



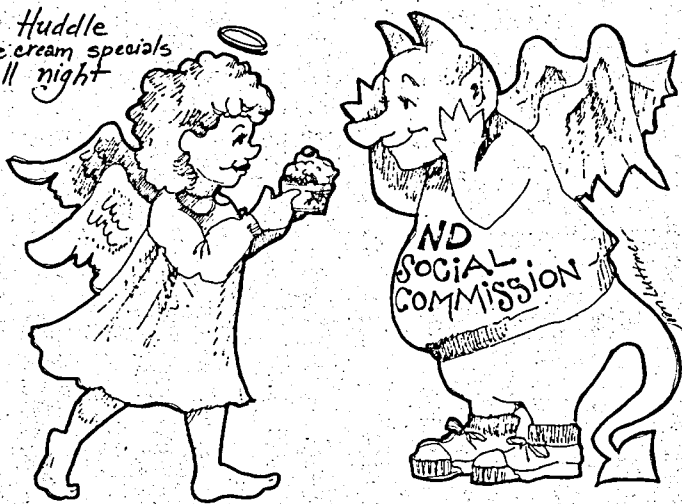
Scholastic

March 7, 1977

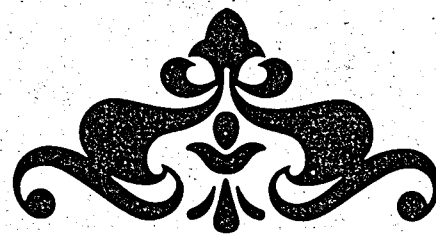
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March 4th 5th

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The Telephone

and

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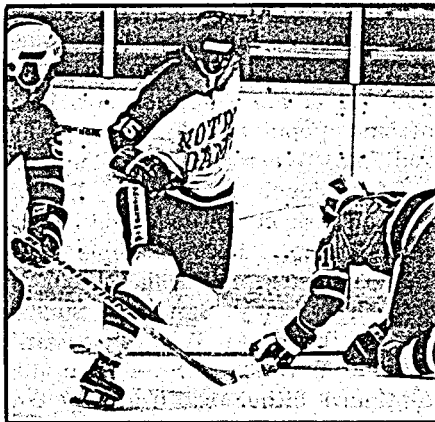
choreographed by Mim Sparks Field,

March 4, 5 and 6 at 8:00 p.m. in Washington Hall

Be daring, get off the stick and break out of your narrow ways.

Scholastic

Vol. 118, No. 9, March 7, 1977
Notre Dame, Indiana



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Screaming for Ice Cream

by Karen Caruso with Jim Romanelli

"Come March 22, we're having a birthday party, with decorations of balloons, streamers, hats — and red and white all over." Thus the words of Thomas Grogan, Huddle manager, enthusiastically announce the one-year celebration of the Irish Ice Cream Shoppe's existence in the Huddle. Before this, the Huddle was popular only for its grilled food and its drinks—for whatever popularity it did hold. The addition of the ice cream parlor has vastly increased the number and frequency of Huddle customers.

The Irish Ice Cream Shoppe is an adaptation of the Dipper Dan ice cream stores, found mostly in the Midwest and the South. These chains, owned by Swift and Company, supply the Huddle with dairy products. (The University holds stock in Swift and Company). Grogan explains how the ice cream parlor came into being: "We had eight ice cream flavors at the Huddle last year, and we expanded with the help of Swift and Company. The idea was to do something of a facelifting renovation, for immediate success and appeal — something quick and right. The remodeling took place over March break last year, after a four-month preparation period to work out all the ideas and to visit Dipper Dan's in Chicago. The company sent us a copy of their blueprints and I adopted their basic

design. The actual physical change occurred over six working days." Swift and Company was pleased about the expansion of the Huddle's ice cream flavors. As Grogan puts it, "They were willing to help us with anything that would have us buy more ice cream from them."

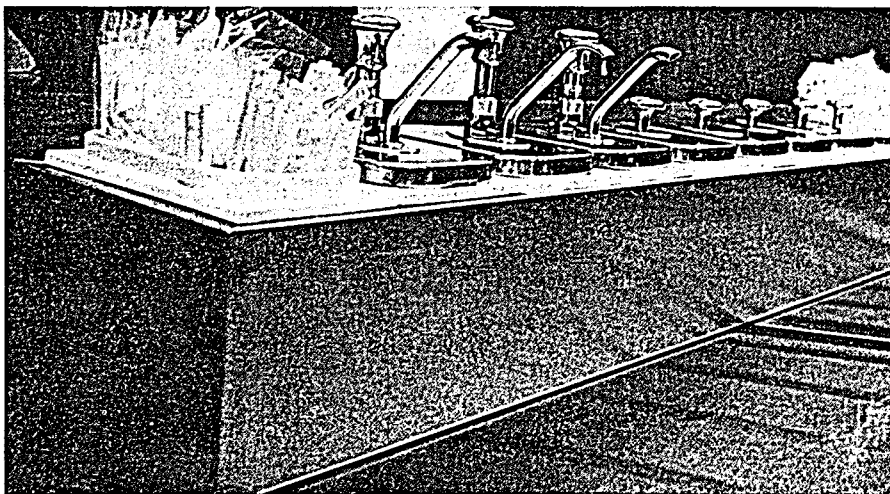
With all the attraction of the new ice cream flavors, did the other aspects of the dairy section drop in popularity? According to the amounts sold, feedback cards filled out by employees and personal comments overheard, sales of sundaes have either remained the same or risen. "Now we use fruit topping on sundaes as opposed to ice cream topping," Grogan explains. "Ice cream topping had more sugar to make the little bit of fruit stand up and look pretty, but you can only look at it so long. Flavor is the primary seller." The huge variety has had a good impact on milkshake sales. Grogan relates that a "big and continuous hit is the idea that you can have a milkshake made out of anything — sherbet, spumoni, even coffee ice cream, which is a big seller."

The variety of flavors has helped boost sales of specials and novelties. The Huddle sponsors a "flavor of the month" that is equated with the current season or holiday. For example, pumpkin ice cream was received in a limited quantity during

the Halloween-Thanksgiving season, and it elicited a good response. Coconut ice cream sold successfully during the Christmas holidays. In addition to flavors for all seasons, the Irish Ice Cream Shoppe advertises novelties for football weekends or campus activities. Grogan says that ice cream Happy Hours have become popular since the parlor addition. "We ran Happy Hour not nearly enough last year. During football season we do a special for each game. For example, the 'Boilermaker' for Purdue weekend, and the 'Sunny Saturday Sundae Special' during An Tostal last year."

Some flavors, however, are discontinued either because they are unpopular with the public or because of rising costs to the manufacturer. Swift and Company have stopped the production of English toffee, blueberry cheesecake, spumoni, pineapple yogurt, blue moon and butterscotch chip. Regrettably, price increases have forced the Huddle to drop butter pecan, a once-popular flavor. But, bigger and better flavors are constantly created to replace the casualties. Three newcomers in the Huddle are lemon custard, chocolate fudge chip and caramel almond cream, making new choices for the ice cream craver.

Since its opening, the Irish Ice Cream Shoppe has gone through 10,194 gallons of ice cream. The Huddle receives two deliveries per week of three-gallon containers of ice cream flavors. There is a storage capacity of 198 containers, including those on display. "We order from a list of 36 flavors right now," says Grogan. "We like to maintain 33 — 32 showing, and vanilla in the back. In the 11 months the ice cream parlor has existed, we've gone through 800 three-gallon containers of vanilla. While it is the largest volume, it is not the favorite flavor. It's a vehicle for other concoctions, like sundaes and shakes." Another way he describes vanilla is as "the workhorse" of the ice cream division.



Which brings us to the popularity of ice cream flavors. Vanilla is the biggest seller, but which flavor has the most appeal for cones? Statistics from the 11 months of full operation show mint chocolate chip the leader with 1035 gallons sold. Chocolate chip is second with 786 gallons, and chocolate a close third with 645. Other favorites are chocolate caramel fudge, which sold 516 gallons, butter brickle with 441 gallons in sales, and tin roof with 318.

We, being people of *Scholastic* and avid ice cream lovers, are offering this mini-review of a few "choice" flavors as a guideline for you to either select a flavor or compare your opinions to ours. The quotations are our initial and honest reactions to the flavors, as printed below.

Mint chocolate chip: Being the most popular of all, we could not pass up the opportunity to evaluate it. The flavor is destined to keep the top spot, as reflected in Karen's reaction of "very tasty and cool" and Jim's comment of it being "excellent, lots of chips."

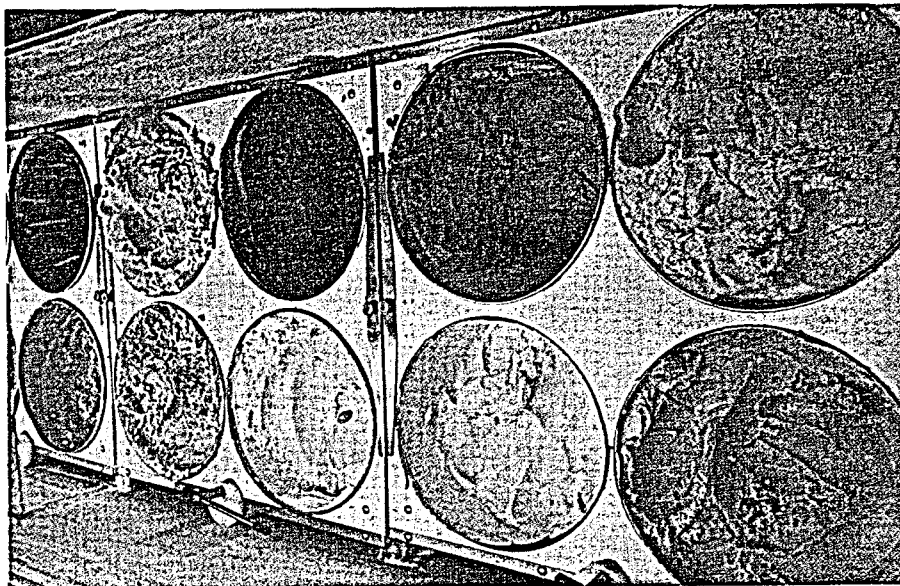
Red Raspberry: Not a sherbet, as most people think, but a real honest-to-goodness ice cream. Jim, however, says it "tastes like a sherbet," so maybe it should be moved to that category. Karen wants to move it to the drink section because it "tastes weak, like Kool-aid."

Chocolate: Rated third, it is not as delicious as we had expected. Karen notices a "slightly artificial taste," while Jim says it "doesn't hold enough cold," whatever that means.

Caramel almond fudge: Definitely soon to be a big seller. Karen loves its "gooey-ness — the type of thing to blow a diet on." Jim gets carried away with the "gobs and gobs of decadent, gooey, marshmallow cream."

Lemon custard: The very best of the newcomers. Karen is reminded of "creamy eggnog—the ice cream is an unusually good combination of flavors." Jim likes its "tangy" taste, and so will all who try it.

Black walnut: This choice flavor sold only 75 gallons so far; Grogan's explanation of this is its "very strong flavor that some don't go for. I personally do, but you have to really like black walnut to eat it."



Well, Mr. Grogan, that must be true, because Karen says it "tastes like the one thing my mom bakes that I don't like," to which Jim replies, "I don't know your mom, but I think I agree."

Butter brickle: Fifth in popularity, and will stay there for a long time. We experts react with the same simple word: "Excellent!"

Chocolate walnut: This flavor is often overlooked, and it's a shame, because so many people miss out on a real chocolate experience. Karen is pleasantly surprised with its "rich taste, like good fudge," and Jim is impressed with the "fudgy texture."

Raspberry sherbet: The best-selling sherbet reminds Jim of "cream-sicles I used to get from the Good Humor man when I was a kid." Karen likes it a lot because of its "good berry taste."

Lime sherbet: This one reflects our consensus of the sherbets — "tangy and good strong flavor." No complaints with any sherbets in the Huddle.

Chocolate chip: Presently in second place. Jim likes it, but Karen thinks it should try harder and have more chips.

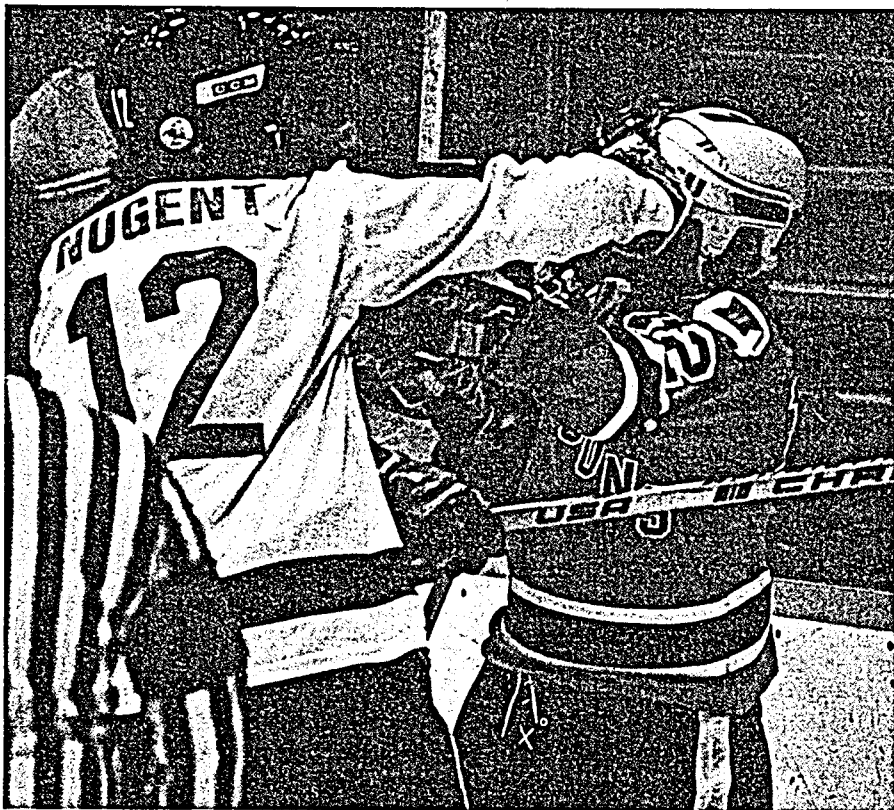
Coffee: Becoming a favorite milkshake flavor. However, our reactions are by no means any help to the person wanting a sensible evaluation. Karen believes that "this ice cream will prevent sleep for anyone." Jim's reaction is "this is a good coffee, but I hate coffee ice cream." As mentioned before, look elsewhere for a sensible evaluation of this coffee ice cream.

Spumoni: We don't know why this flavor has been discontinued, because we like it. Karen likes the "good mixture of flavors," and one of her friends goes for the rum taste. Jim thinks it's "a little too chocolatey for a spumoni," but that's probably because he missed the rum flavor. (Rum flavor?! Bring this ice cream back!).

Peppermint: The typical reminder of Christmas and all the goodies that go with it. Karen says it could use a "little more candy chips" in it, and Jim says it reminds him of the "peppermint taste of the Certs breath test." Very good nonetheless.

The most important aspect of the Irish Ice Cream Shoppe remains the variety of flavors offered. Mr. William Edwards, night manager of the Huddle, feels very strongly about this. As he sums it up, "It's like the old Indian chief said: 'It's good that not everyone likes the same thing — like my squaw, for instance.'"

The appeal of the ice cream parlor has spread beyond the campus to the residents of the South Bend area. "The number-one customer is the student," Grogan explains, "and now high school kids and their families come in on tours. We get a variety of reactions to our ice cream from 'oooh, look!' to 'there goes my diet' from them." All in all, the celebration of the Irish Ice Cream Shoppe's first birthday will be "a big deal — we'll really get carried away"; something no one should miss.



Playoff Dress Rehearsal

by John Delaney

welcome stop for visiting pucksters. Forward Kevin Nugent spoke for his teammates and coaches when he said, "We'd like to thank the fans, especially the students, for their continuous, unflinching support and we know our 'seventh man' will be with us against Wisconsin."



Brian "Dukie" Walsh

The nation's number-one collegiate hockey team is the University of Wisconsin. Depending on who does the rating, Notre Dame is not far behind, somewhere in the top four. Wisconsin has already won the title in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association, while Notre Dame has a firm grip on second place. Yet, last season neither team finished higher than fifth in the league.

What caused Wisconsin's skyrocket course to the top? Several factors are involved. Head Coach Bob Johnson took a leave of absence last year to coach the U.S. Olympic team, so the Badgers played under an interim mentor. Two players, defenseman John Taft and winger Steve Talley, also return to Madison with Olympic experience. All-American Craig Norwich heads a roster of 24 returning lettermen. Coach Johnson is quick to point out that the improvement of netminder Julian Baretta and frosh center Mark Johnson (the coach's eldest son) has contributed immensely to the Badgers' outstanding play this season.

The Irish icers returned last year's squad virtually intact. According to Head Coach "Lefty" Smith, "We now have a majority of juniors and seniors on our club, and their ex-

perience and leadership have significantly helped us." Led by the all-time leading Notre Dame scorer Brian "Dukie" Walsh, Donny "The Wizard" Fairholm and freshman standout Greg Meredith, the Irish feature a formidable, well-balanced attack. The defense is solid with such stars as Paul Clarke and All-American Jack Brownschidle. Len Moher and John Peterson continue to amaze crowds everywhere with their play between the posts.

Fortunately for the nerves of the respective coaches, this weekend's showdown will not be for the WCHA championship. However, this will not affect the degree of intensity of the two games. In November, the teams split a tough series and there are no signs that the rematch will not be as hard fought. Coach Smith looks forward to what he says will be "one helluva hockey series." Coach Johnson noted, "Both Notre Dame and our own team have been playing excellently lately, and we expect two tremendous games."

The Irish success story of 1976-77 would be incomplete without mentioning the loyal fan support that has spurred the team on during the season. With the ever-present, ever-vocal "Ice Holes" leading the way, the ACC rink has not exactly been a

The Way We Were

by Lisa Michels

Dr. Astrik L. Gabriel is the foremost expert in the history of mediaeval education in the world. This formidable claim immediately implies visions of an esoteric, elderly scholar perpetually immersed in the candle-lit study of massive, yellowed manuscripts. Just one meeting with Gabriel, however, quickly dispels all such visions and prejudices. He is both a man who exudes charm through his Old World mannerisms and a scholar who has raised his head from his manuscripts long enough to observe both how little and how much man has changed since mediaeval times.

Both his Old World scholarship and his New World awareness aided Gabriel in his position as Director of the Notre Dame Mediaeval Institute from 1953-1975. During these years he transformed mediaeval studies from bleary-eyed manuscript translations to the study of reproduced microfilms and prints. Not a man to be confined to a single endeavor, Canon Gabriel makes world-wide lecture tours, collects ancient rare books, directs the specially endowed Ambrosiana Project and, one of his fondest activities, patronizes fine French restaurants.

These two latter activities Gabriel enjoys discussing with the uninitiated visitor. He finds great enjoyment strolling through his Ambrosiana exhibition, thus taking the visitor by the arm and gently guiding him back into the world of the twelfth century. The main purpose of this project is the photographing of thousands of prints and manuscripts from the renowned Ambrosiana Library in Milan, thus providing future Americans ready access to these previously remote treasures. These treasures consist of such works as an illustrated fourth-century Homer, the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, Durer sketchings and a letter written by Lucrezia Borgia to her lover, accompanied by a lock of her golden hair. Gabriel's job is to oversee the delicate process of the reproduction of these works,

whereby they are reprinted as microfilms, black and white photos, color slides, and Ektachrome transparencies. Gabriel takes great pride in showing off his collection, pointing out the surprisingly brilliant colors of the reproductions and the easily decipherable filing system in which they are arranged.

Gabriel is most enthusiastic, however, when explaining the significance of the manuscripts and prints. A seventeenth-century print of two naked women in bed with a baby would have no meaning to a novice, yet Gabriel has interpreted it as a depiction of the biblical scene of "The Disputed Child" concerning the judgment of Solomon. One of the mediaeval manuscripts illustrates the activities forbidden to the college students of the time. One page depicts a male student luring a woman into his room, followed by a drawing of the same woman showing her little baby the room of his father.

Gabriel feels that mediaeval studies help us to understand our present. The citation which he received at Notre Dame's 1973 commencement read in part, "As we live our cultural life forward, he has reminded us that we only understand it backward." Gabriel's enthusiasm for his subject stems from his belief that what he has uncovered in the mediaeval manuscripts is valuable to future civilizations. He expressed this belief in his address at last year's Youngstown State Commencement. "Tradition, on the part of the giver, is love and experience to be shared; for the receiver, it is a willingness to make it a vehicle of social intercourse."

While not absorbed in his mediaeval studies, Canon Gabriel indulges in the Epicurean delights of fine restaurant dining. Dining with such a gourmet expert is an experience in itself—at least a few hours should be set aside for lunch. According to Gabriel, there are three requirements to the establishment of good restaurants: "The restaurant

must first have good food. The chef should be only a chef, not an interior decorator. Secondly, the atmosphere must be agreeable and conducive to inspiring conversation. Finally, hospitality is important—when the guest comes, Christ comes, and the customer should be served as though he is visiting a home." Gabriel says that restaurants often suffer when they are frequented out of curiosity. Gabriel's personal preferences for dining are Le Doyer



in Paris, Le Perroquet in Chicago and Eddie's in South Bend.

From being a French restaurant connoisseur to a mediaeval scholar, the Hungarian-born Gabriel is an anachronistic figure in our culture. By stressing the importance of good taste and manners to the necessity of historical study, he introduces Old World qualities in an America with only an immediate past. Gabriel has found that teaching mediaeval history is much more difficult in America than in Europe, because the Middle Ages are both physically and temporally remote for Americans. Through his teachings and his Ambrosiana Collection, however, Gabriel has bridged this gap for Americans by making mediaeval times both more alive and more necessary.

B.A., B.B.A., B.S./J.O.B.

by Maureen Walsh

Overcrowding in the College of Business Administration is no secret. One need only listen to the rumblings of discontent in the halls of Hayes-Healy. A rumbling of a slightly different pitch may be heard every night in the Memorial Library. It is usually accompanied by much wailing and gnashing of teeth as students carting great tomes entitled *Organic Chemistry*, *University Physics*, or *Biological Sciences* enter into a silent battle among a growing number of pre-medical students for what appears to be a fixed number of seats in medical schools. And in O'Shaughnessy Hall, one need only ask any junior or senior the forbidden question, "What are you going to do next year?" and the reply is almost guaranteed: "Well, I'm not sure, but I'm thinking of going to law school."

These, of course, are not incidents unique to Notre Dame. According to *Newsweek*, as the children of the post-World War II baby boom have matured, "They have crowded the schools in the 1950's and the 1960's and have flooded the job market in the 1970's." Faced with the prospect that a good education does not necessarily insure a good job, contrary to what the National Advertising Council would have us believe, student expectations of their college education have shifted to incorporate a definite end in mind rather than a means. According to Father James Burtchaell, Provost of the University, "There is a very strong preoccupation with future employability and maybe even a little hesitancy to believe that one is and will be attractive when presented to the career market."

This preoccupation has evolved through different stages. Within a

fairly fixed number of undergraduates, the distribution of students among the four colleges of the University has fluctuated over the past decade. Father Burtchaell traced the changes: "Engineering went through an increase, then a deflation, and is now going through a restoration of enrollment. Business has slowly risen, but at a faster rate since the end of the sixties. Science has had



Rev. James T. Burtchaell C.S.C.

its great influx. It was losing students, but that was checked by two things: by the interest in medicine, and by the introduction of the concentration. Arts and Letters has just responded to all that; although Fine Arts has had a growth and Social Science has had a growth. A lot of this has happened at the expense of the humanities."

Attempts to predict future trends in student interest are purely speculative. In the early 1960's, the programs of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, enforced with a healthy

economy, made aerospace engineering a new, challenging and very attractive field of study. But with the sudden cutbacks in government spending for space exploration went the attractiveness of the discipline. Such sudden changes are impossible to plan for years in advance.

As of yet there is no new, clearly identifiable direction of student interest, but Burtchaell feels that because the humanities are low right now, they might regain some of their interest. "Social Science is holding rather high. Business may finally be peaking out. Science continues to have high enrollment, but the messages are coming from the medical schools that enrollment might even be cut back in the future and if that were so, it might cause a reaction similar to that which occurred in engineering when the space program was cut back. Engineering itself is growing, but no one knows where it's going to go."

Although it seems futile to try to foresee the next great wave of student interest, it would be extremely detrimental to make no attempt at prediction. The problem of overcrowded classrooms can be interpreted in two ways: too many students, or too little faculty. In order to alleviate one side of the problem, various universities have proposed Faculty Models.

At the University of Southern California, a computer program is being developed which evaluates the present hiring policy of the University in light of different variables and then gives a picture of what the faculty will look like in ten years if the present policy is continued. Changes in the basic policy can be programmed in to see what long-

term effects a slight policy change would produce. The program, theoretically, could tell an administration how to hire, how many to tenure, where to hire, and how long to employ people if they are not tenured.

Burtchaell commented on the employment of such a system at Notre Dame, saying, "There are a number of faculty models, mostly in state universities, which are very complex systems for matching manpower to work done. We have generally felt that although they appear to be very subtle and complex, they are, in fact, quite clumsy because they don't allow for all the experience, sense and intuition that an administrator would have.

"We do provide all the statistics necessary to show deans the fluctuation in work load, but statistics tell only part of the picture. The trouble with a complex system is that it is totally dependent on statistics.

"These models expect that the variables will change according to a gradient plotted in advance and we have found that many of the variables we deal with go up and down unexpectedly, so that, ironically, some of these computerized planning strategies are not very good for planning.

"The University has to take student interests into account when allotting resources to the various colleges. So when student opinions shift, faculty funded positions usually shift, but not so fast and not so much as might be expected because some student trends reverse. Also, we have a commitment to some disciplines here and we cannot allow those to be so understaffed in a period of low interest that we could ruin a department. A department might suffer a period of five years or so when there is relatively little student interest, but if the University instantly cuts back its faculty positions correspondingly, it might take that department 15 years to recover the strength that it once had. So while it is temporarily harder on the departments that are receiving a great influx of students not to get faculty positions right away, it keeps us from making any abrupt miscalculations and it allows the University to keep its commitments going to the departments that it has chosen to have."

There is much talk about student-

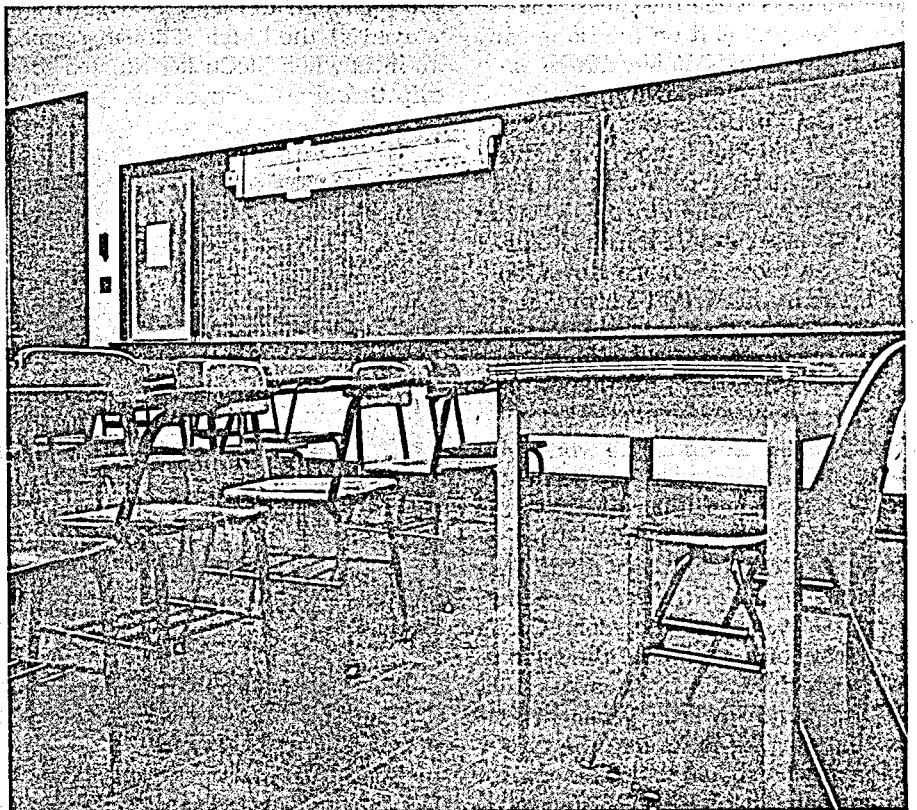
faculty ratios that vary widely from college to college. The University does not aim to maintain any specific ratio within each college. There is no "Magic Number" that is considered to be optimal. Burtchaell explains, "We have so many resources which allow us to have so many faculty. Within that closed, limited group of faculty, we try to make distribution according to their respective burdens.

"We have to start with what we've got because you just can't fire people because you want to change a few positions. The ability of the University or a single college or a single department to change its size in very quick response to student trends is very limited. Still, we should take those things into account and when there is a possibility of transference of positions, which is what we are limited to, the college that is most overburdened should have claim to those, and the college that enjoys the best comparative position should be the one to give them up."

The two colleges at Notre Dame that have experienced heavy increases in enrollment in a fairly short period of time are the Colleges of Engineering and Business Administration, what some would call vocational schools. These increases could well be considered to be a fad or a trend.

"Most universities have a College of Arts and Sciences that is considered to be the academic center. In addition, they have schools which they consider professional schools: a business school, an engineering school, an education school, a medical school. We don't have that arrangement. We have four colleges and we really consider them to be academic peers. Our concern basically is to have everyone at Notre Dame receive a liberal education and so, the purpose of engineering and business is not simply to produce engineers and businessmen. It is to produce educated men and women which may lead them to acquire some skills which would serve them. But our major and overriding purpose is that they learn to think in a disciplined fashion and learn how to acquire and construe knowledge. So I don't think we have to apologize for having those schools, but we would need to apologize if they were simply trade schools."

The trend toward marketable degrees may pass with the passing of the bubble of population that now floods the job market. This bubble, however, has had a pronounced effect on universities across the country, forcing them to adopt a system satisfying both the need to learn and the desire to translate this learning into professional skills.



An Unattractive Attraction

by Susan Kruczek

My name is Susan Kruczek and I am 11 years old. My big brother is the sports editor of *Scholastic* and he asked me to write this article. You see, my parents and I came to see Tommy on the same day that the Bengal Bouts were to take place. He said that I could write about them if I wanted to, because he said I know as much about sports as most writers do. He also said I could do it because he said he didn't want to write that day. For an 11-year-old that's a chance too big to pass up, because even an audience the size of *Scholastic's* is impressive. Big brother also said that since I live in Indiana, that entitles me to be *Scholastic's* foreign correspondent, whatever that is.

When I heard that I was going to be writing about the Bengals, I figured it would be a circus a-la Barnum and Bailey. When I saw that we were going into the basketball side of the ACC, then I knew it would be a circus. That's because big brother once told me that Digger Phelps runs the biggest circus this side of Ashtabula. Well, you can imagine my surprise when I walked in partway through the first fight and saw that it wasn't a circus at all, but rather a throwback to the Roman days when the Christians and Lions made it on the same card.

I really didn't know what to expect when we sat down in press row, other than hot dogs and lots to drink. I did like it how the fighters could go through a whole fight and not get mad at the other guy. After all, this other guy is trying to kill you with those 16-ounce gloves, so if I was in there, I'd be biting and kicking. But to the credit of those guys on Sunday, I never once saw one take a bite out of the other guy.

There were a few fights that I really liked. Kevin Smith won his while not even working up a sweat while I thought Bill Bracale, even in losing, fought a good fight. Then there was the Joe Cooler fight. He won his at :40 of the second round by TKO over Marty Scanlon. Cooler by virtue of his win and the style with which he did it got my maniac of the month award. When he's in that ring he looks like the type of man who should be locked up. I hope that I'm back in Whiting by

the time he reads this, and my parents are under instructions to tell him that I'm not home if he calls.

One of the really weird fights was in the 167-pound class with Dave Bessette facing Tony Cortese. Cortese looked like Ivan the Terrible with his beard, which I thought gave him an unfair advantage because of all of the padding it provided. After the first round the people started to boo the fighters and it got worse after the second. I thought it was a good fight, but I guess no one else did. I hid under the table during the third round because I figured that they would be stoned after the fight was over and I didn't get out to see what happened either.

A few times, the people down in press row got splattered with blood as some of the fighters began to do their Henry Cooper imitations. In the Tom O'Keefe-Chip Brink fight, big brother got hit with some blood, and boy did he have some nasty things to say. He thought *Scholastic* should give him hazardous duty pay for the Bengals.

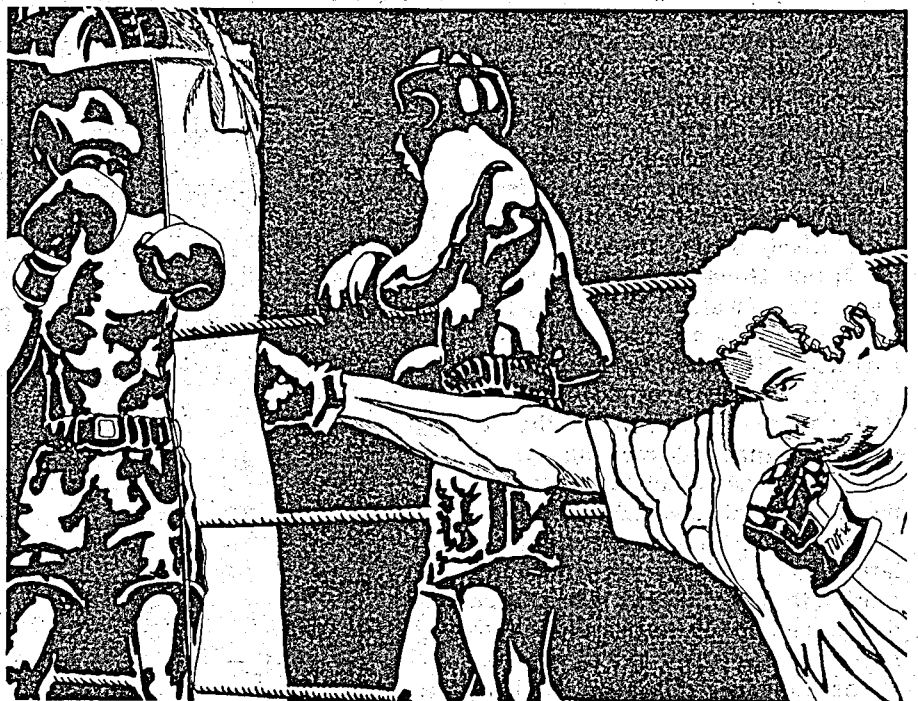
I really didn't like it when Chris McCusker fell out of the ring onto my seat. Well, it really wasn't right onto my seat, although it was close enough to make me wish I stayed at the hotel. The ref seemed to miss when McCusker started to slip through the ropes and got hit

again as he went out of the ring. It really scared me when I saw him fall on the table at ringside, and it scared me even more when I saw the look on his face. I wondered then why anyone would ever want to box.

The best fight of the day was in the 152-pound class with Mike Norton beating John Talbot. It seemed like the momentum changed every five seconds or so, and when it was over Rich Hunter got in the middle of the ring and said it was a split decision. I guess that means the two guys won't be seeing each other anymore.

The one thing I liked was the nicknames of the guys. There was Spook, and Moon, and Danny Boy. That last one sounds like something Willie Shoemaker will ride in the fifth at Arlington, while the best name was Phildo, which I thought belonged next to a can of Alpo. But then again, I'm a girl, and what do girls know.

Big brother said I've written enough, so I'll finish by saying that the fights resume on Sunday for the semifinals at 1:30 p.m., and the finals are on Tuesday night at 8 p.m. It all goes for the Bengal Missions so all the pain and blood do go for a good cause. But if I were them, next year, I'd have a ballet or something to raise the money. It's less painful that way.



Week in Distortion

by Dan Lombardi

A new breed of man is evolving on the superhighways of this nation. Invisible to the eye, they control the airwaves with a new language strange to most Americans. Thousands attempt to decode their messages each day. What happens when an itinerant university president encounters a pair of these aliens on the road? Continue, dear reader, and you shall see. . . .

HOSEMONSTER—Affirmative, good buddy. Keep your nose between the ditches, and smokey out of your britches, and we'll catch ya on the rebound. (A pause) Well, Cottonmouth, there goes our front door.

COTTONMOUTH—Roger, Hosemonster, you're the rubber ducky now. Start beatin' them bushes.

HOSEMONSTER—That's a big 10-4, good buddy, and you rake the leaves. (A dark green mustang veers in front of Hosemonster's rig from the tollway entrance ramp.) Mercy Sakes, would ya lay an eye on that Willy Weaver?

COTTONMOUTH—10-4! I caught that turkey. He must be hittin' the brew: He's sure got the hammer down. Hey, he's wearin' ears. Maybe we've found a new front door. I'll holler for him. Howdy there four-wheeler, key the mike come on?

CRACKLE, SMACK, KRUNKLE, POP, SLURP, CLACK.

HOSEMONSTER—He must got peanut butter in his ears. Wait, I can see him foolin' with his squawk box. Give him a 10-23 (stand-by).

UNIVERSITY PRES.—Hello, Hello. Can anyone hear me? How do you work this damn thing?

HOSEMONSTER—Gotcha, good buddy, you're lookin' good. This is Hosemonster rollin' down the green stamps to the Big Apple with my good buddy Cottonmouth. We're carrying cactus juice and some Colorado cooler from the Beer City. What's your handle?

UNIVERSITY PRES.—Uh-Uh . . . excuse me, Mr. Hosemonster, but I don't quite understand. You see, I just got this radio from a friend of mine because I do so much travelling. He said it's a good companion on the road. Could you tell me how I could find some nice F.M. music?

HOSEMONSTER—Negatory, friend. There ain't no music on this pipeline. Don't you speak the language?

UNIVERSITY PRES.—Which language? I can speak Latin, French, German, Russian, Spanish, some Italian, a few African dialects. . . .

HOSEMONSTER—Hey, Cottonmouth, we got ourselves a real green apple here. Should we educate him?

COTTONMOUTH—Yoo, Hosemonster. Hey, good buddy, could you give us gear jammers a copy on that handle?

UNIVERSITY PRES.—Are you talking to me?

COTTONMOUTH—Affirmative, good buddy. What's your handle? What do you call yourself? Do you have a nickname?

UNIVERSITY PRES.—Well, I've been called many things in my lifetime. Most people call me Father. The students call me Ted the Head. But there's one nickname I thought up for myself which I think is kinda cute.

HOSEMONSTER—Lay it on us, good buddy.

UNIVERSITY PRES.—I'd like to be called "Numero Uno."

HOSEMONSTER—That's a big 10-4, Numero Uno. You're our new front door. (They pass a parked police car.) Mercy Sakes, I hope you were smiling just then, Uno, cuz you got your picture taken.

COTTONMOUTH—Negatory, Hosemonster, that was just a decoy. No camera. Listen, Numero, if you're the front door you gotta peel your eyeballs for smokeys.

NUMERO UNO—For who?

HOSEMONSTER—Smokeys.

NUMERO UNO—Who's that?

COTTONMOUTH—Pigs, bears, stalties—all that means cops, man!

NUMERO UNO—Oh yeah. I know a bit of your jargon. Let's see . . . a bear is a policeman. Roger or 10-4 means yes. Negatory means no. And a convoy is a group of trucks speeding down the highway. I learned all that from a song on the radio, I think it was called "King of the Road."

HOSEMONSTER—Roger—Miller—ha ha, just a little joke. Now you've got the hang of it, Uno. You're the front door of this convoy; that means you look for bears in front. Cottonmouth is looking for bears in back, and I'm in the easy chair.

NUMERO UNO—10-4, Roger Wilco. Hey, I kinda like this lingo. Are you allowed to make up new phrases as you go along?

HOSEMONSTER—Well, er, most of it is standard, but there's nothin' against new words that I know of. What about you, Cotton?

COTTONMOUTH—Negatory on that, Hosemonster. I guess you can do practically anything you want to unless . . .

NUMERO UNO—Okay Dokay, palminos. I'll just keep my footsy wootsy pumpin' that Arabian goldmine and my goggles scannin' the tundra for bear meat. My nosecone's pointed toward that D.C. town for a pow-wow with some top-shelf coco-nuts at the white hacienda. Hey, do either of you flyers know if this roadside Rip-off ahead has a tinker toy?

COTTONMOUTH—Dr. Frankenstein, I think we've created a monster.

HOSEMONSTER—That's a copy.

Thoroughly Modern Moreau

by Sue Meyers

North of St. Joseph's lake beckons the silver cross of Moreau Seminary. Built in 1958 and named after the founder of the Holy Cross Order, Father Basil Anthony Moreau, the Seminary has a population of about 110. Each seminarian does graduate level work, usually at Notre Dame, and then moves on to the novitiate, a one-year community living experience often in Bennington, a small town in Vermont. Upon completion of the novitiate, the seminarian takes further studies in theology. He will often then work in a parish as a deacon until he is ordained as a priest. This program is flexible, and differs somewhat for brothers.

What kind of person enters the seminary? For most college students, the answer to this question comes readily: "Seminarians are social rejects; the guys who in high school thought sports were childish and girls were disgusting." Many think of seminarians as introverts—guys whose idea of a good time is going to a dark, quiet place to conjugate Latin verbs. Since the Middle Ages, these stereotypes have served as pejorative labels for religious men, but a visit to Moreau Seminary will quickly destroy these images. The men of Moreau know what life is all about, and their eyes are open to the secular world around them. They are typically untypical seminarians, and each has gone through his own unique struggle in choosing the Holy Cross life of poverty, celibacy and obedience.

Father Joe Carey, CSC, director of vocations at Moreau, affirms the transformation that has taken place in seminarians over the past decade. "Today's seminarian has a much better knowledge of what he is doing. We shy away from people who are passive, dependent types, who seek security through becoming a priest." Although there are seminaries where life is rigid and structured, Moreau stresses independence and self-reliance. There is no pressure to choose religious life; rather, as Father Carey puts it, "What Moreau Seminary attempts to do is to help people make good decisions. If a good decision is made, if the person has been honest and has grown from the experience, then whether he chooses the life or not, we will be happy."

The members of the Moreau community themselves serve as the best example of the individuality of the decision-making process. Bill Beauchamp, a successful attorney and college instructor, entered the seminary in January of this year at the age of 34. Enrolling at Moreau was the product of a 16-year struggle with uncertainty, which for Bill began in high school. "I always hoped in the back of my mind that someday a voice would tell me 'You're going to become a priest.'" But there was no voice, and although Bill periodically considered the priesthood, each time he rejected the idea. Eventually, however, he realized that "There was something

quite attractive about the priesthood and the work priests do. I found that throughout my life, all the various occupations in which I was involved lacked something after a period. I had been a 'success,' but I think the idea of the priesthood was always there, and gradually it grew stronger and stronger." When Bill finally entered Moreau in January, it was not with the certainty of wanting to be a priest. "It was with the idea that I *think* I want to be a priest, and I have to find out."

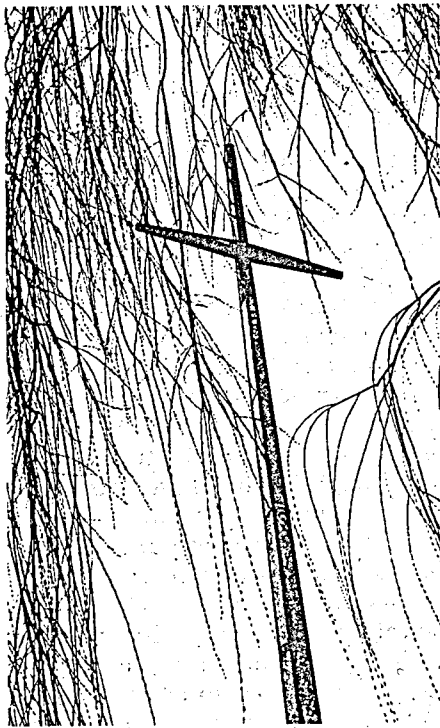
Bill is very happy with his decision, even though for him it means sacrificing a substantial lawyer's income. For the members of the Holy Cross community, poverty is avowed, and professional salaries are submitted to the order. In this way, the priests become a united body, each doing his share to make the community work. The order is self-supporting. Thus, the established priests are actually helping to carry on the Moreau tradition, and they feel very strongly about this. The concern for each other within the community is an integral part of the mechanics behind the Holy Cross way of life, and it is this warm community spirit which makes Moreau a unique and special place.

The decision to enter the priesthood was entirely different for Bill Gonzenbach, a 1976 graduate of Notre Dame. Bill is the negation of the stereotyped seminarian, and throughout college never seriously considered the priesthood. "I was about

as far from being a seminarian as you could possibly go. When I was a freshman here, I thought a little about being a Jesuit, but I decided I was crazy." Soon afterward, Bill completely divorced himself from the Church. The separation lasted three years, but even after rejoining the faith Bill had no desire to enter the seminary. The thought eventually recurred to him in his senior year at Notre Dame, but by then he had other plans for his life. "I was dating a girl, and we were really tight. It was everything I wanted. I just wanted to be a small-town lawyer, and her dad had a really good business in a small town. They even needed a lawyer in the town. Everything was going 'that way.' It was really great, but I just knew that if I didn't make a decision to try (the seminary) I'd really regret it 20 years from now." Obviously, for Bill it was an immensely difficult decision, but a month ago he entered Moreau, and for now he is completely happy. "If it's God's will and it works out, that's great; if not, that's great too. When I came here, I told them I'd give 100% to develop my spiritual life, my academic life, and my community life. That's all they can expect from me, and that's all I can do."

Bill Gonzenbach is living testimony to the difficulty of choosing a celibate life. Seminarians have wants and desires the same as any man, and the vow of celibacy is perhaps the greatest personal sacrifice a man can make. The men of Moreau are not afraid of women and they lead normal social lives. Moreover, most would have liked to have had a wife and a family. But because they believe that the vow of celibacy is so important to the religious life, few seminarians think that they would marry, even if the married priesthood became acceptable to the Church. Total dedication to their vows and to their work is characteristic of Moreau seminarians, and this makes them capable priests and trustworthy men in the secular world.

Although choosing a religious career was a radical decision for some at Moreau, for others it was quite natural. Bill Dohar has considered the priesthood since he was an altar boy in grade school. "I had that kind of model image of the



priest I served for, and I wanted to be like him." Bill went to a minor seminary in high school, but stayed there only temporarily. He went to a secular state university for four years, and after that, "I felt that the calling was still there. At least I wanted to try to live as a seminarian would, without making any statements to myself that I would become a priest." Bill has been at Moreau for two years, and is quite content with his decision.

For Mark Poorman, the decision-making process was much the same.



"Mine was just reaffirmed passivity. I went to a Catholic grade school, often got the idea of a 'call,' and expected to hear someone whispering in my ear. Actually, it's more of an implicit suggestion, and it recurred throughout my life. It started as a naive notion in grade school, and came again in high school, where I rejected it and entered a four-year secular college. There, it kept coming back stronger and stronger, and I gradually became more and more certain that I had an affinity for the work of a priest." For Mark, unlike the majority of those at Moreau, this work will be that of a diocesan priest, living in a parish instead of a Holy Cross community.

As do all the members of the Moreau community, Bill and Mark believe strongly in the importance of a diversified seminarian program. At Moreau, men are encouraged to pursue their own interests within the framework of the religious program. This is the essence of the third part of the Holy Cross vow: the promise of obedience. There are no structural rules for the seminarians to follow, and they have as much freedom as any dormitory resident. However, at Moreau this freedom is not abused, because the community members are willing to give themselves totally to the development of their spiritual lives. This is what the vow of obedience is all about; the seminarian promises to give himself wholeheartedly to the challenge that the priesthood offers. He promises to be true to himself, and if that truth leads to a definite decision for the religious life, he vows to remain true to the Holy Cross order, and to work for the benefit of the community.

The men of Moreau seminary are as normal and varied as the men in any Notre Dame residence hall. They attend regular University classes, they drink beer in moderation, and once in a while they may even spend a night out on the town. They are not sure of what the future will hold, and refuse to make speculations. What Moreau seminarians are all sure of, however, is that they must give the religious life a chance, and whether or not they choose to stay, they will have had the experience of personal growth in an open and active community.

The Editor's Desk

In the November 5, 1976 issue of *Scholastic* in an article entitled "The Factor That Max Forgot," William F. Buckley, Jr., the editor of the *National Review*, was labelled as a homosexual. This claim was brought to the attention of Mr. Buckley and he felt it was serious libel against his character. A series of letters among Mr. Buckley, Fr. Hesburgh, Peter Korth (the author) and myself ensued.

On behalf of *Scholastic*, I apologize to Mr. Buckley and any others who may have suffered due to the article. For clarification of the situation, we are publishing the following two letters: the first from Mr. Buckley and the second from Peter Korth.

—John H. Phelan, Jr.
Editor

Dear Editor:

Soon after your issue of November 5 appeared, an anonymous reader of the magazine sent me page 22, with the notation: "I think you should protest this — An admirer." "This" was an article about the gay scene at some bar or other, in which in a random conversation a character says that William F. Buckley is also "one." This happens to be both incorrect and libelous. I was not about to sue a student publication, but was anxious to probe the response of a university explicitly Christian to an appeal to justice. Accordingly, I wrote to Father Hesburgh. I received from him, speaking for Notre Dame, from the editor speaking for the publication, and from the author speaking for himself, apologies. I am left sad at so pointless a violation of the commandment against false accusation, but restored by such an experience as I have had with three Christian gentlemen. I would hope that, if I should be guilty of an analogous offense, I should behave as admirably.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

Dear Editor:

I am the author of the article mentioned by Mr. Buckley. The article accomplished a great deal more than I had anticipated; it placed me in an active correspondence with Mr. Buckley, the University administration and the editors of *Scholastic*. Most importantly, it has taught me a valuable lesson on the significance of the written word. I need hardly mention that I learned about the disadvantages of things that are not the truth.

It might well be the case that, after having learned my lesson, it would be to my advantage to keep my mouth shut, or, more correctly, to use my typewriter only for personal correspondence and to fulfill the requirements of my undergraduate degree. But to do so would, in part, be to surrender to a fear that is not holy. And while I may have abused the privileges given to me by the First Amendment, because of the kindness both of our system and of certain individuals, they have not been taken away from me. Consequently, I choose to exercise my right of free speech, with the goal of assuaging a fear that would not only cramp my style, but destroy some of the beliefs I hold most strongly.

Let me explain what I do not wish to do in what follows.

1) In no way do I wish to condone the creation or publication of falsehoods. That which is false does not deserve sanction.

2) I do not wish to imply (or even worse, state explicitly) that anyone involved in this particular situation has erred, save myself. I have nothing but gratitude and respect for those who concerned themselves with this issue.

3) Let it be understood that in no way do I wish to claim that my action was justified, much less right. All parties involved have received my sincere apologies, and I here repeat them. I offer, too, an apology to the readers of *Scholastic*, for placing before them a falsehood which they did not merit.

Without throwing caution to the winds, I would now like to discuss something that important to me about this case. In my article "The Factor that Max Forgot," I made a statement that was incorrect. The statement was also libelous.

What is libel? A typical law views it as a "malicious publication . . . which exposes any living person, or the memory of any person deceased, to hatred, contempt, ridicule or obloquy, or which causes, or tends to cause any person to be shunned or avoided, or which has a tendency to injure any person, corporation or association of persons, in his or their business or occupation . . ." (New York Consolidated Laws, 1909, Section 1340).

The passage gives ample reason why any person guilty of libel should be punished. The effects of libel, as described above, are hardly desirable. The passage also functions surprisingly well as a description of the way the homosexual is often treated in our society.

When I was first made aware of the difficulties provoked by my publication, my question was: Why is calling someone homosexual considered libel? The answer is obvious enough. To do so would be to expose a person to hatred, contempt, ridicule and obloquy and might cause that person to be shunned and avoided. This is sufficient reason for a person, either heterosexual or homosexual, to repress any publication referring to him as a homosexual. In most cases, truth is a defense in libel. Accordingly, the heterosexual referred to as homosexual has legal redress. What about the true homosexual? In theory, he is left with hatred, contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, and might well be shunned or avoided.

I hope that the point I am making is clear. I understand the importance of truth and a person's reputation, and support the ways in which our Constitution protects them. I do not understand why the homosexual is exposed to hatred, contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, and is often shunned or avoided.

To be sure, there are many sociological and psychological theories about why the homosexual is treated in such a manner. I am familiar with some of them. There are undoubtedly some theories that will explain why the homosexual *should* be treated in such a manner. Rather than go into the theories, I shall simply hope that in the not too distant future the homosexual shall not be treated in such a manner.

Peter H. Korth



JUGGLER

Juggler, Notre Dame's semi-annual magazine of the arts, is now accepting for publication poetry, fiction, drama, and artwork by student, faculty, and other members of the University.

The James Carroll award (\$100) is offered by the University to the best undergraduate work published each year in *Juggler*. Entries submitted this spring are eligible for the prize.

Send submissions to: *Juggler*, LaFortune Center, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556; or bring to the English department, O'Shaughnessy Hall. Please include a return envelope.

DEADLINE: March 25

Ruffle the skirts of prudes,
speak of their knees and ankles.
But, above all, go to practical people—
go! jangle their door-bells!
Say that you do no work
and that you will live forever.

Ezra Pound

CULTURAL ARTS
COMMISSION

Sunday
March 6, 1977
8:00 p.m.
O'Laughlin
Auditorium

THE EVANSTON CONCERT BALLET

DANCE AND
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Tickets
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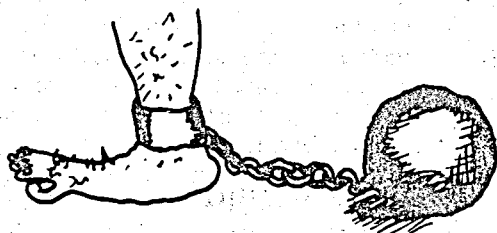
The Scholastic Editorial Board

**proudly announces
its 110th annual
Spring Election Gala**



Grand Prize: A year's tenure as

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
of
SCHOLASTIC**



Interested contestants are invited to submit resumes to John Phelan by 5 p.m. on March 23, 1977, at the Scholastic office. For further information, contact John at 7419 or 3119. Election will be held on Sunday, March 27, at 7 p.m. General staff and editorial board will be present to vote.