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May 9, 1977

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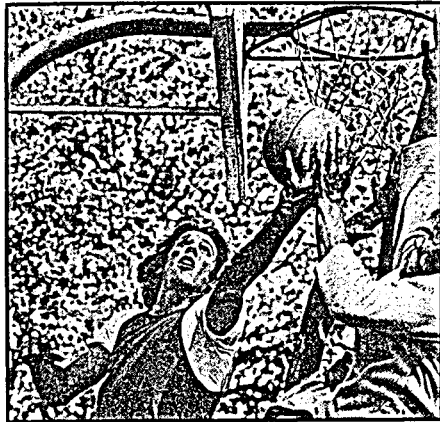
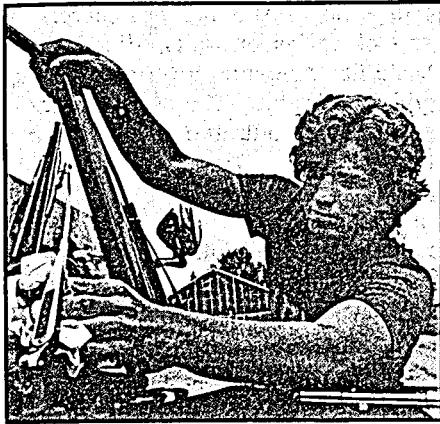
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Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana

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On the Notre Dame campus, where there's smoke, there are fire-fighting Irish. At the University firehouse, located next to the psychology building and the power plant, you can find students willing to shed the sheets and literally "go to blazes" in the wee hours of the morning. The fire department is poised at all hours for action with a full line of equipment and an elaborate alarm system that hooks up with the South Bend Fire Department via a "hot-line."

The campus firemen, however, can usually fend off danger themselves. Under the capable direction of Fire Chief Brother Borrromeo Malley, student firemen have been part of

cursions with the Chicago Fire Department. John, a former journalism major and news reporter, gained experience in an Alaskan firehouse. Andy, who plans to attend law school next year, has found a welcome change from dorm life and a lesson in planning and scheduling in his two years of firehouse living. The fire-fighting "lads" become internally disciplined with greater responsibility and fewer rules in comparison to dorm life. Andy sums it up—"We just can't raise hell."

Besides learning to sleep lightly, the fire-fighters familiarize themselves with the alarm bell sequences, box locations, and the types of equipment on the department's three fire

cruise down the hallway bereft of any obstacles or frills, slip down a basic fire pole, and are on their way within minutes. The series of three sets of bells tells the site of the distress signal.

The boys are on duty from four in the afternoon until eight in the morning, and brothers and power plant workers make runs during the day. Brother Borrromeo reports, "On the average, the number of people answering a call here is five and six."

The calls come in from any of over 120 buildings on the Notre Dame campus, several dozen St. Mary's buildings, Holy Cross Junior College, off-campus University-owned property, or even South

St. Blaze Hall

by Fran Gilbert

the department for 16 years. The students take their responsibility seriously. When Assistant Fire Chief Brother Beatus Schlenker says the students' only job is bar-room-floor swabbing, he is just kidding. Brother is a confirmed needler from way back.

The firehouse is more than a place for the students to hang their apprentice firehats. "It's a community based on mutual consideration, with unwritten rules of courtesy, like a family," says senior Andy Saulitis about the living arrangement. Brothers Borrromeo, Beatus, and Gorch live in the religious wing along with Father James McGrath, chaplain to the brothers. Andy shares the student wing with Pat Concannon, a senior finance major, John Ruhl, a second year law student, and Tom Hasenberg, a freshman engineering student.

Pat, in his third year of fire-fighting at Notre Dame, is noticeably in his "element" at the firehouse. He has engineered several learning ex-

trucks. The original fire truck, built from the chassis up by Brother Borrromeo and power plant workers in 1940, is no longer with us. It was sold in 1968 when the University, through the aid of an alert student and a generous alumnus, purchased both an aerial ladder truck and a rescue squad truck from Levittown, New York. The University acquired its 1000-gallon pumper truck in 1947.

At eight o'clock each Saturday morning the students roll out of bed to scrub and polish the fire apparatus. Maybe "roll" is the wrong word. "Rise and shine" better describes what they do. In their bright red "NDFD" T-shirts they beam and inform you that they just got up three minutes ago.

Their ease in arising and speed in dressing undoubtedly result from all the practice they get responding to night calls. Andy reports that when the bells go off, all the coziness of the firehouse disappears. The firemen dress instantaneously in "bunkers"—a boots-and-pants-in-one ensemble,

Bend's Fire Department requesting additional equipment or assistance.

The profession of fire-fighting at Notre Dame has come a long, long way since the main building burned in 1879, forcing the University to close its doors. After the New Gym burned in 1900, horse-drawn carts from South Bend were assisted by student volunteers who commanded three hand carts, each of which had its own firehose. Brother Borrromeo became fire marshal in 1939, inheriting two carts, about 300 feet of rotted hose, and firehose No. 2, located behind St. Edward's Hall. The handbuilt fire truck Brother Borrromeo and company constructed was housed in a building next to the power plant. The construction of the present firehouse in 1945 was a landmark in the fate of campus fire-fighters. Brothers no longer had to run three blocks from Columba Hall to their truck.

At least the brother firemen footing the distance from Columba could be reasonably confident that

the call was authentic. There were far fewer false alarms in the pre-'60's years. In fact, before 1963, there were less than ten "maliciously false" calls a year. The distribution of runs last year tells quite a different story. Fully half of the total 142 runs were pegged "maliciously false." Forty-two were actual fires and 31 were "accidental false" alarms. False alarms increase risks and cost the University money. All alarms, whether actual or false, necessitate a thorough cleaning of equipment. Brother Francis Gorch, manager of LaFortune Student Center, sums up the drudgery and danger in the fireman's life — "There's no glory on a truck."

The department has made substantial strides in its ability to fully protect the community year round. The firemen report that their services are more often needed during football season than at other times of the year in response to a barrage of false alarms. The first official run the department's log records was in answer to a derailed locomotive pulling a football special. The NDFD came through with water to quell the sputtering engine.

The Notre Dame Fire Department was one of few campus fire departments in the 1940's. Despite the high turnover of student firemen since their arrival in 1961, an undercurrent of dedication is evident. The absorbed looks on their faces as they discuss a recent car fire exemplifies their interest and dedication. Their first concern is for endangered persons, regardless of property loss and despite personal danger. Student firemen are often part-time volunteer firemen in their home communities. As one might expect, the country's most hazardous occupation affords considerable danger: smoke inhalation, toxic gases from plastics, and car blow-ups, to name only a few.

To potential fire-preventionists the students strongly recommend investment in at least one smoke detector. This inexpensive device alerts residents to the presence of a fire before it has a chance to get out of control. Chief Borromeo positively states, "I wouldn't have a home today without smoke detectors."

Fire calls vary from burning buildings to a bird's nest in a light fixture. Large fires of late include

a University barn, offices in O'Shaughnessy, and a room fire in Walsh Hall. Occasionally a student falls through the ice on the lakes and needs rescue. There are also electrical and brush fires to contend with. Hoses and chemicals are often abandoned for brooms and shovels in fighting brush fires.

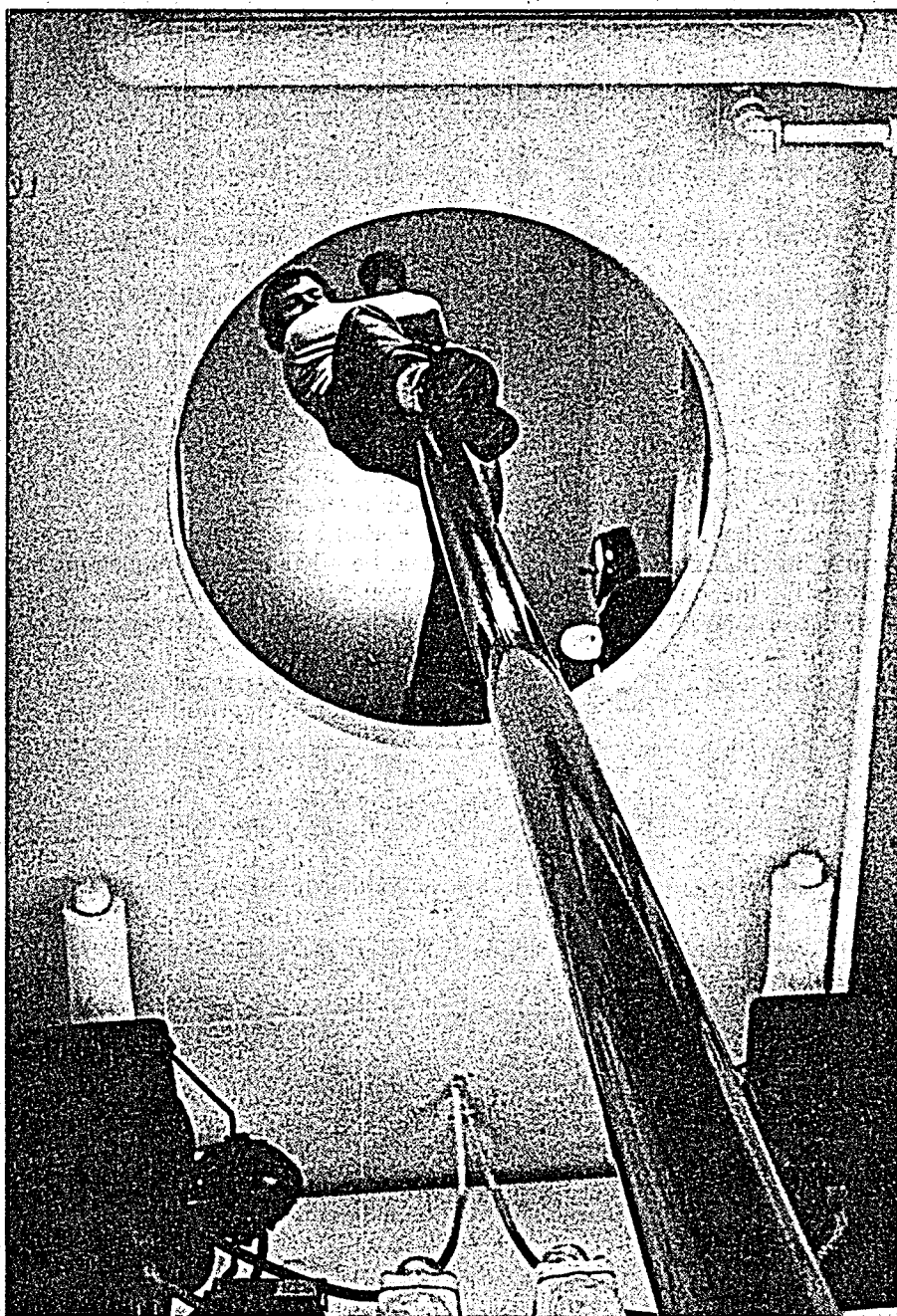
The conversation at the firehouse fireside does not center on fire-fighting exclusively. The students manage to keep the social fires lit. This year they organized a fire department basketball team which they entered in club and bookstore competition. They also observed the tradition of holding a firemen's ball.

The possibility of female firepersons is regarded as improbable and

impractical. Chief Borromeo maintains that his only objection to a co-professional house is the non-professional interest female fire-fighters would generate. He seems to feel that the incidence of false alarms would skyrocket.

When asked if he misses the students when summer rolls around, Brother Gorch maintains, "We deserve and enjoy some relaxation in the summer when the boys go home." Chief Borromeo, with characteristic Irish wit, says he misses them, "like you miss your mother-in-law."

Fran Gilbert is an English Education major from Peoria, Illinois. She is also the roommate of next year's Scholastic editor.



by Sheila Kearns

The administrative structure of the University is pyramidal in design. The small group of individuals at the apex of this structure is the Board of Trustees. The base of the organization is composed of the *entire* faculty. The movement in power and decision-making is ideally conceived of as upward in nature, moving from the broad base to the apex.

The actual movement and flow of this power is undoubtedly open to many questions, especially with regard to the faculty. Questions may be raised as to whether or not the faculty is, in practice, an actual part of this power structure. At various levels the faculty does have a voice in administrative procedures, but the extent to which this voice is heard is debatable. Faculty influence in governance must filter through any number of administrative procedures before having any effect. Could it be that the reason for having placed the faculty at the base of the pyramid design would be to hold it in place under the weight of the structures above it?

Regardless of your point of view concerning the role or non-role of faculty in the governance of the University, the one obvious fact is that it is an issue which generates controversy. I would like to turn from this controversy to another perspective on the faculty and its role in the University. The view I wish to take of the faculty is one in which I think their influence and power are undebatable.

Outside of their role in determining the administrative procedures of the University, I would see them as one of the primary forces in making the University what it is. The force of their influence on the University is felt by and through their students. The faculty's ability to affect University policies that regulate themselves and their students may fall short of what it might be. Their ability or at least their potential for influence does not fall short in terms of what they can achieve with their students. The means through which they achieve this is making con-

tact. They touch the students with what they are able to teach them and more importantly with what they are able to reveal to them, often revealing what otherwise would have been beyond their reach.

I want to bring to the forefront what the faculty can do for us and perhaps for themselves. This is to establish contact—to touch us in some way. There are persons who are our teachers and each time we make contact on the common ground of what we each bring to our endeavor, we come closer to what the University is about. Although the policies of an administration can either aid or hinder what takes place between teacher and student, that primary contact is established between two persons far outside of any administrative structure.

The primary functions of our education are involved in how we meet and are touched by people here, in particular by those people who are our teachers. If the University is anything, it is primarily that which students and faculty make it through their interaction.

Perhaps my experience as a student here has been a unique one, but I would hope for the sake of the others with whom I have spent my time here that it has not been. One of my strongest senses of what the University is for me has been the contact and exchange I have had with those persons I call my teachers. It is not that I see these persons as some sort of representative of the University and what it stands for. I see them too much as the persons they are to reduce them to any sort of representative status. These people have undoubtedly taught me something, but more importantly I feel they have given me something by their presence, as I would hope I have given them by mine.

I would suppose that there are those who, for every instance I could mention of this sort of contact taking place between teacher and student, would be able to counter it with an instance where

the contact has failed. Instead of a touching there has been a distancing, a placing of barriers between teacher and student. Perhaps the only reply that I could make to such statements is that something has failed. It is an unfortunate situation when such contact fails to be made. It does not, however, alter what is possible when the contact is established. What we might believe to be the proper course for education will not always find its way into practice, but its chances of doing so are even less likely if we do not foster those instances in which it does take place.

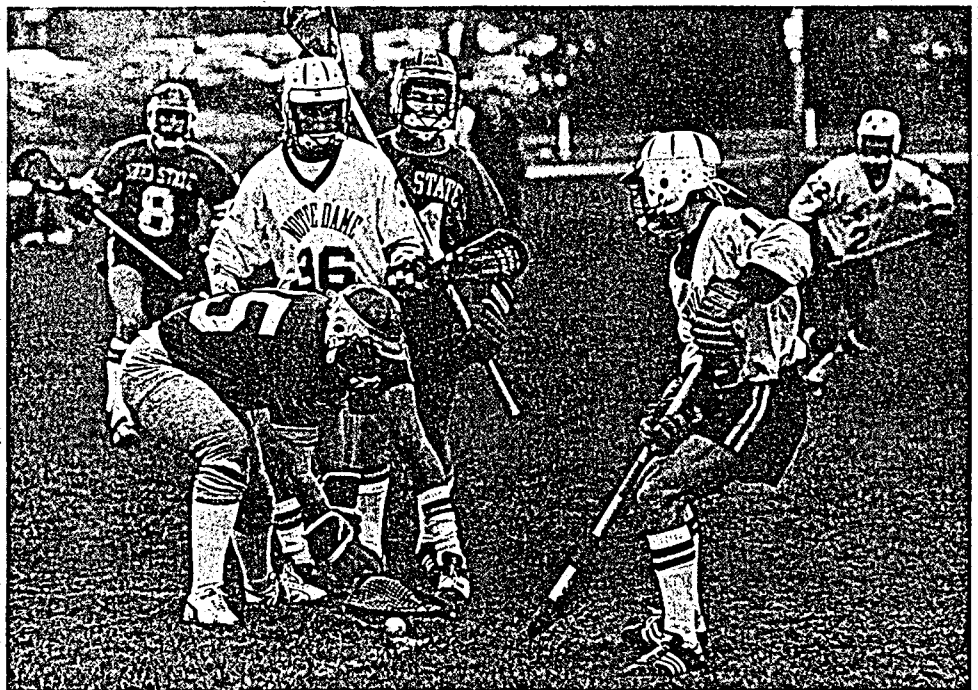
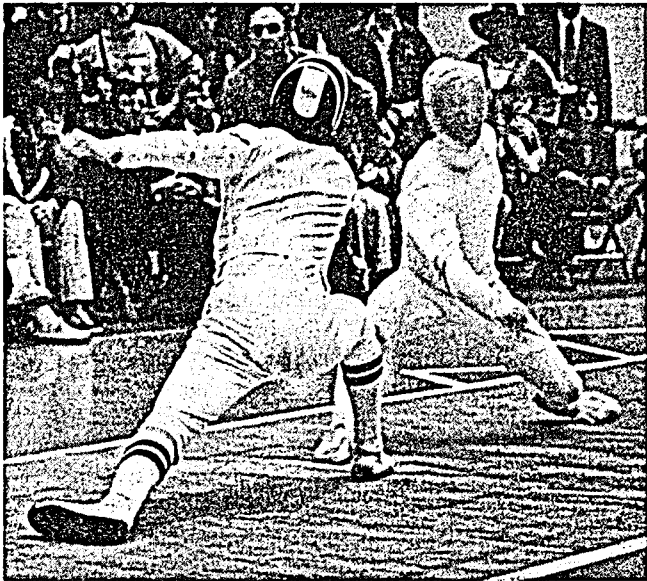
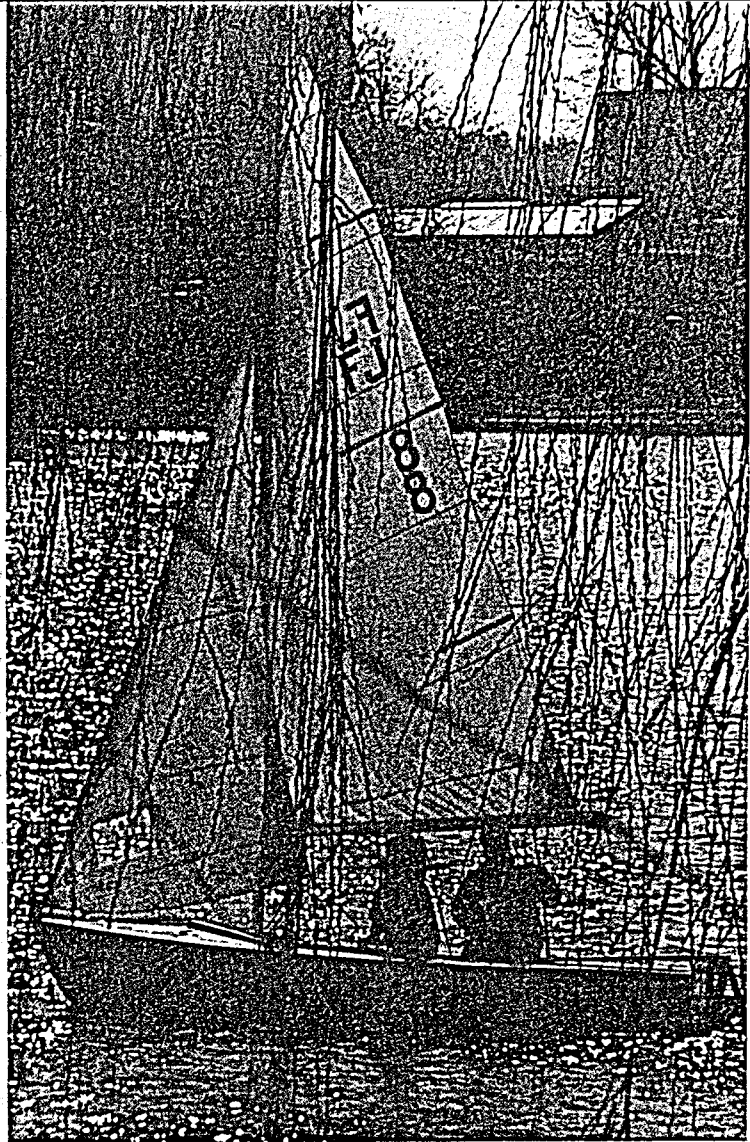
I would like to posit another structure which depicts the organization of the University. This is not the administrative structure of the University, but rather, the University that is found in the contact and meeting between the people who teach and learn here. In this structure the faculty again serves as the broad base of the organization, but instead of building to an apex of power, the structure branches out and expands. The form is not defined in strict lines but is amorphous and always changing. This form is taken from the multitude of contacts made between the teachers and the students in their efforts toward education.

Perhaps what we, as teachers and students, are involved in through these exchanges, is a university which stands separate from administrative structures and institutional rigidity. Perhaps the two can and do exist in some sort of symbiotic relationship. There are moments when these two structures would seem to be at odds, when the activity of exchange between teacher and student must become a subversive one. This may or may not need to be the case, but whatever nature this activity must have, it is the basic form of the University.

Sheila Kearns is a senior English major. This coming fall she will be studying for her master's degree at Syracuse University.

Gallery

by Leo Hansen



The Days That To See Barba

The days that I go to see Barbara show up as regularly as the sicknesses of winter. I go to see her when I can no longer live with the guilt of not seeing her. I hope for numbness on those afternoons, so that I won't notice anything in that gray hospital by the river, and I won't remember the days before Barbara grew sick. I wasn't home when the policemen came to hospitalize her, but I was told what she said: "Why are you doing this? Does my brother know? Why are you doing this? I've always tried to be a good girl."

Inside the hospital, you are given a pass, and directed down interminable corridors until you come to the locked door where the nurse waits to let you in, having been alerted by the office that Barbara has a visitor.

Barbara has been waiting for you since daybreak, knowing you will come as you promised to do in your letter. Seeing you, she hesitates for a moment in the doorway of the visitors' lounge, and you almost fail to recognize her as the child you once played with. She looks like all the other sick women in the place, with a bounce to her walk that is almost too quick to be normal. Now is when you need the numbness. You mustn't look shocked. She mustn't realize it is an effort for you to hug her. It is when you hug her that you are surprised how familiar your arms are with the shape of her arms and back.

Then she begins to cry, embarrassed at having you see her here, in this sad place, among the sick. You wish you could cry too, but the numbness is working too well, as though you had overdosed yourself with a drug.

Then you sit and talk, asking questions and waiting for answers you really don't need to hear; wanting to look at your watch, but fearing she will understand, if you look too soon, that you are anxious to leave. Hours drag by, and when you have lived a week of afternoons, you sneak a look at the time: *you've only been here fifteen minutes!* Barbara, this strange woman with sad eyes, watches you. A little deaf, she cannot quite hear you when you speak, and so again you must force heartiness into the dumb question you have asked her to protect yourself from being stared at. The other women find excuses for coming into the lounge—they have every right;

it is their hospital too—but you know they come mostly because they are curious to see the priest, the brother, Barbara's guest.

Finally, after an hour, you decide to make your escape. Weeping again because you must leave, she asks the question that has been in her eyes all along: "When, when are you going to take me home?"

"I don't know," I say, "I really don't know." The question has no answer as far as I can discover. The hopelessness and helplessness dissolve the numbness, and suddenly I am crying too.

"The doctor says I could leave soon, if I had a place to go."

"I'll certainly look for a place," I say. What I don't say is that I am afraid of the places that will take her; afraid of the neglect of strangers who will board her for money; afraid that she will be mistreated by bullies, then warned that if she complains, she will be shut up again as crazy.

"I am sorry," she says, trying to wipe away my tears. "I'm sorry to put you through this. Give my love to Mama."

"Oh, Barbara," I say, "I will be back to see you soon." It is a lie. I won't be back until guilt drives me back. I hate that hospital. I cannot stand the broken lives.

Outside, waiting for the taxi, I think of the boarding home where a little old lady had lived with a family hired to take care of her. Their parents being away, her grandchildren had sent for the priest when the old lady got depressed, and so weak from a lack of food, she couldn't even leave her bed.

The children said: "What shall we do?"

"First," I said, "why don't we wash her face and hands." For three days, nobody had thought to offer the old lady as much as a face cloth, not even the family who was paid by the state to take care of her needs. In the end, I had to make the decision to travel with her in a police ambulance to the same hospital I was now leaving, because there was no place else for her to go. It seemed better for her to be in the hospital, sad as it was, than for her to suffer dirt and malnutrition from the neglect of strangers.

"Driver," I say, when the taxi finally arrives, "take me to a restaurant where I can get a drink."

It was nearly a year before I went back to see Barbara again. I really didn't have the travel money to visit her more often. It was an honest excuse; still, I knew. I was guilty of neglecting her. Doctors warn you: don't neglect the mentally ill. Then they put them in these shabby hospitals that make you think it would be less heartbreaking if the ill had died.

"I'm leaving here next week," she said, "just as soon as they can find a home to place me in." I doubted the truth of what she said, but the visit went more easily when we spent the time planning her future. The pain of thinking of her being out was as great as the pain of knowing she was in.

Months later, she was saying: "It will only be a little while before I move out of here into my own apartment. Then you'll have a place to stay when you come home."

"Dearest," I said, "have you talked this over with the doctor?"

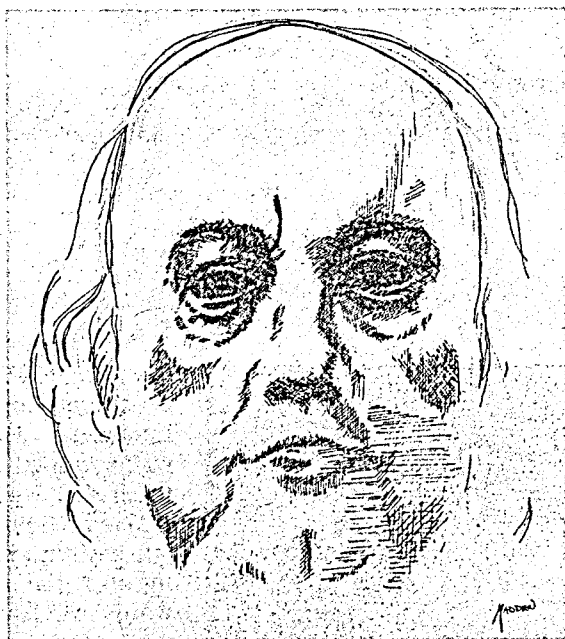
"He knows," she said, "I'm too well to stay here. There's no place for me to go, no one for me to live with, so I'll have to make it on my own."

Three weeks later, she wrote me: she was finally free of the hospital. She was living with an old friend who was divorced and had three children. Barbara was paying her \$75 a week.

Three months later to the day, I was notified by the doctor that Barbara was back in the hospital. Could I come to see her very soon? She felt deeply depressed and intensely unwanted; she was refusing all medication. The longer she remained depressed, the more deeply she would submerge herself in illness, so that it might take her years to recover.

By the time I arrived at the gray building by the river, she was already beginning to recover from her dark mood. "The doctor refused to

I Go Bara



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

let me go off by myself," she said, "so I moved in with Marion. (Marion was the divorcee with the three children.) Marion only wanted me around so I could support the house. The only people I ever saw were her kids. I couldn't go anywhere because she took all my money. The kids would make fun of me for my deafness. Marion said she couldn't stand to talk to me because I made her nervous. When I told her I was going crazy with only myself to talk to, she said, 'So go back to the funny farm. What the hell do you expect from me?'"

She looked at me as though she were searching to find hope in my face. "Next week," she said, "I'm going to ask the doctor about getting my own place."

It was just too sad. I couldn't talk to her any more that day. I had already traveled in circles with her on this particular road.

I would not be sharing news of a family's wounds except that there is a fraternity of us who stand at the foot of a cross, helplessly watching the sufferings of innocents. Some, such as me, try at times to run away from the cross like a cowardly apostle. When I do, I don't escape responsibility; I merely experience it as guilt. That is when I need numbness for the conversations with the dark-eyed Barbara who watches me to encourage her with hope. That is when I think of l'Arche—wishing

it fulfilled Barbara's need and my need—resonating to it as a movement filled with joy.

l'Arche—the Ark—a home and family community where the mentally retarded and their helpers live together with the intimacy of equals. In the Bible story, the Ark is where Noah gathered all the varieties of God's creatures to save them from the Flood. Thus the Ark is symbolic of a place of refuge, of a community of great variety, offering the gift of hope to the helpless.

I had never heard of l'Arche until I met the Friends of l'Arche a couple of months ago. This is what they told me of themselves: "The Friends of l'Arche are a group of parents, professionals, and other interested people who have committed themselves to trying to provide a family-style home for previously-institutionalized retarded youngsters. The original l'Arche home was founded in France in 1962 by the Canadian layman, Jean Vanier. The l'Arche movement has spread rapidly. In ten years, 40 houses on four continents have opened their doors to the handicapped. The Hearth, the first l'Arche-type home in the United States, was founded in 1973 in Erie, Pennsylvania. Other communities exist in Syracuse, Mobile, Clinton, Missoula, and Cleveland. Inspired by their ideals, the Friends of l'Arche are working to set up a home in the l'Arche spirit in South Bend."

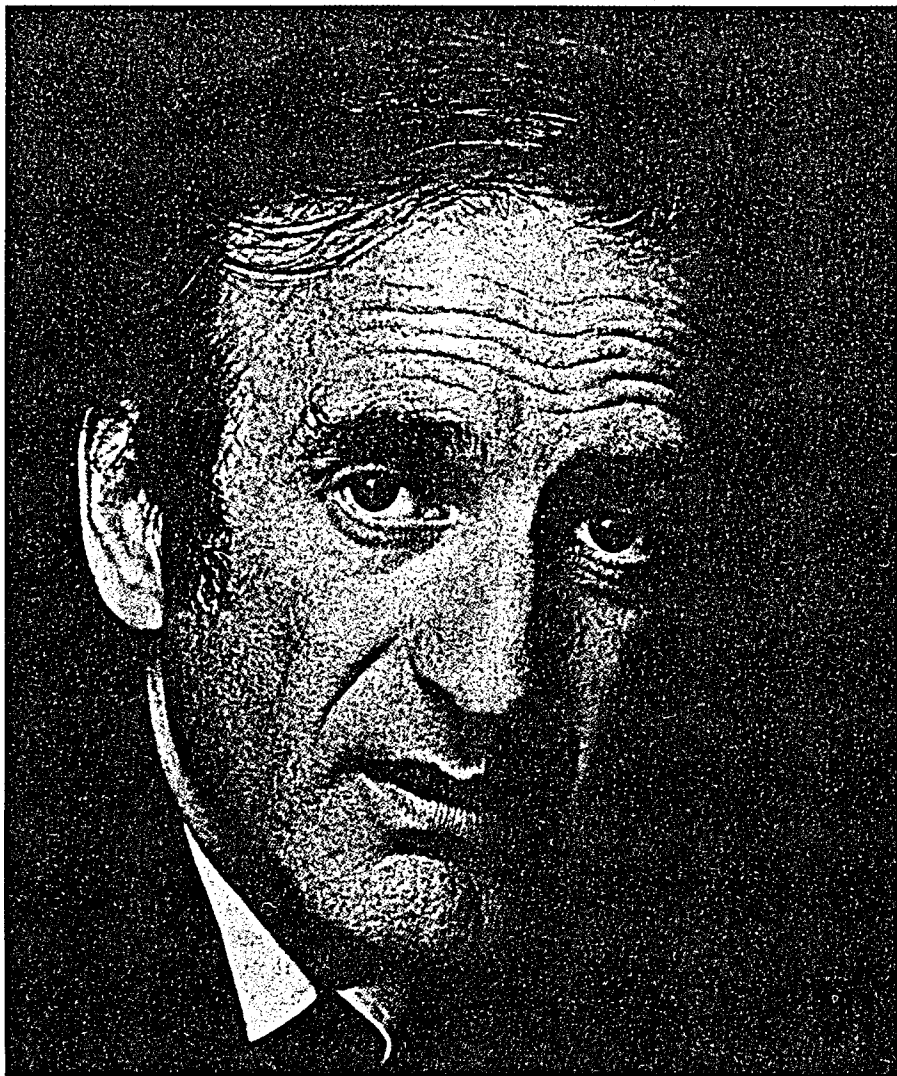
After meeting the Friends of

l'Arche, I needed to read the essays of Jean Vanier and a book titled *Enough Room For Joy* by a Jesuit named Bill Clarke. The book describes the people of l'Arche; their places of work, living, and prayer; and the administrative structure of the movement. These are my impressions: l'Arche homes filled with small groups of people, handicapped and volunteers, each supporting himself, according to ability, with work that keeps him busy and contented. Volunteers of all ages living with adults who remain forever children, staying with them a month, a year, a lifetime. Busy communities filled with love, bound together by the need of serving and being served. Christ in the midst of them, Christ as the center of them, Christ revealed as brother or sister. God's poor, always with us, inheriting a kingdom of family, on earth as it is in heaven.

Like some distant cousin of the Bridegroom, I have the honor of being only a friend of the Friends of l'Arche, committed by promise to announce the need—understanding the need at least a little, though the care of the mentally ill is quite different, perhaps, from raising a retarded child—for family-style homes for the mentally retarded children who are desperate to live in homes rather than an institution. l'Arche homes are needed—and volunteers to share the homes—that is my message.

On the days I have gone to see Barbara, a great part of my distress has come from not knowing what to do next. l'Arche is not the answer to Barbara's need; but from my concern about her, I can understand the dread that l'Arche parents have of institutions, or of home care that lacks the spirit of the Gospel. Winds are not much tempered to the shorn lamb in the rough winters of life, but some shorn lambs can be sheltered aboard arks with other creatures needing protection. Maybe other kinds of arks can be built too. "Commit yourselves to the wounded ones near you today," says Jean Vanier. His words don't sound like an invitation to be Noah. But perhaps you have never thought of the grim, gray hospitals by the river as perilous places where the human spirit forgets how to swim, or on some days doesn't even want to bother to try.

A Hasidic



Elie Wiesel

Elie Wiesel is an Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities at Boston University, the author of 15 books and the 1977 Ward-Phillips lecturer at the University of Notre Dame. Wiesel is quoted from a question and answer session outside of the scheduled lectures, and from the lecture "Rabbi Barukh of Nedzebozh, or Hasidic Grandeur."

"I am totally Jewish. But I do not believe that Judaism is superior to

anything else. It's simply my way of being human. And I believe that if I am more truly Jewish, then the Christian will be more truly Christian. My relation to God is very personal and very Jewish, but, beyond that, very human. What I try to do is to show a certain tradition, in which I insert myself."

The Ward-Phillips lectures, which Elie Wiesel delivered, were a series of stories about four great Hasidic masters: Rabbi Barukh of Nedze-

bozh, Rabbi Pinhas of Koretz, Rabbi Naftali of Ropshitz, and the Seer of Lublin. A Hasid himself, Wiesel writes about the tradition, and he teaches it. He is a storyteller.

Wiesel invited his audience to journey with him into the worlds and lives of the masters. Through his words we traveled together into a new world, an old world, a timeless world which captivated us and penetrated our very depths — sometimes with laughter, often with tears.

"When I was very young and I lived a mystic life, I believed in silence very much—but very, very much. For us silence is a mystical dimension, a mystical experiment, come alive. Unfortunately it did not produce the results. I was convinced it would bring the Messiah. It didn't. Now silence would be acquiescence. And this I don't want to do. There is too much evil in this world, and I cannot be silent."

As a young boy in Sighet, a Hungarian-speaking enclave under Rumanian rule, Wiesel had led the contemplative life of the Talmudic student. In 1944 the Jews in Sighet were deported, and Wiesel became a prisoner, both in Auschwitz and Buchenwald. He survived the Holocaust.

Speaking of the Holocaust, his soft voice deepened. He limited himself to the circumstances surrounding the event, saying that the event itself is beyond description. "It denies all systems and defies all imagination."

"In 1944, when the tragedy entered my town, we Jews in Hungary didn't know that Auschwitz existed. True, in 1942 a beadle came back and said that Jews were being massacred. Why should I have believed him? Would you believe a beadle, a crazy character, coming back to tell this kind of horror story in the middle of the 20th century? Would you believe that a people that, to us, meant

Storyteller

by Gilda Montalvo and David Myers

culture—Bach, Schopenhauer, Beethoven—would kill, just like that, women and children? Of course, we didn't believe him, and no one cared to inform us.

"Everything was in the papers. People knew about Auschwitz in America before we did, and nobody cared to tell us.

"What country allowed us in? There wasn't a single country that would help the Jews. . . . If ever I give up on mankind, it is when I read on that period."

When the gaze of Elie Wiesel's deep, dark eyes fell upon the audience, it betrayed both profound melancholy and piercing compassion. He expressed concern for our present world, saying that he perceived "a certain hopelessness" which has set in everywhere. Although hope, as an ideal and an inspiration, still exists in the personal response of an individual, it does not dwell in any particular country. And there is no great leader for the people to follow. "For the first time in history there is not a single place in the world where hope is to be found. Where is hope? China?"

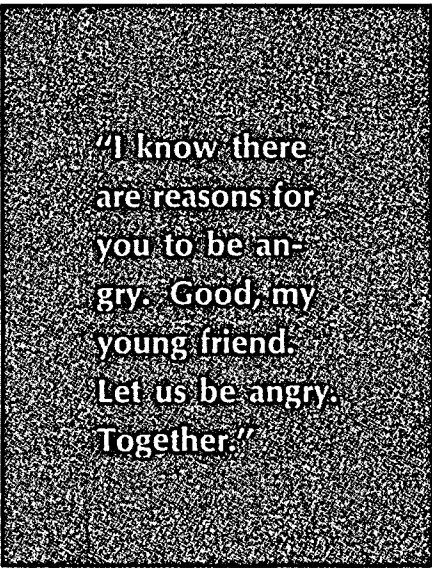
"Perhaps the world hasn't been punished yet for what was done to my people. And what could be punishment? This is what I'm afraid of—the logic in history. . . .

"The only punishment, the only one that would fit the crime, would be a nuclear holocaust, and I don't want the punishment. I want to spare the world this punishment. And, therefore, some of us, all of us, go on bearing witness, telling the tale, because we believe that only the tale of the Holocaust can spare the world of another holocaust."

Both the words and the urgency of Wiesel's voice filled the room. His voice softened a bit, and with a gentle smile, he remarked that he did not want to leave his listeners with such pessimism. The key expression

in his books and in his life, he said, is "And yet . . ." Yes, he is very pessimistic, he admitted. "And yet, what does one do with that pessimism?" He is also extraordinarily optimistic. "And yet . . ."

"Hopelessness is against Judaism, and Judaism is against hopelessness. However, because we are sinners, occasionally we are faced with despair. But then we don't stay in it, and we say, 'And yet . . .'. One cannot be Jewish and live with despair. Judaism is actually an attitude, how to cope with despair."



"I know there are reasons for you to be angry. Good, my young friend. Let us be angry. Together!"

The stories of the four Hasidic masters which Wiesel brought to his Notre Dame audience were stories of great leaders. Wiesel remarked that he would have followed any of these men anywhere. Although the masters no longer live, their stories continue, kept alive by a tradition of wisdom and grandeur, of laughter and melancholy.

All four of these masters lived in difficult times—always in difficult times. Each faced despair, and, in his own way, fought it. They fought with anger, with laughter, with compassion, with prayer, with all of their human resources. And they won.

"Beautiful Reb Barukh, he left the serenity of his place and the comfort of his faith to save a young man by helping him surmount his fear and cope with his doubts. Admirable Reb Barukh, who, in order to assist his disciple, chose to open and close the same gates he did, confront the same perils he did, approach the same abyss he did, and be bruised by the same dark flames that bruised him. He, the teacher, risked not only his life for someone else's, he went far beyond. He, the teacher, the friend of man, risked his faith for someone else's, and that was his concept of love of mankind.

"He was angry, naturally he was. He was angry because he cared, because he was concerned, because he was present to anyone in need of human presence. What did he tell the young student? 'I know,' he said, 'there are questions that have no answer. I know there is a suffering that has no name. There is injustice in God's creation, and there are reasons enough for man to explode with rage. I know there are reasons for you to be angry. Good, my young friend. Let us be angry. Together.'"

". . . I believe that the Jewish tradition is the only one that permits and sometimes commands man to say 'No' to God, provided it is on behalf of his fellow man. And this is what I try to do. That the anger should not be anti-human, anti-society. Even the anger should be for rather than against . . . my being Jewish is to me more important than my thinking about God. God can take care of Himself."

Gilda Montalvo is a Consulting Editor of Scholastic, graduating this year with a B.A. in theology. David Myers is a junior theology major, and this is his first Scholastic contribution.

My name is Susan Kruczek and I am 11 years old. My big brother Tommy is the sports editor of *Scholastic* and he has graciously allowed me to write for his magazine. It seems that Tommy has been getting more reaction to my one little article on the Bengal Bouts than he has ever received for any of his articles. And after reading big brother's stuff, it's no small wonder — his stuff is dull.

He told me that if I wanted to write, it would have to be about Bookstore Basketball, which, I'm told, is a venerable tradition at Notre Dame now in its sixth year. I guess tradition comes easily at N.D. While I was working on this Tommy took off again for a city called Warsaw, which he claims is in Indiana. Actually, I think he's just embarking on a search for his roots.

given a decent burial.

After that game was over, all was set for the finals of the student tournament. I was so excited to be able to see this, or as excited as an 11-year-old can be. What a chance this is for the average student to be able to shine in front of his friends.

The two teams that played in the finals were the TILCS (what that means I cannot imagine) and the Average White Team. Somebody said that the Average White Team was coached by Alex Haley, whoever he is. First out on the court was Billy Paterno, basketballer and, from what I'm told, stud-at-large. Then there was Joe Montana, footballer and former savior-at-large. Dave Batton, Rusty Lisch, Mike Banks and Doug Buth came out next. John Dubenetzky, when

game was over, I went to the Stepan Center courts and watched some people playing a pickup game. One of the guys, whenever he got the ball, would say, "This is Toby Knight from the corner!" He wasn't Knight, and his shot didn't look like Toby's either. In fact, this guy was only 5'6" tall. But it made me wonder whether Toby Knight, when he plays, says, "And here's John Phelan from the corner!" I doubt it very much, and suddenly I realized what makes Bookstore Basketball so popular.

After it's over, everyone can go home and tell their friends that they drove on Paterno or Batton. They don't have to mention that their shot was blocked or that they wound up with three teeth knocked out in the process. They just say they drove on a *real* Notre Dame athlete

Jousting with the Jocks

by Susan Kruczek

So while he was off looking for his Polish heritage, I figured that the thing for me to do was to find out everything I could about Bookstore Basketball. From what I could find out, it is a great, big, giant, student basketball tournament. The tournament is primarily composed of the normal, regular students of Notre Dame, with an occasional football and basketball player tossed in. It's a student event where the guys come out to watch the girls, and the girls come out to watch the jocks in their cute little shorts.

People on campus really go bonkers over Bookstore Basketball because it's a student event. The tournament gets a lot of attention from the townspeople too, because the television stations come out and film parts of it for their news shows. In fact, one of the local TV celebrities, that cute, little Jeffy Jeffers, was a referee for the final game (he was lousy).

On the Sunday of An Tostal, the finals were held. Prior to the final game, the jocks versus girls game was played with the girls winning in double overtime, 53-52. The game was dull, and only the clever officiating of Gregg Bangs and the play of Hawk Stevens came close to saving it. That game should be

he came out, looked resplendent in a nice ensemble featuring blue sweat pants, faded bookstore (how appropriate) gym shorts, and a white windbreaker which, when removed, revealed a handsome, white, see-through number 69 football jersey. His outfit was topped off with a smart-looking red bandanna/babushka. Now that's a coordinated outfit that even *Women's Wear Daily* could appreciate.

As I watched these guys on the court, I suddenly realized that they were jocks and not ordinary students at all. This is not to say that the jocks are not students, for just the thought of that would give Father Joyce heart palpitations. This was supposed to be a tourney for the average student who wasn't fortunate enough to be misquoted in *The Observer* or to be on national television. But here in the finals were all these jocks, taking over the tourney by force. Well, I'll tell you that I felt cheated because I thought that I was going to see the average student play. Billy Sheehan, Mike Vanacker and Tom Kirby represented the average student, but that's only three players out of ten.

Anyway, the final score was 23-21 in favor of the TILCS. After the

and they're proud. That, I guess, is what Bookstore Basketball is all about.

To me, that's kind of strange; but then again, I'm a girl and what do girls know?

"Susan Kruczek" is the alias that the sports editor of Scholastic will hide behind on occasion. To clear up any confusion or broken hearts that may have resulted from the last article under that name, it is the avowed policy of Scholastic never to allow 11-year-olds to write. The minimum age is 13.



Who Goes Out to the Ball Game?

?

by John Delaney

Baseball—is it the national pastime or a thing of the past? From a Notre Dame perspective, the sport does not enjoy a substantial amount of popularity on campus. Averaging approximately 125 fans per date, the Irish nine are not exactly “packing ‘em in” at Jake Kline Field. Meanwhile, the major league ballparks are the scenes of increased attendance each season. There is definitely some difference between professional and college baseball from the spectator’s point of view.

The primary reason pro ball is so popular is the high level of talent. As Irish first baseman Jim Abbatiello points out, “In the majors talent is a ‘given.’ If you see a player in a major league game, you know he’s good. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be there.” The collegiate game is another story. There is a lot of hustling and heads-up play, but less overall talent is involved.

Fan reaction reflects this appreciation of talent when exhibited. At a pro game the fans expect perfection. For example, the Philadelphia fans know Mike Schmidt is taking home half a million dollars for the season. They not only expect him to hit 40 home runs, drive in 100 runs, hit .320, and field flawlessly, but also roll the tarp out, take tickets, and sweep out the stadium afterward. Failure to do

so merits instant vocal disapproval from the stands. College fans are not looking for slip-ups, but instead are watching for fine execution. There is much applause for a good double play, but nary a sound is heard after a fielding miscue. College baseball fans are very similar to professional baseball scouts in that they look to evaluate each player’s individual abilities. Team success becomes a secondary consideration to who could succeed in the majors. It may well be better this way for the N.D. team, as the past few seasons have not been successful for the Irish. The win-loss percentage has stabilized around the .500 mark.

College baseball games are not nearly as commercial as professional contests. There’s not a vendor pushing everything from peanuts to pennants in your face every two minutes. Some spectators consider the huckstering to be an integral part of the atmosphere of baseball games. The college matches are almost completely baseball, with no extras added. There are no dancing bear acts, no tightrope walkers or spectacular fountains or giveaway items. A college baseball game is exactly that, a baseball game, not a super-extravaganza.

Pro clubs have been using these gimmicks over the years as an enticement for people to come to the parks. Perhaps this is why college ball does not draw as well—baseball itself is just not that exciting to a number of people. Some individual games are thrillers, though. The Irish die-hards saw a great contest last week as Joe Leahy was pitching a no-hitter until the last out in the last inning against Cincinnati. The junior righthander gave up a single and finished with a one-hit shutout.

A few factors contribute to the special lack of support for the Notre Dame team with one of the major considerations being that people come to ball games on a nice day. The South Bend weather has been especially un-



cooperative this spring, so if the fan waits for a perfect day, he won’t see much baseball in South Bend. Basketball and football (and now, hockey, too) tend to saturate the campus, putting baseball on a lower priority for the sports fan. By spring, he’s tired of sports and shows no desire to come out and watch a ball game. Another problem is that the baseball program has a minimal number of scholarships to offer high school prospects. With more grants, better talent could be recruited to play baseball under the Golden Dome with more fan interest generated by a better team.

In the end, though, the lack of support for baseball is the result of the team’s lack of success. Notre Dame is playoff-oriented. (Just ask Digger Phelps about the basketball team’s season “goal.”) The baseballers have not made the playoffs in recent years and even if they did, postseason play would not begin until after final exams, making for just another problem the Notre Dame ball club faces.

College baseball on the whole faces an arduous task: to attract the fans back to the diamond. Whatever the causes, the effect is apparent—more seats now are empty than occupied.

John Delaney, a junior from Philadelphia, is a frequent contributor to Scholastic.



The Very Last Word

by John Phelan

Bars are quite essential to Notre Dame. Or if not bars, then at least liquor is essential. Crawling behind a cold glass of beer in a plastic cup is the best escape that I've found.

Sipping a drink, perhaps drawing on innumerable cigarettes, in a poorly lighted room with thundering music, you can be free of the unwritten etiquette that dominates the campus. Loneliness pervades the boisterous throngs that converge in the bars. Isn't it wonderful? You can sit morosely in a corner and brood; you can gregariously banter on about any subject; you can look for the love of your life or the lust

of your night. You can (if I may borrow from Joyce) "taste the joy" of your loneliness.

That seems necessary. It's hard to be lonely at Notre Dame. You always have to be so damn cheerful, so damn Christian, so damn optimistic. There is an almost total denial of that darker half of a human being. And there is very little freedom from this etiquette. It's there when you answer your alarm in the morning; it sits next to you in your classes; it eats dinner with you; it even follows you home to the dorm at night.

So people run to the bars. The bars are places where your mask can slip off or you can put on a newer, more comfortable one. At home, at least you can wear a different mask to fit the occasion. At Notre Dame, it's always the same one.

I can't help but wonder why there is such an adamant denial of loneliness. It seems that if its existence were acknowledged, some unseen dam would burst and we'd all be swept away. People are expected not to be lonely, not to be hurt. Any 18-year-old who walks into this place has to check his problems at the door. This is even stranger when you consider all the ideals that are constantly espoused here. For all its Christianity, Notre Dame has a lot of blindness.

I've often felt that Notre Dame has done little to foster self-awareness or self-dependence. So many things are done for us that it is easy to settle into a comfortable rut. Why should anyone develop himself or his abilities when no one expects it? Self-motivation goes only so far and that is usually burnt up in academics.

This doesn't have to be the case. Parents usually help guide a child through developments. *In loco parentis* could do the same thing if some people were able to distinguish between the guidance needed by a five-year-old and the guidance needed by a 20-year-old. With a little of the correct guidance, with a little push, students could accomplish great things for themselves. This push could lead them to explore themselves and even help to alleviate many of their personal problems. Perhaps they could even learn to say, "I'm lonely" to someone else.

I guess that this is why I have, at best, ambivalent feelings about leaving Notre Dame. I feel that I've exhausted everything that it has to offer, or at least everything in which I am interested. Beyond the confines of Juniper Road and U.S. 31, there have to be a few more challenges. While I don't regret coming to Notre Dame and spending some time here, I'm more than ready to go. I feel like I'm sitting by the door, my coat in my lap, jangling my keys and glancing at my watch, waiting for a party that just keeps dragging on to end. With a few good memories and a lot of expectations, I'm waiting for that door to open and to be able to say, "I'm from Notre Dame."

But so far I have accomplished only half of what I wanted to in this, my last chance. This year with *Scholastic* has been intriguing, exciting, frustrating and exhausting. What has been done, what has been written, what has been created is difficult to judge in terms that are common to all. So each must hold his own opinion of the successes and failures; hopefully, *Scholastic* will fare well in most judgments.

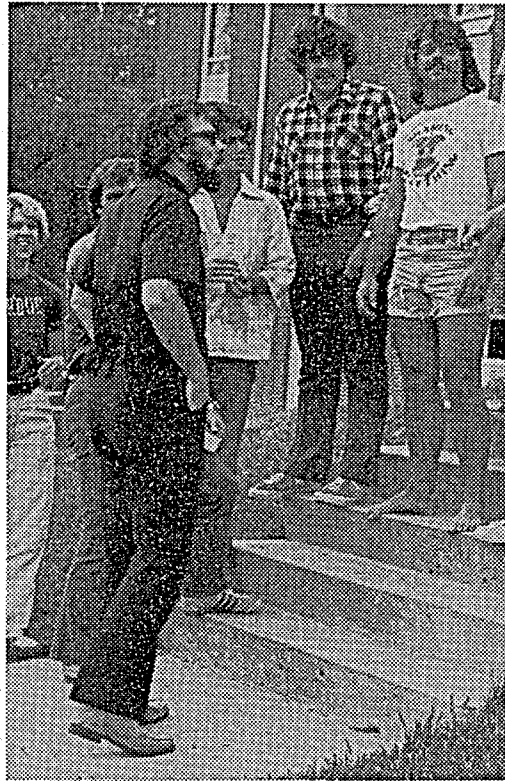
Many people are deserving of recognition for their efforts, many of which are unacknowledged. Our advisors, both official and unofficial, have helped point the way through directionless times. The staff has labored at many odd hours to meet our deadlines, and their labors are appreciated.

I would like to thank all the members of my editorial board for their endurance, conviction and patience. Almost any word or drawing that appeared on the printed page was the direct result of their efforts. I'm sure that the endeavors of *Scholastic* will be admirably continued under the auspices of Kathy McElroy, next year's editor.

I would like to thank especially two people who were great help to me. Kerry McNamara, a former editor of *Scholastic*, and Annemarie Sullivan, my managing editor, were always there to give me either much needed encouragement or a swift kick to an appropriate part of my anatomy to get me going.

Finally, and speaking for all involved, I would like to thank you for the chance.

And that is my last word.



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