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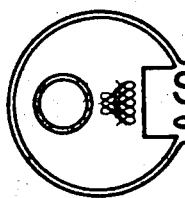
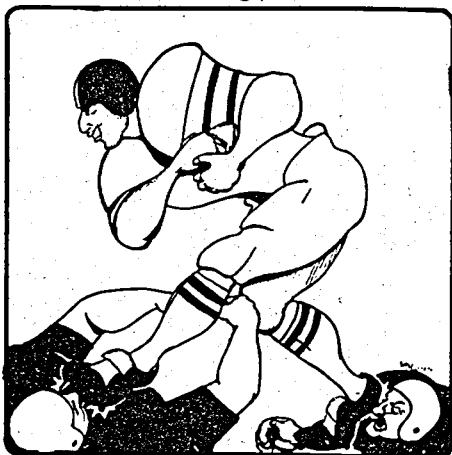
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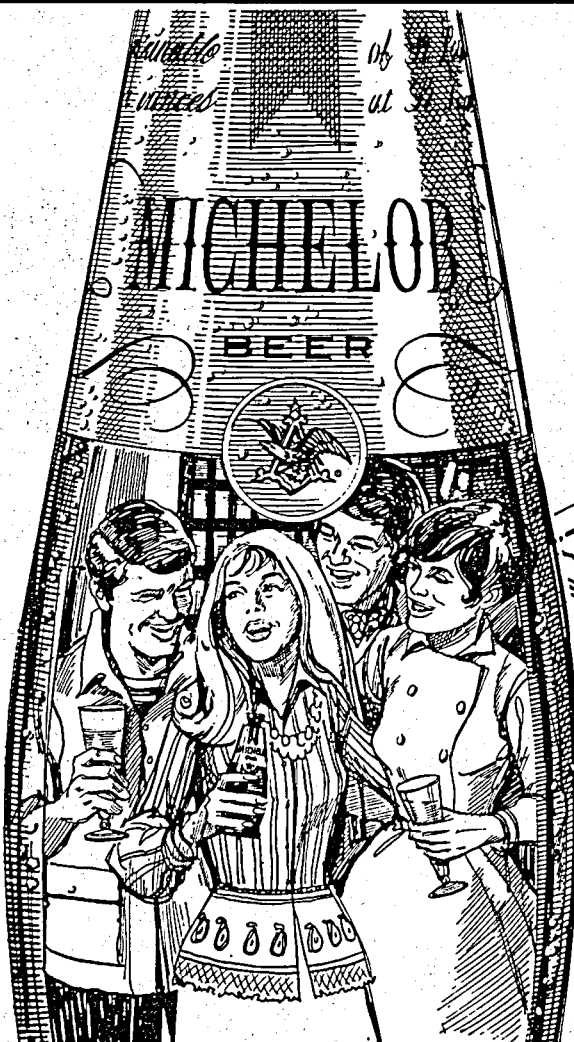
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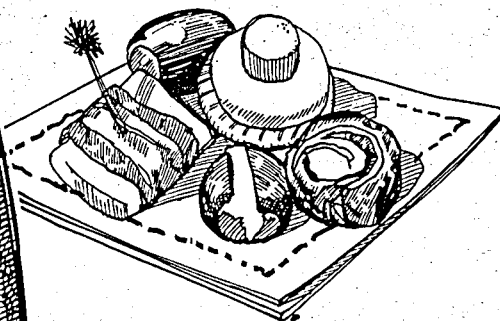
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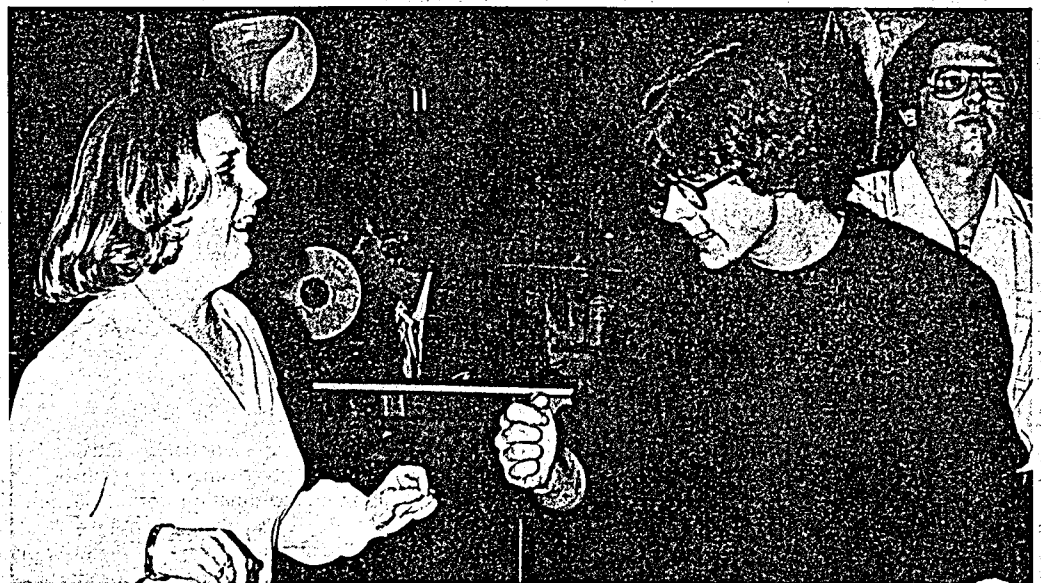
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ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN

by Lisa Michels and Jake Morrissey

Gone are the days of elegant ballrooms filled with tuxedoed gentlemen and bejeweled ladies dancing to the strains of a Strauss waltz. Beatlemania and the twist have met similar fates. Mick Jagger move over. Disco has arrived.

But with this new dance craze comes certain stipulations. Unlike the twist or the frug, true disco dancing requires a coordinated effort from both dancers, in an attempt to form a fluid unit that moves to the pulsating rhythms of Donna Summers or the Bee Gees. Where, then, does one acquire the confidence and finesse to bedazzle spectators in the mirrored environments called discos? At Notre Dame, anyway, one takes a Free University course. Begun this year, the Free University course has proved to be a popular one and has



managed to sweep some of the mellow crowd into its grasp.

Chris Eichorn and Bob Hanes, instigators of the course, are brimming with toe-tapping, arm-twisting enthusiasm, although they were originally skeptical of the course's popularity. "I really had no intention of teaching a Free University course," Eichorn, a sophomore Southern belle from Charlotte, North Carolina, said. "But my roommate suggested it. So I called Bobby, and here we are." "I was hesitant about offering the course," Hanes said. "But we ended up having to limit the course because the response was so good."

Hanes is also from Charlotte and learned to disco, he said, at "deb parties," a social function put on by a debutante's wealthy father in the hopes of outdoing his rivals. "These parties are an alternative to the bars in Charlotte," Hanes explained. "North Carolina is a dry state, so there aren't many bars in the city. In such elegant settings, dancing expertise was quickly acquired, as debutantes and their escorts found disco to be, *gasp*, fun."

Eichorn and Hanes admit that the disco they know and teach is not the hard-core disco dancing to be found in "New York, New York" or "Studio 54." It is, rather, a modernization of the jitterbug and swing, currently known as "The Pretzel." "If you can bend your arm," Hanes noted, "you can do the Pretzel."

Reasons for the student enrolling in the course were varied. "I'm here because I'm going to a formal this Friday night, and I have to learn how to dance," Gina Robillard stated. One disco enthusiast coyly admitted that she was there because "I like to dance with Bob Hanes. He makes anyone look like a good dancer."

The disco course attempted, in four sessions, to give Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students a feel for flowing motion. Showing the class "three or four moves a night," Eichorn and Hanes then walked around LaFortune's Victorian ballroom and tried to "take care of problems." "It was amazing," Eichorn exclaimed. "They caught on really quickly." The course culminated in a trip to Cinnabar's in downtown South Bend, where the course's students had an opportunity to test their newly learned skills and to become part of the world of disco, if only for a short time.

Cinnabar's is substantially different in atmosphere than LaFortune's ballroom. The soon-to-be disco dancers enter into the closet-like foyer and are immediately confronted by a bouncer who requests, in no uncertain terms, two dollars (one dollar with membership card), for admission to South Bend's disco paradise. An elevator, lit only by a black light, whisks patrons up into the building's entrails. This is assuming that they got past the armed guard and the professional bouncer ("I've been working as a bouncer in nightclubs for eight years," he says with a snarl).

As the elevator spews out its passengers, they are ushered through a tunnel of mirrors. "Wow" is the expected response from disco novices.

The disco is large, with pinball machines in back, flanked by two fully equipped bars. The disco floor, situated in the room's center, is the focal point; one's eyes are immediately drawn to it. Raised above the floor, in light-colored wood, is the actual dancing floor



—the scene of many choreographic triumphs of South Bend's John Travoltas.

But Cinnabar's is not the only disco in South Bend. Those not yet ready to conquer the total atmosphere can opt for Davy's Locker in Captain Alexander's Moonraker Restaurant. Without a cover charge or a hulking bouncer, Davy's Locker has the ambiance of a classy bar with contemporary music.

The dance floor is substantially smaller than Cinnabar's, and is sunken into the floor, rather than raised above the crowd. One is nestled securely between the comatose disc jockey and the mirrored pit sides. Its atmosphere is warmer than the sterile Cinnabar's, boasting plush red seats and a panorama of the St. Joseph River and Century Center beyond.

The clientele of Davy's Locker is not quite as rabid as that of Cinnabar's. Consisting mostly of South Bend area residents, Davy's Locker provides the opportunity for the three-piece-suited businessman, the legal secretary, and the college student to shed their traditional garb and boogie down.

Another type of patron, the one that dominates the dance floor, is the over-the-hill couple in—what else?—silk. The man, sporting a bald spot and wearing high-waisted black pants and a silver shirt, contrasted well with his pony-tailed, silk-ponchoed partner, whose high black pumps inhibited quick movement. The male member of this silk farm seemed to be dancing oblivious to himself, often going about his business totally oblivious to his rather rotund, twirling partner. Occasionally clapping his hands a la Carmen Miranda, and always moving his less than magnificent hips, his gaze was constantly directed towards his own body, rather than his partner's, and with good reason—he was prettier than she was.

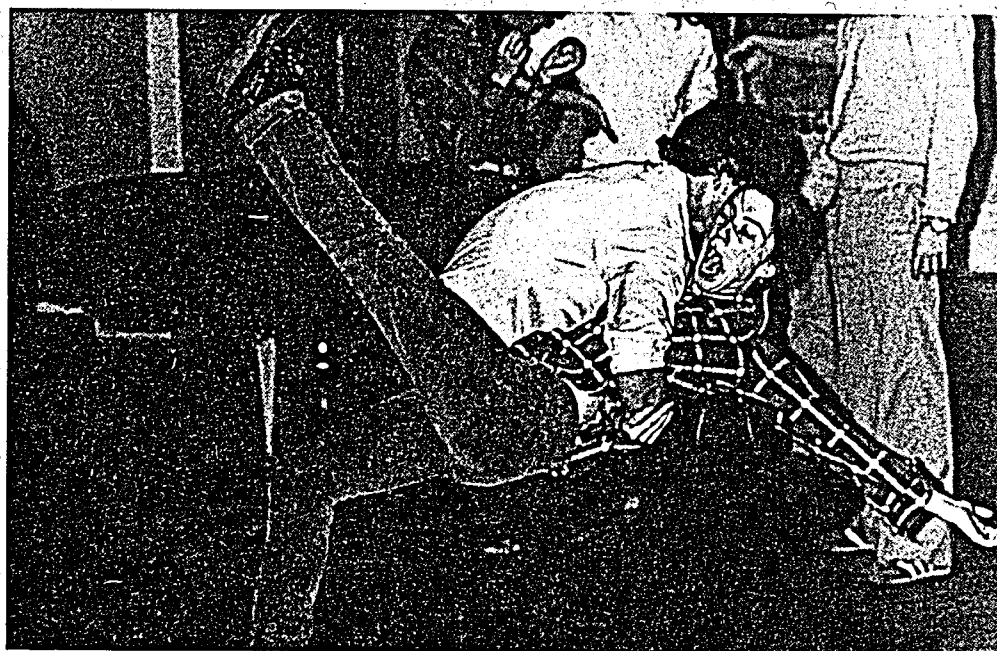
Some of the younger couples on the floor seemed to have studied at the Arthur Murray School of Dance and took their lead from the older, more experienced hoofers. In outfits ranging from tacky jeans and saddled shoes to crew neck sweaters and docksiders to elevator shoes and blown-dried hair, the couples moved around the dance floor. Their styles were as myriad as their attire. While one couple preferred the repetitive precision steps of the "Saturday Night Fever" crowd, others approached the problem with reckless abandon and brought such feeling out on the dance floor. Whatever the maneuver, all moved to the same rhythmic cadence as they mouthed the words to every song.

Selection of dancing partners seems to be a ritual. Men, lined up at counters around the dance floor nursed their coffee mugs of beer, while the women, grouped around the outer rim of the disco, drank their "Passion Punches" and ate popcorn. Occasionally, a brave soul would break from the pack and ask a woman to dance. Smiling, the woman usually accepted.

Once on the dance floor, however, all smiling stopped. Dancing, to the patrons of Davy's Locker on a Tuesday night, is a serious business. Concentrating mainly on the dance steps, the partners wore looks of intense concentration. Only on the more experienced dancers' faces did a smile appear—they were more confident in their surroundings.

And what bizarre surroundings they were. White rippled sheets of cloth hung, billowing, from the ceiling. Two lights, one red and one blue, reacted to the DJ's command and scanned the crowd, reflecting off the silk shirts and mirrors. The ever-present strobe light proved to be anathema to several women's feet, as it caused more than one foot to be stomped upon.

Despite all these faults, the disco has a certain excitement, a certain vitality, a certain freshness that lets itself be felt. It does require, however, a level of competence that the dancing of the sixties never did. Embarrassment and a feeling of incompetence seem to go hand in hand with the learning of disco dancing: It's enough to make one year for simpler days.



Book Review

by Pete Smith

Distortions. By Anne Beattie. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. 283 pages. \$7.95.

Chilly Scenes of Winter. By Ann Beattie. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. 280 pages. \$7.95.

In the short story, "Vermont," from Ann Beattie's collection entitled *Distortions*, the narrator is left by her husband David and eventually begins living with a mutual friend of theirs, Noel. Ms. Beattie evokes an amazing lack of drama, given all the twists and turns of the situation, in a characteristically plain and economical style. When David calls after a year or so and says that he and Patty are coming to Vermont for a visit, Noel, a simple, kind man whose business readings of *Moneysworth* and *The Wall Street Journal* never left him much time for literature, wonders how he can compete with David. "He thought David was coming to his house to win me away. After he reads more literature he'll realize that is too easy. There will have to be complexities. The complexities will protect him forever."

The fiction of Ann Beattie is maturely sensitive to the problems and complexities present in and surrounding intelligent young people in America, and she makes no foolish attempt to solve or simplify them. That is why the work here, in her first collection of short stories and her first novel, is so constantly engaging and so troubling. The insightful bleakness of her vision comes through consistently, on a parallel with Joseph Heller's *Something Happened* but more immediately, considering the potential future of her characters. Charles, the protagonist of *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, at twenty-seven is so utterly cynical and immersed in his own problematic world that he fears at one point in the novel that his best friend Sam will walk out on him in addition to Laura, the motivating

force in his life, who has returned to her husband Ox. Unlike Bob Slocum in *Something Happened*, however, there is a sense of purposeful existence somewhere close in Charles' experience. He keeps going back to these memories and withdrawing further; listening to cassettes of Dylan through earphones while filling out reports in his government job, reliving in his mind the happiness he felt when he and Laura were together in more conscious moments.

It is Ms. Beattie's detail which is most delightful in her fiction and that which makes her work provoke cinematic imagining on the part of



Ann Beattie

the reader; for example, Charles driving alone singing "The Name Game" along with the car radio and substituting Laura's name with every chorus, or Charles fantasizing his best friend Sam can join Laura and him and Laura's stepdaughter in one happy family, a picture he finds "too Norman Rockwellish to be true" and anyway, "Who would someone assume Sam was, if they saw him seated in a Norman Rockwell picture?" Ann Beattie abandons the metaphor in favor of

reality, insuring the vitality of her style by a faithfulness to objects of association and their passing influence.

There is a sense of strong identity between the younger imaginative audience of Beattie's and her characters. Reading her stories in *The New Yorker* magazine is probably the first association. Maybe Ann Beattie, *The New Yorker*, and Ann Beattie's readers in *The New Yorker* will be criticized for creating a circle of snobbishly stereotypical self-indulgence, but such criticism would indeed be shallow. There is no intent to form a vogue of inwardly reflective, unsatisfied and uninspired relics from the 1960's; rather, Beattie holds a large mirror directly up to the lives of a generation and records what is most often evidence of wasted alienation. To identify with an Ann Beattie character is often to confront the emptiness inside oneself.

In her keenly intelligent presentation of this alienation, Ann Beattie strikes cruelly and compassionately at the core of the numbing lack of fulfillment that is rampant among her young, well-educated characters. Her writing resonates the impotent action of a generation that burned out along with Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and the Viet Nam war. The process of recovery is painfully lengthened out, as is Charles' two-year quest of Laura, by a conditioned fear of action. On a macrocosmic level she presents the sad tale of the 70's in every character she develops or fails to develop.

Ann Beattie's remarkably clear and cutting vision and her witty super realism allow for refreshingly relevant humor and pleasurable reading, but the mirror reflection remains, prodding the reader to move and react. With the publication of these two books in paperback expected next month, a new contract with Random House for two more books, and continuing appearances in *The New Yorker*, Ann Beattie is destined to increase her audience and achieve the critical acclaim that is due her.

A Friend For Joey

by Catherine Santoro

Joey was seven years old when his father left home. His dad had a drinking problem, and Joey remembers many violent and ugly scenes at home. Six years ago the screaming stopped, and Joey hasn't seen his father since. Joey has fifteen brothers and sisters, but "most never come home at night anyway." His mother is on welfare and goes back and forth from their three-room house on Portage Avenue to her boyfriend's apartment on the other side of town.

But Joey doesn't seem to mind because he only comes home to eat and sleep anyway. So where does a thirteen-year-old boy without a father, and often without a mother, spend his time? Joey can usually be found out on the street. "Hanging out with the guys" is much more fun than school, so Joey isn't the best of friends with the truant officer. He will be trying eighth grade all over again next year. When Joey was twelve years old, he spent time in a juvenile home for strong-armed robbery. Joey is in trouble. He needs help.

There are hundreds of Joeyes in the world who need someone to look up to, someone they can trust. These children have been disappointed in life, deserted in one way or another by a parent. They need a special friend, and that's what Big Brothers and Big Sisters is all about. The Big Brother/Big Sister Agency of St. Joe County is providing 270 children like Joey with adult friends.

The children, ranging from age seven to 17, are referred from schools, parents, and different public agencies. Jay Eckenberger, Intake Supervisor in charge of interviewing all applicants at the Big Brother/Big Sister organization in South Bend, is disturbed by the notion that all of the children in the program are delinquents. "Kids are kids. They're not bad. What they learn is bad. And most of these kids never had a real model to learn from."

Big Brother/Big Sister volunteers are people who want to make their own lives more meaningful by helping others less fortunate who need them. They want to give themselves as friends. James Daschbach is a professor of engineering at Notre Dame who worked as a Big Brother volunteer for many years. He finds

this giving of oneself to be a difficult task. "It's hard being a Big Brother or Big Sister. At times you find out more about yourself as a person than perhaps you really want to know."

Many volunteers discover they aren't so willing to devote their time and energy after the first month. It takes patience, understanding, perseverance, and love to reach these children. Often volunteers get discouraged because they don't seem to be getting anything in return. One Big Brother from Notre Dame, Pat Kelley, had an especially difficult time with his little brother. "I saw him every week for thirteen months and wrote over the summer. He only started responding to me after the tenth month."

"What if he doesn't like me?" This is the biggest fear for most Big Brother and Big Sister volunteers. The relationship between a Big Brother and his little brother is slow developing and at times seems impossible. Jay Eckenberger describes it as "two strangers fighting to build a friendship. It's hard to believe some make it through the first three months." Pat Kelley agrees that the initial period is the hardest. He told me how uncomfortable his first few weeks with his little brother were. He would ask him, "What would you like to do this week?" "I don't care," was the standard reply. So the Big Brother decided on playing pinball at Shula's and then worried the whole time because he was convinced that his little brother hated pinball.

The little brother is equally uncomfortable and doesn't understand why someone would spend his time and money on him. Joey told me that his Big Brother Pat is from Notre Dame. "I don't know why he comes out here every week," he said. "He must have friends of his own at Notre Dame." I asked him if he was happy with his Big Brother. Joey answered that he wanted a "cool" Big Brother like O. J. Simpson or Bruce Lee, but anybody other than "a teacher or a cop was O.K." with him.

Another difficulty in building a relationship is, as Daschbach puts it, "the parent is the parent, the volunteer is a friend." This is sometimes hard for the parent and child to understand. Many parents expect the Big Brother to be a substitute parent or policeman for the child. A mother

may request a Big Brother for her son because "he's always cutting school and needs someone to straighten him out." The volunteer is an adult and to the little brother adults represent authority. Often they resent the Big Brother because they see him as just another truant officer.

The idea of a "one on one match of a youth with an adult" began with Irv Westheimer in Cincinnati, Ohio. The concept has blossomed to become Big Brothers of America and Big Sisters International. In 1973, United Way funding encouraged the merger of the two separate organizations, Big Brothers and Big Sisters in South Bend. The agency, located in the Youth Services Bureau at 1011 E. Madison Street, is run by an executive director, John Sherman, and four case managers. There are presently 300 children on file waiting to be matched with a volunteer. Although the number of Big Brother volunteers is increasing every year, the number of children referred to the agency is also rising rapidly. Joey is one of the luckier children to have received a Big Brother when the waiting list wasn't very long.

I met Joey on his weekly outing with his Big Brother Pat. He came riding up to the house on the handlebars of his friend's bike a half hour late. "I had detention today for cutting school last week," he mumbled. He whipped a comb out of his back pocket and brushed the black shoulder-length hair out of his face. Joey is about four and a half feet tall and looks as though he hasn't eaten in months. His jeans kept slipping down past what should have been hips, and his skinny little torso was lost in somebody's hand-me-down army jacket. He ran into the house, grabbed a Pepsi, and screamed something in Spanish to his little sister. Dodging some discarded furniture in the front yard, Joey made his way to the car, and we left to go bowling.

Joey was a very competitive bowler. He watched Pat's every point and was ashamed to get the lowest score. "Bowling is a dumb game anyway," he reasoned. I asked what he was going to do that night. "Hang around the neighborhood," he replied. "And do what?" I asked. "Throw rocks at cars and then run. We never get caught. Only we don't throw any at Caddies with blacks in



it, 'cause then we'd get nailed." "Why do you do that?" I asked. "It's a hobby," he said in total seriousness.

Joey was very quiet most of the day, but Pat said that he's always like that. After almost a year, Pat thinks Joey is finally beginning to accept him. "It's a good thing because I was starting to run out of things to ask him. I hated to ask him questions about school, because I know how much he hates it. His whole way of life is so different from mine. I felt like any question I'd ask him would sound dumb. I wanted him to be my friend, but I also wanted him to respect me. I realized

that he never would because he doesn't respect my way of life. Sometimes that kid acts so tough, I feel like the little brother."

I had one more question for Joey. It was on a pamphlet that Big Brother/Big Sister hands out to the kids. "If you could have three wishes, Joey, what would they be?" He was quiet for a while, and then answered, "Bread, wheels, and friends." Whether Joey knew it or not, one of his wishes had come true.

Catherine Santoro, a junior American Studies major from Park Ridge, Illinois, is planning a career in broadcast journalism.

Forecast

by Michelle Quinn

I felt like a kid swiping bubble gum from the corner candy store as I placed six cracker packages in the right pocket of my brown and beige pin-striped suit. I did so two at a time: while replacing my napkin on the restaurant table, then as I studied the bill, and finally when reaching for my briefcase. A light supper, I'd eaten a shrimp cocktail appetizer and soup. Things between us were off kilter from the word go. Normally, Karen and I meet for lunch at 12:30. Today, however, the secretary pool at the insurance firm had a noon-hour luncheon buffet planned. We'd decided, therefore, to meet at six instead. Considering the hour, I remember being surprised that Karen came carrying the brown sack from the deli. It was because I presumed she wouldn't trouble with the peanut butter and jelly sandwich that I'd bothered to take the crackers in the first place.

I don't recall the first time I saw Karen Briley, for she looked, as do so many of the women in our fashion-conscious city, as if the fact that she works on Michigan Avenue gives her the right and responsibility to make a point of appearing so. It wasn't until I'd been introduced to her at the New Year's Eve party of a mutual acquaintance that Karen caught my eye. It wasn't as if she was outlandish in her mannerisms or profound in her comments that had me take note of her that evening. Instead, it was the fact that she was alert; so much so that I knew she must have an identity separable from the regular sweep. Her alertness attracted me. I pursued it.

Karen had had a proper upbringing, one that sheltered her from calamities and told her what stereotypes best suited her. She retained her parents' preference for a smooth unencumbered life-style without sticking necessarily to labels they would have chosen to impose. Karen is remarkably young in her outlook for a twenty-three-year-old. I'm safe in saying it's a quality that distinguishes her from most females her age.

She enjoys parties, dinners, and movies but she thrives on activities besides these. We went tobogganing in Wisconsin one weekend. And she is insistent that we shop together at the grocery store if a home-cooked meal is in order. Because of Karen's newest project for us, we've been assured of daily meetings for the past two weeks. She sprang the plan on me, over the phone, during our morning break.

"Wouldn't it be truly wild, if we'd search out spring during our lunch break?" Karen proposed.

"With the looks of things, what makes you think it's anywhere in the vicinity?"

"April's in session."

"Oh, right. And that's proof positive. Well, what's

the strategy, captain?" I humored her.

"We'll meet at the park. We'll feed the ducks. And we'll watch for the first flower, Tom."

"Supposing our ambush is successful, what does it mean?"

"When it comes, spring will be here, and the two of us will have discovered it."

We've been on the lookout every day since.

Karen was brought up on the outskirts of the city limits. Treks to Michigan or Wisconsin in the summer and winter seasons, respectively, total her amassed exposure to nature. The park, admittedly, is a less expansive place than the landscape of those states. But, it is indeed an adequate choice for locating the presence of spring. It is a rather impressionable site and having architectural design behind it, the park remains a not unruly and unthreatening territory. Given we each had a 75-minute break, and were on the hunt for one measly flower, the park served its purpose. En route to it, we'd regularly discuss our mornings, and the evening before as well, if we'd shared it with others besides ourselves. Returning to our more cemented livelihoods 45 minutes later, our topic and concern became the anticipated appearance of Spring's Flower. The whole ritual brought fresh dignity to the lunch hour.

At the pond we'd feed the ducks. By the end of last week, they seemed to have grown accustomed to us for they no longer ruffled at our approach. Every day, Karen would surprise me with some deli selection, always choosing for herself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Supposedly, she brought the sandwich for herself. She never ate more than half of it, actually; preferring to assuage the quacking of the ducks "who," she assured me, "crave it at least a thousand times more than I."

A week ago Wednesday, it being the third consecutive day of her making that same order, I asked, "Just why do you suppose they crave peanut butter and jelly, Karen? Why not olive loaf? Or ham and cheese? Ham and cheese is surely every bit as American as peanut butter and jelly."

She tore a bite-size portion from the center of the sandwich, where the jelly and especially the peanut butter was spread thickest.

"Open your mouth."

As I began chewing, she threw a similarly sparing piece into the pond.

"Get it?" Karen asked me as she turned to reprimand Nelson, the largest drake, christened by her the day before, who had gobbled four of the last five sandwich throws.

"Well, it is good; I can sympathize with Nelson's gluttony."

"Some of the ducks are more precocious than the others, Tom, more self-advancing."

"I get it. You're in the business of converting them all into do-bee ducks. What a swell missionary you are," I teased. I was behind her as I said this. When she moved from a stooped position into an upright one so as to pay me mind instead of Nelson, I was perfectly set to land a kiss on the white of her neck above the collar. I did so; she smiled, taking my arm.

"I want to feed as many as I can, and if I leave them to their own devices," here Karen let go of me again to move nearer the water, "then two or three will be stuffed full and the others neglected altogether."

"Be sure to notify the unions of your method. Monopolies and trusts could be ruined. If only they knew that by serving peanut butter and jelly sandwiches at all their dinners, economic equality would be insured."

"I figure," she said, popping another portion into my mouth, "that if I give them peanut butter, that just when they get greedy the roofs of their beaks will stick to their bottom bills, giving the other guys a chance."

"So, only quacks will fall for it, huh?" She laughed; still Karen had implicit faith in her theory, or a genuine penchant for peanut butter because she did not deviate at all from bringing it along.

I thought she was carrying a good thing too far last weekend, when she made us leave our friends' get-together Saturday night so we could recess to the park to see if the flower was there. I accused her of behaving childishly. She said pooh on me, what sort of sport was I, and gave the park a quick but careful going over. She wanted Sunday to herself entirely, and made it a point of telling me she wouldn't go to the park at all, for more important than greeting spring on a precise day, was to locate it with me. I told Karen I didn't mind at all that she wanted the day to herself, but couldn't she please not bring into the discussion the fetish she had with the flower. I regretted saying this immediately, for I enjoyed the lunch excursion as much as she did; but I resented that it had such an importance for her, an importance that escaped me. Karen is a woman more unpredictable than weather.

We met on Monday and enjoyed the park more than before. We didn't refer to our miff, and since the breeze was warm for a change we more than half expected a flower of some description to show itself.

Today came eventually. It is Friday. We were to meet at six, as I've said, to survey the park before the sun set and decide meanwhile what else the night should hold in store. Karen was uncharacteristically late, by some fifteen minutes, and I could tell from the park bench I sat waiting on that as she approached, she was not merely hurried, but anxious as well. I was about to say "Hi, honey" when she began blurting her upset.

"I left the office at five, Tom."

"Likely story."

"And grabbed a bite to eat."

"Good, I've eaten too, so there's no need to rush."

"I wanted to go to my apartment, too, and I knew

that meant I'd be cutting it close."

I glanced at my watch, kidding her, "Not very accurate with estimations?"

Her comeback wasn't jolly. "As it so happened, traffic wasn't at all bad. I made good time and decided I might as well fill the tank. I stopped at the station on State Street."

"By Hudson. Well, no wonder, that's a bit out of the way, honey."

"No, no, the one that's owned by that short fat Puerto Rican, Tom. He began chatting with me in that supposedly complimentary way of his."

"And you couldn't resist, so you let him run on at the mouth; here I thought you considered me your chief flatterer," I said.

"You know he makes me nervous to start with. Don't tease."

She was obviously edgy. "How about if we go for a drink somewhere?" Karen shook her head.

"I'm not done. Listen, Tom. He'd gone into the station with my credit card, and I was listening to the news on the radio, not paying it much attention. Two or three of the man's kids or their friends were running around." Tears came to her eyes. What could possibly have happened, I thought to myself, as Karen kept on.

"One stuck his tongue out at me." She moved a stray strand of hair off her forehead. I was a bit peeved, surely the kid's prank didn't merit this prolonged attention.

"I thought, typical, when his sister chided him and said he shouldn't be mean to the pretty white lady."

"The kid shows some taste."

"Tom, please. She knocked on my window, driver's side. I rolled it down the rest of the way. She tapped me on the shoulder and handed me this." Karen opened her purse and grabbed out of it something which she now thrust at me. "That girl's face was as grimy as her father's tools. Before I knew it, there in my lap was this dilapidated wilting flower."

"It looks like it's been through the war, poor thing."

"Yes, and its stem was as sweaty as her palm. She ran off before I could give it back."

"So you decided to bring it to me. How sweet. I think a florist could have provided a lovelier one."

"I wanted to tear out of that lot. I've never liked the smell of gasoline," Karen butted in, "I picked up the flower, thinking that at least I could sniff it. And it smelled like gasoline too. Smell it, now, I bet it still will."

It did, but I didn't want to say so; if this subject got any more reinforcement, it would throw a real kink into any of the night's plans.

She flopped onto the bench, the deli sack between us, and began to cry. I put my arm around her, and asked her if she wanted to look through the park anyway, and she grimaced, madly. I didn't know what on earth had her so distraught. Karen was still crying. So I shoved the flower in my pocket, crumbling some of the crackers as I did so. I told her to call me later tonight, or whenever it was that she collected herself enough to start acting like the sensible girl I knew she was capable of being.

Much Ado About Acting

by Sheila Foss

The stars of Broadway have it made. On any given day Sir Laurence Olivier, Helen Hayes, or Jason Robards would probably rise late, eat leisurely, be chauffeured to the theater, fawned upon by co-workers, and feted by sponsors and would-be producers. Life is easy for them. Yet, at some time in each star's career, he or she had to serve an apprenticeship that made the easy life and the dreams of glory come to pass.

The public sees only the polished, finished product, not the arduous hours and painstaking concern for detail and craftsmanship that go into the making of a star. Be it community theater, dance or voice studio, or college campus, there are aspiring personalities willing to serve the Muse and to devote the time and effort necessary to achieve fame. On the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's campuses a group of drama majors devote more time to their future dreams than many of their contemporaries. One such student actor is Michele Roberge.

The life of a student actor is harried. Waking up in the dark each morning after only a few hours' sleep, when it is not even exam week, is not typical routine for most students. Michele Roberge, however, is not a typical student—she is a drama major. A Saint Mary's senior, she has run the gamut of Notre Dame-Saint Mary's plays in every facet of their production. A day doesn't pass that Roberge is not rehearsing a play, sewing costumes, working on a theater crew, or preparing in some way for a stage production. This month she had a lead role in *A Man For All Seasons*. In addition, she works as head assistant to Dee Hawfield in the costume shop. Following Roberge through a typical day makes it clear why her co-

workers call Michele an all-around drama student.

During the day, Roberge, an accomplished seamstress, works part-time in the costume shop at Saint Mary's Moreau Hall. The room was crowded, on a recent morning, with three long tables, six sewing machines, a rack of multicolored kimonos for the upcoming musical *The Mikado*, and another rack of Renaissance costumes being readied for *A Man For All Seasons*. Knowing ahead what she will wear in a show sometimes pays. "Last month I played old, fat Nora Melody in *A Touch of The Poet*. I wore padding to all the rehearsals, and by show time it felt natural," she says.

Dr. Julie Jensen, a director and drama professor, praised the costumes Roberge designed and sewed for *Les Parents Terrible* as "superb" and "remarkable." Jensen says, "Michele is a fine craftsman and technician. In addition, Michele is as good an actor as I've seen in college. She is easy and human to work with, making it easy for others to do their best."

In a morning acting class at Saint Mary's, Roberge practices techniques and gets her share of criticism from classmates. "You have to overcome your personal mannerisms when you're acting," says Michele. "For one thing, I tend to clasp my hands in front of me just to do something with them, and often I'm playing a character who wouldn't do that."

During lunch hour, which she rarely spends eating, Roberge often works in the costume shop, perhaps putting the finishing touches on a royal cape. She takes the shuttle bus to Notre Dame for two afternoon classes and makes use of the travel time. "I go over my lines, one at a time, on the bus. I'll say, 'Go away,' or 'Do I not know it,' every

way I can think of until I find the one that sounds best," she says.

Another bus trip, after classes at Notre Dame, takes Roberge back for more hours in the costume shop. She carries a sandwich for her dinner so that she can fit rehearsals into her daily routine.

Rehearsing a play takes from four to five weeks. In the beginning the cast may meet only a few times a week, but by the last few weeks rehearsals occur nightly and on weekends, and usually run from 7:30 until midnight. "During rehearsals," Roberge says, "actors must be flexible and adapt to each director's unique method, learning what they can from each."

In last month's ND-SMC production, *A Touch of The Poet*, director Julie Jensen began each rehearsal with exercises working on interpretation and improvisation. One night Jensen asked Roberge (mother) and Lisa Turco (daughter) to make up a scene in which the mother tells her daughter she was born out of wedlock. "One of the most beautiful scenes I have ever seen," says Jensen, "was watching Michele explaining to Lisa 'how things like that' happen. Lisa was so touched she cried. Michele is a compassionate person. Art is fed by compassionate, sensitive and positive values."

Dr. Reginald Bain, director of *A Man For All Seasons*, tends to put more emphasis on blocking (staging characters' actions) and lets each student interpret his part. After Roberge is familiar with her lines she begins to interpret her character. She lists her character's traits into physical, social, and psychological categories. This way she can understand the person she plays, know what she is doing and why. "Interpreting the character is what makes an Alice More in one production

different from an Alice in another," says Roberge.

Because Roberge is usually cast as a mean, strong, or hard woman (the "bitch-of-the-year" as one critic called her) she had a difficult task learning the character of the meek, stooped, slovenly Nora Melody in *A Touch of The Poet*. She mastered an Irish brogue as well. Director Julie Jensen believes Michele is usually cast as the difficult woman because she has an expressive body and a strong voice. "She can, though," says Jensen, "do the sensitive roles too."

Roberge keeps busy even between scenes at rehearsals, hand-stitching parts of costumes, reviewing her lines, or knitting. After rehearsal on a school night, often after midnight, a cast member drops Roberge off at her house. With the movements she learned in blocking a scene still fresh in her memory, she practices blending words with actions. After finding the right combination, she sits in the early-morning hours at the small dining-room table and begins the studying her heavy classload requires. "I don't know how she does it all," says roommate Beth, "but Michele always manages to get everything done and done well." Roberge, with a double major in English Literature and Speech and Drama, manages to squeeze in an Italian class each semester. She spent her sophomore year in Rome and has an avid interest in everything Italian.

There is no college credit earned in after-class work on theater productions. "Drama is a life-style, not just a major," claims Roberge, who does not regret the lack of free time to party and relax. She does not feel the need to get away from her major because she finds drama exciting.

Roberge has been in all the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's major productions this year: *A Comedy of Errors*, *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, and *A Touch of The Poet*. Dr. Jensen says, "There is jealousy in any drama department, but no one resents the many roles Roberge has had. Michele doesn't leave when she's finished with her part but stays around to help others. She is talented, hardworking, generous, and humble. If I could make every-

body like Michele, I would."

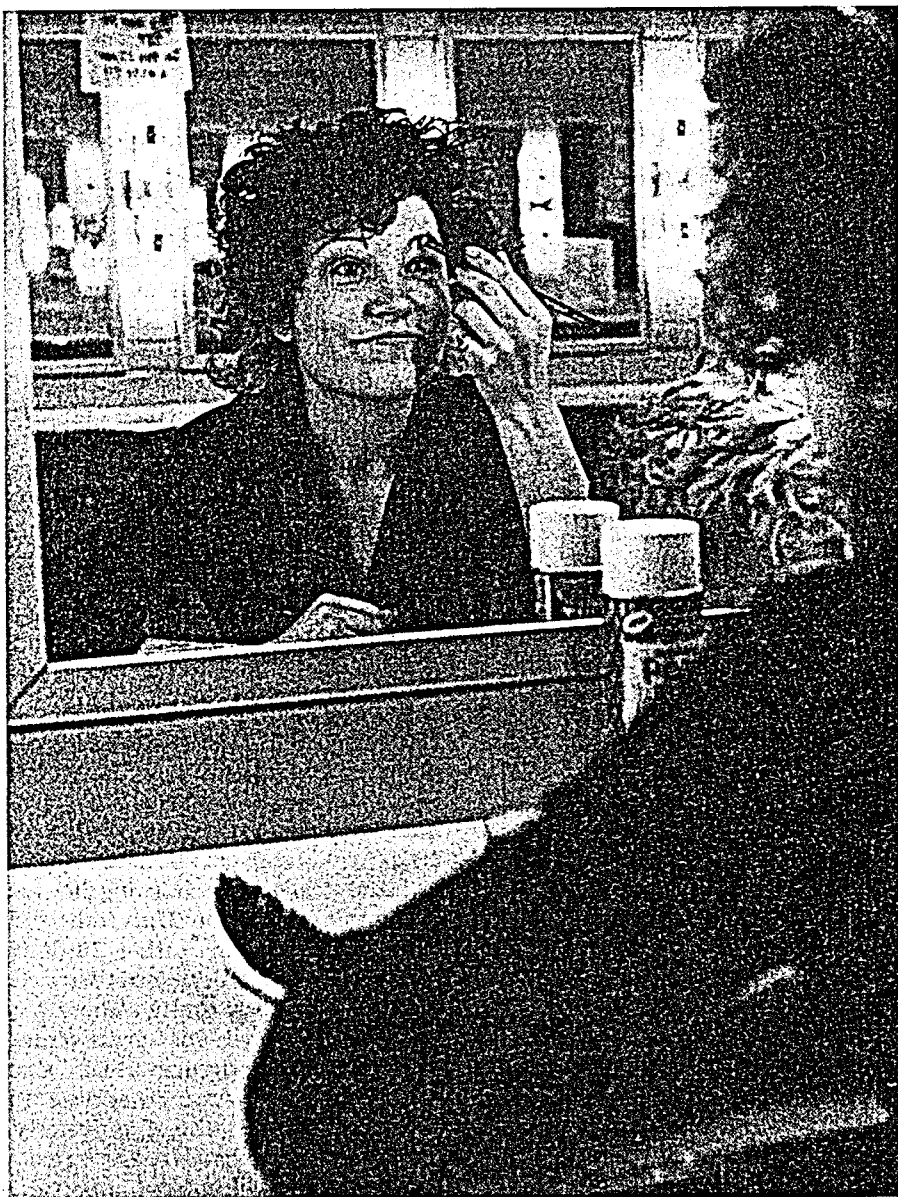
The week before a play, known as "crunch week," Roberge leaves rehearsals late and returns to the costume shop. There are nights when the shop never closes. Crunch week means working long days and almost living on stage or in the costume shop to ready things for opening night.

Roberge believes that a person who hopes to make a career of drama in any of its phases must know all about play production, directing, stage sets, design, costumes, lights, and makeup. She has served in each. She adds, "There is another side to drama that most people do not realize—the academic side. A person has to read the classics and modern plays and know the history of the theater in order to appreciate

drama."

Following graduation Roberge will participate in the ND-SMC Summer Theater. In the fall she begins work on a Master of Fine Arts degree at the University of Michigan whose drama department has awarded her a fellowship. Because Shakespearean drama is her predilection, she hopes to join a Shakespearean repertory company after completing her master's. Someday, when her dreams of forming her own repertory come true, she may enjoy the late rising, leisurely dining, and theatrical accoutrements her student life denies.

Sheila Foss is a senior American Studies major who spent her sophomore year in Rome with Michele Roberge.



ND Publishing Presses On

by Maureen Kelly



James Langford

Midway through Notre Dame's national championship football season, Gene Shalit of NBC's *Today* show focused on something else that goes on at Notre Dame besides football. Shalit told his audience that "Notre Dame is more than football: it has a strong line of thoughtful books." Speaking from *Today's* "Critic's Corner," Shalit praised Notre Dame Press' commitment to sociological and contempo-

rary affairs. He cited M. Baskin's and William A. Strauss' *Reconciliation After Vietnam*, and Rachele and Donald Warren's *The Neighborhood Organizer's Handbook* as examples.

The University of Notre Dame Press is one of about 75 university presses across the nation, and the leading Catholic university press. Its publication of 38 titles last year places it between the small presses that publish under 15 books annually, and those that produce 200 titles each year, like the University of Chicago Press and Harvard Press.

In two years Notre Dame Press has almost doubled its output, from 21 titles to 38 titles. It is the fastest-growing university press in the nation. Its growth, however, is in reputation and impact, as well as in sales and number of titles. James Langford, director of the press and the man responsible for much of its recent success and growth, confidently states that "Notre Dame Press is three or four years away from being one of the 10 best presses in the country."

Like all university presses, Notre Dame publishes thoughtful and serious books and seeks quality before sales potential in manuscripts. Because profit-making houses like Doubleday and Macmillan publish books with tremendous popular appeal like *Trinity* or *Roots*, university presses must publish the books that often have less obvious-sales potential like *The Politics of Population Control* and *Newton on Matter and Activity*. These titles may not attract a reader looking for a book to read on the beach this summer, but they contain valuable information.

Rapid growth of the press in the last few years is the result of a program launched by James Langford when he took over as director. Langford came to Notre Dame in 1974, a veteran of both commercial and academic publishing houses (Doubleday and the University of Michigan), and an author himself (*Galileo, Science and the Church*). He followed Miss Emily Schosberger who directed the press from 1961 until she retired in 1973.

The press' new program was to compete with other university presses for the best writers on college campuses, to buy important

out-of-print books from commercial houses and reprint them, and to promote the work of the press. Langford's goal was to build Notre Dame's reputation in academic publishing.

Langford thinks that the press' care for its authors and their books contributes to its success. "We simply don't publish books we are not enthusiastic about." He explains, "We give individual attention to editing, and to promotion, review, and advertising programs. More importantly, we stay with a book, and continue to promote it after it is published, which other presses don't always do."

The Notre Dame Press staff of 10 receives over 800 manuscripts each year, but chooses only 35 to 40. The press is the leading American publisher of Mexican-American studies and one of the foremost publishers in philosophy, theology, and sociology. Its strength in philosophy attracted Frithjof Bergman, who published *On Being Free* last year. Elie Weisel, a highly acclaimed chronicler of the Jewish Holocaust, is publishing *Four Hasidic Masters and Their Struggle Against Melancholy* this spring. An NBC network series recently broadcasted excerpts from this book.

Last year the press published 125 copies of William Faulkner's previously unpublished *Mayday*, which sold out for \$150 each. The limited edition is a facsimile of the original fable which Faulkner wrote, illustrated, and bound himself. A copy of *Mayday* will now bring \$250 from a collector.

The press draws many of its writers from universities, including Notre Dame, the University of Michigan, Yale, the University of Chicago, and the University of California. It is publishing books such as Mircea Eliade's only novel, *Forbidden Forest*. Eliade, a religious historian and philosopher from the University of Chicago, was recently the subject of an article in *People* magazine.

Though it continues to publish scholarly books, the focus of Notre Dame Press has changed in recent years. Langford believes university presses have become less academic. "A shift has taken place. Because commercial houses exist to make profits, they have moved away from

thoughtful books. Therefore, the area between scholarly and more popular books is open territory for university presses. Economic realities have forced us to give up extremely technical or scholarly books with small markets."

Looking for a broader market, Notre Dame Press is turning to current issues including population control, amnesty, and human rights. In 1977, the press published *Reconciliation After Vietnam*, a Ford Foundation study of the amnesty question. It was produced in a record-breaking seven weeks, and was on every congressman's desk before Carter's major amnesty message. The *New York Times* called this book a major influence on the Ford and Carter amnesty programs.

Because it is part of a university, Notre Dame Press has an image to maintain; University administration, however, does not limit what the press can publish. Thomas B. Littlewood's *The Politics of Population Control* criticizes the Catholic Church's stand on population control. Before publishing the controversial book, the press researched the issues and checked the facts. Langford explains: "There are some limits to what we will print. We won't advocate suicide or abortion, but the school does not put restrictions on the kinds of books we put out. We use our freedom responsibly."

A book about a controversial issue such as population control is drastically different from the football review which was the press' first official publication. When it opened in 1949 the press was a service for the school. It was responsible for student publications including *Scholastic*, the students manual, and many academic works. It published textbooks written by theology and mathematics faculty members, as well as a series in medieval studies.

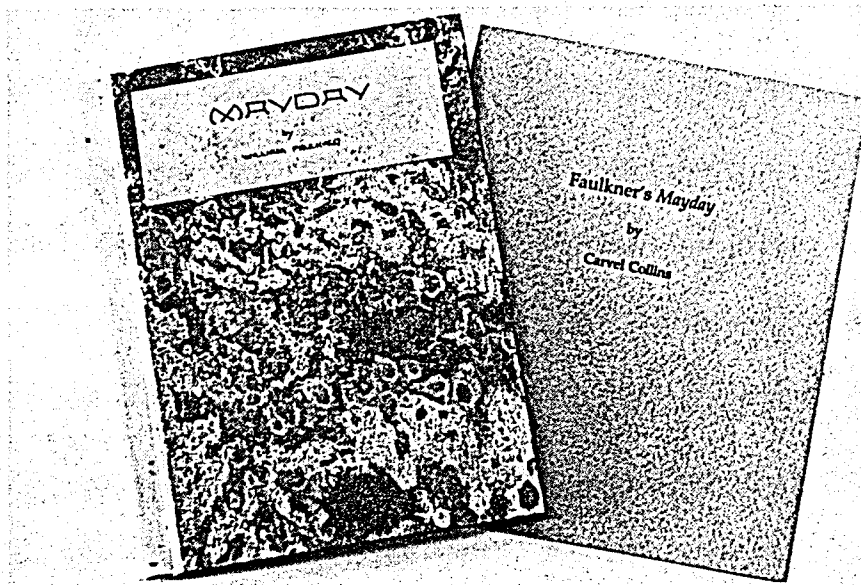
In 1961, financial support of university presses by the Ford Foundation, and the arrival of Emily Schossberger as director, gave Notre Dame Press the impetus to become a serious and professional university press. Schossberger, who is affectionately remembered by her colleagues as having a colorful personality, worked in academic publishing for 17 years before coming to Notre Dame. She was the first

woman executive at Notre Dame, and the first woman elected to the board of directors of the American Association of University Presses.

In the sixties, Schossberger dropped student publications and concentrated on academic publishing. The press was located in the basement of Stanford Hall until it relocated to the fifth floor of the Memorial Library in 1967. Schossberger and her staff improved Notre Dame's academic image by increasing its output in English literature,

to the school. This year the press launched an internship program for students interested in publishing as a career. Interns work at the press in the production, editing, and promotion departments.

The press is also a vehicle for Notre Dame scholars to publish their work. Through Notre Dame Press, students and scholars of other universities are becoming aware of Notre Dame's academic work. The most recent publication by a Notre Dame professor is Jay P. Dolan's



humanities, and the social sciences, including two successful volumes of Chaucer criticism.

Late in the decade the press published almost 60 titles a year because of generous government funds. Economic recession caused a drop to 16 titles in 1971. Since then, Notre Dame Press has gradually rebuilt its number of titles.

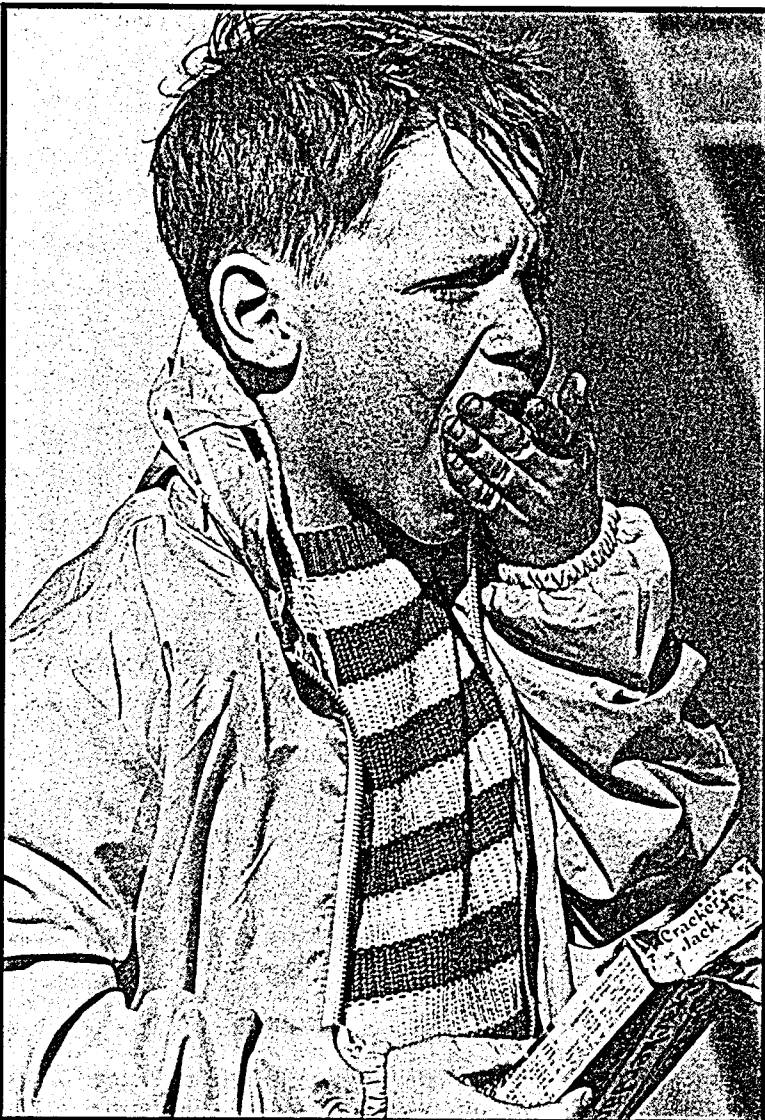
Repromoting backlist titles and new publications has improved Notre Dame's image in the academic publishing world. Through direct mail advertising, displays at scholarly meetings, newspaper and journal advertising, and radio, magazine, and television publicity, the press is attracting attention. Books marked "University of Notre Dame Press" are reviewed in the *New York Times*, the *New York Times Book Review*, the *London Times Literary Supplement*, and *Chicago* magazine. Last year over 100 journals reviewed books that Notre Dame Press published.

Though Notre Dame Press no longer publishes student publications, it continues to be a service

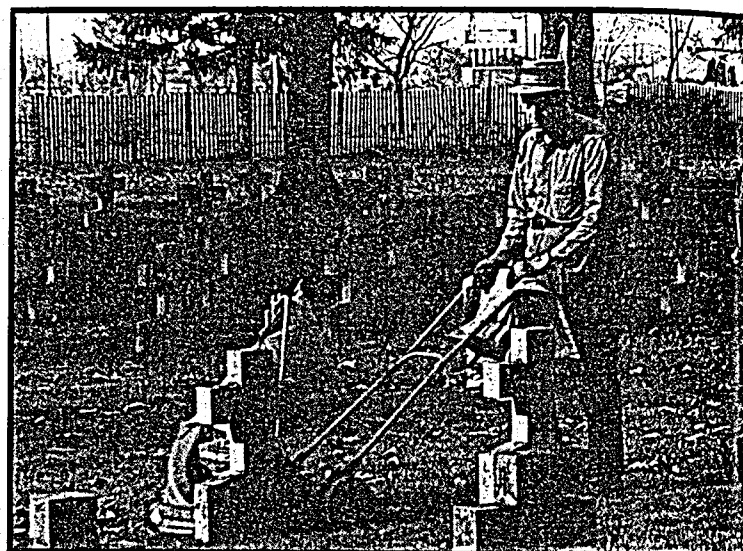
Catholic Revivalism: The American Experience 1830-1900, which the *New York Times Book Review* describes as "a modest-looking little book that represents true historical discovery." *Truthfulness and Tragedy*, by Stanley Hauerwas, an associate professor of theology, was chosen one of the ten best religious books of 1977 by *Newsweek's* religion editor Kenneth Woodward. A best-seller for the press — *The University of Notre Dame: A Portrait of Its History and Campus* — is the effort of another Notre Dame faculty member, associate professor Thomas J. Schlereth of the American Studies department. This book is already in its second printing.

According to the brochure of the Campaign for Notre Dame, "a university's press is the voice of the university." Notre Dame's voice grows louder, and it is being heard in the academic world. No longer singled out only for its football team, Notre Dame is also making a name for itself in the publishing world.

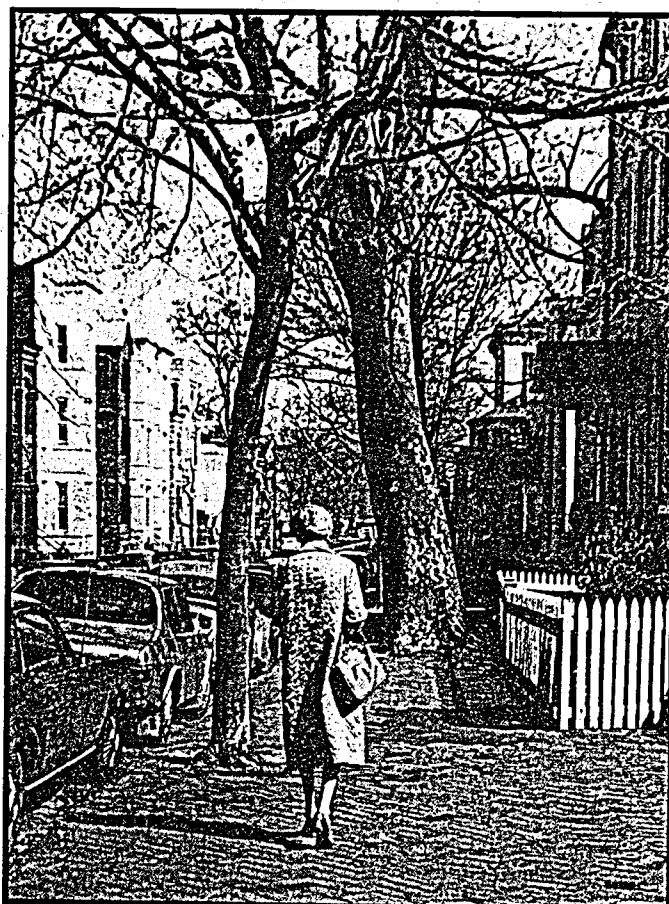
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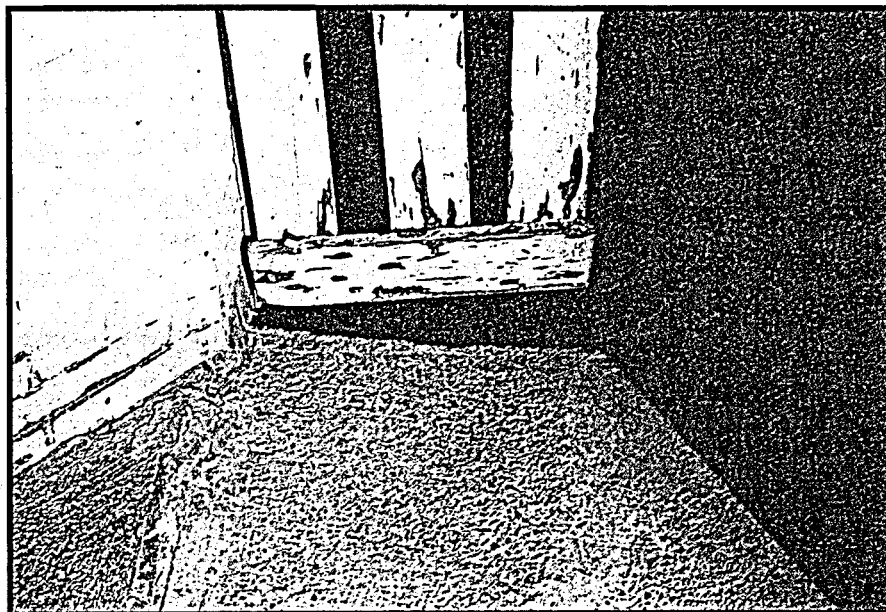
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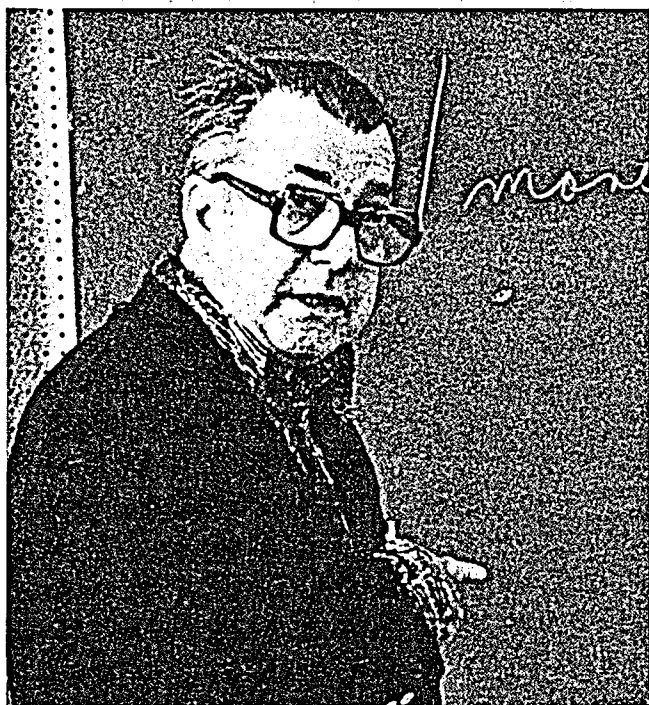
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The Final Act

by Ginny Nask

Dressed in black unbuckled galoshes with his pant legs haphazardly tucked, a sports coat he claims he inherited from his next-door neighbor and puka shells given to him by a former student—the professor tells entertaining stories of his years as coach of the Notre Dame debate team, the nuns at Saint Mary's and his dog, Jeff. Students casually stroll in and volunteer to give their speeches when class begins.

Who is this classic character? The infamous speech teacher Leonard F. Sommer. Commonly known around both campuses as "Lenny," the Saint Mary's and Notre Dame community regretfully will say good-bye to him this spring after 33 years as a faculty member.

Sommer's teaching style is indeed unique and very popular, judging from the hordes of students pleading to be added to his closed class lists. "Students pour into my classes, not because I give out A's, but because we enjoy the class together," explains the professor.

What kind of teaching style does Lenny have? "I have devised a teaching method that is too difficult to imitate because it is unorthodox," notes Sommer. "You can't find it in any of those books," pointing to shelves of books on his specialty, public speaking. "No author writes

about motivation," Sommer claims.

Sommer strives to motivate the students to do well. "Motivation is an adjunct to discipline," claims the professor. Once the students are truly motivated, there is no need for regulations and class requirements. "I don't take attendance or demand that the students be prepared because they come to class and volunteer to give their speeches." In a sense they have been won over, explains Sommer, the retiring professor.

Speech is one of the most difficult courses any student can take, according to Sommer. Students become terrified, but Lenny makes the fear tolerable when he retells his all-too-familiar story of a student he once had. This student was an excellent speaker but when he finished his speech, the student always fainted.

"The thought of giving a speech to your classmates seems easy until you are on the platform—then it's not so simple," agrees a Notre Dame student.

Students have adapted to the skillful professor's teaching style of mixing criticism with sarcasm. "I don't wait until a student completes his presentation to comment on mistakes. I interrupt in the middle of the speech to make the student listen to himself and become aware of his errors," explains Sommer.

The most important thing Sommer teaches is to be yourself. "For some reason students feel they have to change their personality when they get on the platform. I instruct the students to be themselves and at the same time to cultivate and master the technique of speaking publicly," notes the professor.

"Lenny has taught me a lot about myself and made me aware of things I normally overlook. Underneath his sarcasm, Lenny has good advice," said Sheila Matthew, a Saint Mary's senior.

Lenny Sommer was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on November 6, 1912. As a student at South Division High School in Milwaukee he won the 1932 state championship in tennis and the broad jump. Sommer was also the city champion in table tennis. From 1936-1940, Lenny coached two students who won the First National Oratorical Contest. He received a Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Science and a Master of Arts at Marquette University and the University of Wisconsin.

"This is something unique," comments Sommer. "I was named an honorary member of the Purdue University chapter of the Debate Fraternity at the National Debate Championships in 1930." Lenny was appointed director of the Notre

Dame Theatre from 1945-1948.

"I like acting because I am an old ham," chuckles Sommer. Reminiscing about his years at Marquette, Sommer recalls having to gain points by selling tickets, playing minor and major roles, running the stage—the whole gamut.

"Theatre was my great love. It was my life, day and night," admits Sommer. "I liked it, I loved it, and I still do."

Perfection and professionalism are necessary qualities for Speech and Drama majors. "I'm a perfectionist," he notes. "I need to touch and to feel things as they really are, I cannot imagine something."

Sommer believes that a Catholic institution offers a superior education, but he suggests that aspiring speech and drama majors enroll in a drama school in New York rather than a traditional four-year college.

Although Sommer considers himself an extraordinarily modest individual, Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students will never forget his nonchalant comments regarding his handsome appearance and his success as coach of the Notre Dame debate team for twenty-five years.

The professor started the Notre Dame debate team in 1945. "I simply posted a notice for anyone interested in an extracurricular activity. I didn't even use the word 'debate,'" he recalls. Dozens of undergraduates became involved.



Sommer coached the Notre Dame debate team to nine national championships in four fields of speech—debate, oratory, extemporaneous speaking and discussion.

A delightfully lazy person, Sommer will have plenty of free time when the doors of the Notre Dame and Saint Mary's close behind him for the last time this spring. He'll just kick off his galoshes and sit back with his traditional martinis. "After

33 years of teaching in the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Speech and Drama department, I want to slow down so I can stay young and handsome, no wrinkles, grey hair or ulcers," chuckles Lenny.

One of Sommer's favorite pastimes stems from his 25 years of coaching the Notre Dame debate team. "Watching talk shows on television is a hobby of mine. It intrigues me to watch people respond to questions," explains the retiring professor. Phil Donahue, a former student of his, is one of Sommer's favorites, along with Johnny Carson and Dinah Shore.

One side of Lenny Sommer which the Notre Dame and Saint Mary's community may be unaware of is his sensitivity. "Actually," he notes, "I am a sentimental person, but remember, I majored in theatre and I am an actor, so I know how to disguise my feelings."

Sommer has mixed feelings about finishing his teaching career at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's, but he does know that he has "loved, honored, and respected every student in the classroom for the past 33 years."



A Saint Mary's senior, Ginny Nask is a resident of LeMans.

People At ND



A loner among dogs, Eddie is that aloof thoroughbred mutt frequently seen lounging on the South Dining Hall steps. A well-respected member of the Field House's artsy elite, Eddie is soul-mate and subject of ceramics instructor Rob Lipnick.

Their relationship began over four years ago when Rob rescued Eddie from certain death after he had been hit by a car in Washington, D.C. Never forgetting a friend, Eddie followed Rob to the University of Maryland where Rob earned his undergraduate degree and Eddie earned campus-wide recognition for putting the bite on unwary admirers. Two mailmen, one policeman, numerous youngsters, and Rob's landlord all learned that Eddie scorns attention. At Notre Dame Eddie completed his biting resumé when he reportedly bit a young Domer, and if close encounters count, Father Flanigan. "He's really not unfriendly," explains Rob, "just discreet."

Not one to be politically inactive, Eddie was on the write-in ticket for student body president at the University of Maryland. And, until ousted by a canine coup, Eddie was ringleader of Tacoma Park's largest dog pack. Count perseverance as another of the dog's biggest assets: during the blizzard this year, Eddie

played sentinel for ten days before the home of a lady Doberman.

Eddie gets around. He strolled over to K-Mart recently and spent three undignified days at the local dog pound. On campus, Eddie frequents the pool room at the Huddle, the Field House, and the Dining Hall, then wanders confidently home to Napoleon Boulevard.

The finer things in life have found their place in Eddie's heart. He attends every opening of Rob's ceramic exhibitions, and has appeared, unexpectedly, on concert stage on several occasions. He prefers redheads (Irish Setters) to fellow mutts, Charo Snaps over fruits and vegetables, and Steve Martin over Tom Snyder.

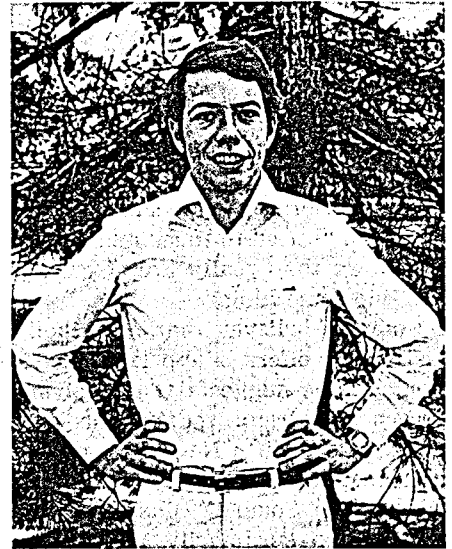
Eddie is not immune to fits of jealousy; Darby O'Gill may lose the distinction of "numero uno" on campus to the refugee from D.C.

—Liz Donovan

Ever consider Austria for Spring Vacation? Martin Nuechtern, an Austrian exchange student, had the opportunity to fly home to Vienna during March break, courtesy of Proctor and Gamble. Why such VIP treatment? Well, let's begin at the beginning. . . .

Martin Nuechtern completed his formal education in Marketing at Vienna University of Economics and Business Administration. During his years of study in Vienna he travelled extensively throughout Europe. He also spent three months in South Africa as an intern for IBM. After completing his studies, Nuechtern was awarded a Fulbright Scholarship and chose to study at Notre Dame.

Herr Nuechtern feels that his year in the States has been tremendous, having offered him a great deal more than postgraduate courses in Finance. Although South Bend lacks extensive cultural events, Nuechtern has made numerous trips to Chicago to enjoy museums, plays, and restaurants. He has been involved with



the International Students and played a key role in planning the Austrian segment of International Night during One Earth Week.

Living in the U.S. has also helped this Austrian to define his career goals more clearly, especially concerning multinational corporations. Asked to compare American and European universities, Nuechtern had some interesting comments, based on his personal experiences. The American university is much more structured than her European counterpart. Students here are less independent in planning schedules and selecting courses in their majors. Camaraderie is also more prevalent at the American university because the campus provides a "closer university feeling." In Europe universities are located in the city, with no campuses. These contrasts in student life have been exciting for Nuechtern, and he has gained a new perspective of the American culture as a result of his year at N.D.

Considering Martin Nuechtern's background, experiences, and endeavors, it is unquestionable that he was highly sought by employers in the U.S. and abroad. So on March 17 he boarded a 747. Destination: Vienna, Austria.

—Rhonda Kornfeld

"DEAR LUTIE..."

by Cole Finegan

The following letter concludes the adventures of Galen, an Arkansas native, who has now completed four years of college. When we last left Galen in our September issue he was a bewildered freshman. He now emerges a suave, self-assured Notre Dame senior.

May 21

Dear Lutie,

How you been? Just thought I'd fire off a quick letter to fill you in on my final days in *academia*—that's the bullshit name they give college up here at the Golden Dome. It's simply amazin', Lutie, how you can kill millions of brain cells in four years, get thumped by a variety of subjects ranging from Fun With Numbers to Sociology of Sport, still not know the words to *the* Fight Song, and still get a sheepskin with Latin all over it testifying to the fact you learned something. About the only thing they get right on the diploma is the B.S. they put at the top of it. As it is, they're only on to the science majors so far but someone around here has to be wising up. I guess we've lived the American Dream, Lutie, and looking back over the years here I don't think I could call it anything else. I don't think I could ever dream up some of the shit I pulled up here.

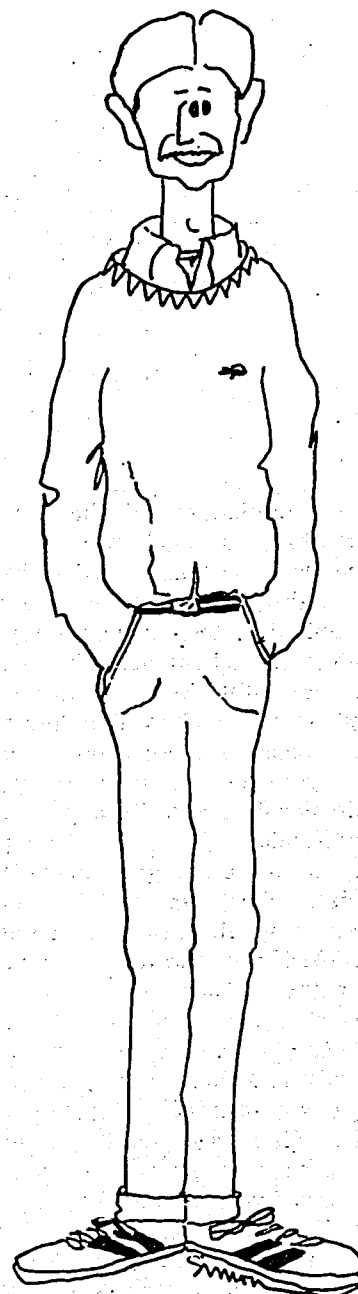
Remember when James Southwick Morgan had me arrested for assault and battery and you had to wire me the cash to make bail? Never saw anyone get that upset over a swirlie before; hell, I was just showing him a new way to condition his preppie hair. Course, didn't count on it gettin' caught in the pipes and James Southwick having a Tidy-Bowl blue tint to his hair for the rest of the year. By the way, he's gone now. A snow plow dissected his new Porsche during our big blizzard and it just sent the poor bastard off the deep end. Last I heard he's sewing little imaginary

alligators to his dressing gown at a sanitarium in upstate New York. A lot of 'em just couldn't handle college, Lutie; all that's left is us tough, sophisticated types.

Personally, I credit ROTC for my success and I would imagine you would attribute your success to a similar discipline, i.e. your degree in Animal Husbandry at Arkansas A & I. After looking at your sweetie, Lutie, I think you have combined career and marriage plans in one move! (Little joke, ole buddy.) You're doing better than me. I caught my date making out with the chief petty officer at the ROTC formal last week. If love's a shit sandwich, Lutie, and every date another bite, then I've been chomping on a helluva sandwich the past few years. No wonder I drink so much beer.

These last few weeks have kinda been a haze, Lutie. I remember going to classes back around March but as far as specifics go—what classes, where, grades—I really couldn't tell you. What I'm really concentrating on these days is my drug identification procedures. I'm gonna be in a coastal patrol this summer and I figured I'd better know what to look for. Lemme tell you, my friends have been real helpful. My health has suffered a bit since my eyes are always a little red and I can't seem to shake the sniffles but I sure know drugs these days. Must be all that indoor studying on it that's making me sickly. I sure hope my studies pay off this summer because I don't wanna cheat the taxpayer of my services. I'll clue you in on these procedures when I'm on leave this summer; it might take a little patience but I think you're a natural for this stuff.

Frankly, Lutie, I'm writing to bring this whole adventure full circle. You got my first letter from up here and you got my last. You're still my best friend, Lutie, but I sure will miss all my friends up



here. They still talk a little funny and dress a little shakey but they're just such damned good friends . . . kinda puts a lump in my throat like when I listen to a Tammy Wynette record. Right at the end, the fiddle plays so sweet while her heart is breaking, and the damned thing gets sadder and sadder, but you can't stand to take it off the turntable. You want it to stay just at that lump-in-the-throat level forever.

Well, Lutie, I guess I'll let you go now. Take care of yourself until I get a chance to write again. It may be quite a long time but I promise to have lots of good stories. I have lots of 'em right now but I don't think I can put them down in the right way on paper. Maybe next time.

Your pal,
Galen

The Rough Draft

by Ray O'Brien

The culmination of the football draft this past week was a dream come true for hundreds of athletes across the country. A majority of the United States' male youths grow up dreaming about becoming a professional athlete. In reality, the harsh statistics show that less than one percent of these childhood athletes ever goes on to make a living in professional sports. Perhaps that is what makes the men that play "games" for a living so unique that children adore them and fans spend hours at a ball park or in front of a television set watching them go about their business.

Baseball, basketball, and football are games to youngsters, but to the graduating college senior they are a business or form of employment, and to the aging veteran they are a livelihood that is constantly being threatened with the intensity mounting each year. Professional sport is so intriguing because it is a combination of playing for fun and playing for money and very often the two do not mix.

This year Notre Dame offered 11 top candidates from a National Championship team to the NFL draft. On May 2nd and 3rd a goal they had been shooting at for 20 years was realized. As the odds have it, for some it will be the beginning of a very happy and prosperous lifetime, while for others it will turn out to be a world of uncertainty. Nevertheless, on these two days, their plans for the near future were more or less decided for them. Eleven names to check for on the professional football rosters are: Luther Bradley, Doug Becker, Ross Browner, Ted Burgmeier, Willie Fry, Gary Forystek, Ernie Hughes, Dan Knott, Ken MacAfee, Steve McDaniels, and Dave Reeve.

Waiting for the NFL draft is a long and patience-testing process for

the graduating seniors. It is not as bad for some athletes, like Ken MacAfee, who are sure bets to go in the first round and command large salaries and bonuses. "It has been a tremendous anticipation," related MacAfee. "This is something I have thought about for a long time." Notre Dame's All-American tight end feels the excitement but little of the anxiety. "I am fortunate to be single, so my life is flexible right now. It is like going away to college again." Many scouts felt MacAfee would be the number-one pick in the entire draft, but as the date approached this senior has a good idea of where he would be living next year. "The teams that have expressed a great amount of interest in me are the Cleveland Browns (seventh pick), the Cincinnati Bengals (eighth), and the San Francisco 49ers (ninth)," said MacAfee. "I really don't have a preference to where I go."

Most players have picked a city or team they would like to play for. MacAfee's approach is unique but well thought out. "I am trying to take the draft with an open mind," he continued. "I think if you set your sights on one team and they don't draft you, then you may be disappointed."

There is no doubt that MacAfee's future looks very bright, and he probably will be financially stable at a very early age. "I really don't know what kind of a salary I will get," commented the highly touted prospect. "I only know what everyone else reads in the papers. I sure hope those numbers are true."

As bright as this All-American's future looks, MacAfee has lucrative alternatives to football to fall back on. This pre-med honor student has already been accepted at University of Pennsylvania's Dental School. "I don't care if I play football or not,"

added MacAfee. "There is an old adage that says 'you play as long as the game is fun,' and that is the way I look at it. I will attend dental school in the off-season and continue to play football as long as my body holds together."

Even MacAfee must consider the changes that professional football entails. Every prospect has strengths and weaknesses that scouts consider when advising their employers on which players to draft. For a player like "Big Mac," the plusses far outweigh the minuses. "I really don't know what my weaknesses will be because pro ball is different from college ball, but I'm sure it will take the coaches about half a day to find them out," confided the Brockton, Massachusetts native. "It is just another step, as college football was to high school football. I have confidence that I can catch the ball, but I will work on pass blocking."

The only problem this rookie will have is deciding on an agent. It is a problem many other "possibles" would like to have. If MacAfee is as good as Dave Casper, the ex-Notre Dame star now playing for the Oakland Raiders that he is often compared to, then he is every agent's dream come true. For now MacAfee can sit back and choose from an abundant list.

The whole idea of the draft is very different to Ted Burgmeier. This family man has many considerations that would not initially come to mind. "The hardest thing is not being able to make any plans," explained the Irish defensive back. "I have always wanted to play pro ball. This year the team had an excellent year and I did pretty well, so I will get my chance."

While MacAfee does not care where he ends up, but has it narrowed down to three teams, the

Burgmeiers have no idea where they will be spending next winter. "Almost every team has sent questionnaires, and some teams have come in and tested me," said Burgy. "Dallas, Green Bay, Houston, New England, Atlanta, Seattle, Detroit, Cincinnati, and Minnesota have shown the most interest."

With a family to look after, the exact destination of Ted Burgmeier becomes a greater concern. "I would really like to play for the Minnesota Vikings because it is close to home, and I have relatives there," explained the Honorable Mention All-American. "Their secondary is also getting old, so I think I could play there."

It becomes evident that a Notre Dame education is as beneficial to the players as the coaches promised it would be four years earlier when they were recruiting these stars-to-be. "I got an offer from Bank and Trust, and they are giving me to September to decide. I would really like to go into banking," noted this business major. No sooner does he say this, and the conversation turns back to football. "I am hoping that I will be drafted during the first day in the fourth or fifth round."

While Burgmeier did not have the press that many players commanded, he showed extreme consistency and football acumen. "My strength is my speed and determination to play, while my weakness is my size, or so that's what people tell me," added the 5-11, 180-pounder. Only time will tell the future of this Notre Dame athlete.

One of the most interesting professional prospects is Gary Forystek. An excellent all-around athlete who could have started at quarterback for many other colleges, Forystek's career at ND reads like a fictional hard-luck story.

After two years of backup services to Rick Slager and Joe Montana, Forystek finally got his chance to direct the Fighting Irish offense against Purdue. Four plays later Forystek was back out of the game and heading for the hospital with two broken bones and a concussion. That put an end to the short college career of this high school All-American. Nevertheless, the scouts recognized that Forystek, at 6-2 and 200 pounds, had the tools to make a living running and throwing the

football. Perhaps the pro game was better fashioned for this type of field general.

While the press has spread rumors that Forystek was a capable prospect, the scouts have not been swarming around him this spring. "Nobody representing an NFL team has approached me," explained the Notre Dame senior. "I have a lot of contacts out helping me, and I am hopeful."

While the NFL draft was presently approaching, the possibility of a career in the Canadian Football League was another alternative. When questioned about this avenue, Forystek responded, "Anything that goes, I'll try it. I have always wanted to play pro football, and I will go anywhere to get that chance."

One thing that will help the marginal players this year is that there will only be 12 rounds of drafting, and the teams that have traded away several of their draft picks will give much more weight to free agents. There is little doubt

that Forystek will get his invitation to a camp.

The NFL draft is something Ernie Hughes has been waiting for ever since that Cotton Bowl victory. This postseason matchup made the name "Hughes" stick in every pro scout's mind as the Irish guard put on a phenomenal performance against the Texas All-American Brad Shearer. "That game helped me quite a bit," explained the man they call "The Enforcer." "It is very important to be consistent or to 'max out' in the end rather than start off well and go down hill."

Hughes is another married athlete who has more than himself to look after, which tends to complicate things. "It really is tough waiting for the draft because you can't plan your life, and you know people are going to plan it for you," Hughes commented. "I have no idea where I will be going. I would like to play in the west with Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, or Oakland, but it looks as though I will be heading east."

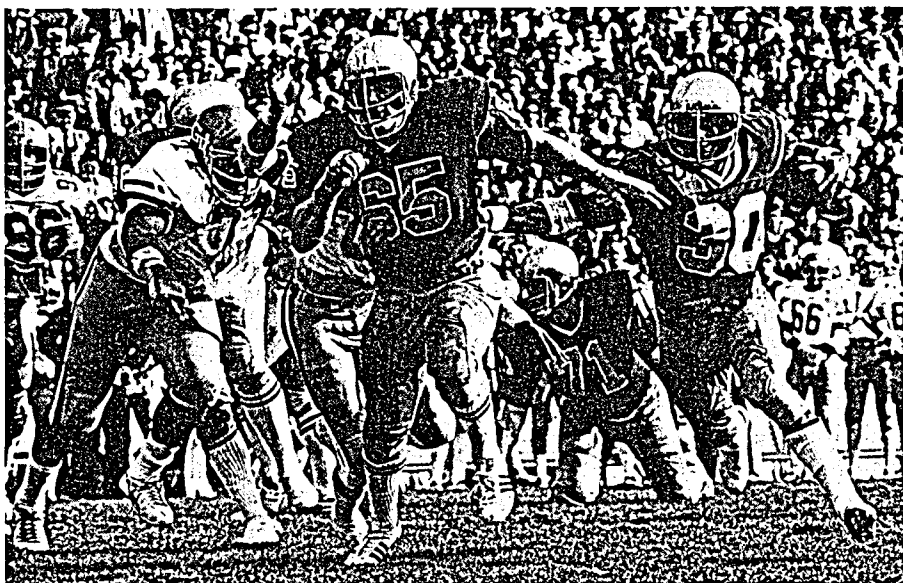


Tampa, Atlanta, Green Bay, and the New York teams have been in contact with me the most."

It is a long five months for the prospective players between that last college game and the NFL draft, and the wait has taken its toll on Ernie Hughes. "I am getting really anxious about finding out what kind of a situation I will be getting into, and what it is like not playing for Notre Dame and your buddies," related the Idaho redhead. "The pros are playing for money. It's just like a business now, and a lot of guys are out there for their lives which means it can become a dirty business. On the other hand, it is a good way to get financially set for life."

Hughes' chances of "cutting it" in professional football look good. At 6-3, 255 pounds, you would not think that this offensive guard had anything to worry about. "I do have a lot of strength, but I am continuing to work with weights. You have to remember that everyone is as big and quick as you are in this league," related Hughes. "If there is one thing I am going to have to work on it is my pass blocking. The pro game is very different. For one, you are allowed to use your hands now, and it's things like this that rookies will have to pick up."

It is for just this reason that Willie Fry is considered one of the top "blue chippers" coming out of the college scene. "You must learn more finesse moves in professional football, and there are a lot of little



things that you must pick up to survive," noted Fry. "I have the quickness and strength that is needed, and more importantly, I have the ability to catch on fast to complex defenses."

Most scouts feel that this Irish co-captain has just scratched the surface of his ability, and no one is quite sure of his potential, but many teams are willing to gamble that it is great. Fry, who has played in the shadows of Ross Browner at times, will certainly go in the first two rounds. As to where he will end up, Willie commented, "Your guess is practically as good as mine."

Fry is very outspoken about a draft that he feels is very unfair to the graduating seniors. "I feel a tremendous sense of helplessness knowing someone else will determine my

fate. The tension continues to grow as the time winds down before the draft. I certainly will be glad when it is all over."

While Fry has no particulars when it comes to whom he would like to play for, he would like to see a system installed where the rookie has more choice in the matter. "While slavery was abolished years ago, there is still a great amount of servitude in the draft process. While it would be nice to see a change, I am afraid that the current setup will be around for quite a while."

Fry insisted that he will play as long as he can, under the conditions that the game is still fun, and he continues to make a substantial contribution. When his time is up, he indicates that a career in investments and an MBA degree will be high priorities.

Another Notre Dame family man that is banking on a career in the pros is Steve McDaniels. The pro scouts could not overlook the guy they call "Tiny" who stands 6-6 and weighs in at 280 pounds, optimal physical qualities for a professional lineman.

McDaniels is dead set at making it in the pro ranks, as he said, "I just want to play football—anywhere!" Scouts from the Bengals, Giants, Falcons, and Rams, have shown considerable interest. While he is not sure where he will end up, the graduating senior said, "They tell me I will go anywhere between the third and eighth rounds."

It would seem that, like the rest



of his graduating teammates, McDaniels is in a tough situation not being able to make any plans for tomorrow, but he cautioned, "Not all the other seniors have plans. Pro football is an opportunity that the other students don't get." He went on to add, "It is a job with a high salary and good pension plan. It is a chance to be set for life, and if you don't make it, nothing is really lost."

McDaniels sees the situation as graduation from one school and trying out for another. Being an offensive lineman, this tryout is most challenging. "While I have the needed size, I will have to improve on my pass blocking. It is like learning the position all over again, and it is a situation where you can't break in overnight." McDaniels has proved himself for four years, and now it is time to do it all over again.

While the transition to professional football is different for every player and every position, no player's situation is quite as unique as the placekicker. "Like in high school, the kickers get looked at last," explained Dave Reeve. "In my case, this waiting for the draft has not been too nice. Job interviews are slow. I tell companies I have to wait on a decision until the draft and tryouts are over, and they can only tell me to come back and talk to them then."

Still, the ND record-breaking kicker hopes for a future in the

NFL. "It is a hassle waiting this long, and I have not gotten as many feelers as some of the other guys, but I kicked for several scouts, and they said they were impressed."

The kicking rules for the professional game are in favor of a kicker like Reeve. "The new rule where the ball comes back to the line of scrimmage if the field goal is missed is definitely in my favor," noted Reeve. "There is no point in using a guy who can kick the ball 60 yards, but is usually three yards to one side or the other." Reeve is a "straight on" kicker in his approach and is very accurate within 30 yards out. His glaring weakness would be deepness and consistency on kick-offs.

"Trying out for a pro team will be like starting all over again," commented Reeve. "I'll have to cope with all the kicker jokes again." Reeve, however, insists that he will stay in the game "only as long as it is fun. I would like to get a financial foundation and make some contacts," said the Midwesterner. "It would be fine if I became another George Blanda, but right now I don't look that far ahead."

The Notre Dame player with the biggest following is Ross Browner. Another first round pick, there has been great speculation where this consensus All-American is headed, but the fact that his name will no longer be on the draft list when the second round comes around is a

given. Some scouts have commented that Browner may be slightly overrated because of his affiliation with Notre Dame. This only means that the experts have decided he is human. As big as this Outland Trophy winner is, one of the requirements will be that he add some muscle to that 250-pound frame.

The most controversial of the outgoing Irish football seniors is Luther Bradley. The scouting reports have read from, "Top defensive back in college," to "So overrated that he may not be able to make a team." Part of the problem has been that Bradley has rarely been tested in the last two years, and college backs only go up against three or four top receivers a year. But as much as the psychological aspect of the game is important, a competitor like "the old man," will surely survive in the NFL.

The last two pro prospects from the class of '78 are Doug Becker and Dan Knott. Becker is another question mark on the pro scouting reports, but what he lacks in speed and size he makes up for in tenaciousness and aggressiveness, two intangibles that often make the difference at a higher level of competition. Another possible for a die-hard football player like Becker is the Canadian Football League. Regardless of where it may be, Becker is sure to get his chance to prove himself.

There has been much speculation that Knott may get a free agent shot somewhere on the West Coast. Being a resident of Chowchilla, California, a trip to the Los Angeles Rams' tryout camp would not be too far out of the way. While Knott did not see much field time in his career at Notre Dame, he possesses the type of speed that scouts do not shrug off. Knott is presently staying in shape as a sprinter on the Irish track team.

Certainly several of these ND graduates will make their mark in professional football along with the past ND alumni. While the wait for the NFL draft is an agonizing one, the appeal for a minimum starting salary of \$22,000 seems to make it all worthwhile. While the draft results are now in, and the bags are being packed, the real anxiety of making it in the world of the NFL has only just begun.





Moreau: Changing Times

by Mary Ann Wissel



A young woman rang the doorbell at Moreau Seminary at 11:30 on a Wednesday evening. The woman is there so that she can spend the next day following the same routines as the Holy Cross seminarians. Joe Corpora, a first-year seminarian, meets her at the door and leads her to a guest room on the first floor.

In the past, seminarians were not permitted even to talk to women, and, of course, women could not visit the seminary. This is just one of the many changes that occurred in Moreau as a direct result of the Vatican II Conference that took place from October 11, 1962, until

December 8, 1965. Today, seminarians live as freely as most of the other campus residents. The seminarians are encouraged to be involved in the Notre Dame and the South Bend communities.

In the past, seminarians did not participate in any outside activities. Everything was done in the seminary. The seminary was then and is still called "The House of Formation." Only in the past, this meant something more. "The House was highly structured with a rigid routine all had to follow. Everyone lived by the same regulations," states Father Charles Carey, a Holy Cross seminarian of 1927-1931. "For

us, the House of Formation was a place to learn the basics of Holy Cross life, the Rules of the Order, and a place to begin a regulated religious life." Father Charles Weiher, also a former Moreau seminarian (1947), states, "This rigidity was necessary because the seminary is a house of prayer — men are there to begin their service to God." Rick Wilkinson, who entered the seminary in 1973, comments, "The seminary in the past had a forced regimented community life that did more harm than good. Today, seminary rules are few and flexible. Rather than tight rules, we rely on common sense."

Most pre-Vatican II seminarians will agree that rigidity was a problem in their day. But, today these priests also see good points in that strictness. It disciplined them for a life which required sacrifices. Seminarians were not allowed to leave the seminary except for classes held on the nearby campus. On their walks to and from campus, they could not stop to talk. Now, they are on their own, free to come and go at all hours.

Drinking was unthinkable in the seminary in the past. Today, beer is always on tap there. Also seminarians were never allowed to smoke except for special occasions or days with a smoking hour. "When these smoking times were given, the men went at it with a vengeance," says Weiher. "They lined up cigarettes along a table edge and smoked as many as they could within the designated time period." Today, nothing is said regarding smoking in the seminary.

Silence in the seminary was important because it was necessary to maintain an atmosphere conducive to prayer and study. Seminarians were only allowed to talk in certain rooms and at certain times. At nine o'clock p.m., a bell rang and "Grand Silence" began. This meant that no one could talk from then until morning. And, no one did. Nor was talking permitted during meals. Instead, Bible readings were done from a lectern in the dining room. Today, the lectern is still there, but it is used for meetings and speeches during special dinners. Rules no longer prohibit talking in the seminary.

Some Holy Cross priests question

the way the seminary is run today. They feel that it lacks the structure, and also the cohesion between members, that was prevalent in the past. They knew one another intimately because they all lived under the same conditions. Everything was done uniformly — from all wearing cassocks to all obeying the "lights-out" policy at ten o'clock p.m. "The seminary was a family life then, now it is more of an individual's life. The sense of camaraderie we once had is gone," noted Weiher. But present-day seminarians feel that they are close to one another. They form self-motivated friendships and know each other well.

Some Holy Cross priests also wonder if the seminarians today receive the full Holy Cross training. Instead of lives centered around the Holy Cross Community, seminarians are often out doing apostolic work. In the past, they never did any outside work; rather, they were concentrated in the seminary where they studied, attended classes, prayed and worked in the House.

Today, however, seminarians are involved in many aspects of the outside community. This reversal has occurred in order to meet the changing needs of today's parishioners. Father James Kelly, present superior at Moreau, states, "Our standards and goals are no longer standardized like a cookie cutter. Instead they are flexible so that they can meet the varying backgrounds and personalities of the seminary's young men today." Thus, the seminary realizes it is important to change seminarians' training so that outside participation is an encouraged phase of the program. Seminarians now have an insight to specific programs, parishes, or schools where they may later be located.

The vows of poverty, chastity and obedience are still integral parts of each priest's and seminarian's life. Vows are first made after a year at the novitiate. (The novitiate is where seminarians spend a year away from the academic curriculum so that they may concentrate on spiritual life and think about their vocation.) And, the vows are interpreted differently by almost every priest and seminarian. As a

past seminarian, Weiher saw poverty as "not carrying any money, wearing old clothes, studying in an old and cold building, and at times, suffering from hunger." But to Tim Scully, a present seminarian, poverty is "absolute generosity with money, material goods, and one's self."

Chastity or celibacy is often a delicate subject. To some it means to sleep alone while to others it means that there can be no interaction with women. The latter view can be quite unrealistic because a priest will be faced with women and must be able to handle their problems.

The vow of obedience has undergone the biggest change throughout the years. Weiher learned obedience the old way. "I was ordained, a rector at Notre Dame, and had a Ph.D. when I went on the annual community retreat—there I was told (without explanation) that I was being sent out of the Notre Dame community to a new job. I never understood why." Weiher had no choice but to obey this mandate from "above." Today, Tim Scully sees obedience as obeying the demands of the gospel as it is read in the community.

The daily routines of previous seminarians differ from those of the present. In the past, each hour of the day was planned. Father Carey's day normally began at five o'clock a.m. He meditated at 5:30 and attended Mass at six o'clock. After breakfast at seven o'clock, he did his obedience—which was housework in one portion of the seminary. At eight o'clock, classes started and ran until lunch and then continued until three o'clock. After classes, Carey was given time for his studies and recreation. At six o'clock, he ate dinner. Then, Carey was allowed to smoke a pipe until evening prayer at 7:30. At eight o'clock, he went to his room in silence to study and pray until "lights-out."

A seminarian of today, Joe Corpora '75, follows a similar routine, but of his own accord rather than by rule. Corpora awoke at 5:30 a.m. on a Thursday, Moreau Community Day (day planned with activities for all of the seminarians together), to meditate before he began his day. At 7:10, he attended morning prayer and then ate breakfast. By

eight o'clock, he was in O'Shaughnessy Hall to teach one section of his Spanish classes. At 9:30, he attended Christology, and then Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas at eleven o'clock. After he ate lunch, he completed his lesson plan for the next Spanish class on Friday. At 2:45 he attended another class, Faith and Tradition Seminar. Then, mostly everyone attended the seminary's five o'clock Mass. (It is an expectation rather than a rule that all attend.) Dinner followed Mass, and then Corpora was free until 9:30. Then the seminary had a guest speaker, Father James Burtchae, who spoke on the sacrament of Penance. Immediately following his talk, evening prayer was held with a candlelight service. Once it ended, a huge party was held in the seminary's lower recreation room. The party ended at 11:30, and Corpora studied until he went to bed around two o'clock a.m.

Today, seminarians are free to pursue practically any career they desire. No stipulations are put on their undergraduate diplomas. Tim Scully graduated from Notre Dame in 1976 with an economics degree and now plans to start law school. As a lawyer Scully hopes to work as a public defender. Seminarians are given choices and may request jobs they desire. Some plan to work in the missions, teach in schools, or work in parishes. In the past, priests were not given the opportunity to select their work. At the annual community retreat, in the basement of Corby Hall, each priest was given a slip of paper which held the role he would then assume. This was a tradition in the Church and no one thought of not doing his obedience.

The seminary has made big changes in many aspects of the seminarians' lives. And, as Father Jim Kelly points out, "The old seminary was serviceable to its society, but that society has passed. The world has changed and is still changing—today, the world demands different training. We need flexibility because we are moving toward a more plural Church. Today's seminary meets these needs."

Mary Ann Wissel, a junior American Studies major, was president of Walsh Hall this year. Next year she will be a resident assistant in Walsh.

Walking for Paydirt

by Ray O'Brien

Football games at Notre Dame mean a lot of things to different people, but there is no doubt that they are a focal point in most Domers' lives when the fall season rolls around. While most students watch with great excitement from the stands, only a selected few participate physically in these revered events. Many people dream of being in that huddle and being part of one of the greatest collegiate football programs in the country, but for most it remains only a dream.

However, each year some students decide to test their athletic ability with the players who do all the work and catch all the glory. These are the "walk-ons" that also have the dreams of putting on that Blue and Gold uniform but also want to test their athletic ability with the nation's best and make a contribution to the Notre Dame program. There is that thought in the back of their minds that they may do something right and get to play in a game, putting their names in with an immortal list of other ND alumni. But recognizing these chances as slim, they must remember that they are there to contribute and compete with some of the finest athletes in the world.

This year 17 "walk-ons" tried out for the spring squad and six players won the privilege of donning the Fighting Irish uniform. For two of these non-scholarship athletes, sophomores Frank Hopke and Mark Norman, the decision to try out for the team was no last-second whim.

"I decided I wanted to see if I could play back in the fall, sitting

in the stadium stands during a football game," confides Norman. "I wanted to see where my athletic abilities stood compared to the guys I was watching. Most everyone would like to play football for Notre Dame and I just wanted to see if I could do it."

After a winter of strenuous weightlifting exercises the two were ready to test their football prowess on the gridiron. Because all walk-ons were accepted in previous years, the idea of being cut did not come into mind. "Making the spring team is one thing, but being able to really do something is different," explained Hopke. "We had to go through strength tests and were timed in sprints, but people had told us that there would be no cuts, so it was a surprise when we found out otherwise."

There is a mixture of feelings for those fortunate few who make the team as walk-ons. The anxiety of tryouts is replaced by the excitement of knowing that you are part of the ND football program; but accompanying this is a feeling of being lost on that "first day of kindergarten." Both players indicated that their first response was "calling home and telling my parents."

Crossing that line between spectator and player causes many changes in a person. "I came in awed by that Notre Dame mystique because I had been watching ND football since I was six years old," commented Hopke. "But you quickly lose that feeling of awe; you have to if you want to survive." Norman added, "You no longer are in awe of

the players but you continue to respect them."

Still, it is an intimidating experience walking out onto that football field. "There is no real physical scare but you constantly worry about not doing something right and delaying the practices," concedes Norman. The feeling of alienation soon wears off and life becomes a little easier for the newcomers. "Most of the players are willing to help us and are constantly giving us tips," states Norman. "I think 90 percent of the learning comes from talking to other players."

Both Norman and Hopke started out at defensive back, but have since been switched to the flanker position. For the walk-on it is just a matter of going where bodies are needed and making the best of it. "Sometimes you just feel like a body," admits Hopke. "But lots of times the coaches will really work with you and get to know you." At 6-0, 185 pounds there are not many positions Hopke could move into. The larger Norman, 6-2, 205 pounds, is more versatile as far as position selections go.

There is a significant difference between high school and college football, as any freshman or walk-on quickly finds out. "I was surprised that practices weren't as rigorous as in high school," Hopke commented. "You work more on actual skills because the college coaches expect you to be in shape." Norman expanded on his impressions of practice. "I was afraid I was just going to get lost in the scramble. The plays are mind boggling and complex

audibles are used whenever the defensive alignment demands it."

While the technical aspects of the game have changed, the social side of the sport remains the same. "Once you get to know everyone you are treated like a member of the team," says Hopke. "You become pretty friendly with the guys in your section of the locker room." It is important to feel friendship in the locker room because when the players step on the field it is all work. "Everyone goes all out in the scrimmage," notes Norman. "They have to do it then because they are competing for that starting place. It is a whole different story during practice."

Of course some practice days are easier than others. "It gets hairy when the offensive and defensive lines are going through drills together," warns Hopke. "It gets tough when Zettek lines up against a second-string lineman and you have to carry the ball through the hole and he sheds your blocker and it's just you and Scott." This drill brings cringing thoughts to the linemen, but no one ever considers the agony the walk-on workhorses go through. This drill almost brought an end to Hopke's ND football career as he suffered a serious sprain on one of those "suicide runs." "I was finally ready to go and knew all the patterns; I thought I could really do something and it was frustrating having to sit out," relates the injured Keenan resident.

It is frustrating for all of the second stringers to have to sit out and watch the starters get to play. It makes one wonder what motivates these less well known players. "You do it because you're an athlete," explains Norman. "I get a feeling of contributing and I want to prove something to myself." It is a little easier when the name of the team you contribute to is "The Fighting Irish." "It was a pretty big feeling putting on the uniforms," Norman continues. "It's a weird feeling going through those barrels of equipment and seeing recognizable names on them. The other day I had Ross Browner's elbow pads and Willie Fry's shoulder pads; but I decided to return the shoulder pads because they were a little big."

One thought that keeps these

"taxi-squaders" going is the idea that they might get into the game. It is a thought that sticks in the back of most players' minds. Because of a large graduating football class and several injuries the second-team players have seen considerable action this spring. In fact, a walk-on could start at a line-backer spot in the Blue-Gold game.

"Coach Devine always emphasizes the fact that you could make one good hit and get noticed and be starting the next week," Norman commented. "I won't stop thinking that I might play. You just have to

take it one step at a time and not look too far ahead."

The life of a walk-on has its ups and downs. For the ones that stick it out, the number of plusses far exceeds the minuses. It is a tiring and time-consuming commitment that the coaches recognize. The fans will continue to follow the big names and rightly so, but much of the success of the Notre Dame football program goes to those players who never step on the field when a real game is in progress. There is a self-satisfaction that only the athlete himself will ever fully appreciate.



Mark Norman

The Final Word

by Kathleen McElroy



Perhaps

The truth depends on a walk around the lake.

As my final indulgence of the year, I have partaken in my favorite pastime—quoting poets out of context. Although T. S. Eliot is my usual victim, this time Wallace Stevens must bear the indignation of having his *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction* reduced conveniently to the above excerpt.

In all humility, I must admit that I have no idea on what truth depends, particularly in the case of trying to describe four years at Notre Dame. In many ways the University, as with other institutions, looms larger than life. But most of us have managed to scale it down, and to see it as a place where we have lived four years. At times I have felt that my entire conscious life has been spent at Notre Dame. One would have to conclude that either I possess an incredibly short memory, or that these years have held an enormous potential for growth in all of us.

In some ways this is a time of resignation for me. I have finally resigned myself to the fact that I was not reincarnated into this boring decade, after having spent my previous life as a militant activist in the sixties. I also admit, rather begrudgingly, that Notre Dame's very existence does not depend on my tenure as an undergrad. There are

some images, however, which remain. I still hold stubbornly to the vision of English majors someday taking over the world. According to the imagined plot, we all retreat into monasteries where civilization is preserved. After many years of noble silence we emerge to bring the light of literature and inspiration to a darkened world. Ah, the glory of it all.

Back to the glory of the present. Graduation is imminent and I picture myself taking leave "Not with a bang, but a whimper." The nice thing about graduating is that I didn't have to decide to do it. Somewhere along the way, someone determined that undergraduate education should last four years, and most of us comply without question.

I keep trying to imagine what it would be like to come back in 20 years. Although my curiosity does not convince me to stay for the duration, I sense that it will take some distance to honestly evaluate our experiences at Notre Dame. In looking back, I am confident that we will remember what we need to remember, and I am hopeful that at every stage we will be able to look to the past and the present, and recognize ourselves in what we do.

My feelings toward Notre Dame have always been wonderfully ambiguous. Where there have been loyalty and pride, there has also been impatience. In my more indignant and impertinent moments I have

looked for better criteria than "biggest," "best," and "Harvard of the Midwest," to judge educational priorities. I attribute this frustration to a case of rising expectations. Those figures at this University whom I consider educators have taught us to expect quality from those who direct us. These educators, who teach both inside and outside the classroom, have also challenged us to expect quality from ourselves.

In those moments when I am not preoccupied with changing the direction of higher education, I find myself in a state of utter sentimentality. These moments are more and more frequent of late. Seeing the life in those around us gives us the energy to meet each moment with a full strength of spirit. As an incurable idealist I can't help but feel that the present well-lived with one another will have some consequence on the future. If nothing else, it will offer pleasant distractions, and a presence of mind to be able to look back on both the graceful and awkward moments and enjoy a good chuckle. (After all, we are rational beings, and a little rationalization is healthy.) All the moments are important—they show us the way to our own thoughts, and bring us closer to home.

I am drawing to a close and I still haven't said anything about truth. But things could be worse. Imagine the protests if I were to leave you hanging with William Carlos Williams'—

*so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens*

In any case, you do know about walks around the lake, and maybe that is all that matters.

This is the last issue of *Scholastic* for the academic year 1977-78. I would like to thank this year's editorial board for its unfailing dedication and support, and to wish next year's editor, Jake Morrissey, and his staff much success. I would also like to thank our advisory board and Ave Maria Press for their encouragement and assistance.

RIGHT ON!

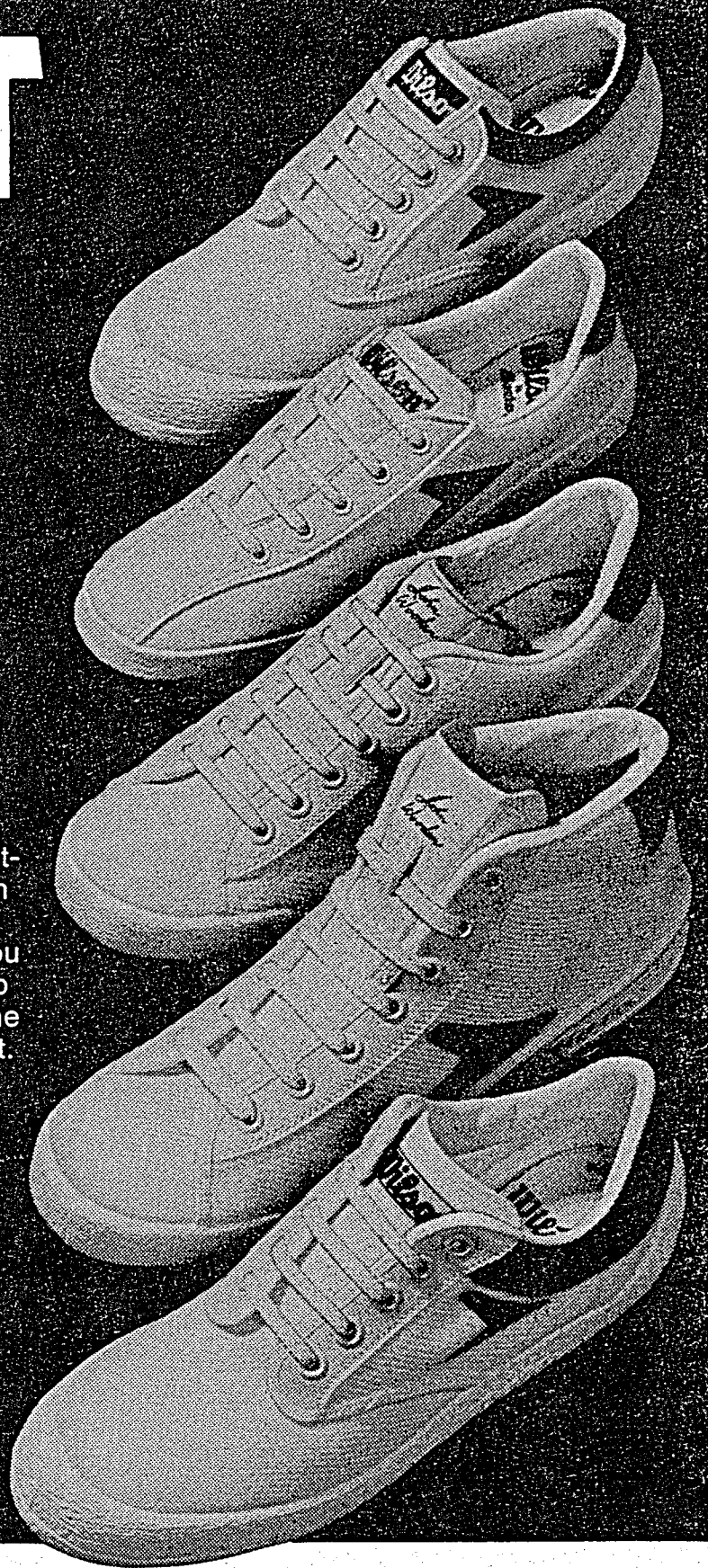

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