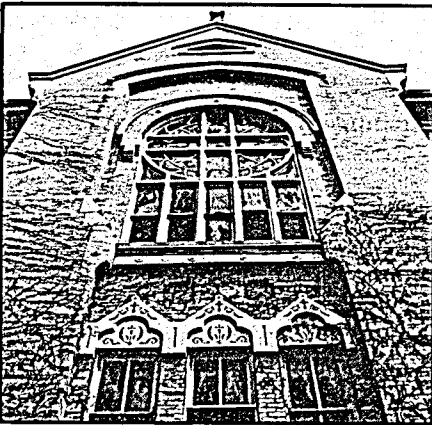


Scholastic
May 2, 1977

Fiddler on the Roof

THE ND
SMC
THEATRE

8:00 P.M.
April 29, 30
May 5, 6, 7
O'Laughlin Auditorium



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COVER

This year marks Father Hesburgh's twenty-fifth as President of Notre Dame. This issue's cover, in honor of his silver anniversary, is a Kodalith photograph taken by Tom Everman, Photography Editor of *Scholastic*.

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Meeting with Pope Paul VI

Twenty-five years is a long time to be president of a university. In a recent interview with Scholastic, Father Theodore Hesburgh talks about some of the major decisions he has made as President of Notre Dame and as a public figure in the areas of religion, education and social policy. He offers both a critical summary of what has passed and his personal reflections on an era of change and growth.

Scholastic: Is there any one decision in your 25 years which stands out as the most difficult?

Hesburgh: Yes, I think it would be the decision to put the whole University under lay control. This decision was not mine alone, but I was certainly part of it. I really thought that was a spectacular thing—I still do. It's probably one of the most spectacular things that happened after Vatican Council II because we were the largest single unit in the Catholic Church which took the Council seriously and did what they said, which was that lay persons ought to have new responsibilities in the Church commensurate with their talents and abilities.

What we did was to take something probably worth at that point about \$300 million in replacement value, and completely, with no strings attached, turn it over to a lay board. We had very small participation on this board—about five or six of us out of 45 members. I think it was a spectacular, but a right decision. In time, when seen in perspective it will be a landmark decision in the Church—where a large Catholic institution is not run by the bishops or priests, but by lay people.

Scholastic: After two years as President you instituted a new liberal arts program. How does that reflect your personal theory of education?

Hesburgh: Because I studied in liberal arts myself, I suppose in a prejudiced way, I have always felt that everybody ought to have some liberal arts. Those who go into liberal arts completely ought to have a basic education, which is education in the best sense of the word. I'm not knocking learning how to do things, which is what you do in professional education, be it law or engineering or medicine or whatever. Yet, I think everybody needs a basic liberal education in order to become a truly human person, liberated from ignorance or prejudice.

Hesburgh:

So one of the first things I wanted to do was to be assured that Notre Dame would have as good a liberal education as possible, because that's our tradition. The Catholic, liberal tradition of education is the oldest of the West. It's been around the longest and is almost coincidental and coterminous with the West. But I think, as Robert Hutchins used to say, and I was rather impressed with him in those early days, "that we have taken what is best in our tradition and bartered it for a lot of junk." As a result, our own liberal tradition was being propped up; there was no unity to it. Finally, we got going at Notre Dame and we tried to redo the whole curriculum to insure a first-rate liberal education. I still would say that what we did in those days is valid today.

Scholastic: Are you concerned by the movement toward professionalism?

Hesburgh: Very much so. I think it is premature when it happens in a student's life, and it really deprives him of the kind of education that will carry him further than a strictly professional education. I believe in professional education, I believe in professional competence, but I think if it comes too early on, one is not really educated. One just becomes a person who can do one thing, but does not have a complete vision of life, or existence or man, or God, or anything else for that matter. He just knows how to do some thing.

Scholastic: You've attracted a great deal of national attention for a number of different reasons, especially in light of your participation on commissions and your public stands. How would you characterize your "15 minute rule" concerning student demonstrations during the late '60's and early '70's?

Hesburgh: It's hard to understand that today because we seem to be centuries from it, but we were at a point where literally the educational establishment was falling apart. People were really saying, "Can it survive?" There were universities burning across the land. There were riots every day; practically every president I knew, and I knew all the top presidents in those days, was being forced out of his job or quitting out of complete frustration. Some were dying on the job, like the President of Swarthmore who had a heart

Dean of Presidents

by Kathleen McElroy
and Thomas Kruczek

attack right in his office. Complete violence, emotionalism and instability were taking over in the house of the intellect.

Now, what I wanted to do was to say that this University stood for stability, it stood for rationality, it stood for nonviolence, while we completely understood why students were protesting, and I would join them in a lot of their protest; you don't protest violence by being violent. And you don't protest something that seems to be irrational by being uncivil and irrational yourself. All I was saying was that while protest was perfectly legitimate, anyone who stepped on the rights of other people—and everyone has rights which belong not just to the protesters, but to those who disagreed with them—that anybody who was irrational or anybody that was uncivil, anybody who stepped on the rights of others, would be given fair warning that it was out of place at this University. If after 15 minutes meditation with the knowledge that they were doing something that was completely unacceptable here, they continued, then they would not be a part of it anymore. That was only challenged once and they were asked to leave and that was the end of it.

Scholastic: What kind of effect did this have nationally?

Hesburgh: Well, all I know is that everyplace I go people say that it was the statement that turned the corner. We're probably too close to it to know, but I must say that everywhere I go, not only here, but around the world, I'm constantly faced with it. I think the statement was somewhat misread. I came through looking like a super hawk or something. That wasn't what I had in mind. What I had in mind was that we had to stand up for the most important, central values of the University which were rationality, stability and nonviolence, while at the same time being free to protest.

Scholastic: How would you describe your Civil Rights Commission tenure?

Hesburgh: Well, I'd say it was a tenuous tenure. I have known former President Nixon from the time he was vice-president. He came here for the Southern California game right after I became president, in the fall

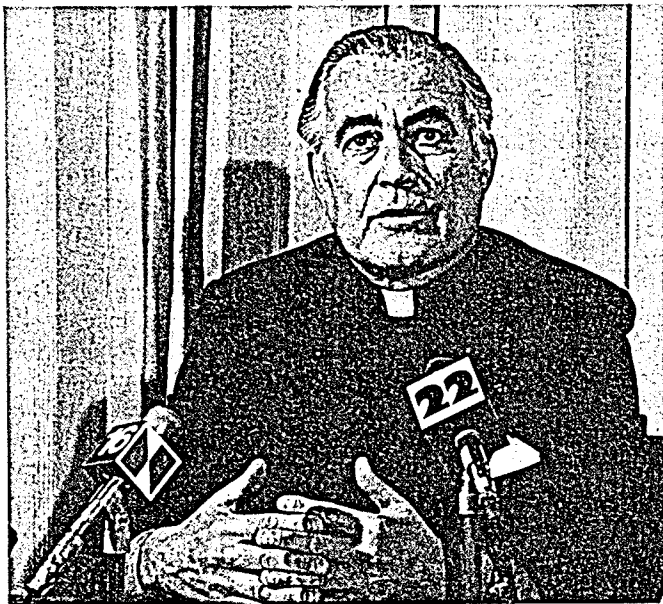
of 1952. I spent several hours with him because he had a long wait between the end of the game and the beginning of his flight to Mexico. Over the years when he was vice-president I used to see him on occasion when he had a problem or he had something he wanted me to do. For example, I remember when the premier of Italy came over, he had to have lunch with him and he called me up and asked me if I would come down and translate for him because the premier only knew Italian and the vice-president only knew English. Occasionally, he would become interested in philosophical things. That may sound strange, but I remember once sitting in his hideaway office in the Senate and having a fairly long talk with him about natural law. In those days I did know him fairly well, and we had a very even rapport. I thought he was a fairly straightforward fellow.

When he became President I told him I had been on the Civil Rights Commission at that point for about 11 or 12 years and that I thought that maybe someone else might come on and give us some new vision and imagination. We had been through the toughest of the tough part because we had gotten those great laws passed in 1964, 1965 and 1968. I thought we were now going into a period of making the laws work and maybe it took a different type of person to push them through. My job was to get the laws written.

Well, he called me into his office—just the two of us (that was before he had the tape system working)—I remember we stood by the fireplace and he said, "I want you to come full time with my government in February." He was inaugurated in January. I said, "What do you have in mind?" And he said, "I want you to take over the whole poverty program." "Well," I said, "the poverty program is a mess and I think I know how to clean it up and make it work, but it would make you the most unpopular guy in the country because it's turned into a patronage program for all the big city mayors who've got all their buddies making \$30,000 a year on the poverty program. The first thing I'd do is fire the whole kit-and-caboodle and every mayor in the U.S. would be unhappy beginning in Chicago and going to Atlanta. The further south you go the more unpopular you'd be because I'm a priest." So he thought a minute and said he hadn't thought of that. And I said, "I'll forget you ever mentioned it."



In earlier years, discussing long range plans with Fr. Joyce.



While I had him I told him, "I think you should understand that 90% of the young people in the country don't like you, even though you've been elected President, and I think you could do something about that. I'll give you four suggestions: 1) get rid of the draft, because it's very unfair and probably unnecessary; 2) put in an all volunteer army with some chance for volunteer service; 3) get out of Vietnam as quickly as you can; 4) give the 18-year-olds a vote; let them see how tough it is to get elected and they might have a little more sympathy for politicians." Well, curiously, he did all those things. He put me on the commission for an all volunteer army, which we put together in a year. We did get rid of the draft, 18-year-olds did get the vote, but it took a long time to get out of Vietnam, I think unnecessarily long.

Then he came around a week later and said, "I want you to be chairman of the Civil Rights Commission." I told him I would take it for a year and see how it went, but that I really thought I should get off and make room for somebody else. As it turned out, after a year we were in such trouble that I couldn't get out without letting all my guys down. We had a really clean break over busing because I felt Nixon was just being completely pragmatic and political about it. He was playing games with the lives of young people and I told him so and I said so publicly. The rhetoric mounted, his mounted and mine mounted and it was pretty obvious that I was a *persona non grata*.

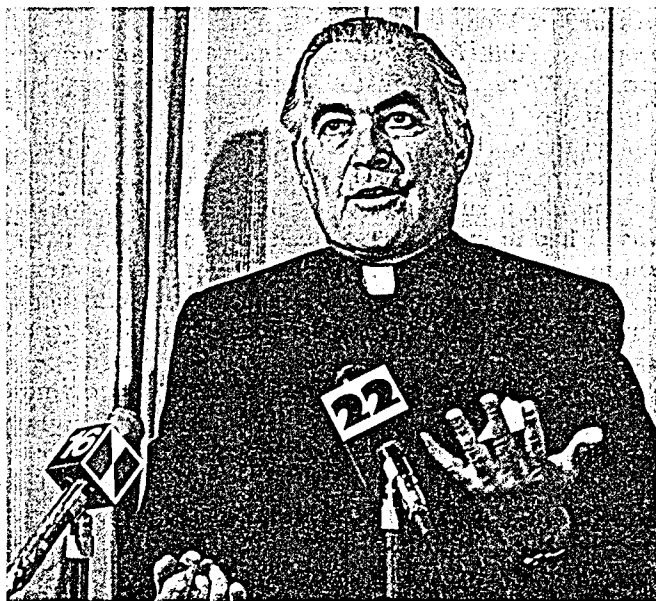
The President's lawyer, Len Garment, whom I touched base with quite frequently, desperately tried to get me to see the President because he said that, "If you can really sit down and talk to him and make clear to him what a horrible mess he's getting the country in he might do something about it." I said, "Well, I don't just walk in to see him. It's up to you to arrange it—you're his lawyer." So he came back in two weeks and he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I just can't get you by Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The Katzenjammer kids don't want you to see the president and they know what you're going to tell him." So I never did see him and it's interesting to speculate what would have happened if I did. It might have had some effect.

But, in any event, the first thing he did Monday morning after getting re-elected by a majority was to can me and it was done very abusively. I got a call from the secretary to an assistant to an assistant of an assistant who was assistant to Ehrlichman, who called a guy working for me, our staff director in Washington. He told him to tell me to get out of the office by six o'clock that night and to send in my resignation. I told him I'd get out of the office when I got darn good and ready, and I'd send my resignation when I got back to the University which would be the end of the week. They announced the next day that I had resigned and I made them retract it the following day.

It was a bad era and you know it's not much fun being in a fight with the president of your country. Then again, it was a matter of not being able to compromise because he was obviously wrong in this one. The Commission is supposed to be non-political in the sense that our terms really went beyond the president. He didn't have the right to fire me as a commissioner. He could fire me as chairman because he had the right to appoint it. I could have still stayed on as a commissioner but I thought, given the tinderbox atmosphere, it would only make things tougher for my successor. So I got out and he left the job empty for a year. I have to harbor the hope that he might have been different. As a younger man I saw in him some good things.

Scholastic: After working in the United Nations for 14 years, what were your impressions of the organization?

Hesburgh: The U.N. can be an enormous sense of frustration for anybody, because there is so much talk, so much bombasting and hot air, and so much rhetoric. On the other hand, if we didn't have it we'd have to create it because we simply need a forum in the world where people can talk, where they can let off steam, where they can, in a sense, relieve themselves of their pressures, and where little nations can talk up to big nations and get away with it. To that extent, I think one would be terribly critical of the United Nations if one expected too much of it. I don't expect that much



of it, but I do expect it to be a good forum and it is that, God knows.

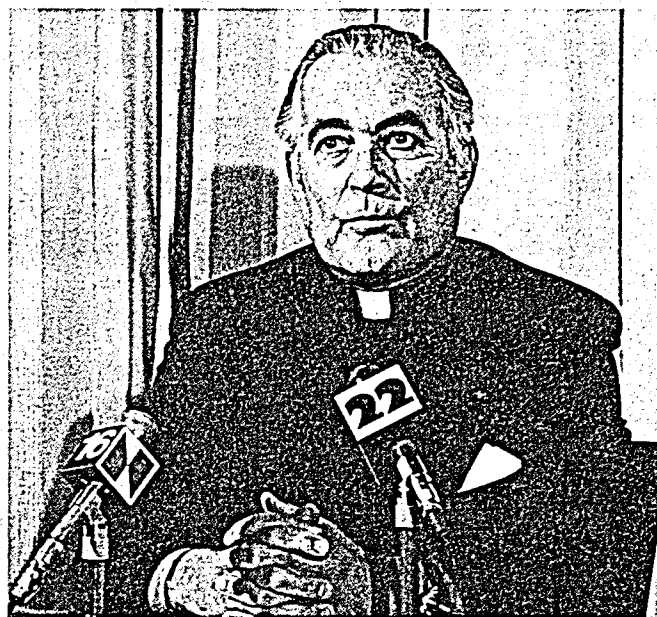
The present system which allows every nation one vote is often an ineffective part of the organization. I don't have high hopes that the United Nations is going to be the political answer to the world's troubles. We still have a kind of renewal of nationalism around the world, understandable with new nations, and there is very little self-criticism.

Scholastic: How would you improve the organization of the United Nations?

Hesburgh: What I have in mind would involve a rather different arrangement. One quickly loses credibility by approving resolutions aimed at one country and completely blind to the same thing for another country or groups of countries. Resolutions are often passed by enormous majorities of little countries while the big countries sit on the sidelines not intending to do anything but letting them pass resolutions to make them feel good. Resolutions are passed which are absolutely useless and meaningless because the big countries just ignore them. There's nothing that gets you contempt for the law quicker than passing ineffectual laws. In other words, if I passed a law around here, by some stretch of the imagination, which said that everybody had to go to bed at ten o'clock at night or even 11 or 12, there's no way on earth that we could monitor that law. It would be an exercise in both futility and contempt of the law to pass such a law.

Scholastic: What do you think are the most important concerns of Notre Dame students today?

Hesburgh: I think sometimes the local concerns of the students are a lot more petty than are the national or international concerns. I find, for example, if I'm going to talk to a group of students, I have to make sure I've read the daily *Observer* because, undoubtedly, they will bring up something that happened yesterday. Now, it's not all that important to react to what happened yesterday; I like to have a longer perspective than yesterday and today. But inevitably there's been something that came up, a flap about something, and I'm supposed to have something to say about it. Often I haven't even heard about it yet.

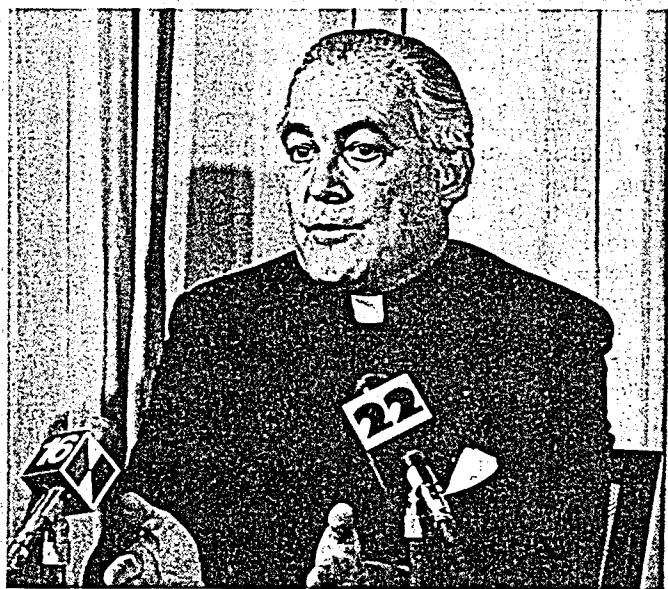


The concerns locally, I think, tend to be a little ephemeral. They come and go, and every spring brings a new problem of sorts that gets to be a big crusade. And you know what the present crusades are and there will be another one next year. I could almost gauge them. They are never all that serious, but they are something everybody gets excited about, everybody signs petitions. I don't want to downgrade people's local concerns but the fact is that if you made a list of them and looked at them in ten or 20 years some of them would look pretty small.

The national concerns, I think, as I read them, are mainly a kind of unvoiced hope. I think young people today want a better country than we have. I don't mean we don't have a good one—they want a better one. And they have all sorts of concerns about what they might do to make a better one. I'm mainly impressed, I guess, by the international concerns students have.

I'm sure there's no Notre Dame student or alumnus who can't affect the world if he keeps his eyes and ears open, and if he's willing to sacrifice time from himself that he might otherwise spend frivolously or in a way that is not very productive. If you go into life this way, I grant you that you won't play much golf, and you won't play much bridge, either. But you may find for one thing that you're getting more educated every day of your life because you are involved with very exciting people and very exciting projects.

You constantly have to enlarge your perspectives and your mind. And you've got to read a lot of things you wouldn't normally read at all. You find that the volume of paper that engulfs your life is horrible, but most of it is educational and most of it broadens your perspective on what life is about, and what the world is about and what you might do about it. I'd have to say, for what it's worth, that I'd much rather live that way than to be very carefully husbanding my life to what little things I want to do. People have different life styles and different desires. I'm not criticizing them because I think people have very good lives doing just one thing. For myself, I just can't remember in my life when I just had one job. I've always had about 15 or 20.



EVICTING THE GHOST OF WASHINGTON HALL



by J. P. Morrissey

Like the proverbial poor relation, Washington Hall stands in its place; tall, proud, shabby. Its grey-yellow walls are a constant reminder to its more fortunate kinsmen of their neglect. It is almost embarrassing.

Fortunately for all of the Notre Dame community, this neglect is recognized and something is being done about it. Washington Hall, that 89-year-old white elephant, is going to be renovated.

The story of its face-lift is not a long one. In mid-1976, the administration contacted the Ellerbe architecture firm, concerning what to do about Washington. Ellerbe, after consideration and consultation, submitted renovation suggestions to the administration. The price tag on the deal was slightly over \$2,500,000. A few weeks later, Father James Burtchaell, C.S.C., Provost of the University, "enthusiastically submitted the proposed plans" to the

Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Speech and Drama Department.

The administration is apparently concerned about the lack of usable theater space on the Notre Dame campus. In addition to the decrepit Washington Hall, the only other possible space is Stepan Center, which has terrible acoustics, no space to construct scenery, no dressing rooms, poor lighting, and no permanent seating. The only feasible alternative seemed to be a renovation of Washington.

Professor David Weber of the Speech and Drama Department has mixed feelings about the proposed renovation. Weber came here to teach from the Academy of Dramatic Arts with the understanding that a "black box" theater, a relatively small, intimate, flexible space that accommodates modern theater easily, would be forthcoming. The plans, however, call only for a re-

hearsal theater and the main hall. "I am very concerned about Notre Dame's lack of contemporary theater space," Weber said. "In an intellectual environment such as this, the complete non-existence of a black box is appalling."

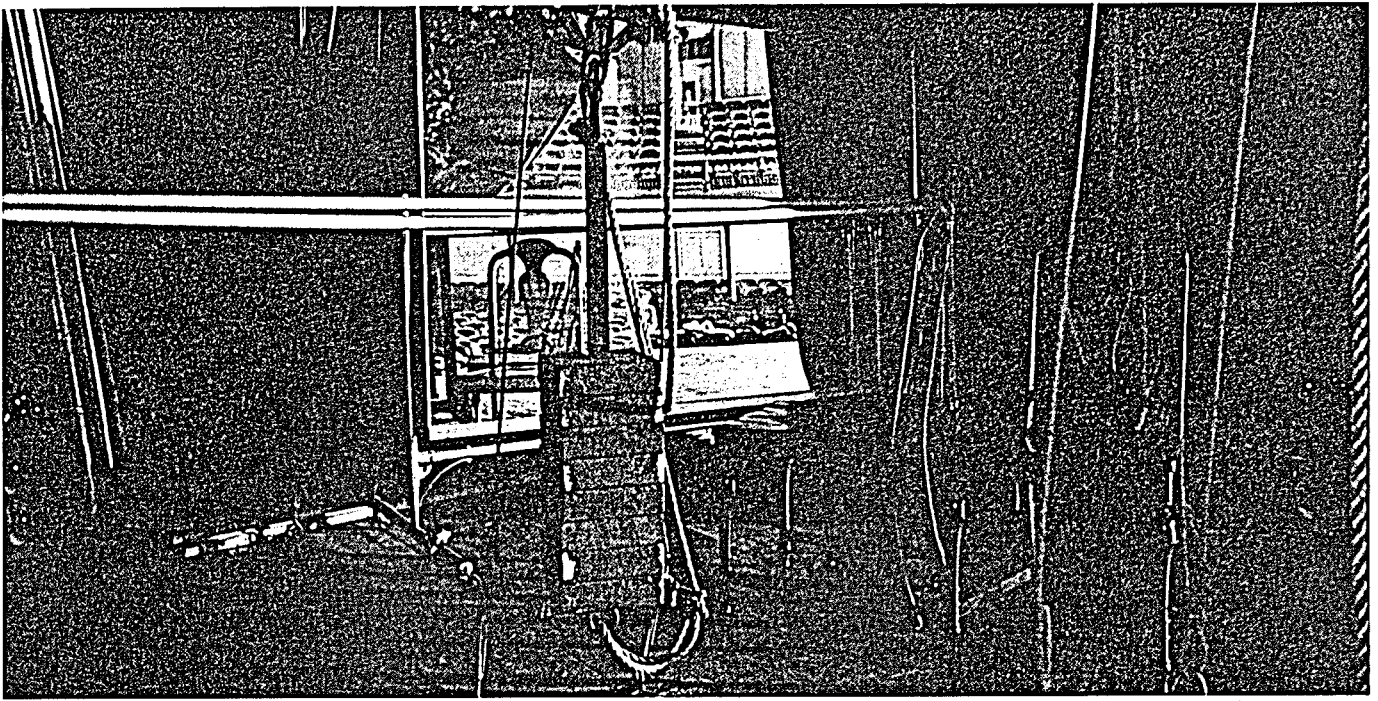
Weber does, however, agree completely with the administration's proposed renovation of the main theater. "Washington Hall as a theater is glorious. A gem. I am very, very pleased that Father Burtchaell wants to sustain the 19th century quality of the place."

Washington Hall, Weber explained, is a "proscenium theater," meaning that the stage border is shaped much like a picture frame. O'Laughlin Auditorium on the Saint Mary's campus is also a proscenium theater, but Washington is unique because it is quite high and it is not especially wide. In the proposed changes, the proscenium would be widened, which is not a particularly good idea according to Weber. "If this is done," Weber said, "the audience will have an almost completely unobstructed view of back-stage."

The enlarging of the proscenium is a minor change compared to what will have to be done to the hall's floor. The floor of the auditorium itself is made of wood, and in order to strengthen it, the entire floor will have to be removed, and a steel and concrete one installed. This brings about some rather difficult technical problems, as the rare horseshoe balcony is supported by pillars resting on the floor. In other words, almost the entire theater will have to be gutted to put in a safer main floor.

The plans also call for a replacement of the two gigantic Palladian windows that were boarded up some years ago. Thick curtains will be put up to darken the house for matinees and early evening performances. The classical eclectic architecture will be maintained and the outside walls will be cleaned.

Better lighting, one of the main reasons of the hall's poor quality, will be installed, along with a thrust stage, and larger seats "so people taller than 5' 9" can enjoy themselves," Weber commented. The rear wing of the building will become modern and efficient, housing offices and preparation rooms.



"I am super-anxious to get it done," Weber concluded. "The Speech and Drama Department needs a place to call their own." The completion date is set for the 1979-80 academic year.

Miles Coiner agrees heartily with Weber. "We need theater space badly. Our program is severely circumscribed if we have no good, usable theater on the Notre Dame campus. But I do think that a black box theater should be added to the plans. We need an open space; a space where you can go out. It is essential to doing first-rate creative work."



Michael Feord, a Speech and Drama student, sees Washington Hall as a link to the past. "There are many fascinating, interesting things about this place that should not be lost in the shuffle of renovation. For instance, Washington Hall is a 'hemp' house, meaning that the apparatus are raised and lowered by hemp rope. It is virtually indestructible; hemp will not break or snap as wire will."

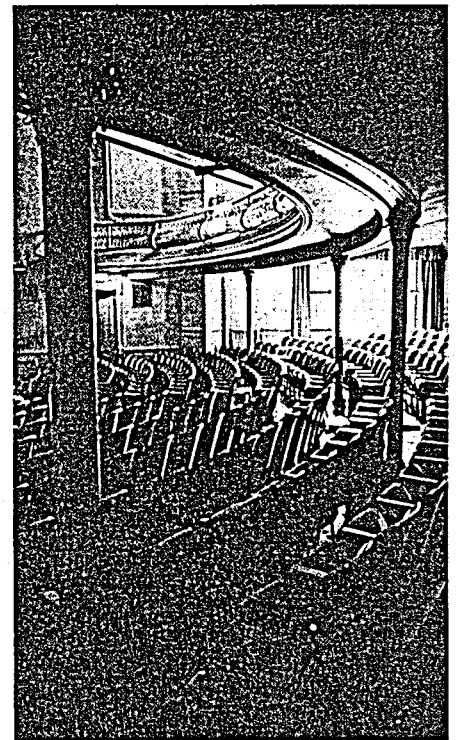
Feord feels that the poor quality of Washington Hall goes hand in hand with the unfair reputation that the Speech and Drama Department "enjoys." He is also very upset by the present condition of the place. "Other disciplines deal with cadavers; theater deals with living things. The theater isn't understood, so the theater building isn't understood."

Barb Lower and Bob Hillstrom are both freshmen, and both have had some "experience" with Washington. Barb has a class there (Mass Communication with Professor Frank Zink), and feels that "Washington Hall is a terrible place to have a class. Although it has a definite atmosphere, the place is a pit. The lights often go out and there's very little leg room. The place definitely needs help."

Bob Hillstrom is in the Glee Club, and was singing when the infamous "bat incident" occurred at the most recent concert held in Washington Hall. "At first no one knew what the audience was laughing at," Hillstrom said. "Then I saw the bat."

So, in four years, if all goes well, an audience will be able to sit in Washington Hall that is large, airy, and comfortable. They will see a play, or perhaps listen to a speaker, without sitting in fear of a balcony falling on them. And they will enjoy themselves, and the players or the speaker will enjoy themselves. And Washington Hall will truly be what it should always have been—a theater.

J. J. Morrissey is a freshman from Bennington, Vermont. He has recently been appointed Copy Editor for next year's Scholastic.



Money. Everyone likes it, and everyone wants to keep as much of it as he can. One way, however, to lose your money, is to also like sports. If you like sports and want to see it played on a professional level in person, then it is very difficult to also like to keep money. Watching professional sporting events is one of the most expensive entertainment values today. The people of Scholastic also like money, and in an attempt to save some of it, they have undertaken a study to determine the sport and the places in the country that are your best and worst sport buys. The following article details that study.

It really doesn't matter where you live: sporting events are expensive. Los Angeles, Houston, Chicago, and New York all charge the fan top dollars to see the Ervings, the Murcers and the Vachons play their respective sports. It's expensive, and fans are not going out in droves to see their teams play as they once did.

In years past, if a team was playing at all fair, fans would go to the park or the stadium to see the games played. This just isn't so any longer. The Chicago Black Hawks are as fine an example of this as exists. The Hawks for years have packed the fans into the Chicago Stadium irregardless of how badly they were playing. Not long ago the Hawks finished in dead last place and they still sold out the entire Stadium. Last year, as the Hawks degenerated, the place was showing some empty seats, and this year the team has stopped releasing attendance figures due to embarrassment. The journalists covering the Hawks have estimated figures to be around 10,000 per game, which is down 8,000 from capacity.

Inasmuch as it would be difficult to look at the entire country to determine which sports are best values, one city was chosen to use as the basis of comparison. The city chosen was Chicago, for the one reason that it isn't at one cost of living extreme or the other, and also because it affords a number of different sports to look at.

Chicagoans, first of all, are not used to a winning team. Hopes ride high at the start of each season, and the baseball season that has just begun is no exception. Both the

A Professional Way to Lose

by Tom Kruczek

White Sox and the Cubs have thus far drawn well, although that will change as the season progresses. The White Sox currently charge \$5 for box seats and \$4 for the reserved grandstand. The reserved grandstand seats are a must over the general admission seats that cost \$2, because the location of the g.a. seats is so poor. They begin past the first and third bases and stretch to the wall, with it being very difficult to see around the poles that hold up the upper deck, and in general try the patience of even the most loyal baseball fan. The box and reserved grandstand seats are up 50¢ from last year, while the g.a. seats were not increased.

The Cubs, on the other hand, are much nicer to the less affluent fan, in that they put 20,000 unreserved grandstand seats on sale each game day which sell for \$2 and are excellent to watch the games from. The boxes sell for \$5 and the reserved grandstand cost \$4. Concession prices are rather high at Cubs Park, making it more economical to take your own lunch, even though that is not generally considered the "class" thing to do.

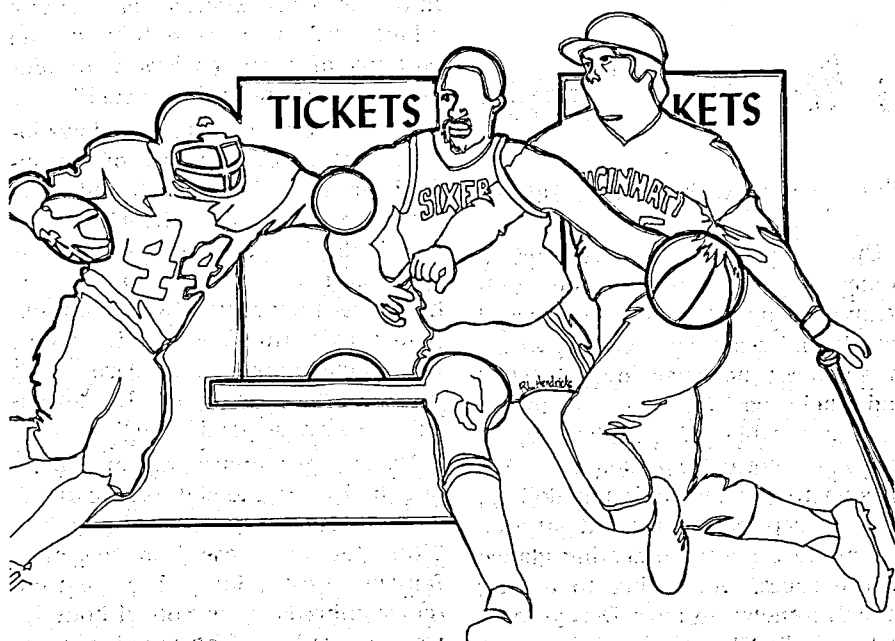
Parking at Cubs Park is a real problem in that there isn't very much of it around. The thing to do is to park downtown and take the elevated train to the park. Downtown parking will cost usually around \$4 for the afternoon, which takes away from the cheapness of

the afternoon offered by the general admission seats.

The Black Hawks, as mentioned earlier, are having attendance difficulties. This, of course, has not caused them to lower their prices; in fact, for the just ended season they increased their prices from 1975-76. Top price for the Hawks is \$12.50 with the cheapest seat costing \$4 in the second balcony in the heavens of the Second City. The Bulls charge the same prices and parking for both events runs \$2. Concession prices are also very high in the Chicago Stadium, and no one brings his own. It's best to starve and wait until you get back home to eat than to pay the inflated Stadium prices.

Soccer in Chicago is not the most popular sport, although it is very strong with the ethnic groups that populate the city. The prices are high with g.a. running \$3, while a reserved seat costs \$5. A break is given to those over 65 years of age and under 18. For those individuals the price is \$1.50 for the general admission seat. Certainly this will encourage the younger fans to at least try the sport out, and will broaden its base of appeal, something the other sports aren't interested in.

Chicago Bear football is an interesting phenomenon. For some strange reason they do very well at the gate, and they have not had a good team since the days of Billy



Wade. Yet people still pay \$9.50 for the good seats and \$7.50 for the not-so-good ones in the end zones to see the Bears lose. In fact, the Bears sell 47,000 seats on a season ticket basis, holding 10,000 for individual game sale. They usually sell all of the individual game tickets to sit in the cold and snow of Soldier Field and watch the Bears lose.

One of the best bargains is horse racing. Admission to Arlington Park in suburban Chicago is \$1.50 for an afternoon of racing. This was the price last year, while the park is not sure of what it will charge for the coming season. The admission price entitles one to watch around three hours of racing and gives a person a chance to watch betting at its finest. The track pulls in over \$100,000 per race in handle figures, which means that people do bet once inside Arlington. Attendance totals around 20,000 every day.

Another very good bargain is golf. Although it comes to the city but once a year, it is well worth the effort to see a pro golf event because it offers the fan a chance to get closer than any other sport to the participant. It also affords the fan a chance to bring his own food instead of paying the high prices at the course, and for once, no one looks the worse at you for it. The price for one round to watch a tournament for the final two days is \$8.

This gives the person the right to walk anywhere on the course during the day, which usually sees the first pro starting around 8 a.m., and the last one finishing at approximately 5:30 p.m. A long day for \$8.

Chicago is not the only place to watch a sporting event, and if one wants to see the home team win, then Chicago is certainly not the place to go. Costs in Chicago, however, are somewhat reflective of costs around the country for these events.

Also, one should remember that Chicago is not that far away, and can be used as a get-away day now or in the fall. Tickets can be purchased for the events mentioned without much trouble, with none of the events tending to sell out.

Sports used to be a nice way to take the family out, and many of us can remember days at baseball games with the family. Sports also used to be a good way to have a cheap date. Those days are over, and *Scholastic* officially mourns its passing.

College students generally have little money, and certainly they would not want to spend large amounts of it on sports. Basketball, football, hockey, and to a certain degree, baseball are not good entertainment values for the student who would like to save money. Horse racing and golf are, although they are not everyone's cup of tea.

Come 1982, if ticket prices continue to increase as they have over the last decade, a Chicago Black Hawk hockey ticket will cost \$15.25, at least that's the conclusion of a 1977 *Chicago Tribune* study. Of course the increase mentioned over the last ten years is nothing, if one compares Labor Department statistics of other increases over that same period of time. The cost of living increase has been 70.1%, while food has increased 80.9%, 44.4% for rent and 50.9% for reading and recreation. During that time, ticket prices have increased just 26%. So perhaps sport fans can breathe a sigh of relief that the prices have not risen higher than they already have.

Across the country, using basketball as a comparison, Los Angeles fans pay \$8.75, \$7.25, \$5.75 and \$5 to see the Lakers play. The Lakers have held the line on increased prices over the last three years, not once raising the prices, but no guarantees were given for next season when the Lakers may be forced to put an increase into effect.

In New York, the prices were increased by 50¢ from two years ago to a \$12, \$10, and \$8.50 level. The cheapest seat in the Garden to watch the Knicks is a not so cheap \$6.50, making New York the worst city in the country to watch basketball and still save money.

But of course the best value is in front of the television set. The student will not get the full "flavor" of the action in front of the television, but then again he will not get the sickening feeling of looking into an empty wallet either. Someday, the student will be a worker and will be able to watch events and worry less about the costs, but that of course is for much later in life.

For now, either it's golf, or horse racing, and maybe baseball for the student fan, with lots of time before the television set. For the thrifty student, that is certainly the best way to enjoy sporting events and still enjoy the feeling of a full wallet. *Tom Kruczek, in addition to being sports editor of Scholastic, is a person who genuinely enjoys going to sporting events. His experiences in paying to attend these events led to this article.*

A Guide to the Run for the Roses

by John Delaney with Denny Ogburn

Every May, in a rite of spring, a large number of Notre Dame students venture down to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby. John Delaney gives some tips for those who will be making the trip to see the run for the roses.

"The Kentucky Derby is just your basic, fundamental, rudimentary horse race."

The above statement is as close to the truth as Indiana is to an 18-year-old drinking law. The Kentucky Derby is actually the *creme de la creme* of horse racing, as anyone from the Blue Grass State will be more than happy to tell you. Each year on the first Saturday in May, the sporting world focuses on Louisville to see which horse will capture the first title of racing's Triple Crown.

The Derby is the culmination of an activity-filled week in the "City of the Seventies." The Great Balloon Race, Steamboat Race, and the Pegasus Parade highlight the Derby Festival. The Derby Eve Jam annually packs rock music fans into the Kentucky Fairgrounds. This year should prove to be no exception, as Bob Seeger, the Atlanta Rhythm Section, and Starz are scheduled to perform. Many Notre Dame students who journey southward for the festivities can be found at the Derby Eve Party hosted by the University of Louisville fraternities.

Derby Day begins early for most of the fans. The Chamber of Commerce annually supplies good weather and a full day of fun is the result. Even those who arrive at the track well before noon find parking extremely scarce. The locals try to alleviate this problem by offering their lawns, driveways, and sidewalks, but for what they charge it would be cheaper to take a taxi. The best bet is to park at the Fairgrounds, then ride the shuttle bus to Churchill Downs.

Upon reaching the twin spired landmark, one confronts the maddening throngs. The 42,000 reserved grandstand seats are sold out weeks in advance; however, over 100,000 find their positions in the infield most enjoyable. The infield is, of course, "where the action is." Admission to the infield is ten dollars, fairly steep considering it affords the spectators a mere fleeting glance of the races. According to a long time fan known to most Derby-goers as "Subby": "Ten bucks ain't bad at all." He explains that in addition to being a part of the Derby, the infield is the sight of "the biggest shindig this end of Creation." The carnival-like atmosphere is the scene of Frisbee throwers, guitar players, human pyramid builders, and

coholic beverages cannot be brought into Churchill Downs, but Subby admits, "There's more beer in the bottoms of them coolers than Milwaukee could brew in a year!"

There are also betting windows located within the confines of the infield for those who wish to put their "sure fire, can't miss" theories to the test. Infield spectators press against the fences to get a glimpse of the horses as they gallop by. Subby explains that this doesn't disappoint the infield crowd. "The Derby ain't no horse race for them. It's an excuse to have a good time."

Racing gets under way at 1 p.m., but the Derby, the eighth race of the day, starts shortly before 6 p.m. The "Run for the Roses" is the most famous test for three-year-old thoroughbreds. It is not without its rewards, either. The winning entry is guaranteed at least \$100,000 and a place beside the greatest horses ever to be saddled, including Aristides, Citation, Whirlaway, and the Derby record holder, Secretariat.

Many Domers take the five-hour trip as their last, pre-finals fling.



Subby's favorite, "enough pretty girls to keep both my eyes busy all afternoon." There are ample concession stands throughout the infield, featuring hot dogs, soda, and Dixie's national drink, the mint julep. The prices, again, are inordinately high, and picnic baskets and coolers are the frugal racing fan's best bet. Al-

Despite the drive, the time, and the prices, the consensus is that the Derby ranks alongside a Southern Cal football weekend for pure enjoyment. Perhaps Damon Runyon described the fanfare best when he said of the Kentucky Derby: "It is a never dying thrill that keeps the memory throbbing in anticipation."

Years in Distortion

by T. Peter O'Brien

Sit back, relax, and be thankful these rules no longer exist. The rules which you see below once governed, with iron claws, the student body at this University. Not all, however, apply to students of university age. In the early days of Notre Dame, high school students were a part of the student body. The list was excerpted from Brother Aidan Extracts, by Br. Aidan O'Reilly, C.S.C.

"Those pupils who may wish to shave shall do so on Wednesdays and Saturdays after dinner, and they may get hot water from the kitchen."—*Council of Professors*, November 5, 1845.

"General Regulations for the Boarders: Rising at 5:30, except for May 1 to vacation, when it will be at 5:00. 5:30, vocal and mental prayer in the study hall with Brother Augustine, followed by Mass, after which study. 7:30, breakfast followed by recreation. 8:00, study. 8:15 . . . class. 12:00, dinner and recreation. 1:30, class. 4:00, recreation. 4:30, class. 6:00, spiritual conference." (1844).

"Boarders must not have their hands in their pantaloons during recreation."

"Pupils must never leave the place of recreation without permission; neither must they blow their noses with their hands." (1844)

"Mr. Gouesse complained that nearly half the boys did not take soup and asked what he should do. The Council replied that they should not be compelled to take soup and that Brother Vincent should be told to give good soup and not so much of it." (1845)

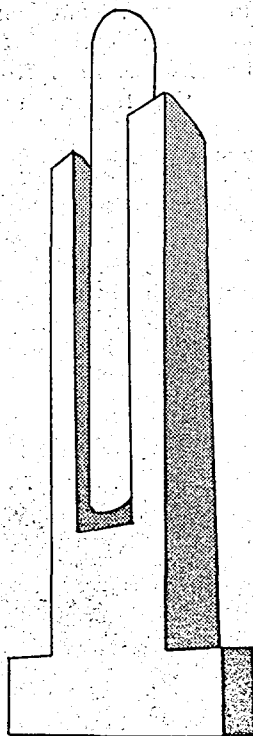
"The Council of the Prefect of Discipline presents two articles to the Council of Professors: 1) it is impossible to enforce laws before they are known; 2) we can't enforce them unless we have means of doing it."

"Severe infractions of the rules made to stand at the stake during recreation."

"That such boarders that may

have contracted the habit of chewing, should not continue it without the superior's permission."

"Father" Superior invoked the Council of Professors, in order to give the Professors and Overseers some advice about their dealings with the Boarders and recommended in a particular manner to lead them rather by affection than by fear, not to be too severe, and never to exasperate them."



"Those pupils who are more than fifteen years old may hold their hands in the pockets of their pantaloons."

"Father Granger will be required not to let parents see their children before they have been reviewed by the Prefect of Discipline to see whether they are clean."

"Boarders bathed for the first time this year as the weather was too cold." (July 3, 1847)

"The table of shame punishment shall not be inflicted in future except as a last resort." (1859)

"Professors not allowed to smoke in public." *Council of Discipline*, June 17, 1846.

"Professors should refrain from entering saloons and groceries or any place which would lower their own dignity or that of the institution."

"Professors should be back at 9:00 p.m. and have their lights out."

"To encourage work, students were given 'bon-points' worth 5¢, 10¢, etc., up to \$1. At the end of the month students bought at auction religious pictures, books, etc."

"Brother Francis de Sales asked whether he should punish those who place their elbows on the tables and it was answered not to be hard on them on that account." (1845)

"Prefects complain of the small punishments. Council couldn't suggest any besides those already in the rules, and the two following:

1—pupils may be deprived of their tea;

2—their good points may be taken from them." *Council of Professors*. (1846)

"All students attend religious exercises. Mass on Sundays and Wednesdays."

"Silence except during recreation."

"No visiting private rooms."

"No smoking or drinking."

"No carrying of money, except from Treasurer on Wednesdays at 9:00."

"Baths once a week; in summer, two in the lake."

"Studies revoked on Sunday and Wednesday, a.m., for personal neatness."

"Detention room for bad boys during recreation or promenades."

"All must write home once a month. Letters corrected." (1867-68)

"Premiums for politeness, diligence, neatness abolished. Now that 100's of young men of good education congregate at Notre Dame, rewards are no longer in accordance with our progress and the standing in the University." (June 19, 1869)

"'Lovers of the weed' were given a smoking room in 1873." *Scholastic*, 7:12.

These Are the Good Old Days

by T. Peter O'Brien

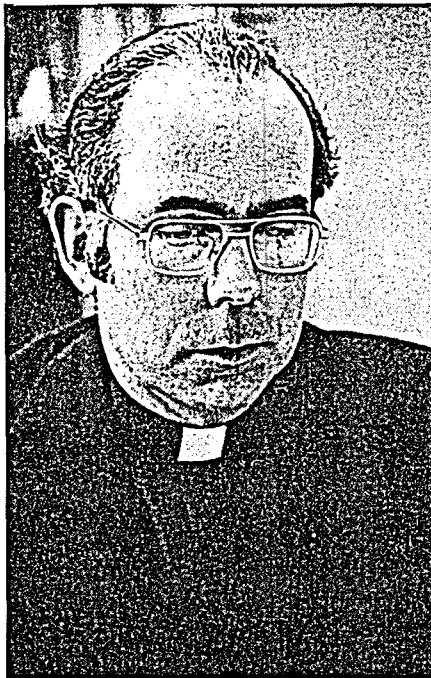
"Dusty but fascinating." These are the words with which junior Barb Frey describes part of her involvement with the Committee on the History of the University. The Committee, set up by University Provost Fr. James T. Burtchaell in 1973, has as one of its objectives the collection and preservation of materials pertinent to a study of Notre Dame's history. For Barb Frey, that sometimes means rummaging through documents over a hundred years old. She is the student representative on the committee, working with Fr. Thomas E. Blantz, chairman, and Thomas Schlereth, secretary. Other members of the committee include Dick Conklin, head of the Information Services, George Sereiko, assistant director of public services, Fr. Thomas Elliott, archivist of the Indiana province of the priests of Holy Cross, Francis Clark, University microfilmist, and Professors Fitzsimons and Gleason of the history department.

This committee also has, in the words of Fr. Blantz, two other goals in mind: "to encourage further interest and research into Notre Dame's history," and "to support, perhaps sponsor, a definite history of the University at least by the sesqui-centennial year, 1992."

The Committee has met on an average of three times a year since its inception, and is collecting materials from a variety of sources. Naturally, one of the most valuable storehouses of historical data on the University is to be found in the personal collections of alumni. Fr. Blantz has made it a point to notify the alumni of this Committee, asking them if they have any material at all which would be of value to this Committee or to future historians. In particular, alumni are being asked to contribute photographs, personal correspondence, and copies of student publications.—

specifically small hall papers or newsletters which may have only survived for a year or two.

During the last four years, the University has obtained, through the work of the Committee, copies of important materials housed in other depositories of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Tom Schlereth noted that in the spring of 1975, "The University acquired from the Archives of the Indiana province



Fr. Thomas Blantz

of the priests of Holy Cross 49 rolls of microfilm of records pertinent to the work of the congregation in the United States from 1842 through 1909." In addition, the University also received a xeroxed copy of "Brother Aidan's Extracts," a manuscript documenting the work of the Holy Cross Brothers at Notre Dame and throughout the Midwest.

Also, with the encouragement from the Committee, the University Archives has continued its project of conducting oral history inter-

views with persons particularly knowledgeable about University life and history. "Approximately 12 retired members of the faculty have been interviewed concerning academic and student life here at Notre Dame since World War I," Schlereth noted.

Through its research into the often dusty annals of the early years of Notre Dame, the Committee has discovered a few student organizations and publications which had been forgotten for decades. In addition, it recently acquired the lecture notes of a student who was present at a series of lectures given by the prominent Catholic author, G. K. Chesterton, in Washington Hall in 1930. *The Chesterton Review*, a Canadian journal, is in the process now of recapturing as much of the series as possible from this student's notes. Interesting photographs surface periodically, as do short-lived hall newspapers. Blantz commented that there is an adequate amount of information from the office of the president and other official matters. "We really don't have," he continued, "that much information from a student's point of view. So that is why we are making an added effort these days to collect student records."

The Committee's efforts to eventually produce a history, perhaps multi-volumed, of the University is no revolutionary endeavor. Many schools have prepared histories of their particular institutions. Yet, this history will document not only the happenings on a few thousand acres in northern Indiana over a span of 150 years. Schlereth, who has already written a one-volumed history of the University, stressed the importance of Notre Dame's influence beyond the strict confines of the campus: "Notre Dame has played a role in relations between American and European Catholi-

cism, certainly a role in American higher education, and has had a significant impact on the American Catholic Church." The history ultimately becomes, in the words of Tom Schlereth, "a cosmopolitan story," due to the University's broad and extensive influence.

The Committee's research also can serve the present community of Notre Dame by giving us a sense of present identity, a sense of who and what is responsible for Notre Dame being what it is today. Schlereth commented that most people think only about the future or long-range goal of a committee such as this — the collection of materials so that someone in the future can understand what went on years ago. Yet this data is also of immediate significance. Schlereth stated that a "marvelous example was the Student Life Commission's examination of past disciplinary regulations and other questions considered in the late '60's, because they seemed to be surfacing again in their meetings now in the mid '70's. They found, after some digging, some material which was useful to them here and now." Blantz supported this idea by saying that one of the purposes of the Committee is to enable us to know and to grasp better our own history and our own contributions, and in particular, "to know exactly how we got here, the decisions that were made on the hiring of faculty, the financial priorities we have had over the years, why certain departments were set up, why we do not have a medical school, why we do not have various other things that we could have; in short, how all this developed."

In gathering historical materials, systematically organizing them, and then making them accessible, the Committee is attempting to raise the consciousness of the University community about its past. Schlereth sees a resurgent interest into Notre Dame's past, and he hopes that this will continue. He stated that "many members of the University faculty, staff, administration, and student body on their own initiative have offered suggestions or collected and forwarded pertinent materials, and for all of this we are grateful." Yet there is still a need to encourage more student involvement in the Committee's project. "One thing

we'd definitely like to receive a great deal more of is student correspondence," Schlereth commented. This correspondence could be letters home or to friends, diaries or journals, or anything at all that would serve to recreate undergraduate life here. Schlereth continued by saying that "we'd be most happy to receive" anything the students deem of historical influence.

One thing the committee has recently done to encourage student research into the history of the University is to sponsor a contest. A prize of \$50 is offered for the best study of any aspect of Notre Dame life by a graduate or undergraduate student. Beginning with the 1976-77 academic year, the prize will be awarded annually if, in the judgment of the Committee, a study of sufficiently high quality is submitted.

Although Fr. Blantz remains extremely active on the Committee, his retirement as University archivist and Committee chairman will be realized before too long. As an associate professor of history, he feels he is not able to devote enough of his time to the Committee causes as he would like to: "I think it would be valuable for the operation here in the archives to have a full-time person." Both he and Fr. Burtchaell agreed that, because the Committee was demanding more and more time, a full-time archivist was

needed. There has been no specific date set for his retirement. "It could conceivably be tomorrow, or in a year or year and a half," Blantz stated.

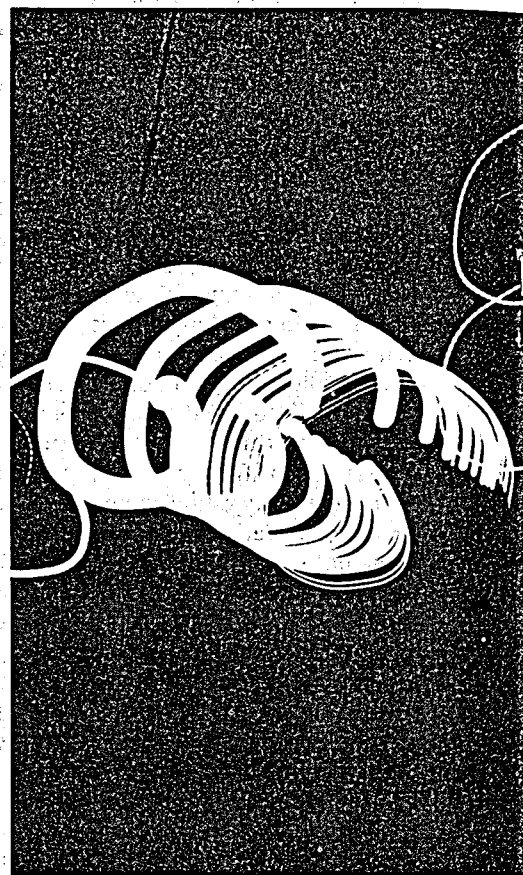
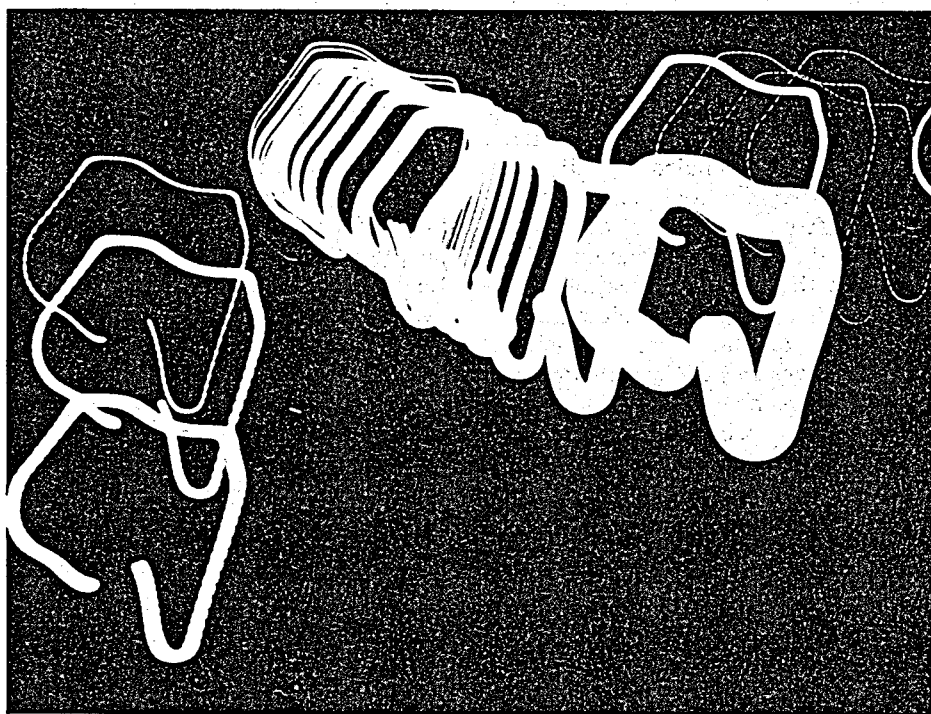
While talking with Fr. Blantz and Tom Schlereth, one comes to appreciate a completely new dimension of history. The Committee's scholarly approach does not obliterate the personableness which can be a sincere part of history. The Committee is interested in official records and published sources. Yet perhaps a more important tributary of the historic method is the personal, in a sense, humble, approach. The University as seen by the students is just as important, and perhaps more so, than the University seen by the Board of Trustees. Every student is an intricate and essential component of the University. And Fr. Blantz, Tom Schlereth, and the rest of the Committee see and encourage this notion.

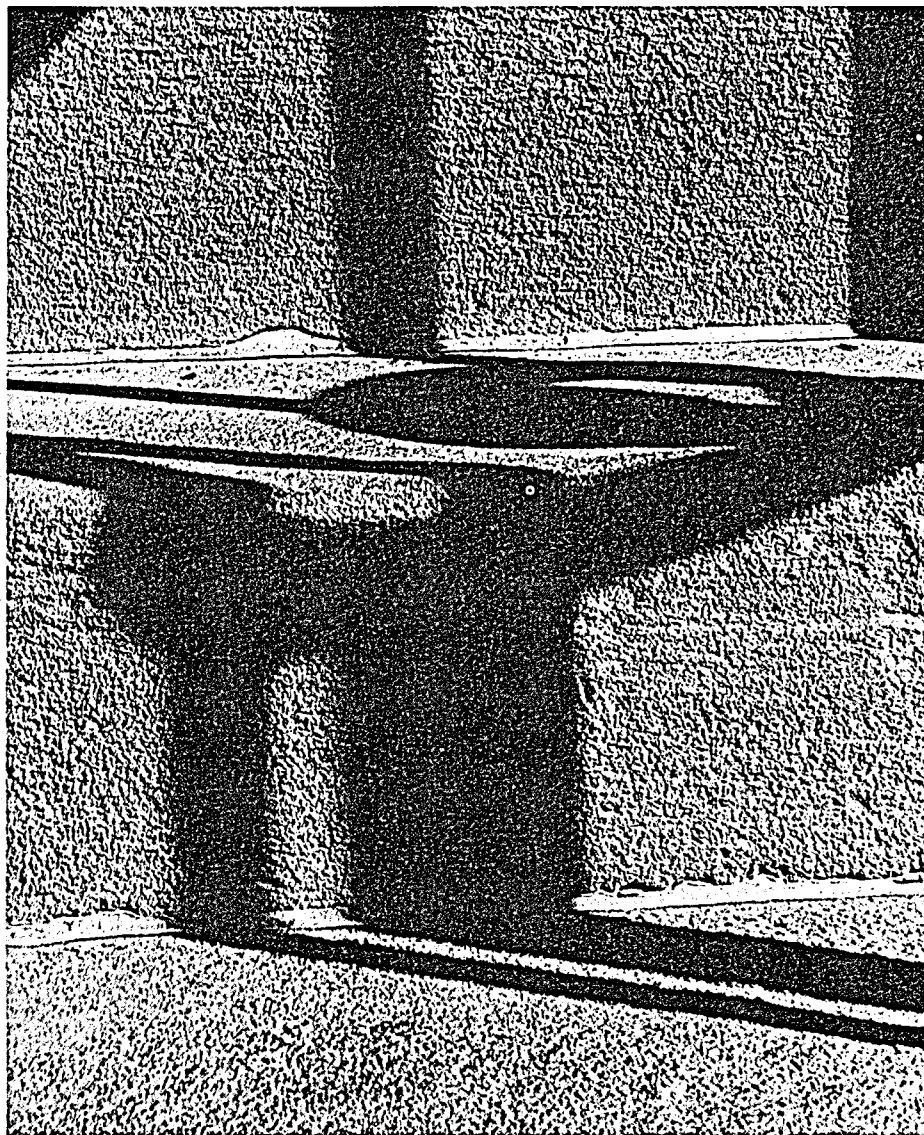
In not too many years, we will be able to touch Notre Dame only in our memories. We will look back on these years with some degree of fondness. A bit of history will be in us, to complement the history which has been recorded.

T. Peter O'Brien was actively involved with this year's Sophomore Literary Festival committee. He is also a contributor to the Juggler.



Professor Tom Schlereth





Gallery

by Maureen Sajbel

"Marathon Man"

by Russ O'Brien

The emphasis at Notre Dame is definitely on varsity sports. Those who make the varsity teams get the recognition and the letter jacket emblematic of "fame." Other athletes also exist here, and one of those is long distance runner Mark Sullivan. Freshman writer Russ O'Brien tells about this extraordinary athlete.

Most writers concentrate on the feats of men like Ross Browner, Jerome Heavens, and Billy Paterno when focusing on the Notre Dame sports scene. However, there are other Notre Dame athletes who mean much to our community that are never talked about. One of these people is Mark Sullivan, a long distance runner from Long Island, New York.

Mark is a senior who has run for the Notre Dame track and cross country teams during his freshman, sophomore, and junior years. This year he has gone off on his own to compete in a number of marathons around the country.

Mark took up running not because of some distant goal of bettering long distance records in prestigious marathons, but rather to get in shape for high school basketball.

"Our school (St. Johns in Boston) had a really good team and I needed to be in top condition to play for them. I was a real nut about basketball, and I ran cross country with this goal in mind." A second reason for Mark's decision was supplied by his father. "My dad is from Cambridge, Massachusetts and he goes to see the Boston Marathon every year. He loves it, and has always wanted to see me run, and last year I did."

Sullivan ran on a sweltering 100 degree day and placed 170th out of 2000 finishers with a time of 2:48. "Many guys dropped out because of the heat. If that didn't get to you, the three steep rises known as Heartbreak Hill did. These three hills follow one another and leave a

runner exhausted. If you can make it through them, you've got a good chance of finishing the 26 miles in one piece."

Mark also competed in the St. Louis Marathon last month. "It was a very hilly course, and was a challenge because I don't get much hill-work around South Bend. I ran in eighth place for ten miles, and then hit some tough hills and got cramps in my thighs. I was in good shape, but as always, cramps can strike and hurt you." He finished 30th, with a time of 2:42. In the Michigan City Marathon 15 kilometer race, Mark finished eighth out of 430.

Sullivan's good finishes and overall strength are a result of a rigorous training schedule. He runs a minimum of ten and a maximum of 17 miles per day. "It is something you learn to do with proper moti-

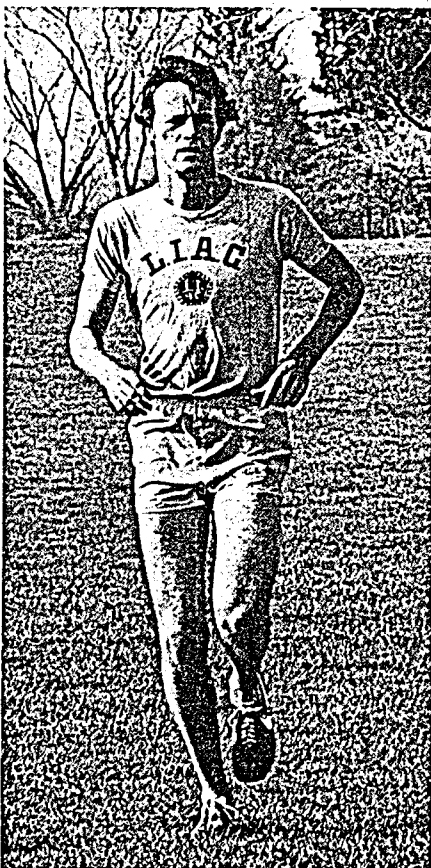
vation. You can never stop conditioning if you wish to reach your goals." Mark's main objectives are to win the Boston Marathon someday, and to make the U.S. Olympic Trials in 1980.

"I'm building myself up gradually by running in only two or three Marathons per year. Too many races can ruin your health. For example, after the last one, my body was so drained that the next day it took me 15 minutes to walk from Fisher Hall to O'Shaughnessy Hall."

Mark is in the General Program of Liberal Studies in Arts and Letters, and is an active member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He says, "My future desire is to work in VISTA and help retarded children live a better life. I eventually will become a licensed special education teacher, but this volunteer work will occupy me for some years. I would really rather work with these kids more than anything else. I feel patience is my biggest asset, and that this and love are what the children need most.

"I, as well as these kids, need someone to provide inspiration. If I could single out the motivating forces in my running, it would be the presence of both Randy Hadley and Jim Reinhart. Randy goes to all the races I run in, along with the regular track and cross country meets. Running could use more fans like him. Jim is a Notre Dame runner who helps to keep me charged up. He knows what I experience in a race and is someone that I can really relate to."

Mark Sullivan is not a sports celebrity on campus. His running feats have gone largely unnoticed by all but a small band of running enthusiasts. He is, however, an important figure on campus, in that he freely gives of his time not only to his chosen sport, but to those who need his help the most, the disadvantaged children. In this case, Mark Sullivan is a celebrity, and a person you should definitely know.



Mark Sullivan

Par Excellence

by Bob Lee

Could you imagine the result of a mixture of a little bit of Dick Van Dyke, Jerry Lewis, Bruce Jenner, Don Rickles, and O. J. Simpson? Sounds like some sort of athlete with a crazy personality and a knack for comedy. If you add to that a lot of love and understanding, you may come up with somebody as unique as Coach Noel O'Sullivan, a physical education teacher and the golf coach here at Notre Dame.

An all-star athlete in high school, O'Sullivan lettered in baseball, basketball, track, and swimming. He decided to develop his athletic skills and knowledge through a competitive collegiate program. And what college curriculum contained the number one physical education program together with an outstanding academic record? None other than the University of Notre Dame. At Notre Dame, he majored in physical education with minors in biology and history. He obtained a p.e. fellowship to graduate school where he received an M.A. in guidance. After graduate school, he was drafted into the Army where he served as a sergeant in Korea. He worked for a few years before becoming a physical education instructor at Notre Dame in 1960. O'Sullivan accepted the job at Notre Dame in hopes of "giving back the motivation, the skills, and the enthusiasm to the young."

"Sully" performs his job with a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and willingness to relate his skills and knowledge to his pupils. The reason for his enthusiastic approach

to teaching is a combination of his jovial personality and his belief that the student and the teacher should always be at the same level: "I have yet to look down at any student at any time. I teach a lot of beginning groups and try to bring them up to my level as far as feeling—by talking at them and not down to them." Through his participation with the students, Coach O'Sullivan adapts to the students' feelings and makes the class more interesting and exciting.

Mr. Enthusiasm, as he's been called, has taught every activity which the department has to offer, including racquetball, handball, swimming, gymnastics, and tennis. He is able to demonstrate and explain each activity because of his highly successful involvement in each of these activities. As a result of this versatility, he can handle the highly skilled performers as well as the beginners in each class. Thus, the instruction can be delivered in a professional manner with realistic examples.

Coach O'Sullivan has an interesting and logical philosophy concerning a person's physical condition and that person's relationships with other people: "If you're happy with yourself physically, all people who are with you will enjoy you and you will enjoy them." He prides himself in staying in good shape, which he believes is as important to a person to develop as one's intellectual and spiritual self.

According to the coach, Ara Parseghian held the same philosophy regarding physical conditioning.



Noel O'Sullivan

O'Sullivan developed his handball talents, which he now shares with the students, with none other than Parseghian while Ara was head football coach at Notre Dame. Ara was considered a "universal man" to Coach O'Sullivan, as he exemplified O'Sullivan's philosophy that physical development is an important aspect of life. Despite Ara's rigid schedule, he managed to play handball with the golf coach at least three to four times a week. Through their example, "Students were given an added incentive to stay in shape, to develop a physical attitude. Too

many students get wrapped up in their studies. Their time should be budgeted to allow for physical exercise. Ara showed his team members he could be in good shape, which gave them more incentive to work harder as individuals and as a team." In the same way, Coach O'Sullivan believes that as a p.e. teacher, good physical condition is an effective teaching tool in itself. For O'Sullivan, it is easier to teach and give a good example by maintaining proper physical condition through activities and exercises.

He hasn't had many problems with Notre Dame students in his 17 years as a teacher; in fact, he feels that most Notre Dame students are pretty "smooth" in that they all have the qualities of ladies and gentlemen. Although O'Sullivan is very well-liked by most of his students, he does not believe in running a popularity contest: "I realized at a very early stage of life that everybody can't love you. You still have to teach those who don't like you. I know what I give them is beneficial, so no matter who the individual is, whether he likes me or not, I can feel comfortable and relate to the entire class."

Coeducation hasn't brought many problems to the p.e. program, and O'Sullivan for one enjoys the change, starting with the first coed class in volleyball five years back. He feels that his enjoyment is "an accomplishment to the students. There has never been a dreary day on my job—thanks to the response by the students. The students make my day and I try to repay them by making the class interesting and enjoyable. The enjoyment is paramount for any class so that students can carry it over through the rest of their day and the rest of their lives."

Coach O'Sullivan demonstrates his love of life and teaching throughout all of his activities. For the past several summers, he has also taught swimming and other activities to a group of disadvantaged children (ages 5-9) in New Jersey. In addition, he has been the physical director of Upward Bound, an organization which also aids disadvantaged children. He has also been a coun-

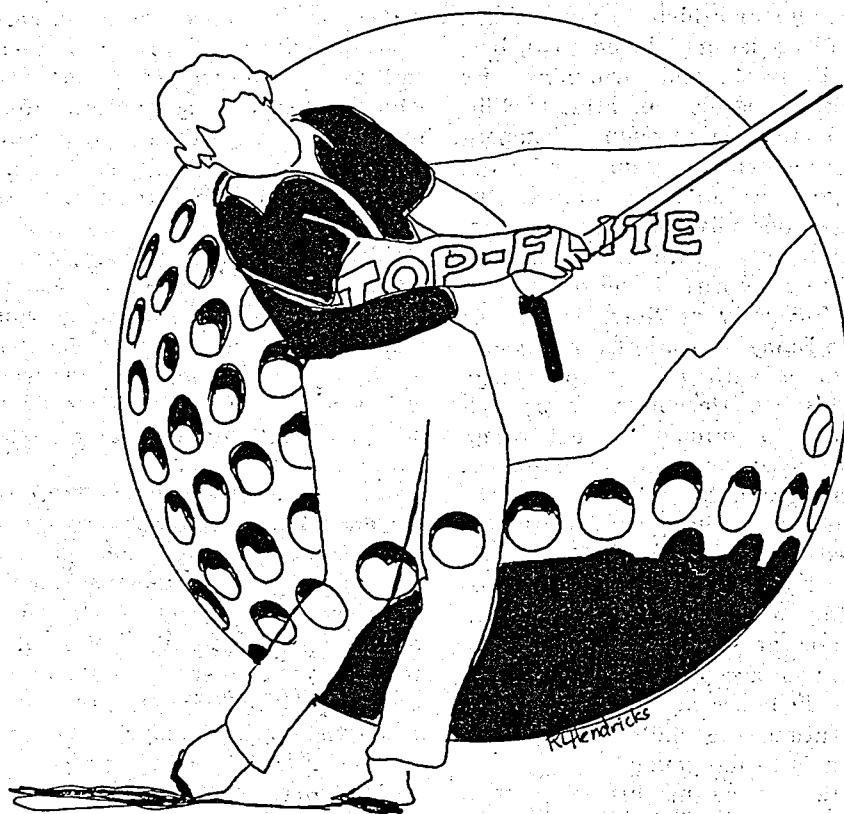
selor at the Notre Dame summer campus. Through these various summer jobs, Coach O'Sullivan has been able to teach the disadvantaged as well as the advantaged. According to O'Sullivan, this has been an asset to teaching college students, because of the variety of abilities, from beginning to advanced, which each student possesses. But according to O'Sullivan, there is one thing in common between teaching the younger children and teaching the college students—the teacher has to make it enjoyable.

O'Sullivan's desire to become a golf coach stems from the challenge to make golf more of a team sport rather than a group of highly-skilled individuals. According to Coach O'Sullivan, there have been very few coaches who have successfully accomplished this task. But O'Sullivan believes it is essential to develop the team aspect of golf: "There is

always someone who will come home with the trophy, but if you don't go anywhere as a team, the effort appears fruitless. You can really go only to a certain limit as an individual, but you can go anywhere as a team." Coach O'Sullivan believes he has succeeded in developing a team consciousness with the golfers and that this consciousness will be present as long as he is head coach.

An athlete, a coach, and above all, a warm and affectionate human being. Those words best describe a man who is as dedicated to his job as Dick Van Dyke, Don Rickles, Jerry Lewis, and O.J. Simpson are dedicated to theirs. The Notre Dame community is truly fortunate to have this man as a friend and a teacher.

Bob Lee is a sophomore from Park Ridge, Ill., intending to major in business. This is his first article for Scholastic.



Rosemary Haughton:

Of farm communals and the ordination of women

by Mary K. Baron

Rosemary Haughton, while raising a family of ten children, has written 30 books and several magazine articles. She lectures at universities and institutes throughout the United States and England, and has co-founded the Lothlorien community in Scotland. A British theologian, she recently finished teaching an eight-session course at St. Mary's College, "Christian Marriage and Family." Focusing upon the theme "Marriage as a Source of Reconciliation," Rosemary will use the lecture material for a new book.

For the most part, Rosemary writes about theology and religious education. Her works draw on literature, psychology and politics. The Notre Dame Bookstore carries her most highly acclaimed books: On Trying to Be Human, The Transformation of Man: A Study of Conversion and Community and The Theology of Experience.

In this interview with Scholastic, Rosemary discusses Lothlorien and shares her ideas about contemporary Church issues such as the Charismatic Movement and the recent Vatican Declaration: Women in the Ministerial Priesthood. She stresses the importance of the feminine influence within the Roman Catholic tradition and gives a perspective on what women can do for society.

"Mrs. Haughton, which do you prefer: teaching or writing?"

"I prefer neither," she answers. A pause. "I like to make things." She picks up her daughter's blue nightdress and starts to sew a patch that is gathered at one end onto the yoke.

Rosemary separates her career of

writing, lecturing, and traveling from her true vocation, Lothlorien, a self-supporting communal farm where immediate family, grandchildren, temporary houseguests and other community members live. "It's as if I lead two separate lives—I don't carry one life into the other at all. In fact, it's almost an effort to think about what's going on in Scotland when I'm here—and vice versa. I guess it's because of my ability to concentrate on one thing at a time." She speaks softly, but quickly. Her eyes stay focused on her patchwork.

Originally, Rosemary came from London, where she was born in 1927. Her mother, Sylvia Thompson, wrote contemporary novels and her father, Rosemary qualifies, was a "good painter." Since her parents traveled extensively, Rosemary's grandmother raised her and her sister. "My grandmother gave us a tremendous sense of the excitement of the whole heritage of English culture. She was a marvelous teacher—I had an excellent home education. She was very strict, yet very affectionate, and she had a way of making people share her enthusiasm."

Reflecting upon her nomadic childhood, Rosemary comments, "It was a strange kind of life, but children never think their life is strange. They just accept things the way they are." Trips with her parents to the United States, France and Italy interrupted her early schooling in England. At age 15, she studied art in London, then in Paris. At age 16, during the war, she was received into the Catholic

Church. "At that time we lived in Aldershot next door to an Anglican vicar and his wife. I learned quite a bit about Christianity from them," she says.

The encounter with the vicar and his wife marked the method by which Rosemary obtained a background in theology. She learned the discipline from people and from independent reading. Her family never supported her study. Rosemary smiles and says, "My mother never took my work seriously. For one thing, she couldn't imagine why anybody should be interested in theology." Rosemary's only academic degree in theology was awarded to her this past May by Notre Dame at commencement, an honorary Doctorate of Divinity.

With a fresh gleam in her eyes, she confesses that the ability to concentrate which allows her to accomplish all of her academic work occasionally embarrasses her. In a subtle and spontaneous way she relates an incident that has become a legend to the Haughton household. "One night, when all the children were small, I was writing at the kitchen table and the children were buzzing in play, chasing each other, and doing all sorts of things around me. Suddenly, I snapped out of my concentration as one of the children started to say, 'It's no good. If you want to attract her attention, you have to bang on the table.'" Laughing at the memory, Rosemary adds, "He never got to banging, but this was a sort of verdict that has been quoted in the family ever since."

"I wouldn't mind not lecturing and teaching," she sighs. "I would mind

not being able to write, but never would consider giving up my community work."

Her community is called Lothlorien. Located in Galloway, a hilly area of southwest Scotland, Lothlorien grew out of a family commitment to extend full hospitality to people who turned up needing help. "And we tried to give it, made mistakes, suffered, laughed, and learned," she writes in *Sign* magazine, February 1977. "A whole series

make a life that makes sense not just for ourselves, but to help other people. I mean that in two ways. We try to help the people who visit us to come and live the way we do. For ourselves, we must be self-reliant in order to do as much as possible with our resources. This environment helps people who are trying to make some sense out of conflicting values.

"What's being discovered in our community," Rosemary stresses, "is

Life at Lothlorien is tough, challenging, but exhilarating. Every evening before supper the extended family stands around the table and holds hands for a few minutes of silence. "The very fact that we find this silence is helpful because the whole day is so active, especially in the summer with people running around and children shouting, hammers banging, cows lowing, and God knows what. Then, suddenly there's this hush before the meal. In itself,



Rosemary Haughton and her children

of things made us realize that a family involved a responsibility radiating out in many directions. We just found that people would come with one need or another, and we'd try to help them," she explains.

"If every single family has got to have its own heating, entertainment, equipment for gardening, cooking, and all the rest, it's a very wasteful way to do things. We're trying to make it possible to share in a way that is a good deal less wasteful—a good way to be. People can help each other. Yet, each family must maintain its own identity and privacy." Rosemary describes Lothlorien as hopeful, positive, enthusiastic and bound to make mistakes. "We're a group of people who are very determined to find a way to

the importance of fidelity, something that was thrown out completely in recent culture because the emphasis was all on spontaneity: doing what you feel like and being 'true' to your feelings. Then, people gradually discovered that if you want to make sense of what you discover in your most profound feelings you have to live a commitment to carry it through in some way. So there's a whole new use of emphasis on values and faithfulness." She continues, "It's the essence of human choice to remain faithful to that choice, or else you spend your whole life like a butterfly going from one thing to another and you never achieve anything at all as a person. There must be a clear commitment to everyone in the community."

this silence is a very healing thing."

Community members participate in a study group, too. Meeting each Sunday night, members of the community study various topics with a view to deepen the share of their spirituality. "Exploring ideas like the meaning of pop music to people, the Bible, or contrasting the idea of self to the idea of dependence, the idea of trust (. . . very crucial to our lives since we live such a precarious financial existence . . .) and other topics, have gradually uncovered all sorts of needs and made many corrections."

Although many universities want Rosemary to lecture on the significance of femininity, the family, and ecumenism in the Church, Rosemary believes that the most important and

effective work she does is for Lothlorien. She feels that Lothlorien, rather than public service to the Church, is her primary vocation. Impressed with the Church, though, she comments, "The great thing about the Catholic tradition is that it has tried to cope with politics, social responsibility, law-making, spirituality, art, poetry; in fact, everything which concerns human life. It makes sense in terms of the Incarnation, which is about Christ being human. Being human means being all those things. It just doesn't mean being religious. This is what made for constant failure and constant challenge. And you can't leave out anything."

Rosemary views the Charismatic Renewal Movement within the Catholic Church as a means of helping people to rediscover the truth of spiritual vitality in the Catholic heritage. In that way it is a blessing without qualification. But while the movement revitalizes certain areas of the Church and rediscovers the importance of the Holy Spirit in the Church, Rosemary believes the movement could be dangerous "as it tends to concentrate too much on the charismatic experience and what that means to the people concerned."

Commenting on the recent Vatican Declaration: *Women in the Ministerial Priesthood*, Rosemary interprets the authors to be saying that "it doesn't seem possible for the Church to ordain women. It does not say 'we forbid the ordination of women.' It just says that 'all the arguments we see so far don't seem to open the way in which we can recognize the validity of ordaining women.' My impression is that they are closing the door very gently, but the door is not locked. Most people who denounce the document haven't read it.

"The arguments put forward deal with the symbolism that is implicit in human sexuality. The symbolism is very important and needs to be examined and I think everybody who has thought about this issue seriously sees it, not as a matter of sexist thinking and human rights, but as

an issue of sacramental symbolism. This is the crucial issue." Rosemary argues that since the document concentrates on this issue, it is very important. "That the symbolism of the masculine, male personality of Christ has to be expressed in a male role at the altar is not the only point of view—but it is a perfectly respectable point of view."

She continues: "In some sense the people who wrote the document ask for further studies. In two places we read that this controversy has provoked and encourages further 'meditation,' which means thoughtful consideration, on the meaning of priestly ordination and the place of the minister in the Christian community. We should regard this as a sincere invitation to study the issues further."

To Rosemary, the area of symbolism is "more important than most people realize." She says that we live in a society that isn't aware of the importance of symbols. "People work by symbolizing and if you play around with symbols you're doing something very fundamental."

She hopes that the issue of the ordination of women will take a long time to resolve. "One thing for which we must be thankful is that women weren't ordained at first demand into a tradition which was built-up over centuries as an entirely male ministry. This would have done very odd things to the women and certainly wouldn't have helped us to understand the real needs and meaning of the ministry, now, in our time—the kinds of ways in which the Church needs to express its ministry."

Rosemary feels that women are finding it difficult to define their roles within the Church because of a frustrated feeling of having been excluded from the "important things," which have been defined in masculine terms. "So the immediate reaction of women's liberation groups is that the liberated thing is to be able to do the things that the men do with very little stopping to think whether those things are really worth doing. That you have to do it because men have done it is an extremely naive kind

of approach.

"It takes a lot of recovery of self-confidence and self-understanding to be able to turn around and say that many of those things that men considered to be inferior functions of women are best of all. Perhaps the things women were doing all that time were more important than some of the things that the men did. But, *we've been told* that these things have been unimportant. Women need to act with much more honesty, courage, and intelligence about this.

"The sort of masculine priorities of achievement, conquest and success—all built into the myth of the hero—is all right at myth level. But, when you take these values to a level by which everything is measured, you get a very destructive situation that is totally one-sided." Rosemary believes that feminine nature traditionally feels that the relations of things matter, that people and their surroundings should be cared for, and that all should grow in a proper way. "People should try to redress the imbalance of our society consciously. Women need to care for the whole organism, building it up, healing it and reasserting the importance of the natural connections of things."

Rosemary's life shows no retreat from conviction: her words match her actions. While she talks about keeping faith in God and a willingness to work hard, one can marvel at how she and her family, "with no money, no experience, and no backing," began to build "a new life, a huge house, a farm, and an acre of vegetable garden." Similarly, when she accepted one of her first writing assignments, she says, "I had to write a 10,000-word essay on freedom in the Church and I wasn't sure whether I could do it at all. But I did anyway. Then each thing I did seemed to lead to something else." One weekly feature for a diocesan newspaper led to 30 books and many magazine articles; one child quickly led to ten. A household dedicated to hospitality led to Lothlorien; and Lothlorien may lead the way to fulfill Rosemary's hope for the future.

Homage to the Master

by Gary Caruso

The members of the Notre Dame Class of 1977 are the last students to have associated with the legendary Frank O'Malley in the classroom or while residing in Lyons Hall. The author of this story, Gary Caruso, graduated from Notre Dame in 1973 with a degree in American Studies. He received his master's degree from the University of Pittsburgh in 1976 in rhetoric and communications, and is now a Special Assistant to Congressman Austin J. Murphy in Washington, D.C.

Inscribed on a white cross in the Notre Dame Community Cemetery are the words, "Francis J. O'Malley, August 19, 1909—May 7, 1974." Those words are a humble reminder of a man who taught young men and women the goodness of life. Frank O'Malley led a dualistic life on campus which I was fortunate enough to have observed during the four years I lived in Lyons Hall. The private O'Malley and the public O'Malley were similar in many ways, yet different.

Room 327 in Lyons Hall served as the only home Frank O'Malley ever cared to occupy. Living with the students was a common occurrence when he first taught in the middle 1930's. And while the campus trend moved towards less teacher-student social involvement, the number of resident professors decreased drastically until Frank was among the last two remaining faculty residents. He felt that it was his obligation to serve the students at all times.

Although he constantly taught and personally embodied characteristics which inspired and nourished his students, his shyness forced a distance between himself and the other residents of Lyons Hall. One day Frank invited me into his room which the maid later admitted to me was opened for her cleaning services once a month—if she was lucky.

I had run into Frank when he was emptying his trash around noon when he asked me to step into his room. To my right his overcoat lay upon his bed giving me the impression that he had not slept that night, and to the left the walls were shelved with books. As I approached his desk which supported about 40 books forming a wall around three sides of the desk, he said, "Go ahead, look through them." He then told me, "Pick up the one atop the nearest pile."

I picked up Edwin O'Connor's *The Edge of Sadness* which had "Pulitzer Prize-Winner" in bright red letters across the cover. Opening the cover I noticed that it had been autographed by O'Connor. When I turned to the dedication page, the print read, "To Frank O'Malley." As I stood there gazing at the dedication, Frank proudly said, "These are *all* my students." Never again did I enter that room, and never did I hear Frank boast, before or after that day.

During course registration periods, Frank's class would close immediately. Then the mass procession would begin to his room in Lyons. But the solitary soul behind that door never answered—in four years on that floor, I NEVER saw him answer his door, not even during the fire at the end of my junior year. So students would leave notes on his door, under his door, in his mailbox, and even in boxes of other students residing on the floor. Students also camped overnight for almost 12 hours outside the English Department, hoping that they could secure that cherished computer card which granted them admittance.

Besides camping and writing letters, students had a third option for gaining admittance to an O'Malley course. They could personally ask the professor. That meant that literally hundreds of stu-

dents followed the master whenever he walked to his classroom during registration week. Their goal? They had to obtain a unique piece of paper—a palm card which read, "Thank you for voting Democratic," on one side, with Frank's signature on the other. Those precious cards meant that a student could be enrolled as an "O'Malley student," and experience the numerous ways Frank expressed his cheers and blessings.

Cheers and blessings came in various forms from Frank O'Malley. Outside the classroom he was almost impossible to find. Lyons Hall residents were lucky enough to live with this man so that occasionally Frank would share his wisdom with all of them. Usually a conversation would begin before he retired to his room for the night. We students would sit on the floor of the hallway along each wall and listen to him discuss politics, religion, society, literature, or anything that related to what he called "the work." We, "the friends of the work," always came away from those conversations more enlightened than we had ever dared to imagine.

At one 3 a.m. session, while the master was addressing his students in the hallway about the Notre Dame atmosphere, Frank mentioned, "I receive freshman papers which reveal underlying tones of loneliness. Freshmen are the only gauge one has for measuring the campus. They are not yet corrupted."

The private O'Malley, over 60 years old, could speak to and identify with the young men who lived around him. For instance, every year after the *Wizard of Oz* had been shown on television, we third-floor residents would run around most of the night playing "Follow the Yellow Brick Road" on a tape recorder. During my junior year, we had been frequently yelling from our windows

at our next-door residents of Morrissey Hall. After abusing Morrissey for a good two hours on "Oz Night," Frank walked onto our floor from an evening at the Faculty Club. He paused before he entered his room and told us some of the underlying meanings of the movie. After his mini-lecture, he turned toward his room, shook his head, and mumbled, "Lyons, Tigers, Morrissey," leaving his captive undergraduate audience actually rolling on the floor in laughter.

The only public office Frank ever held was precinct committeeman for the campus. His abundance of palm cards was evidence that he cherished privacy over politics. Yet, although he chose privacy, he faithfully fulfilled the duties of committeeman mostly out of convictions for integrity. The Notre Dame precinct was "O'Malley's precinct," with Lyons Hall residents usually working on election day as judges or clerks of the polling place. During the Nixon-McGovern election, Frank told a few third-floor residents on election night that he hoped that "Nixon freezes in the deepest depths of hell," because Frank felt that Nixon had violated the reason for life itself, Christian ethics. He compared Nixon's betrayal of the American people with that of Judas' betrayal of Christ. That evening Francis O'Malley taught young men where to find the soul, and how to whip money-changers from the temples.

Frank should not be immortalized as though he were a perfect Christian. He was not, and he would be the first to admit it. Yes, he believed deeply in the Catholic doctrine, but he knew he was not perfect. Frank could laugh at himself in witty ways that would be reported across the campus within minutes of his utterances. For example, Frank was known to have imbibed excessively every evening at the Faculty Club. At one point during my sophomore year, he was exiled from the Faculty Club "for his own good." Instinctively, he scurried across the street to the Morris Inn where he drank what he called his "hopelessly dry martini."

Most members of the Faculty Club scoffed him so that it was not uncommon to see Frank at one end of the bar while his colleagues sat



clustered at the other end. However, a few members followed Frank to the Morris Inn which prompted the Faculty Club to invite Frank back to its side of the street the following year. It was here that Frank had told someone about his hatred for sports. But within the same breath he said, "The only sport I like is hockey. It's the only sport played on the rocks."

One day a week Frank would remain in his room all afternoon until 4:15 when he set out on his journey across the campus to his Modern Catholic Writers class. By the time Frank reached the main sidewalk along the tree-lined quads, at least three students had shaken his hand heartily, as they always had whenever they saw him. When Frank passed the flagpole at the middle of the campus, he had talked to at least 15 students who had made it a point to go out of their way to greet him. As he walked by the Business Building, two-thirds the distance he was traveling, Frank walked with 20 or more students who "happened to be going that way too." O'Malley was the piper of Notre Dame.

Frank usually mumbled and slurred his words in rather low tones which were barely audible at times. After he entered the classroom, silence prevailed so that his students could drink in every word. At times Frank would instantly burst into eloquent orations which others could not match. His assignments were ones which sounded trite at times, yet were almost impossible to write. For instance, during the middle of the term we were to relate

to the class how we had at some time in our lives encountered a person who had touched or changed us in some valuable way. Some students wrote nothing, and Frank said nothing to them for he understood, and we knew he understood. But others wrote moving pieces which Frank knew came from the soul. One girl talked about her grandfather changing her values. Frank stopped her while he openly wept. At the next class meeting he could not resist asking her to repeat it. And he wept again.

Francis O'Malley lived for his students. He did not consider himself or the University because both he and the University existed FOR students. Yet, he chose a private and withdrawing existence. He seemed shy and solitary most of the time, except in the classroom. The most touching lecture I can remember him delivering was one which used the theme, "The Bread of Life." He ended that lecture by saying that "we all are not even worthy to drown in Christ's blood." That touched me so much that I thought of the lecture for the entire following week. He could convey the importance of each individual, and he could teach us to know ourselves. But his last words to our class touched me even more.

Frank was scheduled to teach on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week at 4:30. However, he did not teach on Fridays so that my last class at Notre Dame was Frank's class on Monday, May 7, 1973. Exactly one year later, May 7, 1974, Frank O'Malley passed away. And although I could not foresee his death, Frank could feel its closeness. Somehow, something compelled me to jot down those final words he spoke to us:

I appreciate the presence, hope, and beauty of your lives. These are the last words you'll hear from me—for the time being anyway. I don't know what's in store for me in the near future or far-off future. And I hope you'll remember these words. I have a wish and hope for you. I hope that time will never trap you, and that the world will have time for you. I hope that you will be happy forever, and that you recollect the happiness of human existence which is sometimes sorrow and suffering, and sometimes love. My love to you! Peace and thanks!

I haven't seen the place in years. In fact, I'm not sure it still stands. It was an old house even when I first knew it—and that was 40 years ago. It was a simple white farmhouse, hidden from the road by a beautiful orchard of pecan trees. The house had its back to the trees and faced out over 20 acres of barren earth. An old garage stored a dilapidated pick-up that rested on four blocks of wood. The barn, the shed I should say, was rotting away and a single horse always walked in the mud surrounding it. It was an old plough-horse, gone blind and feeble and probably senile—if a horse goes senile. It fit the place. Old Man Dobie sat on the big front porch of that farmhouse and watched his land every day. I'm sure he did other things during the day, but that's the picture I'll always carry in my mind. Him just sitting in that goddamned heat, scratching his leg with that hook for an arm of his and humming and giggling to himself. He was one crazy old man.

I was lucky in 1936 because I finally got a job. A new airport was being built and they needed young strong men to build their simple runways. I shoveled 12 hours a day for \$2—and was happy to get it.

After about two months of shoveling, the boss man took me over to Old Man Dobie's place with a tractor.

He was sitting on that big front porch, scratching his leg with the hook when we entered the yard. The boss man stopped and I pulled up next to his truck, watching as he approached the house. He was very wary and spat in the dust before he spoke to the old man.

"Dobie, I brought a man over to cut the grass down in that orchard."

The old man sang softly to himself and rocked in his wicker chair. The boss man might have been talking to the house for all the old man showed. The boss man got red and spat in the dust again.

"Dobie, this man's gonna cut that grass and you let him be. The city

sent him, okay? Remember, they let you have this land after that accident. You just let the man do the work."

"Fred will cut the orchard." The voice was wavering and frail, as if it took all Dobie's strength to speak to the boss man.

"Fred is dead, Dobie. He's been dead for a long time."

The old man rose and tottered toward the front steps. "Fred will be back. I am sure. Fred's planning to be back sometime this week. Don't worry. He'll do it."

"Goddammit," the boss man muttered and started to reply but stopped as an old woman stepped on the porch. She was stooped and wore a plain skirt and flat shoes. Her manner was alert and concerned, a sharp contrast to her husband's obvious bewilderment.

"What is the problem?" Her voice was flat and dry as she surveyed the entire scene: her senile husband, the boss man, me, and the burnt up land. "Lucas, sit back down and relax. Ain't good for you to get riled in this heat." The old man nodded mutely, sat back down and began to hum again. She turned to the boss man and stared hard.

He stammered, "We got to cut the grass, Miz' Dobie. It's our job. I just don't want no trouble, you know that. You remember that incident couple of years back—"

"I remember," she cut in. "Do your work. Lucas won't bother you."

The boss man waved at me and I fired up the tractor. I started around the house and the old man stopped humming and shouted, "Hello Fred! I told 'em you'd get here! Where the hell you been?" The boss man spat again and jumped in the truck and drove off. I just stared but then went on as the old woman calmed him down. Hell, I even laughed as I began mowing.

It was cool in the orchard, underneath those trees and I felt good. I was sitting on my butt, in the shade, and getting paid! The blades whirled out a hypnotic rhythm as

I weaved the tractor between the trees. It was a painstaking job because I needed to edge the blades around every tree. I nicked a couple of 'em but was half done by noon.

The job took the rest of the afternoon and it was almost dusk when I came out of the orchard. The old man was humming fierce when I passed him and waved good-bye. I heard him gasp but kept going out the yard until I hear him squawling, "Fred! Fred! You can't leave, Fred! Goddammit, boy, don't go away again! We got too much to talk over!" He was out of the chair, motioning frantically, as I stopped the tractor and gaped at him. He was almost jumping up and down and I was afraid he'd have a heart attack, so I walked toward the porch.

"That's better," he murmured, more to himself than me. "Sit down, son. We have so much to talk about. I'm glad to see you're finally back on the farm! It's the best life, Fred. Up early, work hard all day, and to bed early. I told you that you'd come back to this life. Ain't your pa always right, boy?" The old man was alive again! He looked ten years younger as he leaned over and placed the hook on my thigh. He whispered confidentially, "We're going to beat this goddamned land, boy. Just you and me. I told 'em we'd do it before and we would have if you hadn't..." He stopped and stared at me for a full minute. Then he slapped my back and grinned, "Well, dammit, you're back! That's all that counts!"

The front screen door swung open and the old woman stood in the doorway, mouth twisted and about to speak. I stopped her with my eyes and turned my attention back to the old man. He had not acknowledged her presence but had continued his one-sided talk. I could only listen and wonder.

"It's been hard since you left, Fred. The summers are just too hot and they burn up the land. I just sit up here on my porch and watch this goddamned land die on me. I can't work it by myself

anymore, Fred. Maybe if I had two arms but I got this damn thing. . .” He swung the hook in front of my eyes and nodded approvingly as I frowned and looked away. “Pretty damn ugly, ain’t it? Been ten years since I lost that arm at the airport. Those bastards tried to take the land away, remember Fred? They wanted to cut down the pecan trees and pave over our land—by God, I’ll die first! That fight, whatta fight when I started shooting at the cop that was with him. They shot . . . they shot my arm off with that goddammed shotgun. Man defending his own family and land and they blow his arm off. . . It ain’t fair, Fred.” His voice began to quiver again as the madness began to torment him.

“Without this arm, I need you to help me with the farm. It ain’t big like it used to be but I still need you. You can rebuild the barn and plant a garden and oh, we’ll have a good life. You’re back, Fred, and that’s all that counts. Some sonuvabitch told me you were dead the other day but I knowed he was wrong . . . and I told him so.” Spit rolled down his chin as he rushed to get all the words out. His eyes fixed on my face as I wriggled uncomfortably and looked away from the house. I was nervous and needed to take the tractor back. This loon had gone far enough and was scaring me but I had to be smooth. He launched into it again.

“I’ll treat ya better now, boy. Don’t go to the city for work. Times is hard but you and I, we’ll make it! I know it! Just stay on the farm and we’ll work the land, God’s earth, the way it says in the Bible. My prodigal son hath returneth! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! That earth has been lying to me, Fred! You’re gonna do us right this time, ain’t ya? Ain’t ya?”

He stopped and laid that damned hook on my thigh again. I was shaking and glanced at the old woman but she was no help. She could have been carved out of wood for the look she had on her face. The old man had her under the spell. I smelled his breath and turned to him. He was trying to pull me toward him.

“C’mon, Fred. It’ll be good, now. I won’t hit ya no more. You’ll stay this time. It’s the land, it’s God’s

way, it’s the way of all Dobies. . . You ain’t ever leaving again, Fred.” The old, wrinkled, age spotted face was in my eyes and a gnarled hand was at my chin. For the only time in my life, I spoke to Old Man Dobie. I tried to keep it as short and calm as I could but I was scared.

“I . . . I can’t stay. I gotta get back to work . . . they need me. It’s, it’s getting late. I work at the airport—I don’t live here.”

I started to rise but as the last words reached him, his face twisted up and the eyes and teeth bugged out of his head. He began screaming as he pulled out of the chair.

“Goddammit, you won’t go again! Not to that airport, not for those city bastards! They took my arm, they won’t take you again! He began flailing the hook and caught me over the eye, opening a gash. The blood poured down into my eyes, blinding me, as I tripped down the steps. I was stunned but could hear him following down the porch and he continued to rant at me.

“You ain’t leaving, you godless creature!” He kicked me in the ribs as I crawled blindly through the yard. “You will not leave! I’ll see you dead first!” I couldn’t stop the flowing blood and my mind was jumbled by the maddened voice. I began to stand and felt the hook dig into my back. I covered my head and stepped away from the old man. He was panting but began the arc of his deadly arm—

“Stop! Stop!” The old woman had been frozen on the porch but she now ran down the steps. “Let him be! Fred ain’t gonna be back! That ain’t our son—you killed our son, just like you’re aimin’ to kill him.” The old man turned from me and faced his wife. They were frozen for an instant and the awful dead must have entered both minds. Then, the old man moaned loudly and dropped to the earth. He was dead by the time I reached his worn-out, suddenly pathetic body. The old woman stared without expression as I shook my head and moved toward her. I stopped as she started to speak in that flat voice, more to herself than to me.

“He’s been dead six years now and he’d never accept it. Boy in these times can’t stay on the farms—no life to be found here. No girls, no cars, no friends—land

can’t be worked in this heat and dust. . . He couldn’t understand that and it destroyed both of ’em.” Pale blue eyes watered and the voice quivered but kept on, “Fred was going to the city for work, said that was the new way and he needed a job. Said the farm wasn’t a job but a curse. Lucas said he had to stay with the land, his daddy had lost an arm defending that land. The city took most of it but we had a little left. . . Lucas hadn’t been quite right since he lost that arm. Fred said he’d send money but that just made Lucas madder. He said they’d beat the land and show the city folks up for trying to take our land. Fred said no, said he was going and they finally had it out one night at supper. Fred said he was leaving the next sunrise and Lucas said he’d see him dead first before he’d see a Dobie leave the land.

Fred laughed at him and went to packing and got to bed. Lucas sat up all night and never came to bed . . . and the next morning, when our son walked through the pecan trees to the road . . . his daddy shot him in the back.”

She looked down at the tiny figure sprawled on the land he loved so dearly. She shook her head and looked at me again.

“He’d a killed you. The land, this little piece of earth—he loved it more than he loved our boy. He was crazy and they just let him stay out here. Wouldn’t do no good to lock him up. He killed himself when he killed Fred. All these years, I been waiting for the end and it finally came. This land is cursed—Fred was right. It killed him and it killed his daddy. I couldn’t let it kill you.”

They buried Dobie on his land, underneath the pecan trees but I didn’t attend. I worked that day, shoveling under the eyes of the boss man. He and I kept our secret separately and did not speak to each other. The job ended shortly thereafter and I moved west as the winter approached, but the incident at the Dobie place stayed with me. This, however, is the first and last time I will ever speak of it. Some things are best left in the past.

Becoming a more frequent contributor to Scholastic, Cole Finegan comes from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Lobund:

The Clean Life

by Eleuterio Mesa

Almost daily, new discoveries are being made in the fields of science. Microbiology is one such field. Microbiologists are seeking answers to some of man's most dangerous diseases. At the germ free Laboratory of Bacteriology, University of Notre Dame (LOBUND), headed by Dr. Morris Pollard, research is currently being done on two of the leading menaces of life: cancer and heart disease.

Lobund was founded by Dr. James A. Reyniers. Dr. Reyniers, a professor at Notre Dame, was dedicated to the idea that animals could be grown in an atmosphere free of bacteria. After 25 years of work and experimentation beginning in 1925, Dr. Reyniers developed the methodology, the technology, the apparatus, and the procedures which could maintain animals in a germ free environment. Finally, in the 1950's, Dr. Reyniers achieved a group of germ free animals which were able to reproduce. Now the ability to reproduce and maintain germ free animals has spread throughout the world.

In order to obtain a germ free animal, a Caesarian section is performed on the pregnant animal just before it is ready to give birth. Taken from the sterile womb of the mother, the infant is delivered to a chamber where germ free conditions are sustained. They are fed from stomach tubes until they reach weaning age, and are then left on their own.

According to Dr. Julian Pleasants, currently at Lobund, the absence of microbes poses serious problems. In his paper, *Germ Free Animals and*

Their Significance, Pleasants states that the development of methods and equipment must be complemented by adjustments in the diet. Substitutes must be made for the B vitamins which are destroyed in sterilization. Also, since few microbes cause disease, compensation must be made for those microbes normally acting as agents in intestinal processes.

At Lobund, the staff works mostly with rats and mice. However, they also employ rabbits, guinea pigs and hamsters. The animals are housed in the old Reyniers Laboratory which is located near the coal piles across from the Credit Union. All the research and experimentation is done inside the Galvin Life Science Building. In total, Lobund employs a staff of 60 people which includes 12 scientists, 15 graduate students and four faculty fellows. In Galvin, rooms are provided both for research and for

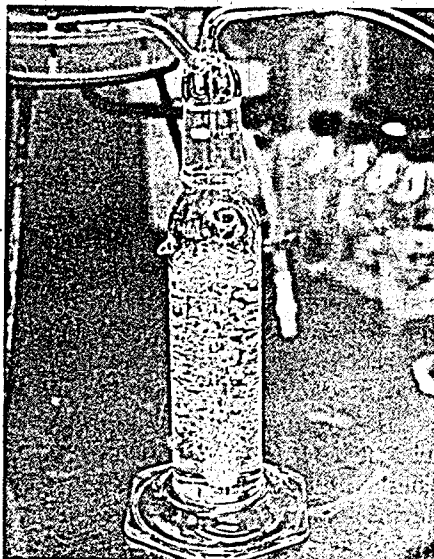
special dissecting and operating. The animals themselves are kept in sterile plastic containers where they are fed with sterile food and observed closely. This also allows for the safe transport of animals to other laboratories participating in germ free research.

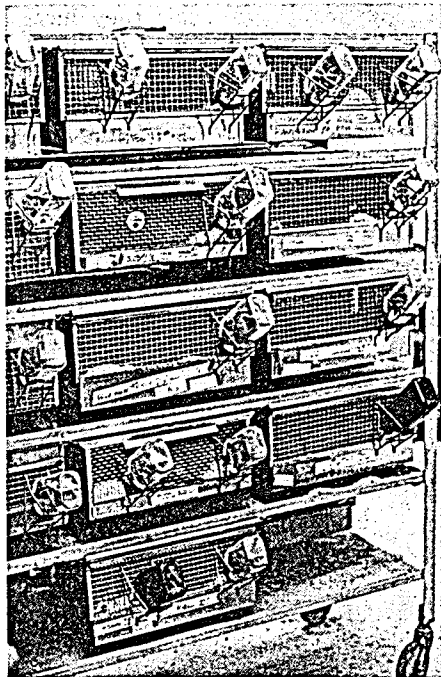
The first breakthrough in germ free research occurred in 1955 when Lobund announced that bacteria were the cause of tooth decay. According to the *San Antonio Southern Messenger*, during a 150-day period a group of white rats was inoculated with a strain of acid forming bacillus. The other group of rats was fed a highly cariogenic diet. The results were obvious and complete. The first group suffered dental decay, the second group showed no signs of dental caries.

The dental decay results were of dramatic consequence and brought national attention to Lobund. Today work continues in this area, but, according to Dr. Pollard, with less emphasis than before.

The main research being conducted in Lobund is broken down into cancer research and heart disease. About his cancer research, Dr. Pollard said, "Our research is involved with cancer to a great extent. We investigate the factors involved in the production of cancer and the causable agents of cancer, as well as its recognition, treatment and prediction."

In January 1976, Dr. Pollard announced that they had blocked the spread of prostate cancer in germ free rats and had found a way to





Already, Dr. Pleasants writes, microbiologists know enough to say that germ free animals "can grow as well, breed as well, and age significantly more slowly than animals reared under the usual laboratory conditions." And how about the microbes, and whether they are helpful or harmful? Dr. Pleasants claims that under conditions simulated in the experiments, they have found that microbes tend to do more harm than good. "If microbes are both helpful as well as harmful, we must admit that under the environmental conditions of the experiments their net effect is to reduce the length of well-functioning life."

Lobund is run completely by the University which owns both the buildings and the land. The Laboratory receives close to a million dollars a year in subsidy, primarily from the government. Dr. Pollard feels that they receive enough to continue in their endeavors, but an increase in funds would allow for expansion into other areas: "We have to adjust ourselves to the funds

available. No lab in the United States has an infinite amount of money."

Although laboratories, such as Lobund, are not required to report their findings to any government agency, they do have the responsibility to realize the consequences of their work. In this sense they must be alert to the latest discoveries and relate these to their own progress.

From the research being conducted here, perhaps one day man can look forward to maintaining a life style which is completely free of germs or bacteria. Perhaps one day man will be able to walk into a hospital and receive an inoculation against cancer. Further scientific implications might even lead to the eventual means of sustaining life for an unforeseen period of time.

Through its sense of commitment and responsibility, Lobund is contributing significantly toward the realization of these possibilities.

Eleuterio Mesa is a freshman planning to double major in history and philosophy. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

treat small multiple tumors in the lungs. These tumors are similar to the ones that affect many middle-aged men. Although some cancer can be removed by surgery, others cannot. Why they spread to one part of the body and not to others, and why some do not spread at all, is still unknown. Here at Lobund, research continues. "We are working on a special project," says Dr. Pollard, "concerning the spread of cancer through the body. This is one of the most difficult aspects of cancer treatment, because the primary cancer of some types, like breast cancer, can be amputated, but if it already has spread to the lungs and brain—those areas are hardest to treat."

While drugs have been used to control the tumors in animals, this would pose a problem for humans since they are not sustained in a sterile environment and would not be as tolerant of the heavy dosage of drugs. Because of the nature of the immunity mechanism of the human body, a man may survive the cancer, but not the infection.

What is in store for the future? Dr. Pleasants anticipates the day when microbiologists will know all there is to know about animals which do not possess bacteria. "We are approaching the stage when any experimenter can use germ free methodology whenever he wants to know exactly what can or cannot be accomplished by the animal without bacteria."



Experimentation in Lobund



The Last Word

by John Phelan

Recently, a friend of mine made an announcement to me. He claimed that he was finally beginning to see, as he put it, "the light at the end of the tunnel." What he was referring to was that after three long years of graduate study, he felt his work beginning to coalesce. Tangible, satisfying results were becoming a reality for him after slaving away in what had seemed to be pointless oblivion.

As he spoke, I could only nod my head in forced agreement. There was little empathy for his relief; such relief has come only infrequently to me during my years as a student. And while this deficiency could point to a basic psychological fault in me (and I am not denying the existence of said fault), the deficiency points more towards a fault in our educational system. What does my education do for me? Down what paths does it lead me? What kind of system could induce such feelings of pointlessness? Obviously, not a very good one.

To put it bluntly, what education needs today is a good shot of practicality. Now, before anyone jumps down my throat in some high-minded convulsion, I want to stress that practical can have a much broader meaning than originally understood.

Think of the first education that *anyone* receives—the education from his parents. The point and motivation behind this learning are the development of the child as a person. The child is taught to deal with himself as a physiological, psychological and intellectual being. At the same time, he is taught to deal with other people as similar beings. What could be more practical? By developing the child as a personal and social being, the parents are only enhancing the child's ability to live.

As the child grows older, the focus of his education shifts away from its physiological aspects and towards its psychological and intellectual aspects. Yet, it still remains essentially practical. He learns to count; he learns to speak and write intelligibly; and he learns the rules of social interaction.

Somewhere along the line, though, the emphasis gets warped. Learning no longer exists for the sake of the student, but for its own sake. Personal development takes a back seat to the development of knowledge. By the time the student reaches the college level, he is either fed up with school or caught up in the education runaround. Which brings me back to the situation at hand—being a student at a university.

I can easily consider one-half of my college education a waste of my time. Some courses have been

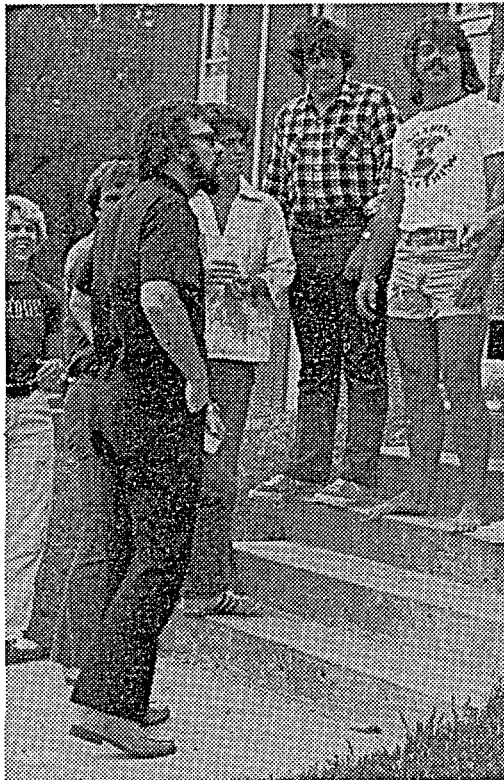
simply practical; they have enhanced my chances of finding work that I will enjoy and find rewarding. Some have taught me to think analytically and apply this method of thinking to a myriad of situations. And some have taught me about the mystery of myself. But very many haven't taught me a damn thing outside of a bunch (there is no other appropriate word) of facts. And facts do not make an education.

There exists at Notre Dame a preponderance of courses that exist in and of themselves. Their purpose is academic; their result is negligible. By the time you figure out what these courses are, graduation is just around the corner. This situation is, more than likely, easily generalized to other universities. The contributions of such courses to the students are not as important as their contributions to themselves. A few more educators and a few less scholars might help alleviate the situation; but I think it is going to take a lot more than that.

A dramatic shift of emphasis towards the student is necessary. This does not mean availability or tutoring to get him through certain courses. Rather, it implies a development of a curriculum that will bring personal growth back into education. This is as big a necessity in the liberal arts as in other disciplines.

I am all for education that will teach the student to appreciate the beauty of a piece of literature. I am also for education that will teach the student to function in the "real" world. These are not mutually exclusive. In many ways, they are mutually dependent. The person who is a great accountant and nothing else is as sterile as the person whose only interest is philosophy.

Education becomes practical when its purpose is the development of the student as a human being. When any aspect of this education becomes dominant, that education loses all practicality and most of its sense. The emphasis at a university is much too heavily intellectual. The rest is lost. I wish that this were not the case, because then I might not see so much of my time at Notre Dame as a waste.



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