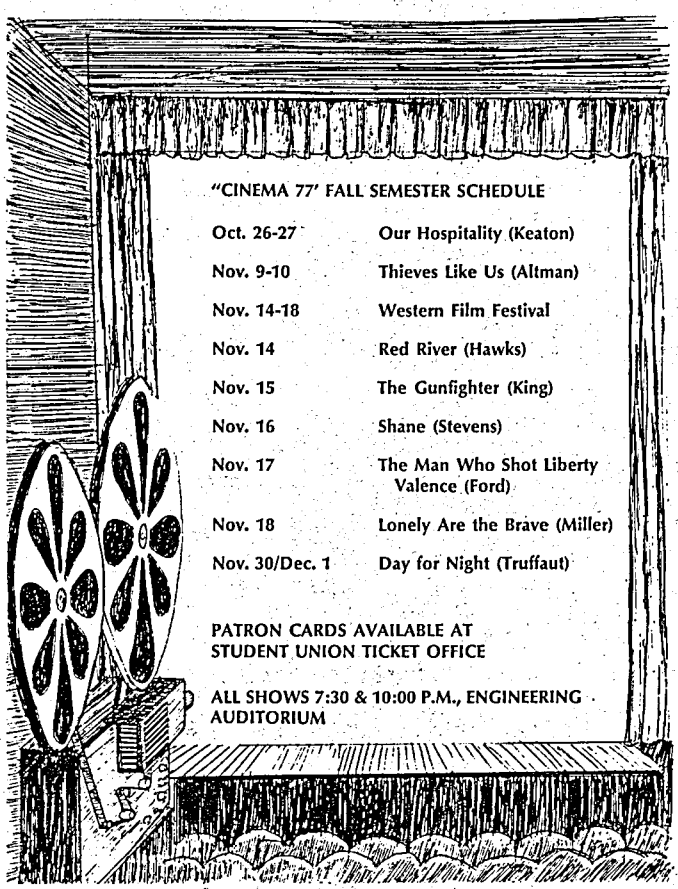
Freshman hockey player Greg Meredith felt that "Recruiting was a time of pressuring people and infringing on their time and privacy and driving people crazy." The pressure comes from the recruiters and from the athlete because, after all, it is his future that he is deciding.

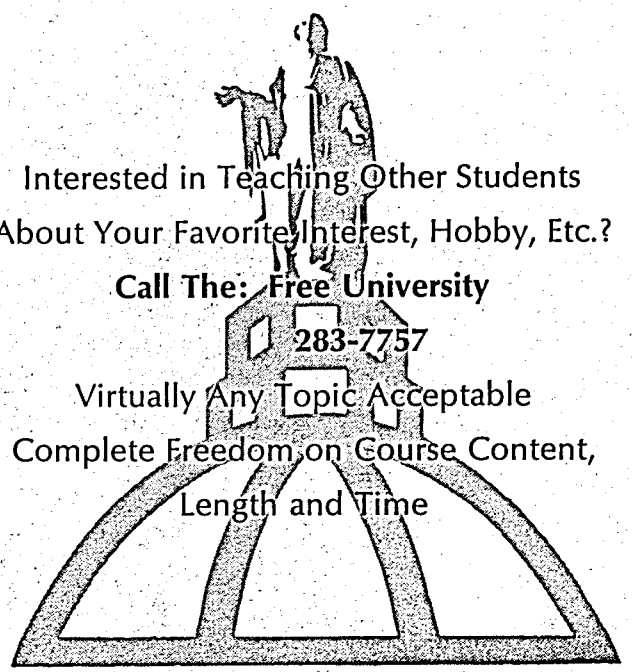


. . . worked for it since a child

Dickerson summed it up the best in relating that "People do not realize what athletes go through with the recruiting business, because they have not personally gone through it themselves. But let me tell you, it is a great deal of pressure and I can see how some people could not handle it."

It's the pressure that makes recruiting the difficult experience that it is. It would be an ordeal for any person, but it is especially so for an 18-year-old high school senior. The recruiter has done it many times before, but for the athlete it's a new and strange experience, and a year later he'll look back on with mixed emotions, perhaps wondering if it was all worth it.





NOTE:

Tryouts For The ND-SMC Theatre's Production Of Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance* Will Be Held In The Little Theatre Of Moreau Hall At St. Mary's On October 12 And 13 At 7:30 P. M. Scripts Are Available From The Speech And Drama Office In Room 110, Moreau Hall. Call Backs Will Be On October 14, Same Time, Same Place.

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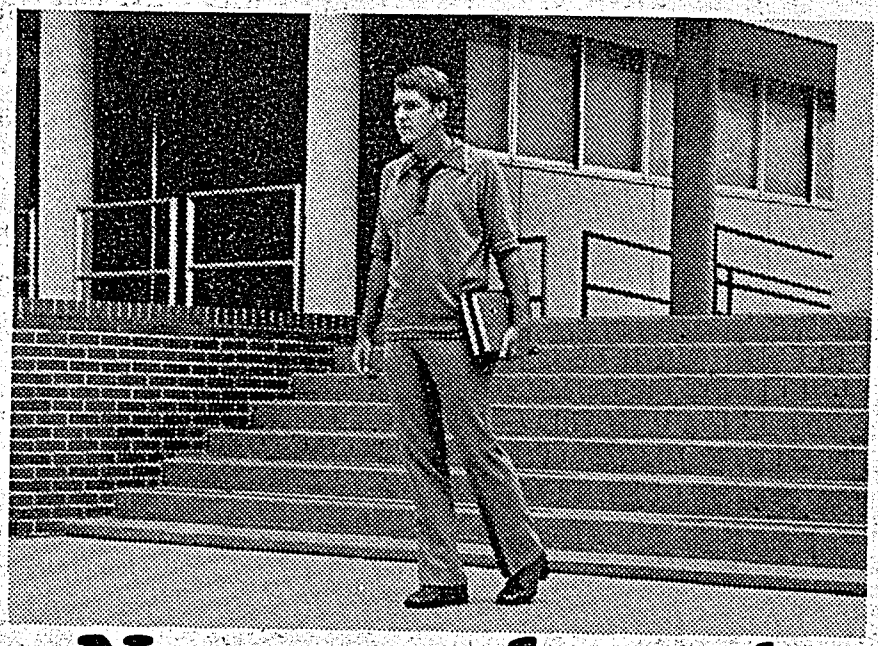

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