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September 8, 1978

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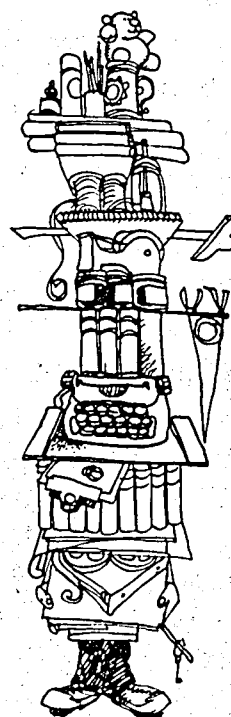
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FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 4 | Mountain Paradox | Mary Beth Dakoske |
| 7 | Meet the Provost | Elizabeth Donovan |
| 8 | Whipped Cream and Jimmies | Paul Korzeniowski |
| 10 | Gentlemen, Place Your Bets | Jim Trausch |

REGULARS

- | | | |
|----|---------------|----------------|
| 13 | People at ND | Theresa Rebeck |
| 14 | The Last Word | Jake Morrissey |

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MOUNTAIN PARADOX

by Mary Beth Dakoske

On a summer night in Roses Creek Hollow, a squeaky front porch rocker keeps time with the chirp of crickets. Cool mountain breezes lift the lingering scent of honeysuckle from the vine, and the mist settles in 'til morning. Somewhere "up the holler" the suppertime smell of cornbread and sausage finds its way down the valley. For the city-bred volunteer to Appalachia these simple, even sensual pleasures were welcomed treats. But country living in the Cumberlands is not all crickets and cornbread. The contrasts I discovered were often staggering.

Appalachia is a land of paradox. Surrounded by magnificent mountains, rich natural resources, and lush greenery, the people of this land live in stark poverty. In the midst of a flourishing "coal boom," mountain people continue to live on land owned by huge coal corporations and in shacks leased to them by landlords who would sooner see them leave than fix a crumbling foundation or repair a septic system. A large portion of Campbell County, Tennessee, is owned by a single company, "The American Association." The company name is intentionally misleading; the American Association is, in fact, a British Corporation operated from offices in London by executives who have never seen northeastern Tennessee. The families have lived in Central Appalachia for several generations, but they are fairly mobile in terms of housing. It is not unusual for a mountain family to be evicted from one home after another once coal is discovered in their backyard. Surrounded by a wealth of minerals and rich resources, the lives of these people remain untouched by their environment's economic potential. In winter some families still have trouble buying enough coal to heat their homes, even when coal is mined right up the road.

Visitors to this third-world pocket in America's South look at the shacks, the filth, the disease and wonder: "How can people live that way?" Consider the feudal system that operates in Appalachia and the answer becomes painfully clear. The coal companies own the land, the houses, even the grocery stores in a system that resembles serfdom in the Middle Ages. Why paint your house or dig a well or install indoor plumbing when the coal company that owns your land might evict you next month?

Many families live in houses without foundations, without screens (or even windows), and without running water. And yet electrical appliances abound. A color television set is not an unusual sight. One morning I was visiting a family who lives in a tumble-down trailer in Chadwell Holler. As we chatted over coffee on the front stoop, the television game show inside promised lavish cash prizes, a Hawaiian holiday, and a sporty red Porsche. I wondered what that would mean to a mountain family living below the poverty level. What possible appeal would such blatant consumerism have for them? The fantasies that flashed from that "television box" were all such easy, instant escapes from the injustice all around them. As I squinted against the midmorning sun, the trailer itself blurred into a box. I had an alarming image of boxes within boxes, and then—people inside those boxes. People, who so warmly asked me to come in . . . people I so desperately wanted to let out.

Diseases that had been long forgotten in middle America run rampant in Appalachia—polio, goiter, scurvy, ringworm, black lung. But there are still old folks on the mountain who can tell you where to find the herbal cures for everything from "yeller jaundice" to "sleep twitching".

The people are themselves a paradox. Though they lease their land from alien, absentee landlords, mountain people possess the earth in a unique way. In this Bible belt, the promise in Deuteronomy is proclaimed at Baptist revivals as a pledge to be taken quite seriously: "The Lord your God has given you this land for your own. . . . You shall possess it and you shall live on it."

Listening to that reading and seeing its denial in the physical landscape were sharp contrasts for me. For the people of Appalachia, the incongruities seem to go unnoticed. Some call it "foolishness," others call it "faith," but there remains an abiding trust that the land they call "home" will someday be theirs once more.

Men, women and children opened my eyes to the paradox of Appalachia. The men on this mountain are caught in the dilemma of either strip mining the land they love or collecting unemployment. Women, who rule their households with matriarchal might, are strangely submissive to their husbands, sporadically indulgent to their children, and shy in the presence of strangers. The youngsters are a stoical breed, at first bashful and distant, but openly affectionate once they know they're loved.

One evening in July, a coal miner sat on our front porch, whittling a piece of oak as he talked. His eyes fixed on the bit of wood, he caught my own gaze with quick, guarded glances. But his feelings poured out with a candor that touched me deeply. Glen Hembley told me how reluctant he was to "mess with that strip mining," how he hated the job of blasting away at the mountainside to unearth the surface coal. In an area where the only real source of income is coal mining, his alternative was unemployment. The immediate,

personal need to feed his family was clearly more urgent than the long-range, collective need to save the soil. But the cracked voice, the clouded eyes raised to scan a shaved mountainside told me that this man was not a strip miner by choice. When work becomes a burden not only to the body, but to a man's very soul, who can blame those who give up the work and simply whittle?

The women of Appalachia reveal something quite different. The strong, resourceful matriarch manages her household on her own store of grit; but this same woman will cower in the presence of "her man." Pioneer-spirited, very few are actually liberated. One morning in the local laundromat, I met a woman who alerted me to this contradiction. Loaded down with two babies, a pickup truck full of clothes, and a jug of detergent, she welcomed an extra hand, even from a stranger. Our chat that morning was interrupted occasionally to change a load of laundry or a diaper, but in those few hours I came to admire the quiet strength of this mountain woman. Though she was close to my own age and I gave her my first name, she introduced herself to me

only as "Mrs. Hill, Sedric's wife." As we talked, she occasionally lowered her voice to tell me some of the grim facts of her life: "Sedric whups me from time to time, but I don't let him lay a hand on the young'uns. He'll wander off for weeks when he gets the notion. But he always comes back to us. Sedric's a good man, really. He don't drink, nor smoke, nor curse." Sedric still didn't sound too terrific to me. I was thinking how I'd prefer a little drinking, smoking and cursing to Sedric's style.

On this particular day, Mrs. Hill had already carried ten gallon jugs of water from the public water spigot, fixed an ample breakfast for her family of eight, weeded the garden, fed the chickens and packed the pickup truck for a trip to the laundry. Bathing her babies in the sink, she mused: "Life ain't none too easy on this mountain, but I wouldn't live nowhere else in all God's whole creation." When I admired her little, blond-haired baby, splashing in the sink, Mrs. Hill gave me a meaningful look and said, "He's summer-born you know." My blank look told her I didn't really understand the significance of that. (Come to think of it, I'm summer-born myself. I was curious to find

out what might be special about it.) With a twinkle in her eye, she explained: "'A summer-born young'uns from wintertime lovin'." Haven't you ever heard that?" I had to admit that was a new one for me. In fact, there was much that was new to me in her experience, much that I couldn't understand.

Although she puts up with her husband's "whuppings" and "wanderings," Mrs. Hill is a capable, intelligent woman. I couldn't understand why she would hide her strength from her husband and feign submission. There were lessons for me that day in the local laundromat, many I still ponder. As we parted, Mrs. Hill remarked, "I don't know why I've told you all my troubles, and you a stranger." There was a strange bond between us, strangers though we were, and at the same time, distance. I could not share the values that determined her life, nor accept strength masked as weakness. But I knew that for her, those values gave her life meaning.

Mountain children, shy and reticent at first, offer another contrast. Once they know you, these same youngsters can be openly affectionate. Once they know they're loved, you have a friend for life.

The first day I arrived in Roses Creek, I met a thirteen-year-old boy, who was to become a real friend. Robbie looked like a tough child, taking deep drags from a cigarette, kicking a soft-drink can, and eyeing up "that new female with the Michigan license plates." A few days later, Robbie came to our door badly bruised and bloody. He had taken a pretty bad fall from his motorbike onto the rough, gravel road beyond our house. The tough-guy facade was forgotten, and Robbie was simply a little kid in need of attention. I washed his scrapes, bandaged his bumps and we sat on the front porch swing eating ice cream. A strange and wonderful friendship had begun. I couldn't help thinking how easily the little boy inside him had tumbled out, how close to the surface his need for care.

Robbie is an amazingly independent child. His mother lives in Dayton, Ohio, his father in the State Prison at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. So Robbie stays occasionally with "some kin up Buffalo Creek." Most of the time he wanders up and down the



mountain, sleeping in a different house every night or outdoors if it's not raining. By midsummer, Robbie was staying at our house quite often. He would be up and off most mornings before I was stirring. Offers to delay him until breakfast usually got a firm "Yuk." I soon learned not to overdo the hospitality or this little Huck Finn would be long gone.

The day I left Roses Creek, Robbie stopped to say good-bye, hugged me from atop his motorbike, and then zoomed off down the dirt road. A few minutes later, he returned. He watched me pack the last of my suitcases into the car and finally spoke up: "There's something I forgot. I just gotta ask you." At this point I was prepared for anything. Shyly meeting my gaze, he said simply, "You really like me, don't you?" To some questions, the answers come so easily.

I came to Clairfield, Tennessee, for a summer of volunteer service. With secret delight, I had left my graduate studies behind me. This was to be a long-awaited break from academic life. But there were lessons for me in the hills of Appalachia, lessons unheard of in the halls of academia.

The job description I responded to was an exciting array of possibilities. I was to begin an oral history, research grant proposals, write newspaper articles on the activities of local groups, publish a brochure on a community Health Fair, catalogue books for a new children's library, work in the Day Care Center, and hold a Children's Story Hour. How would I ever accomplish all this in ten weeks? A familiar fear set in. It was like that overwhelming panic at the start of a new semester. So much to do in such a short time! I was back in the mind-set I had traveled hundreds of miles to avoid. But after a few weeks, a strange thing happened. I started to slip into a slower pace of living. The leisurely rhythms of life in Appalachia felt more and more comfortable. I decided to do whatever I could in that short period of time, leave a certain factor to fate, risk the inevitable failures, and simply BE. Curiously enough, it was at this point that I started to make progress, and my work was really under way.

There was a personal paradox for

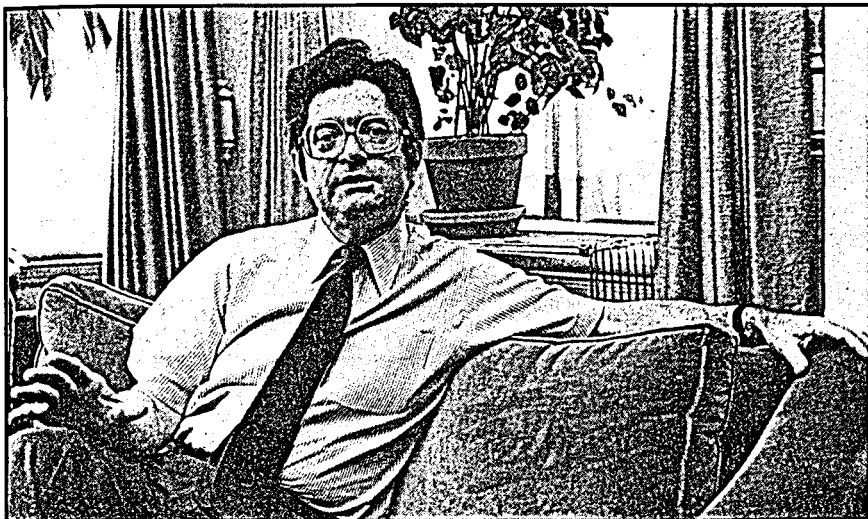
me in the strange way I felt about leaving Appalachia. For weeks I had struggled against feelings of isolation and loneliness. Yet when the time came to leave, I knew I had formed some very special friendships. There were days when I felt the loss of all that was familiar and comfortable, but moments when I felt at home. Sometimes the mountains that encircled the hollow seemed like a shelter; at other times, they felt like an enormous trap. I had been a stranger in their land, and these people had welcomed me, asked me to stay, even offered me a job. Why was I itching to leave? As I drove down the mountain and yielded to the Interstate, my muddled emotions settled into a singular feeling of solidarity with a people I had grown to love. In my very confusion, I had experienced the paradox of Appalachia.

On a quiet night in the Cumberland, the serenity is only on the surface. If you listen carefully, you

can hear the coal trucks lumbering up the highway, the dynamite blasts in the distance, and the cry of a "summer-born young'un." That cry echoes through the hills and "hollers" of Appalachia. Some nights it spans the miles and reaches the heart of one who has left Appalachia for academia. The sound reminds me that there are still men struggling with the strip miner's dilemma, women masking their strength as submission, and children keeping their distance, but craving love. Hidden in those "hollers" are truths long shrouded in paradox, truths I have yet to probe; but the paradox prevails.

Mary Beth Dakoske, a graduate student in the Department of English, teaches Freshman Composition and Literature. The volunteer experience described here was arranged through the Office of Pastoral Ministry by Monsignor Jack Egan.





MEET THE PROVOST

by Elizabeth Donovan

Last spring, after Father Burtchaeff resigned as Provost, the University began its search for a successor. Advertisements for a new Provost described him as "the first ranking academic officer under the President." As outlined by the Faculty Senate, the chief academic officer "must be himself dedicated to academic excellence. To faculty and students he should represent the intellectual life, distinguished by a career of teaching, research, and scholarly publication."

Indeed, a tough bill to fill. Dr. O. Timothy O'Meara headed the Provost Search Committee which presented a list of candidates to Father Hesburgh. The President of the University is empowered to recommend other possible successors. Father Hesburgh exercised this authority and made one addition to the list: Dr. O'Meara himself. "It was news to me," said O'Meara in reference to his reaction to the Board of Trustees' approval of Hesburgh's recommendation. Yet after reviewing O'Meara's background, the choice is indeed consistent with the requirements set forth by the Faculty Senate.

O'Meara was born in Cape Town, South Africa. One of five children of an Italian mother and an Irish father, he describes himself as "half Irish, half Italian, all South African," and since his naturalization in 1977, "all American." He earned his B.Sc. and M.Sc. from the University of Cape Town, then completed his doctoral work in mathematics at Princeton in 1953. In 1962, after teaching at Princeton for several years, O'Meara joined the Mathematics Department at Notre Dame and has since accumulated an enviable

resume of committee chairmanships, scholarly publications, and administrative appointments. This past year O'Meara was a visiting scientist at the University of Toronto, and this summer he was in Germany at the Göttingen Academy of Science.

The Board of Trustees elects a Provost for an indefinite number of years, but by O'Meara's own request, his tenure as Provost will be limited to four years, at which time he will return to teaching. It has been rumored that the office of the Provost is a training ground for the presidency, and in this light, O'Meara's appointment may have been controversial, for traditionally the president has always been a clergyman. The rumor is unfounded, however, because the duties of the Provost and the President are clearly distinct, and the former is not necessarily a stepping-stone to the latter. As stated by the Faculty Senate, "the Provost provides the University with the leadership in its intellectual endeavors, while the President offers a more general leadership, which might be called moral, or ideological, or even spiritual. The Provost should be chosen for his qualifications as Provost, rather than for his promise as a President."

Created in 1970, the position of Provost united into one office several administrative positions that were formerly distinct. The Provost, by definition, is "the leading academic officer." His duties include overseeing all academic programs, faculty appointments and promotions, and the relationship of students to faculty and academics. The Provost concerns himself primarily with the internal affairs of the university,

thus making the President the leading spokesman for the university. On occasion, in an effort to promote the school's welfare, the Provost must also address "off-campus" constituencies: the general public, government officials, the Trustees, and the alumni.

Notre Dame has established itself as an excellent institution of higher education. One task O'Meara feels is set before him is to further improve the university's reputation in academic circles. "Right now I feel we have a very good undergraduate program, faculty, and student body. Our mission has always been to be a champion of human and spiritual values. We have come a long way in scholarship and research, and we can distinguish ourselves even further through recognition of our faculty and attraction of more scholars."

Aside from the strictly academic side of his duties, O'Meara would like to see more minority members added to the faculty and student body. Increasing the number of women at Notre Dame is also a consideration for the new provost.

O'Meara's interest in Notre Dame and its future is undeniable. Any father who would send four of his children (Maria, Tim, Jean, Kate) to a university has obvious faith in the school's ability to provide an excellent education. As "chief academic officer" of Notre Dame, O'Meara will be a strong influence on the University and the academic path which it takes in the next four years.

Elizabeth Donovan, a senior American Studies major from South Bend, is News Editor of this year's Scholastic.

Whipped Cream With Jimmies

by Paul Korzeniowski

As Jill Halley's left hand reached over the clear glass panel and into the frozen food container a chill from the cold air went up her left arm and down her spine. She picked up two packages of Green Giant French Cut Beans but as she was lifting the box up she realized that she had the wrong kind of beans and she let the packages fall back into the freezer. After her eyes had scanned the freezer she reached in once more but this time she grasped two packages of Green Giant Six Ounce String Beans. They were sale priced at two for one dollar. Then she casually dropped the two boxes into her half-full shopping cart. As she dropped the beans into the cart, she raised her right hand to chest level. In her right hand was a small piece of paper with jagged edges. Printed on the back of the paper was the date, January 17, 1974. Jill had ripped this piece of paper from an old journal that she had found in her kitchen earlier this morning. Jill looked at the items that were written on the paper: potato chips, celery, beets, Rice-a-Roni — Beef style, milk, apples, oranges. When she was sure that none of the items on the list could be found in the Frozen Food aisle, she reached into her brown pocketbook and took out her pen. Then she placed a small checkmark next to the item marked Green Giant Six Ounce String Beans on the shopping list. She placed the pen and paper in her left shirt pocket, then she pushed her shopping cart toward the end of the aisle. "Jeffrey, what kind of . . . Jeffrey, Jeffrey, where are you?" she asked. Her eyes quickly looked up and down the aisle but her four-year-old son was not in sight. She let out a deep sigh. Her son had a habit of getting lost in grocery stores. Once she found him sleeping behind a stack of loaves of Wonder Bread. Jill was not in a good mood this morning. She was starting to

have her period, and the last thing she wanted to do was look all over the supermarket for her four-year-old son.

"Jeffrey, Jeffrey," she cried.

As she pushed her shopping cart down the aisle, her son turned the corner in front of her and ran toward her. He was small, even for a child of four years. His eyes were dark brown like his father's eyes, but his hair was blond and curly like his mother's hair. Many people thought he was a girl, and sometimes his father feared that the boy would be a homosexual when he grew up. When Jeffrey was within an arm's length of his mother her right hand reached out, grabbed him by the shoulder, and pulled him toward her. She pointed her left index finger at his face while bending down so that her face was about eight inches from his nose. Looking him straight in the eye she said, "Jeffrey, how many times do I have to tell you to stay close to me? Why don't you ever listen to me? Next time I will give you a good whack." Jeffrey's brown eyes stared sheepishly at his mother.

"Where did you go?" she asked.

"I was going to the cookie aisle to get some Fig Newtons so you wouldn't forget . . . but I guess I forgot. Guess who I saw Mommy," he said.

"Who?" she asked.

"Oh, guess, Mom," Jeffrey whined.

Jill was in no mood to play guessing games. "All right. Let's see, Grandma?" she asked.

"Nope, I saw a magician," Jeffrey said.

"A magician. In the cookie aisle?" Jill said with a tone of disbelief.

"Honest, Mommy," Jeffrey said.

Jill thought it would be a good idea to have someone to entertain children while their parents shopped. She could leave Jeffrey there and not have to worry about him getting lost. It was probably

Mr. Goldstein's idea. He was a pretty smart Jew.

"What kind of tricks was he doing?" Jill asked.

"He was sticking swords in himself. Real long ones," Jeffrey replied.

"Really, where is he?" Jill asked.

"He's right there," Jeffrey said, pointing toward the end of the aisle. Jill pushed her shopping cart past the Bird's Eye Frozen Foods display. As she turned the corner she looked for a magician. She didn't see one.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"He's right there," Jeffrey said, pointing to a man who was seated on the floor. The man had a few strands of blond hair on the top of his head. These strands looked like they had not been combed in a month. His eyes were small and brown and he had a brown mustache. He was dressed in blue overalls which perfectly matched his blue-striped shirt. His hands were folded, resting on top of his black belt. He was sitting with his legs outstretched and his back was supported by three cases of Clorox Bleach. The top case was open and a sign was hanging over it. The sign said: SALE 3 BOTTLES OF CLOROX BLEACH FOR ONLY \$2.00 LIMIT 9 BOTTLES PER CUSTOMER. The man was whistling "Camp Town Racetrack" while he sat.

"What made you think that he was a magician, Jeffrey?" Jill asked.

"Look near his belly button, Mommy. He had a long sword and he stuck it into his belly button. See the handle," Jeffrey said.

Jill's eyes scanned the man's body. Gazing at his folded hands she saw a brown handle sticking out of his stomach. His hands partially covered the handle. As she looked closer she saw some blood on his hands and on his shirt. A small pool of blood was forming on the floor near

the man's butt. Jill thought for a moment, then she realized that she was on television. This must be a Candid Camera sketch done by the crew from Saturday Night Live. Her eyes searched for the hidden camera.

"O.K. Now where is the hidden camera?" she asked.

The man continued to whistle. Jill became agitated. "Just what do you think you are doing?" she asked.

"I'm dying," the man answered.

"Oh, I see," Jill replied. "But why are you dying in the cookie aisle of Newman's Market?" she asked.

"It's God's will," the man answered.

Jill stood silently staring at the man. He continued whistling. Jill looked down the cookie aisle and she spotted a stock boy at the other end of the aisle. She waved her hands to get his attention. The young man moved toward her. He was wearing a white smock that had a large yellow stain on the left side and a small blue name tag over the right pocket. His name was Steve.

"Yes, ma'am, can I help you?" he asked.

Jill raised her right hand and pointed at the man sitting with his back to the boxes of Clorox Bleach. The stock boy moved toward him. The man was now whistling "Dixie."

"Can I help you, sir," the boy asked.

"No, I'm fine," the man said, and he began whistling again. The stock boy reached with his left hand at the puddle that was on the floor. He dipped his index finger in the puddle then he raised his finger to his eyes. After looking at his finger for a few seconds the boy turned and called to a blonde-haired girl who was standing behind the cash register. "Lori, call Mr. Smith for me, please," he said.

"What for?" the girl asked.

"Just call him, please," the boy said.

She reached under the register and picked up a telephone. She dialed 9 for the intercom. The easy listening music that was being played for the shoppers was interrupted by her voice. "Mr. Smith, cookie aisle. Mr. Smith, cookie aisle," she said.

Shoppers had begun to form a circle around the man seated next

to the Clorox boxes. Two elderly women were staring intently at the man. One of the women whispered to her companion, "He must be on drugs." Her companion nodded her head in agreement. The people stood silently waiting for the man to make some type of movement. Suddenly he stopped whistling and he began to hum the "Notre Dame Victory March."

As he was humming the chorus, a short, bald man of about fifty years of age came jogging down the cookie aisle. He had a smock similar to the stock boy's smock. He did not have a large yellow stain on his left side but he had a name tag over his right pocket. His name tag read "Mr. Smith."

"What do you want?" he asked the stock boy. Before anyone could speak Mr. Smith saw the puddle of blood and the man sitting on the floor.

"Oh, shit," Mr. Smith said. "Does anyone know who this man is?" he asked.

"I do," Jeffrey said, "he's Mr. Magician."

Jill's face turned red. "Isn't she cute, Mabel," the elderly woman said. Her companion nodded her head in agreement. Both of the women smiled as they stared at Jill. Ignoring Jeffrey and both the elderly ladies, Mr. Smith bent down and moved closer to the man on the floor. Mr. Smith fixed his eyes on the object that was sticking out of the man's stomach. "Jesus Christ, it's an ice pick," Mr. Smith

screamed. The crowd let out a gasp of disbelief. The man stopped humming.

"Can't you let me die?" he asked. As he spoke, he raised his right hand to his face. The palm of his right hand was dripping with blood. A stream of blood ran down his right side and onto the floor. He scratched his cheek with his right hand, leaving streaks of blood on his face. The noses of the two elderly ladies wrinkled and they closed their eyes. Jill turned her head to the side. Jeffrey stared at the man on the floor.

"Come now, Jeffrey, we have shopping to do," Jill said as she started to push her cart up the aisle toward the girl behind the cash register. Jeffrey remained stationary for a moment, then he ran after his mother.

"Mommy, what was that man doing?" he asked.

"I don't know, Jeffrey," she said.

"What's 'God's will'?" he asked.

"Jeffrey, how would you like a hot fudge sundae?" Jill asked.

"With whipped cream and jimmies?" he asked.

"With whipped cream and jimmies," she answered.

"Yummy, yummy, yummy," Jeffrey said, running his tongue across his lips in a circular motion.

"Let's go, then, we've done enough shopping today," she said.

Paul Korzeniowski is a 1978 graduate with a B.A. in American Studies.



Over 150 college football teams start their season with one goal—to be ranked number one by the wire service polls. Last year it was the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, this year there are many teams waiting to ambush the Irish. College football, like basketball, has become balanced and no longer does a small cadre of elite teams dominate the scene. The race for the national championship is up for grabs and any one of the ten teams mentioned below could claim the title. Here are the prime candidates for this year, choose your own order of finish.

Gentlemen, Place Your Bets

by Jim Trausch

UCLA

The Bruins have all the ingredients needed to bring the national championship to Westwood for the first time since the early fifties. They boast seven returnees on offense including Rick Bashore at quarterback, with James Owens and Theotis Brown in the running back positions.

The defense is also solid. Manu Tuiasosopo and Billy Don Jackson, a pair of outstanding tackles, anchor the line. They are backed up by Jeff

Muro and two-time All-American Jerry Robinson in the linebacking positions. Terry Donahue, third-year coach, has to be optimistic about this year. After a disappointing start last year the Bruins rebounded to post five victories in the last six games and came within seconds of earning a trip to the Rose Bowl. Bashore is the key. He gained valuable experience last year when he became the first Bruin sophomore to pass for over 1,000 yards and is ready to emerge as one of the best quarterbacks in the country. UCLA's season hinges on their November 18 confrontation with crosstown rival USC. If they leave the coliseum with a victory, it is on to Pasadena and the national championship.

ARKANSAS

Arkansas, coming off a 41-6 thrashing of Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl, is a definite contender for the national crown. Lou Holtz, fast-talking coach of the Razorbacks, had an outstanding debut at 11-1 last year and this year bodes well.

Ron Calcagni, all-Southwest Conference quarterback, runs the offense and he is one of the best. When throwing he will look for wideouts Robert Farrell, Bobby Duckworth, Danny Bobo, and tight end Charles Clay. Joining Calcagni in the backfield are Ben Cowins, Michael Forrest, and Orange Bowl hero Roland Sales. Everyone in this group is a letterman.

On defense eight returners highlight what will be a stingy Arkansas eleven. All-SWC performers Jim Walker, Vaughn Lusby and Larry Jackson head a fine cast. Only the secondary is suspect. Free safety Larry White must return successfully from neck surgery or teams will pass on the Razorbacks. Arkansas should make it through the SWC schedule undefeated but a loss in the Cotton Bowl to a team that can pass will deny them the national championship.

ALABAMA

The seasons of 1966, 1973, and 1974 were not banner football years in the state of Alabama. For some reason they failed to win the national championship. The villain in each case was Notre Dame. Last year was

more of the same as the Irish nosed out 'Bama and claimed the national crown. Bear Bryant, third winningest coach of all time, is not accustomed to losing ways and this may be the year the Tide beats the Notre Dame jinx and ascends to the top spot.

Bryant must rebuild to get there. Only two starters return from the offensive line but one is All-American candidate Jim Bunch. Jeff Rutledge is back to run the wishbone and he'll hand off to Tony Nathan, who scored 15 touchdowns last year, or Mitch Ferguson.

The defense, meanwhile, has lost four starters. Fortunately for Bama fans the outstanding linebacker trio of Barry Krause, Rich Wingo, and Ricky Gilliland remains intact. Alabama also gets a break in that their two big games, with Nebraska and Southern Cal, are at home. The road for Bear Bryant's boys leads to the Sugar Bowl and oops . . . a possible matchup with Notre Dame. If so, good-bye National Championship.

PENN STATE

The Nittany Lions are coming off a fine year in 1977 and have visions of bringing the national championship east in 1978. Coach Joe Paterno is optimistic. With quarterback Chuck Fusina, running backs Matt Sohey, Bob Torrey and Booker Moore, and receiver Tom Donovan returning it is easy to see why. Fusina, who Paterno feels is the best he has ever coached, is a strong candidate for the Heisman trophy. Add to this a sound offensive line and you have a strong offense overall.

Defensively, Penn State has some holes to fill. The entire secondary must be replaced and All-American Randy Sidler is gone. But Matt Miller, Bruce Clark and Joe Lally lend stability to the defensive line.

Overall, Penn State will be less exciting, especially without big play-back Jimmy Cefalo. Their schedule is rough—road games at Kentucky, the only team to beat the Lions last year, and Ohio State. Notre Dame proved last year that an early season defeat does not put a team out of the national championship picture, so a loss by Penn State to one of these teams will not be disastrous.

OKLAHOMA

At Oklahoma there are 15 returning starters, four All-Americans, and a controversy brewing. Newspaper stories report that Barry Switzer, head coach, is going to quit. Switzer labelled those stories as false.

Switzer, when not rebuking newspaper stories, spent his summer re-vamping the Sooners' wishbone attack. The offense, led by Thomas Loot at quarterback, features variations of the wishbone and the I formation. The object is the same as always—to get the ball to speedsters like Billy Sims, Freddie Nixon, and David Overstreet and then get them outside.

Defensively, the Sooners are solid. George C. Cumbry and Daryle Hunt, both outstanding linebackers are back. The line is thin but standout Reggie Kinlaw is also back. In the backfield Sherwood Taylor, Mike Babb, and Byron Paul should compensate for the loss of All-American Zac Henderson. Uwe Von Schamann makes the Sooner kicking game one of the best in the country.

If Switzer can get the Sooners concentrating on football and not on off-the-field rumors then Oklahoma will be powerful. How powerful, it remains to be seen. When the Sooners meet a team than can defense the run, like Arkansas in the Orange Bowl, they could be in big trouble. They have done nothing to shore up their passing attack but fortunately play no team in the regular season that can pass. Bowl games are different stories and Oklahoma has a weak shot at No. 1.

PITTSBURGH

The Pitt Panthers will be back in the top ten but the loss of eight starters and four All-Americans prevents them from seriously contending for the top spot this year. Coach Jack Sherrill has Rich Trocano, who quarterbacked three games last year when Cavanaugh was hurt, as his top choice to lead the Panther offense. At split end is the dangerous Gordon Jones, holder of four school records. The tight end is likely to be Steve Gaustad.

On defense the Panthers must rebuild around the loss of Randy Holloway and Bob Jury, both All-Americans. This is accomplished

with the return of seven starters. On the line Hugh Green, Dave Deciccio, Bob Gruber, and Dave Logan are coming off outstanding years. Team leader in tackles, Jeff Pelusi, heads a fine linebacker corps. Overall this is another fine Pitt defense.

Sherrill has a relatively easy schedule to start the season. This will enable his newcomers to gain experience before killer road games at Syracuse, Penn State, and Notre Dame. The Panthers are a year away from a real shot at regaining their '76 glory.

USC

Southern California merits consideration simply because they are SC. The potential is there—33 lettermen, 11 starters, and 10 prep All-Americans, considered the best freshman crop in the country. However, who will fill the quarterback spot remains a big question mark. Coach John Robinson's top candidates are Paul MacDonald, a junior, and senior Walt Ransom. Neither saw much action in '77.

What makes the Trojans a threat is their running backs. Charles White is on his way to smashing all SC rushing records and he is backed up by Dwight Ford, who rushed for nearly 800 yards as White's substitute last year, and by Rod Connors. They run behind the best interior line in the nation. They are Pat Howell (255 lbs.), Tony Munoz (280 lbs.), four-year starter Brad Budde (250 lbs.) and Otis Page (265 lbs.).

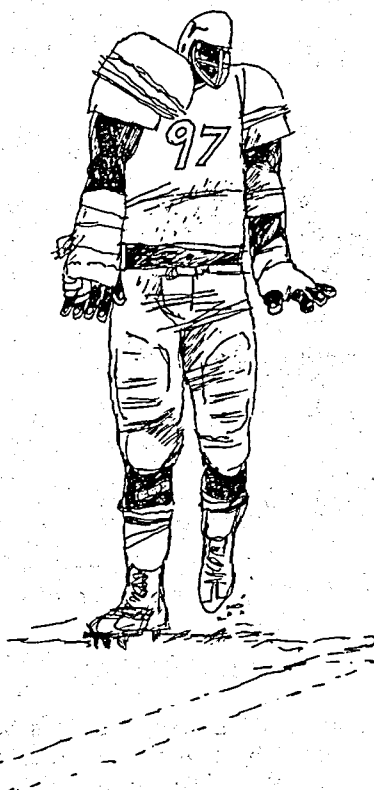
If Robinson can find another Pat Hayden or Rob Hertel among the quarterback hopefuls the offense will be explosive. The defense will be the usual SC—tough. Their schedule is, however, murderous, featuring Texas Tech, Alabama, Michigan State, UCLA, and Notre Dame. The Trojans are unpredictable, but aren't quite ready to vie for number one.

MICHIGAN

Last year was the year Michigan should have won the national championship. Unfortunately, Minnesota and Washington forgot to check with AP and UPI before they dumped the Wolverines. The loss to Washington in the Rose Bowl has to be particularly grating to Rick Leach and Bo Schembechler. Schem-

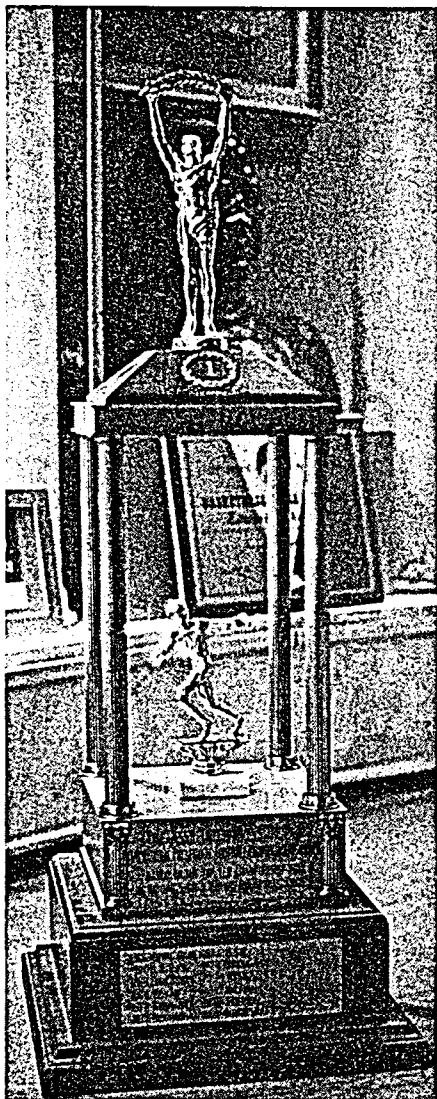
bechler, who has never won at Pasadena, faced the heavy underdog Huskies, and still the team was clipped. Leach, who proudly points to his passing records when his ability is questioned, has looked like anything but an All-American in his three bowl appearances.

That is not to say that Michigan will not have a good team. The offensive backfield returns and features Leach, who is a good runner and a master at the option, letterman Harlan Huckleby, Russell Davis, and



Ralph Clayton. The offensive line they run behind is young but talented. On defense, Michigan must replace half of last year's group. The entire secondary is inexperienced and will be tested severely in a September 23rd matchup with Notre Dame.

Maybe this is the year that Leach will put together the passing game. I don't think so. With the horses Bo has in the backfield it will be run, run, run, to the Big Ten championship for the Wolverines. But then it is out to Pasadena where, for the 11th consecutive year, Michigan will drop its last game.



AP Championship Trophy

MICHIGAN STATE

Since 1967 the Big Ten has been dominated by two teams—Michigan and Ohio State. This year that trend will end when Michigan State cracks the elite two and replaces Ohio State as runner-up to Michigan.

Coach Darryl Rogers, who grabbed Big Ten Coach of the Year honors last year, eagerly awaits the return of 45 lettermen. Among those are the Big Ten's best quarterback Ed Smith, who holds virtually all the MSU passing marks, and Kirk Gibsen, a potential All-American.

Defensively, the Spartans are strong. Gone is Larry Bethea, Big Ten MVP, but returning are linemen Melvin Land and Angelo Fields, linebacker Dan Bass, and the entire secondary.

AP and UPI may not agree with my pick of State as one of the Top

Ten. The reason will be their record. MSU plays an unbelievable schedule. They open at Purdue, then play Syracuse, Southern California, Notre Dame, and Michigan. They will lose a couple of those games, but do not be deceived by what may seem a poor record for the Spartans are a fine team.

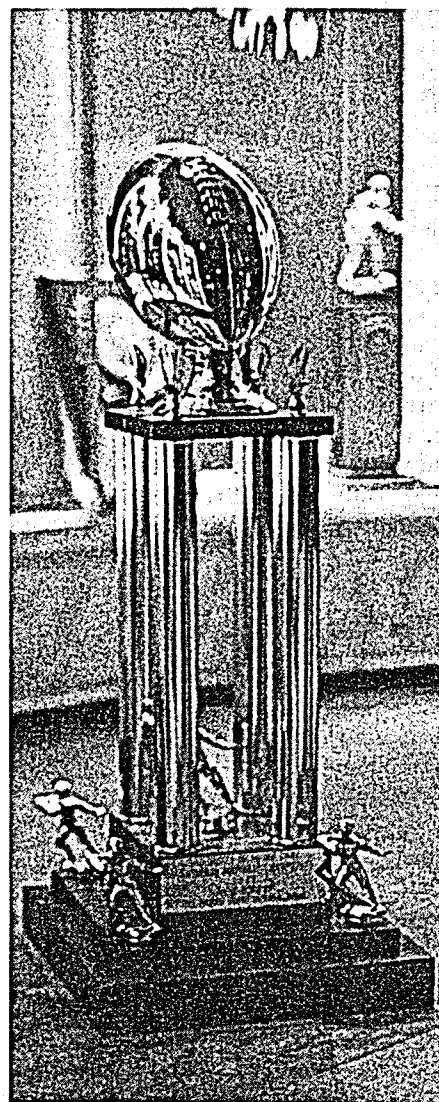
NOTRE DAME

At Notre Dame a National Championship is like a glass of beer: as soon as you are finished with it, your thoughts automatically turn to another. Another national championship, however, unlike pouring another beer, is not an easy task. Being the national champion makes one the target of every team aspiring for the top spot. Losses include All-Americans Ken MacAfee, Ross Browner, and Luther Bradley. Also gone are dependable starters Steve McDaniels, Ernie Hughes, Terry Eurick, Willie Fry, Ken Dike, Doug Becker, and kicker Dave Reeve. They will be sorely missed.

But the nucleus back for the Irish is excellent and they will once again be serious contenders. Joe Montana, a surefire candidate for All-American and Heisman honors, leads an offense featuring eight returning starters. Joining him in the backfield is the explosive running back tandem of Jerome Heavens and Vagas Ferguson. Add to this Jim Stone, tight end Kevin Hart, split end Kris Haines, and a solid line. The offense looks in fine shape for the season.

Defensively, the line and secondary have huge gaps to fill. An injury to Scott Zettek, who seemed ready to continue the Irish tradition of outstanding linemen, leaves Mike Calhoun surrounded by question marks. Jay Case, Jeff Weston, and John Hankerd will have to have big years or the front four will be weak.

The linebackers are the real bright spot on the defense. Bob Golic is the best middle linebacker in the country. He is flanked by Steve Heimkreiter and Bobby Leopold. In the secondary, Randy Harrison, if he can escape injury, will battle Joe Restic for one safety spot while Jim Browner holds down the other one. Dave Waymer, over from



UPI Championship Trophy

the offense, moves to one corner and Tom Flynn handles the other. Overall, the secondary is untested.

Defending a national championship is not an easy job, but it is not an impossible task. Since the national championship was established in 1936, only six teams have successfully defended their crowns. They are Minnesota in 1940 and '41, Army in 1944 and '45, Oklahoma in 1955 and '56, Alabama in 1964 and '65, Nebraska in 1970 and '71, and the Irish did it back in 1946 and '47. Jimmy the Greek makes the Irish co-favorites with Alabama and Arkansas at five to one. A two-dollar bet on the Irish to win would be a wise choice.

Jim Trausch, a senior Government major from Arlington Heights, Illinois, is Scholastic's off-the-track oddsmaker. This is his first contribution.

People At ND

by Theresa Rebeck

Who is the typical Notre Dame student? According to the Admissions Office, the average student is a young man who graduated in the top 10% of his class from a private college preparatory high school in the midwest and scored a 1110 on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests.

None of this news is really news. The Admissions Office comes out with virtually the same set of statistics every fall. But what is the average student actually like? What does he do on weekends? Is he a pre-professional throat or a two-fisted, hardheaded redneck? In an effort to answer some of these questions, the *Scholastic* located the "average" Notre Dame student (according to the Admissions Office data) and found out what it means to be average at Notre Dame.

Edmund K. O'Shea is the typical Notre Dame student. He was born and reared in a rural suburb of Chicago, Illinois, he graduated thirteenth in a class of 130 from an all-male, college preparatory Catholic high school, and he scored a 570 on the verbal, and 640 on the math SAT's. His father and six of his uncles attended Notre Dame, and his grandfather played football under Knute Rockne. He is indeed the typical Domer.

Ed "Banana Face" O'Shea is very open to discussion of his normalness. "I guess I'm just your typical wild and crazy guy," he says with a Steve Martin grin. "I like to drink, I like to play football, and hey, I even enjoy studying sometimes." When asked what he thought of girls, however, he replied, "Girls?" The subject was dropped.

His friends dubbed Ed "Banana Face" the evening of the Notre Dame-Southern California game, when he went to the dining hall and ate 83 bananas in a row, attempting to set the world record for banana eating. "I had to do something after a game like that and food fights are against University policy," he says. "Besides, they waste food." He's not sure if he broke the record or not; the Guinness Book of World Records has no statistic for the number of bananas eaten in a row.



Although he does enjoy football (Ed played tight end on his high school team) the real reason he came to Notre Dame was, he insists, to get an education. Ed is double majoring in Pre-Law and Nuclear Physics, a combination major which he thinks is extremely practical.

"If I don't get into Law School I can work for the government in one of the many nuclear plants that have been springing up lately," he explains. "And if I do make it as a lawyer, I figure I can make a fortune as a prosecutor for the Environmental Protection Agency." He manages his course load, which might be considered somewhat impossible by many people (24 hours), by throatting out Monday through Thursday, and drinking himself into oblivion Friday and Saturday. "Hey, I've got to have some rest and relaxation, don't I?" he points out. Sundays are set aside for recuperation, although he does make sure he doesn't miss the 10 p.m. Mass.

In the midst of his hectic schedule, Ed finds time to enjoy some of

life's simple pleasures, such as watching television. His favorite program is a toss-up between "Three's Company" and "Sixty Minutes"—he can't decide whether or not he likes Suzanne Sommers' legs more than Dan Rather's interviewing techniques.

Some of Ed's other interests include ice hockey, wrestling, boxing, and chess. "I like breaking heads," claims this alleged human being. "But there's nothing like a good game of chess to keep your mind in shape."

When asked if he considers himself a true representative of the Notre Dame student body, Ed laughed. "The statistics say I am, and hey, I hear that statistics never lie." His suitemates agree. "Whenever I try to explain the spirit of Notre Dame to my friends back home, I just tell them about Ed," says one. "He's one hell of a guy."

With this biting social commentary, Theresa Rebeck begins her tenure as Scholastic's managing editor.

The Last Word

by Jake Morrissey



I was called a "preppie" today, and it occurred to me that there really is no definitive test to determine one's "preppiness."

The following is a preppie test, designed to determine, once and for all, whether or not you are one of that rare breed known as "preppies."

1. When you were born, were the diapers your mother put on you decorated with little green alligators?
 - a. Yes.
 - b. No.
2. Are you ever mistaken for Woody Allen?
 - a. Yes.
 - b. No.
3. Do you have shirts with a grey sweater sewn onto the back and shoulders?
 - a. Yes.
 - b. No.
4. Where are the U.S. Tennis Championships held?
 - a. Who cares?
 - b. Tennis, what's that?
 - c. Leave me alone.
 - d. Somewhere in the east, I think.
5. What kind of liquid refreshment do you enjoy on a casual evening?
 - a. Beer.
 - b. Milk.
 - c. A light Chablis, with an aroma that's aggressive, but not overpowering.
6. One of the most important parts of any winter wardrobe is:
 - a. Mittens Grandma made for you.
 - b. A scarf Grandma made for you.
 - c. A hat Grandma made for you.
 - d. A lift ticket from a ski resort prominently displayed across the front of your \$150 ski parka.
7. Do you sweat?
 - a. Of course not.
 - b. Well. . . .
 - c. Profusely.
8. If your house were on fire, and you had the choice of saving your "Docksiders" or your little brother, would you save:
 - a. Your "Docksiders;" your little brother is replaceable.
 - b. Your little brother.
 - c. Your little brother, only if he's wearing your "Docksiders."
9. Do you play:
 - a. Backgammon, of course.
 - b. Backgammon, only at cocktail parties.
 - c. Checkers.
10. Do the number of khakis you own:
 - a. Exceed the Gross National Product of the NATO alliance countries.
 - b. Embarrass you, since you don't own any.

Scoring: Give yourself 1 point for 1) a; 2) a; 3) a; 4) d; 5) c; 6) d; 7) a; 8) a or c; 9) a; 10) a; nothing for the rest of the answers. 0-3: You're out of "Father Knows Best"; 4-7: There's hope for you, try reading the *New Yorker's* cartoons; 8-10: welcome to preppiedom.

THE RATHSKELLAR

PRE-MIDNIGHT PRE-MIDNIGHT PRE-MIDNIGHT PRE-MIDNIGHT



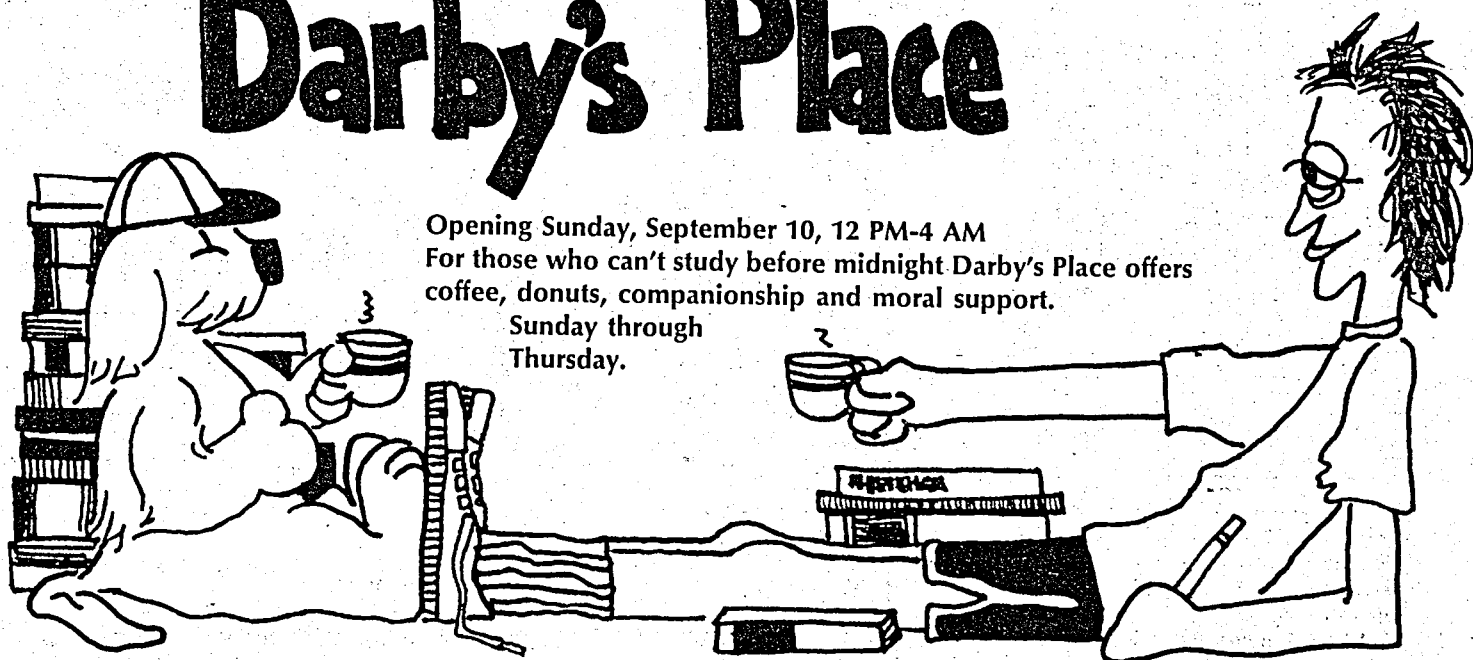
the Nazz

Do you sing? Tap dance? Tell jokes?
Play the spoons (or any other instrument)?
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Come up to the Student Union booth
Activities Night, September 11
or call 7757 and find out
how to become an overnight success.
Perform at the Nazz.

POST-MIDNIGHT POST-MIDNIGHT POST-MIDNIGHT POST-MIDNIGHT

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coffee, donuts, companionship and moral support.
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