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FEATURES

REGULARS

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The Lack of Progress Report

by Fr. Bill Toohey, C.S.C.

I think I can begin to appreciate how frustrating it must have been for many bishops who were forced to debate the issue of communion in the hand for so many years.

We have a parallel at Notre Dame. It's the question of coed dorms. It's embarrassing (especially when our world is afflicted with so many more critical problems) to be still talking about it after all these years.

It is such a totally conventional collegiate living pattern all over the country that people find it hard to understand N.D.'s stubborn refusal to seriously consider implementing the policy, even in a highly limited fashion.

I was recently at a national conference of educators and chaplains and was questioned on the reasons for Notre Dame's refusal even to acknowledge the research and experience of other Catholic schools. These educators were amazed that we still labored under the myths, misconceptions and fears of a former time.

They quoted Fr. James Gill, a Jesuit psychiatrist, who has criticized those educators who arbitrarily rule out coed housing options and thus block the possibilities for interpersonal experiences that so frequently further the full development of young adults.

"Too many adults," Fr. Gill writes, "reflect the bias of past generations of puritanical clergymen in their suspicion that wherever and whenever a young man and a young woman are alone together, sex will raise its lovely-ugly head, with perilous consequences for one or both of them."

By now, everyone who is knowledgable about the basics of student development admits that it is a standard principle of human growth, and indeed spiritual maturation, that young adults shoud be provided the benefit of relationships with many others (of the same and of the opposite sex)—relationships that are prolonged, informal, and which provide opportunities for authentic friendship to develop. It is also a simple fact that, while admitting that coed living is no panacea, it has been proven that such a residential option can contribute to the achievement of these goals.

For one thing, the chance to share dormitory living cannot help but reveal to male students that a woman is something much more than an erotic machine. "Until young men have the experience of sharing their daily lives with a variety of young women," Fr. Gill says, "*Playboy* will continue to lead immature males to believe that if you know one type of woman you have mastered them all. Pernaps, then, one of the greatest benefits of informally shared dormitory life would be the development of a healthy realism regarding the opposite sex, with more successful marriages and increased lifelong happiness as the outcome."

Administrators at other Holy Cross institutions (specifically, Stonehill and King's College) agree with Gill. One of the priests, who has lived in a town house that accommodates an equal number of men and women, told me: "The living experience is much better than any I've experienced for college students. There seems to be a great maturing process going on; they seem to gain respect for one another that is not equally possible in a segregated dorm. There is a sense of genuine quiet at those times agreed upon; they share good times together; and there is no real hassle at all. From everything I've seen, living right with these students, it has been a significant positive influence."

Having considered all of this very carefully, and faced with the plain truth that our present dormitory situation is far from ideal (just ask the men who live in the towers), I am still forced to make the following prediction: Not only will Notre Dame not experiment with even the most minimal coed living arrangement, it will not even seriously consider the issue. There will be no coed living options available to students at Notre Dame for possibly as long as five years. I hope my pessimistic forecast proves to be inaccurate. Don't bet on it.

Fr. Bill Toohey is director of Campus Ministry and a resident of Flanner Hall. He can be seen at the altar of Sacred Heart Church every Sunday at 12:15.

The Need for Redefinition

by Sr. John Miriam Jones, S.C.

One often wishes for new words to describe a concept so as to dissociate the biases and the old words. "Coeducational dorms" is one of those phrases fraught with bias. Few are indifferent to what they believe the phrase expresses and discussions concerning it are engaged in with difficulty by those who are already its firmest advocates or its strongest opponents.

Because most of the Committee to Evaluate Coeducation came down between those two extremes, its members hoped to shake a few biases in subsequent discussions by renaming and delineating their middle ground. Their recommendation concerned "coresidential housing" and their concept attempted to exclude features which militate for opposition and to retain features which seem integral to the benefits.

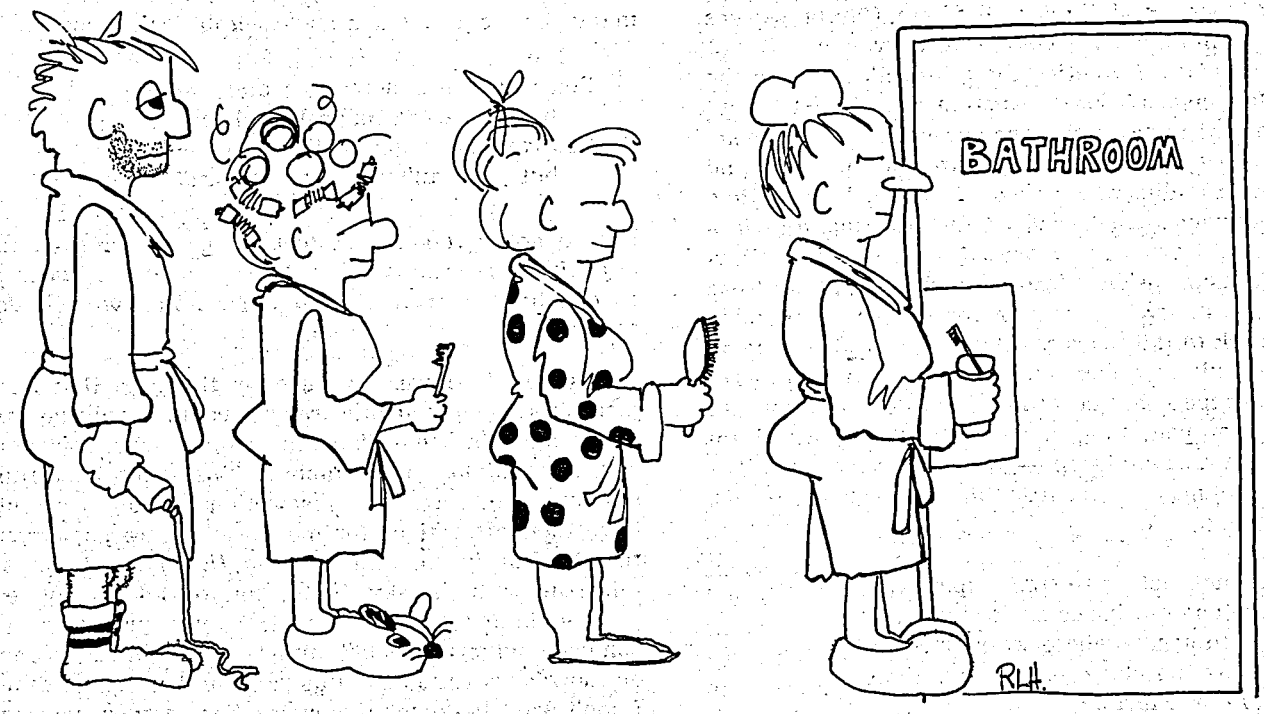
"Coresidential housing," in the thinking of the Committee to Evaluate Coeducation, has residential areas separate for men and women and governed by visitation hours, and it has common areas serving both the men and women of the hall. The Committee envisioned the arrangement as an optional one for selected juniors and seniors led by a hall staff of both women and men.

Essential to any reasonable consideration of change is the rationale for that change. What could be gained by a new option to an already successful residence hall program? It seemed to the Committee that a common element among any gains is simply a greater opportunity for Notre Dame men and women to come to know one another. It surprises many to learn that those opportunities are not more numerous at Notre Dame. Perhaps we're missing some chances to make them so—and that should not go unscrutinized—but the lament came to the Committee from many sources.

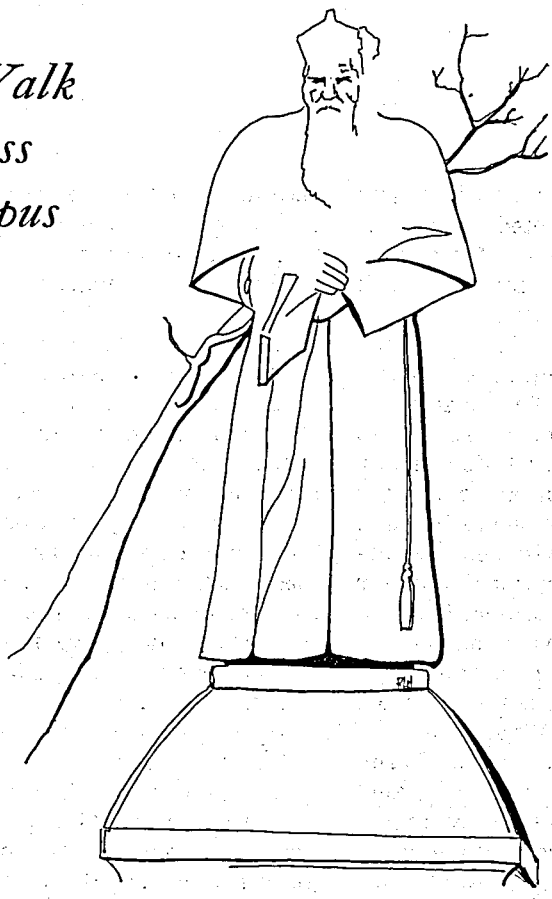
Notre Dame men and women are here to learn. Their pursuing knowledge together is integral to coeducation just as the diversity of co-learners has essential impact on the universality and totality of university education. That being so, reciprocal learning calls for sharing thought processes and observing one another's thinking. Interaction within a classroom can allow for some of this but comfortable and profitable exchange best spontaneously flows between people who know and respect each other. And out of that base should come the kind of abiding friendships that have been a hallmark of Notre Dame people for well over a century!

All of this is possible without coresidential housing. The issue concerns whether introducing a coresidential option would contribute to a richer experience for some of our women and men. If so, it is worth trying.

Assistant Provost Sister John Miriam Jones was the chairman of the Committee to Evaluate Coeducation. She resides in Lewis Hall.



A Walk Across Campus II



by Joseph W. Evans

Ed. note: The following is the sequel to philosophy professor Joseph Evans' first semester article, "A Walk Across Campus." When we last left Prof. Evans he had just arrived at the "Pay Caf" to enjoy friends and victuals.

I have eaten—my victuals, that is—but I still hunger. *Non in solo pane* . . . How true! I emerge from the "Caf," stop and light a Perfecto Garcia Queens (Rudyard Kipling: "A woman is a woman. But a cigar is a *smoke*"!), notice that the collectors for the World Hunger Coalition are not in their usual "spot" as yet, lament in particular the absence of one of them, raise my gaze to Howard Hall (population: 165) and then over to Badin, which used to be called Badin Bog, but is no longer . . . (I *wonder* why! But *just a little*—no need for "frowns and wrinkles" over this one! However, I do have inside information that Badin still has a cockroach or two or three or more . . .). I am going to *walk* back to the Library. Did you think I was going to take a taxi? or a bus (and leave the driving to *us*)? or a colleague's bicycle (and leave the walking to *him*)? Not on your life—or on mine, either! And I am going to retrace my steps—*going my way the other way*. There may be a little bit of wisdom in this. T. S. Eliot:

> We shall not cease from exploration
> And the end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first time.
> *(Four Quartets)*

Right turn for about fifty paces or so (during which I *suffer:* I don't like those there steel posts there and the restraining wire—"Don't fence me in"; I don't want to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined"; "grass is beautiful, but *persons are 'beautiful-er'* ") brings me to the "great big corner" of Dillon (it's *beautiful,* too—all the corners of Dillon are great and big and beautiful. Dillonites would have a ready explanation: *Noblesse oblige.* . . . However, they would probably say it in American: *Nobility obliges.* . . . We don't build residence halls anymore like "they" [again, use your imagination—that "imagination that is funny, that makes a cloudy day sunny"] used to. . . . Final parenthetical jotting of a Dillonphile: not every residence hall has a Provost—or even a former Provost—as one of its residents. But may this not go to its head [or to *their heads*]!).

I veer to the left and into the diagonal walk again. I am aware of Dillon receding over my right shoulder, and of Badin receding over my left shoulder. But I don't cry in my imaginary beer. I can come back to them tomorrow—*there'll always be a Dillon, and (perhaps less certainly) there'll always be a Badin.* Thought as Dillon recedes: now I can really appreciate more Jacques Maritain's analysis of the primordial (prephilosophical) approach of the speculative intellect to God—an approach that proceeds intuitively from the *solidity* and *inexorability* of the *other*—of any other—to the precarious and threatened existence of the *self*—to a transcendent and personal Being-without-nothingness. That there Dillon Hall there sure is "solid" and "inexorable." . . . Of course, a gnat is a solid and inexorable other, too. . . . But I *need* every now and then something really big—like a Dillon Hall, or a Pike's Peak, or a Big Rock Candy Mountain . . . or a "Man Mountain" Dean, or a "Jumping Joe" Savoldi.

Thought (two-pronged—two-daggered") as Badin recedes: "What a boon for Notre Dame that it went coed five years ago!"; and then: "How right I was many years ago to damn as "execrable" the couplet:

> You can lead a horse to water,
> but you can't make him drink.
> You can lead a girl to Vassar,
> but you can't make her think!"

I have no regrets that I have long since retired the adjective "execrable" and will no longer use it except to denote this (you see, no other adjective will do) couplet.

My gait is slower than ever in this area that I am just entering—*going this way;* it could hardly be said that I am more than "ambling along." The bookstore and the Knights of Columbus' "little but beautiful" building are powerful "distractions"—they certainly have their attractions for me (T-shirts are not among them). But in this area—*going this way*—I am all taken up with the sky (*with,* not *to*—I keep my feet solidly planted on the ground; if you prefer to say "on good old *terra firma,*" say it!), and with leaves and/or snowflakes (allow me this "and/or." For one thing, I don't want to "date" this walk. For another, we often

have leaves and snowflakes at Notre Dame on the same day). I have long had a love affair with the sky—it's something like the love affair that many have for the sea. I was in love with the sky long before I ever came upon Gerard Manley Hopkins (fortunate day for me—the day that I came upon Gerard Manley Hopkins!), but a line of his in his poem *Spring* has *deepened* this love forever, and it is always on the "tip of my tongue" (even when I am eating pizza). The line is: "that blue is all in a rush with richness." But actually it is the whole first stanza that is always on the tip of my tongue (it is possible to have a whole stanza on the tip of one's tongue—try it sometime); and here it is spilling out now:

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring—
When weeds, in wheels shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightning to hear him sing;
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

Of course I am also attracted by what Hopkins is saying here (note the dynamic—very "existential"—*verb* "leaves"; and the verb "blooms"; and the "they brush") about leaves—about leaves against the background of sky; and whenever I bring this stanza into conjunction with his poem *Spring and Fall: to a young child* (as I am going to do now), I have a real nice clambake (allow me this metaphor—it's one of my "very most favorite" metaphors)—even though "sadness has a field day" (my walks are not all "peaches and cream"—or "sunshine and roses").

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Snowflakes? Did you—dear reader—think that I had forgotten snowflakes? How could I ever forget snowflakes? Why I was practically brought up on snowflakes—rather than on cornflakes or Wheaties. I can be standing in this spot that I am standing in now—*going this way*—in the dead of July, with the thermometer registering 99 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade (37.2 Celsius) and I can be thinking the (it had to be said) most wonderful thoughts on snowflakes. Why? How come? Am I visited by special inspirations—or by "madness from above"? No! It's very simple. *I have learned my lessons well. I have listened to another human person well.* What other human person? Francis Thompson. What lesson? His poem: *To a Snow-Flake.* Here it is—listen well:

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?—
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind:—
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

I must confess now that the aspect "attractions" of the Knights of Columbus building is often jostled aside for me by an aspect "incitation" that it has for me (the "Knights-of-Columbus-ers" are not going to like me for this—but, so be it! *Magis amica veritas).* It *incites* me to think of a wonderful passage (I do not yet have it on the tip of my tongue—I am an "old slowpoke" memorizer, too) of Jacques Maritain's *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry:* "At this point it can be observed that (since the energies of the soul, however distinct from one another in their essence, involve dynamically one another, and are commingled as to their exercises in concrete existence) poetry, though essentially linked with art and oriented toward artistic activity, extends in a certain manner—accidentally—beyond the realm of art. Then poetry lives in regions and climates which are no longer natural to it, it lives in foreign parts, and it is no longer free, but kept in subjection. What I mean is that a kind of poetic intuition can come into play everywhere—in science, philosophy, big business, revolution, religion, sanctity, or imposture—when the mind of man attains to a certain depth or mastery in the power of discovering new horizons and taking great risks.

"There is poetry involved in the work of all great mathematicians. Secret poetic intuition was at work in the primary philosophical insights of Heraclitus and Plato, Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, Plotinus, Spinoza, or Hegel; without the help of poetry Aristotle could not have extracted from experience the diamond of his fundamental definitions; in the background of all the ideological violence of Thomas Hobbes there was something which poetry had taught him, his awareness that he was the twin brother of Fear. Poetry helped Francis of Assissi, and Columbus, and Napoleon, and Cagliostro."

I do not know why (it gets "curiouser and curiouser" as time goes on), but any glimpse at all of the Knights of Columbus building (even of its "run-of-the mill" sign) sends me more and more often to this text, and I have been more and more asking the question (it's a little like the question that readers of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's *The Little Prince* are all the time asking: *Did the sheep eat the rose?*—only it's more positive, and it explodes into all kinds of other questions): Did *poetic intuition* really help Columbus to discover America?

It seems to me that Father Sorin blesses me as I pass by him. It seems to me that Father Sorin blesses everybody as they pass by him.

(I wonder if Father Sorin was related at all to Père Surin, the great seventeenth-century Jesuit spiritual writer. Their names are sure alike their *radiances* are sure alike . . .).

I turn again into or onto "the prettiest little curved road I ever did see"—and I walk along very briskly again (there's something about this little curve that brings out the little bit [*"un tout petit peu"*] of briskness that there is in me) and "in vacant or in pensive mood." I am almost hurrying—but "hurrying to," not "hurrying from." *To* the Huddle—I am "Heaven-bent" for the Huddle. I like the *warmth* of the Huddle—and sometimes I need the *heat* of the Huddle, and sometimes I need the *cold* of the Huddle (the ice cream that I often have there is "frosting on the cake"—but what frosting! I see it as a real *bonum honestum,* a good in itself; not a *mere means* but an *end*—an *infravalent end; a* "little bit of Heaven").

Before entering the Huddle by the South door I pause for a moment on the cement steps and I look to the right towards the Nieuwland Science Building. I don't ever get to spend much time in that there building there—but I sure would like to (every vestige of truth is sacred—and Science sure does come up with "squillions" of vestiges of truth). Some of my best friends spend a lot of time in Nieuwland; some of them practically live there. I almost always look up and admire the words engraved on the wall above the north entrance:

ALL THINGS GOD HAS MADE
ARE GOOD AND EACH OF
THEM SERVES ITS TURN

I do not linger very long in the Huddle—I have work to do, man (or woman—"man embraces woman")! Like Everyman (or Everywoman—let me try this, please; but I see right away that it will take some getting used to), I must be "about my Father's business" (do I hear some philosophers—and maybe even some theologians—say: "my, but he's old-fashioned!"? If I do—and I think I do—I give them *short shrift,* but not the "back of my hand"). I do not indulge in postdinner drinks or postdinner eats (ice cream—that's different!). Perhaps I have been influenced by Molière's line: *Il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger*—one must eat to live, and not live to eat; and perhaps I have not been influenced by this line (but in any case I did want to get this line in here—it's one of my "very most favorite" lines). At this hour of the day—*going this way*—"at the magical hour when is becomes if" (e.e. cummings)—I am often amazed at the hold that "is" has on me: *I want to get back to work*—or at least to be thinking about "is-ing." So, I move about and along quite single-mindedly, and even the M & M's in the Vending Machine do not deter or detain me. However, I am glad that they are there. I usually buy a *South Bend Tribune*—but that's different, too.

I leave the Huddle by the North door. Sometimes there is a bevy of beauties sitting on the steps; and sometimes there isn't. If there is, I may linger (you may put any interpretation you want to on this. Keats, even, might do very well:

> "Beauty is Truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know);

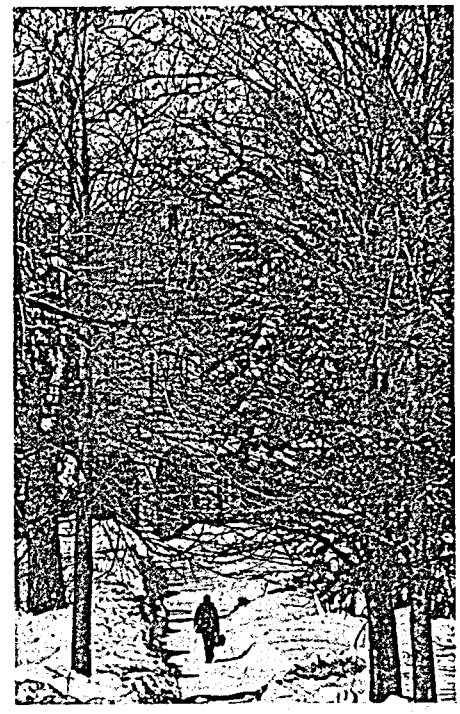
if there isn't, I turn immediately to the right and start walking towards the Fieldhouse. How I regret that the artists—when they took over the Fieldhouse for their workshops and studios—did not put up over the entrance words that would be as eye-catching and spirit-catching as the words over the door of Nieuwland! I sure would like to see these beautiful words up there—these beautiful words from Maritain's *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry:* "Creativity, or the power of engendering, does not belong only to material organisms, it is a mark and privilege of life in spiritual things also. 'To be fertile, so as to manifest that which one possesses within oneself,' John of St. Thomas wrote, 'is a great perfection, and it essentially belongs to the intellectual nature.' The intellect in us strives to engender. It is anxious to produce, not only the inner word, the concept, which remains inside us, but a work at once material and spiritual, like ourselves, and into which something of our soul overflows. Through a natural superabundance the intellect tends to express and utter *outward,* it tends to sing, to manifest itself in a work."

I veer to the left for about fifty paces and then turn right into or onto the walk or road between the Fieldhouse and Breen-Phillips (I have many friends in Breen-Phillips; I have never viewed Breen-Phillips as just a hall that I pass by on my way to Farley). I take the walk—unless it is "puddle-wonderful"; in which case I usually take the road (the drainage system is better for cars than it is for pedestrians). But walk or road, puddles or no puddles (I remember the puddles that were), season bright or no season bright, I often sing, "in just-spring when the world is mudluscious. . ."

The library looms ahead—and that's really something. When it comes to "buildings looming," the Notre Dame Memorial Library is right up there. I've heard it said that it is the tallest college library in the world. I am tired—or, if I may, *I is tired* (it brings out better than I am tired all over—not only in my head, but in every fiber of my being). *Woe is me*—or, *if you may* (and you may), *Woe is Joe.* I am going to go into that there Library there and have me a real good long serious uninterrupted (except by "calls of nature") read. Please God it may be fruitful!

Off the Quad

by Pat Cuneo



Every dormitory on the Notre Dame campus has its own individual character. And as *Du Lac* points out in perhaps the biggest understatement of the century, "Your hall is much more than a place to store your clothes, monitor phone calls and receive mail." Rather than provide a descriptive account of what goes on in the various dorms, a few notes may be appropriate.

All but five of 22 dorms are situated on a quad, and two of those five (Flanner and Grace) may be quickly eliminated from the list since they comprise 1,100 students and form an autonomous-type section.

Two of the remaining dorms, Lewis and Holy Cross , clearly are not situated in the flow of traffic, but they are established residence halls that house students from all four classes. The assimilation of the classes makes it somewhat easier for new students to adjust to campus life, the trustees reasoned when they abandoned the freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior dorms several years ago.

And then there is Carroll Hall.

Carroll, in its rookie year as an undergraduate dorm, is made up almost entirely of freshmen, and that could be its biggest problem, according to Carroll resident assistant Chris McCabe.

"We've come a long way in fighting for some sort of identity, and there have been snags, but mostly as a result of growing pains," the senior business major relates.

McCabe feels that Carroll is in a very challenging position since it is in the developing stages as a hall, but the freshmen may not be getting a "natural adjustment into collegiate life.

"Next year it will be much easier just in the fact that the students here will be sophomores and will have solidified friendships," he says. "Right now, I believe a high percentage are planning to return, which hopefully shows that we are heading in the right direction."

McCabe offers the Carroll residents praise as "the most independent and most responsible group of freshmen on campus—because they have to be.

"Carroll's biggest problem is that it is out of view from the rest of the campus unless you're running around the lakes," he comments. "Our problem of isolation is not of us getting around, it is of other students failing to get over here."

Carroll's athletic director, Lou Malvezzi, says he doesn't mind the extra five-minute walk it takes to get places and that the isolation can be very positive. "Being a small dorm, we know just about everybody, and we are forced into a situation where you have to be active," he says.

Bill Fuller, a resident of Holy Cross, believes that his dorm's situation is quite different from Carroll's. "Sometimes I do feel isolated because we don't have the excitement of a quad, and it's intimidating to have to walk long distances in the rain or snow, but there are many good points to consider."

Hall spirit is strong in Holy Cross and the student government and hall staff cater to the students' needs, according to Fuller.

Holy Cross social commissioner Jack Hart doesn't believe an isolation state exists at all. "When the blizzard hit I skipped a few meals, but I think it's nice being out of the way. In fact, people don't realize that the walk just isn't that far," he says.

Both Holy Cross and Carroll use the lake in the winter season as a walkway to the main campus, Hart explains. "In good weather it takes eight minutes to get to the dining hall, and traveling the lake cuts that in half—to four minutes. The path is usually wide enough to manage rows of three."

The amount of distance to the main campus from Holy Cross and Carroll is much greater than that of Lewis but some isolation is evident from the largest women's dorm on campus.

Barb Frey, an RA in Lewis and former Farley Hall resident, believes there is a difference between the two dorms, although she admits that Lewis is "not in the category of isolation of Carroll or Holy Cross.

"When I lived in Farley I could roll out of bed and into the dining hall and then be at class in five minutes because we were right in the path of activity. You can't do that here, but there are several good points," Frey continues.

"We have a lot of kitchen and recreation space and the noise level is minimal," she adds.

All of the rooms in Lewis are the same (doubles), and the sections tend to be filled by groups of friends, Frey relates.

"We have a lot of girls who transfer because they like to be closer to the action, but they do not necessarily dislike Lewis or are dissatisfied—they just want a different viewpoint," she concludes.

Two for the Price of One

by Jake Morrissey

Being the Director of Housing at the University of Notre Dame is not one of the world's most glamorous positions. The job does not come with much publicity, and the odds of being asked to be the guest on "Meet the Press" or being offered an ambassadorship to a foreign power are slightly more than nil. Nevertheless, the housing director at a university that places such an emphasis on hall life and hall spirit as Notre Dame does faces some awesome responsibilities. Notre Dame, however, is fortunate enough to have a man who can easily handle these sometimes difficult tasks. He is Fr. John Mulcahy, C.S.C., rector of Flanner Hall.

"It is sometimes a thankless job," Mulcahy said recently, sitting in his office, chain-smoking a pack of Winston cigarettes. "I am responsible for assigning all of the rooms, and taking care of any and all room damages; I am responsible for the housing contracts, seeing that the routine maintenance of the halls is carried out, and I collect all of the refrigerator fees, and make sure that I am kept aware of the status of all the halls' rooms. In short, I am the bad guy—I enforce all of the rules and I make sure that each and every student plays the same game."

Perhaps Mulcahy's biggest responsibility is laying down specific guidelines for the selection of rooms for the upcoming academic year. "I set them up, but ultimately the room pick system for the individual hall is left up to them. Some halls do it by grade point average, some do it by lottery, and others use more complicated methods," he said.

Unfortunately, Mulcahy is unable to accommodate all of those Notre Dame students who want to live on campus. "When I started at this job (five years ago), there were 4800 students living on campus. Right now, there are 5500 students living on campus. Granted, we have added Lewis and Carroll Halls to the list of undergraduate residence halls, but there still is overcrowding in Alumni, Dillon and Morrissey Halls. There is no question that we could use another dorm." Reasons for this overcrowding seem to hinge on the fact that more and more students are saying yes to Notre Dame than the Notre Dame Admissions Office anticipates. "The Admissions Office, although they have missed on the projection of entering boys, never missed on the number of girls. As it is, the girls' dorms are really tight for space right now, and if admissions ever missed on them, I don't know what I'd do."

Mulcahy gives the impression of being a quiet, efficient administrator who faces each problem head-on. This is a definite attribute, as the complexion of his job changes literally with the seasons. "In the fall, after everyone is settled, say in September or October, it is quiet around the Housing Office. The work picks up in December, when students want to move from one hall to another, or students want to move off campus. In addition, we have to make projections for fall hall occupancy for freshmen. On February 15, housing contracts go out, which keeps us busy until April 15, when the contracts are due. By then it's time to start totaling up the refrigerator fees and update *du Lac,* which has quite a few changes this year. The people who are moving off campus next year start coming in with questions about their leases, and we inspect the houses and the students' lease to see if they are getting a fair deal." Mulcahy credits much of the completion of the work to "two extremely efficient secretaries" who handle a large part of the paperwork that is so much a part of the Notre Dame student's life.

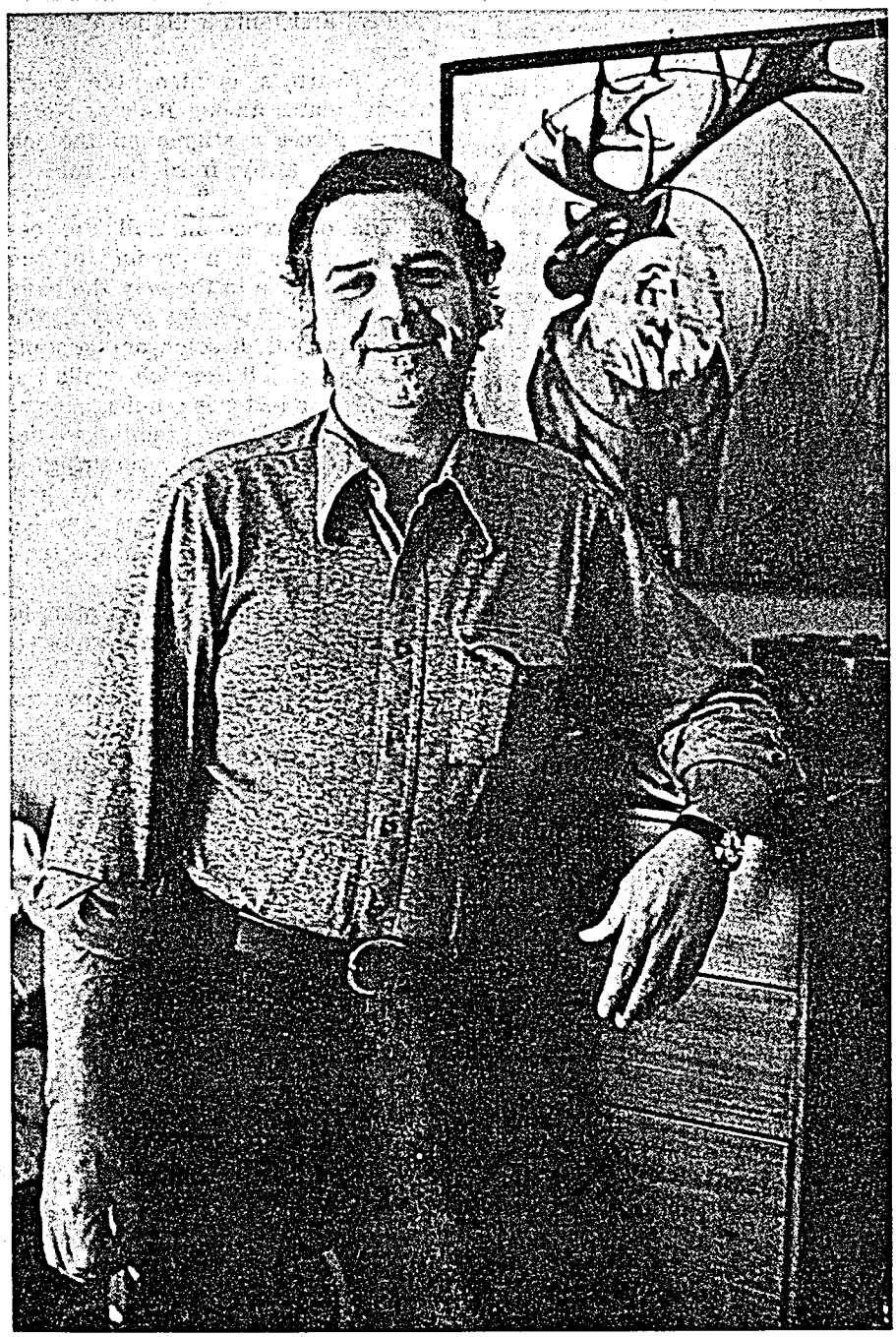
Mulcahy spends his mornings and evenings at Flanner, and his afternoons at the Housing Office. A nine-year veteran hall rector, he is a fervent believer in the Notre Dame stay-hall system. "When we first instituted it, there were some problems and grumbling, but everyone eventually got used to the idea. But if you want to build tradition and history in a hall and the University, you need good, established rectors who are willing to stick around. We're working toward this goal now. The sooner we can get them to stay around, the better."

Much of this lack of stability on the part of the rector developed in the 1960s, according to Mulcahy. "We lost a lot of them then, and with the addition of girls, we had to start from scratch. Sister Jean Lenz of Farley is probably the rector of a girls' hall who has been here the longest."

Just being a rector does not make the kindling of hall spirit and tradition a foregone conclusion. Design of a dormitory is also a big consideration. "When I was rector of Alumni, there were 276 students living there and I really enjoyed it. I lived on the floor with the students. But in the towers, I live on the first floor, and problems of communication sometimes develop. The rector tends to become more of a disciplinarian than an integral part of hall

life. With 528 kids living in each tower, unless he really is outgoing, a student living in St. Ed's or Sorin probably knows more people in his hall. Of course, you know the guys in your section, but that's about 28 guys. I'm really isolated from what's going on living on the first floor."

Another facet of hall life involves the several non-hall related residents of dorms on campus. Former English professor Paul Fenlon and Vice-President for Student Affairs Brother Just Paczesny (residents of Sorin and Flanner Halls, respectively), occasionally provide an outlet for communication for students that, through personality conflicts or other difficulties, make it hard for a student to talk to his or her rector. Mulcahy is an advocate of this idea, but admits, somewhat ruefully, that "we just don't have the space like we used to. We used to have many more people living in the halls than we do now."



Father John "Moose" Mulcahy

Holding down two jobs at the same time is a match for anyone; when they both require so much time as the housing director and rector must, it may seem something of a miracle to complete a day. But Mulcahy seems to handle both in his laid-back, down-home style. While he is obviously concerned about his jobs, he still has time to have some fun on his own, often with the aid of several of the less permanent residents of Flanner and surrounding dorms. He is a bowler, and is a frequent visitor of Shula's on Monday nights with several students, where he bowls "somewhere between 160 and 165."

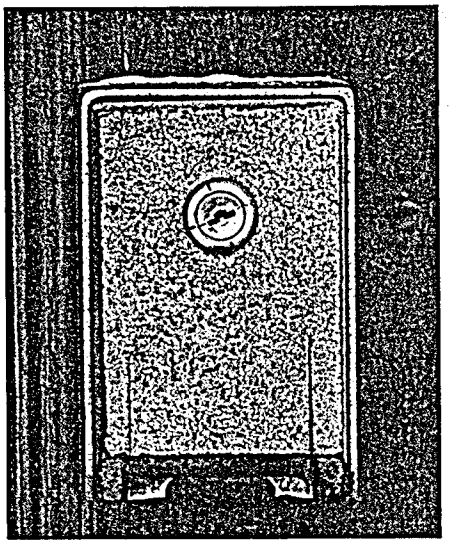
His current interest, however, is his camp in Western Ontario, north of Minnesota in a provincial park. "I organize canoe trips for high school students, so that will keep me busy for the summer," he said, his white sideburns shifting as he smiled slightly.

Upon reflection, it seems a trifle ludicrous to think that the man who has such an impact on the living situation of all on-campus students is a quiet, almost reticent man who, despite its policemanesque quality, actually enjoys being the director of housing and a rector. "I'm very glad that the Director of Housing is a rector. Only a rector, I think, has a feel for what is going on, what is really happening, both on campus and in the hall." And until recently, when the average "life expectancy for a rector" was 16 months, it is somewhat comforting to know that, at the top of things, there is experience.

So, if you are looking for the Director of Housing of Notre Dame, don't change your channel to "Meet the Press." He won't be there. Don't turn to the latest intellectual or theological magazine, he will not be found philosophizing or expounding on a new religious theory. Look for him in the afternoon, sitting behind his desk in his small office smoking his ever-present Winston, or in the evening in the halls of Flanner. And don't expect to see in the newspaper that he has been named to some governmental committee; he has his hands full already.

Taking Different Roads

by Rosemary Mills



Twenty-two dormitories at Notre Dame are the nearest thing to home for the students who live here. The same is true of the five Saint Mary's residence halls.

In spite of a similarity in their essential functions, each hall has established a character which is more or less unique, and dorm life is greatly influenced by this character. Not only do life styles vary from hall to hall on the same campus, but Notre Dame hall life differs from the life styles at Saint Mary's

The most obvious difference, apart from the lack of resident males, is the parietal system. While Notre Dame has restricted intervisitation between men and women, Saint Mary's limits this even more. No men are allowed in the rooms except on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Kathy Kelly, a sophomore transfer from Saint Mary's, finds that the Notre Dame parietals produce a "more casual" atmosphere. "Saint Mary's is too formal. At Notre Dame there are fewer restrictions and people can just drop by," she says.

There are, however, times when a purely female community can be advantageous. A Saint Mary's freshman, Susanna Marshall, cites some of these advantages. "Girls here can get really comfortable," she explains. "The guys are there if you want to see them; there's always the lounge." But restricting the presence of men has allowed the women to become closer friends.

Halls at Saint Mary's are not emphasized as social groups the way they are at Notre Dame. Because of the liquor rules, section parties are not the same, and activity that stems from the hall is not as structured. "My section last year had a few section dinners," Kelly comments, "but there are no parties like we have here."

"The fundamental difference," according to Katie Kearny, a first-year law student who resides in Farley Hall, "is that you don't get assigned to one hall and stay there." During her undergraduate career at Saint Mary's, Kearny lived in three different dorms.

While the stay-hall system at Notre Dame allows a student to remain in the same hall for four years, the Saint Mary's program enables a student to pick a new dorm each year. Room picks, instead of being held within the dorm, are campus-wide at Saint Mary's, and lotteries are simply done by class.

"At Notre Dame," Kearny explains, "it provides continuity and almost a sense of security." She claims this is offset at Saint Mary's by the enhanced opportunity of meeting more people and experiencing different hall life styles. "But it's basically the same situation," she says. "You know everyone in your section, and you can affiliate with the dorm. It's just not as prominent."

Pat Doran, now a resident of Lyons Hall, transferred from Saint Mary's in her sophomore year. "Staying in the same hall gives you a sense of unity," she comments. "It becomes a place to get behind and support more than just live." Yet Doran also expresses a negative feeling by saying that it greatly limits your friends. Most Notre Dame women would agree that their friends are basically within their hall, and the only consistent way to meet women from other halls is in class. "At Saint Mary's, your friends are more scattered," Doran emphasizes.

Kearny, who has been a resident assistant at both Notre Dame and Saint Mary's, comments that there are large differences even in the RA programs. She stresses the role of the Notre Dame RA as a disciplinarian, and says, "At Saint Mary's, the RA is not a disciplinarian at all, but merely a friend." The required course which resident assistants at Saint Mary's take deals with counseling, whereas Notre Dame RA's do not necessarily receive any training at all. Even the ratio of students to resident assistants is higher at Notre Dame.

In Kearny's opinion, the duty, which rotates among RA's at Notre Dame, places a stigma on the job and takes away from the role of counselor.

The difference in hall life between schools is a product of the basic difference in the way the halls are staffed. At Saint Mary's, the role of a hall director or assistant director is a full-time job, while the Notre Dame rector is often a teacher, too. Notre Dame reinforces its Catholic character by desiring a master's in theology from its hall staff, while the degree necessary for the job at Saint Mary's is a master's in counseling.

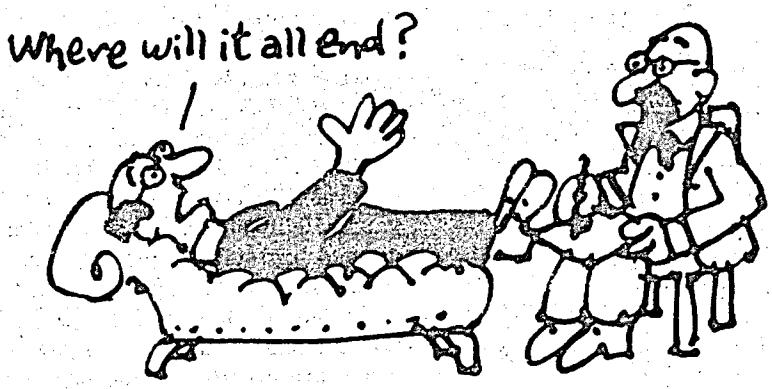
"Notre Dame is not afraid to stress the role of pastoral counseling," Kearney states. "At Saint Mary's, it's almost a paraprofessional job, even with the resident assistants." Pat Doran backs this up by stating, "In my dorm at Saint Mary's we didn't even have a chapel."

Regardless of the prominence of Notre Dame's "Catholic character," and the different ways in which the halls are organized and run, perhaps the variances in life styles between campuses can be more simply explained. "Saint Mary's is a women's college," Kearny emphasized. "Everything they do reinforces the role of the young, single, professional woman."

Rosemary Mills is a sophomore English major from Bergenfield, New Jersey. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Fifth Year Limbo

by Barb Boylan



Four years and the Bonus! What is it like to be a fifth-year architecture student? You've gone through "senioritis" a year ago. Your attitude towards your profession and your education takes on an entirely new perspective. The animated suspension of academia to a fifth year is an unnatural state of being. One seems compelled to constantly have to apologize for *still* being here. I can't recall how frequently I have been greeted with the question, "What are *you* doing back here?"

Yet as a fifth-year undergraduate student, I must admit I have been fortunate to have had the best of everything a college situation could offer plus more. My long ten semesters began with being among the first group of women residents on the North Quad. Then there was sophomore year with stringent studies, followed by junior year in Europe. Senior year was technically bypassed as a fourth-year student which enabled one to sorrowfully bid the Class of '77 good-bye while still remaining securely at Notre Dame. All the graduates with whom we entered in '73 seemed envious as they remarked how lucky we were to have a fifth year at Notre Dame.

But here it is, the fifth time around. It is limbo, in the sense that you are ready for the professional world mentally, socially, intellectually, yet something is holding you back . . . that undergraduate degree. (And you thought it was just all those pink encumbrance cards and unpaid loan bills?) How does one explain the inexplicable? Senior Bar two years in a row? Junior section seating at football games? Feelings, memories, typical questions, the trivia, the seasons, the way it was, the first years, the age differences, architecture, Women, hall life, and friends????

Ten semester are a long time as an undergraduate *anywhere*. After four years, there is a natural cyclic desire for a change of atmosphere, and a chance to begin again. There is a desire to break into the professional world or the realm of graduate studies. Dorm life has ended; you are now off campus and loving it. You are into the gourmet-style dinners, commuting, Laundromat weekly gossip, and the homey atmosphere of your house or fixed-up apartment. However, it is an awkward situation. You've reached a sense of person perhaps socially, yet academically there's that one key drawback —no diploma.

At Notre Dame a fifth year can be a real treasure. Some college programs allow very little time for electives or the freedom and flexibility that the architecture curriculum does.

The disadvantage for fifth-year students is the age difference. "You know you're really old when . . . or You've been around too long when . . . you can recall when guys lived in Lyons, Lewis was a grad women's dorm, and graduate housing wasn't. Or how about when streaking was the big thing on campus? Or do you remember when the Huddle had only three flavors of ice cream??? You know you're really old when . . . . Fat Wally's was the place to socialize. Remember when Crowley Music Hall was the Psychology Building? Haggar was the Biology Building. Gilbert's had the best in men's fashions on campus. None of these changes took place that long ago but to a freshman this was back in junior high days.

One strength is the unity among fifth-year architecture students. Maybe it is the year abroad together or Beaux Arts Ball or those all-nighters in the Arkie Building or just that special Notre Dame community feeling—but somehow five years is not always as long as it seems.

Barb Boylan, a fifth year architecture student, is from Winchester, Massachusetts.

Quite a Fall

by Michelle Quinn

What kind of bird am I, anyway?

On the earliest of spring afternoons, the boy's mother sent him out to play. Though it was no longer bitter, it remained cold. Often the mother would holler to the boy, who was sitting on the grass in the company of his imaginary buddies, to get up before the dampness soaked through to the seat of his pants. Obediently the youngster stood up and began a chase to the farthest corner of the sprawling backyard. Clipped bushes hedged the property. At the extreme rear end of the yard grew a chestnut tree. Beside it the boy took refuge from his mother's demands. Beneath it the very best of his adventurous stories flourished. The tree trunk served as a stake in Indian burnings, as a tethering post for cowboy horsies, as a shield for every robber's exploit. As the sun saw fit to linger longer, neighboring children were more apt to join him. Then the chestnut tree was regarded as home base in games of hide-and-seek or tag. His mother not only insisted that he play outside every day, except when it rained, but also that he not leave the grounds even to call on playmates. The other children remembered to call for him only as a last resort. So the boy was left to rely upon his own self for entertainment most of the time.

In the leaves, unseen by the boy below, a sparrow began to design her nest on a limb of the chestnut tree. Materials were of a variety. There were, of course, stalks of dead mown grass. Also, slim twigs that had fallen from the weight of winter storms were woven into the nest. Torn abandoned scraps of fabric were more rare, and yet available. One day as the boy tried to lasso an imaginary bull, his rope caught on a branch and ripped an infant leaf from its stem. The child tore across the lawn in the direction of the house in fervent pursuit of the runaway cattle. The bird, quite alert to the whole proceeding, flew down, took the leaf between her beak with the deft precision of tweezers, and lay it on the inside of the nest as a cornerstone of sorts.

Heat did not deter the youngster from his involvement in heroic actions. While other children clung to the sweaty palms of parents as they waddled to the public pool, the boy preferred to race between the water jets given off by the sprinkler system in his yard. He'd screech as he hurdled the metal bar which gunned him with its spray. Or, upon a conjured saddle he'd gallop under the water arc as if it were a challenging low tunnel. Above him, in the tree, the bird looked on, chirping her own summer tune. During cool, barely lit hours she flew with her mate over the region. And during the hours that kept humans sweating the most, she'd preen herself. She grew accustomed to the scamperings of the child, singing lovely melodies to rain upon his ears. There was no evidence that he paid them any mind whatsoever. With summer the boy had days he could devote entirely to play, and a whole yard to absorb his many recreations. Often, he'd leave the tree for a long period in the morning and again he'd go elsewhere in late afternoon. But during midday, when the air itself sweltered, he played under the umbrella of shade that the lone old tree provided. He'd make believe the shade was a ferocious tropical island. He sailed around its shore in a boat with two masts and sometimes he'd travel inland on a river of sunlight. The bird above him sounded like the strange exotic birds on his island. Her song benefitted his imaginings. Without his mother's permission he'd wet certain spots on the cool, dark grass beforehand with the garden hose so that, until evaporation succeeded, he'd have genuine swamps to contend with in his exploration of the island. As he rolled around, combatting the hidden natives, the land left its stain upon him. He'd forget the duel, almost totally, until his mother would scold him for soiling his sleeveless tee shirt so, with "What a fellow you are . . . but I suppose boys will be boys." The bird attended all the pretend battles. In song she spoke of her gladness for both of their locations.

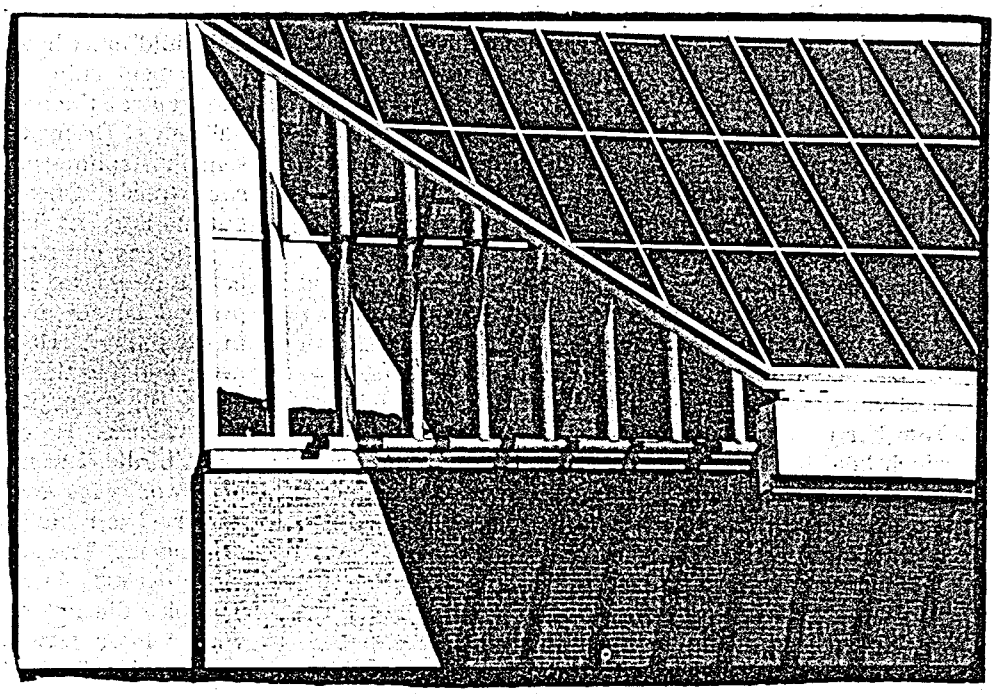
School again took the boy away. The bird knew it took her young audience longer to come to her each day, despite the fact that the days were as warm, as moist, as ever. Soon the weather itself changed, and the bird busied herself with preparations of her own. Still her throat burst into song whenever the boy did finally arrive. Sometimes he'd be yelling "Giddap" if he came alone, or else "All-ee-All-ee-In-Free" when the schoolboys came to join him. One afternoon, one of these chums, aggravated that he'd been caught before reaching home base in a game of tag, picked

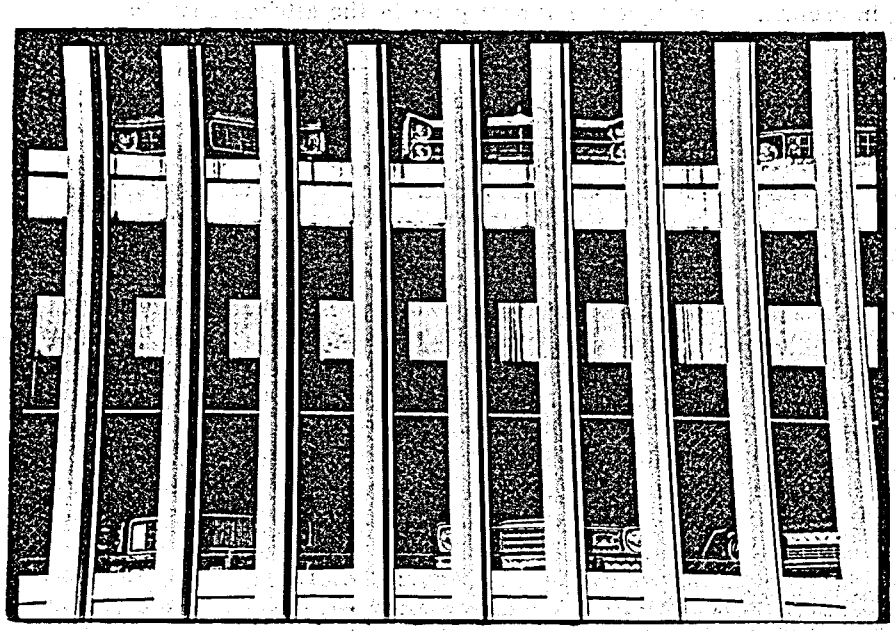
up a rock and flung it above him, roughing the tree. A chestnut fell. The other boys laughed at his sourness. They all ran about, forgetting the game. Not many days afterwards the boy came to the tree by his lonesome. Remembering his friend's antic, he decided to make a sport of it. He searched the area for the fallen chestnut, and locating it, he picked it up. He peered up at the turning leaves hoping to spy a most inviting target. The bird chirped a clear warning. Since the boy was used to her voice he did not regard it specially this time. He hurled the chestnut upward at the tree. In the pause the boy let follow, two nuts came down, the one thrown and the one struck. Again the boy took aim. He easily loosed the lowest and most vulnerable ones. Meanwhile, the bird hopped from her nest to the furthest extension on the branch which held it. Her song kept tally at the relentless and frantic pace. The boy became more forceful and accurate in shooting down the most concealed shells. The bird watched his game. His cheeks were flushed with excitement and by the blasts of crisp fall winds. His sweater was thrown aside now as he worked as hard as he could at denying the tree its every nut. When the boy traded weapons—a cement chip for the chestnut—the bird sang in protest. She could not bear to have her nest upset with the chance the boy might knock it. Frightened, she flew to a shrub nearby. Hopping into the dirt beneath the hedge, she called her caution in utmost earnest. The boy was much too hotly engaged to notice. There were only two chestnuts remaining. One was attached near the trunk. At last the cement bullet ricochetted off the bark, releasing that chestnut. The one left hung from a spot on a short upward angle over the bird's nest. The boy did not see anything save this last and only one of his prey. It too was captured by the boy and as it tumbled earthward it fell into the nest. The bird flew around the tree, very close to the child himself, reiterating her plea. Once more, the song went through him, leaving him unaffected. The child must have it in his grasp and so he heaved the cement chip one last time. This time he directed the stone at the nest as if it were a double bonus bull's-eye. He made his target. The woven design was sent into splinterings. The nest was now a hundred smithereens. Once more, the bird sang. Once more, but too late. At last, and forever, she left the yard.

The boy did not even require an entire day to pass before he missed her insect-sounding songs. All his pretend friends and all his own motions carried on in utter quiet. He stopped his play, and craned his neck, and for the first time examined what he had done. Eighty nuts and a nest were strewn on the lawn for evidence. He called to the bird "You can come back, birdie, I won't do it again." He clutched at the clump of twigs and fabric and climbed the old tree and tried to rebuild the nest. It took him two whole afternoons. The scrape on his knee kept trickling blood because he would not stop to let the scab form. The bird did not respond to these noble efforts. Even when winter came, and the boy was kept indoors, he didn't quit calling the bird. With his nose plastered against the windowpane in the kitchen door, he'd say softly, almost breathlessly, "Birdie, I miss you. I know it's wrong to hit your house now. Ill never do it again, I promise. I can love you now. Come back."

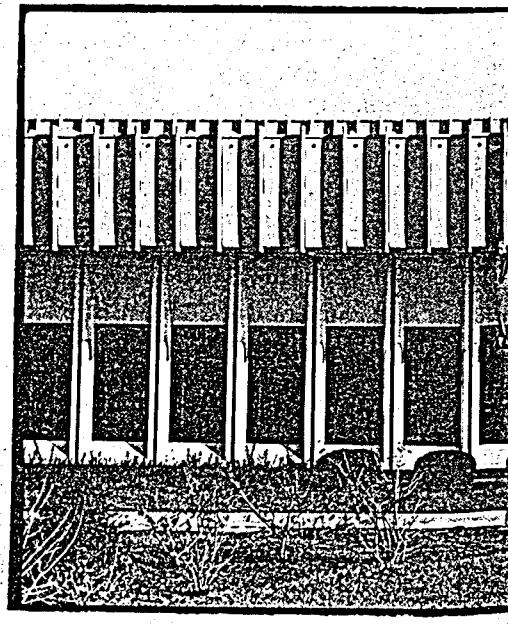
It's in a Henslow sparrow's nature to change its nesting location, according to a book I read on the subject. Chances are the bird would not have come back to the old tree the next spring, no matter how the boy had treated her. That's what *Bull's Guide* will tell you. Anyway, it's that kind, that bird, that I am.

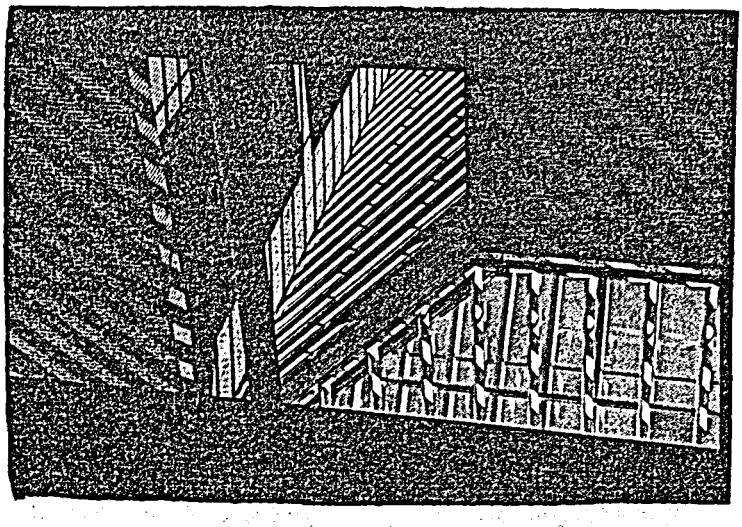
Michelle Quinn, a senior from Lindenhurst, New York, is a frequent contributor of fiction to Scholastic.

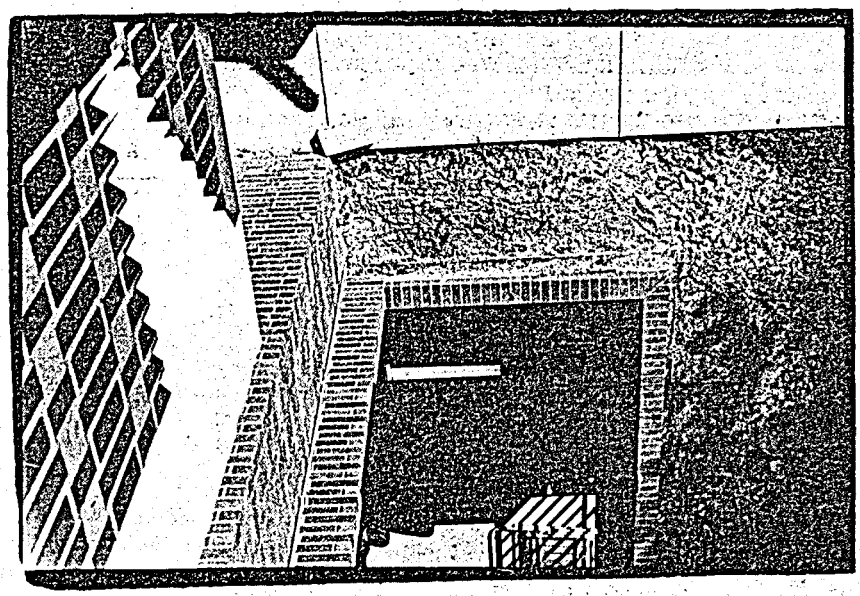


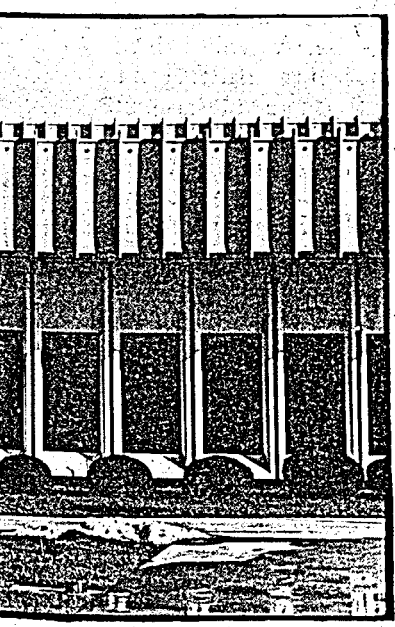


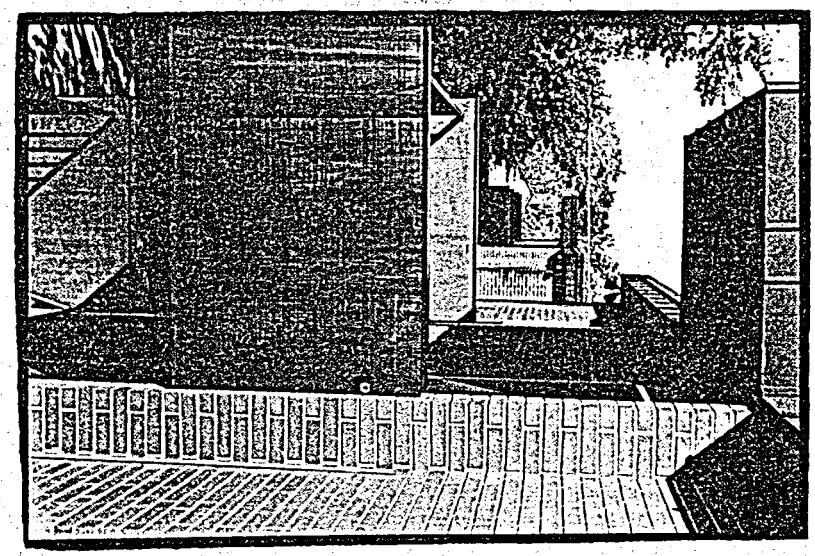
Gallery

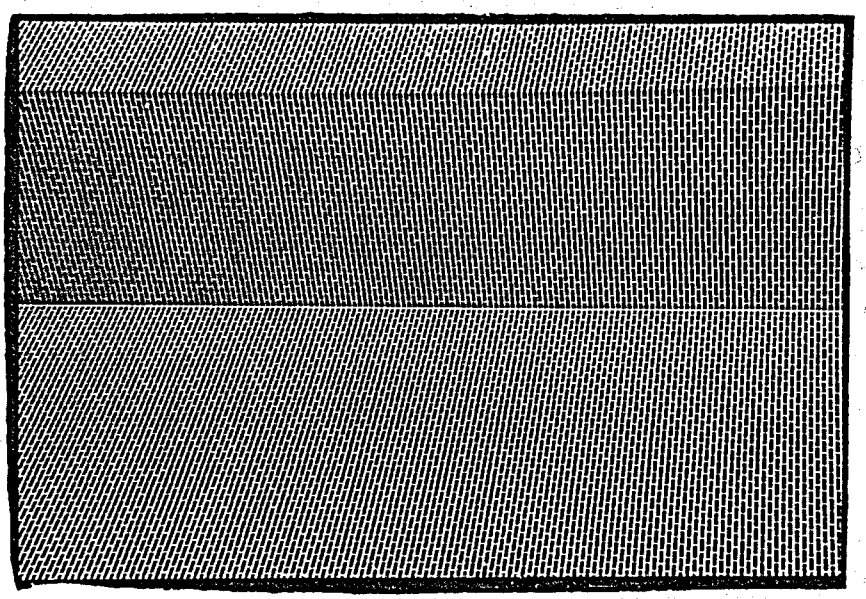


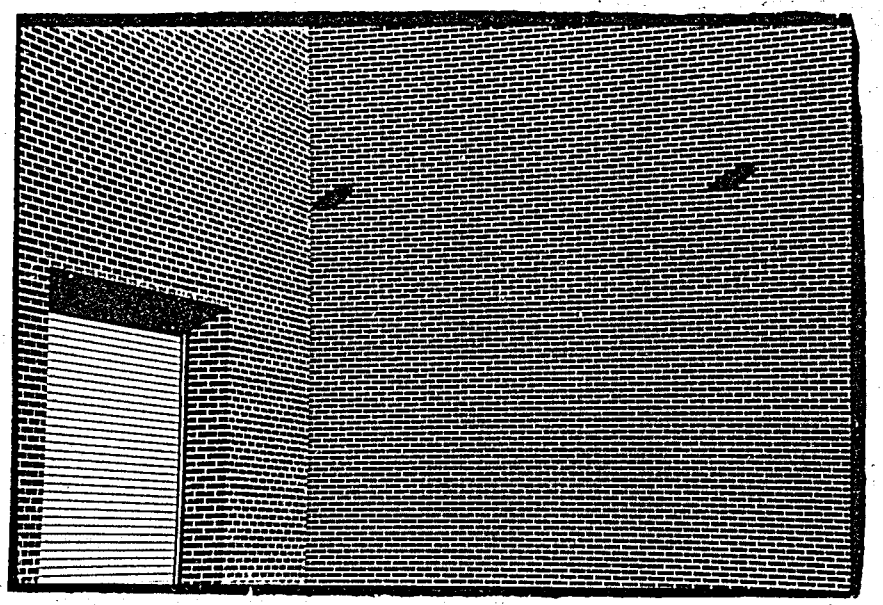


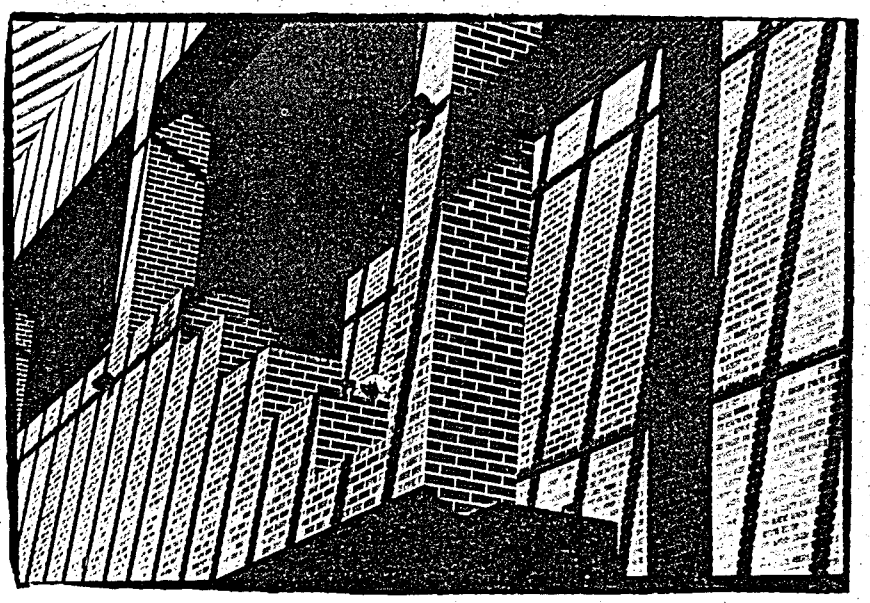












People At ND

Tucked into one of the infamous Sorin Hall turret rooms is the humble "museum" of one Professor **Paul Fenlon.** A Professor Emeritus of English, Fenlon has resided in Sorin continually since November of 1917. This remarkable man is the last of the once-common "professors-in-residence."

Born on July 31, 1896, Fenlon spent his youth in Blairsville, Pa. Upon the urging of his father, he enrolled at Notre Dame in September of 1915. "I had never heard of the place but my father wanted me to attend a Catholic school." As a student, Fenlon witnessed the goings on of World War I and its affects on Notre Dame.

"The Army virtually took over the school in 1917. Those of us who weren't qualified for duty were moved to Walsh." It was in November of that year that Fenlon was able to move into Sorin. Because of the war, Fenlon's graduating class numbered less than 100 during the June 1919 commencement.

After working in Chicago for a year (what he called his "incarceration"), Fenlon was offered a job teaching English at Notre Dame. "We had preps back then and I taught them English while working towards my master's." In 1921, Fenlon received his master's degree in English and his teaching career was in full swing. After teaching freshman English (called at that time Rhetoric) for eight years, he taught English in the fields of Victorian fiction, literature of the Edwardian period, and American novel. Save for a brief six-week sabbatical at Harvard, Fenlon was, for 42 years, a faculty member of the English department. In 1962, Professor Fenlon retired at the age of 65.

Throughout this unparalleled tenure (longer than that of even Father Sorin who was at Notre Dame from 1842 until his death in 1893), Fenlon has been a Sorin resident. In that time, he has seen nine priests occupy the office of University President and has taken part in the eightfold growth of Notre Dame. He knew Knute Rockne and a few of his famed Four Horsemen though he

admits, "I never followed athletics that closely."

Among his most vivid recollections are those of fellow professors-in-residence. In particular, Professor Fenlon recalls "Old Col. Hoynes," the first Dean of the Notre Dame Law School. "At that time Sorin's first floor south wing was the Law School and the old man lived in room 123." In addition, there lived in Sorin Professor "Pat" Manion, a former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School and still close friend of Professor Fenlon. The list goes on and on.

The word "tradition" is difficult to fully define, especially here at Notre Dame. Should anyone wish to attempt a definition, the Paul Fenlon experience would have to be included.

—Paul Peralta

The football team stole the show in Dallas, Digger's boys reign on the basketball court, but the Irish Icers are Number 1 in the heart of **Ginny Truitt.** "Mama Ginny," as she is affectionately known, is a familiar face around the ACC hockey rink. Doubling as secretary to Head Coach Lefty Smith and Pro Shop Manager Dave Barnet is no easy feat. Her official duties are numerous; Ginny finds herself typing recruiting letters, answering the ever-ringing telephone, and braving the icy blasts from the hockey rink twice daily to deliver mail to all parts of the ACC. In an unofficial yet generally accepted capacity, Ginny enjoys the distinction of being "Mother of the Hockey Team." She explained that "after being with the players and staff for so long I really get attached to them." She enjoys the students immensely, and they seem to reciprocate the friendship. In her eight years of work for the Hockey Team, Ginny has endured the good-natured teasing of players and trainer John Whitmer, invited students home for picnics, and always offered encouragement when the future looked dim. Before this publication it was a well-guarded secret that Ginny could even be coerced into typing a term paper or two for a frantic player.

Knowing little about hockey rules has not kept Ginny from being the #1 fan of the Notre Dame Icers. Barring natural disasters and illness, Ginny and her husband Bill faithfully attend every hockey game. The Blue Line Club officially honored her with the "Fan of the Year" award in 1974, but the team knows that she is their most enthusiastic follower every year. At the Michigan State game in November a referee presented her with the game puck after observing her hearty cheering. Ginny explained that she could get a hockey puck anytime she wanted, but she was flattered nonetheless.

For some, the hockey season ends in spring, but for Ginny the work continues through the summer when swarms of fledgling hockey champs invade Notre Dame to participate in the Hockey Youth Camp. Whether the players are young or old, active, injured, or graduated, "Mama Ginny" cares for all and never forgets "her boys."

—Liz Donovan

Running on Empty

do you have a reserve tank?

by Pete Smith

College students, children of hype, young Americans, the Pepsi generation—here we are in 1978 representing a microcosm of everything that is good and bad in America. We are homogeneous with the rest of the population of this country. We are intelligent, we smoke and drink too much, we give time and money to good causes, we're overweight, we have the strength and determination to realize long-range goals, and by the time many of us have reached the age of 30, we will be suffering from ulcers or possibly our first heart attack.

If you're as appalled as I am by the prospects of falling into the rotting mainstream of American poplife, if you see through the beaming smiles of reunited families drinking Pepsi and all you can relate is your beer-guzzling uncle with his bogusly boisterous belly laugh, perhaps you're cut out to be a runner.

Running might be one of a dwindling number of truthful experiences left to us in the modern world. What other physical activity that is even closely as beneficial to our well-being can we engage ourselves in instantaneously, without any great need of special equipment or designated facilities? Running puts a person in touch with the private, untainted serenity that exists deep within the physical and mental fibers of the body. With remarkable efficiency, running makes individuals out of the weak-willed and imaginers out of duplicators.

All the recent furor of writing on the subject of running is at once the cause of delight and skepticism to the dedicated runner. The reaction is analogous to the strict Catholic's guarded enthusiasm over the charismatic movement within the Church. Most runners gathered together will talk with feverish obsession about the religious nature of their sport, but they are shy and restrained in speaking about it to nonpractitioners. Runners can't completely recruit converts, but they gladly embrace those who have made the private commitment to regular running. Nonrunners simply cannot understand the pure experience of regular, long-distance running and the transforming effects it has on one's body and mind.

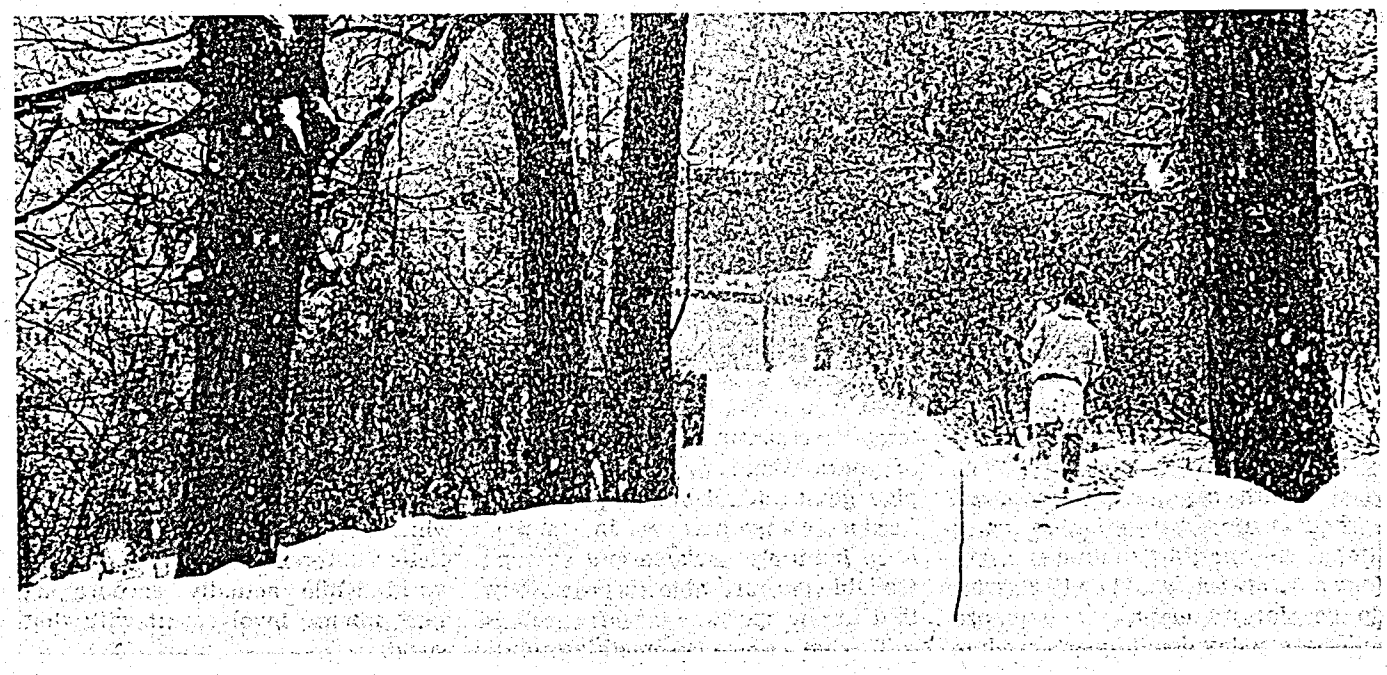
Nevertheless, there are aspects of running which demand to be written about, if only because runners seek some permanent record of their unheralded daily triumphs or perhaps because they need incentive to continue. Traditionally, runners are obnoxiously independent and beyond caring what others think of their habit. They're in it for themselves. The personal nature of the sport has an undeniable link with an individual's creativity. Running leaves the mind uniquely open to influence. Thoughts flow freely in and out of attention, scenery rushes to overload the senses, concentration is obscured; yet through it all a feeling of resolve pervades. Occasionally, even a problem-solving idea is jarred loose.

Without mentioning distance or speed, the most important advice for those who would like to try running is to run regularly, taking no more than two or three days off a week and gradually increasing the time of runs. Only then will the benefits of running begin to be realized; anything less is not a fair trial. Immediate results, other than some aches and pains, shouldn't be expected. Many people have a tendency to strain themselves when beginning to run and they often suffer injuries which can lead them to give up the sport with frustrated impatience. Running is not easy; it takes time to work the body into shape. More important than strenuous workouts at first is running regularly. Running must be fit into the day with the fidelity that most people lend only to brushing their teeth.

There are many ways running can attract dedication from newcomers as well as continued support from those who have already fallen into the habit. The variety of courses is limited only by the imagination of the runner. Too often, new runners enslave themselves to tracks, with all their endless boredom, perhaps under the impression that utility demands a specific place for everything. Up until the blizzard two weeks ago there was a path plowed out around St. Joseph's Lake which provided a stimulating alternative to the ACC for the start of a brisk winter run. Besides varying where to run, every runner is free to determine how far and how fast to run on a given day or week. A body that's in shape physically operates in cycles, and it's important to be attentive to what the body feels. Hard runs should be alternated with easier runs for the benefit of the mind as well as the body.

Another attraction of running is the sport's variably social nature. It's a pleasure to run with someone else on occasion, but there are times when runners feel they are their own best company. Regardless, the choice is there and no one is absolutely dependent on anyone else. In addition, weather should rarely interrupt running, in fact, severe weather often offers a refreshing challenge. There is no joy comparable to being caught in a sudden shower during a run on a sultry summer day. Even the tortures of a South Bend winter can be faced squarely and freshly viewed with a back-road run.

One of the most successful boosts



to the sport of running was the recent publication of James F. Fixx's, *The Complete Book of Running*. Its arrival on best-seller lists across the country is certainly welcome, especially because of the book's thorough, well-researched treatment of every conceivable aspect of running — from getting started to marathon competition. The area in between includes sections on training, diet, and coping (there's valuable information, for instance, on dealing with disagreeable dogs). The afterword to Mr. Fixx's work, humbly entitled "The Miracle of Running," expresses concisely what is the most impressive residual effect of the book and running itself — an infectious enthusiasm for life.

"Once you have been running for a few months, you invariably notice some remarkable psychological dividends — a feeling of calmness and power, of being in control of your life. Runners also speak of having an 'addiction' (an entire book has been written on this subject), and in a sense they unquestionably do. It is rare to meet a runner, no matter how busy, who considers giving up his sport. More often, the contrary is true; someone who runs three or four miles a day — plenty for fitness alone — will in time inexplicably double or even triple his mileage.

"Hence the search for health hardly explains the phenomenon. Mere good health can easily be earned without major dislocation of one's life; twenty or thirty minutes a day four days a week would do it. So why do people run eight, ten or more miles every day, in summer's swelter and winter's blasts, particularly when they know that they will never become especially distinguished at it?

"Many theories have been suggested. Roger Bannister has compared running with music. Both stimulate our nervous systems in ways the human organism finds pleasurable. An hour's run massages the nerves with infinitesimal electrical impulses in much the same way that Handel's *Messiah* does.

"Closely related to this theory is one recently offered by Thaddeus Kostrubala, the psychiatrist. Addressing a conference of doctors and researchers, Kostrubala wondered aloud whether a runner might, after forty minutes or so of running, somehow 'obliterate' the influence of the right cortex (the logical part of the brain), allowing the left cortex (the intuitive, artistic part) to gain temporary dominance.

"In his perceptive book, *Gods and Games,* David L. Miller offers a third explanation. As young children, he writes, we play games in innocent purity, for the pleasure they afford rather than with any thought of winning. In infancy we make no such artificial distinctions. A child tosses a toy, laughingly searches for it, exults in finding it — and then joyously does it all over again. Our adult games, Miller holds, are an attempt to recapture the innocent play of youth. What we want is not to play games at all but to play *play*. Because competitiveness in running is so infinitely variable and so controllable, we are able to do exactly that in our sport.

"Perhaps there is something to all these theories. Still, I have a different one. Most people who have considered the matter have, I believe, posed the wrong question. They have asked why running produces such extraordinary effects. Putting the question that way elicits a certain kind of answer, and I think it is the wrong one. My suspicion is that the effects of running are not extraordinary at all, but quite ordinary. It is the *other* states, all *other* feelings, that are peculiar, for they are an abnegation of the way you and I are intended to feel. As runners, I think we reach directly back along the endless chain of history. We experience what we would have felt had we lived ten thousand years ago, eating fruits, nuts and vegetables, and keeping our hearts and lungs and muscles fit by constant movement. We are reasserting, as modern man seldom does, our kinship with ancient man, and even with the wild beasts that preceded him. This, I think, is our remarkable secret, one we share every time we go running."

"We are reasserting, as modern man seldom does, our kinship with ancient man, and even with the wild beasts that preceded him."

It should be remembered that everyone's body is different. Depending on a person's age and general physical condition, the level which people begin running will differ greatly. Attention should be given to one's individual body. As far as comprehending how much and how often the body can reasonably withstand, there is not a book or a doctor who can reach a more accurate determination. Running can and should be a lifelong activity if it is handled with a simple intuitive sense.

Regardless of what level or how serious one is about the sport, regular running has physical and mental benefits which are just beginning to be realized. Foremost among these realizations is the personal confrontation a runner goes through and the subsequent surge in feelings of independence, self-confidence, and day-to-day accomplishment. The time spent alone is sacred and the total benefit to the mind and body exceeds whatever might be reaped from a combined program of transcendental meditation and regular workouts at a health club. The beauty of running comes through in the simplicity with which it provides individuals a completely different perspective of their world while actually encouraging more intense involvement with that world.

A Smorgasbord for the Taking

by Kim Gumz

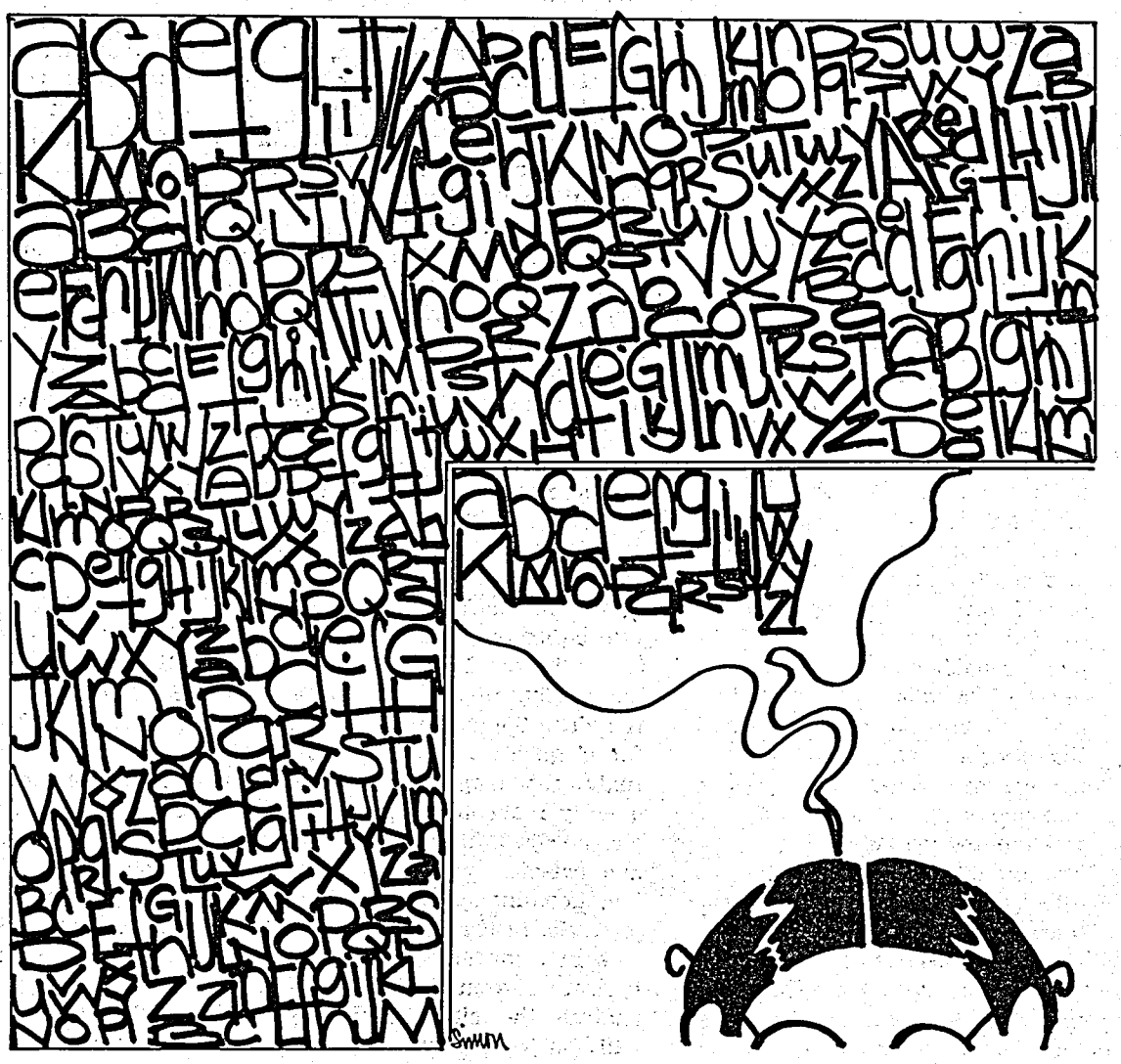
And now, bursting once again onto the Notre Dame horizon, as it has for so many memorable years, is the 1978 Sophomore Literary Festival. Filled with all the energy and vitality which exude from those intrepid and fearless sophomores, we are presented with a true literary smorgasbord. Join us now as Chairman Theresa Rebeck and her cast of hundreds magically present you with authors, playwrights, poets, and fantasists, dramatically pulled out of the black hat of the big, wide world. Thrill as poets emerge from thick, lush jungles, and novelists descend from their Tibetan huts to speak to one and all. The Notre Dame social scene is aglitter as the guests are swept from one gala event to another, all the while hearing the plaudits from their fans. The Festival sophomores are exuberant as one day of the Festival after another falls perfectly out of its mold.

Now, if this exciting presentation of the Sophomore Lit Festival left you at all amazed or even thunderstruck at the completely different view it gave you of the Festival, that's not unusual. You have fallen into either or both of two traps: 1. the "What an Easy, Glamorous Job Being Chairman Is" trap, and 2. the "The Sophomore Lit Festival is for English Majors and/or Intellectual Snobs" trap. These traps are frequently found to contain many people, not just hardhearted engineers and pre-meds, but even well-meaning, good-intentioned, business majors. So, in this article, let's take a look at some of the workings of a typical Literary Festival. We'll analyze the situation lightly, but with purpose, and hopefully by the time this article is finished, we'll have prevented more lost souls from tumbling into the pit, and maybe even manage to rescue some of the fallen.

Starting with a discussion of our first trap, the job of being Chairman of the Sophomore Literary Festival begins during April. This event occurs after all hopeful sophomores have two interviews, first with the previous chairmen of the Festivals, who select the most likely candidates, then a second and final interview with members of the English faculty. This sounds like it could be quite a terrifying experience. It is; I speak from authority. Theresa Rebeck, our chairman, Bill Rooney, and I were all lucky participants in what could be aptly called the $20,000 Questions (although Bill Rooney recently said he found the interview "provocative"—I'm glad he enjoyed it!). During this interview, we were all questioned as to our favorite authors, whom we would like to invite, how we planned to run the Festival, whether we had had experience in running any other major activities, and so on. After Theresa was selected, she formed her Executive Council, which included Bill Rooney, J. P. Morrissey, and me. (Mark VanWassenhove, Tim Tedrick, and Margaret O'Connor later became important members of the Council as program editor, publicity director, and financial coordinator, respectively.) Then, one day last May, just before finals, we all met to start getting the show on the road.

At this meeting, the glorious hopes of all were spoken with complete confidence and faith. All the dreams, all the big names one could ever hope

to meet in heaven were spoken of with familiarity and the assurance of those who don't know yet what they are getting into. Such distinguished authors as Anthony Burgess, Ayn Rand, Gwendolyn Brooks, Walker Percy, J. D. Salinger, Saul Bellow (my biggie), and E. L. Doctorow were mentioned, as well as many, many others. So for members of the Council, and particularly Theresa, the summer was spent in searching out addresses, inviting authors to come, receiving rejections, and even an occasional yes. This continued until late fall, when even an invitation to Dr. Seuss was finally posted (although he later politely said no). The inviting was often a frustrating job, as we soon discovered. Letters were returned with "Address Unknown" stamped on them; many were never answered at all. Bernard Malamud was just such an example of disappointment. Because he lived in J. P. Morrissey's hometown of Bennington, Vermont, he seemed almost a sure catch—until he turned J.P. down on a piece of telephone notepaper. The rejections were also interesting, from the bizarre rejection sent to us by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., to the return of an incorrectly addressed letter to Doris Lessing in England which, when returned, simply said "Gone Away." But as this was going on, work was also beginning in anticipation of the guests who would be attending. Programs had to be put together, from the design on the cover to the research put into the copy. Publicity from *Scholastic* articles to campus-wide posters had to be arranged, and money had to be found. Sadly, Lit Festival guests do not simply fall into our laps with readings ready. Rather, our guests have all their expenses paid, from hotel reservations at the Morris Inn to their plane flights, plus a little something just to say thank you. So, the money used for the Festival this year came from the Student Activities Fee, which the Student Union budgets from University departments, committees, and Administration, as well as a grant from the Indiana Arts Commission. The money is then juggled around until an operable budget is found.



A degree of Murphy's Law—if anything can possibly go wrong, it will—seems to have been continually present as Festival people have been pulling together the activities. For example, Mardi Gras and the Lit Festival were originally scheduled for the same week, something which was eventually rectified. Misprints were found on our publicity posters and had to be corrected. Our program man, Mark VanWassenhove, became ill the night before the program was due for the press, which required twenty-third hour maneuvering. The first weeks back from Christmas break became nightmarish as yours truly spent nights with her ear glued to the phone, trying to arrange the dinners and parties held for the speakers, as well as trying to locate a car dealer who would lend us a car for the duration of the Festival.

Yet, while this article may have sounded sarcastic at times, or as if all the members of the Committee begrudged the day they ever agreed to work on it, rest assured this is not so. Many hours of work have been put into it; it should simply be a good time. Which leads us to the second trap: the "Sophomore Literary Festival is for English Majors and/or Intellectual Snobs" trap. False, kids. The Festival is for everyone, regardless of major. It is a chance for people to see and hear writers with something interesting to say. It's a chance to get away from the Calculus and the lab reports and let a breath of fresh air into one's pounding head. As our fearless leader, Theresa Rebeck so aptly put it, "I've contracted an ulcer worrying about this thing. I hope to God a lot of people come." Attendance is greatly important as a show of support for such hardworking people. Theresa goes on, "You can't say sophomores don't have ambition—next year I plan to run the University." Taking that for what it's worth, here are the people attending this year's mad affair.

Kim Gumz, who calls herself "a farmer's daughter," is a sophomore English and art history major from North Liberty, Indiana.

1978 Sophomore Literary Festival Schedule

Edward Albee, Sunday, February 12

Karl Shapiro, Monday, February 13

Louis Zukovsky, Tuesday, February 14

George MacBeth, Wednesday, February 15

Peter Seeger, Thursday, February 16

Ann Beattie, Friday, February 17

Howard Nemerov, Friday, February 17

Harlan Ellison, Saturday, February 18

With contributions from Michael Sparough, Elizabeth Sewell, and Jerry DeFucio.

DNA: Playing by the Government's Rules

by Mike Kenahan

For some time now university research has been a multimillion dollar industry across the country and around the world. In the search for greater knowledge, universities have broadened their programs of research to the point where some institutions, with the help of federal funding, are dealing with close to a billion dollars per year. With this funding, however, come the agreements and obligations to follow certain guidelines and regulations imposed by these federal funding agencies. Although Notre Dame does not rank high on the charts for those universities receiving the largest amounts of government funding (N.D. is not even in the top 100, never mind the top 20), it is still affected by government regulation.

Until recently, universities have been relatively free to do what they want and to explore fields in which they are interested. In other words, government regulation was not that restrictive. In the past couple of years, however, research has come more and more under the eye of the public and, thus, the government too. The regulation of research by government and its agencies has become a very common practice, so much so that some figures involved in university research are beginning to wonder where the government is going to draw the line, if they are in fact going to draw one at all.

The recent controversy over recombinant DNA is a prime example of the many questions that are currently circulating about government regulation and its effects on university research. Thus, with all the commotion over recombinant DNA research, university research in general has come under the critical eye of public opinion.

The public wants to know more about what goes on behind the secured doors and airlocks of the universities' laboratories. They are interested in what control researchers have over their experiments. The public is also interested in knowing what role government plays in regulating research projects that are performed all around the country. They are interested in the funding of these projects. Finally, they want to know how they, themselves, along with government and even private industry, fit into the general scheme of research. All these queries culminate in the recombinant DNA controversy.

The controversy began in 1974 when scientists called for a self-imposed moratorium on certain experiments involving recombinant DNA. DNA, short for deoxyribonucleic acid, is considered to be the basic "building block" of genes, which are units that influence heredity. So-called "recombinant DNA" involves the exchange of genes from two unrelated organisms. The combination of these genes usually occurs between a higher organism with that of a lower organism so that the foreign genes can be studied in a simpler environment. The purpose of this procedure is supposedly aimed at advances in certain therapeutic and economic fields, such as curing diseases and creating new and better strains of crops.

Scientists, however, began to be concerned over certain types of experiments which they felt could possiby cause and create new incurable diseases instead of curing diseases. Thus, the reason for the moratorium. The scientists wanted to weigh all the potential risks and outcomes involved.

This is all the public and government needed to hear. The potential disastrous outcomes of recombinant DNA work was reported to the public, and often in a sensationalistic style. The people were told that scientists were creating new forms of life, which is technically correct. The ordinary man on the street, however, had visions of seeing Frankensteins being mass produced in university laboratories across the country.

Misconceptions such as these caused the recombinant DNA controversy to have wide repercussions in the area of university research and regulation. Opinions on the subject vary. Notre Dame, for example, has chosen not to conduct recombinant DNA experiments, although the University was accused last February by the People Business Commission of performing recombinant DNA experiments in connection with Miles Laboratories of Elkhart and "making new forms of life." Miles does do recombinant DNA research at its labs in Rochester, New York. Notre Dame was also listed, in an article appearing in *New Times* magazine last February, as one of several universities across the nation that were engaged in secret recombinant DNA research.

Dr. Morris Pollard, department chairman and professor of microbiology, and director of Lobund Laboratory, says that Notre Dame is not even set up for that type of work. In fact, according to Dr. Francis M. Kobayashi, Vice President for Research and Sponsored Programs, Notre Dame does not conduct any classified research. He explains that, "the University policy says that we shall not do — well will not do — confidential or secret research. So, we just won't propose anything that is of a secret nature. In other words, a faculty member has to have full control of the scientific intellectual aspects of the project otherwise we just won't accept it."

Although Notre Dame does not perform any secret or recombinant DNA research, the University is still bound by some government agencies' guidelines as are most of the universities around the country. One such regulation is the Department of HEW's requirement that the University establish a Committee on the Protection of Human Subjects.

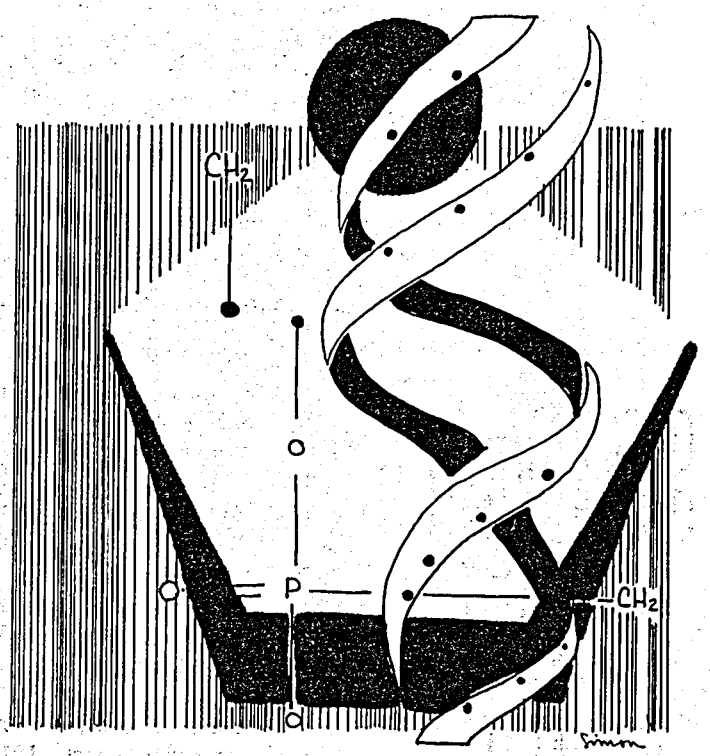
Dr. K. T. Yang, chairman of the Department of Aerospace and Mechanical Engineering, and director of the Summer Research Program, contends that, "these regulations about things that you have to watch out for when dealing with human subjects are good, because it puts the pressure on the investigators to be conscious of these problems."

Notre Dame does not have a Biohazard Committee as do Purdue, Michigan and Indiana Universities, but according to Kobayashi, he would not be against this type of legislation either. He states that, "even if the government doesn't mandate it, I think it would be a good idea. We don't want to put more and more red tape into the entire procedure but, just to safeguard everyone, it's a good idea to have somebody reviewing those projects which involve biohazards." Kobayashi explains that, "all institutions establish a committee to review those projects which include biohazards, just like the University Committee on Human Subjects reviews all projects before they're submitted wherein human subjects, especially when at risk, are involved."

There are some regulations, however, that faculty members at Notre Dame consider unnecessary. Yang affirms that "there are many administrative types of regulations which are not very productive."

Yang concludes that, "the effects of government regulation are probably more of a hindrance than a benefit right now. One can't help but feel that the investigators spend so much time worrying about regulations of different types that it cuts into their productive time. I think that we could probably accomplish quite a bit more without a lot of these regulations."

Dr. George B. Craig Jr., Clark professor of biology of the Vector Biology Lab, agrees with Yang by saying that he "strongly" feels the University's autonomy is being eroded by overregulation. He affirms, "There's no doubt about that. That's true; we're certainly over-



regulated, absolutely."

Those people who easily admit that the government is intervening too much in university research, however, are at a loss for a solution to the problem. They describe the situation as being one where the University has no choice but to go along with the government.

Yang points out that, "right now, I know that the government always uses this umbrella saying that, 'if you don't go along with us you're not going to get any funding.' Then what's the University to do?"

Craig uses a poetic perspective in explaining the issue by saying that, "the problem is: he who pays the piper calls the tune. That's what's going on." He adds that, "The government has the money, thus the government says what to do. You can't protest too much because the only answer is: if you don't want the money, don't take it."

Kobayashi reiterates the basic problem. "These regulations come with the grants and contracts. In other words, there are certain requirements on the technical report or the narrative report. There are other requirements on the fiscal side. There just isn't any money in sponsored programming that is entirely free."

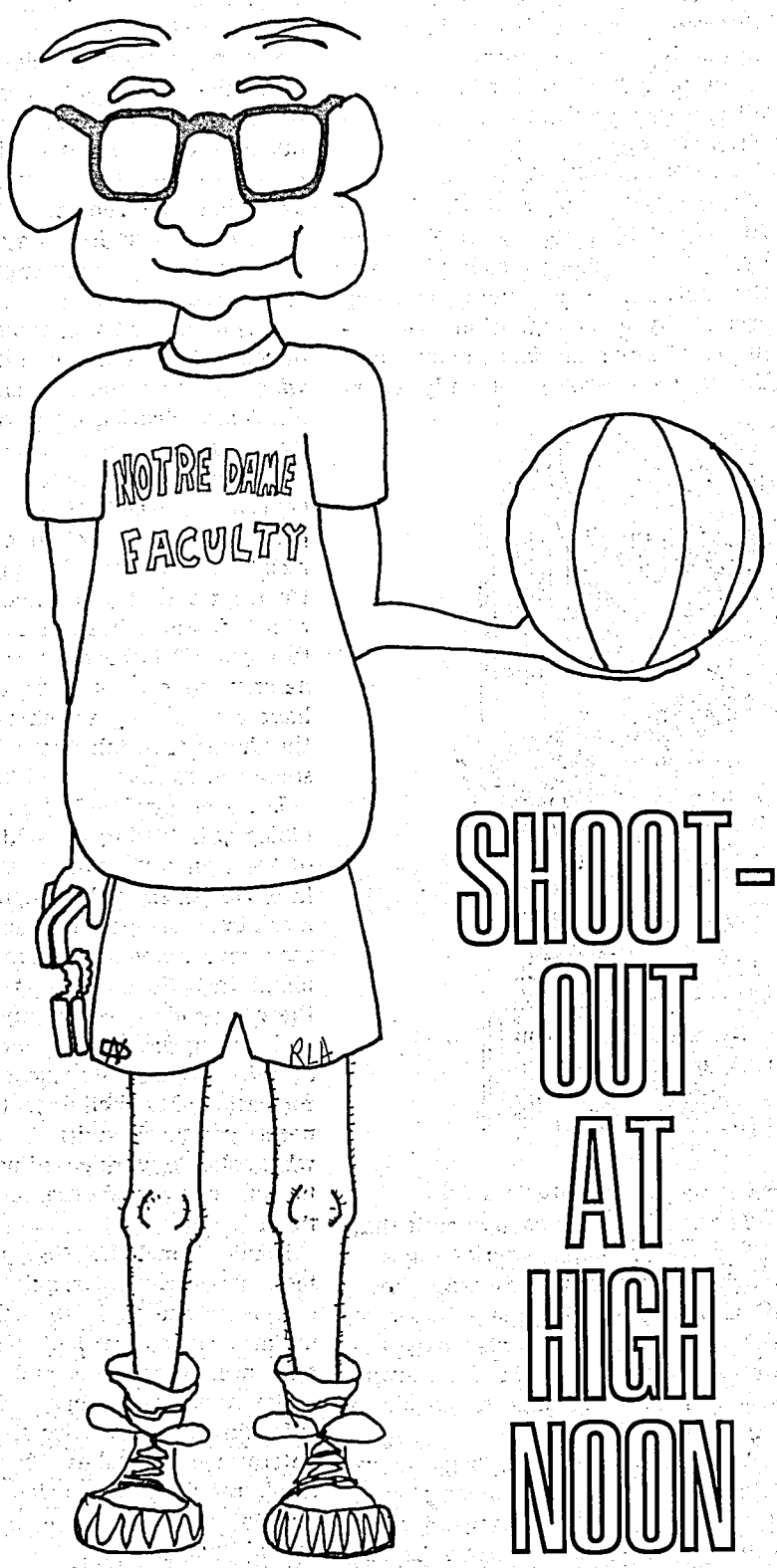
On the other hand, some members of the scientific community are not wary of government intervention at all. Some scientists even welcome the legislation.

Pollard claims that, "When the government regulations are accompanied by funds to do enlightened research I think it's magnificent." He argues that government regulation is justified in most cases — "up to a point." Pollard notes that, "By having government regulation we have a means by which we can get the funds. I think there has to be some control."

Dr. Harvey Bender, professor of biology, is stronger in his backing of the rights of government to regulate. He states, "I look upon government in a very positive sense. I don't fear government involvement; I applaud the effort and just hope that these agencies are set up properly and appropriately and not emotionally in response to incomplete information. My feeling is that it's a necessary check and balance system which should work coordinately with the university and researchers at all times."

Bender concludes, "So, the whole idea of government regulatory agencies is to see to it that there is a maintained standard of care. Scientists are human too, and they will make mistakes. There should be safeguards to minimize the adverse potential of mistakes. That's why I think regulatory agencies and safeguards are appropriate and society should have them."

Mike Kenahan is a junior American Studies major from Providence, Rhode Island. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



SHOOT-OUT AT HIGH NOON

by Tom Westphal

The feverish pace of the game was taking its toll on the players. Tempers were beginning to flare as the final seconds ticked away. With one last shot, the slender forward knew he could ice the game.

An NBA Championship game? Possibly an NCAA regional encounter? No, merely an everyday occurrence in the ACC Pit when members of the faculty, administration and student body get together for their lunchtime roundball session.

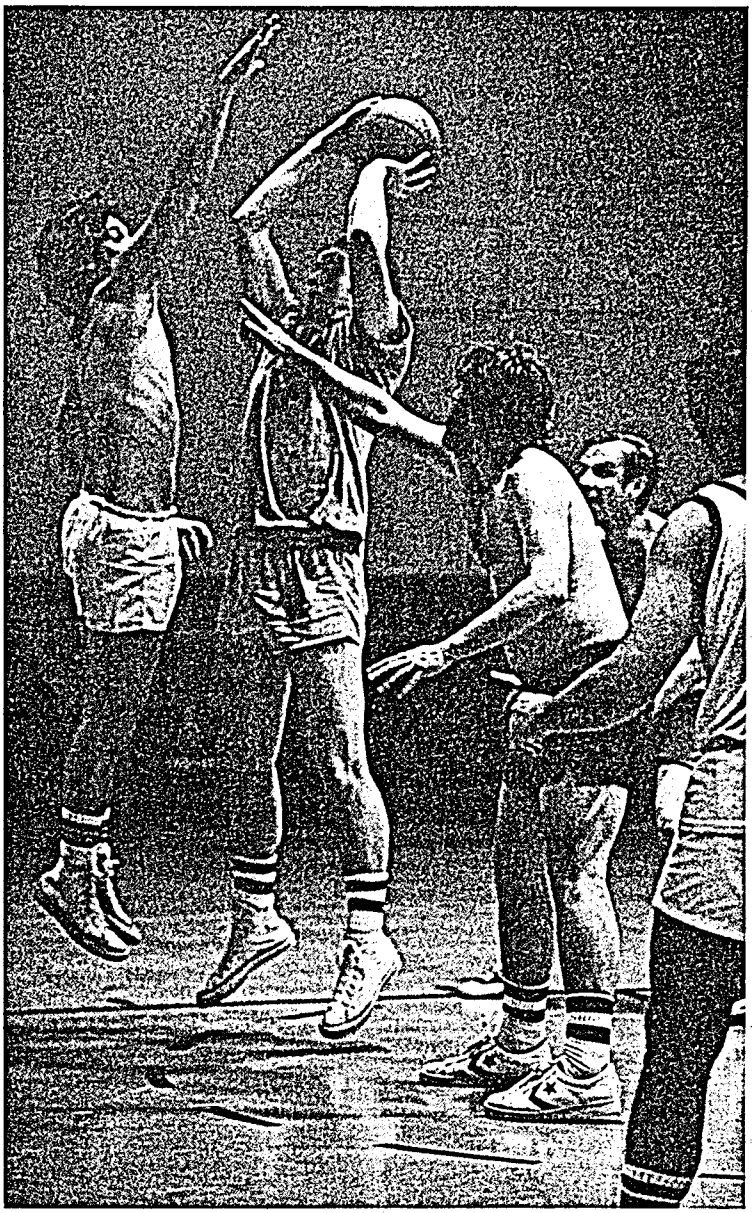
Most students are probably unaware of this daily ritual at the ACC that has been in existence for seven years. As the noon bells chime and most members of the du Lac community settle down for a midday meal, a group of die-hard basketball players who have been competing nearly every school day for several years, hit the floor at the ACC for an hour of "hoops."

Two Notre Dame employees, Lou Cohen, the Director of Internal Auditing and Bob Watkins, the Director of Purchasing, who have been participating in the contests for over six years, explained the nature of the games and the competitors to *Scholastic*.

"The games are held almost every day," commented Cohen, "but we have no cohesive teams. Also, we don't pit the faculty and administrators against the students. We just choose up sides with whoever shows up and play ball!"

"Often, almost half of the players are students," chipped in Watkins. "It's quite a transient group. I'd say over one hundred people have played at one time or another throughout the six or seven years. In fact, we get letters from some of the people who used to play here. One guy is now at UCLA and has started a similar game there."

Participants in the 1978 version of the noonday ritual include Dr. Mort Fuchs, Professor of Biology; Jerry Jones, Professor of Physics; Gene Bernstein, Professor of English; Jim Brogle and Mike Mond, Professors in the Special Psychological Services Center; Mike Danch, Events Manager of the ACC; Chris Anderson, Professor of Psychology; Dr. Armand Rigaux, Physician at the Holy Cross House; Fr. Don McNeill, Director of the Center for Experiential Learning; Cohen and Watkins.



The game itself is played along the lines of most pickup games with only a minor exception. If no one is waiting for the court, the game is played to 21. If part of a team is waiting, 15 will be the winning point total while 11 is the magic number if a full group of anxious aspirants hungrily await the outcome. The winning team keeps the court and the losers yield to a fresh five.

Games are played in more than one gym if the number of ambitious cagers warrant it. According to Watkins, however, "The hardest fought games are played in the Pit." The midday contests sometimes become rather rough affairs."

"It's a competitive atmosphere," stated physics professor Jerry Jones. "At times it's fairly savage!"

"It occasionally gets hectic when the faculty, staff, and students are all playing together," echoed Cohen.

Although on the court things get a little intense, off the court the competitors are a friendly group. "We're like a club," offered Watkins. "We've all gotten to know each other well and we have a good time." The group even plans to meet socially and a dinner party has been scheduled for later this month.

The obvious questions to be asked are "Why do they play?" "Why has this become a daily ritual at Notre Dame?"

"I enjoy the competitiveness of the games," replied Cohen. "I'm trying to stay in shape and keep the weight off and playing basketball three to four times a week for the past several years has really helped."

"I get a feeling of accomplishment from playing," responded Watkins. "I enjoy basketball more than running and it's very good exercise. It's also a good place to vent your ire!"

"I do it for the exercise," added Jones. "It's less boring than running. I used to play handball until everybody stopped playing. Now I've been playing basketball for three years."

These men who have created yet another ritual at Notre Dame have worked themselves into very good physical condition. Many of them have also become fairly good basketball players. They have been improving over the years and expect to continue to get better if they keep playing several times a week.

So, if you basketball buffs are sitting there in a class taught by one of these stalwart cagers and are quite impressed by their knowledge of the subject matter—don't challenge them to a game of one-on-one. They're likely to show you a thing or two out there, too!

The Last Word

by Kathleen McElroy

February is the dreariest of months. It is the downfall of every grade-school child's spelling attempts, and the lingering reminder of winter's perseverance. Don't misunderstand me. I'm sure that there are many nice things to be said about the second month of the year. But right now the only one that comes to mind is that it has only 28 days. Since it is too late to persuade the groundhog to change his mind, the following suggestions are offered to cure you of the post-blizzard blues and see you through to better days ahead.

—Make a detailed schedule and then conveniently misplace it.

—Buy at least one bottle of wine this month that requires a corkscrew.

—If someone complains of loneliness when you're in the room, try not to take it personally.

—Do not play with anyone who sneezes.

—Pretend you don't know something.

—Pretend you do know something.

—Believe people with down vests when they tell you that their arms aren't cold.

—Say something nice about South Bend.

—Refrain from asking seniors what they plan to do next year.

—Acquire a few new vices so that Lent is more of a challenge.

—Send the valentine you've been saving for three years.

—Relearn how to play hearts.

—Abandon the intellectual search for the existence of God and start praying to George Burns.

—Ask the Student Health Center (that's the Infirmary) if it's true that Darvon cures all ills.

—If partitioning the room hasn't solved your roommate problems, suggest to your roommate that you try bunking the beds perpendicularly.

—Take out stock in the coal industry, Indiana Bell, or your favorite brand of popcorn.

—Write away for catalogues and rejection letters; any communication with the outside world is encouraged.

—Think of something to talk about at Senior Bar besides the weather and your class attendance record.

—If you must be depressed, be discreet.

—Take up a winter sport. Although sleeping is highly recommended, developing a talent for falling gracefully on slippery pavements may be more useful. Just as each snowflake is unique, try to perfect your own style of wiping out.

—Hang a sign on your door saying, "I have abandoned my search for truth and am looking for a good fantasy."

—Do not ask short people if they have more trouble in the snow.

—Do not ask people on crutches if they're pretending to have four-wheel drive.

—Invert your full-length mirror so that the distortion makes you look skinny.

—Convince yourself that the dining hall's roast beef *au jus* looks like rainbow meat due to fluorescent lighting.

—Find a place that knows how to cut hair and tell your friends.

—Remind yourself that the Rock and the ACC are included in tuition. So are classes, but discretion is advised.

—Complete your collection of Elvis Presley memoirs.

—Become addicted to soap operas and live vicariously.

—Take a dining hall worker to lunch.

—Try introducing RA's at parties by their first names, instead of emitting a sound resembling a Raid commercial.

—Be patriotic. Call your newfound illness the American flu.

—Practice humming the five musical notes from the movie *Close Encounters* and hope for friendly invaders.

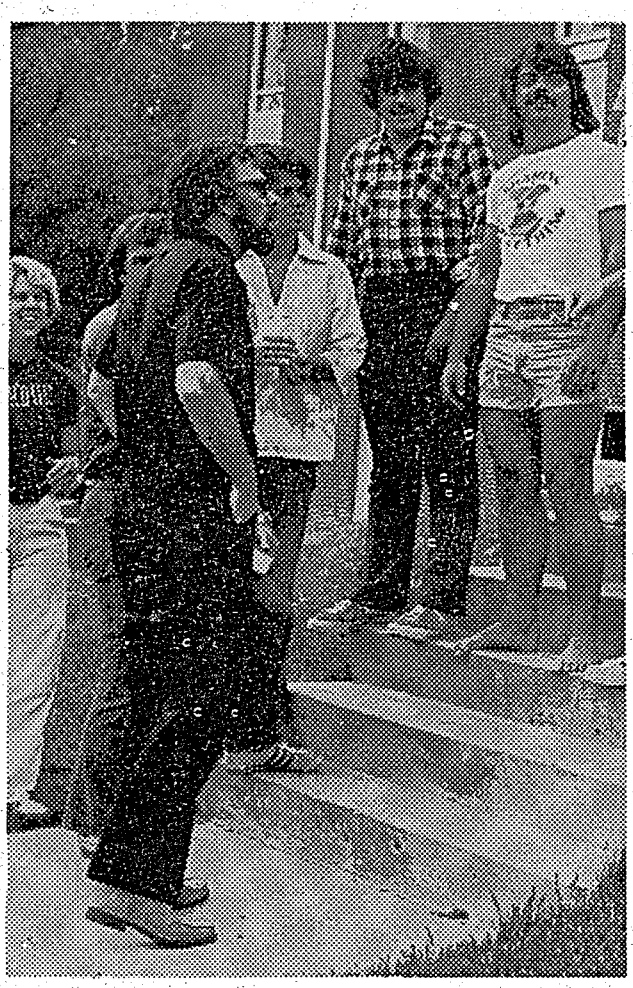
—Compliment the dining hall checkers on their new computers.

—Tell your roommate that you really don't mind a) his week-old gym clothes in the windowsill, or b) her wall-size poster of Shawn Cassidy.

—Find a new angle of the Golden Dome to take a picture of.

—Start a nice rumor. Suggestion: there are three other seasons besides winter.

—Make plans for spring break.



An invitation to College Students and High School Seniors:

There is a Maryknoll missioner in Indiana ready to talk to you about your career as a missioner overseas.

From his experience in Maryknoll's Philippines missions, Father Bowers is qualified to describe the mission career, and to help evaluate your prospects for success and happiness in it. Mail the coupon to Father Bowers, or telephone him to arrange a career interview in the Indiana area.

Mail the coupon or phone to arrange a career interview.

To Father Philip Bowers • Maryknoll Missioners
Campus Ministry Office, 535 State Street, W. Lafayette, In. 47906
Phone (317) 743-2911

Please arrange an interview for me to discuss my career as a Maryknoller.

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