







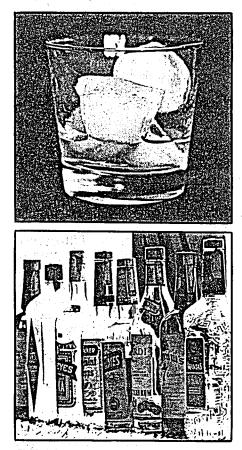
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scholastic

Vol. 119, No. 11, April 14, 1978 Notre Dame, Indiana

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The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, Scholastic is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back issues are available from Scholastic. Please address all manuscripts to Scholastic, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of Scholastic. copyright © 1978 Scholastic / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

An Interview with Peggy Cronin

Scholastic: How did you get your position as Alcohol and Drug Counselor at Notre Dame?

Peggy Cronin: I came here in November, 1975, at the request of a priest on campus who is a recovering alcoholic, as am I. He thought it would be a good idea to have a person on campus as an alcoholic counselor mainly because whenever there was somebody who had a problem before, he would see the person and he really didn't have time.

Scholastic: Is the drinking problem at Notre Dame a serious one?

Cronin: That's hard to answer because I'm sure I have seen few of the bad drinkers. The ones I see are mostly students who get into "noisy trouble." This comes to someone's attention and they can't be ignored. I feel out of all the students I have seen in this fashion perhaps five might do much better if they didn't drink. I feel very strongly about naming them as alcoholic because I don't think anyone outside of the persons themselves can do that. I think you can see some pretty good cues and say, "I think he's in." But they can't hear that. At 20 years old somehow that just is too hard to hear.

Scholastic: Is alcoholism a permanent condition?

Cronin: Yes. That's the difficulty with this problem. Alcoholism, even for those of us who have it under control, is a progressive disease. Somehow when we cross this line from being an abuser of alcohol to being an alcoholic the process of the disease is within us and it goes on regardless of never having another drink.

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by Barbara Frey

Scholastic: Do you think that the social atmosphere at Notre Dame promotes alcoholism?

Cronin: I think the attitude here is that, not only is drinking okay, but *drunkenness* is acceptable. That's what is wrong. Part of that has to do with the image. I sat out before football games and I was amazed at the open drinking, not the drinking itself but the amount & casualness of the drinking. Nobody seemed to care who it was that was holding his glass out. That's not social drinking!

Sometimes when students come to see me they will tell me that Thursday, Friday, and Saturday they take off to get drunk. I ask them if they think that's normal drinking and they say, on Notre Dame's campus, yes. Now it's not that they go out three nights a week and do some drinking, it's that three nights a week they go out and get *drunk*.

Scholastic: What sort of programs are offered here in alcoholic counseling?

Cronin: Many of the things that we had thought might occur here really didn't, such as holding AA meetings which would be open to the public, family, and friends. Some students were sent to me and none of them wanted to have anything to do with AA because in their mind it was a stigma which means that an alcoholic is someone down on skid row who is a wino with a bottle. They didn't want that kind of stigma attached to themselves. We still don't have a student AA though a number of students do go to AA downtown or attend some of the meetings on campus which are held on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Scholastic: How big is the attendance at these campus meetings?

Cronin: It varies a great deal. Sometimes it is as few as eight and sometimes it gets beyond 50.

Scholastic: How are these meetings run?

Cronin: It varies considerably depending on who is running the meeting and what kind of needs must be met. It is set primarily on the principles developed in the 1940's by two men, Bill Wilson and Dr. Bob, who got together after Bill sobered up. He knew that the only way to stay sober was to talk to someone else about his own drinking problem. That's the whole story-if you're going to get well someone who has made the same trip will have to help you and after you begin getting well the way you can stay well is by helping somebody else.

The philosophy of AA is based on 12 steps which emphasize the individual's dependence on God and others for help in overcoming the problem of alcoholism. It sounds like a very religious sort of thing and lots of us when we first came to the program were very much put off with the use of the word God and that kind of thing. I was baptized a Catholic and came from a very strict Irish Catholic background and I was really tired of the "God stuff." The AA program seemed like another set of Ten Commandments. Those of us who felt this way just wanted to try to find a way to stay sober.

Many of us had had some kind of a serious crisis in our lives. Generally the ones with these kinds of crises are more apt to take a really firm stand on knowing that a change must happen. We would go about this by talking to people who would tell us how they stayed sober. Just to get with someone else helped. We used human beings instead of drink.

For most of us it was a very slow, agonizing process to make a change. We had to face reality with nothing, we had to be in places where others were drinking and we couldn't drink. I personally believe that most of us did not need medical attention as much as getting into a setting where everyone was not drinking. I feel strongly about alcoholism being a social and not a medical disease.

Scholastic: How do you deal with an individual student who is referred to you?

Cronin: Most of the students who come to see me come angry-at being sent, and at being sent to a woman. One of the first things I ask is for the students to take a written test. A score of 10 points or greater indicates serious possibility of alcoholism. We've had a number of students rate higher than 10. When they ask what that means I say, "You're in." Then they get very angry and say, "That's a dumb test." They don't have any hesitation to tell the truth on paper but telling me the truth is different. The students with the more serious problems are the ones who deny it the most.

Scholastic: From what you've seen of Notre Dame, how does the drinking problem here compare with that of other universities?

Cronin: I would guess it is as heavy and perhaps heavier. In the general population 10 percent of those who drink will have a drinking problem. Control is the key to this rather than amount, or where or how one drinks. The statistics show that between five and seven percent of college students who drink have drinking problems. I would surmise that here at Notre Dame we have between seven and 10 percent. That would be a lot of students, even with as low a percentage as five that would mean 400 students with a drinking problem and I haven't seen anything like that.

The difficulty is that many of the students who may have the most severe problem are the quiet ones who sit in their room and drink beer after beer. Everyone says, "Well, he's so quiet and he seems to do his studies. He is still functioning and does not create a disturbance." Most of these have that ability to make out in work and school life and nobody takes it too seriously. No one confronts them to say, "Hey, maybe what you're doing isn't social drinking." This isn't considered normal by most standards.



Peggy Cronin

Scholastic: Is anything being done about the "quiet drinker" on campus?

Cronin: A number of dorms are feeling more relaxed about coming up front with this sort of problem. They feel that they can now check out somebody in the dorm who isn't causing anybody else a problem and yet is causing himself a problem. This kind of drinker got ignored in many cases until he would do something outlandish. When the problem would come to someone's attention it would be so blatant that he could or might be asked to leave.

Scholastic: Has the University as a whole become more sensitive to the alcoholic problems of its students?

Cronin: Yes. There has definitely been a change in attitude at some levels.

Scholastic: Has your being here as an alcohol and drug counselor helped in this?

Cronin: I'm just a reminder mostly. For years no one was quite ready to deal with the problem. Now they seem to be more open. Also, there are a number of alumni as well as faculty and staff members who are recovering alcoholics who make themselves available to students. Scholastic: What do you suggest as steps toward the solution of this problem on campus?

Cronin: I think the answers come from the students themselves with the administration setting clearer guidelines. It has to be a student to student thing with faculty helping. There is a group on campus called SOAP who make themselves available to other students who have had a problem that involved alcohol. What SOAP means is "Students on Alcohol Problems" and their motto is "clean up your act: use SOAP." What they really want to do is to allow and encourage the discussion of alcohol use versus alcohol abuse to surface for decision making on each individual student's part to drink or not to drink. I think the strength of what we have on this campus is from students, with us just helping and guiding to support proper values and attitudes.

Freshman orientation could be different. If, when they come, they are not given an introduction to the Michigan bars in the first week it would help the situation from the start. There could be some education on the many aspects of this matter, making it a commonly talked about thing. Students could talk about drunkenness to each other. This would verify whether or not it should be so acceptable.

Liquor and the Law

by Theresa Rebeck

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Every weekend, in one dorm or another, sooner or later, a section party gets "out of hand," and an irate RA or rector announces that the festivities will have to come to an end. As a consequence of this inevitable event, a good many students spend part of the following week complaining about unfeeling RA's, sadistic rectors, and generally stupid university policies concerning the consumption of alcohol. The real culprit, however, is the state of Indiana and a strict law which prohibits the use of alcohol by anyone under the age of majority.

Indiana law stipulates that anyone under the age of 21 cannot buy. own, sell, be given, or consume any alcoholic beverage. This means that every time a 19 year old takes a sip of beer in Indiana, the law has been broken, and until the law is changed, University policy has to comply with such regulations. Because many students feel the law is too strict, a branch of Notre Dame's student government, the Student Lobby, was formed with the express purpose of lobbying to have the Indiana age of majority (the legal drinking age) lowered to 18.

Mark Klein is a senior psychology major who has worked on the Student Lobby for two years now. His involvement in the long, complicated procedure began last year under Jerry Klingenberger, then head of the Student Lobby. According to Klein, Klingenberger's work brought the bill to a point where it was almost passed in 1977. Klingenberger and his crew worked to locate sponsors for such a bill and sent out petitions to find out what kind of support the bill had. They then went down to Indianapolis to talk to state representatives about the issue, hoping to convince a few to vote for the bill. The result was a list of supporters long enough to probably pass a bill to lower the drinking age if such a bill were presented to the state legislature. Unfortunately, the bill never made it that far-it was killed in committee. Klein doesn't know how or why, but somewhere in the committee processing, the bill was tabled and never picked up again.

Klein says that the chances of getting the bill passed this year are nonexistent. Starting from scratch

in the fall, the Student Lobby tried to find sponsors and poll their supporters as they had done in previous years. They were able to locate a few tentative sponsors, but when they sent out their poll, a simple "for" or "opposed" questionnaire on how each representative would vote if the bill made it to the floor, they discovered that the list of supporters they had from the previous years was cut in half. Klein feels that the reason for such a drastic drop was the bad publicity the issue suffered when Michigan and Illinois considered raising the drinking age back to 21.

"The bad publicity was the biggest factor, and between those two states pushing to move the drinking age back, the state representatives had to think there were good reasons to do so," Klein notes. Klein says that the Student Lobby knew about the bills that would be coming up in Michigan and Illinois last summer and realized as early as September that the lobby was almost a lost cause for the 1977-78 school year. "It probably would've been better if we had laid the whole issue to rest this year, but at least we made contact," he smiles. He does think, however, that the lowering of the drinking age is almost a dead issue, and shouldn't be picked up again for the next few years.

The arguments for and against lowering the drinking age are strong. According to the National Highway Safety Council, there is a significant increase in the number of highway fatalities in the states where the drinking age is lowered to 18. There is an opposing viewpoint, however, which quarrels with their data. For instance, one survey done in Michigan after the drinking age was lowered points out that lowering the drinking age raised the percentage of alcohol-related highway fatalities 54%. Careful study by researchers, however, reversed this data when it was compared with the list of fatalities from previous years. They found that there was no significant rise in the number of fatalities, but "the changing of the law affected the perception and reporting of alcohol involvement by the police more than it affected the fatal crash rates," The Legal Minimum Drinking Age and Fatal

Motor Vehicle Crashes states. The Student Lobbyists also quote data which indicates that over the last three years the number of 18-20 year old drinking drivers involved in the total number of accidents is only slightly higher than the number of drinking drivers 21 and over.

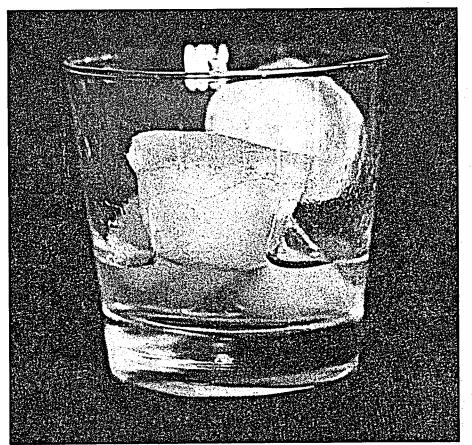
Another opposing view acknowledges an increase in alcohol-related highway fatalities while asserting that this significant increase would not be present if the drinking age were only lowered to 19. This stand indicates that most 19 year olds, as freshmen in college, do not have access to cars while 18 year olds as seniors in high school do. Using this logic, Klein admits that the 19-year age limit is the one they are shooting for, even though the bill they present reads 18. "Our theory was that we'd go down there and push for 18 and then hope for a compromise on 19."

Another traditional argument against the bill asserts that when you lower the legal drinking age, you also lower the illegal drinking age. Thus, someone who would start drinking illegally at 18 if the legal age was 21 will now start at 16 if the legal age becomes 18. Klein thinks that this is a weak argument, but one that many people put faith in, and, "I'm not so sure that it isn't true," he admits.

His arguments against the law as it stands focus on the absurdity of the situation it has created in the state of Indiana. "An 18 year old can do everything that an adult can but drink. He can be put in jail, he can buy insurance, theoretically he can even own a liquor store—he just has to have someone else to do all the buying and selling. It's a real paradox. He's an adult in every way but one."

Another paradox results from the situation found on the border of Michigan and Indiana. A 19 year old can break the law in Indiana, step 10 feet over the border into Michigan, and his actions are perfectly legal. Klein thinks that the whole situation just doesn't make sense. "It should become a national issue," he nods, "but it's not the kind of thing that you can push through on a national level."

The Student Lobby's fight to have the law changed began in 1973, at a



time when many states were changing the laws in this area. Twenty-six states lowered their legal drinking age between 1970 and 1973. Since then, several other states have changed their laws similarly, but Klein points out that Indiana is a traditionally conservative state. The battle here has been much more difficult and much less successful. "Last year we had probably the best chance of getting it passed that we've ever had," Klein says ruefully. He admits he doesn't quite know what went wrong and that the picture looks grim for the near future.

This leaves the situation at Notre Dame somewhat unsolvable for the time being. According to Dr. Philip Faccenda, General Counsel for the University, Indiana law makes the University legally responsible for the actions of any minor who has been drinking while under University supervision. Under this law, if a student gets drunk, then climbs into his roommate's car and subsequently kills someone, the University is liable.

The only loophole in this rule, says Faccenda, can be found in the question of how much the University is expected to know. If the University doesn't know that someone is breaking the law and drinking—for example, if a student is quietly having a beer in his room with the door shut, the rector can't be expected to know that the law is being broken then the University is not liable. If a University official does know about it, however, and does not try to prevent it or prevent the students from harming themselves or others subsequently, the blame for any damage or harm which is a result of the drinking falls on the University.

Under laws such as these, the University's hands are tied. Theoretically, every time an RA sees a group of students about to consume a six-pack of beer, it is his legal responsibility to stop them. At the same time, one Notre Dame law student, Dan D'Antonio, points out that there is a difference between the ideal of the law and the enforceability of the law in situations like these. No one could expect a literal interpretation of this law, so exactly how strictly the Indiana state law is going to be enforced is indeed left up to the individual halls. Until the state of Indiana changes its mind, however, things will stand as they are, for it is still illegal for a minor to drink and University policy is forced to recognize this fact.

A Step in the Right Direction

Alcoholism is a social disease that has plagued and baffled man for ages. From the early days of Christ's transformation of water to wine to the present, when the brother of the President of the United States has a brand of beer named after him, alcohol has always played a role in society. As it appears, where there is alcohol, there is also abuse. This abuse can, and often does, lead to the drinker's disease, alcoholism. Most experts on the subject believe that alcoholism is an illness similar to other progressive diseases. It can never be cured, 'ut it can be arrested. They feel that this disease represents the combination of a physical sensitivity or addiction to alcohol, plus a mental obsession with drinking. The mental and physical addiction to alcohol cannot be broken alone, a person must have help. This help is given successfully and in a non-professional manner by Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.). - 41 -

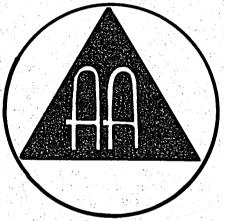
A.A.'s history is not long. Bill W. was a New York businessman with a drinking problem. On a business trip to Akron, Ohio, he maintained sobriety for the first time in years and it was here where he was directed to another alcoholic, a local physician known as Dr. Bob. Working together, Bill W. and Dr. Bob found that the ability to stay sober was very closely related to the amount of help and encouragement alcoholics could give each other. On this basic principle, they founded Alcoholics Anonymous.

Alcoholics Anonymous, according to one of its pamphlets, is a worldwide organization of more than 800,000 alcoholics working together to combat their problem and helping fellow alcoholics onto the road to recovery. As stated on the A.A. membership card, "Our primary purpose is to stay sober and help other alcoholics to achieve sobriety."

Peggy Cronin, the alcohol and

by Dave Satterfield

drug counselor here on campus, holds that on the national average, "of all people who drink, 10 percent have a drinking problem. Of students who drink, five to seven percent have problems with alcohol." These figures are alarming, considering that with these averages, Notre Dame and St. Mary's could possibly have four hundred students with alcohol problems. A drinking



"problem" neither infers alcoholism nor does it involve the regularity or quantity with which one drinks. The important thing, Cronin notes, is how the drinking is affecting a person's lifestyle and his or her relationships with others. Alcoholism does not just involve one person; the performances and habits of an alcoholic affect his or her family, friends, studies and work.

Before joining A.A., many people experience some crisis in their life which motivates them to seek help. This crisis may be a personal tragedy; a loss of job or death in the family, or possibly the realization that under the influence of alcohol, a person often forgets his or her behavior and acts in an embarrassing or shameful manner. A person then turns to A.A. to seek help and is immediately inducted into the program. According to the A.A. handbook. the organization bases its recovery program on social interaction with

others and individual contemplation through principles and traditions of the program. This guideline is known as the "Twelve Steps" and the "Twelve Traditions" of A.A. These guidelines, if followed, help to maintain the strength of the organization and lead those who follow them onto the road to recovery.

A.A.'s "Twelve Steps" is a set of principles that, if practiced as a way of life, should enable the problem drinker to regain his consciousness and become happy and useful. These steps are spiritual in nature; they are not rules or regulations, but are general precepts concerning the problems of alcoholics and methods to overcome those problems.

The "Twelve Traditions," on the other hand, are the guidelines by which A.A. creates and upholds its unity and tradition. These might be considered the rules and regulations concerning a member's relation to the organization and the organization's relation to society. There is no central authority or bureaucracy of any type in A.A. There are national and international offices where literature is written, printed and distributed, but the national organization has no authority over any of the local groups. The local groups, when first formed, simply appointed various people to various positions in order that the group may function well.

There are two types of A.A. meetings and both are present in almost every large American city. The "open" meeting is, as its name suggests, open to all the people of the community, non-alcoholics as well as alcoholics. These meetings usually consist of one or two speakers who tell "their story." The speakers give a how-it-was to how-it-is-now speech and there may be some discussion, but the purpose of the open meeting is to acquaint people with A.A. The other type is the closed meeting which is open only to members of the A.A. group. At these meetings, various topics concerning the life of an alcoholic are discussed and all members are encouraged to participate. It is at these meetings where A.A. hopes to give people the incentive to sober up. There are two closed meetings each week here on campus, held in Holy Cross Hall on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, attended by students and adminis-

trators. South Bend has numerous open and closed meetings weekly which can be attended by merely calling the South Bend Chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous.

The major fault or problem with A.A. does not lie in the framework or principles of the organization, but it lies in the people who are A.A. According to Cronin, "people's personalities are the major problem with A.A. Some, if not'all, people are egotistical to a degree and the fact that they must accept themselves as alcoholics shames and embarrasses them." These people lack the courage to accept their condition and attempt to resolve it. There are only four students here on campus who have accepted their drinking problem and are now working to dispose of it.

Anonymity does exist in A.A. for those who desire to remain so. All members of A.A. are known by their first names and the first letter of their last name, unless of course, they wish to "go public" and reveal themselves, which is no longer as shameful as it has been in the past. A.A. members know what it is like to be a newcomer and therefore remain loyal to all others in the group. A.A. members are people more than they are names and positions. Their work is concerned solely with returning alcoholics back into the real, sober world and their cure rate is, one member termed, "respectable." It is estimated that twenty-five percent of the people who join A.A. stop drinking after their first encounter with the group and fifty percent stop after having quit and later rejoined A.A. The final twenty-five percent are people who never stop drinking. They either quit A.A. or simply lack the ability to stop, and they remain alcoholics.

Most of A.A.'s principles are borrowed from the fields of religion and medicine and fused together to relate specifically to alcoholics. The concept of God does play a role in A.A. because A.A. stresses the existence of some spiritual power that is mightier than the bottle and can help lead alcoholics onto the road to recovery. For some, this power may be the A.A. group itself while for others, it may be God. A.A. is non-denominational, so there are no dogmas of partisan beliefs introduced. The interaction of a spiritual power with the alcoholic is a very personal and important step toward recovery.

Alcoholics Anonymous is the best cure for alcoholism, a disease that can only be stopped by the individual victim. Courage is necessary to combat the problem; the framework can be found here in the Notre Dame community. Every A.A. member carries the organization card, which asks, "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference." The alcoholic's road is a two-way street and Alcoholics Anonymous provides the directions that lead to recovery. 1...t

A sophomore General Program major and a Grace Hall resident, Dave Satterfield is from, of all places, Oregon, Illinois. Imagine.



by Patricia Brennan

Hard as it may be to believe, there are still a few of us left who cannot bring ourselves to drink beer. I never thought that not liking the taste of beer would be a great affliction until I got to college and found everyone drinking it. "It just takes a while to get used to the taste" was the only encouragement I received as I watched everyone have a great time blowing foam in each other's faces during beer fights. Blowing the fizz off my Coke just never had the same effect and didn't seem to be any fun at all. But I kept faith and figured that one day L too would be able to enjoy "a few cold ones". at the end of a hard day.

Well, sad to say, after four years of intensive training by some very concerned friends, I still cannot drink beer without a grimace on my face. Oh, I have been known to force one down every few months, someone even said I drank a Guinness Stout on my birthday, but usually it isn't by choice. Don't despair, though, it's not as tragic as it sounds. Believe it or not there are some advantages to having difficult taste buds when it comes to beer.

No matter what they try to tell you, even light beer is loaded with calories, and not liking

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beer has kept me from drinking myself into offensive tackle size. I've also gotten to know how lots of different cars work since I'm the one left standing at the end of the night and can begin the chauffeur service home from the bars. Since I usually make a fool of myself when I overindulge in alcoholic beverages, the fact that I dislike the least expensive of intoxicating liquors will let me graduate with a sliver of pride left. I also get some great deals on soft drinks at the bars since most bartenders are so shocked that I'm ordering Coke that they forget to charge me.

There are drawbacks as well I'm afraid. A lot of people think I'm trying to be a prissy girl, so I try to prove I'm really a dirtball and end up regretting that I couldn't have left it at "yes, please" when I'm offered a beer for the fourth time. And I feel awfully cheap when they catch me trying to sneak into a party rather than pay a dollar to talk to my friends.

Well, my crazy, rowdy college years are almost over and I've given up on beer. I've heard that in the business world the two-martini lunch is really popular, so my taste buds and I will move on and try to conquer those. If only they didn't have olives in them. . . .

Sorin Graffiti

by Philip Hicks

Sorin Hall's attic is an eerie, lonely place. Its sacred silence is only occasionally interrupted by the bustlings of humanity below, by the avalanches that cascade down its gabled roof. Its most curious features are its real graffiti and its easily imagined ghosts.

Experiencing this place involves a fascination with the unfamiliar. Sorin's attic is as cool as any common attic. And its odors are expected. But the unusual sight and the historical sense of the attic are what make that precarious journey up to its imaginary world worth the trip.

The first thing to impress the visitor to the attic is the room's odd mixture of dark and light. Except for sunlight beaming through the five dormers' dust-stained windows, the attic is dark. Only the visitor's flashlight and the attic's scattered light bulbs facilitate the attic's proper inspection.

The visitor's next observation: Sorin's attic is made entirely of wood. Most of the timber is healthy. But some of it is paint-splattered and discolored, reused.

The floors of the turrets are not so reassuring, however. In fact, the entire attic floor is only partially covered. A slip off one of its third-floor ceiling beams means a 12-foot tumble to the third floor.

In addition to the beams and the bricks, a variety of pipes, wires, and cables also grace the attic. Most of the wires hang at the inconvenient height of five feet. But excepting these ornaments, the attic is virtually barren. Today an old water cistern (8'x6'x4'), a few bird carcasses, and some television antennas are the only attic residents.

Despite the attic's certain sense of timelessness, it is impossible to escape from the room's historical reality. The construction history of Sorin Hall itself is composed of two separate periods. The original Hall, the first Catholic dormitory in the United States with single rooms, was a rectangular building with 60 rooms. Although it opened in 1889, construction of the attic was actually finished in early September of 1888. The success of Sorin experiment resulted in the addition of north and south wings in 1897. These attics were completed in late May of 1897.

However, an examiner ignorant of this history would still have little difficulty in reconstructing the past. For the two building periods are readily reflected in the differing construction devices found in the wings. The newer (western) turrets were built differently than their older (eastern) counterparts. Moreover, the roof supports of the older building differ from the newer supports of the north and south wings. In both cases (for some reason) the more modern attic construction is characterized by increased support beams.

The attic's human history is one generally characterized by neglect. Relatively few people have ever ventured through any of the three entrances to the attic. (Today's most popular entrance is located in a maid's closet.)

And so today's rare visitor requires an imagination to fully appreciate the room. At every turn he should expect to be confronted by a ghost, Rockne in his sweatshirt, Colonel Hoynes in his Union jacket, Pop Farley in his cassock, or maybe even G. K. Chesterton in his Inverness cape. But the spirits of these legendary Sorin residents and visitors have not yet materialized. Nor have they left any clues in the attic. For the only remnants of previous forays into the Sorin attic take the form of graffiti.

Although these hieroglyphics may not rival the antiquity of Pompeian wall inscriptions or the elaborateness of the wall writings at the Tower of London, the Sorinite graffiti nevertheless has much historic value. Through the study (for the first time) of the graffiti's executors, frequency, and placement, something can be learned about the epochs and the individuals that produced the attic story.

This most remarkable aspect of the Sorin attic is exemplified in about 100 identifiable instances. Most are comprised of names, doodles, and dates. But there are also four fullscale drawings in the attic. None are dated. The most antiquated one is the drawing of a Victorian planter (24"x12"), done in pencil in the Southeast Dormer. Two other sketches are both done on the windows of the Great East Dormer, in a pasty dirt. One represents a jester. The other is a guitar. The fourth drawing: a crudely comical stick figure in white chalk, near the Northeast Dormer.

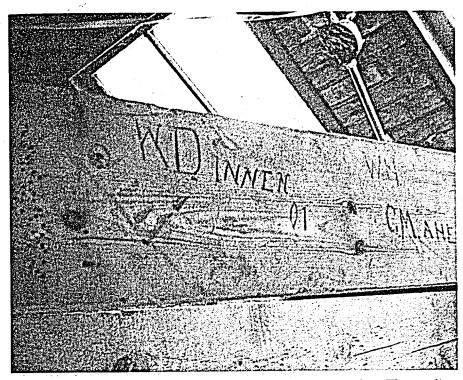
The more common works of graffiti are carved into the wood or drawn in pencil, chalk, or paint. Letters and numbers jump from the wood in red, gray, yellow, white, pink, black, blue, and brown.

After sampling all of these various messages and identifications, the observer's most natural interest is in the "authors" or the "perpetrators" of this graffiti. The field of graffiti participants has been greatly reduced, however, because it has generally been forbidden to walk the attic. So the only real visitors have been limited to mischief-makers, painters, and perhaps even construction workers.

In the Southeast dormer (on October 31, 1888) John J. Reinhard wrote his name, hometown, and time of inscription. About a year later, in the *Scholastic*, he wrote about "The Power of Music."

Today's most noted contributor to Sorin attic graffiti appears to have been Joseph B. McGlynn, Jr., '55, the current President of the Notre Dame Alumni 'Association. Carved into the wood near Sorin's Northeast Turret is the inscription "Joe McGlynn '55." His contribution is one of only four datable inscriptions from the 1950's.

Turning from such an individual to the era that produced him is a very informative exercise. For there are many differences between the produce of generations like the



1950's and the Victorian society's products. These differences seem to point primarily towards the Victorians' general reluctance to scribble the graffiti at all.

Later generations were much more autobiographical, however. Some of the most revealing work was done by Bob Broda, who painted his name, the date ("4-4-1965") and his room number (301), in the South Dormer. Similarly unlike the Victorian method was the noting of the class year next to the name. In this matter, the Victorians were outnumbered by a three to one ratio (by students like Joe McGlynn). In addition, the Victorians held previous graffiti in respect, while, in one instance at least, their successors did not. In the South Dormer "Louie + Jiggs" apparently painted over an older inscription with white paint, and then penciled their own message. Another less subtle element characteristic of the modern style is the tremendous size of its graffiti. Often the dormers' six- to eight-foot beams are entirely filled by a single, gaudily painted name. No Victorian name, however, is more than 18 inches in length.

Nor were the Victorian inscriptions placed in such easily visible spots as their latter-day counterparts. In general, very few are in the bright light of the dormers. They are most often viewed in medium light and pitch dark. Many cannot be seen without the aid of intense artificial light. The writers following them, on the other hand, almost always put their creations in or around the dormers. Very rarely does their placement render them invisible to the unaided eye.

Although these newcomers appear very bold in comparison with their timid forefathers, the two schools of graffiti do indeed have some stylistic features. Their most striking similarity is the lack of originality and daring in their placements. All of the attic's graffiti is done in the most accessible parts of the room. Where a floorboard does not exist, they do not try. Where a ladder is needed, they look elsewhere. Where agility is required, they give up. Sites reached only by a nervy tightroping act are neglected. Interiors of turret tops and the unsavory water cistern remain unadulterated. Many students did not even venture into the wilderness, sites 20 yards or more from the entrance. More particularly, a great deal of the more recent graffiti is done within just a yards of the maid-closet few entrance.

Another tradition that both generations share is their legacy of painters. The very first painter to note his accomplishment in the Sorin attic was in 1893, when someone chalked over gray paint, "Painted 3/10, 93." In the next century, another wrote, "Atnus Aug. 4 1916 Painter." Yet another self-labeled painter was a Mr. Litch, who signed his work,

"P. J. Litch (Painter)—Fort Wayne, Indiana." And Sorin's most offensively ostentatious painters were "Louie + Jiggs." On one side of the attic they penciled, "Louis + Jiggs painted outside 1967." On the other side (outside the water cistern), they painted in very large white letters, "Louie-Jiggs 1967 Painted Gutters and Pupoles 1967."

Of course, all of these observations would prove meaningless unless the graffiti's authenticity was assured. And although this is difficult to prove precisely, there are some indications pointing to verity. For instance, none of the dated graffiti conflicts with the history of the two building periods. No pre-1897 writings are found in either the north or south wings. And no graffiti in the original building predates the room's actual construction. Even more weighty in the authentication of the graffiti are the aforementioned stylistic consistencies of the graffiti itself. All inscriptions seem very predictable and logical. It would take a schemer with a thorough knowledge of the history and technique of the graffiti to pull one over on today's attic historian. And besides, who would be diabolical and caring enough to perpetrate such a crime against Sorin attic history?

A stern rector might well have wondered who would want to commit the accursed graffiti in the first place, who would secretly stow away to whittle away in that spooky Sorin attic. But he should have known that the mortals as well as the immortals find the temptation to make their mark in the attic irresistible. Even had offenders been punished by a hanging from the attic's very rafters, the practice would have gone on. In fact, the only reason that O'Hara never inscribed in the attic was that he feared his cigarette ashes might burn down the whole Hall. Hoynes' eyesight was too poor for his attic ascent. There were no mailboxes in the attic for Farley (to make his famous deliveries). There was room neither for Rockne's chemistry lab nor for his forward passes. And the ladder leading up was too delicate, the entrance shaft too small, for Chesterton's tonnage.

Philip Hicks, the Sorin Hall historian, is a sophomore history major from St. Petersburg, Fla.

Firesuits and Bathtubs

by Lisa Michels

While Notre Dame's industrial design program gains recognition nationwide, few people on campus are even vaguely aware of its existence. For two consecutive years the program has been chosen by Armco Steel Corporation to participate in the Armco Student Design Program. Armco sponsors the universities in this program for a year of research on a predetermined subject matter. Students seek, conceive, design, and construct solutions pertaining to the subject, and then present these solutions to a board of critiquers in representative industries.

Last year 14 Notre Dame students spent two semesters studying firefighting. The director of the industrial design program and the Armco project adviser, Professor Frederick Beckman, call current firefighting apparatus "archaic," so the students researched the possibilities of more effective and modern gear.

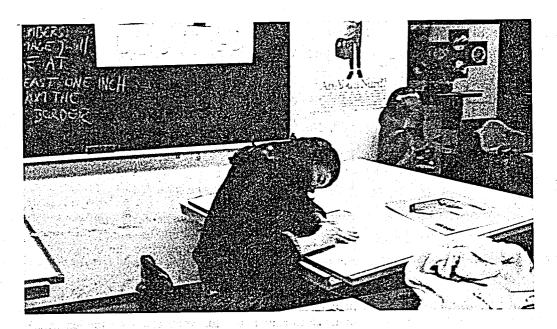
The firesuit designed by the class consists not only of a helmet which conforms to the shape of the head but also of waterproof, fire-resistant pants and coat. The fireman's breathing apparatus is a direct adaptation of scuba gear. The class's innovative fire truck is a shorter, lower vehicle than the conventional model, in order to allow for maneuvering in shopping malls, enclosed parking garages, and alleyways. To combat oil spill fires Beckman's students constructed a hovercraft equipped with firefighting apparatus. Perhaps the most simple, yet practical invention is the firecloth dispenser. To protect against home fires the dispenser can be placed on a kitchen wall where the flame-resistant cloth is easily accessible to quench oven fires. Besides funding Notre Dame's research and model construction, Armco simultaneously funded the projects of three other universities: Brigham Young, Cornell, and West Virginia. While each group immersed itself in firefighting, Armco gathered members for its critique team: experts from the United States Forest Service, the United States Department of Commerce, the National Fire Prevention Association, and

many others. It was to this prestigious group that the students from all four universities presented their concepts and models over a two-day period in Dallas, Texas, last March.

Kansas City is the site of this year's critique or forum with concepts for saving energy in the home as the topic of the design program. Professor Beckman and his industrial design group are directing their efforts into two areas - the kitchen and the bathroom. Their primary concern is the conservation of electricity and water. According to Beckman, the class has conceived some potentially valuable and feasible products: "We have found a means to recycle bath water for the toilet as well as designed a bathtub which takes less water. The basic purification of the water is with chlorine, although the Notre Dame engineering department has come up with an ozone and ultrasonic purification program for water which is a possible option for us to plug in."

Another concept designed to conserve energy which the group is exploring is compressed air. Although more energy is actually used when appliances are run by compressed air, the process does in fact consume less energy in the long run. Beckman contends that "the heat generated by a compressor can be used to heat water in the house and, thus, the compressor is an energy saver. Factories have used compressed air for years so the concept is not a new one, although its adaptation to use in the house is."

Beckman must be certain that the group's ideas are sound and well researched so that their presentation in Kansas City will be a convincing one. Notre Dame, however, is not competing against the other universities and Armco does not conduct the program as a competition. No prizes are awarded, but the rewards of the research are obvious at the meeting. In their 1977. program brochure Armco maintains: "The in-



teractions, enthusiasm, and common understandings of these two days are the heart of the program. . . . The coming together of all the participants is the only reward. Yet it has a value that has to be seen to be completely understood."

The Armco Student Design Program benefits all parties involved: the students, the critiquers, and Armco which gains the reputation of a civic-minded corporation looking toward the future. To date, Armco has sponsored 13 programs with such subjects as household services, soil-based crop and livestock production, concepts for tomorrow's leisure, recycling manufactured consumer products, designing to accommodate the handicapped, and extraction, processing and transportation of coal.

Besides providing excellent public relations for Armco, the design department also affords students the opportunity to experiment with innovative concepts which were previously thought of as impossible or impractical. In fact, it is this eagerness to experiment and willingness to abandon convention which, according to Beckman, places substantial value on student design. Beckman observes: "The students in the industrial design class have an uninhibited approach to their work." In this way the naivete of their youth is to their advantage and, as Beckman continues, "They may realize before others that the time has come for a product or a concept which didn't work 25 years ago. They could take this product or concept so far and generate enough interest in it for others who would be better equipped to research it further and actually produce it."

Beckman believes strongly in the importance of a creative approach to industrial design. For this reason he advocates a creative, liberal education and a Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. At many colleges the industrial design program is part of the mechanical engineering department while at Notre Dame it is under the art department. Beckman stresses, however, that Notre Dame's approach to industrial design is not an "artsycraftsy" one, but rather one backed by extensive research and augmented by creativity.

With this humanitarian view in mind Beckman describes the role and education of an industrial de-

signer in his foreword to the program's course description booklet:

"Ideally, the industrial designer attempts to give society the best product within the context of a specific industry. His concern is with human needs as well as the function and appearance of the product. In this sense the contemporary designer influences the aesthetic and human conscience of industry.

"At the University of Notre Dame, the industrial design program is designed to educate the whole person. The total educational environment at the University of Notre Dame offers the optimum for growth in both knowledge and experience, so necessary to the role of the designer. It provides a core of liberal arts courses as well as experience in design and the fine arts. Other disciplines of the University are also available to the program."

Professor Beckman manages to fuse both researching and technical skills with creativity in the industrial design program. Equally important, he places a marked emphasis on the importance of values and sensitivity to the designer, and on the responsibility of the designer to his market.

From

Collected Poems: 1953-1976

by

Ernest Sandeen

For more than 30 years, Professor Ernest Sandeen has brought his excitement for poetry to Notre Dame students. Through his classes and his all too infrequent readings, Professor Sandeen has infused into his students an admiration for poetry that many find remarkable. Through his work with sophomores during the Sophomore Literary Festival and in class, Ernest Sandeen and his wife Eileen are the root of many of the more pleasant memories students take with them when graduation and the real world beckon.

We print the following pieces of Professor Sandeen's poetry from his new volume, Collected Poems: 1953-1976 published by University of Notre Dame Press.

Parked Car

You straightened; your hands flew to your head tidying your hair, you yawned and shivered; and, Now I'll have a cigarette, you said.

I lighted up a pair and by the infant light I saw you still tidying your hair.

And so we breathed on fires not our own. Breathed long and hard to stun the blood; somehow to shock the lung, enflame the bone, somehow to fetch the body out of stone.

(And as you drank for flame, pale yellow wings held tremulous war with darkness for your face, made fluttering reach for your collar's rumpled lace.)

Breath-parched, we tossed the stubs on the night's damp floor and sat and sat and stared upon the twin progeny our love could bring to pass:

two mites of fire smoking in the dew two tiny sun-downs choking in the grass.

Lore of the Real

To lie unhearing under rain and never use the sun, not like other planted grain forge wet and hot to one

Till autumn morning urges lore in slabs of kindling wood. He grips rough lumber where before a sign was understood.

Here in his own common garden he hears the molten nail hiss through palm and wood, and harden for his starved sight as braille.

Kite Umbilicus

A moon wet with rainbow ring cannot illumine cause for wind to crackle like an omen in one leafless tree till you recall the boy whose kite drowned yesterday in a branch of sky.

No need for condescending to his dismay but look for him leading his mates tomorrow from flying ages beyond what you and moon have spent your joined and separate light upon.

You see your son among them, his words and gestures estranged by a second fathering far from yours. In that compassionate gaze of his you feel him measure your earthly politics of soul.

Their pity speeds with violence, flings you up until the cord that feeds and tugs you snaps. Where they begin breathing their very lives you gasp on distance which suffocates your loves

and down they plunge with you, drowning in the tree. There winds erode your warning against the sky to bare crossbones of kite which even the earthbound moon forgets, circling around, around.

The Poem Dresses Up Like Love

The poem contrives to look as old as love itself, Sappho in Merlin's white beard. It questions the glum lover; So how did your story end? I told her I was leaving her. I couldn't tell her I knew she was leaving me for her new lover. Your pride, was it? (Stroking the beard) My pride, yes. And besides I didn't want her to hurt, even a little.

You ungrateful egotist, mutters the venerable poem, you could have left her a small gift of her guilt. What if she wants to remember you?

Lone

When the electric lights went out and candles refused to burn and there were no more matches,

he went on drinking wine in the dark. It was how he conceded his complicity in the loss of light, with no confessor near him

to witness, interrupt, or forgive.

"A Little Folding of the Hands to Sleep"

An old man's sleep is never done. Every winter night he carefully stretches his shallow dreams across many wakings

He hoards all the little yawning times of days for naps, he saves the pauses in conversation toward almost imperceptible dozes

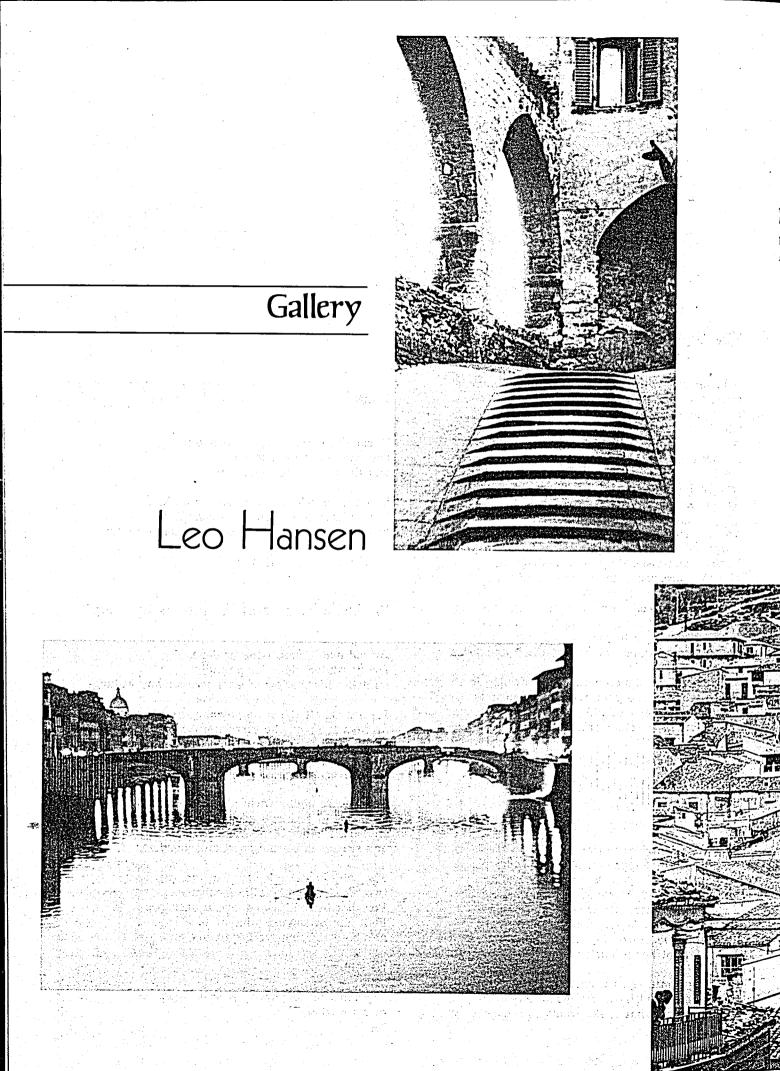
It is never enough.

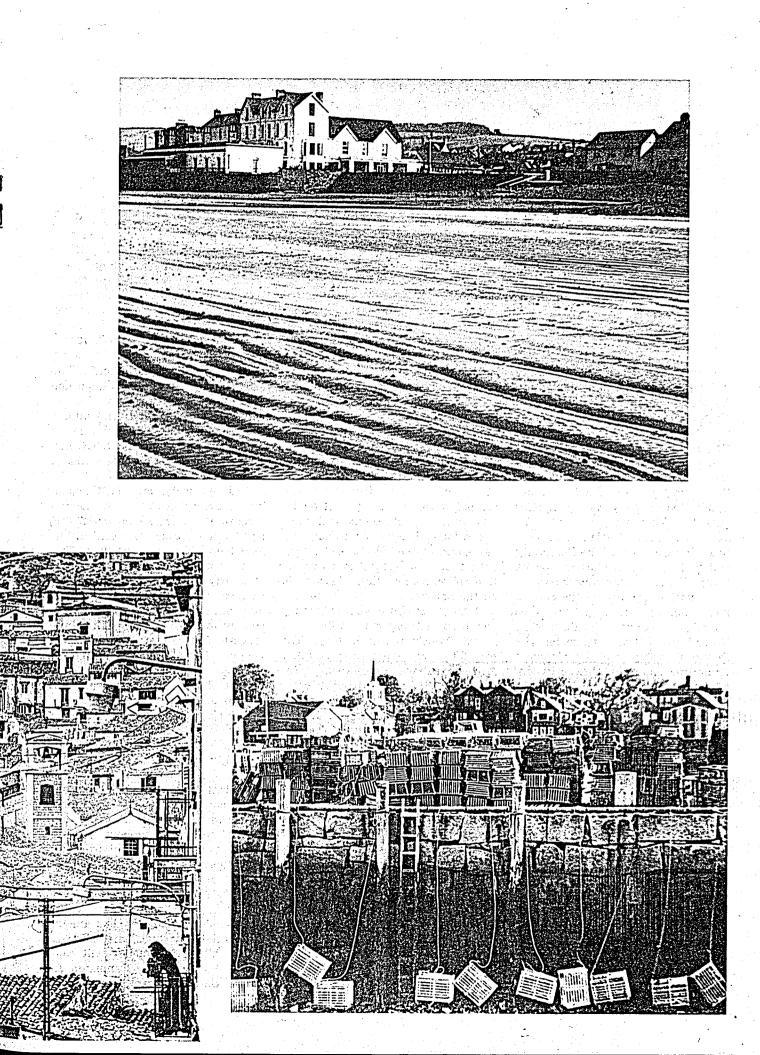
Those were nights when all night long the skins of love rubbed fire from each other like repeated dawns and sleep was beyond question squandered.

The baby however kept warm for only two hours in the hospital incubator. For that brief kick and cry in unshaped light, din of sounds, sting of touches, he's been sleeping for fifty-two years.

He still sleeps.

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Vision or Reality? The \$130 Million Question

Father Edward F. Sorin had a vision of a great Catholic university. This vision became the University of Notre Dame. But what is a great Catholic university? What is Notre Dame?

A group of people who most certainly had to come to terms with these questions was the 14-member Committee on University Priorities (COUP). They were appointed by Father Theodore Hesburgh in 1972 to study all aspects of the University and make recommendations for its future. These recommendations were made without regard to the cost of implementing them. There was, therefore, much room for discussion. Notre Dame's Board of Trustees, its Public Relations and Development Committee, and the University administration then responded to the recommendations after thoughtful deliberation. In keeping with Father Sorin's vision there was much to be done. They decided, in fact, that it would cost 130 million dollars. Enter: The Campaign for Notre Dame.

It has been a long time since Father Sorin's days, but apparently the "vision" still exists. In the opening pages of an explanatory text on the campaign Father Hesburgh reaffirms this vision. He states, "The first and most important priority is that Notre Dame be and remain and grow as a true Catholic university in the best modern and traditional meaning of that name." One hundred thirty million dollars is a lot of money.

The Campaign for Notre Dame was publicly announced on April 15, 1977: however, major donations and commitments had already been received totalling 57 million dollars. This money was given by the closest friends of the University who had knowledge of the drive 15 months prior to its announcement. The campaign was certainly well on its way with the bulk of the donations yet to come. Presently the campaign has amassed over 85 million dollars with four more years to reach its 130-million-dollar goal. Success is on the horizon.

Raising such large sums of money has been nothing extraordinary in Notre Dame's recent history. The past 28 years have seen three other fairly extensive fund-raising programs. In 1960 a three-year campaign called "The 18 million dollar Challenge" was initiated. A followup program was instituted in 1963 entitled "Challenge II" which endeavored to raise 22 million dollars. Most recently completed was the "Summa" program that ran for five years (1967-72) aiming at a goal of 52 million dollars. All of these programs were successful.

Of course, success in this case is measured in terms of the amount of funds raised. The money from the campaign will, for the most part, enhance the endowment of the University. Father Hesburgh admits (perhaps with a note of noble sadness) that the 10 best universities in the country are the 10 most financially endowed. Harvard's endow-

by Tom Balcerek

ment is presently 1.5 billion dollars and Yale's is about 700 million dollars. At this time, Notre Dame's endowment is around 115 million dollars, ranking 23rd in the nation in terms of endowment. Realistically, there is no reliable standard for ranking universities.

Most generally, however, the quality of education at a university is essentially dependent on its wealth, and in most cases the converse is also true. It is this circular effect that sustains a great university. Presently there are about 18 other schools endeavoring to raise over 100 million dollars in campaigns similar to Notre Dame's. The three largest of these campaigns are being conducted by Yale, Stanford, and Chicago, in order to raise 370 million dollars, 300 million dollars and 280 million dollars, respectively.

There's no keeping up with the Harvards or the Yales.

Notre Dame, however, does surprisingly well. According to Mr. James E. Murphy, Assistant Vice-President for Public Relations and Development, Notre Dame is consistently in the top 10 nationally with respect to alumni support. The national average of alumni who support their alma mater monetarily is about 17 percent, whereas Notre Dame's is about 50 percent. Nevertheless, 130 million dollars must still be considered an enormous amount for a relatively small university.

Not all of the money will come from alumni in The Campaign for Notre Dame. In fact, most of the

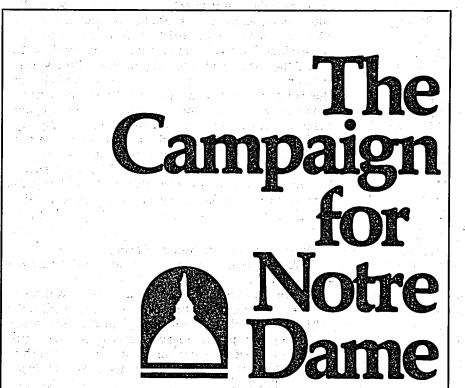
funds' raised will probably come from non-alumni donations. In the past they have been the most benevolent supporters. There will also be money donated from corporations and foundations. Most of the donations now are in the form of commitments that will probably turn into cash by 1982. It will be interesting to see how this money is spent.

The main objective of The Campaign for Notre Dame is to procure the means to implement the priorities first established by COUP. Seventy-one per cent or 92 million dollars of the funds to be generated are earmarked for endowment and nearly two fifths of that amount (32 million dollars) will underwrite professorships. The Campaign for Notre Dame wishes to establish 40 permanently endowed chairs at 800 thousand dollars apiece. They seek 17 chairs in Arts and Letters, seven in Science, seven in Engineering,

"Which adjective is more important at this time, "great" or "Catholic?" "

seven in Business, and two in the Law School.

Notre Dame's Catholic character and the importance of maintaining it are the focus of another COUP recommendation. The campaign allocates 5 million dollars for the endowment of activities enhancing religious values on the campus and for campus-based programs in the service of the Church at large. The campaign also designates a 10 million dollar library endowment, the income of which will be used to purchase books, periodicals, and related library materials. A 12 million dollar endowed fund for scholarships and loans was also set up by the campaign to ensure the accessibility of a Notre Dame education to outstanding students with a certified financial need. 🔅



Although most of the COUP recommendations are people and program oriented, a considerable amount of the campaign money (29.3 million dollars) will be spent on physical facilities. Of major concern are: expanding engineering facilities, chemical research, residence halls, renovation of the Administration Building, expansion of the Art Gallery, and the construction of a classroom-faculty office building. The future looks quite promising.

Concerning the burgeoning future, Hesburgh comments, "We are moving into a terra incognita, an unknown land, that will be as unforgiving to the moral illiterate on earth as to the careless astronaut in outer space." If the campaign is successful, Notre Dame will be better equipped to survive in that unknown land. But Christian morality is not something that can be bought or taught. It must be experienced by people, through people. Only then can it be realized. Even so, the Campaign for Notre Dame will surely make Notre Dame a better university.

Notre Dame is growing. And as it grows, so does its vision. But what of the reality of Notre Dame? Is it truly a great Catholic university in the Christian sense? Which adjective is more important at this time, "great" or "Catholic?" Are they equally important? Ideally, their equality is the basic endeavor of The Campaign for Notre Dame.

There are touches of hypocrisy on many levels of the reality of Notre Dame. Perhaps it is only because the ideals are so high. The reality of Notre Dame versus its ideals is, however, an interesting dialogue, one that is crucial to our times. One hundred thirty million dollars will perhaps only serve to stoke the fire of tension between tradition and progress, capitalism and Christianity at Notre Dame. This, of course, is healthy.

19 .

Spring Wonderland

by Joseph W. Evans

I am not going to bring Moses into my wondering out loud about Spring Wonderland—but I am going to sit beside him. After all, he is pointing heavenwards—and I regard him as saying, not "There he goes" (as tourists and freshmen are often told by some upperclassmen), but "There He is—in all His glory." I like to have this kind of a "point de repère" (reference mark; landmark; "home base").

First, a wonder about wonder. Spring seems to be the most appropriate season for this-who says "wonder" says "beginning," and who says "Spring" says "beginning." Whence comes it that Spring ends and wonder never ends? At least wonder never ends in this here world. I guess it's because the real that the human intellect faces-"any little bit of the real" at all, and therefore, a fortiori, any area of the real, or any vector or sector of the real, or the whole shebang of the real-is an "intelligible mystery," as Jacques Maritain has put it. It is "intelligible"-i.e., capable of being intellected, capable of being "entered into" or "come to grips with" by the human intellectbut it is inexhaustible in its very intelligibility and meaning and content. That there timid little Spring shoot of a blade of grass there in front of me on the other side of the walk on which my tender enough little enough feet are resting (go ahead and pause-I would never say what I have just said to you without giving you time to pause) is an "intelligible mystery"it is an "inexhaustible well of knowability." Moreover, my gaze falling on it ricochets off it in no time at all into & onto, and over and above, and under, and all around, all the other existents in this here world, not excluding amoebas or Concorde Supersonic Jets.

I think that I will come at you now with a "rush of richness"—from the poet who gave us the line "that blue is all in a rush with richness." The whole first stanza matrix of this line—of Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem Spring—is charged with the richness of Spring (incidentally, it is an example par excellence—in my opinion—of what Maritain is getting at when he said: "As the mystic suffers divine things, the poet is here to suffer the things of this world, and to suffer them so much that he is enabled to speak them and himself out"):

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 lightnings 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. And now let me come at you with (admittedly this is a strong way of putting it—but I need it—I'm "playing for keeps," I'm "as serious as all get-out"— I'm aiming for the very solar plexus of your whole being) a "rush of playfulness"—from e. e. cummings (the poem doesn't have a title—and it doesn't need one; if e. e. cummings himself can do without capitals, his poems should be able to do without titles. After all, what's a *poem*—in comparison with a *poet!* Count this as a *wonder* on my part—a supererogatory wonder *in* Spring! Of *me—Joe—in* Spring—right here beside Moses!):

in Just-

spring when the world is mudluscious the little lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come running from marbles and piracies and it's spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer old balloonman whistles far and wee and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's spring and the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles far and wee

And now I come at you with (I am still "going it" with the "coming at you with") a second "rush of playfulness"—this one from William Blake (you've heard of him!), his poem Spring:

Sound the flute! Now it's mute! Birds delight Day and night, Nightingale, In the dale, Lark in sky,— Merrily, Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year. Little boy, Full of joy; Little girl, Sweet and small; Cock does crow, So do you; Merry voice, Infant noise;

Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb, Here I am; Come and lick My white neck; Let me pull Your soft wool; Let me kiss Your soft face;

Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

And now I want to come at you with a "rush of richness/playfulness"—Wordsworth's poem *Daffodils*:

I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee; A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company: I gazed—and gazed—but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils.

I have done with my "rushes"—except that I am still wondering about them—and about the things they have *rushed me into*. I turn to bushes—in lieu of bullrushes. Any being at all will do—in Spring or in any time. But the bushes are right in back of me and without so much as my even turning my head (I gave them a good *see* before I sat down) they are now right in the front (and in the back, and in the "all along") of my mind's eye. They are not *burning* but they sure are *burgeoning*. I am going to wonder about them *in silence* (and remember, I'll be *ricocheting* ...). But can't you *hear* my silence?

APRIL 14, 1978

Book Review

Plague Dogs. By Richard Adams. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Co. 390 pages. \$10.95. Illustrations by A. Wainright.

Imagine this: two dogs upon which various experiments are being performed escape the clutches of their overseers, encounter a fox that speaks a dialect called Upper Tyneside, and wander around northern England killing sheep and hens, all the time possibly carrying fleas that carry the germ that causes the bubonic plague. Does it sound just the tiniest bit preposterous? Of course it does, but what did you expect from Richard Adams, whose two previous novels, Watership Down and Shardik, also deal with animals in unusual situations. But in The Plague Dogs, Adams outdoes even himself, and manages to go far beyond the scope of either of his novels. In just under 400 pages, he alludes to or comments upon Doonesbury, Monty Python's Flying Circus, the British Broadcasting Corporation, the state of journalistic integrity in England, and the use of animals for experimentation, all with varying degrees of success.

Rowf and Snitter are the principal characters in this hodgepodge of a novel. Rowf is a large black mongrel who, at the Animal Research, Surgical and Experimental Laboratory, was placed in a metal tank and pulled down under water to test an animal's stamina, endurance, and will to live. Since Rowf is one of the main characters, he survives each session, but develops an intense fear of water. Snitter's troubles are of a slightly different nature. Brought to the experimentation laboratory by the sister of his master (who was hit by a truck), Snitter has extensive brain surgery performed on him and, consequently, has difficulty differentiating between the objective and the subjective in the world around him.

By hook or by crook, and in the novel's most coherent, well-paced section, Rowf and Snitter escape the laboratory compound, and begin their lives as wild animals. Here the tone of the book changes, as Adams tries to evoke the craggy landscape of the Lakeland district, often switching methods ranging from straight descriptive narrative to addressing the "dear reader." Wordsworth has nothing to worry about.

It is very unlikely that a substantial number of Americans have visited or traveled through the Lakeland district, so it is very difficult for Adams to make the reader "see" what he is reading. The change in tone and style does not help, and only adds to the confusion of American readers. What does give small assistance, however, are the illustrations that are strategically placed throughout the novel.

But Adams' biggest problem, and one that is never resolved, is that of the tod, the Upper Tyneside word for "fox." Tod speaks this obscure dia-

by Jake Morrissey

lect, and, although Adams provides a glossary of frequently used words (with its American translation) the reading of the tod's words is tedious at best.

With all this against him, Adams took a large gamble in adding the possibility of a bubonic plague to this confused work. (It is suspected that a flea may have escaped from a locked room that Snitter and Rowf ran by during their escape from the laboratory.) But it will not surprise anyone when The Plague Dogs shoots to the top of the best-seller lists after its publication in mid-March. People will take one look at its cover, see two adorable dogs on it, perhaps remember the name of its author (You remember, Dolores, he's the one who wrote that rabbit book) and pay the cashier.

Save your money.



People At ND



The basketball court may be the last place most people would expect to find a short person, but Laina Cohn feels right at home cheering the Fighting Irish on to victory in the ACC. "It's fun. I'm not scared," grins the six-year-old cheerleader when queried about her antics.

According to her father, Electrical Engineering Professor Dr. David J. Cohn, Laina has always been fascinated by the Notre Dame cheerleaders. She used to amuse herself by watching them from the sidelines, until Sue Olin invited her to join the squad as a mascot a few months ago. Her dazzling performance is limited to halftime entertainment, however, because the University is worried that, being only three and a half feet tall, she might be stepped on while the basketball games are in progress. Size doesn't seem to concern Laina, though; tall Dave Batton is her basketball hero. "He calls me Curly-Q," she adds coyly.

Off the basketball court, Laina goes to kindergarten during the day and does "most everything else little girls do." Active in gymnastics and ballet, she occupies much of her spare time doing her own choreography to popular tunes such as "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush." The little cheerleader also has a big brother, eight-year-old Alan. What does Laina plan to do when she grows up? Why, be a *real* cheerleader, of course.

The single most widely read book in the collection of the Notre Dame College Library has never been shelved or checked out, and will probably never make the *New York Times* Best Seller list. Bound in a loose-leaf notebook, the infamous Library Suggestion Book is easily accessible to all students who pass the second-floor lobby, and serves as a vehicle for voicing compliments, complaints, suggestions, or social comments.

Presently co-edited by Jim Neal, head of the College Library, and Brother Frank Drury, coordinator of Library Instruction, the book has been in continuous existence since 1974. All questions dealing with the operation of the library are answered once a week by the two; more importantly, action is often instigated to remedy problems or to implement the ingenuity of students. "We don't always succeed," notes Neal, a former CUNY librarian who is currently working on his doctorate in library science at Columbia, "but we keep trying to bring problem areas to the attention of the appropriate person." Unfortunately, many complaints are out of his realm of control, such as noise in the library, lack of diet soda in the basement, and the desire of some students to keep the library open 24 hours. Neal is in charge of the second-floor operations and coordination of the staff for the audiolearning center, the reserve book room, the microtext reading room, and the College Library book collection. He finds the book helpful because areas of need are pointed out that might otherwise go unnoticed — empty Xerox machines, broken water fountains, and burnedout light bulbs, to name a few.



Brother Drury, who heads orientation, tours, information bulletins, and other public relations work, concurs. "Just recently we installed a 'book drop' in the reserve reading room which was suggested by a student," and both the ashtrays in the lobby and the floor plans in the tower were the brainstorms of students.

Brother Drury works with the faculty in a kind of liaison position helping them obtain materials they. desire. His background is wide and varied, having taught in secondary schools here and in West Africa with three degrees in education and library science. In his own words, Drury's present job is simply to "make things easier," and thus he is associated with the suggestion book. He does not consider it his job, however, to involve himself in the ongoing written debate between the N.D. men and the SMC women - it seems to take care of itself. And neither Jim Neal nor Brother Drury will tell you what's on the fourteenth floor no matter how often the question is posed. ta strange

-Julie Runkle

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Fiction

Of Things As They Are

by Cole Finegan

A dream (to call it a dream) in which I can believe, in face of the object, A dream no longer a dream, a thing, Of things as they are, as the blue guitar After long strumming on certain nights Gives the touch of the senses, not of the hand, But the very senses as they touch The wind-gloss.

-Wallace Stevens, The Man with The Blue Guitar

The ball soared lazily above him, a speck of mottled white lost momentarily in the gray sky. There it was. Stagger under it, remember to back up on a fly ball and then come in on it, Christ that's how Flood lost the Series for the Cards in '68, here it comes, I can see it. . .

Crunch.

The entire diamond, all the other seventeen guys exploded in laughter as the Rawlings 12-ouncer employed Ritter's head as a landing site. The glove dropped and the poor bastard staggered backwards while the ball lay at his feet, taunting him without mercy. The batter crawled toward the plate, overcome by hysteria but Ritter could not join in the gaiety. He could feel the tears beginning. It isn't true, he thought as he searched for the ball, they're not in your eyes at all. They're in your mind and they burn through it before flaming out and then they leave through your eyes. The 12-ouncer blurred for a moment and then became clear again. He lobbed the ball into the active infield and retreated to the solitude of the outfield.

What a day, he reflected, as he stolidly waited for the taunts to come flying at him. Not vicious but just barbed enough to slice into the soft spots. He had a lot of soft spots anyway. What a weekend. God, here they come.

"Try soccer Tex! Pelé would love to use that header!"

"Hey dumbshit, use that piece of leather on your hand!"

"Turn him over boys, he's done!"

He grinned but it came closer to a grimace and he moved deeper into the outfield, removing himself from all of his detractors. The next batter lined one to short and there was one away. Ritter's head ached and a small welt pushed up beneath his eye. His head was already killing him from the night before. God, what a night. Any more like last night and he might bury himself in his room for the rest of the semester. He could see the *Observer* headlines: N.D. STUDENT BECOMES ONE WITH DORM ROOM, REFUSES TO FORSAKE IT. The next guy, a beefy left-hander, grounded to first. Two away. Where had that terrible little odyssey started last night? Ah, Corby's, he remembered with a shiver. That first beer materialized in his mind, perched up

there cool and inviting against the pinball machine's glare. He tastes the beer in his mouth and his stomach moves in one great motion. The beer leaves his mind as a long fly ball drifts toward the outfield and he freezes for a moment, but Jameson nabs it with a graceful running catch. He sighs involuntarily and then, disgusted with his obvious relief, races toward the batting cage.

His face must have warned against any additional ribbing as he sat awkwardly behind the backstop. The skies cleared a bit and the sun cautiously peered out from above. Go away demanded Ritter's thoughts as his head throbbed in a pulsating rhythm. Closing his eyes did no good. That action brought the night back to him and his eyelids could not hold it out; old dreams dissolved into nightmares last night. Eyes just can't shut out the nightmares or the dreams. The anger and the pity and the helplessness just engulf the dreams and then they're so horrible. And they settle in for a while. Ritter's twisted dreams had settled in last night.

His team went down 1-2-3 and was returning to the field. A newcomer caught his eye and he gladly

waved him to the outfield. The night and the dreams were coming back and he felt a need to let it wash through him.

He moved inside the dark and loud womb of Corby's. The pinball machine blinked wildly as Evel Knievel smiled wolfishly at him. Some guy, that Evel. Jumps canyons, uses Louisville Sluggers on agents, endorses kiddy toys, pinball machines, and wants women pregnant, barefoot, and in the kitchen. What a frigging American. Ritter silently toasted him for American Legion Post 129 in Amarillo. A girl approached him on the right and he recognized her from a government class. A beer hung loosely from her soft pink hand, the foam surrounded by five bright nails and a cigarette approximately 17 inches long peered out from between badly painted, pursed lips.

"Gotta match, Tex?"

"Nah, I quit," he returns tonelessly. God, does he hate that nickname. Nothing worse than being associated with a hillbilly country singer. He still walked out of rooms when any country rock band came on the stereo. He was resigned to the name but still capable of small-scale rebellion.

The girl lingered, obviously hungering for a word, but Ritter ignored her and turned to the machine. He worked the machine methodically, not really paying attention until the final ball came up. The girl had long since departed but the scoreboard stayed, begging him to get another 20,000 points so he could keep it company. He dug in for the final point. The spring recoiled and rocketed the ball out of its obscure shaft into the glittering field of niches, electronic toadstools and fantastic point totals. The ball settled comfortably into a slot, under Uncle Evel's watchful eye, and percolated crazily for seconds. Five hundred, a thousand, POW! and it careened joyously among the side walls.

Ritter's eyes could not follow the silvery acceleration so he concentrated instead on the frantic bells. They shrilled warningly and he surveyed the table. The ball slowly navigated a course down the right side, picking up another 2,000 points, scraping a tiny, upraised toadstool, now balancing itself on the plastic edge that separated the garbage chute from the flipper's alley. Fame and obscurity, Ritter noted wryly and slammed his hip violently into the machine. Evel rocked back in his cycle as the ball sped toward a wooing flipper. Ritter glanced coldly at the superimposed legend and flicked his eyes sideways to his point total. Four thousand short. The flipper caressed the silver ball and lovingly slid it across to its partner. That was the move, his move, the move that always left the machine gasping in disbelief. Fake with the right, go left, and slap one up the alley into that righthand corner bonanza. He drilled the ball but it was no longer his move; a toadstool appeared, and the entire maze of neon, silver, and plastic blinded Ritter. He could not sight his ball; instead, the entire table consumed his vision and he was all-seeing with the machine's voltage converted into light that paralyzed his poised hands. The ball rolled weakly between the impotent flippers as Ritter lurched from the bar.



Corby Street was a quagmire of asphalt, water, and mud as he wandered away from the parking lot. He paused to consider a destination and the Dude came into his head. The Dude was having a Bar-B-Q tonight. He could sure use a Dude C-Burger. They were so lovely, so heavy, so greasy. He was starving, he decided, and a Dude C-Burger was just the ticket and maybe some of the Dude's prized Hudepohls. They were terrible beers but he'd drink anything this night. He spied the grill beside the house and crept alongside it, hugging the bushes for some instinctive reason. The Dude was holding court around the grill, outfitted nattily (as usual) in baggy Bermudas and a tattered black tee shirt emblazoned with a gold "Thou Shalt Not Hassle" on the back. Everyone around the grill was laughing at the Dude, with the Dude, and he understood why.

Somehow, the Dude represented all the easiness the rest of them had lost and could only regain on occasions these days. The red baseball cap tilted crazily on the Dude's head and the spatula was outlined greasily against the grill's flame while laughter spread throughout the Dude's friends, Ritter's friends, gathered around him. He was great, they were all great, but he could not be with them tonight. He knew a secret and they didn't and it was the kind of secret you can never share. Misery is a secret that everyone hides within his own breast. It's never offered up and only sensed by the ones that have it themselves. Ritter moved back onto the street.

A large outdoor party beckoned from down the street and he was drawn toward it. It was a house he did not know and he needed company, if not commiseration. Lights surrounded the yard, swinging from tenuous strings in precarious circles, bathing the strange, festive crowd in momentary arcs of light. He soon purchased a cup, filled it with the appropriate liquid, and emerged from the melting pot onto the party's perimeter. Despair now coursed through his veins, frightening and puzzling him. "What the hell is the matter with me?," he muttered in agitation. Twenty-one, practicing Catholic with the finest looks that braces, contact lenses, a blow-dryer, and Clearasil can produce. Good friends, nice little degree soon, great future and right on the brink, poised on the edge of going nuts.

She roused him from his introspection with a gentle nudge against his shoulder. Ritter slowly broke his trance and stared at the misery embodied. She hasn't changed much but then neither have I—on the outside.

"Well, what are you doing here?" Soft, but biting. He shifted his weight onto his heels and rocked erratically back and forth as words and dreams held his voice captive. What were the right words? You practice them for months and never use them. His throat was suddenly dry, parched, as if caked with chalk dust and he stared ahead. The vision was hidden behind his eyes now, welled up deep in his brain and he looked through her, searching for dreams. All that had been and could have been, he saw. He remembered languid walks and a soft unmade bed beside an open window as the spring air washed away winter's staleness and encompassed tenderness. Melting skin; that had been a wonderful spring. This vision reclaimed his eyes now and he broke away, focusing on her figure; she was staring back but not with the real vision. No, her eyes mirrored the present and all that spring had been reduced to.

He said hello, so tightly that it startled him—and her.

Now she was quiet, sipping her beer and gazing contentedly at the colors blending together in the party. Colors alien to him. But to her? She murmured, "You don't look good."

"I'm great. Don't worry about me."

"I don't. You never would let me and now I don't have to. So I don't."

"Well, I'm super. Not a bad party. Whose is it?" "Mike Geraldi . . . I go out with him now." "So," he sighed, "how are you doing?" "Great."

Ritter looked away as the past rushed through him. It passed and he turned back to her with a smile.

"I have to go now. Better get back to your boyfriend. I never liked you talking to old boyfriends."

"No," she chuckled, "you didn't and that's why I did it. There weren't that many; it was just that you wouldn't admit it bothered you and I couldn't tell until you were mean for a week."

He shrugged and she continued, her voice dropping to a whisper, "Forget it. It's all over just the way all of this will soon be over. Things just work that way. Don't start mourning over it now. You never did before."

"I'm too nice," he replied, the voice far away and shaking. "I just can't brush it all away anymore. Everything, the hurts and the sad times and the lonely nights don't go away anymore. I thought they never came around but I was wrong. I just buried them and now they're coming back on me. It was so much better never to really see things."

She hesitated and then reached across, running her fingers along his cheek.

"Funny how I never could read this face before . . . just close your eyes and let them all drop away."

Ritter obeyed, squeezing the lids tight and for a moment he saw nothing. Then the dreams surged up again and his eyes flew open, catching a glimpse of her back being swallowed by the crowd.

A sneaker hooked under his ribs and he sat up, startled and reluctant to leave his dreams. Stevens stood over him, laughing as he dropped a glove on him.

"C'mon, Jonesie left. Get out in center and try not to hurt yourself."

Ritter understood slowly and then jogged to center under a shower of jeers. They were warm jibes, however, and the sun had lightened the sky considerably. Tony was bent over, tying down second base. Perfect shot. Tony sprawled on his face, sneaker imprint on the left cheek of his white gym shorts.

"You bastard," he cried as everyone howled. Ritter flipped him the bird and settled into shallow center field.

The first batter connected solidly and smashed the ball on a line over Ritter's head. He raced backwards and then turned his back on the infield, desperately racing against a ball he could not see.

Where the hell is it? Get back, get back, take it over your head blind like Mays for the Giants in the '54 series . . . I can't see it.

His head cranes upwards but he can not locate the ball. The glove operates separately, away from the body, painfully extended and suddenly the ball juggles loosely in the webbing. And then it buries itself deeply within the folded creases of the flexible, warm glove.

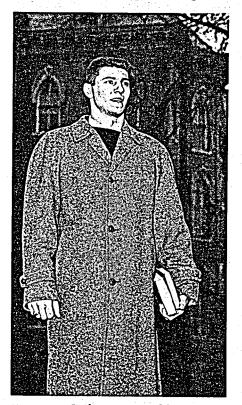
Big Names in Pro Games

It was the ninth inning of the 1968 major league baseball all-star game in the Houston Astrodome. The National League all-stars were leading the American League team 1-0. Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox was coming to the plate to face Ron Reed, then a pitcher for the Atlanta Braves. But National League manager Red Schoendiest decided to replace Reed with New York Met left-hander Jerry Koosman to pitch to the left-handed Yastrzemski. Koosman struck out the great slugger, but to Notre Dame fans watching the game, that was beside the point. Had Reed stayed in to pitch to "Yaz," it would have been former Notre Dame student against former Notre Dame student.

Yes, both Carl Yastrzemski and Ron Reed attended Notre Dame at one time or another. That may be surprising to some of you who thought that those major leaguers who did attend college went to either Arizona State or Southern Cal, à la Reggie Jackson and Tom Seaver. But Notre Dame's baseball tradition stands proud alongside the likes of Fighting Irish basketball, football and hockey histories. Many former Notre Dame students and graduates have gone on to excel in their athletic endeavors beyond college. In fact, the current list of former Domers who have made a name for themselves is impressive.

At the present time, Yastrzemski and Reed are the only remaining active major leaguers who studied at Notre Dame since Dan McGinn recently retired. Yastrzemski continues to star in left field and at first base for the Red Sox while the 6-6 Reed, known more for his basketball prowess while at Notre Dame, stars as a long reliever and spot starter for the Philadelphia Phillies. Carl Yastrzemski is a sure bet for baseball's Hall of Fame once he retires from the major leagues. If he does make it to Cooperstown, N.Y., "Yaz" will be joining two other former Domers so honored. They are Adrian (Pop) Anson who played with the Cubs and Roger Bresnahan who was a catcher for New York and Chicago, both of them players from the earlier days of baseball.

Yastrzemski enrolled as a freshman at Notre Dame in 1959. Freshmen were not eligible to compete with the varsity so the only baseball action "Yaz" saw while at Notre Dame was with the freshmen as they practiced against the varsity. Clarence "Jake" Kline was Notre Dame's baseball coach at the time. He recalls the young, budding star



Carl Yastrzemski

by Mike Towle

of future fame.

"Carl kept after me that year so that I would let him at least practice with the varsity," Kline muses. "Finally, I let him hit against some varsity pitching. The varsity players wanted to know who this kid was. I told them it was some guy who just dropped by for a few swings.

"I offered him a scholarship on the condition that he stay for his sophomore year. But Yastrzemski was signed by Red Sox scout "Bots" Nekola over Christmas break that year. While at Notre Dame, he would spend weekends working out in Chicago with the White Sox and the Cubs."

The future Red Sox star did put in five semesters at Notre Dame before getting a degree from Merrimack College in North Andover, Mass. While at Notre Dame, Yastrzemski lived in Breen-Phillips Hall and took a theology course taught by a still current Notre Dame professor, Rev. Matthew Miceli, C.S.C., who is also rector of Cavanaugh Hall.

"Carl was a very likeable student who worked very hard at his studies," Rev. Miceli recalls. "He took a Bible course with me. On one paper assignment, he had trouble finding a suitable topic. I finally recommended that he do a paper about farming in Biblical times, because he had told me his father was a potato farmer. Carl wrote a very interesting paper that I have saved in a trunk over the years."

One mention of the name Ron Reed around Notre Dame conjures up images of a great basketball star in the mid 1960's. When Reed graduated in 1965, it appeared basketball was his road to professional sports. After all, Reed had averaged about 19 points per game in three years for

the Irish in scoring 1,153 points that have him ranked 13th on the alltime scoring list at Notre Dame. He led the Irish in scoring his senior year which saw Notre Dame lose to Houston in overtime, 99-98, in the first round of the NCAA tournament.

Reed pitched only one year for Jake Kline's crew and posted an unimpressive 2-1 won-lost mark with a 4.04 ERA. But baseball was to be his forte. Last year with the National League East champs Philadelphia Phillies, the lanky right-hander contributed a 7-5 record which included a stingy ERA of 2.76. Reed is being counted on this year to bolster the Phillies' pitching depth once again as they try to make it three division titles in a row.

Like baseball, the golfing season in the South Bend area during the school term consists of about five or six weeks each in the fall and the spring. Maybe that's why Billy Casper never completed his freshman year at Notre Dame. Actually, Casper left school to enter the service because of the Korean War. Upon getting out, he turned professional (April 1, 1954).

While at Notre Dame, Billy Casper was known as a cocky kid who happened to be a great golfing prospect. Casper was never a member of the Notre Dame golf team although he played par golf in the annual medal play tourney held for Notre Dame students. No wonder former Notre Dame Golf Coach Rev. George Holderith, C.S.C., was impressed with the youngster from San Diego, California.

Casper is still an occasional participant on the P.G.A. tour and, since his U.S. Open title in 1959, has been respected as one of the best golfers to grace the fairways in recent decades.

Likewise, Rick Wohlhuter rose to the top of his specialty after earning an economics degree from Notre Dame in 1971. Although he has been away from active competition for six months, Wohlhuter still allows ample time for training. Irish track Coach Joe Piane reports that Rick is living in a suburb of Chicago selling insurance.

While at Notre Dame, Wohlhuter overcame injuries to win the national collegiate 600-yard-dash championship. He was named as winner of the James E. Sullivan Award as the



Billy Casper

world's top amateur athlete in 1974. Rick participated in both the 1972 and 1976 Summer Olympic Games, winning a bronze medal in the 800meter run at Montreal.

They don't award medals for excellence in the National Basketball Association. For if they ("they" referring to the members of the press and the league office) did, Adrian Dantley would rate a gold medal for his performance over the last two years. Dantley passed up his senior year at Notre Dame in opting for the NBA for the 1976-77 year. He averaged 20 points per game for the Buffalo Braves en route to being named NBA Rookie-of-the-Year. Dantley began this season with the Buffalo Braves before being traded to the Indiana Pacers for a short stay. He was then sent to the West Coast in midseason to join Kareem Abdul-Jabbar on the Los Angeles Lakers. Dantley's scoring average has dipped although he has been invaluable to the Lakers' improved play over the last half of the season as they head into the NBA playoffs.

"I still follow Notre Dame basketball by reading the papers and watching television when I can," Dantley says. "I was really happy to see Notre Dame make it to the final four this year."

While Dantley continues to play forward for the Lakers, some of his former teammates at Notre Dame are making a name for themselves in the National Basketball Association as well.

Toby Knight graduated from

Notre Dame a year ago and was picked in the second round of the NBA draft by the New York Knickerbockers. Knight made the Knicks this year and has been most effective as one of the first reserves off the bench for the Knicks who are also playoff bound as they sit in second place behind the Philadelphia 76ers in the Atlantic Division. He has also started numerous games, especially in recent weeks.

Knight excelled in his senior year at Notre Dame when he led the Irish into the NCAA playoffs and a final record of 22-7. He averaged 15 points per game his senior year and also hauled down close to 11 rebounds per outing. With his knack for positioning and a good jumping ability, Toby Knight continues to hold his own against the big men of the NBA.

Billy Paterno was co-captain of the Irish last season alongside Knight and Ray Martin. The "Apple" played in a record 116 games for Notre Dame and starred as a swing forward.

Paterno was drafted by the Kansas City Kings but is now playing pro basketball in Italy. Likewise, former Notre Dame forward-center Pete Crotty is playing European basketball for a team in Belgium. A native of Rockville Centre, New York, the 6-9 Crotty graduated from Notre Dame in 1975. He helped the Irish through the National Invitational Tournament in 1973 when the Irish eventually lost a 92-91 overtime decision to Virginia Tech in the championship game. The big hero for Notre Dame that year was center John Shumate who had come back from a lung injury that had sidelined him his entire freshman season. Shumate averaged 21 points per game in 1972-73 for the Irish and was even more brilliant for the 1973-74 season. That was the year that Notre Dame staged a dramatic comeback to end UCLA's 88game winning streak at the ACC.

Shumate passed up his final year of college eligibility to turn pro and was drafted by the Phoenix Suns in 1974. Like his first year at Notre Dame, Shumate had to sit out his first year in the NBA with a blood clot in his lung. He began the 1975-76 season with the Suns, but was soon traded to the Buffalo Braves as they landed a spot in the NBA playoffs. The "Shu" averaged 15 points per contest for the Braves last year and after the current season together with Dantley in Buffalo, was traded to the Detroit Pistons where he started playing forward alongside center Bob Lanier. Since an injury to Lanier, Shumate has occasionally spelled Leon Douglas at center when he's not starting at forward. Shumate poured in 31 points in one game against the Milwaukee Bucks in early April.

Of all the former Notre Dame students who are playing professional basketball, none was better known coming out of college than Austin Carr. Carr led the nation in scoring while a senior at Notre Dame and is the all-time leading scorer in Irish basketball history with 2,560 points for a 34.6 scoring average. He was the first pick in the 1971 NBA draft, chosen by the Cleveland Cavaliers. The 30-year-old Carr has been with the Cavaliers ever since.

The 6-4 guard averaged over 20 points per game each of his first three years with the Cavs, but has been slowed down in recent years with knee problems. He scored just 16 points per game for Cleveland last year. The 1977-78 season has been a tester for Carr as he has had to fight for a starting berth all season long and has been, at best, a spot starter.

When sports fans talk about Domers who have gone on to make a name for themselves in the professional ranks, the sport usually mentioned is football. For good reason, too. Notre Dame has its fair share of former players who are playing in either the NFL or the Canadian Football League.

Running back Al Hunter is the latest addition of former Domers to the NFL ranks. Last season, he joined tackle Steve Niehaus at Seattle. Dave Casper of the Oakland Raiders was an All-American selection at Notre Dame in 1973 when the Irish won their last National Championship before this past season. Casper has established himself as one of the best tight ends in the NFL and has been All-Pro for two years with the Raiders.

On Sunday afternoons in the fall, you can turn to Channel 2 to watch Bob Thomas and Art Best who both play for the Bears. Thomas is the placekicker for the Bears and another product of the Class of '74. The sidewinding kicker booted the field goal which provided the points needed to defeat Alabama in the 1973 Sugar Bowl. Art Best is a reserve running back for the Bears. He was a promising ballcarrier for the Irish who was suspended from Notre Dame and later completed his college career at Kent State.

Tom Clements was the starting quarterback for Notre Dame in 1973 when they won the National Championship. Surprisingly, Clements was not drafted by any NFL team when he graduated in 1975. Today, he has emerged as one of the top quarterbacks in the Canadian Football League. Clements plays for the Toronto Argonauts and is one of the leading passers in the CFL.

The Notre Dame hockey program has had its share of players going on

to the professional level. Currently, there are three former Irish skaters playing professionally, all of them in the National Hockey League.

Bill Nyrop starred for Lefty Smith's skaters from 1970-71 through 1973-74 and has won a regular rotation as a defenseman with the Stanley Cup champion Montreal Canadians. Nyrop keeps good company with the likes of Guy LaPointe, Serge Savard and Larry Robinson as a Canadian blue liner.

Jack Brownschidle is another former Notre Dame defenseman who has won himself a place in the NHL. The 1977 graduate is a member of the St. Louis Blues. It has been a learning year for Brownschidle as he is now back with the Blues after spending part of the season in the minors recovering from a shoulder separation.

The other member of the Notre Dame trio is Alex Pirus who began the season with the Minnesota North Stars before being recently sent down to their Fort Worth Club. A winger, Pirus played 61 games and scored nine goals for the North Stars this season. Coach Lou Nanne is high on Pirus and says he has a good future with the North Stars as does Don Jackson who tried out with the North Stars over spring break.

In all respects, it would seem that the future for Notre Dame varsity athletes does look promising in light of those alumni who have made a name for themselves beyond the collegiate level.

Other former Notre Dame students who are currently playing professional football include:

Player	Team		Year graduated
Mike Fanning	Los Angeles	Defensive Tackle	•
Walt Patulski		Defensive Tackle	
Joe Theismann	Washington	Quarterback	1971
Alan Page	Minnesota	Defensive End	1967
Mike McCoy	Oakland	Defensive Tackle	1970
Steve Sylvester	Oakland	Offensive Lineman	1975
Greg Collins	Buffalo	Linebacker	1975
George Kunz	Baltimore	Offensive Lineman	1969
Bob Kuechenberg	Miami	Offensive Lineman	1969
Mike Kadish	Buffalo	Defensive Tackle	1972
Drew Mahalic	Philadelphia	Linebacker	1975
Bill Etter	CFL	Quarterback	1973
Rocky Bleier	Pittsburgh	Runningback	1969
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The Last Word

by Kathleen McElroy

Way back in September *Esquire* published a listing of "100 Things Every College Graduate Should Know." Now that both *Scholastic* and *Esquire* are published fortnightly (that means twice a month) we feel a certain affinity with their magazine. I am therefore compelled to present this listing of the practical and not so practical facts necessary for survival and success as a Notre Dame graduate.

By this time you should know:

-How to cook an entire meal in a hot pot.

—Which lake is which.

-The difference between hamburger, chopped sirloin, cube steak and mini-butt steak.

—How to arrange your stereo speakers for optimal listening pleasure in an 8'x10' room.

—How far you can push Indiana Bell before your billing card number is revoked.

—Murphy's Law: "Nothing is as easy as it looks. Everything takes longer than you expect. If anything can go wrong it will — and at the worst possible moment."

-How to make plants grow without sunlight.

—The location of Monarch Notes in the bookstore and how to footnote them.

-How to find the Lost and Found office.

-The hours of the cashier's office.

—How to keep yourself amused while waiting in long lines.

-That it always snows when you're trying to get home for break.

—Three books you should have read: The Republic, The Republic and The Republic.

-How to dress preppie, even if you're not from the East.

-How to play frisbee, or at least avoid being struck by one.

—That psychologists say it's not frequency but recency that counts, so it's time to start going to class.

-Exactly what time the mail is delivered in your hall. And remember, it's not always the mail clerk's fault when the box is empty.

-For future reference: Not all books which are blue are bad.

-How to drink coffee and wear contacts for 24 hours straight.

-How long you have to wait for a full professor, assistant professor, associate professor, or teaching assistant to show up for class.

---That the time zone never changes in Notre Dame, Indiana. Draw whatever inferences are appropriate.

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-The location of Dainty Maid Bakery.

-How to control your temper when calling 8888 to complain that your last dime has just been confiscated by a vending machine.

-How to convince the security guard to let you on campus.

How to interpret Digger Phelps's body language.
To memorize the license plate numbers in art traditions slides instead of the building.

-For resumes: How to fit your life on one page, or as the case may be, how to expand your life to one page.

-How to talk to your parents without having money come up in the conversation.

—Which are the rows and which are the columns in Emil T's class.

—How to plug eight appliances into one outlet without blowing a fuse.

-How to throw toilet paper at games so that it unravels.

-Not to tell people when you skip a football game.

—That women are not on the Notre Dame campus with the intention of adding higher voices to the choir or civilizing the males.

—Where to find a birthday card which does not imply that one is over the hill, an anniversary card that is not obscene, and a get well card that is not from "the both of us."

—How to sit next to Marathon Man in the dining hall without wretching.

—That the clinking of glasses is not always the signal for a toast.

—Never to expect guests to arrive for a party before 11 p.m.

---More than the last three words of the Alma Mater. ---The difference between abstract, obscure, and worthless.

—The meaning of at least one multi-syllabic word besides supercalifragilistic explaidocious.

-How to get to the 14th floor of the library.

—How to pronounce Lancaster, Worcester, Newark, and Bethlehem.

—The minimal alumni contribution necessary to be eligible for football tickets.

-How to walk through O'Shaughnessy without being hit by a door.

—That *The Birds* was a play by Aristophanes before Alfred Hitchcock made his movie.

-The difference between the Big Eight and the Big Ten.

—That the philosopher Levi-Strauss did not invent straight-legged jeans.

---That not all "Double Domers" are hamburgers.

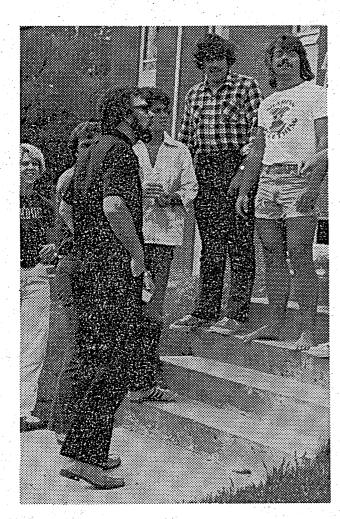
--The difference between pica and elite typewriters. --How George Washington died and why Napoleon lost the Battle of Waterloo.

-How the tulips on the main quad bloom overnight just before graduation.

-How to use big words even when you don't know what they mean—it's all in your intonation and eye contact.

That not all comedies are comical.That a tautology is always a tautology.

SCHOLASTIC



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