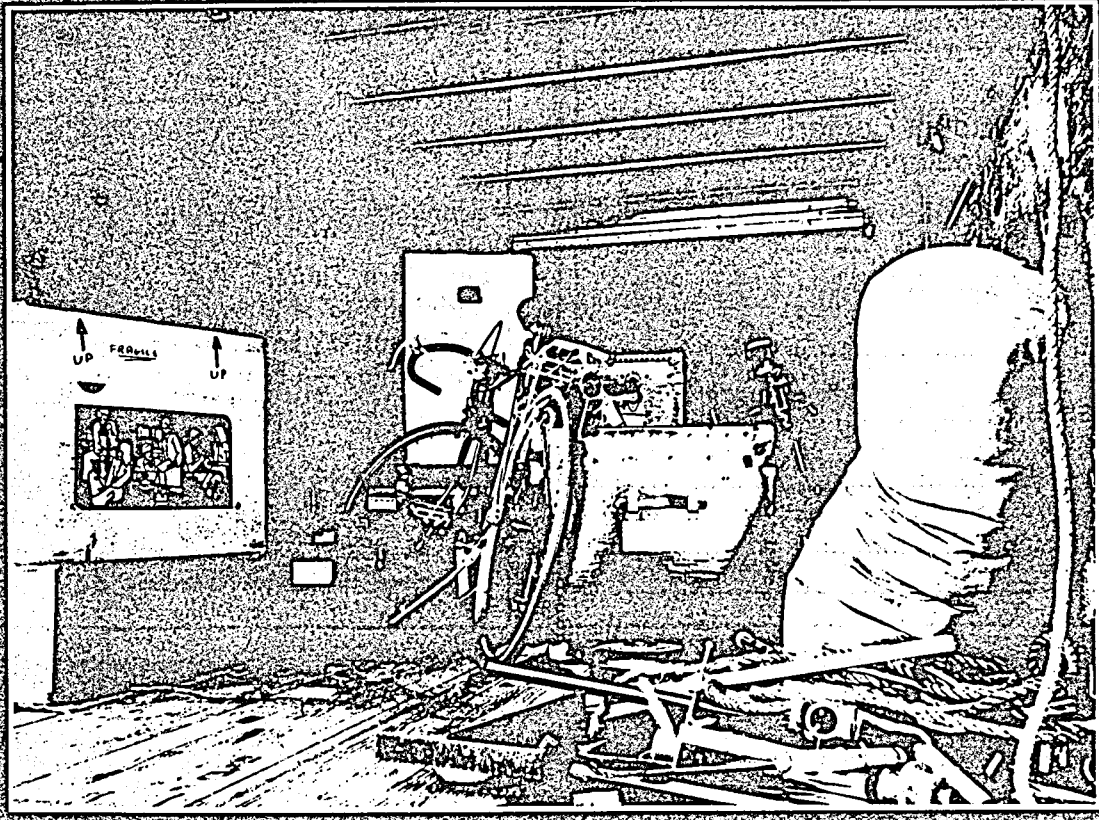


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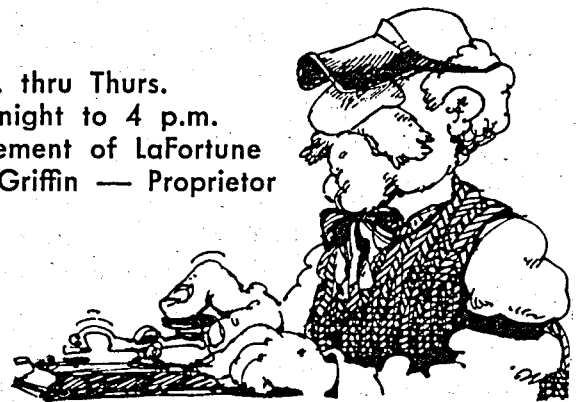
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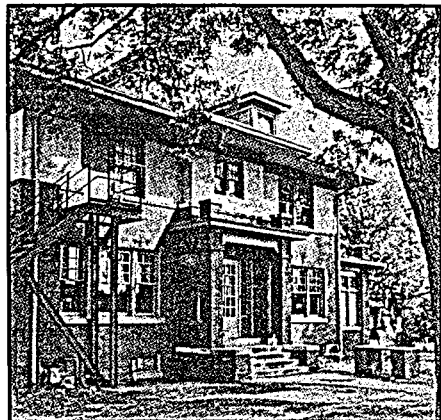


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My Favorite Book in Educational Theory: Jacques Maritain's "Education at the Crossroads"

by Joseph W. Evans

Pardon me, dear reader, for this long, cumbersome title. But my last "little essay" in *Scholastic* (occasioned in part—as is this one—by "My Favorite Editor") was entitled "My Favorite Cookbook" and it was on Robert Farrar Capon's *The Supper of the Lamb*. Now, there is—believe it or not—a very real affinity between these two books and, if I am not going into this affinity here, I would at least like to retain the affinity in the titles of my two "little essays." Of course, it is presumptuous of me to be breaking into your world with "My Favorite . . ." (your M & M's may be much more to your taste). Hurl at me, if you will, the thunderbolt: "Oh, you presumptuous one, you!"; or, if you prefer, "Joe Evans—the presumptuous one!" Sticks and stones may break my bones—but names will never hurt me. But they do give me pause.

I have *paused*—and I continue on my merry way. But I am as serious as all "get out." I am an avid reader of Jacques Maritain. I have read and reread him, pondered and repondered him, "striven to enter ever more deeply into him." And I consider Maritain's *Education at the Crossroads* to be a "most especial book"—for anyone, and for any time. In a "Directed Readings" and seminar course on Maritain that I have the privilege and pleasure of

teaching here at Notre Dame du Lac, I have dubbed it (to the students—who are no dunces) a "reading for all our days." I dub it this now *to the teachers*—at Notre Dame du Lac (where else?)—who are no dunces, either (I hasten to add). I think it is an especially important reading for all of us—teachers and students—at the beginning of a new school year; if we do not read it, *we may become dunces* (such is the nature of the beast—i.e., the Academy, or School!).

You know, I think that instead of discoursing and expounding—"situating," sifting, critically elucidating—to you on Maritain's book (come to my class if you want this—or at least a "rough sketch" of this), I will just let him speak to us himself. If I cannot provide you this time with a little salad of Capon capers, I can provide you with this little *mix* of Maritain *bons mots* ("good words"—for you "dunces" who don't know a single word of French):

First *bon mot*: "Man is a person, who holds himself in hand by his intelligence and his will. He does not merely exist as a physical being. There is in him a richer and nobler existence; he has spiritual super-existence through knowledge and love. He is thus, in some way, a whole, not merely a part; he is a universe unto himself, a microcosm



in which the great universe in its entirety can be encompassed through knowledge. And through love he can give himself freely to beings who are to him, as it were, other selves; and for this relationship no equivalent can be found in the physical world. . . .

"The notion of personality thus involves that of wholeness and independence. To say that a man is a person is to say that in the depth of his being he is more a whole than a part and more independent than servile. It is this mystery of our nature which religious thought designates when it says that the person is the image of God. A person possesses absolute dignity because he is in direct relationship with the realm of being, truth, goodness, and beauty, and with God, and it is only with these that he can arrive at his



complete fulfillment. His spiritual fatherland consists of the entire order of things which have absolute value, and which reflect, in some manner, a divine Absolute superior to the world and which have a power of attraction toward this Absolute."

Second *bon mot*: "The chief aspirations of a person are aspirations to freedom—I do not mean that freedom which is free will and which is a gift of nature in each of us, I mean that freedom which is spontaneity, expansion, or autonomy, and which we have to gain through constant effort and struggle. And what is the more profound and essential form of such a desire? It is the desire for inner and spiritual freedom. In this sense Greek philosophy, especially Aristotle, spoke of the independence which is granted to men by intellect and wisdom as the perfection of the human being. And the Gospel was to lift up human perfection to a higher level—a truly divine one—by stating that it consists of the perfection of love and, as St. Paul put it, of the freedom of

those who are moved by the divine Spirit. In any case it is by the activities that the philosophers call 'immanent'—because they perfect the very subject which exerts them, and are within it the supreme activities of internal achievement and superabundance—that the full freedom of independence is won. Thus the prime goal of education is the conquest of internal and spiritual freedom to be achieved by the individual person, or, in other words, his liberation through knowledge and wisdom, good will, and love."

Third *bon mot*: "At this point it is all important to make clear that the word 'subconscious' or 'unconscious' covers two thoroughly different though intermingled, fields. One is that field explored with special eagerness by the Freudian School, the field of the instincts, latent images, affective impulses, and sensual tendencies which should be called the unconscious of the irrational in man. The other, missed by the Freudians, is the field of the root life of those spiritual powers, the intellect and the will, the fathomless

abyss of personal freedom and of the personal thirst and striving for knowing and seeing, grasping and expressing—I should call this the preconscious of the spirit in man. For reason does not consist only of its conscious logical tools and manifestations, nor does the will consist only of its deliberate conscious determinations. Far beneath the apparent surface of explicit concepts and judgments, of words and expressed resolutions or movements of the will, are the sources of knowledge and poetry, of love and truly human desires, hidden in the spiritual darkness of the intimate vitality of the soul. Before being formed and expressed in concepts and judgments, intellectual knowledge is at first a beginning of insight, still unformulated, which proceeds from the impact of the illuminating intellect on the world of images and emotions and which is but a humble and trembling movement, yet invaluable, toward an intelligible content to be grasped. Parenthetically, it is with reference to this preconscious spiritual dynamism of human personality that keeping personal contact with the pupil is of such great import, not only as a better technique for making study more attractive and stimulating, but above all to give to that mysterious identity of the child's soul, which is unknown to himself, and which no techniques can reach, the comforting assurance of being in some way recognized by a human personal gaze, inexpressible either in concepts or words."

Fourth *bon mot*: "With regard to the development of the human mind, neither the richest material facilities nor the richest equipment in methods, information, and erudition are the main point. The great thing is the awakening of the inner resources and creativity. The cult of technical means considered as improving the mind and producing science by their own virtue must give way to respect for the spirit and dawning intellect of man! Education thus calls for an intellectual sympathy and intuition on the part of the teacher, concern for the questions and difficulties with which the mind of youth may be entangled without being able to give expression to them, a readiness to be at hand with the lessons of logic and reasoning that invite to action the unexercised reason of the youth. No tricks can do that, no set of techniques, but only personal attention to the inner blossoming of the rational nature and then confronting that budding reason with a system of rational knowledge.

"What matters most in the life of reason is intellectual insight or intuition. There is no training or learning for that. Yet if the teacher keeps in view above all the inner center of vitality at work in the pre-conscious depths of the life of the intelligence, he may center the acquisition of knowledge and solid formation of the mind on the freeing of the child's and the youth's intuitive power. By what means? By moving forward along the paths of spontaneous interest and natural curiosity, by grounding the exercise of memory in intelligence, and primarily by giving courage, by listening a great deal, and by causing the youth to trust and give expression to those spontaneous poetic or noetic impulses of his own which seem to him fragile and bizarre, because they are not assured by any social sanction—and in fact any awkward gesture or rebuff or untimely advice on the part of the teacher can crush such timid sproutings and push them back into the shell of the unconscious."

Fifth *bon mot*: "... education and teaching should never lose sight of the organic unity of the task to

be performed, and of the essential need and aspiration of the mind to be freed in unity. If a man does not overcome the inner multiplicity of his drives and especially of the diverse currents of knowledge and belief and the diverse vital energies at play in his mind, he will always remain more a slave than a free man. Tears, sweat, and blood are needed for this all too difficult task of unifying our internal world. The school should help us in this effort, and not impair it and make it hopeless. The dispersion and atomization of human life are in our day the great distress of the adult world. Instead of opening itself more and more to this devastating dispersion, the school system at least should prepare us to surmount it, and provide our youth with a more fortunate world of its own, fitted to our spiritual demand and centered on unity. . . .

"In order to establish an organic and architectonic ordering of teaching, the prerequisite background is a sound philosophy of knowledge and of the degrees of knowledge, but the inspiring motive force is the vision embracing the whole practical dynamism of teaching. And toward what can such a vision be directed, except the very goal of this dynamism? And what is this very goal but wisdom, which penetrates and embraces things with the deepest, most universal, and most united insights. Such a knowledge, which lives not only by supreme science, but also by human and spiritual experience, is over and above any field of specialization, for it has to do with realities which permeate each and every being, and with aspirations which call to the very nature and freedom of man. It is in itself the highest value for the human mind. Education and teaching can only achieve their internal unity if the manifold parts of their whole work are organized and quickened by a vision of wisdom as the supreme goal, so as progressively to make youth capable of sharing to some degree in the intellectual and moral fruits of wisdom.

"The purpose of elementary and higher education is not to make of

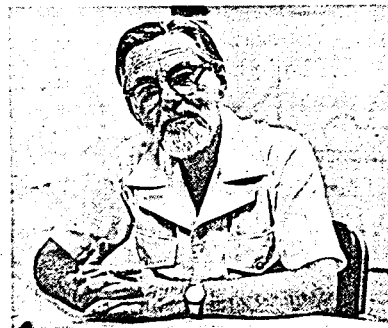
the youth a truly wise man, but to equip his mind with an ordered knowledge which will enable him to advance toward wisdom in his manhood. Its specific aim is to provide him with the foundations of real wisdom, and with a universal and articulate comprehension of human achievements in science and culture, before he enters upon the definite and limited tasks of adult life in the civil community, and even while he is preparing himself for these tasks through a specialized scientific, technical, or vocational training.

"Such a universal and articulate comprehension of human achievements in science and culture, such a 'music' of the wit, as Plato put it, takes shape in profoundly different ways on the several levels of education. In each of the great educational divisions which correspond to the main periods of the youth's life, from the years of childhood to the years of university and graduate study, we have to face a mental world of comprehensive universality which has only a proportional similarity with the mental worlds of other levels. The universality adapted to the young readers of fairy tales and *Alice in Wonderland* is of quite another nature than that fitted to the students reading Kant or Spinoza. Yet each educational stage deals with a comprehensive universality of its own, approaching little by little that of maturity, and at each stage education should be guided by the vision of the appropriate mental world of comprehensive or 'symphonic' universality. And this vision should be communicated in some way to the ones who are taught, in order to make them realize the vital interest of their task and to give them inspiration and energy."

Stir well. Let us all feed on these *bons mots*. I prefer them to bonbons.

When it comes to a course in philosophy any professor, any professor at all will do, but some professors do do better than others, such as Joe Evans, director of the Jacques Maritain Center and popular instructor of Basic Concepts of Political Philosophy.

People At ND



Not many students recognize the name Jack Skelly, but nearly all know exactly who the "friendly, white-haired man in the cashier's office" is. For thirteen years Jack has been with Notre Dame, not only cashing checks and counting money back in his cashier's box, but also telling stories of his trips across the country and discussing the recent South Bend weather or prospects for the Notre Dame football team.

Jack's association with Notre Dame goes back long before his thirteen-year service as cashier. He attended the university as a student and would have graduated in the Class of '29 had not illness and the Depression intervened. Jack says, "I have always liked Notre Dame. Since 1925 I have been a fan and have followed the Notre Dame teams all over the country. Today I can't travel as far because there aren't as many trains, but a large group of us still get together and go to see a lot of the games. I really enjoy all sports except boxing. I guess you could say that athletics is my hobby."

For the thirty-six years between the time that Jack served at Notre Dame as a student and as a cashier, he worked for the Studebaker automobile industry as a supervisor. This job allowed him to remain in South Bend, a town which he really enjoys. It was also during this time that he married his wife of thirty years, Marion. Following the true Notre Dame tradition, they were married in the Log Chapel on campus.

—By Lisa Michels

Although the first sign of belonging at Notre Dame may be the abandonment of campus maps, orientation involves more than

learning the location of buildings. Nan Bufalino and Carey Swing, co-chairpersons of freshman orientation, describe the efforts of their committee as an attempt to provide a balanced initial exposure to life at Notre Dame.

Orientation for freshmen and transfer students began this summer when each student received a general information booklet. It will continue until Monday, September 12, when campus clubs and organizations will attempt to attract new

Acting as a source of information and encouragement, the orientation committee offered distractions from the typical fears and concerns characteristic of freshman year. Along with the activities planned by the committee, halls cooperated to provide entertainment and services for their new residents.

"Working with the freshmen is exciting," says Bufalino, "because it's helped me remember the little things that impressed me about Notre Dame, its traditions and campus life, when I was a freshman. I can't remember what it was like not to feel at home here."

Professor Emeritus James P. Danehy, teacher of pre-medical Organic Chemistry until this fall was retired forcibly in July at age 65. He is suing the University for reappointment.

Danehy contends that the procedures for reappointment to teaching positions of emeritus professors at Notre Dame have been loosely followed. "I think that examination of the records would reveal a wide variation in procedures which have been followed in determining whether or not reappointment should be granted."

He feels that the frequency of

reappointment is unjustly disparate among departments. "It should hardly be that there would be official approval of a strong policy of rejection in one department and complete freedom of reappointment in another department. But that, in effect, is what we have." Danehy believes that the Department of Chemistry has an unofficial policy "that the older people leave as soon as possible to make room for the younger people . . . as if this is somehow going to improve the department automatically." These contentions of inequitable treatment are central points of his legal argument.

The spirit of his case, however, is that of "Grey Liberation." "It is in my opinion a true civil rights case because in effect I'm being treated at 65 as they would not have possibly treated me at 64." Danehy feels certain that legislation which would raise the legally allowable mandatory retirement age from 65 to 70, or which might abolish all age-related retirement policies, will be passed within a year or two. That legislation, however, would not be retroactive. Danehy is saddened by the University's stand. "That's why I wrote in my letter of November 24 to Father Burtchaell: 'Every advance in legislation is preceded by a moral consensus. One would confidently expect that Notre Dame, under the leadership of a president who was a charter member of the United States Civil Rights Commission and its chairman for three years, would set an example which would contribute to attaining that moral consensus which would lead to the establishment of guarantees for the rights of older persons.'"

By Jim Romanelli

Do Not Go Joyfully Into That Good Night

by Dave Myers

The strangest thing about death is not the loss it causes or the dismay and grief it fosters, but our very avoidance of it altogether. We will do anything rather than admit the awful truth: someone close to us is irretrievably gone. Instead, we indulge in the most inane and morose fictions. The corpse is taken to a funeral home, where it is embalmed, scented and made up before the burial; a body devoid of its humanity is decorated so the mourners can believe that the loved one is still here, that nothing has changed. The children can pretend that Mommy is just sleeping while the others suspend their judgment and lapse into a strange state of not believing the corpse is alive, but not being capable of accepting its demise either. I'm writing this way because I've seen a lot of people in that stage recently. My sister died this summer of a brain tumor, and it seems to me that none of my family recognizes the fact even now.

Such an illusion is heightened by some of the macabre scenes to be encountered in any funeral home. For example, the relatively simple (one would think!) task of choosing a casket is pervaded by a sense of complete unreality. Row upon row of different coffins are placed on display, ranging from small wooden boxes all the way up to lavish biers of almost incalculable price. One can only speculate on the reasons for such costly items; perhaps they are a sincere reflection of a family's desire to "do the best" by the deceased, or, possibly, they are merely one more in a long line of status symbols, designed to demonstrate to all concerned the buyer's wealth

and power. But in any case, the underlying theme is the same: the dead are not going to decay and return to dust; they are simply going away to a new home. The notices that serve to advertise these burial boxes all emphasize the same point: guaranteed waterproofing and special safeguards to preserve the corpses for twenty years or more, and even comparative statistics demonstrating why *this* casket is the best one in which to turn into absolutely nothing.

Another important facet of this facade is the religious ritual that supposedly serves to interpret death in a comprehensible manner, to place it in its proper context as part of the human journey to God. Yet one must ask himself if this is actually the role religion plays. After this summer, I have begun to wonder whether these rituals do not have a somewhat different effect. It is not possible that all too often, faith and liturgy provide just one more way of denying the real truth? The Rosary service that is the predominant pre-burial rite in American Catholicism is a fine and beautiful prayer, but it almost always takes place in a context of unreality, with the body decorated and treated in order to appear as if it were only "sleeping." When one looks at such a sight, one is not reminded of or comforted by death, but rather must gaze upon a poor imitation of life, with the lips shut in an unnatural fashion and the eyes elongated diabolically. The question is how a person is able to pray for the deceased when the death itself is not a reality in the mind, but only a remote possibility barely hinted at.

The most important religious service, of course, is the burial itself. And it is here that the ultimate unreality is perpetuated. For in this ritual, we are asked to forget the fact that in a box ten feet from us are the remains of a human being now gone from us; perhaps to new life, but *gone* nonetheless, and then we are called upon to rejoice! The entire rite pointedly ignores the reality of death and treats the affair as merely a passage from life to life. This passage may well take place, but if it does, it is not a two-stage process, but rather one that takes place in three distinct phases; one goes from life, to death, to life. Humanity must pass through death; it must confront it, grasp it by the throat, and finally shove it aside. But this is not what the "Mass of the Resurrection" seeks to achieve. Instead, it attempts to avoid the issue altogether, as if afraid of its own ultimate emptiness. To me this reflects an almost inhuman belief that denies the significance and trauma of dying and tries to convince people that the whole event is actually a good thing. As a friend of mine said sarcastically, "Aren't we all glad she's gone?" Well, my sister had two small children who now are left without the love and core of their mother, and I don't see any good in that whatsoever.

In reflecting on the whole process, it seems to me that the one honest and worthwhile element of our funeral customs is the burial itself. When one leaves the gravesite and looks back, it is impossible to deny any longer the unshakeable truths of loss and bewilderment. No chemical treatments or funeral home can

change the fact that when the bier is lowered into the earth and covered by the dirt to which the deceased now returns, there is no way to alter or hide the truth. Or is there? Has anyone ever considered the meaning of our popular version of the afterlife? The post-funeral questions asked in conjunction with the idea of heaven usually sound something like these: "Is she conscious of what is happening here?" "Does she see what we are doing?" "Is she still able to affect our lives?"

In other words, is it possible to somehow believe that nothing has really changed, that the deceased has simply moved somewhere else? The "afterlife" becomes a great and final escape from the truth.

This may seem to be a pessimistic and cynical survey, and in many ways it is. But there's a point to it. I don't really want to do away with funeral homes, Rosaries, and the Eucharist. And, believe it or not, I do believe in an afterlife (I think). But if we intend to "celebrate" (for

want of a better term) the fact of death, we cannot do so adequately without confronting the reality of dying. Death is not just a stopping place or a cosmic rest area; it is pain, trauma, suffering and loss. Our natural tendency is, of course, to fly from this, but as long as we run and are allowed to escape, the more difficult and excruciating is the true, inevitable realization. The real rule of thumb for handling death should be this: rituals and institutions should provide a context in which human mortality can be confronted and resolved. Thus, none of the pain would be sidestepped or ignored; it would instead be seen, faced, and finally reconciled. This is the proper direction of any liturgy, which by nature is not a way of escaping life but rather a means of giving it the true meaning it acquires in the Kingdom of God.

Instead of creating empty illusions of life, perhaps it would be better to view corpses as they really look, at least once; and maybe funeral caskets could be reduced to what they really are: boxes in which humanity returns to dust. After all, funeral homes don't force their grotesqueries on us; *we* accept them and ask for them. In addition, it might be desirable to include an old fashioned wake in the proceedings, with plenty of booze and tears. As for the "Rite of Christian Burial," well, it should reflect the same process: first, alienation and pain, and then a focus on the mystery of the Resurrection. It is better to pray, "Out of the depths I cry for you, O Lord," simply because that is a real stage in our experience, and not a pathetic imitation of joy. The important thing is to not hide from the pain, great as it is, because in the end that only serves to make us less human. For death is a true ending of human life and, whatever lies beyond us, that ending is something that needs to be confronted and even mourned over, at least for a moment.

Dave Myers is a senior theology major from El Paso, Texas.



“DEAR LUTIE . . .”

by Cole Finegan

Dear Lutie,

Well, how you been? I know I promised to write earlier but so many things have happened since I came up here! This place, Notre Dame, sure is one fine “place of higher learnin’” as they say up ‘chere. It’s hard, Lutie, lemme tell you. There’s a lotta sharp turkeys running around up here. These guys take physics, calculus, all them weird things and they understand it. I don’t know, they have this math course called “Fun With Numbers” that blows my mind. It ain’t that easy and I get nervous in there. I mean, how’d you like to be the only guy under 6’3”, 220 lbs. in the room—and without a letter jacket? Ah, lemme tell you, Lutie, I yearn for old Central High and Algebra II—remember that shit? Four quarters of B work and Sue McCarthy next to me—whatta bod, hey? I ain’t seen nothing like that up here, Lutie. Course, I don’t know if the Lord ever created another bod like that. That’s why it pains me so much to hear she became a cloistered nun but as they say here, He works in mysterious ways.

It hardly seems like I been gone a month, does it? You shoulda seen it when I got here—my roommate is from New York and he just looked at me real funny when I walked in the room and said “Hi.” He introduced himself as James Southwick Morgan and asked where I was from. He didn’t believe me at first, but after an hour and some smelling salts I convinced him

9-9-77 Rogers, Arkansas, was home. All he could say was Quaint, very quaint. Somebody must be having a good laugh. . . . I told Father to give them the goddamned new uniforms.” Well, anyway, we get along fine now, Lutie. We even double-dated last night, but I’ll get to that later. He’s a rich turkey and talks about an “Uncle Nelson” all the time. He wouldn’t believe that I’m here on scholarship since my scores were pretty low and I don’t play football and I’m not a minority. I guess they don’t have ROTC up there in New York; don’t know where I’d be without it. Maybe at Arkansas A&I with you Lutie. . . . no offense. How is A&I these days? Still have those good frat parties like when they rushed us? Jesus, I never seen a go-go dancer that could fight like that. I heard that Joe Bob had to have an operation after she kicked him. Served him right, offering to show her his hernia scar. Well, back to the N.D. scene, Lutie.

The social life ain’t good, Lutie, not at all. The girls here are real smart and some are nice, but, well, there’s no Sue McCarthy running around. Of course, there’s also six guys to every girl so you battle for a date and since I don’t have a girl. . . . They got a coupla bars here called “Nickie’s” and “The Library” that I go to every now and then. They’re nothing like “Filthy’s” back home—these are pretty clean and they serve beef burgers that aren’t bad. They sit nice and heavy. Anyway, everybody goes to these bars and drinks beer and dances

“disco”—yeah, they got that shit up ‘chere. Remember when Shirley Johnson tried that at the Homecoming Dance? Billy Wayne sure beat the shit outta her. She didn’t even look good, trying to dance that shit to J.T. and the Mud Flops. The beer here is shitty too—no Coors but lemme tell you, there will be. I got turkeys begging for the Rocky Mountain Trout Piss at \$15 a case and they’ll get it! I don’t like the bars much. There’s another one called “Corby’s” but I don’t go near there. I walked by one night and saw a toilet bowl fly out the window. I don’t even want to see anyone who could do that. Mostly me and some ROTC buddies sit in the room, drink beer, and discuss nuclear holocaust. We all argue that we ought to kick the Arabs’ ass for the oil but those pussies in power won’t let us. I got to practice some death holds last week but basically, ROTC ain’t big here at all. The world’s a ghetto, Lutie. (I picked that up from James Southwick.)

The football games have been real good and Homecoming was last week. We beat Army 84-0, and while I realize it lacks the tradition and drama of an A&I-Jonesboro State battle, it was big.

James Southwick was going to the Homecoming Dance that night but had problems. He had a sweet little date, Victoria Rothschild O’Leary, who is semi-cute and almost as rich as James Southwick hisself. They get along fine and will merge someday I’m sure. Only trouble was Rothie has a roommate, Judy. Judy *had* to go to the dance. Well, you

“Well, Lutie, to make a long story short, I’m an overnight sensation and won’t be coming home for a while.”

know who they wanted to take her. James Southwick said I could use the Porsche for a month if I’d just do it. I said maybe, but first I wanted a look so he got me a freshman yearbook. They call ‘em Dogbooks, Lutie. That tell you anything? Well, Judy wasn’t all that bad-looking. I mean, you wouldn’t have to put a pork chop on her to get the dog to play with her. Her favorite hobbies are house-keeping and marriage and her friends call her “Wifey.” Real career-minded.

We went to the dance and even with Judy I was kind of excited. I put on my royal blue leisure suit, white shoes and belt and prepared to boogie, as they say in these parts. Judy looked somewhat fetching in her yellow pullover and jeans; I overheard someone ask about pregnant coeds but she looked okay. We walked into this huge hall and Lutie, it was strange; these was all these colored lights flashing and people running and dancing everywhere. I even saw some guys run by *stark naked*. One of ‘em lives down the hall from me, and is on the rugby team but is still fairly sane. I asked Judy if she knew any of them but she said she forgot to look at their faces . . . “and wasn’t it gross?” Southwick and Rothie disappeared so Judy and I proceeded to the dance floor and started to get down.

There was some people doing this crazy dance next to me and they called it “The Hustle.” Me and Judy couldn’t handle it so we tried the “Bus Stop,” but botched it up. It was weird, Lutie, but all of a sudden I broke into some ROTC drill steps. I did a little “left, right, left” and then snapped off a couple of salutes. People started to stare as I began cookin’: knee bends, about faces, running in place—double time.

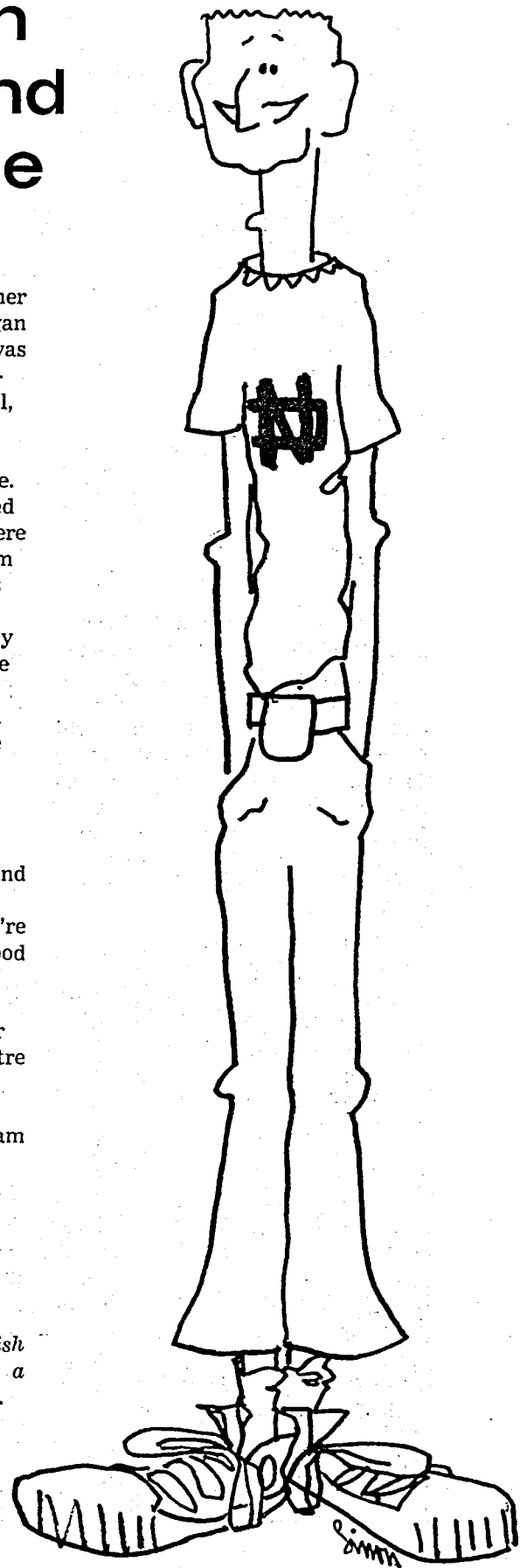
Judy was moaning and snappin’ her fingers and shaking as people began to imitate my moves. The place was going wild and we started goose-stepping to “Rollercoaster.” Well, Lutie, to make a long story short, I’m an overnight sensation and won’t be coming home for a while. After the dance, everybody wanted to learn my steps and find out where I learned it. Of course, I told them Chief Legionnaire Buford Scruggs at American Legion-John Birch Camp taught me all I know. They said something about calling it the “Buford,” but I don’t know . . . anyway, I pretty famous now. I’ll be on Soul Train next week, Lutie (Channel 7 in Rogers, 3 a.m. on Sundays) so get all the boys to watch. I still don’t like disco but the money is green.

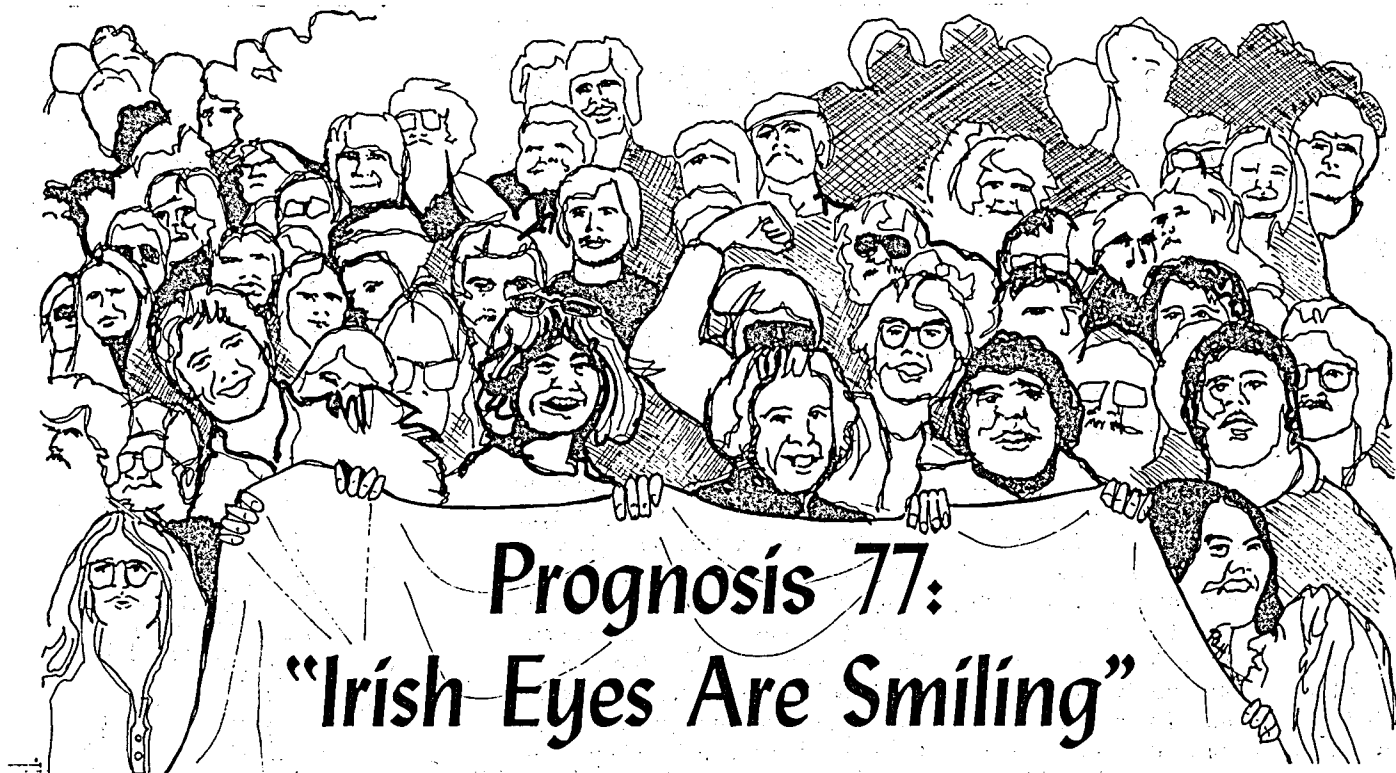
After that, it’s back to school and opening my new disco. James Southwick will manage it and we’re going to call it “The Foxhole.” Good military sound to it, don’t you think? If it goes over we may try and expand into a massage parlor and McDonald’s—I think the Notre Dame students are ready for it.

Well, old buddy, take care of yourself and write if you can. I am still very homesick but will survive until Christmas. Will you be home to pick me up at the Greyhound station?

Your pal,
Galen

Cole Finegan, a senior English major from Tulsa, Oklahoma, is a frequent contributor to Scholastic.





by Ray O'Brien

For the second time in the history of the Fighting Irish football team three seniors will serve as tri-captains. This season Terry Eurick, Willie Fry, and Ross Browner will share this honor. The only other time three players served in this position was in 1973 when Dave Casper, Frank Pomarico and Mike Townsend guided the Irish to a perfect 11-0 season and the National Championship.

This is not a bad start in comparison to the last undefeated team. It is inevitable that there will be many more as Notre Dame fans look for that coveted national crown. It is with good reason that they do so. Dan Devine's team boasts eight returning starters on offense while the full 11-man defensive crew will be returning.

Of course there are a few question marks that Devine will have to erase, but that does not bother the diehard Domers who are already rushing to their attics in search of the "We're No. 1" banner.

These few dark spots haven't deterred the press in its evaluation of the Irish squad. *Sports Illustrated*, UPI, and Street and Smith are three experts that have seen the colors blue and gold in their crystal balls. No one dares to place the Irish out-

side the top five, and when you're that close you might as well be number one if you're thinking as every Irish fan.

The man that has to answer to the fans is a little more guarded in his outlook. "If we are to accomplish anything of note this season," cautions Devine, "we are going to have to come up with some key performers in several crucial positions where we lost outstanding players." The loss of Mike Carney, Harry Wuebkenberg, Dan Kelleher, Rick Slager, and Al Hunter will be felt the most in the early going. The loss of the latter two players will be the hardest to overcome and will surely tell the difference between a good season and a championship season.

"Rusty" seems an excellent description of Russell Lisch's early fall performance but the junior quarterback has shown that he has the tools to become an able replacement for Slager. If Lisch's past performances run true to form this year, the Irish should be able to overcome their opponents in tough spots.

However, there should not be many tough spots in this hopeful year as Devine's boys face only two nationally ranked teams in Pittsburgh and Southern California. And while Northwestern was dropped

from the schedule, Notre Dame does have all three service academies to kick around again.

Kris Haines will be called upon to fill the spot vacated by Kelleher. And no quarterback can complain when he has a target the size of Ken MacAfee (6'4", 250 lbs.), who has been an All-American for three years and will be looking to improve on his 1976 statistics of 34 receptions for 483 yards. The Irish have three more strong bids for All-America lineman in Dave Huffman, Steve McDaniels and Ernie Hughes. Tim Foley and Ted Horansky fill out an offensive line that averages over 250 lbs. per man.

A sign of a great team is when a starting running back who gains over 1,000 yards in the previous season is lost for good and the most fanatical fans in the world do not get overly concerned. The loss of Al Hunter will be very severe if Jerome Heavens or Vagas Ferguson gets hurt. With Willard Browner no longer around, Steve Orsini and Terry Eurick will be called upon for reserve duty. Tom Domin and Dave Waymer will most likely share the other halfback duties in Devine's wing-T attack.

The easiest part of Devine's job this year will be in organizing the

defense. If there are question marks in the offense, they are more than compensated by the exclamation points in the defense. With all 11 veterans returning, coaches Joe Yonto, George Kelly, and Jim Johnson should be walking around with smiles on their faces this fall. In 1973 the Irish defense allowed only 66 points during the regular season and were ranked number one in the country. This same goal is certainly within reach for this year's defensive squad.

The defense which was ranked seventh during last year's campaign is led by one of the most awesome linemen college football has ever seen in Ross Browner. With the Outland Award already to his credit, Browner will be a strong contender for the Heisman Trophy, a very rare honor for a lineman. Tri-captain Willie Fry makes an excellent matching bookend. Ken Dike and Mike Calhoun will man the tackle positions with Jay Case and Jeff Weston waiting in the wings should anyone need a breather.

Doug Becker, Steve Heimkreiter and Bob Golic will be there to greet any unfortunate ball carriers that stray beyond the line of scrimmage.



Heimkreiter was the most pleasant surprise in the defense last year as he led the team with 113 tackles. Three-year letterman Pete Johnson rounds out a stable linebacking crew.

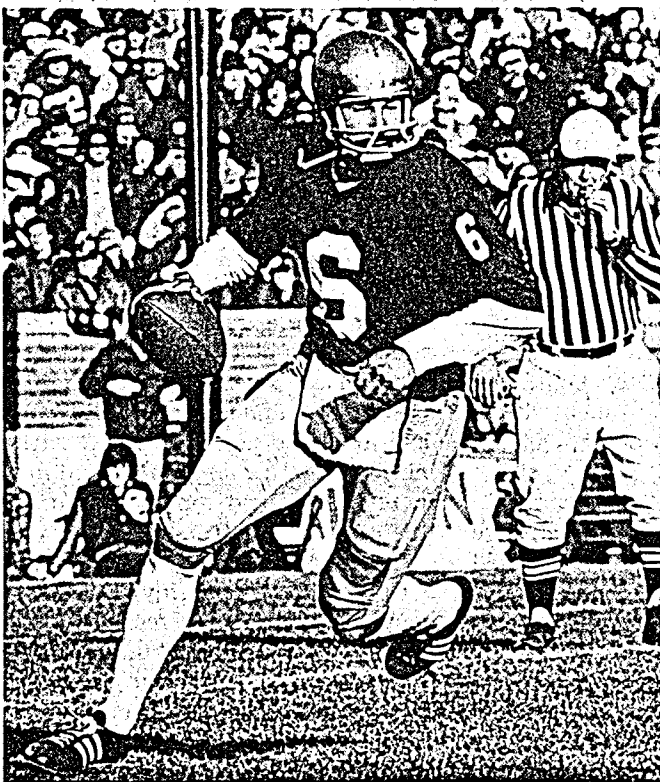
All-American Luther Bradley is the mainstay of the Irish secondary. Bradley needs three more interceptions to tie Tom MacDonald for the career record of 15 snags. In the other corner is versatile three-year letter winner Ted Burgmeier. Jim Browner will roam once again from his strong safety position while a healthy Randy Harrison returns to his free safety position. Joe Restic

is sure to see a lot of playing time besides handling the punting duties which hopefully will not be too burdensome this year. Dave Reeve, who already holds every Irish kicking record, will return in his fourth year of kicking duties.

Other reserves figuring to see some action are Ty Dickerson at wide receiver, Howard Meyer at guard, Hardy Rayam at defensive end and Tom Flynn at cornerback.

All signs are that 1977 is a perfect year for the Irish. Nine of the 11 teams Dan Devine's players will face had losing records last year. That leaves a depleted Pittsburgh squad with a new coach and a formidable Southern California team that must play in the confines of Notre Dame stadium. Come January, those dusty "We're No. 1" banners may be hanging proudly once again.

Scholastic Sports Editor Ray O'Brien is a junior finance major with an added interest in communications. The south Jersey native has been writing sports since his freshman year.



Rusty Lisch



Jerome Heavens



The Last Word

by Kathleen McElroy

When attempting to write my first paper freshman year, I considered reverting to the traditional "How I spent my summer vacation." At the time the idea seemed a bit trite, but now the temptation has overridden my reservations. Having spent my first summer in South Bend, it seems appropriate to document the missing link in the majority of Notre Dame students' education.

There is something about watching all four seasons at Notre Dame which adds a sense of completeness to the time spent here. There are

challenges unknown to nine-month residents. For instance, eluding the treacherous lawn sprinklers is impossible in the summertime. And so one develops a strategy to avoid the watered glances of the indiscriminating devices. Only the grass does not complain. The mystery of *du lac* is compounded as one awakens to a thunderstorm and hears the persistent, rhythmic spraying of the sprinklers, determined not to be usurped by nature's ways.

Those who visit the campus in the summertime make up a motley crew. Each brings his own expectations and invades the place with plans of exploitation. The bookstore enjoys one long football weekend throughout the summer as visitors seek relics to verify their stay. The sports camp crew is perhaps the first truly prominent group to make an appearance. As the campus turns to playground, visions of *Lord of the Flies* run through one's mind.

While serving as assistant manager of Farley Hall, I attempted, with the hall manager, to point out the fine distinctions between a dorm and a hotel, i.e., absence of room service. The 80 graduate women who occupied Farley survived a humid summer and the noise from assorted undergraduates in Zahm Hall. In mid-July a new group joined us for the Pastoral Ministry Conference. All 30 women who checked into Farley one summer afternoon had expected to be housed in Flanner Hall and the majority were a bit disgruntled by the surprise change. Since my pride was at stake I attempted to defend the ivy-covered walls of Farley by pointing out the fine tradition and spirit which characterize the dorm. They continued to mutter something about bunk beds, no air conditioning, and a creaky elevator.

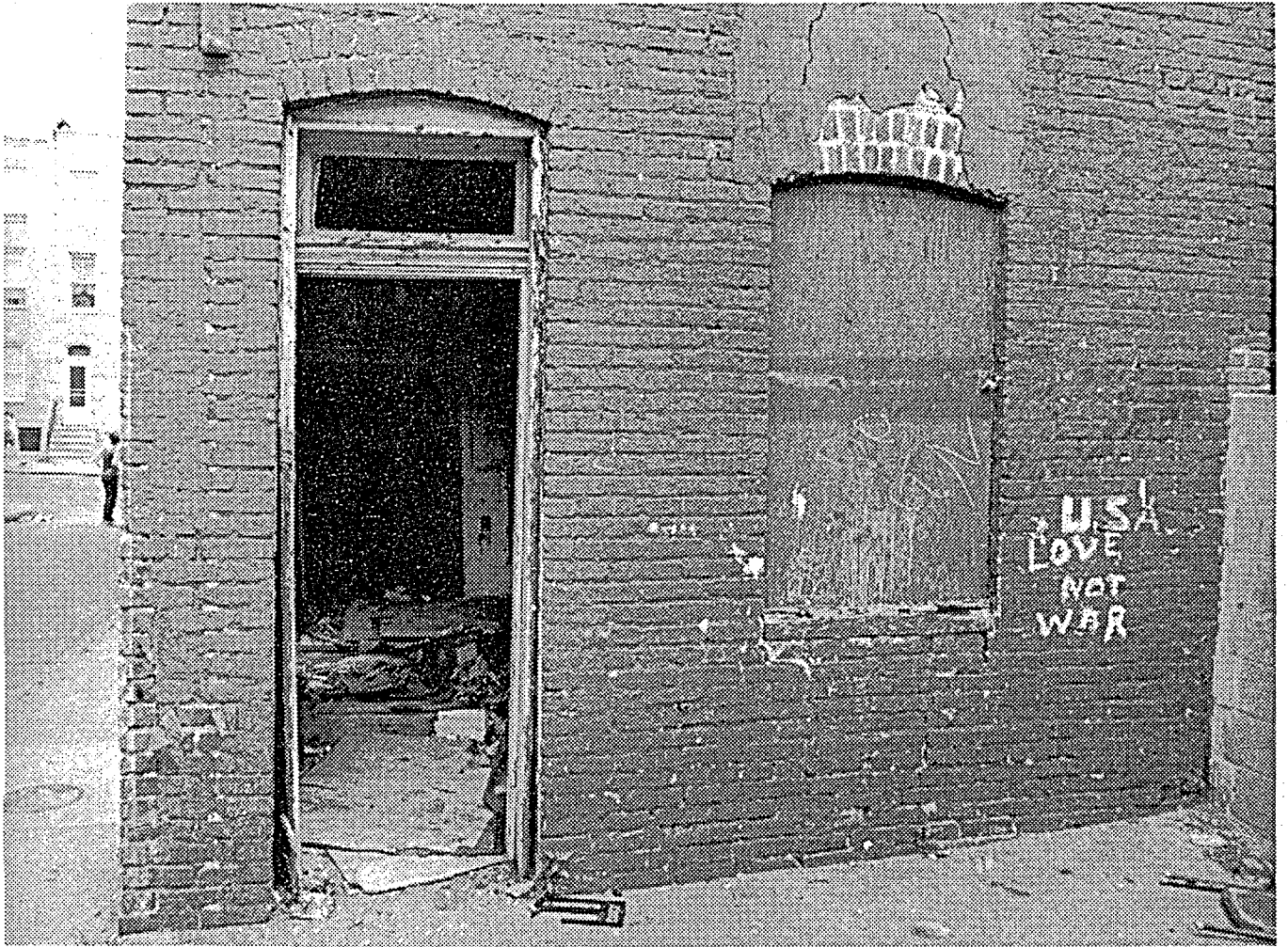
This account would be incomplete without mention of the strange natural phenomena which marked the summer. It was with sadness that we watched several diseased elm trees being felled on campus. It was impossible to count all the rings of the trunk that remained when the elm which had faithfully shaded the bookstore was taken down. Soon the trunk too disappeared and there was not so much as a stump to remind us of the unfortunate demise of the great elm.

The St. Joseph's beach was another sight of unusual circumstance. Apparently the lake had been so well cleaned of algae that the fish resorted to nibbling on mortal toes. Rumor has it that this will soon be the site of a new nautical adventure film. Other aspects of nature continued as usual—the ducks got fat and the sunsets added a sense of tranquility to the beauty of the campus.

By the time the last weekend of July came around, it was obvious that if one had somehow avoided sprinklers, little beasties and hungry red fish, there was still a major obstacle with which to contend. American Youth on Parade visited our humble campus. Alarm clocks became optional since each morning one would awaken to the sound of drums beating in the distance. Mobs of assorted baton twirlers ventured down the unsuspecting sidewalks with such classical choruses as "We wear short shorts . . ." and "We're number one, we won't be number two, and if you don't believe us, pew on you." Little girls accompanied by nagging mothers wore their hair in tight curls piled on top of their heads which they covered with plastic baggies when it rained. Up the ranks from the youngest tots to the confident teens they carried batons like extra appendages acquired at birth. After a week's stay they departed, some with medals and others with tears, led by unsympathetic parents apparently trained in the bleachers of little league.

Although this was a difficult act to follow, the Mobile Home show came prepared with astroturf, fake shrubberies, revolving neon lights, mini-blimps, and balloons. They were determined to make the ACC parking lot their home, and to rival any football weekend tailgater parties this campus has ever witnessed.

I wanted to write "wish you were here" postcards to all my friends announcing my plans to rechristen the University — Notre Dame ad hoc. Hopefully the Blessed Lady will forgive the summer's distractions and the new addition of plastic candles to the Grotto. All in all, it was a beautiful summer. On behalf of myself and the members of the *Scholastic* editorial board — welcome back.



You don't like the shape America's in? O.K. change it.

America's got too many poor people, right? And there's plenty of other problems too. Take our cities. The shape of some of them is enough to make you cry. And waste and ignorance, the cycle of poverty that traps one generation after another because they're too busy just holding on to get ahead. The ravages of hunger and disease. Education that's either too little or none. Skills that are lacking, and the means to get them also. It could go on and on, and it will unless you do something. And not the you standing behind you either, but you. You believe something can be done.

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