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March 2, 1979

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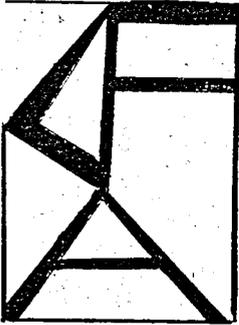
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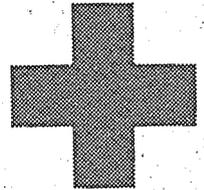
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Vol. 120, No. 9, March 2, 1979  
Notre Dame, Indiana

## CLARIFICATION

On February 16, 1979, *Scholastic* erroneously reported that the set for the production of *All Over* went \$2000 over budget. The actual figures of the production were: set, costumes, and makeup, \$2200; total production, \$4000. *Scholastic* regrets its error.

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# Beating the Odds

by Leslie Brinkley

Luck certainly isn't loyal or faithful. It prefers to skip from person to person, from time to time, with no advance announcements. Inevitably, everyone in the world encounters trouble in varying degrees and must deal with it in whatever manner seems best. Sometimes, friends and family provide the encouragement needed to overcome problems. Perhaps only self-initiative can solve the unfortunate situation at hand. Money can buy the answer for some and luck will occasionally intervene and save the day.

However, helpless circumstances do arise when none of the obvious passages to relief are clear. The friend might be out of town, the bank account might be drained, and the supply of luck just might run dry. What then?

People need an emergency source of advice, counseling, and refuge. This guaranteed "friend" emerged in South Bend in the form of the Voluntary Action Center, which services the psychological, and sometimes, the physical needs of the community. Many Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students discovered a satisfying challenge in work at the Center. Helping others in less fortunate situations is a golden opportunity that ultimately results in feelings of self-fulfillment.

The Voluntary Action Center (V.A.C.), located at 1511 Miami St., is South Bend's central agency for community service and is financed by United Way. Three satellite centers revolve around the V.A.C.: the Volunteer Services Bureau (V.S.B.), the Information and Referral Service, and the Hotline.

The V.S.B., directed by Debbie Szilagyi, concentrates on placing potential volunteers with different non-profit agencies that request extra help. Initially, a person must demonstrate sincere interest in volunteering. Before any assignment is finalized, the Bureau screens these candidates and provides any necessary training.

Volunteers are often referred to such community agencies as the Red Cross and area nursing homes. Many women, as well as men, decide to volunteer, and their diverse ages allow the program to include housewives, executives, retirees, and Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students.

The Bureau also channels volunteers into more specialized programs, such as the Sex Offense Staff (S.O.S.), which aids and counsels victims of rape and child molesting. A Battered Wives' Shelter is incorporated in the program as well, serving as a refuge for abused women.

The second realm of concern for South Bend's Voluntary Action Center is its Information and Referral Service, which offers financial aid and housing to those needing help. Their limited funds are sparingly allocated, so they prefer to interview people personally to determine the exact nature and degree of need. The agency's caseworker, Lynn Rozewicz, usually funnels the money into church groups, the Family-Children Center, and to those desperate for food. However, more obscure needs are fulfilled by the Information and Referral Service, such as purchasing dentures or paying doctor bills.

The Voluntary Action Center also maintains South Bend's Hotline, a continuous, 24-hour-a-day phone service that functions as a source of advice and referral. Simply listening to the problems of callers is its main service and in a secondary sense, Hotline provides an emergency contact center for the community.

Kim Webb, Director of the South Bend Crisis Center and Hotline, graduated from St. Mary's College in 1977 with a degree in clinical psychology. Although the Center evolved eight years ago, Webb ascended to control in February, 1978, and expanded the reach of Hotline through increased publicity via radio and other media. The number of calls received by Hotline climbed from approximately 300 per month last December, to a present rate of almost 800 calls per month.

The Crisis Center location is kept secret so that both caller and listener remain anonymous to each other. This practice protects the volunteer and doesn't threaten the caller with the possibility of exposure. Keeping the communication completely confidential allows both parties to freely express their thoughts and feelings. However, Hotline does keep an accurate record of what the calls are about, so that volunteers can be better trained to deal with callers.



Kim Webb (left), Hotline Director, and Debbie Szilagyi, Assistant Director

According to Webb, most callers are in their 20's and 30's with very few teenagers using the service. The bulk of calls revolve around relationship problems, either breakups or the lack of a relationship. Many call in to just talk with someone and ease their loneliness. Callers often want to clarify sexual questions or effective birth control methods. Webb added, "Hotline shifts to community needs—once, the concern was drugs, now 75% of our calls involve relationship difficulties.

"We try to identify the problems and help people come to their own decision, not give advice," Webb commented. "We point out the alternatives, saying you can do X, Y, or Z, and let the person take it from there."

Acting as a referral service, Hotline also serves as home base for other confidential agencies in the area. Emergency callers are sometimes directed to DART (Drug Abuse Rescue Team), Parents Anonymous, or Gamblers Anonymous.

Webb claimed, "It's frustrating. You spend anywhere from thirty minutes to two hours with someone on the phone, but the calls are

anonymous, so you never know what will happen after you hang up. Sometimes, the caller calls back with a message that things are working out, and that always makes us feel good."

Fifty people staff the Hotline office and are required to work five 4-hour shifts per month. At present, the core group of Crisis Center volunteers are South Bend citizens from a variety of occupations. Around this stabilized group orbit many Notre Dame and St. Mary's volunteers, who set aside several hours each week to man the Hotline emergency phone.

A special training program is mandatory before any volunteer is permitted to deal directly with callers. Hotline training is primarily governed by Director Webb, although several other speakers often visit the sessions. The program helps the volunteers develop essential listening skills and teaches them how to apply them to such contemporary problems as child abuse, drugs, suicide, battered women, and sexual relationships. "The sessions enable people to become aware of how they react to these topics and hopefully, makes them feel more comfortable in talking about them honestly," Webb

noted. After training, a volunteer is required to sit in with an experienced listener for three weeks before he can work on his own.

The next training program is scheduled to begin during the last week in January and will run for three consecutive weeks on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7-10. Eleven Notre Dame and St. Mary's students participated in last fall's program, arranged as two 8-hour sessions on Nov. 4 and 5.

Senior Darryl Cooke (not his real name), first expressed interest in Hotline last summer and after passing through a series of interviews, found himself a part of November's training group. He especially admired the cohesiveness that formed among the group of volunteers and appreciated the feelings of unity and friendship that developed as a result of the weekend.

Using role-playing as its principal tool, the program functioned on a group discussion format. "On the second day, we moved onto some touchy issues. There was a segment on sex, during which we were asked to write down sexual terms and then come up with synonyms. It sure did



present the children with another environment for a short while, and expose them to other aspects of life. Playing basketball, going bowling, or seeing a movie all serve as valuable opportunities to simply talk and become friends. By forming a campus group, other activities could be provided, including a tentative trip to a Chicago baseball game.

Monroe worked with his "little brother" for a couple of years and witnessed a change in his attitudes. "He was in trouble with the law and with school, and now, he finally seems to be working towards something," he said.

Another potential area for student involvement is "LOVES" (Library Outreach Volunteer Emphasis Storytelling). Volunteers periodically travel to nursery and grade schools in South Bend and tell stories. From fairy tales, to puppet shows, to *Curious George*, the storyteller tries to generate interest and questions through games, illustrations, and dramatics.

Cristobal de la Torre, a Notre Dame senior, recently volunteered as a wandering storyteller. He's motivated by the fact that "many kids are stunted by television, so that by reading stories, you're opening the minds and eyes of all those little kids."

Unlike a "LOVES" volunteer, senior Sheila Quadrini tackles the more demanding skills required of a student intern officer for the South Bend probation department. After tutoring juvenile delinquents for some time, she received an internship through the Notre Dame Sociology Department and Prof. Vasoli.

Quadrini works exclusively with misdemeanors, and often fills out presentence reports. After talking and visiting with her own clients, she recommends to the case judge whether an individual should be put on probation or sent to jail. Since she aspires to work in criminal justice after graduation, her job with the probation department provides precious background experience.

Similar programs are springing into existence all across the country, as there is a continually growing community concern for the welfare of all its citizens. For instance, in Toledo, Ohio, the Family Services of Greater Toledo organization offers help and advice in the same manner

break down inhibitions! You get calls from sexually disturbed people and you can't afford to be shocked," Cooke explained.

A Notre Dame freshman, Jeff Stevenson (not his real name), first learned of the Hotline service at Activities Night in September and he felt that he could handle the responsibilities it entailed.

"It's not for everyone—the pressure isn't easy to take," Stevenson said. "You could get a suicide call and spend an hour talking with the guy. He might say 'I've had it' and hang up. What are your feelings then? You come to a realization that you must keep a separateness. You remember it's the *caller* that pulls the trigger or takes the pills."

Many other Notre Dame and St. Mary's students are active in volunteer positions in South Bend's community service network. And all of these various agencies signaled their interest in utilizing more college volunteers within their respective programs.

Finding a substitute "mother" or "father" for a single-parent child is the job of Big Brothers-Big Sisters of South Bend. The organization functions on a one-to-one basis, suggesting that volunteers try to visit their "child" at least once a week for several hours.

Dan Monroe, the Campus Coordinating Director, is attempting to establish the service as a formal University club, even though the program opened to Notre Dame students ten years ago. Sixty students, primarily male, volunteered their time this academic year, and there are still openings for more, according to Monroe.

"These kids are messed up," Monroe noted, "and they need a masculine image in the home, so that they can eventually fill that function. A volunteer should serve as a complement to the mother and her value system."

Most of the children are between 8 and 13 years old, with very few older than 15. The program tries to

as South Bend's V.A.C.. Their 24-hour Hotline agency is christened "Rescue-Crisis Services" and staffs a great many students from local colleges as well.

Students actually involved in the Voluntary Action Center and its wide range of services emphasize the important role it filled for many of South Bend's citizens. For some individuals, the Center is the *only* place they can turn to for comfort, help, and guidance. One volunteer described many as "desperate and lonely, looking for the first sign of relief that's extended to them."

All of the student volunteers

strongly encourage others to join one of the programs, as they all find their work frustrating at times but, in the end, immensely rewarding. One Hotline trainee noted that "so many volunteer things are more social events than an actual giving of yourself." He designated Hotline as a real chance to guide others through troubled times.

Monroe elaborated on the Big Brother experience, saying, "Kids are free in expressing emotions and give you a charge when they come right out and tell you you're doing a good job."

The services furnished by the Vol-

untary Action Center not only improve the lives of many people in the city but, in return, enlighten and enrich the lives of many University students. Summing up the gratitude felt by the community, Webb said, "We sure are glad we've got Notre Dame and St. Mary's in town!"

Perhaps, to some people, the volunteers are successfully manipulating Lady Luck herself! □

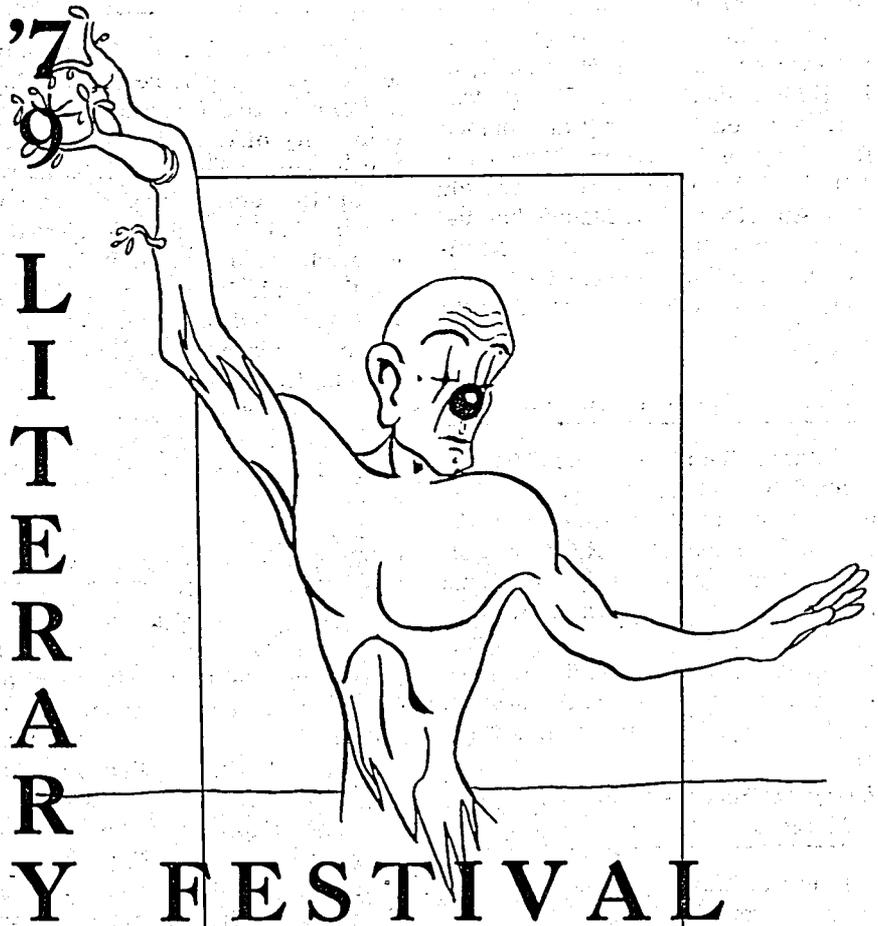
*Leslie Brinkley is a junior American Studies major from Perrysburgh, Ohio. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

*"... the Festival provides an opportunity for personal interaction between the students and the artists."*

This statement concisely characterizes the nature of the upcoming Sophomore Literary Festival. Authors from various literary fields will appear during the week of March 4-10 to present their works, discuss their techniques, and share their ideas. The format of the festival encourages both active and passive participation in the events of the week. Each evening a different artist will read from a selection of his works. These readings will be held at eight o'clock in the Library Auditorium (with the exception of Allen Ginsberg's presentation in Washington Hall). Receptions will follow these readings in the Library Lounge to give participants a chance to meet and exchange ideas with the various authors. Afternoon workshops conducted by the speakers will focus on the methods and techniques they employ in their writing and encourage questions on style, subject, and theme. The framework of the festival is designed to promote a sampling of the contemporary literary world. The schedule offers extensive appeal. The following information includes brief biographies of the participants and the dates of their appearance. "The Festival provides an opportunity"; make the most of it.

#### Allen Ginsberg—Sunday, March 4

Allen Ginsberg's notoriety as a poet began during the San Francisco



by Nancy Ryan

Renaissance and Beat Movement of the 1950's. The members of these clans accepted Ginsberg as their major poet with the publication of *Howl and Other Poems* (1956) for which he was arraigned on obscenity charges but subsequently cleared. He has experimented with the poetic effects of psychedelic drugs. His

works have been recognized with awards such as the Guggenheim Fellowship (1963, 1964), the National Institute for Arts and Letters Grant for poetry (1969), and the National Book Award (1974). His study of mantric poetics and his acquaintances with Ezra Pound, Bob Dylan, Ed Sanders and Mick Jagger led

Ginsberg to study music and record both *Howl and Other Poems* and *Kaddish*. Ginsberg has recently been awarded the Medal for Literature from the National Arts Club. His books of poetry include *Empty Mirror*, *Early Poems*, *Airplane Dreams*, and *Mind Breaths*.

**David Mamet—Monday, March 5**

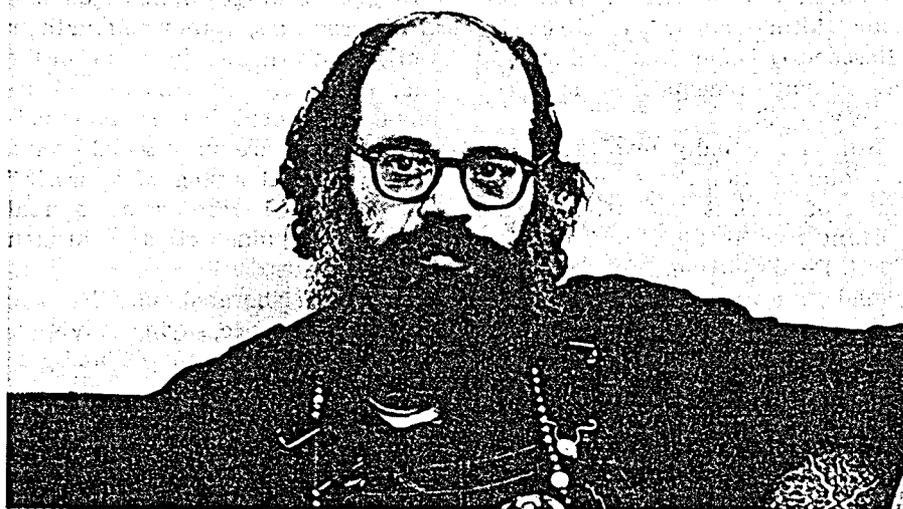
David Mamet is a playwright who graduated from Goddard College in 1969 with a B.A. in English Literature. He studied creative theater in New York from 1971-1973. He was artist-in-residence at Goddard. He has been a member of the Illinois Arts Council faculty and helped found and direct the St. Nicholas Theater Company in Chicago. In 1975, Mamet's scripts *Duck Variation* and *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* were produced in New York; in 1977, Mamet's *American Buffalo* was performed on Broadway and named Best Play of its season. It won the New York Drama Critics Award for Best American Play. Mamet has received honors including a Rockefeller playwriting-in-residence grant and a CBS Fellowship at Yale in 1977.

**William Gaddis—Tuesday, March 6**

William Gaddis is a novelist described by Robert Graves as "most unusual in his generation of writers." A graduate of Harvard College, Gaddis' fields of writing include film and magazine work as well as his two notable novels *The Recognitions* (1955) and *JR* (1975). Gaddis' appearance at the festival will mark his first formal reading of this type.

**Larry McMurtry—Thursday, March 8**

Larry McMurtry is a novelist and essayist from Wichita Falls, Texas. He received a B.A. from North Texas State and an M.A. from Rice. He is a member of the Texas Institute of Letters and has received both the Wallace Stegner Fellowship and Guggenheim Fellowship. McMurtry's works often reflect his Southwestern background and include *Horseman*, *Pass By*, *Leaving Cheyenne*, and the popular novel and film, *The Last Picture Show* (for which he also wrote the screenplay).



Poet Allen Ginsberg

**John Frederick Nims—Thursday, March 8**

John Frederick Nims is a graduate of Notre Dame who received a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature from the University of Chicago. He taught at Notre Dame from 1939-1962 as well as at the universities of Toronto, Illinois, and Florida. He served as Fulbright Professor in Italy and as Smith-Mundt Professor at the University of Madrid. His list of awards and honors is extensive. Nims' works include *The Iron Pastoral* (poems), *Knowledge of the Evening*, and *Of Flesh and Bone* (poems) along with translations and analyses of foreign poems.

**Hilda Morley—Friday, March 9**

Hilda Morley is a poet who attended the Walden School, the Haifa Realschule, Hebrew University, and University College, London, as an undergraduate and did her postgraduate studies at Wellesley, Ohio State, and N.Y.U. Her teaching experiences at Black Mountain College brought her in contact with such artists as Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, and Denise Levertov. Ms. Morley's works include numerous reviews and literary articles, translations of Hebrew works, and her 1976 book of poems entitled *A Blessing Outside Us*.

**Ishmael Reed—Friday, March 9**

Ishmael Reed is a poet and novelist who has extended interests in other literary fields such as publishing and teaching. In the last dozen years he has published five novels, the most

recent being *The Last Days of Louisiana Red* and *Flight to Canada* (both in 1976). He has three volumes of poetry, *Conjure*, *Chattanooga*, and *Secretary to the Spirits*. Reed has received much recognition for his work, including the Pulitzer Prize nomination in 1973 for poetry. He is currently on the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley.

**Robert S. Fitzgerald—Saturday, March 10**

Robert S. Fitzgerald, poet and translator of the classics, received the A.B. degree in 1933 from Harvard. His career has included journalism as well as poetry. He was a reporter for both the *New York Herald-Tribune* and *Time* before World War II. Since July, 1975, he has served as Poetry Editor of *The New Republic*. Admired as a skilled translator of the Greeks, he has put into English numerous works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Homer. In 1976, his translation of "The Iliad" received the first Harold Landon Award for translation of poetry. His extensive list of awards and honors includes two Guggenheim Fellowships (1952, 1971), a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, and an Ingram Merrill Foundation fellowship. □

*Nancy Ryan is involved in this year's Literary Festival. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

Sister Jean Lenz:

# Living the Farley Legend

by Bill Fuller

It was a humid spring night in 1974. At about eleven o'clock, the rector of Farley Hall thought she heard a riot in the distance. Probably a pep rally. Then the telephone rang: a mob of Notre Dame men had been seen stampeding toward her hall yelling "Farley! Farley!" Hanging up the phone, she rushed out of her room towards the side entrance of the hall. She dashed down the steps and swung open the door. And gasped. Nearly a hundred guys were huddled around the entrance, stark naked. One of them cried, "O my God, it's Sister!" For a moment there was silence. Then the rector, summoning all her courage, yelled, "There is no way you're getting in this hall like THAT!" Suddenly, bodies disappeared behind bushes, bicycles, and trees. As Sister Jean Lenz turned back toward the door, the bodies cautiously began to abandon their hiding places and back up toward the dorm. Out of the corner of her eye she caught the movement and barked, "I am not MOVING from this spot till you guys get outa here!" With that, somebody yelled, "Let's get Lyons!" and the mob disappeared into the night. The rector remained poised on the steps for a moment, wondering whether a rector's job was for her.

Four springs later, Sister Jean Lenz received the Pop Farley Award at the annual President's Dinner in Notre Dame's North Dining Hall. Before a crowd of 1200 faculty and staff members, Father Hesburgh presented the award to her, stating that it is given each year to that person who has most visibly supported Notre Dame student life outside the academic sphere. Twenty-four hundred eyes watched her as she approached the podium in an "I can't believe it" daze, and twenty-four hundred hands applauded her

when she accepted the award and stood speechless at the podium.

"I still can't believe it," Sister Jean says, relaxing in a chartreuse easy chair in her room. Two ivy-covered windows let light into the room, already bright with yellow walls. On one of these walls hangs an arrangement of paintings and photos, most of them of the Notre Dame campus. Another wall contains a painting of a ballerina. Behind her messy desk a bookcase bulges with yearbooks, theology books, and a collection of poetry books, T. S. Eliot prominent among them. "If I had to describe my life at Farley Hall, I'd say it's like living

on a roller coaster; you're asked to change emotions so quickly. The other day, for example, I was counseling a girl in here who was in tears, when all of a sudden the phone rings and it's the Farley sophomores overseas in Angers telling me about the good times they've been having. Then the TV repairman comes in to get the keys to the TV cabinet, and this poor girl is still sitting here. Just as we settle down again, the infirmary calls to tell me that one of our girls has the chicken pox. All of this happened in 15 minutes."

As though to illustrate, a group of elementary-school students came



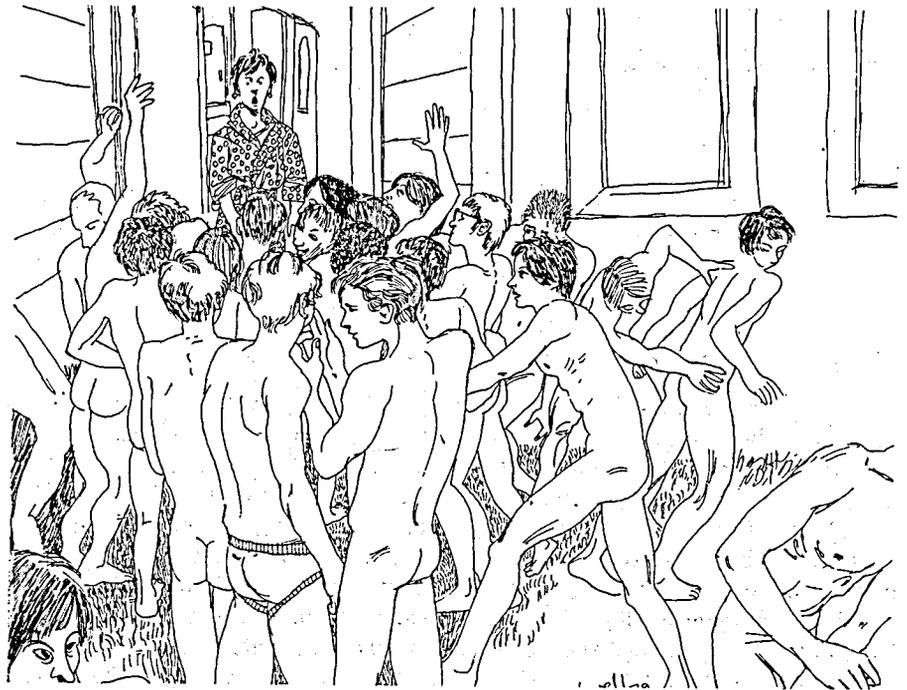
Sister Jean Lenz in a rare spare moment

through at that moment on a tour; Sister Jean quizzed them on what they liked most about the Notre Dame campus. A few minutes later a girl came to borrow paper plates. Then Campus Ministry called about a meeting. Finally a girl dropped in to return Sister Jean's keys, which she had absentmindedly left in the door.

Sister Jean faced one of her most hectic experiences early this year. Because of a decrease in the number of seniors moving off campus, the Housing Office was forced to convert the Farley basement into living quarters for 16 freshmen. The basement is not only damp, but the windows are at ground level, the ceilings are crisscrossed with hot pipes, and many of the rooms are not large enough to hold two beds, two desks, and two lockers. When the freshmen and their parents arrived late in August, they were appalled at the rooms. One mother complained to the Housing Office, another wrote a letter to the *Observer* condemning the conditions as "not designed for human sleeping," and the 16 freshmen described their plight in a letter to the *Observer*.

Today the atmosphere in the basement seems far from tense. The bulletin board and section walls are plastered with jokes and caricatures of the Cellar Dwellers, as they call themselves. According to the Cellar Dwellers, Sister Jean was largely responsible for their change in attitude. When someone failed to deliver telephones, telephone books, WSND door tags, and *Scholastic* magazines to the secluded section, Sister Jean got the job done. She called them all into her room one night, and over glasses of wine talked with them about their living situation and related some of Farley's history to them: "Farley Hall was dedicated to Pop Farley, a dearly loved hall rector who died in 1939 and in whose memory the Pop Farley Award has been created. . . . You know, when Father Hesburgh was rector here, your section was the elite section that guys fought to get into, since it was so far from the rector's room."

"The girls would not give up this section for the world," confesses the basement's R.A., Carol Lally. "Sister Jean is the key to what's going



on in here. As busy as she is, for example, she came to our Halloween party on a moment's notice, in a costume no less! She wore a floppy yellow hat, huge sunglasses, and overalls embroidered with her name and a shamrock."

The Cellar Dwellers' Halloween party was not the first hall social event attended by Sister Jean. She makes her appearance at nearly every Farley event, from impromptu get-togethers like Sections 2A and 2B's Ice Cream Social to planned affairs like the Lally Literary Festival where girls read the worst possible examples of poetry and prose from within stalls in the second-floor restroom. According to senior Meg Hackett, "In other halls you want to keep the rector as far away as possible from your parties and things. But in Farley, when Sister Jean comes to your party, you know it's a success."

Sister Jean contributes to the success of the Farley Debutante Ball, the culmination of the Farley social year, traditionally held on the eve of April Fool's Day. Spoofing both the Miss America Pageant and the tradition of young girls coming out into society, Farley women dress in outlandish costumes to compete for the "Deb of the Year" awards. The judges' panel consists of award winners from the previous year and Sister Jean, who wears her floppy hat, sunglasses, and overalls. One of last year's winners was dressed as Sister Contact Lenz, and Sister

Jean awarded her dead roses and an empty wine bottle with which to start her own sacristory.

Sister Jean's experience with college students began when she served as Campus Ministry Director at the College of St. Francis, where she also spent her undergraduate days. While at St. Francis, she received a letter from Father Burtchaell asking her to consider the rectorship of Farley Hall, in its first year as a women's dorm. Since Sister Jean had done her master's work at Notre Dame in 1966-67, Father Burtchaell felt that she would be familiar with some of the people and places on campus.

She felt a "little leery" about accepting the position, since she had never lived with college students, but decided that the best thing she could do was to share her life with others. The first few months were extremely hectic, involving at least three invasions on the dorm by crowds, several girls injured by accidents, and a barrage of personal problems. "I kept wondering if I'd last till Christmas," she admits.

Her decision to remain at Notre Dame came somewhere between a student's emergency appendectomy and the invasion by the mob of naked guys. "I was lying in bed one night, wondering when my life was going to slow down. Suddenly it occurred to me that things were not going to slow down and that this was my calling."

Besides serving as rector, Sister

Jean teaches theology classes at Notre Dame. She is presently teaching a beginning Bible course to freshmen. She paces amidst the 35 students, discussing the value of an upcoming assignment. "When you finish this paper," she predicts, "you'll learn to become really critical of the clergy. One day you'll be listening to the homily, and you'll say to yourself, 'I wonder why he didn't say this or that.'" In the discussion portion of the class, someone asks, "Would Jesus think it was morally right to jail a criminal?" and she allows for discussion, never monopolizing it.

"I really like the class," admits one student. "She respects our views; no one ever has a wrong answer. One guy read an essay on the midterm completely wrong, and she allowed him to make up two questions that he'd like to answer and turn them in for credit."

Mike Glynn was enrolled in Sister Jean's freshman theology class four years ago. At the time, he was confused about himself and about life. He had come to Notre Dame hoping to strengthen his injured foot and to reclaim the football scholarship he had lost as a result of the high school injury; after having spent months nursing his injured foot, he earned the chance to practice with the N.D. team, only to reinjure it soon thereafter. In addition to that problem, he was disillusioned with the Catholic Church. Impressed by Sister Jean's piety and devotion to God, he began to visit her. They discussed his problems, and he learned that sports were not the most valuable aspects of his life. She reconfirmed his faith in the Church, and they began to pray together regularly. "Our prayer got to the point where we'd be at a place like Shakey's and she'd want to say Grace out loud before our meals," he reveals. "I felt completely at ease to do that when I was with her."

Today Mike sits in the comfortable lounge of Moreau Seminary where he is studying for the priesthood. He admits that he is still confused about a few areas of the Church, but with the help of Sister Jean, he has found his place in it. "Somebody once said," he recalls, "If you pick up the cross, you've gotta be willing to be hung on it." Jean gets hung on that cross every

day. She's so involved with the people in her life that she actually feels their greatest joys and their deepest sorrows."

Sister Jean felt one of Farley's deepest sorrows last year when Mary Craig, a Farley junior, died of cancer. Since Mary's friends knew about her impending death months before she died, they not only had to cope with the realization that their friend was dying, but they also had to learn how to act towards Mary. A few months before Mary's death they found themselves wondering whether they could handle the situation.

"Being members of Farley, we turned to Sister Jean," recalls Karen Lacity, one of Mary's closest friends. "It was a comfort to know that we could go down and talk to someone who had experience in this sort of thing." Time after time, Mary's friends, sometimes alone and sometimes in groups, went to Sister Jean's room with questions. Each time, she gave them comfort, advice, and empathy, but rarely gave them direct plans of action, because, as she puts it, "I like people who challenge other people to grow."

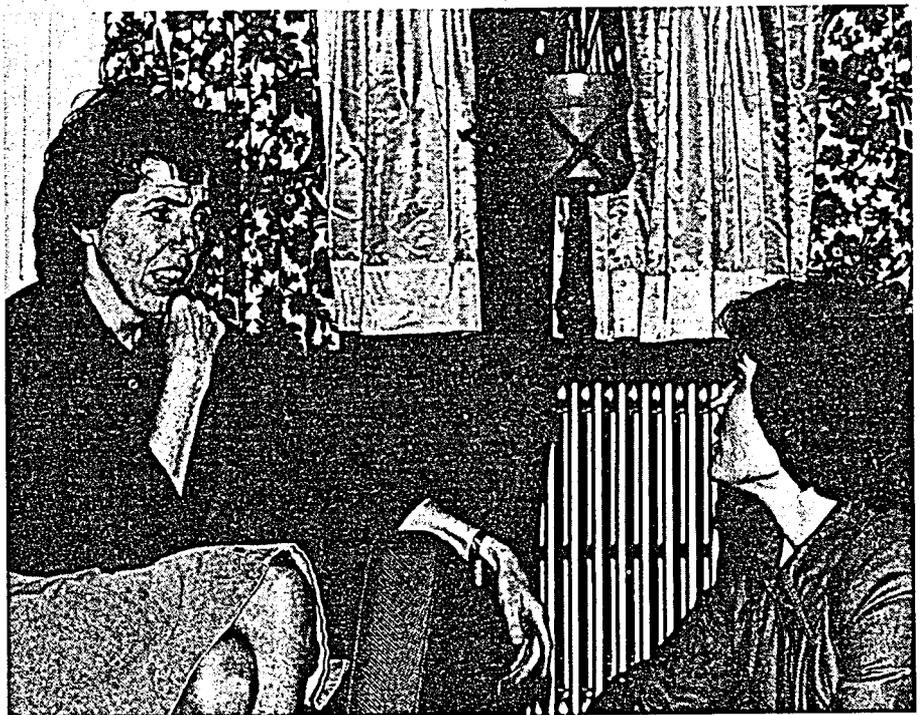
"And we did," admits Karen Lacity. "Although I'd never wish this sort of thing on anyone, it was a growing experience that united us with each other and with Sister Jean and made us appreciate many things so much more."

Two objects in Sister Jean's room

which hold special significance for her are likenesses of dancers. One is a painting of a trained ballerina, and the other is a pewter statue of a child learning her first ballet step. These works of art reflect Sister Jean's character because she feels that life, like the dance, should be lived for the moment. Too often we are so obsessed with the past and future that we ignore the present moment, where the dance of life really takes place. With the excitement of a child at Christmas, she flips open T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* and reads a reference to her reflection:

At the still point of the turning world,  
neither flesh nor fleshless  
Neither from nor towards;  
at the still point, there the dance is,  
But neither arrest nor movement.  
And do not call it fixity,  
Where past and future are gathered.  
Neither movement from nor towards.  
Neither ascent nor decline. Except  
for the point, the still point,  
There would be no dance, and there  
is only the dance.

It's the reflection of one who has found value in the moment of the dance. It's the reflection of one who has devoted her life to helping others find that moment. And it's the reflection of one who, like Pop Farley, will be remembered long after her dance is over. □



# A Little Off the Top

by Keith Caughlin



I usually get my hair cut over breaks. I shell out twelve dollars to have my hair sculpted at Denny's Hair Studio. There Denny or one of her nymphs cuts it according to my personality and the pH of my hair follicles. Denny's is like most hair salons of the modern style-and-blow-dry era. There are beanbag chairs scattered on deep pile carpeting, hanging ferns and Fleetwood Mac in stereo. But my hair is long now, not over a break. Where should I have it cut?

I could hike in the snow to some place off campus or I could have it trimmed at the Notre Dame Barber-shop. Heck, all the ROTCs have their hair cut and they don't look too bad. I made an appointment. The next day I walked in, not knowing what to expect. I had heard tales of ROTC Joe, the Badin Butcher, and was just about to turn tail and run, when I stopped. "It'll always grow back, don't worry," I said to myself.

I walked in and sat in the red vinyl and aluminum chair. I picked up a copy of *Sports Illustrated* off the Formica table but didn't read it, I just looked around. The floor tile was ordinary enough, but some of the ceiling tile was blocked in to form a gold number one. Hanging from it were plaques commemorating every national championship team.

The shop was large; there were ten chairs and two walls lined with mirrors and cabinets to equip an assembly line of barbers. The other walls were full of photographs and

sketches, a veritable Hall of Fame. Knute, the Gipper, National Championship team portraits, all Notre Dame memorabilia. Of the ten chairs only one was doing business —this chair was handled by Joe D'Angelo.

He has trimmed Notre Dame locks for 23 years. Four years ago Carl worked with him, now there's only business for one. Carl's chair sits empty next to Joe, and his name and his 1975 license still hang quietly.

Joe's chair is anything but quiet; the shelves around it are full. The lower ones have assorted hair lotions, ointments, and tonics. The upper one, across the top of the mirror, is packed. It has: (from left to right) four Styrofoam straw hats, a copper etching, a postcard, a glass from the Kentucky Derby, an ND glass, a small plastic football, two plastic knights (one holds a sign "Property of the Mafia, Keepa your hands off"), a can of dehydrated water, five bicentennial medallions, a piece of galena (perfect cleavage, high specific gravity), four memorial 7-up bottles, antique hair clippers, a camera, a couple of candles, a pirate, an Indian chief, a toy safe, a Credit Union "Jaws" bank and an old cast iron action bank (the dog catches the penny and drops it in a slot). It has to be the best shelf on campus.

I looked down from the shelf, down past the mirror and at him, Joe D'Angelo, barber. Standing there like Caesar with his noble Roman nose and hair combed forward and

blue tunic, "You, ah next?" I left the firm red chair and walked to the barber's chair. I sat down and he suited me up, the smock and the little white neck wrap.

"How do you want it cut?" he asked. I gave him the answer. "First time in here?" "Yes sir," I said, "first time." He began cutting my hair and I began asking questions. I guess I should have let him concentrate on what he was doing but I had never really talked with a barber. Of course, when I was a youngster I listened to barbers a lot, but that was when I sat in a little extra seat placed on the chair and my mom was watching. I had never had a barber-to-customer conversation.

I asked him about the barber pole that appears once in a while (it is removed at night and during the winter). I inquired about changes in attitudes since the old days, how Fr. Hesburgh has his hair cut, the usual gossip.

"Now if you'll look straight into the mirror you'll see. . .," he said

angling a mirror behind me to show the back. It was short all right, but that's what I paid for. "Tonic or nothing on your hair?" he asked. Remembering Bay Root and Burma Shave, I chose nothing. "Okay, nothing it is." With that, he took a squeeze bottle and gave it a puff. Half expecting to smell like a cleaned-up cowboy, I said, "I told you nothing." "I know," he laughed, showing me an empty bottle labeled "NOTHING," "first-timers, they will fall for it every time." Yes, Joe, I guess they will.

Next year there are plans to convert half of the shop into a hair studio. The salon will charge more for haircuts, but that is in demand. Joe will still be there, though. One room will be Joe and his chair, the other, beanbags, ferns and Fleetwood Mac in stereo. □

*Keith Caughlin is a Freshman Scholastic "staffer" from Livonia, Michigan. This is his first contribution to the magazine.*

# A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE

by Dave Gill

I don't think I ever did tell y'all about that astrology nut I met at a party one time. She had this light blue sweater on and she was really into the stars that night. So anyway, I'll tell ya about her.

Ya see, I'm a Shure cartridge, one of those needles in a record player. I'm not quite sure of my number as that damn fool who bought the set lost my birth certificate (instruction book to all you lay readers). I'm hooked up with this foreign turntable, B-E-O-G-R-A-M 3000; the powerbox is an American product, Pioneer by name. The speakers aren't much to speak of size-wise, Bose 901's, but they sure as hell make a lotta noise. They're hanging from the ceiling, makes for better sound I guess. The record player and I are sitting on a shelf on the wall (that's so the dancin' don't bother us, just when they slam the damn doors). The Pioneer piece is right below us on top of the record case, about 150 records in all, and they're in alphabetical order, sorta.

The five guys that live in the house with us are all students at some Midwestern college; I can tell by all the books they lug around and by the weirdo weather that passes through.

Anyway, if I recall correctly, it weren't too long ago these fellas had themselves a party, must've been a birthday or some other excuse to have all their friends over to drink some beer. I was over in a corner back then, out of the way, but with a pretty good eye of what all went on. The room reminded me of a flattened-out square, rectangle I think they called it, with a bar at one end and a keg of beer at the other (none of 'em were too long on common sense, still aren't). They moved all the furniture out of the room so's to pack lots of people in, kinda like a cattle car on a train with one trough. I guess they liked to rub bodies. Maybe it's like rubbin' up against a good

album. I did wonder if them guys ever got as tired as I did — the girls sure didn't seem to have as many grooves.

The wingding started out slow, sorta country rock, but it didn't take long before somebody put on that infernal rock and roll. I didn't want to get my eardrums blown clear out, so I settled on watching the people roaming around and paid no never mind to what music they played.

Personally, the females took all my blue ribbons. They had nice soft touches, and they dusted the records off so I didn't have to eat so much damn dirt. A couple of 'em spent the night and cleaned up in the morning. Right nice of the ladies. Their music didn't set real well with me, though, 'cause as soon as one of them got a chance, she stuck that disco crap on and the whole room commenced to shakin' and jumpin'. And people bitch about listening to it; try playin' the same damn thing over and over again. It's like stubbing your toe on the same chair ten days in a row.

You remember that astrologer, the one in the light blue sweater? She weren't a cleaner or a disco dancer; she was the kind that threw back a couple of quick ones and got real talky. You know, the kind that come up to talk, step on your toe or speaker jack, and spill their beer.

I'm glad she never got an itch to hear an album or the whole damn set would've gone to the shop. Worst thing old Blue Sweater did was knock over a beer on some records. Good thing she left when she did.

My astrologer friend and her kind had it all over some of the men hanging around. I don't cotton to strangers, 'specially male ones, handling my delicates, 'specially at a party where everybody's had a few. I can tell the bad ones from the good ones, though. The bad ones hands' shake and they have a lot of trouble standin' still. They're the ones that play basketball with me and the tone arm, except I'm the one that gets bounced.

Most of the guys figured out they were half-drunk and couldn't see any sense in trying to change a record. Puttin' the record on was the easy part; readin' the album covers was the trouble. They just sat back and only got up for two reasons: when they needed a beer or had to take a leak.

Them's the kind of people I watched, mainly because my future was in their hands, and I mean in their hands. Most of the others kinda stood around, rubbed against each other, and talked about who cares what. I heard somebody once call it "mingling" and how that somebody hated to do it. Doesn't seem like



something I'd stand up and holler about either. Sorta hard to like talking to someone while the someone is looking over your shoulder. Plus, at the party, the music was turned up so damn loud, I couldn't hear my own self think, let alone someone else talk.

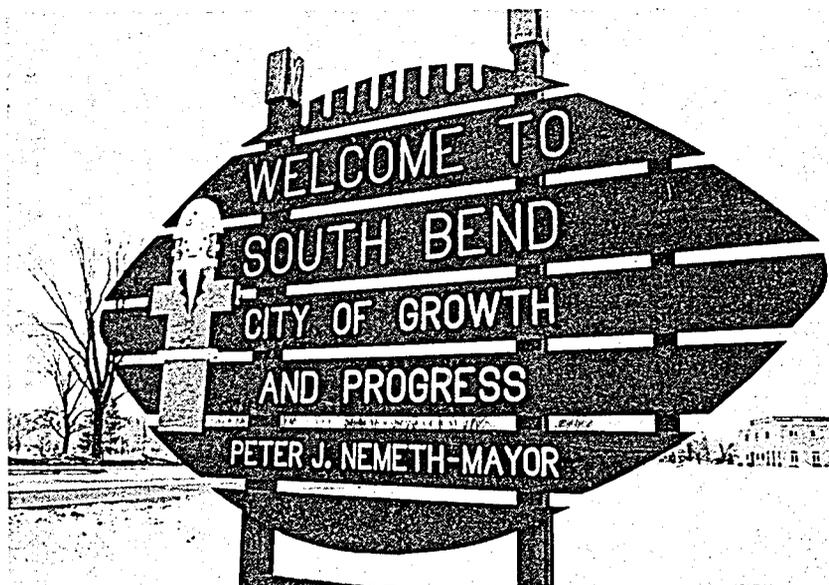
Well, the party went on like I told for a couple hours and nothing much exciting happened. People came and went, but most of 'em left a little happier than when they showed up. I got bumped around only a few times and whoever did it was real sorry he did, apologizing to people that didn't even live here. The guys that threw the party didn't get all bent out of shape or nothing and, like they say in the newspapers, a good time was had by all. At least until Blue Sweater decided that night was perfect for some star-gazing.

She must've thought the house was pretty warm, but personally, it was the first time in a long time that damn room was any kind of warm. Everybody that lived there used to get all bundled up and hunkered down when they sat around in that room. Not the night of the party, though.

I was just mindin' my own business, when the astrologer in the blue sweater weren't in it anymore and she was running through the house and out the front door without her namesake. She was flappin' her arms and a couple other things as she ran by. When she got outside, she was so happy to look up at the pretty sky, she begun to sing and yell and make a real big commotion.

It weren't long and the police showed up and asked real nice-like if everyone thought it was time to go home. Said they'd come back in 15 minutes to see if anyone needed a ride. Well, it didn't take long for the house to get real empty. The five fellas just stood around looking at each other and at the new keg they just opened. They all stayed up real late and drank all the beer. Needless to say, the next day and a half was pretty quiet, everybody drinking a lotta water, not eating much, and sleeping a lot.

That's how I met my astrologer friend. Never did catch her name. Hope she comes back real soon, though, so she can tell me what was so damn exciting about them stars. □



by Liz Donovan

Question: "Where are you from, Liz?"

Answer: "South Bend."

Reaction: "Ohhhh," or better yet, "You're kidding, you don't look like a townie!"

Townies are a misunderstood and much abused lot. The term itself evokes the image of a long-haired, wiped-out teenager slinking around the ACC in the postconcert haze. Contrary to popular belief, townies are not always monosyllabic and comatose creatures. We constitute a good proportion of the student body at Notre Dame, but yet we still must bear the brunt of insults and jokes aimed at our fair city. By virtue of residence only, we are made to feel that our hometown pales in comparison with such exotic places as Hohokus, New Jersey, and Dodge City, Kansas. Such discrimination is unwarranted, for there are thousands of reasons why I (and many others) actually *like* living in South Bend.

First of all, townies have no accents to apologize for. "New Jersey" comes out just as Webster intended it to, no substituting "oi" for "r." The King's English reigns in the River City.

When it comes to practical knowledge, a student from South Bend has the jump on everyone else. We are the only ones who can tell you exactly where the South Shore Station is, and the location of the only bathroom at Town and Country Mall. Goodwill, St. Vincent DePaul, and the Farmer's Market are old friends to us, so don't be smug enough to think you've discovered something

new. Townies know that Michigan Street and U.S. 31 are one and the same and we can successfully maneuver through the downtown detours.

Being from South Bend saves dollars, cents, and lots of hassles. No phone bills from Indiana Bell, and no worries about rising air fares. Going home for breaks is a ten-minute affair: while everyone else is snowed in at O'Hare, we're already home wrapping Christmas presents.

One of the townie's most obvious advantages is having the option between Saga's chuck wagon steak (steak?) or, at no extra charge, mom's homemade chicken and dumplings. Home is within eyesight from the twelfth floor of the Library, far away when I'm feeling independent and close enough when I'm not so sure.

Summer is the nicest time to be in South Bend, and I'm glad everyone is gone. Void of permafrost and people, Notre Dame is a lovely, quiet place, interrupted only by R.V. shows, baton-twirler conventions, and the annual renewal of the Charismatics. The Library sounds like a library should, and the *other* library has vacant seats.

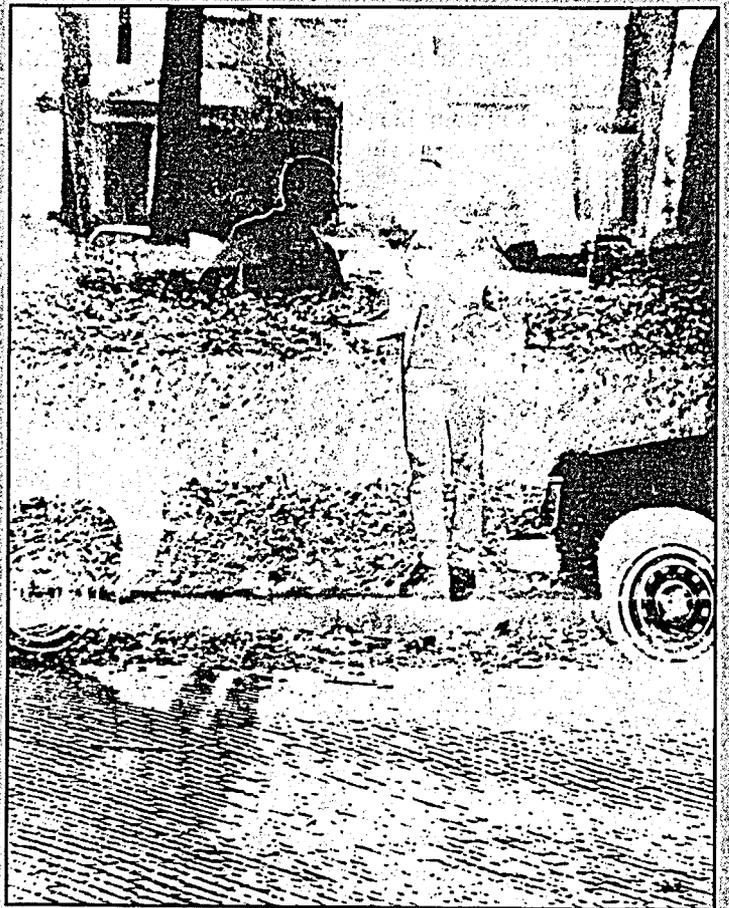
The townies sole disadvantage is that his home becomes a storage bin during the summer months. As vacation draws near the requests begin: "Could you store this one small box for me, pleeeeee?" Translation: one fifty-pound box of cinderblocks for next year's bookcase. No problem really. One courtesy I do ask: no more South Bend slander! □

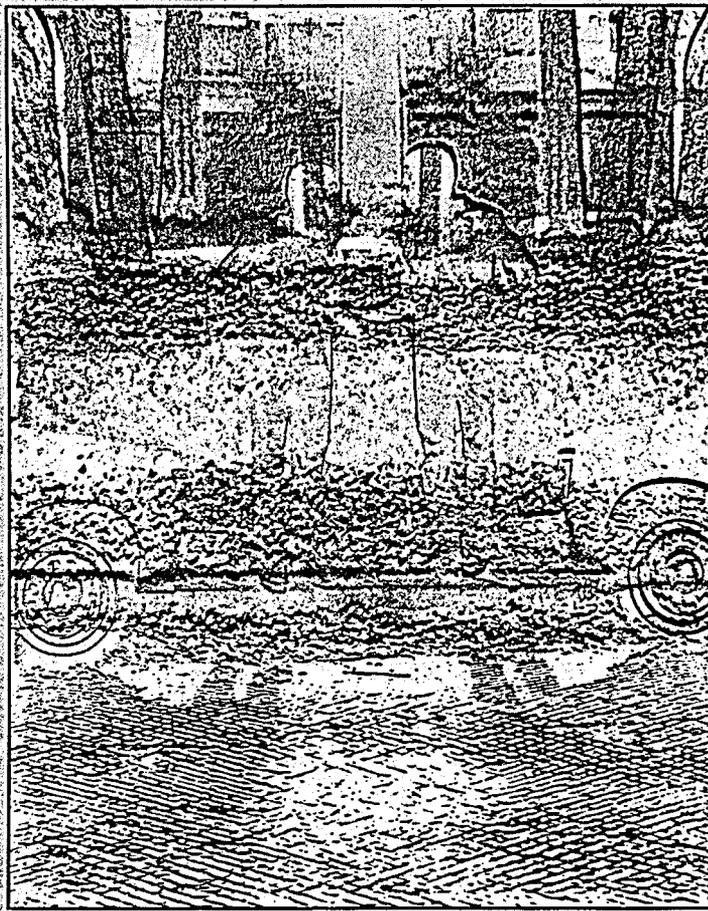
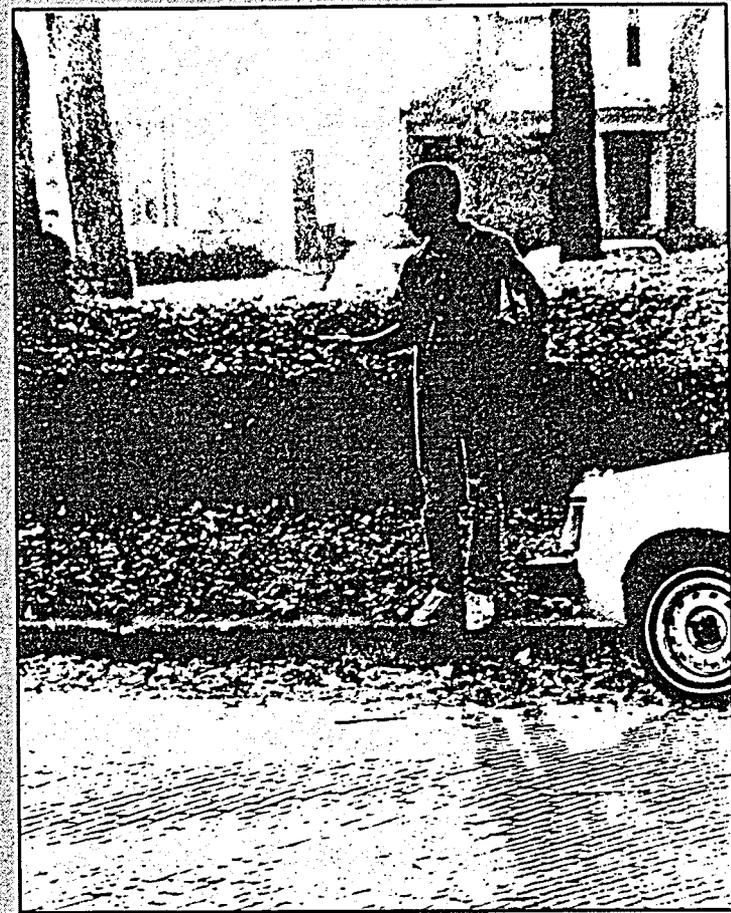
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# Gallery

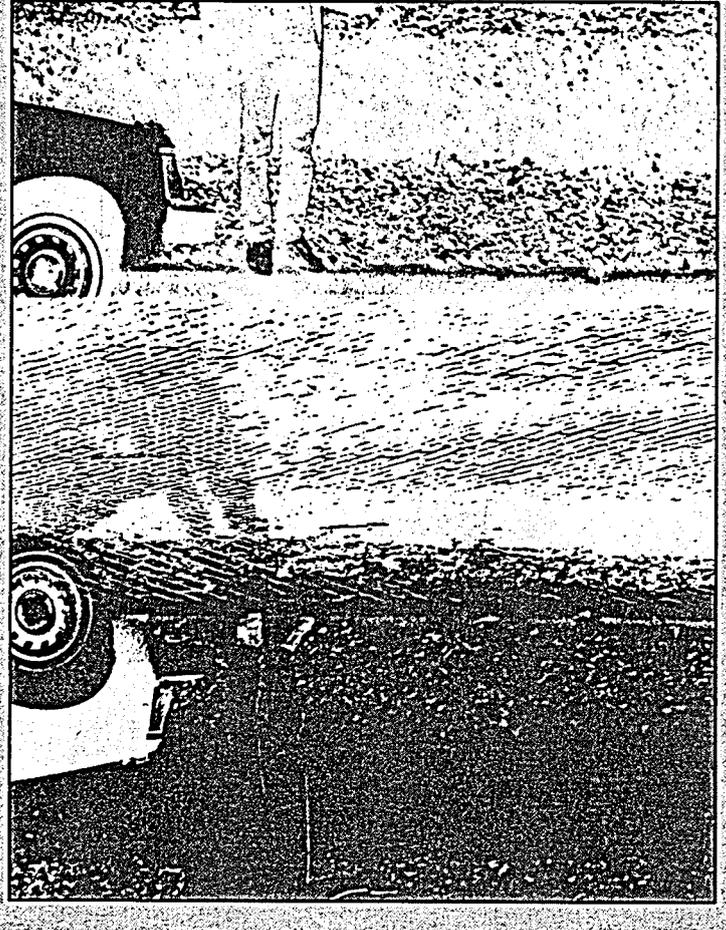
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by Sybil Bernadette Young





MARCH 2, 1979



A few weeks ago, while I was having lunch with some people from my dorm, the girl who lives down the hall from me suddenly looked up from her copy of the *Observer* angrily. Some administrative official had just turned down a student request or called us "youngsters" or something—it happens so often these days, I can't even remember the details of this particular case—and she looked over at me and said, "I swear, the only thing they teach you here is not to buck the system."

She flipped the page and started looking for Molarity, completely unconcerned again. I practically fell out of my seat. The truth of her offhand remark hit me right in the stomach: we, the student body of Notre Dame, are being taught that it never, *never* pays to make waves. We are being carefully prepared for a life of conservative living.

The 1978-79 school year began with a lot of student unrest, originally prompted by the now infamous "Alcohol Directive." Students began to realize that they should be leading more autonomous lives, making more of their own decisions. They asked, through student publications, forums, and Hall Presidents' Council meetings, that the administration ease up on some of the stricter rules. They asked to be treated more maturely. Administrative officials advised the students to look to their elected representatives and the CLC, to go through the proper channels to instigate changes in University policy.

The students complied. All year, the student government representatives have been beating their brains out; looking at student requests, evaluating their feasibility, and investigating the different considerations involved in each one. They have tried to act as mediators between the students and the administration, taking somewhat radical demands, such as the total abolition of parietals, and turning them into more reasonable ones—put the enforcement of parietals under hall jurisdiction.

The student representatives have

recognized that while the students are screaming for radical changes, what we actually want is simply more control over our lives. We want to be recognized as adults, capable of making our own decisions. Acting on this premise, the student representatives have tried to use the Notre Dame system, as it stands, to change the system into, hopefully, something better.

Unfortunately, it seems that one of the mandates of the "Notre Dame system" is "there shall be no change, no matter how carefully thought out or reasonable the proposed change may be." Let's look at the parietal question again, even though it's been drilled into the ground so often I have to cringe every time I hear the word. The CLC has asked that breaking parietals become a hall offense. This does not change the rule itself; it just gives us, as students, a little more say in the judicial processes involved when that rule is broken. Everyone in the administration, including Father Hesburgh, deems this request unreasonable.

Perhaps this request has been denied because it reeks of childishness and triviality. Perhaps the administration is just tired of hearing about it — everyone's been complaining since women were admitted and it became an issue. Perhaps the administration thinks we are not mature enough to handle this "tremendous" change, or perhaps they think we're too preoccupied with the whole thing, etc., etc. There are answering arguments, good ones, to every one of the administration's objections. We've been through them all, and the rule still stands.

Calmly, judiciously, the student body representatives have tried to explain to the administration the rationale behind the proposed changes. The rationale is solid: If we are to develop into mature, ethical Christians, we must learn to make decisions. We must learn to choose a moral code by which we will live our lives. Father Hesburgh explains that we all have to learn to follow rules; is that the only moral

lesson Notre Dame has to teach us? Are we actually supposed to believe that the authority figure is always right? When we graduate and move on to form families and careers, are we then supposed to let the social, political, and economic systems of America run our lives?

There are apparently enough students here who would go along with these suppositions, because although people complain about the "unreasonable administration" the complaints are usually nothing more than a lot of noise. Two weeks ago, when Carroll Hall residents stuck their necks out in an attempt to make a statement about parietals, they were met with a wave of apathy that just about drowned the whole issue. Their methods were a little absurd, granted, but absurdity is appropriate in an absurd situation. It was all for naught, however; the rest of the campus hedged around too long. If bucking the system means taking risks, then maybe you'd better count us out.

God bless this year's student government representatives; at least they hung on and tried. Andy McKenna and his cohorts have worked hard trying to instigate the changes the students requested. Perhaps some people will call this work wasted; perhaps some people consider the concerns for which McKenna and his gang worked trivial. I can only half agree with these assertions. As students, we probably should dedicate more time and energy to matters of more importance, but it's hard to worry about something like world hunger when you can't even figure out how to live your own life. And besides, if we can't instigate simple changes at this middle-sized, Midwestern university, why should we be able to change the world?

Well, I don't really believe that last sentence, but I'm one of the foolish few who still believe that individuals can change the world. I'm still an idealist. But then again, maybe I just haven't learned my lesson yet. □

# French 101

## Short Fiction:

## Two Stories

by Anthony Walton

"What's the 11-letter country with Kabul as its capital?"

The strawberry blonde two rows over looked at Peter. His heart leapt with joy, this was the chance that he had been waiting for.

"Uh . . . let me think . . . I know it . . ."

She waited a moment for him to answer, then smiled and said, "Oh, that's all right. Maybe I'll find it when I get some more letters."

She went back to her puzzle. Peter felt both sheepishly ignorant and somewhat angry at himself. He had been watching that girl since the beginning of the semester and had not yet mustered the courage to open a conversation. She had practically jumped into his arms and he had blown it.

The class was beginning to fill. This class, two o'clock French 101, was composed of quite a diverse group. Its members ranged from serious linguists to those who were painfully fulfilling a university requirement. Peter silently surveyed the class, his glance moving from face to face, rarely making eye contact. As a matter of course while examining the class, his glance came back to the blonde. He smiled inwardly as he watched her pore over the crossword puzzle. She silently mouthed the directions. He thought that this was when she looked best, like an innocent child. The soft, full hair fell in her face, slightly obscuring his view of her warm, delicate face. She was about 5-1, not more than 5-2. She had twinkling hazel eyes that told of some delightful secret within. She had white, very white, perfect teeth. She displayed the remnants of a deep, dark tan, which hinted of recently being in a warm clime. Peter imagined running along a remote Jamaican beach with her. He saw them frolicking in the surf, with their pants rolled up to their knees, playfully embracing and falling to the ground, with the waters rolling upon them. He had to meet her somehow. . . .

*"Bonjour, classe."*

Peter's reverie was shattered by the entrance of the professor.

"If everyone would please open the text to page 104, *cent-quatre*, we will get started."

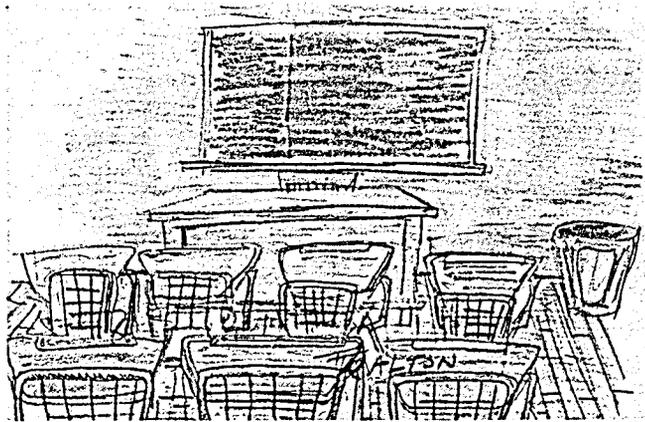
Peter followed this direction. He analyzed the content of the page. The major concern of the page seemed to deal with the present conjugation of the verb "*aimer*." How ironic, he thought. The professor was directing some of the students to the blackboard. Peter watched as the six students each wrote a sentence using one form of the verb. *Michele aime etudier. Vous aimez travailler. J'aime. . .* In a low whisper he repeated the words.

*"J'aime ce fille. I love that girl."*

He wondered what her name was. Today would be the day that he would find out. He would. . . .

"Pierre!"

Once again, the professor had shaken Peter back into reality. Pierre. Peter hated that name. Assigning



the students French names was one of the stupid extravagances of a language class. Allegedly, it was done to make the students feel more "at home" with the language.

"Pierre, go to the board and show us the present conjugation of the verb 'etre.'"

Peter got up from his seat and went to the board. He wrote out the conjugation. *Je suis, tu es, nous sommes, vous etes, ils sont.*

"*Très bien, Pierre, très bien.*"

The professor motioned Peter back to his seat. Figuring that he had fulfilled his participative obligation for today's class, Peter returned to his preoccupation with the blonde. Her class name was Monique. That, and the fact that she seemed to be a somewhat indifferent student, was all he knew about the girl. He would find out more today.

The 50 minutes of the class dragged on very slowly. Peter began racking his brain, struggling to remember the country. He thought "Kabul, Kabul . . . it has to be an Asian country . . . maybe North African, or Middle Eastern . . . Kabul, Mongolia . . . M-O-N-G-O-L-I-A . . . damn . . . eight letters. . . ."

The class began to rustle as the students prepared to depart. The professor was dictating the assignment.

"*Pour vendredi, faire page cent-neuf, exercices un a sept, et dix. Au revoir.*"

As the class began to file out of the room, Peter fumbled with his books until the girl neared. As she passed, he fell into step behind her, trying to remember the country.

"Eleven letters, 11 letters. . . ." He followed her down the steps and out of the building.

"Dammit, what is it?"

Suddenly, the girl disappeared into a group of people jostling onto a bus. Peter called out, "Monique! I mean . . . wait a minute! . . . I know!"

The girl did not look back. She disappeared into the bus. It was good that she didn't, because Peter did not really know. The bus lurched away from the curb, leaving Peter in a cloud of exhaust fumes that added nausea to his feelings of disappointment. As the bus merged into traffic, Peter slumped onto a nearby bench and sat dejectedly looking at the ground. After a few moments, he reached into his knapsack and pulled out the newspaper that he bought daily on his way to class. As he unfolded and began to read the paper, a certain headline jumped out at him. In big, bold, black letters it read, "U.S. AMBASSADOR SLAIN IN AFGHAN-ISTAN." □

# The Lonely Boy

I will never forget the first time that I saw him. In my role as an elementary school teacher, I, James Melendez, had seen several hundred, perhaps a thousand, children pass through the temporary sanctuary of my classroom on their journey to adulthood. They have been of all colors, shapes, and sizes. Yet, when I met this little boy, Thomas Beckett, I was immediately struck by his subtle, almost angelic, yet somehow foreboding appearance. He stood not more than 50 inches, was of a slight build, and had a most pale complexion. His hair was of a fine, wispy texture, and it was the golden color of the August wheatfield. He wore clothes that blended him congruously into the group of children that were his peers.

The children at my school, the North Kennicott Country Day, were all of an upper-class social stature, with most of the parents being some kind of successful executive, entertainer, or sports figure. Thomas, however, stood out of this homogeneous mixture by virtue of one characteristic. He had a hollow look in his eyes that I had never before seen in a child. Those eyes were of the most vapid blue that I have ever seen. I have not as yet determined the cause of this "malady," but the eyes stick with me to this day.

The class that greeted me in the fall of 1967 was much the same as those before and since. It featured several polite and precocious children who differed only in face and name from the many others preceding them. There were the usual joys and struggles that come with eight-year-old children. Our "class play" that year (which was usually an excuse for some of the parents to exhibit the "talents" of their youngsters) was "The Little Prince" by de Saint Exupery. With the children filling various roles as sheep, roses, and baobabs, I played the role of the downed pilot. The show, which more times than not was nothing more than a fun evening, turned out this year to be somewhat of a smashing success. This was due to the performance of Thomas as the little prince. I, along with the audience, was stunned by the sensitivity shown by Thomas. It was as if he were the prince himself. This talent carried over into the classroom as well. He was extremely withdrawn, but Thomas' work displayed a depth and sensitivity that was uncommon for a child of his age. Yet for all of Thomas' exceptionality, he had a peculiarity that cast a shadow over his entire being.

Every day, I would receive a report from one of the children pertaining to some malicious or mischievous act allegedly perpetrated by Thomas. One day it would be tripping someone during a recess period game, the next scratching a face or pulling someone's hair. The list of misdeeds was endless. I had trouble believing the reports in the beginning, being that although I felt Thomas to be a somewhat troubled child, I had not experienced any violence out of him. I had been concerned about his almost pathological introvertedness, but I had attributed it to his precociousness. As the



reports became daily, however, I had to acquaint myself with the situation.

One day I positioned myself in an inconspicuous position near the area where the children played during the recess period. As the children aligned themselves into teams for a game of kickball, I kept a close watch on Thomas. He was the last child picked for a team, and he just drifted with the group as his teammates would switch from bat to field, and vice versa. It was as if he were not there. The other children ignored him, and he did nothing to garner any notice. That was, however, until his turn to kick came. Thomas gave the first rolled ball a good swift kick, and it flew in the direction of left-center field. He broke into a run and began rounding the bases. As the ball returned to the infield, Thomas rounded second and headed for third. The third baseman received the ball well before Thomas neared the base. Seeing that he was going to be put out, Thomas ran up to the third baseman, knocked him over and proceeded to pummel him. I entered at this point and broke up the scuffle. I was thoroughly shocked and surprised. After separating the children, I sent all of them but Thomas inside. Speaking alone with the boy, I asked him if he wished to discuss the incident, but I could gain no response. After several minutes of this vain approach, I took Thomas by the hand and led him inside. At the end of the school day I again tried to speak with Thomas, but I could still not evoke any response. After all the children had left, I went to the registrar's office and reviewed Thomas' records. I found a somewhat interesting situation: He had moved into the school at the beginning of the term, this being the latest of several such moves. His parents were very successful real-estate entrepreneurs and had amassed a small fortune before being divorced. Thomas now lived with his mother. I proceeded to call the home, hoping to gain some insight into Thomas' behavior. I was greeted by an answering service which left a number to be dialed in case of an emergency. Out of curiosity, I dialed the new number. It was answered by an older-sounding woman, who upon questioning identi-

fied herself as Thomas' "nanny." I was told that the mother was away on a business venture and was to be contacted only in case of dire emergency. I queried her about the strange behavior of Thomas, but was answered quite coldly. She finally dismissed me with an abrupt interjection that Thomas would soon be living with his father for half of the year and would no longer be my problem.

The next day, I paid special attention to Thomas and tried to open some kind of communication with him. Again, I was faced with an impasse of silence and failed to reach the boy. That day, due to a loud and thunderous rainstorm, the students were forced to remain indoors during the recess period. I once again endeavored to clandestinely observe the children during this time. They chose to play several different games, among them four-square, jacks, and basketball. Thomas did not join any of the groups and sat silently to the side of the gymnasium, watching the others. I was suddenly summoned to the aid of one of the children who had fallen, and I lost concern with my observations of Thomas. After the minor injury had been attended to, I called the children together to return to class. As we returned, I noticed that Thomas had somehow slipped away and disappeared. After situating the children with an aide, I began a systematic search for Thomas. I covered each room of the first floor to no avail. As I entered the dayroom area of the second floor, however, I caught a glimpse of Thomas sitting on the sidewalk outside. I ran downstairs and watched him for a moment through the glass doors of the building. He was rolling and manipulating what appeared to be a worm on the concrete. As I opened the doors and slowly approached, he reached into his pocket and withdrew a broken fragment of glass. Not even noticing my presence, he began, with slow deliberate strokes, to saw the worm into halves. As I stood there in the rain, dumbfounded at the action, he picked up a half of the worm in each hand, kissed one tenderly and said, "Now you have someone to love." □

# Review

## *Dire Straits*

by Jeff Huhta and  
Greg Hull

"... so much of the music we hear today is pre-programmed disco. . ."  
*Blues Brothers*

Most music today is indistinguishable. A group establishes a sound and suddenly the record market is flooded by imitators. *Kansas* sounds like *Journey* sounds like *Styx* sounds like *Starcastle*. Even established groups desert their original sound to capture the audience. Billy Joel has gone top-forty, *Steely Dan* has sold out to disco, and *The Doobie Brothers* are soon to follow. Peter Frampton doesn't deserve mentioning.

Surprisingly, two groups have emerged within the last year whose sound shows a mark of distinction. *The Cars* stormed across America with a postpunk sound that outshone their predecessors. Six months later, another group emerged, this time from England, who dared to step over the boundaries of the current music scene. *Dire Straits*, with a refreshingly clean sound and style, has its feet firmly planted on this continent because of the single "Sultans of Swing."

*Dire Straits* is a return to the basics of rock, though more accessible. The sound is basic and simple; no lavish overdubs are used and there are no overpowering keyboards or synthesizers. Guitars, a bass, and drums carry the entire album. In contrast to punk, *Dire Straits* boasts the cleanest guitar on vinyl today. How the sound was created is somewhat of a mystery. Fender guitars are used, and probably Fender amps. But the production of the album deserves credit also. Muff Winwood (brother of *Traffic's* Steve Winwood, for those who care) has done a superb job; the instruments blend perfectly yet nothing is lost or hidden. What Alan Parsons did for *Pink Floyd's* "Dark

Side of the Moon," Muff Winwood did for *Dire Straits*.

Mark Knopfler, a ratty-haired, illiterate-looking chap with a W. C. Fields nose, is the talent behind the music. His guitar playing is not complicated or intricate, but is basic. The secret lies in his style. Short choppy half-chords and simple, precise leads show a clear control of the guitar. He makes it do exactly what he wants. Like Carlos Santana, Knopfler seems to be "one" with his guitar. When he is not singing, the guitar speaks for him, but unlike Carlos Santana, Knopfler says it simply.

The other musicians in the group offer more than adequate backup. The rhythm guitarist, Knopfler's brother, shows the same style in his playing. The bass is kept unobtrusive and simple. The drummer gives excellent support, and production has brought out the cymbals, where most of the snappy beat is created.

Mark Knopfler, like Mick Jagger and various others, is one more example of a singer who proves you don't have to know how to sing well to be a success. His voice, though certainly not a potential candidate for the Notre Dame Glee Club, is certainly capable of expressing the thoughts and emotions he wants. Sounding at times like a younger Lou Reed or Bob Dylan, his rough, strained voice half-talks through songs about loneliness, rejection, and miserable people hurting one another. He seems to plead with the listener for pity, or at least relief from the misery of life:

"I've been too long lonely and my heart feels pain  
Crying out for some soothing rain  
I believe I have taken enough  
I need a little water of love

"Once I had a woman I could call my own  
Once I had a woman now my woman is gone  
Once there was a river now there's a stone  
You know it's evil when you're living alone

"Ignored by all the trendy boys in London and Leeds  
He might as well have been making toys or strings of beads  
He could not be in the gallery"

Since Mark Knopfler writes all the songs, this tends to leave him sounding like a down-on-his-luck suicide case. This is not true, however. Most of the songs seem to have a thin vein of hope running through them. Not everyone winds up a forgotten, penniless bum; an outcast from civilization. No matter how much misery a person goes through, there seems to be reason to keep on going:

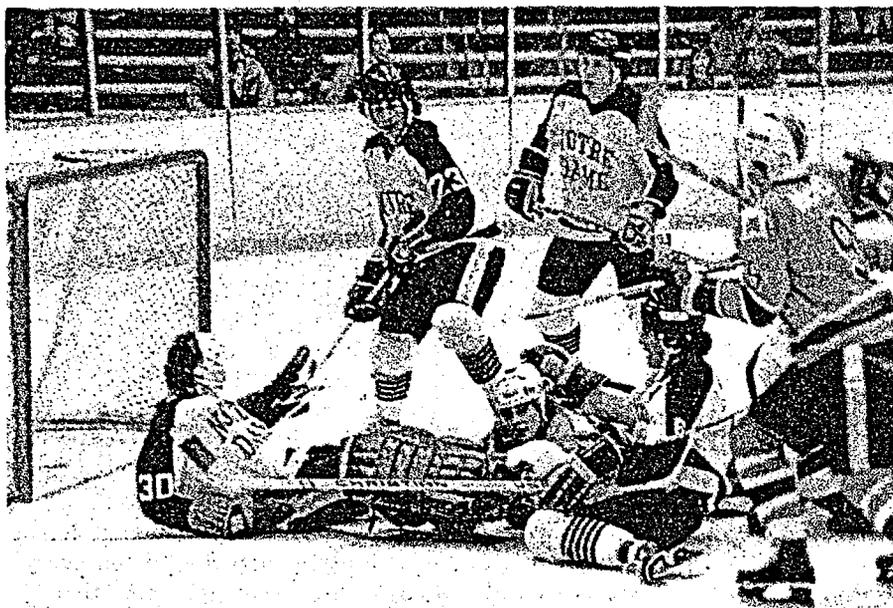
"Southbound again  
Last night I felt like crying  
right now I'm sick of living  
but I'm going to keep on trying"

*Dire Straits*, however, has a problem of sorts on its hands: it has a hit. "Sultans of Swing" is on everybody's mind, though not that it shouldn't be. The snappy guitar chords, rough vocals, and up-tempo beat make it a natural. Besides, it has possibly the greatest "hook" ever written. You wait the whole song to hear Knopfler say "We are the Sultans of Swing," and once you've heard it, you want to pick up the needle (or call your radio station) to hear the line once again. He even fakes you out once, flashes his guitar, and *then* tells you. It's perfect!

The group's dilemma is where to go from here. The massive-hit-on-your-first-album syndrome is dangerous. Don McLean suffered this with "American Pie," vanishing into obscurity thereafter. *Foreigner*, on the other hand, skidded into the Top 40 scene with their hit "Feels Like the First Time." *Dire Straits* must be careful. "Sultans of Swing" was not intended to be a hit, it just happened. But what will happen now? We can only wait and see how fame affects yet another group. Hopefully, they can ignore it. If their lyrics are any indication, *Dire Straits* should escape the fate of so many groups before them. If *Dire Straits* are the "Sultans of Swing," perhaps they too can discard public opinion and play what they want:

"And the Sultans played Creole." □

Jeff Huhta, a fine drummer, resides in Grace Hall and is a member of Scholastic's photography staff. Greg Hull, a junior government major, lives in Grace also. Greg and his 12-string guitar can be seen frequently at the Nazz.



## *Exceeding Expectations*

by Brian Beglane

You might say that when Notre Dame hockey coach Lefty Smith and assistant coach and recruiting coordinator Ric Schafer looked ahead to the 1978-79 season a little over a year ago, they were like two construction foremen trying to figure out the best way to patch the numerous holes that lay on the road in front of them. There were many holes to fill, and some of them were quite big.

Notre Dame was losing its top five scorers, its only two goaltenders and two defensemen to graduation. On paper those losses appeared big, and most people felt all those holes in the road could not be filled. But if Schafer could fill holes in the road the way he filled the holes in the Irish lineup this year, he'd make a fortune in the construction business. The ride may have been a bit bumpy in the middle, but other than that, Notre Dame's drive through the Western Collegiate Hockey Association season this year has been nothing but one smooth trip.

When the Grand Forks *Herald* in North Dakota came out with its annual coaches' preseason poll way back in October, the name Notre Dame was nowhere to be found among the top five—or six—or even seven. The Irish were written off to finish tied for eighth out of the 10-team WCHA.

But out of the seven years that poll had been published, it had been right only once. Well, you can now make that once out of eight.

Not only has Notre Dame shown it can skate at the top of the WCHA, the Irish have also shown they can skate with the best in the country. Although Notre Dame occupied first place in the league for only one week this year, it has never dropped lower than fifth and has all but claimed squatters' rights to second place. And while occupying first place back in November, the Irish were voted No. 1 in the nation for two weeks and have been among the top five in the country for most of the year. All this comes from a team that was picked to finish two spots above last.

"Yes, the way we have been playing has far exceeded my expectations," said Smith. "I knew the players we had coming in had good credentials and, based on Ric Schafer's observations of them, knew they could contribute to the team. But I have to admit I never expected our freshmen to play such a vital role for our club. As it turns out, we have been more than pleasantly surprised."

"Pleasantly surprised" could be the understatement of the year. Notre

Dame's freshman skaters have scored almost half of the team's goals, assisted on almost half of the club's scores, and totaled over a third of the team's points. Without a doubt, they have played a large part in the team's success.

"The WCHA has never been known as a freshman or even a sophomore league," commented Smith, who is finishing up his 10th year at the helm of the Irish. "As you look at our success this season, a large part of it has to be attributed to the freshmen. The way they have gone out and competed on the ice, the way they have worked in practice, the way they have worked themselves in as part of the team, and lastly, the way they have adjusted to life here at Notre Dame, has all been fantastic.

"At times in the beginning of the year we would have six freshmen out on the ice, and if you think about it, the thought of that is a little bit scary. But they came through very well. Everyone in the league has been amazed at this, and not with just our freshmen, but with other teams' new players as well. In preseason, most coaches felt the teams with the seniors and juniors returning would dominate the league. But this year, on the contrary, the WCHA has probably been the closest and most balanced it has ever been. We showed with our consecutive sweeps of Duluth and Minnesota in February that, yes, we have played a big part in the balance of the league."

Out of the 20 players Smith dresses for every game, nine freshmen have suited up throughout the year. That is quite a few, and has made Notre Dame the youngest team in the WCHA. The success the Irish have enjoyed despite being so young has not only made them the clear-cut surprise team in the WCHA, but also the surprise team in the nation this year. All the elements of the surprise began taking shape when Schafer took to the road recruiting last year.

"I spent about 10 weeks on the road last year recruiting," explained the former Irish hockey captain. "At the outset I had a goal of bringing in 10 or 11 players, and that's just what I was able to do. They are all very smart hockey players and combine very well all the things I look for when I recruit. First, they are all

good students. Secondly, they are all good young men. I felt comfortable with them, they all had good personalities. And lastly, they all possess good hockey sense.

"I knew there would be some adjustments involved when the season began," continued Schafer, "but I never expected to finish eighth either and have another losing season. Yes, I really thought we could be this good, so I'm not that surprised. There are no superstars on our team, it's a chemistry of unselfish players that has given us our success. We are not overly offensive-minded, nor defensive-minded. It's a very good blend of both."

Throughout the first half of the year, the Irish blazed along for a 9-4-1 league record and second place heading into the Christmas break. But when the season started again in January, Notre Dame hit a bad slump, a skid for which Smith could find no reason. The Irish dropped from second to fifth place, and many were saying the team's youth had finally taken its toll. Then the Irish turned things around dramatically, and won five straight, the first two weeks in February, en route to second place once again.

If anyone could come up with an explanation for the slump, freshman wing Pat Devine of Madison, Wisc., probably came up with the best.

"Most of us (the freshmen) were used to a season that lasted only four months or so," offered Devine, "not one that is almost year-round. That's what probably happened in midseason. It took some adjustment to get used to the longer season, but once we got over that, we got rolling again."

Was that the reason? Perhaps, but no one can be sure just what the exact reason for the midseason slump was. Devine's explanation, though, is strong support for just how valuable the freshmen have been to the team this season.

And no one has played a more valuable role as a freshman this year than Dave Laurion has in filling the void in the Irish nets. The pint-size (5-7, 155) goaltender started the first game of the year for the Irish out in Colorado Springs, and has been a regular fixture since. In fact, some people thought he could not take the wear and tear of playing both nights



Lefty Smith: pleasantly surprised with Frosh

each weekend. He has more than proven them wrong and at one point started in nine straight contests.

Has his play been surprising? You bet, especially when you consider the fact he didn't become the No. 1 goaltender until almost the day of the season opener.

"Dave is not what you would call a classic-style goaltender," notes Smith, "but he is a very strong competitor. When it comes to game situations, he comes up with the big saves and goes far beyond what he shows in practice. It seems the tougher the game gets, the tougher he plays. His competitive attitude makes him an extremely valuable asset to the team."

Surprising still? Yes, especially when you also consider what his main goal was before the season began.

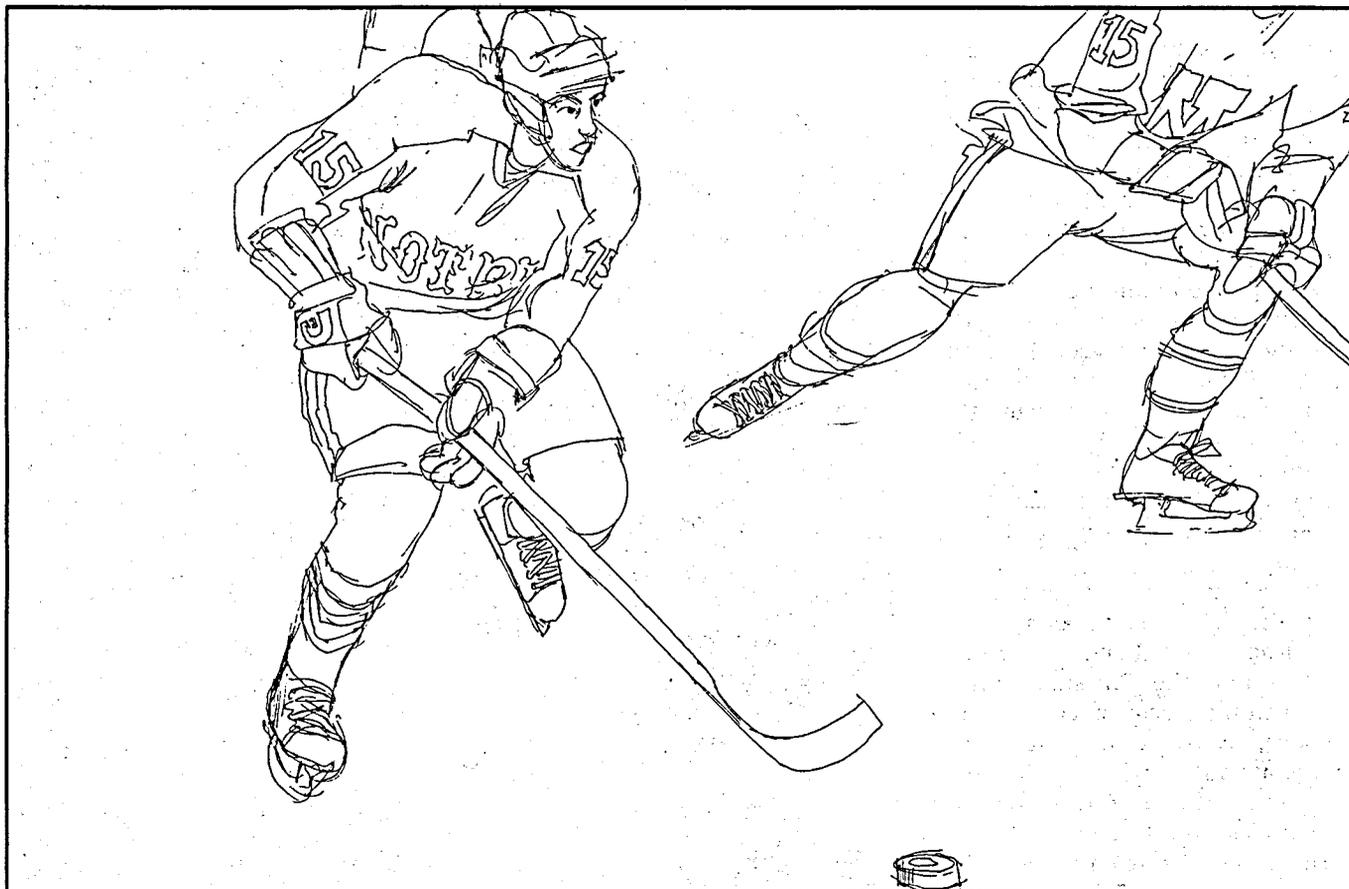
"My goal before the season began was to play in 10 games," said the native of International Falls, Minn. "Other than that, I hadn't set any goals. But now I look forward to the play-offs. We just have to keep our consistency going. The hottest team in February is usually the one that goes the farthest."

Laurion surpassed his goal of appearing in 10 games just 11 games into the season. That all but explains what he has meant to this year's team. He had to replace Len Moher and John Peterson, two goalies who shared duties for four years. As a result, he was also the first goaltender Schafer ever recruited.

"I was a little bit worried because I had never recruited a goalie before," explained Ric, "so I asked a few people what I should look for. Most said to look for someone who is mobile on his skates, and as soon as I saw Dave, he fit that mold. He just ran out onto the ice and stayed ahead of the forwards while skating around."

"But Dave is also acrobatic and versatile. He is a good all-around athlete and when he falls down, he gets up quickly. He's got a good understanding of the angles as well, something he probably got from being coached by Larry Ross, who is an excellent goalie coach. He has really done an outstanding job."

There is a standing joke that has been going on all season long with the team that they are all waiting for Laurion to make his first save in practice. At times he can be quite a



sight out there, getting mad at himself when too many pucks go by. He'll start waving the stick and banging the goalposts with it. He just plain doesn't like facing all those shots.

"After a while it becomes so easy for the forwards to score on you in practice," explains Laurion. "They have played against you so often in practice that they know your weaknesses and can pick them out every time. It becomes hard on a goalie to face all that."

His competitive attitude, though, has kept him among the top five in WCHA goaltending this year, and has kept Notre Dame in many a game.

While Laurion has been stopping all the shots in goal, more than a few Irish freshmen have been lighting up the red light at the other end of the ice. Dave Poulin, Bill Rothstein, Jeff Perry, Jeff Logan and Dick Olson all have been seeing regular action, and have all been bothering opposing goaltenders.

Poulin, Rothstein and Perry, in fact, have skated together as a unit most of the year, and have been very effective as Notre Dame's third line. They total the most hat tricks of any line, as a matter of fact. Poulin has two while Rothstein has one.

"We put the three freshmen together in preseason practice to see how they could play together and also to give the other returning players a chance at the third line," said Smith. "After a while, though, it became evident that Poulin, Rothstein and Perry would form a very effective unit, so we moved them up. They have more than carried their share of the offensive load."

Poulin, in fact, is the team's leading scorer and has been a regular member of the power play unit all season long, a rarity indeed in the WCHA. There's also a story behind the recruitment of Poulin.

"I actually had never seen Dave play, he was the one who got in touch with me," explained Schafer. "I was out scouting and had handed out some information about Notre Dame, and one of those players gave that to Dave and he wrote me. I then went to see him, and as soon as I saw him, I knew we had to have him. While he was out on the ice, you could not miss him. Most often he was where the puck was.

"And when he came down to visit us," smiled Schafer, "he almost didn't make it. He didn't get off his plane in Detroit and called me from Milwaukee. Seriously, though, he's a

very smart and capable player and will make a name for himself around here."

Along with his linemates Rothstein and Perry, Poulin has already made a name for himself. The three blend in very well together to form an effective unit.

"Perry is the defensive forward, the man who will go into the corner and dig out the puck," observed Smith. "Rothstein is the faster skater, the one with explosive speed. And Poulin is the man in between, who'll set things up. He is a good offensive and defensive forward and makes things happen out there. They have all been doing an outstanding job."

Another first-year player with great skating ability is also adding firepower up front. Jeff Logan has been a regular on the second line most of the year, and has established himself as one of the fastest skaters in the league.

"Jeff was a very quiet young man when he first came here," Smith said, "so I put him with Tom Michalek's line because he and Tom knew each other. Tom helped him out a lot and helped him gain confidence. Jeff has outstanding skating ability and uses it very well."

Logan is the first one to admit

Michalek helped him a great deal.

"I was nervous being teamed with a junior and a sophomore (Kevin Humphreys)," explained Logan, "but Tom helped me a lot. He is an unbelievably smart hockey player and was patient with me while teaching me the plays. He's the one that helped me adjust."

Dick Olson, Pat Devine and Dan Collard have all shared time as the left wing on the fourth line, though Olson has seen the most action. They may not see a lot of ice time, but are still a valuable asset to the team.

"Devine, Collard and junior Matt Dubois could all fit in very well next year replacing our four graduating seniors," notes Smith. "They all work very hard. Olson has seen most action on the fourth line this year and has done a good job stepping in like that. I'm very pleased with all of them."

The defense was probably Notre Dame's strongest point heading into the season, but three freshmen have played a key role on the blue line despite the fact Notre Dame returned four experienced men. Jim Brown, John Schmidt and John Cox all have

seen action and have adjusted well to their first year of play in the WCHA.

Brown and Schmidt played the whole first half of the year together, although it was not quite meant to be that way.

"We teamed Brown and Schmidt together hoping they would prove themselves," said Smith, "and then we had planned to split them up and pair them with someone more experienced. They played so well together, though, that we decided to stick with them and didn't split them until much later than we had anticipated. They have improved by leaps and bounds as the season progressed.

"Then John Cox had to step in in January when Don Lucia became academically ineligible, and he has also improved week by week. I am very pleased with the way all three have played."

Brown holds the distinction of being one of the few major collegiate hockey players to live in the sunny climate of Phoenix. Well, he actually comes from Rochester, N.Y., but has lived in Phoenix the last two years.

"We noticed Jim while we were scouting Jeff Brownschidle," said Schafer, "and he impressed us with his mobility for someone his size (6-3, 205 lbs.). He is a very good positional player and has been a pleasant surprise."

Schmidt distinguishes himself with his stick handling and skating ability as a defenseman.

"John comes from the new breed of defensemen," said Schafer. "He is a rushing defenseman. He can move the puck as well as any forward and is a great asset to us in that respect."

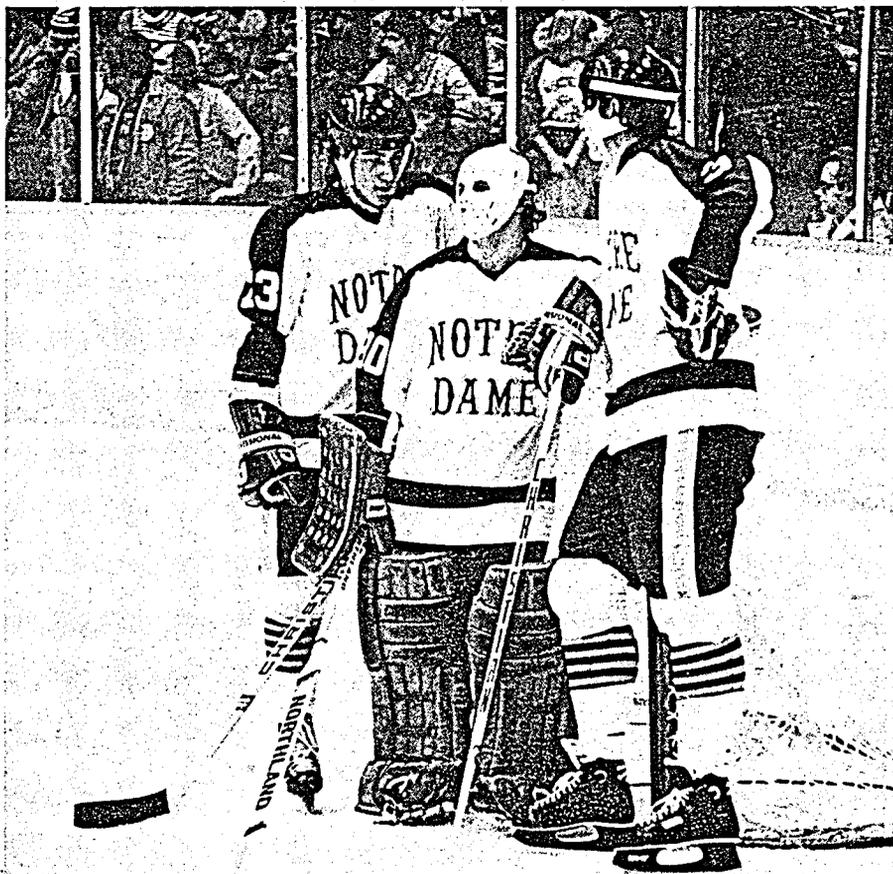
Like Poulin, Cox made the first move in expressing interest in coming to Notre Dame.

"I started looking at colleges my junior year in high school," said Cox, "and I flew down here on my own to see what Notre Dame had to offer. I was impressed with the friendliness of everyone here and how small it was for a big-name school. They care about you not just as a player, but as a person. Lefty and Ric also impressed me as coaches."

And as is the situation with the forwards, there are other defensemen waiting in the wings to add depth to next year's squad. Freshmen Greg Kania and Matt Brach and sophomore Paul Gagnon all are ready to step in in case of injury to keep the Irish defense corps strong. When you consider the fact Notre Dame will lose no defensemen to graduation, things on the blue line certainly look bright for the near future.

"I feel I can say without a doubt that this year's group of freshmen is the best we have ever brought in," said Smith. "It is all a tribute to the recruiting ability of Ric Schafer. Ric has a real insight as to what a player needs to play at Notre Dame and in the WCHA. He has done a fantastic job the three years he has been here and has played a big part in the success of our program."

Yes, it was a tough job filling all those holes created this year. But Schafer countered by bringing in the necessary players and helping Smith in molding them into the successful club they have become. Put the talent the Irish have brought in together with the coaching ability of Smith and Schafer and you've got a combination that should keep Notre Dame a front-runner in hockey for some years to come. □



Freshmen Schmidt, Laurion, and Brown mind the net

# Profiles in Power

by Marcy Weigle

As I set out to do this profile on some outstanding campus personality, the old standbys naturally came to mind: some impressive administrator, an interesting professor, perhaps an unusual groundkeeper. But then I got the urge to write about people with real power, with the significant influence necessary for the smooth operation of a major university. I didn't opt for Hesburgh or Roemer or O'Meara; they've got a modicum of influence, but still not to the degree for which I was searching. As I hunted around, I discovered that when you want power, don't look to the inner offices of the campus elite, but go into the outer office and gaze in awe at the unflustered woman with a pencil in her mouth, a typewriter in her hand, a crying student in her lap, and a look of resigned acceptance of Murphy's Law: If anything can go wrong—she doesn't want to know about it. And so, as it turns out, this is a profile on the proverbial woman behind the man (as it were), the *tour de force*, the brains behind the operation at the University: the campus secretaries.

When you think about it, every aspect of your life here will at some time be touched by one of the University's hundreds of secretaries. From the fixing of your Form 50 when it turns out that you have twenty-three credit hours all scheduled for the same time to the filing of your pink slips and your on-campus (hopefully) housing cards, the average Notre Dame secretary determines, in a somewhat obscure yet significant manner, your academic sanity, your financial footing, and the smooth operation of your college years. Quite a mouthful.

Peering up from behind a stack of manila envelopes, a pile of unrecognizable forms, a typewriter running away with the paper, and a telephone with more blinking lights than pushbuttons, are a pair of huge eyes belonging to one person willing to take on the challenge:

Sandy Thomas. Sandy, whose North Carolina heritage becomes apparent after two drawled words, has been Student Activities Secretary since August, 1978, when her husband, John Thomas, was accepted here on a football scholarship. Sandy never actually intended to choose the role of a secretary as a profession ("If I could be doing anything now, I'd be in the Peace Corps") and stresses the role of fate in the acquiring of her current position. "I'm a secretary here because John received a scholarship. I wouldn't be here if it weren't for him."

Still, Sandy has thrown herself into her job with great aplomb. When I asked her what exactly it was that she does each day, she laughed as if a better question would have been, "Exactly what is it that you don't do?" From organizing the lives of John Reid, Student Activities Director, and Mario Pedi, Assistant Director, to getting keys made for the various Student Offices, Sandy tackles her job with more deft moves than her husband could ever

make on the football field.

As Mario comes through the office with instructions about some intricate budgets that have me more confused than my financial aid forms, Sandy just nods knowingly and turns her attention to one of the phone's spastic lights while at the same time placating a bereaved student who had just fallen into her chair. So if you're in LaFortune and see Sandy in the Student Activities Office being a real "diz-head" (that's her own word for herself), don't let her fool you—she transforms confusing confusion into organized confusion with a perfection that is unparalleled.

From there, I went up to the 3rd Floor of LaFortune to see exactly what kind of woman it takes to hold together the sometimes hectic operation of the *Observer* and I found Ms. Ceil Popovich. Ms. Popovich, unlike Sandy, is a seasoned secretary with every intention of working at Notre Dame. This full-time *Observer* secretary has worked here since 1952, first as secretary to the Dean



Connie Maher



Sandy Thomas



Ceil Popovich

of the College of Arts and Letters, then as secretary to the Dean of the College of Science. She took four years off as she and her husband adopted two children and in 1971 she resumed her career as a permanent fixture in the *Observer* Office.

As you walk into this office, Ceil, as everyone knows her, looks like the calm after some raging storm. As people run around with last-minute stories, as the day editor scrambles to find the phone that is ringing, as the natural pandemonium of a newspaper's operation reigns in the office, Ceil sits calmly at her desk, nonchalantly handling anything that has to get done.

She describes as her main function the organization of the various activities involved in printing the *Observer*. She accepts Personals, decipheres Personals, interprets Personals, handles some of the display advertising, and takes care of the billing, along with numerous other odds-and-ends jobs. Before she took over the *Observer* secretarial job eight years ago, there was never anyone to handle the various tasks that sometimes go unnoticed but would cause great problems if they didn't get done. Prior to 1971, if someone working on the *Observer* noticed, by chance, a secretarial duty that had to be done, they did it when they had a spare minute, which were few and far between. Now they

have Ceil, who not only notices what has to be done, but does it with ease.

Next, I ventured up to the offices on the third floor of O'Shaughnessy where I met the fascinating secretary who helps to keep the English Office running smoothly. Contrary to the Elizabeth Taylor nameplate on her desk, her name is Connie Maher, probably one of the most interesting people you'll meet on campus.

Connie came to Notre Dame as a secretary after holding a long list of sometimes monotonous, sometimes exciting jobs. She has worked in knitting mills, in various corporations, and in diverse modeling jobs. Connie held the title of City Tennis Champion as a young woman in Dayton, Ohio; from there she went to Hollywood. In Hollywood, she worked for various Warner Brother's screenplay writers, took dictation on the sets, and became acquainted with various Hollywood personalities such as Humphrey Bogart. Is her life here any less exciting? "Well, it's different," she smiles.

She came here ten years ago seeking a job in the Sports Department so as to appease her penchant for basketball players but ended up in the English Office, much to the relief of the English students, English profs, and any hapless wanderer through the office. "Connie's a riot," says one English Office groupie. "She's great to talk to and kill a

few minutes with on your way to class." It's students like this who are the reason for Connie's contentment at Notre Dame. "My whole life revolves around the various students I meet here. I like people at ND—that's the only reason I stay here."

Indeed, Connie's job is very people-oriented. The constantly full candy jar on her desk and the calendar overflowing with scribbled personal messages are a constant invitation for interaction with students. She acts not only as a secretary in the strict sense of the word by setting appointments, typing forms, and acting as O'Shaughnessy's Maintenance Supply Department (she's often interrupted by someone begging to borrow her hammer and nails), but as an active personality in the various functions of the English Department. Connie's obvious skill as a secretary shows not only in her adeptness with a typewriter but with the people she meets every day.

And so, as you stumble from office to office, taking care of all the monotonous little jobs that have to be completed before you graduate, keep in mind the secretaries who have to worry about another monotonous job after they get done with yours. And be assured that Connie's statement that "secretaries have a lot to do with keeping the wheels turning" is no small understatement. □

# The Last Word

by Jake Morrissey



There was a certain stillness at the core of it all, a stillness of warmth that comes only under the most extraordinary of circumstances. All four of them were sitting in the car late at night when the night and day become synonymous. The two in front were male: one cynical, cutting and afraid; the other an affable, contemplative sort, also afraid. Physically, they were dissimilar, reflecting the quiet childhood of the one and the athletic exuberance of the other. In the back were the other two, this time women, both sensitive, both intent on pursuing, but in different ways. The four had once been three, but the fourth joined easily, stepping into what had previously been considered a tightly formed unit. Their individual relationships to one another were as tenacious as barnacles: they

clung to them as if the world was about to burst wide open. But all of them realized, though none of them articulated it, that once the moment had passed they would go back to being what they once were. And it would be accepted. It had to be.

The fairway was long, and it ended on a hill, so he couldn't see its termination from where he was standing. It didn't matter; he didn't play. But the place was good for him, just standing there. Looking around, he realized that there really wasn't much to see. The obligatory trees, shrubbery, the sun with its spring promise. It didn't matter; he didn't play.

He was a photographer by trade and by nature. His eye saw the world through a frame. It was a process of selection that he did instinctively, and he did it well. He reveled in beauty and looked at life with a refreshing vibrance. His auburn beard was his hallmark.

"How did he die?"

"Old age."

"You can't die of old age. You can die because your heart stops beating or your liver gives out or your stomach stops digesting, but you can't die of old age."

"Yes you can."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know. I feel."

The note read: "I don't know how much newspapering you've learned this summer but I know you have the makings of a fine reporter and we will all miss you, though not nearly as much as I will."

"Always have a crack or joke ready to go. It helps keep things smooth."

"Never, ever, be afraid to walk into a party. Your light shines like a star and I'm glad I had a chance to bask in its glow for a while anyway."

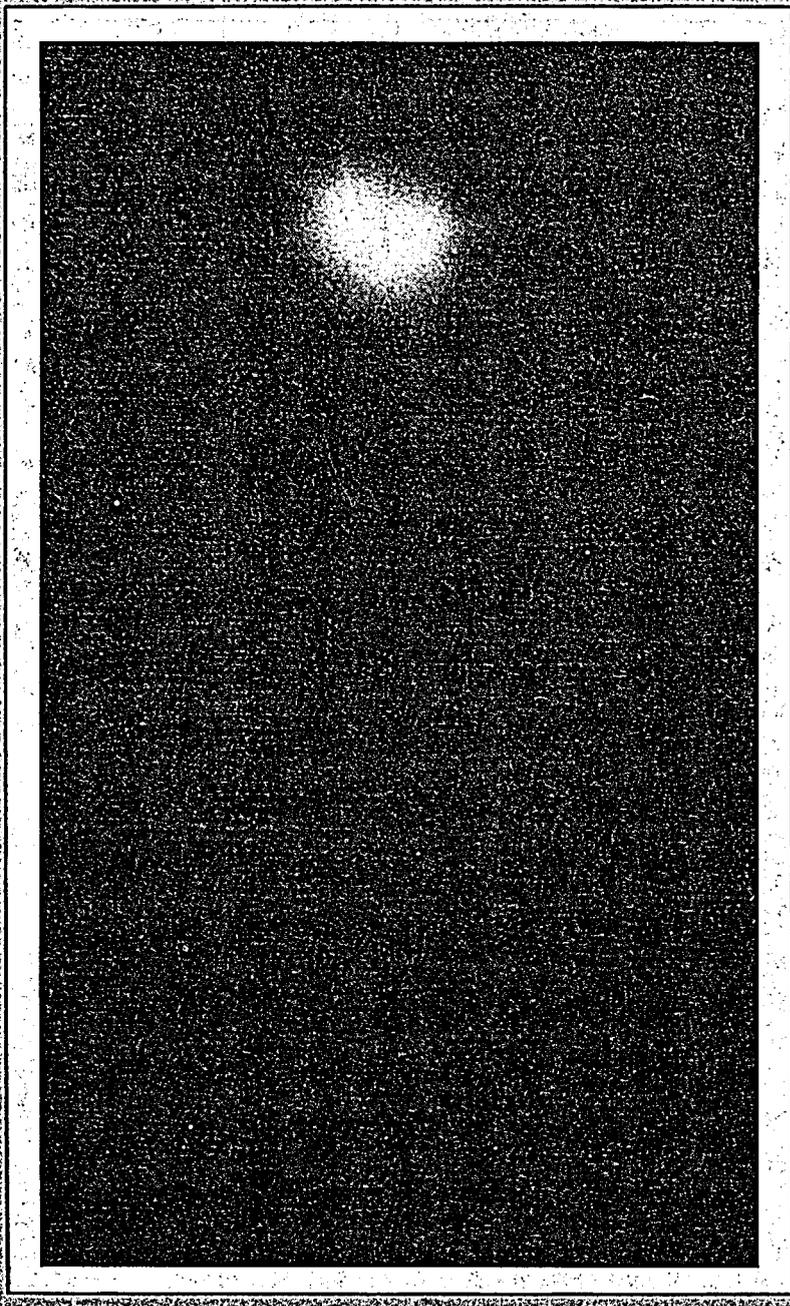
"Suzanne," I asked her, "is there anybody in this world whom you like *all* the time?"

She thought for a moment.

"No," she said.

Such are an afternoon's musings. □





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