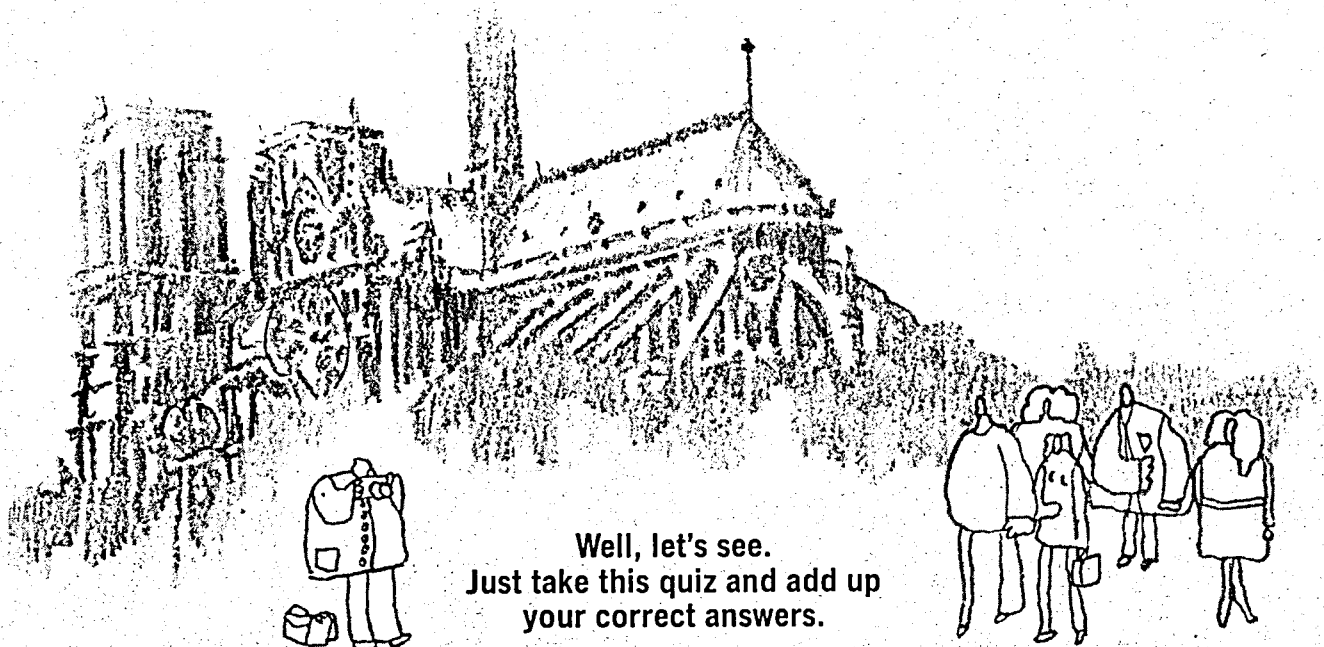




scholastic

May 4, 1979

How's Your Travel IQ?



Well, let's see.
Just take this quiz and add up
your correct answers.

- ☐ T ☐ F
- ☐ "I think I need a passport, but I can't apply until I know my travel plans. A passport will be one of the last things I get before I go."
- ☐ "There is no need to write out a detailed itinerary of my travels and leave it with someone else before I go. They know what countries I'm visiting, and the American Embassies should have no trouble finding me if there is a problem here at home."
- ☐ "Drug laws in countries abroad are a lot easier than in the U.S., and normally not well enforced."
- ☐ "No matter what happens, the U.S. Embassy can bail me out of jail or other serious trouble. After all ... I am an American citizen."

If you answered "FALSE" to all of the above, then you are a seasoned traveler who can probably look forward to a smooth, successful trip abroad. If you answered "TRUE" to any or all, please read on.

False. Apply for your passport early. The U.S. passport is good for five years and you need not have specific travel plans at the time you apply.

False. Experienced travelers would not think of leaving the country without advising family, friends or business associates of their itineraries—not only for their own protection and welfare, but also for their peace of mind and for those left at home.

False. Drug laws are generally more severe abroad, with mandatory prison sentences common for possession of even the smallest amounts of marijuana. Most foreign countries stringently enforce their drug laws.

False. Consular officers cannot provide your bail or get you out of jail. Should you be arrested or run into serious difficulties with foreign law enforcement authorities, you should ask that the nearest American Embassy or Consulate be advised immediately of your plight.

How did you do? If you would like more information, fill out and mail this coupon for the State Department's fact-filled booklet "Your Trip Abroad" (single copies only).



Send to:
Correspondence Management Division
Bureau of Public Affairs
U.S. Department of State
Washington, D.C. 20520

Please send me a copy of "YOUR TRIP ABROAD"

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Clarification

The April 20 *Scholastic* printed an article by Professor John Lucey in which two paragraphs were incorrectly placed. The article should read:

"Commonwealth Edison, the electric utility serving the Chicago area, has the largest nuclear electric generating capacity of any U.S. utility. The cost of electricity generated by its nuclear plant in 1977 was 1.31 cents per kilowatt hour. The utility's most efficient coal fired plants produced power at an average cost of 2.09 cents per kilowatt hour. Experience with other utilities has been comparable.

"Today's economics seem to favor nuclear power over coal. What about tomorrow's? Commonwealth Edison projects that coal fired electricity will cost about 15 to 20 per cent more than nuclear for the next ten to twenty years."

Photographs:

Mike Guay, 5; Phillip Johnson, 13

Artwork:

Bill Reis, 4, 11; Bernie Valenti, 12

Front Cover: Bernie Valenti

Back Cover: Tom Paulius

Editor

John Morrissey

Managing Editor

Theresa Rebeck

Art Director

Mike Cantwell

Production Manager

Bernie Valenti

News Editor

Elizabeth Donovan

Culture Editor

Dave Satterfield

Sports Editor

Mike Kenahan

Fiction Editor

Tom Balcerek

Copy Editor

Bob Southard

Layout Editor

Lisa Hartenberger

Photography Editor

Phil Johnson

Business Manager

Kimberlie Gumz

Advertisement Manager

Marcy Weigle

Advisory Board

Elizabeth Christman, Mario Padi, Thomas Werge, Thomas Jemielity, John Miriam Jones, S.C., Edward Fischer.

scholastic

Vol. 120, No. 12, May 4, 1979

Notre Dame, Indiana

FEATURES

4 Something Different . . .

Valerie Stefani

10 A Family Affair

Phyllis Washington

FICTION

6 Short Pieces: Friends, The Sidewalk, Birth Fr. Frank Quinlivan, C.S.C.

12 Poetry: Grandpa and the Rats

Bernie Valenti

15 With Apologies . . .

Chuck Wood

REGULARS

8 Gallery

Phil Johnson

Tom Balcerek

Liz Donovan

Jake Morrissey

Theresa Rebeck

Jake Morrissey

13 Final Word

Staff

Cynthia Dykhoff, Keith Caughlin, Anthony Walton, Eileen Durkin, Eddie Holden, Clay Malaker, Tom Lucid, Greg Vansueh, Kevin McCarthy, Mary Clare Toffanetti, Bill Scholl, Jim Trausch, Mike Walsh, Greg C. Gregory, Leo J. Mulcahey, Dave Mayernik, Sean F. Faircloth, Paul Hurley, John Bondaruk, Michelle Gerard, Dodee Carney, Paul Mullaney, Lou Severino, Joe Carey, Jason Joyce, Paul Mortenson.

Hall Representatives:

Eddie Holden, Mark Sniegowski, Sean Berry, Brad Engelland, Keith Caughlin, Ann Gleason, Sonia Chopko, Bill Swift, Craig Smith, Kevin Courtois, Glenn Killoren, Dave Bartish, Lisa Jaquez, Mike Szkrybalo, John Ryan, Mary Fran Welch, John Cuckovich, Greg G. Gregory, Leo J. Mulcahey, Dave Mayernick, Dan Letcher.

The opinions expressed in *Scholastic* are those of the authors and editors of *Scholastic* and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the entire staff and editorial board of *Scholastic* or the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty, or the student body.

The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, *Scholastic* is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back issues are available from *Scholastic*. Please address all manuscripts to *Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of *Scholastic*. copyright © 1979 *Scholastic* / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

One warm, sunny day last September, a friend and I were trying to decide what to do with our free afternoon. After rejecting such suggestions as jogging (too tiring), sunbathing (too boring), or splitting a couple of six-packs of beer (too fattening), we decided to go horseback riding. A short walk by my fingers through the Yellow Pages

provided us with the telephone number of the Diamond "D" Ranch in Niles, Michigan. I called the ranch for directions and twenty minutes later we were on our way to spending a thoroughly enjoyable and relaxing afternoon outdoors.

Since that afternoon of horseback riding at the Diamond "D" Ranch, I've discovered a variety of interesting, enjoyable, and inexpensive activities and events in the Michiana area that are tailor-made for a free afternoon, evening, or even a whole day. These activities also cover a wide range of interests, from canoeing and hiking to antiquing and shopping. So now that the snow has gone and spring has arrived, discover Michiana and enjoy yourself.

If the thought of cantering through green pastures on a sunny afternoon appeals to you, try horseback riding at the Diamond "D" Ranch. Horseback riding is not only fun, it's a great form of exercise too. Located at 3223 Dunning Rd. in Niles, Michigan, the Diamond "D" Ranch boasts a stable of some twenty horses available for riding. The majority of riders who visit the ranch have little or no experience at horseback riding, so there is no pressure to perform like a trained equestrian. If you are a beginning rider, the guide will help you choose a suitable horse. You are also allowed to choose a saddle style—English or Western—or you can even ride bareback. While the more

experienced horseman may choose to ride either English or bareback, the beginner will probably feel more comfortable in a Western-style saddle. Riding attire is casual, although jeans and boots are advisable along with a light sweater or windbreaker for windy days.

The Diamond "D" is located about fifteen miles from the campus and is currently open on Friday through Sunday from 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. Beginning in June, the ranch will be open on Tuesday through Sunday during the same hours. The price is \$4.00 per hour, and while the riding schedule isn't too crowded, it's best to call ahead and make a reservation.

If horseback riding isn't your cup of tea, but sailing and boating are, try canoeing for a change of pace. The Sport Corner, located twelve miles from the campus at 320 N. Redbud Trail in Buchanan, Michigan, offers both canoe and kayak rentals. Open seven days a week as soon as the weather is warm, usually around the middle of April, the Sport Corner caters to both the inexperienced as well as the avid canoeist. For your first canoe outing, you might try a "float" down the quiet waters of the St. Joseph River. Experienced canoeists will find the rocky "white waters" of the Dowagiac River enjoyable as well as challenging.

Single rates per day are \$8.00 for a kayak and \$9.00 for a canoe.

Something Different . . .

by Valerie Stefani



Group rates (six or more people required) are available for canoe rentals only, at a charge of \$8.00 per day. The Sport Corner also provides a convenient delivery-and-pick-up service. After meeting at the Sport Corner (customers may leave their cars in the store lot for the day), a representative will drive canoeists and canoe to the river. When they finish their journey downstream, they can call the Sport Corner (phones are available near every waterway), and a driver will pick them up and return them to the store. The charge for this service is 40 cents per mile and the waterways most commonly used are all within ten to twenty miles of the store. Again, it is advisable to call ahead for directions and to make a reservation.

If canoeing sounds a little too strenuous, yet the idea of spending time communing with nature appeals to you, try hiking. The Michiana area boasts several parks and preserves, both public and private, that are perfect for a lazy stroll or a rigorous hike.

Fernwood, Inc., located at 1720 Range Line Rd. in Niles, Michigan, is a one-hundred acre, privately owned nature and garden preserve. In addition to its hiking trails and arboretum, Fernwood also offers various arts and crafts workshops and exhibits as well as horticultural classes for both adults and children. A couple of weeks ago, a girlfriend and I visited Fernwood for an afternoon of hiking. After a forty-five minute drive, most of it over clearly marked, though admittedly rough, country roads, we arrived at Fernwood. At the entrance to the preserve is the Meeting House where all guests must park their cars and pay a \$1.00 registration fee. (Annual memberships may also be purchased at a cost of \$10.00 per person. Membership privileges include: free year-round admission to the grounds; first priority to attend workshops and classes over nonmembers; and a frequent newsletter which highlights current activities and classes.)

Our registration completed, we set out on the "Guide Yourself Nature Trail" suggested to us by the receptionist. Approximately one-half mile in length, the trail took about forty-five minutes to complete. We began by visiting the Rock and

Bog Garden, a short distance behind the Meeting House. Though the name conjures up a picture of a murky swamp highlighted by stark rock formations, the garden is actually a delightful myriad of flowers, ferns, and heather. Steps carved out of the native tufa stone provide a path down into the garden. From here we proceeded downhill on the trail which runs parallel to the St. Joseph River. Fernwood lies in the valley of the St. Joseph River, and the countless number of streams that crisscross the preserve originate from the land's natural springs and flow directly into the river.

Continuing along the trail, we passed the Pond, its shallow waters inhabited by varieties of fish, frogs, and turtles. After a short walk uphill, we entered the woods where over twenty different varieties of trees and shrubbery, along with all types of small wildlife, can be seen. Still following the trail, we eventually emerged from the woods a short distance away from the Meeting House.

My visit to Fernwood provided me with the perfect escape from the pressure and anxieties of school. The beauty and serenity of the grounds exude an atmosphere of total relaxation and provide one with that rare feeling of peace and quiet.

Some important notes to remember: Fernwood is open year-round; the Meeting House and gift shop are open on weekdays from 9:00 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. and on Saturday and Sunday from 10:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m.; the grounds themselves are open from sunrise to sunset; and

picnics, pets, and smoking outdoors are not permitted.

For those who aren't lucky enough to own a car, the South Bend Park District also has preserves and conservatories that are within biking distance of the campus. The Rum Village Nature Center, located at the south end of town just off U.S. 31 on Ewing St., is a public park which houses an indoor nature center and exhibit along with fifty-five acres of woodland and hiking trails. It is open on Sunday through Friday from 10:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. and admission is free. And for those rainy afternoons, you can visit the Morris-Ella Conservatory, an indoor greenhouse, located at 2105 Mishawaka Ave. The conservatory is open seven days a week from 9:00 a.m. until 3:30 p.m. and admission is free.

If the idea of expending energy on physical exercise doesn't overly excite you, but the thought of spending money shopping does, try visiting an unusual public market, the Farmer's Market. Located at 760 S. Eddy St. in South Bend (about three miles from the campus), the Farmer's Market is open year-round on Tuesday and Thursday from 7:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. and on Saturday from 7:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m.

I visited the Farmer's Market recently and was greeted with a wide array of products, ranging from fresh produce, meats, and bakery goods to pottery, jewelry, and wooden handicrafts. The market comprises two long rectangular-shaped buildings which are connected at both ends. On either side of the wide middle aisles are individual stalls

(continued on p. 14)



Farmer's market

Fiction : short pieces

Friends

He rocked back and forth slowly, bouncing himself off the wall by his shoulder blades. It was an activity prompted in part by boredom and in part by an effort to stay awake.

He was tired, so much so that his facial muscles sagged. He knew he was walking the thin line between simply being in the bus station and loitering. If he gave in to his exhaustion and sat down, he knew he would be loitering within minutes.

As welcome as sleep would be, he knew he would be roused by the cops quickly and pushed outside into the cold. That would be worse.

Sometimes he had slept in the johns sitting on the stool, but that had become a popular enough practice after the police began assigning men to the station, that they took all the doors off and the cops patrolled in there too.

He watched all the people constantly changing but basically the same—poor people, old people, kids and soldiers. He noticed that everyone looked tired all the time. They could sleep in the station if they had a lay-over. A ticket gave you that right.

Lost in such thoughts and his bouncing motion, he didn't immediately see the three-foot-tall person who stood directly in front of him now studying him very solemnly.

She seemed to be absorbed in watching him being absorbed by his thoughts. She was a darling child with blue eyes and long lashes. She was covered with bus and bus station grime.

He smiled at her and, after first being startled that he was now present to her, she smiled back. They began to play a silent game of smiling and frowning and winking at each other.

Suddenly he realized that this interaction could maybe be seriously misinterpreted and get him in big trouble. He started to scan the room for whomever the child belonged to. No one was paying even the slightest attention to the little girl or her friend, so they continued their game.

He rolled his eyes, puffed up his cheeks, made clicking sounds with his tongue. All of this she joyously imitated. Finally, he did his very best—he wiggled his ears. They truly jumped up and down when he did this.

This the little girl found so fascinating that she watched and watched and finally bolted off to pound on the arm of a sleeping woman to wake her, while pointing at him and describing this latest feat loudly.

The woman awoke, grabbed the little girl, never looking where she pointed, slapped her and plunked her hard in the next seat.

As the little girl's sobs began to grow, he pushed open the door and went out into the cold night air. □

The Sidewalk

The woman propped herself against the doorway, leaning on her left shoulder, half out of exhaustion and half out of boredom. Her eyes made an intricate study of the sidewalk in front of her—its cracks and sears and stains. She saw some green moss growing in one of the cracks, and she marveled both at its ugliness and its tenacity.

It had been a strange day. They had started bringing the rolls and coffee in about eight but had told her to gather her things and get ready to go without first feeding her. She had been packed since last night—the few things she had—and had lain awake almost all night drinking in the noise and smell and thinking of her release. Fresh air, that was what she wanted most after 30 days, fresh air.

Privacy, quiet, a real bed, decent food, a long bath, all would be nice. Thirty days, dried-out skin, ten extra pounds, and her debt was paid.

They had given her an envelope with her name and \$5.31. No one was there when they let her out and it was cold. Thirty days had brought a change in the weather, and she was not dressed for it. She buttoned her collar around her neck and went out, down the stairs and between the buildings to Jefferson Street.

The pleasure of being outside was eaten up by the cold and she looked for somewhere to get inside again. The Grill provided, for 71 cents, the roll and coffee the County had denied her that morning.

She got some dimes and called friends, waking them up, looking for a ride. She finally ended up on the bus with the lady next to her commenting on her poor choice of clothes for the weather.

She got out on the block and looked to see what action was up, who was there to see and to be seen, what transactions were going on, what lies were being told, who had money today.

She had no news other than the fact that she was out, but craved to know what had gone on during the 30 days.

In the next hours she borrowed a sweater, spent \$4.00 on food and cigarettes and a drink and a small package of hair rollers. She told of the others in jail, delivered their messages, and heard the news. The news was always really the same, only the characters changed.

It hurt, in a way, to see that you could be gone for 30 days and not really be missed and that you could step back in as if nothing had happened, because life on the street never went anywhere. All the hectic activity never changed the fact that nothing changed.

By 5:00 her money was gone, and she could find no one to lend her anything. The borrowed sweater started to give out as it grew dark, and she knew she was going to be cold and hungry again soon.

The doorway gave some protection, and she raised her eyes from the sidewalk to her reflection in the window. "Not bad!" she thought. She was heavy with jail potatoes and bread, her hair needed work, her eyes were tired, but she had a pretty face. No marks, no scars, nice color, good proportion.

She thought suddenly of her daughter, whom everyone said looked so like her. Welfare had placed her and was reluctant to even grant visiting rights to an unfit mother. She loved that child more than anything, but she was out of reach, away from her.

She looked back again at the sidewalk, the cracks, and the moss. She puffed a cigarette to help warm her and faced the truth that she had no one and no future, just an endless present.

A car came by slowly, and the man inside looked at her. She met his gaze with a blank expression. "Cop," she thought. He went on, but in a minute was back again. This time he stopped. He rolled down the window on the passenger side and leaned his face out.

"How much?" he asked as he motioned her toward the car.

"How much, for what?"

His hand appeared with a twenty dollar bill. "Will that buy me some action?"

"Depends. . . ."

"On what, baby?"

"On whether you're a cop or not."

"Come on, honey, do I look like a cop?"

"Yeah. Are you?"

"Look, do you want this or not?"

She reached out her hand and took it. She watched expectantly as he reached for his badge. She feigned to run back towards the doorway but another came around the corner and grabbed her arm.

"You sure don't learn, do you? Didn't you just get out this morning? Thirty days isn't enough to get you off this street?"

She never answered. Never even looked at them. She stood head down, eyes on the sidewalk. When the cuffs were on, and they started to take her, too roughly, around the corner to the other car, she broke her step, enough to make them yank her, so that she could step over the moss, so she wouldn't have to step on the moss. □

Birth

He played with his drink, stirring it endlessly, while the ice cubes melted and watered it down. He didn't want to drink it—not yet—not too soon, nor too fast. He ran his fingers over the side of the glass, pushing the sweat down and onto the bar where it made rings on the wood.

This stupid drink had cost the price of almost three beers, but he needed something more extravagant than a beer, something more mellow, more subtle.

He knew he looked like hell when he came in and that the bartender had studied him carefully. By ordering and paying for a mixed drink, he had succeeded in surprising the man and buying himself some time and a little less scrutiny.

His bones ached, and lonesome cries about infidelity and broken hearts from the jukebox swept over him as feelings rather than distinct words and stories.

He let his eyes swing around the semi-darkness of the bar. Everything was softened by the colors from the neon beer signs and the jukebox. He wondered how the place and the people would look in the bright light of day. Much harder, much more used, he was sure. The atmosphere in the bar served as an external cosmetic, while the alcohol and music served to heighten the illusion.

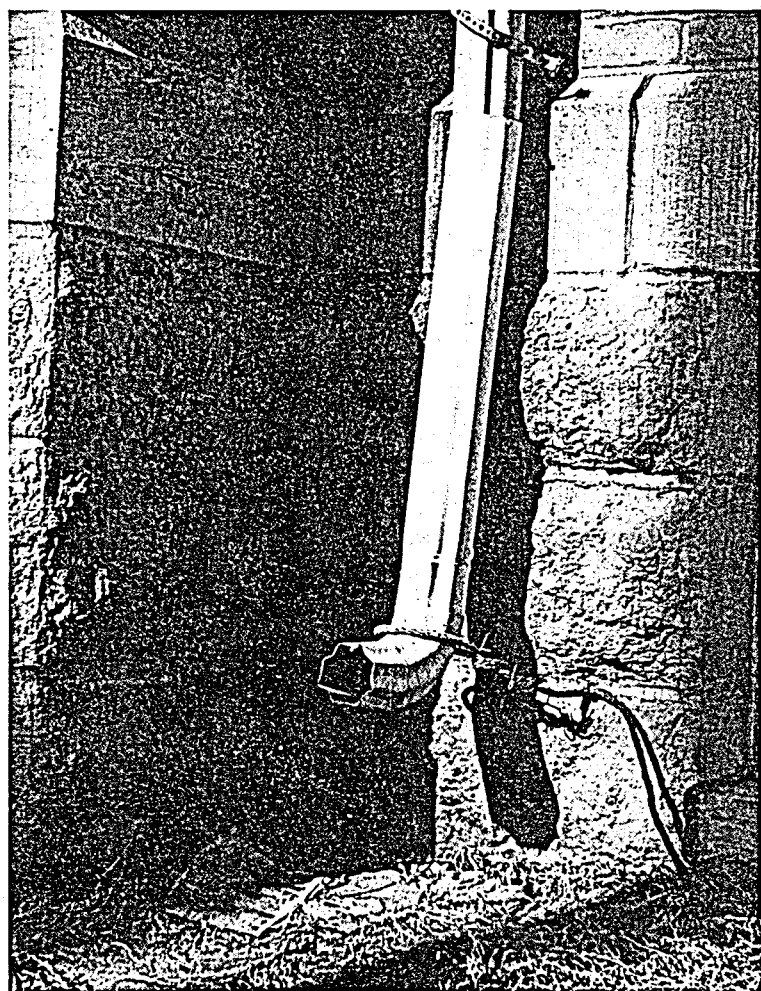
He lit a cigarette without thinking about it and had to reach down the bar for an ashtray. He slid it through the little rings of water he had made and saw his pattern destroyed. He smeared the water around and then sought to create a single puddle. Suddenly embarrassed by what he was doing, he reached in his pocket for a handkerchief and mopped up his mess, pretending not to see what he was doing.

This was a good place because no one bothered you, no one wanted to make small talk, no one called out your name. The jukebox was not at full volume.

He nursed his drink, not like a wino with a paper-wrapped bottle, to make the drink last, but to make the time last. To fill out the time by doing something, by drinking a drink.

The drink finished, he lit one more cigarette and began to push his thoughts back slowly, gently into place, to leave as quietly and unnoticed as he had arrived. However, the bartender saw the finally empty glass and started toward him.

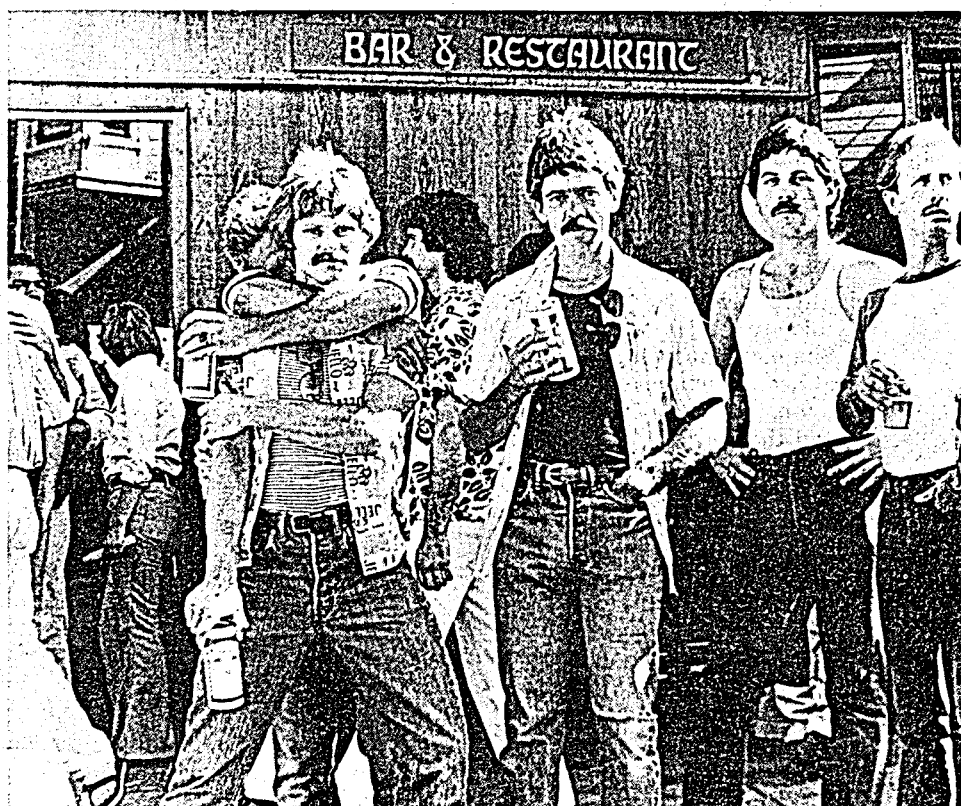
He signalled "no more," destroyed his cigarette putting it out, and scratched his chair along the floor while backing up. He pushed on the wrong side of the door, caught his mistake, and walked out into the blinding light, into the heat, and into the noise. □



Phil Johnson



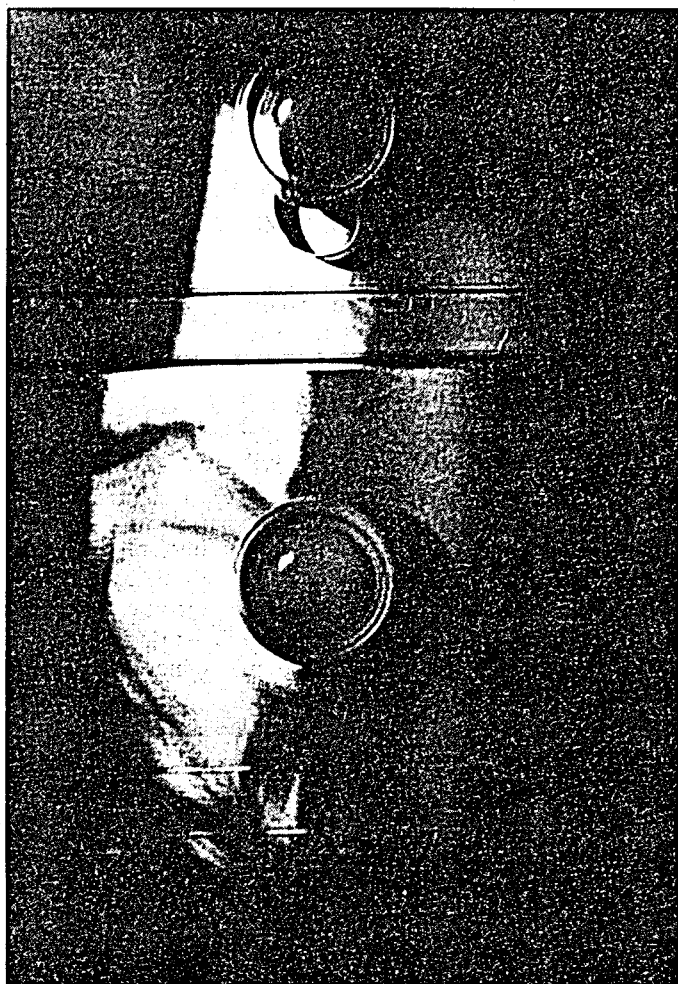
Gallery



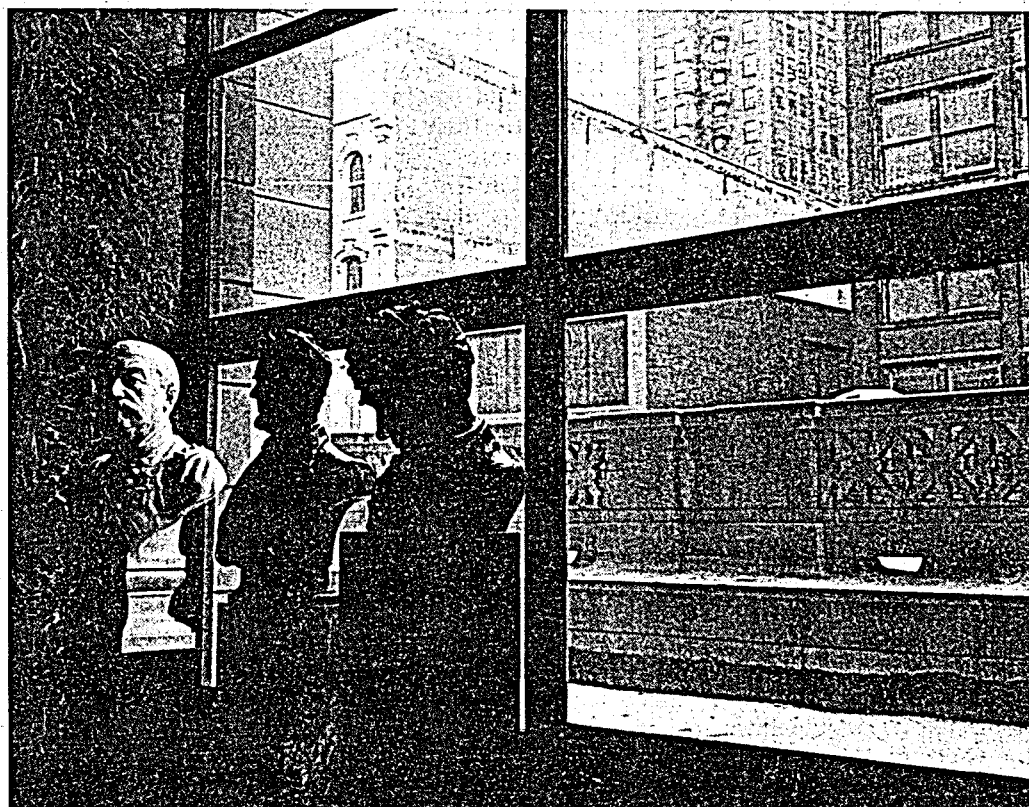
Theresa Rebeck



Tom Balcerek



Jake Morrissey



Liz Donovan

"The air whispers a new song as we depart and as we begin our new journey. Not knowing where the new winding road will take us, we carry along yesterday, today, and the dream of what tomorrow might bring."

These are the words of Diane Niemic, a former student of the Upward Bound program, printed in a book of collected writings from the summer of 1977 by the Upward Bound students. The book contains only small examples of the kinds of things that result from the efforts of the students in the Upward Bound program. Students submit poems and short stories which they have written to be printed up each summer in a booklet. Diane describes, in two sentences, the feeling the Upward Bound program leaves in many of its students when they finish.

Upward Bound helps the students to discover the creativity and the talent they already have inside of them but don't often look quite deep enough to find. Upward Bound makes some of them consider, for the first time, the possibility of going on to college. Upward Bound makes others expand their desires of attending college. Upward Bound makes all of its students use their potential by helping them to acquire all of the skills necessary to be admitted into college or some other type of educational institution beyond the high school level.

The Notre Dame Upward Bound program consists of an average of ninety- to ninety-five students per year. Most students enter the program in their freshman or sophomore year of high school. They are recruited from various South Bend high schools and from a few Elkhart high schools. The majority of the students attend LaSalle High School in South Bend but there are other students who attend John Adams, Riley, Washington, and Elkhart Memorial.

To enter the program, students must first fill out an application and obtain a transcript from their schools. The two criteria for determining the eligibility of Upward Bound students are that the students must show signs of potential for college and that their family incomes must meet certain guidelines set up by the Office of Education in Wash-

ND Upward Bound:

A Family Affair

by Phyllis Washington

ington, D.C. Students include, on their applications, proof of family income, information about their academic history and status, and other general information.

The program is divided into a summer session and a twenty-four-week follow-up session during the school year. The twenty-four-week follow-up session, currently ending for preparation of the summer program, has most of its activity scheduled on Saturday mornings. The students gather in 105 O'Shaughnessy Hall at 9:00 a.m. to eat doughnuts and drink orange juice before their classes. At 9:30, they break into their separate groups, according to high school class, and move to other classrooms to begin their work. Saturdays are used for getting help with school assignments, preparing for tests, and general organized tutoring. The sophomores alternate Saturdays between mathematics and reading, and the juniors alternate their Saturdays between mathematics and writing. The seniors, however, are preparing for Math 103 and 104 and English 109 that they will take this summer at Notre Dame for credit in their own colleges. (In order for the credits to transfer, they have to get a C or better.)

Saturdays are sometimes used for watching film clips on different careers such as science, social work, engineering and medicine, among other fields. Saturdays are also used for filling out financial aid forms, visiting colleges, or taking occasional field trips.

Upward Bound programs are usually centered on university or college campuses so that the students will be in a college environment and among college students. Allowing

the young men and women to take part in college life is one of the factors motivating them to want to go to college. The Upward Bound office at Notre Dame is located on the second floor of the Rockne Memorial Building. It is a small office. In fact, it's likely that many of our own Notre Dame students don't even know that it's there, but it is very important to many black, white, latino and Indian youths.

Not only is the whereabouts of Upward Bound's office largely unrecognized, but so is its high rating among other Upward Bound programs. The success of the Upward Bound students in college after leaving the program at Notre Dame is just one of the factors that make the Notre Dame Upward Bound program so highly respected. Eighty to ninety percent of all Upward Bound students have gone into some kind of secondary education. On a follow-up study of former Notre Dame Upward Bound students from the classes of 1975-1978, there were sixty-eight students who enrolled in four-year institutions and eleven students who enrolled in two-year institutions. Although the students are encouraged to look at schools all over the country, most choose to attend colleges in Indiana. From this follow-up, the most popular postsecondary institutions for students are Indiana University in Bloomington and in South Bend, Indiana State University in Terre Haute, and Ball State University. Out of the seventy-nine students from those four classes mentioned, sixty-three of them are still enrolled in college, twelve of them will be graduating in May, and two of them have already graduated.

Roland Smith, director of the

Notre Dame Upward Bound program, spoke about former students and gave an idea of how they're faring. Mr. Smith stated that about half a dozen are teachers in the Elkhart Public School System. "One of our most noted graduates is Carl Ellison, who also happens to be a graduate of Notre Dame. Carl has a dual title. He's the Director of Human Resources for South Bend, and he's the Director for Redevelopment in South Bend." Another Upward Bound graduate is James King, the Assistant Director for Upward Bound, under Roland Smith. Mr. King is a graduate of Indiana University in Bloomington. He's recently trying to get a Notre Dame Upward Bound alumni club started with the help of the director of the Notre Dame alumni club.

Cleophus Washington, one of the students currently enrolled in the program, spoke about why he thinks ND Upward Bound is so highly rated: "It's because our Upward Bound is known for having class." Every year, the Upward Bound programs in Indiana get together to compete in sports events. They call it the Olympiad. "We were the best in everything," boasted Cleophus. "The other branches started to say that we put more emphasis on sports and not enough on academics, but we proved that we were number one in academics too when we took the college bowl." Upward Bound programs also compete in math bowls and competitions that involve other subjects as well as competing in sports.

Cleophus is a sophomore at LaSalle and he's one of eight children in his family. He started last summer in Upward Bound, and he spoke very highly of Notre Dame's Upward Bound because it's helped him a great deal with his schoolwork and

it's allowed him to make a multitude of friends. "When I first came into the program," he said, "I had four classes a day in the summer: geometry, biology, writing, and a language lab. These courses have helped me a lot this year, especially biology. I've run across a lot of things in school that I remember from last summer. I didn't have any personal problems for them to help me with, but they've helped me to deal more with people. Since I've been in the summer program, I've helped a few of my friends by telling them the purpose of Upward Bound, and I tell them to take time to decide what they want to do with their lives." Cleophus wants to major in prelaw, and he'd like to stay in Indiana for college so that he won't be too far away from home.

Another student, Bernadette Stewart, will attend Indiana University in Bloomington this fall. She currently attends LaSalle High School. "I've been in Upward Bound for about two years now," she said, "and I've learned a lot." Her best friend helped her to get involved in Upward Bound a couple of years ago. In her first year, she concentrated on building her learning skills, and she made a lot of improvements in school. "I had a hard time in English and in math, and they've helped me a lot," she said. Bernadette is the oldest of six children. Her mother went to college but didn't finish, and she'd like to see Bernadette go. So, Bernadette is going, and she'll major in fine arts, hoping to be an interior designer.

The summer sessions seem to be the periods that most Upward Bound students prefer. Perhaps it's because the sun is shining, the weather is warm, and they can enjoy each other's company in various other fun activities.

During the summer sessions, students stay at Holy Cross Hall for six weeks. They are encouraged to eat three meals a day provided for them in the North Dining Hall so that they'll have healthy bodies and minds. Cleophus made sure to point one thing out about the summer session. "We eat lovely here during the summer," he said, "so you really don't want to skip meals." Just as Notre Dame students have copies of physical examinations on file at the Notre Dame Health Center, so do the summer Upward Bound students. They also have access to the library, the Rockne Memorial, and the ACC.

The purposes of the summer session are numerous, and much activity takes place during those six weeks. The most important purpose, of course, is to help the students to sharpen their academic skills. Basic courses in English, mathematics, reading, writing, and science occupy a good portion of each day for the students. They are enrolled in courses according to their group. The beginning group is for students spending their first summer with the program, the intermediate group is for students who will be returning to high school in the fall, and the "bridge" group is for students who will be college freshmen in the fall. Some of these courses can be taken for high school credit or, for the seniors, for college credit. Class attendance is required, evening study hours are set aside, and mid-term and final grades are given out for each course, one grade for achievement and one for effort.

Even though the summer sessions are devoted to strict and intense learning and to building academic skills, the afternoons are filled with social, cultural, and athletic activities. Most of the activities are held in the late afternoons, early evenings, and on Saturdays. Wednesday afternoons are specifically reserved for special events or field trips to plays and other community-oriented cultural affairs, and, once a year, a field trip is taken to the Chicago college fair. The athletic activities include basketball, bowling, ice skating, softball, swimming and other sports. Other activities include movies on Sunday evenings in the Engineering Auditorium, cookouts

(continued on p. 14)



GRANDPA

AND The

RATS

by Bernie Valenti

Grandpa lived on a big farm
with an old barn with lots of junk inside it
where me and my brothers played
peeling white paint over splintered gray siding
beaten old beams, high rafters (with a rope to swing on)
and a corncrib where the rats ran
where me and my brothers played

Grandpa didn't care what me and my brothers did
so long as we stayed out of trouble
we were too little to go out in the fields and help
so we stayed around the house, around the barn
Grandpa'd come up to the house from the field
all hot and sweaty, his red veined cheeks
his huge hard hands sweaty wet, gripping
the beer bottle he'd open as soon as he stepped inside

Grandpa'd just gone in the house one time
when me and my brothers were ready to do what
we'd been planning all morning
we were going to get rid of Grandpa's rats

Grandpa knew he had rats (nearly every farmer does)
and he knew they lived in the huge old rusting furnace
he'd put out by the barn years ago
the rats ran in the corncrib, but lived in the furnace
in the smelly old furnace which had been rusting so long
we could hear them squeaking at night
down in and under the furnace

Grandpa was always so busy, and all we did was play
me and my brothers were big enough to help
so we figured out how, without being asked
we worked all morning, we got together what we needed
five gallons of old tractor oil and five of gasoline
we found some road flares in the barn
and we had some firecrackers we'd been saving
we knew what we were doing
we were helping
and having fun

we cleared all the garbage from around the furnace
(we didn't want to let things get out of control)
we poured the oil down into the furnace (it was heavier
and would burn longer and go down further)
we knew what we were doing
we waited
we poured the gasoline down into the furnace (it would
explode and light the oil into white-hot heat)
we put the road flares and firecrackers in the furnace
(they were to blind the rats, melt the rats,
and pop the dirty rat eardrums of those deep inside)
we ran back to the side of the barn and waited until
we could smell the gas from there then I held the
one firecracker we'd kept and my brother lit it
the fuse sputtered then caught I threw it at
the bomb we'd made

pop wwwoooooommmppppffffFFFFFFLLOOOOOOSSSSSHH

it was glorious

fireball twenty feet high heat on our faces
so bright it hurt to look at it we had to move back
heat and roar and squealing rats spilling out screaming
burning fur stank more than the gas roasted rats
running out of death trap trapped dead before they
knew it spinning out a dozen holes around the furnace
burning frying chewing themselves to death trying to
kill the pain of blistering death

we were welded to the ground, unable to move
awed by what we'd done
when Grandpa came
shouting and swearing, he was upon us
before we could move he was whipping us
beating us like he'd never done before

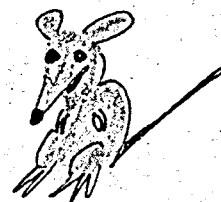
"But grandpa," I cried, wiping my eyes, "the rats!"

He stopped and looked at the fireball, now subsided
his arm upraised, he lowered it and saw what we'd done
he turned and ran back to the house

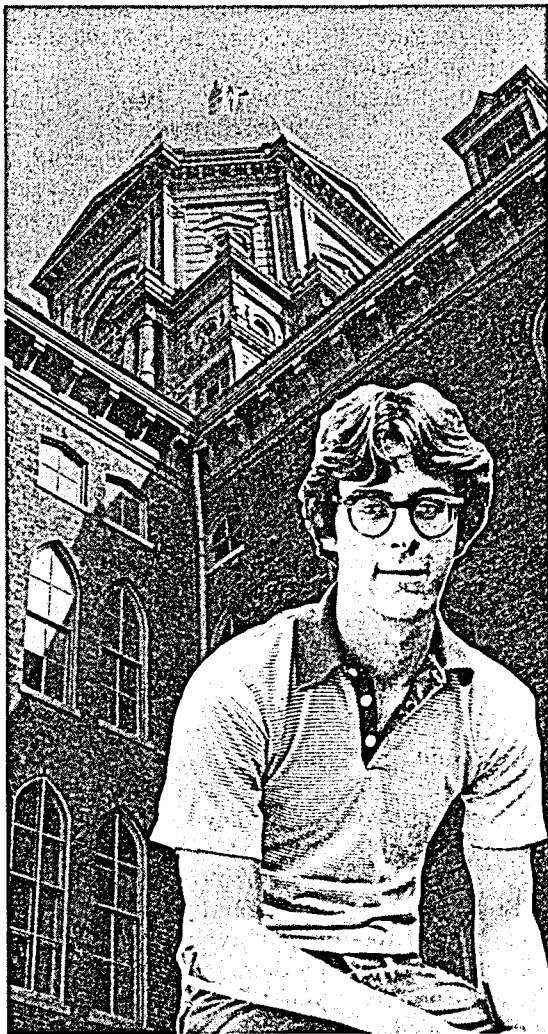
my brothers and I stopped crying and started watching
the fire and the rats

Grandpa ran back to us with his rifle and started shooting
the rats who ran from their holes untouched
(rat tunnels run deep, we couldn't burn them all)
the fire crackled the rifle popped and Grandpa knew
we had helped

we stood and watched the fire and the rats die



The Final Word



by Jake Morrissey

Dear Maw and Paw,

The big hand is on the six and the little hand is between the three and the four and it's dark outside, so it looks like it's going to be a long night for Jake. I've got a pile of work next to me taller than I am, but I'll do it later. I figured you deserved your annual letter from what's-his-name at Notre Dame.

My humor sounds forced, doesn't it? It is. Life in the fast lane isn't going too well, I'm afraid. This year has not exactly been terrific, and there's a sadness that goes to the very depths of my being. How is it that hope, strong, vibrant hope, can be chipped away little by little until there's nothing left? That's what I feel now. My hope, such as it was, is gone; I've missed my chance.

MAY 4, 1979

My biggest disappointment is, I think, *Scholastic*. It is an awful feeling to realize that the magazine you have been working on for a year isn't anywhere near where you hoped it would be. One day you realize that it's just some cheap imitation of ideas, *good* ideas, that you collected one by one and were confident in your ability to execute them. And rather than fight for them, I blithely sat by and watched them drop from reality, one by one. And the problems. The little problems that become big ones, and the decisions are always criticized. I don't think I mind criticism; what I mind are the petty comments, the snide remarks, the unconsidered responses. And I listened to them all, and it got to the point that I cared so much about producing a good magazine that I steeled myself against caring, so that whenever I was criticized for not doing enough for the magazine, I didn't think it bothered me much. But I was wrong. It made me cringe. And it probably always will.

I hated being *Scholastic* editor. I wouldn't wish it upon my worst enemy.

I'm bitter and don't know why and then look around me and then I understand. I am convinced that, pound for pound, I have never met so many self-centered, selfish, obnoxious, bigoted Catholics in my life, from the administration on down. I can't decide which minority they despise more, and they stalk the almighty dollar with an energy that is superhuman. When will they learn that being "the best" does not always mean the most? When will they realize that it is not necessarily how much money you have but what you do with it that counts? I'm not sure if this place, and the people in it, will ever learn.

I just reread this letter. I don't really mean to sound like a whining brat (at last, the true Jake comes through), but I think I really do believe every word of this letter. And that's sad.

But there *are* good people around here, and maybe some part of them will rub off on this place. I'm sorry I'm sounding so harsh, but I think nothing will ever be changed or accomplished by whispering.

Well, I've gotta go. Academia beckons. Take care of yourselves and drop me a line if you get a chance. Say hello to those two world-traveling sisters of mine, and tell them to take it easy and I'll see all of you soon.

Much love,
Jake

P.S. I just came across a letter I got last semester from a surgeon in New Jersey who strongly objected to the language in one of the short stories we printed. He said he treated prostitutes and drug addicts daily and was appalled to find that a Notre Dame publication would print that kind of language. "I happen to love Notre Dame," he wrote. I didn't realize until now that the Notre Dame he loves doesn't exist, and I don't think it ever did. □

Something Different . . .

featuring a host of great buys. Starting in the produce section, I saw several stalls displaying bushels of delicious-looking red apples priced at approximately \$2.50 per bushel. Not one to pass up a bargain, I bought a bushel, along with some terrific homemade cider. Farther down the aisle, I stopped to view an array of homemade oak cradles, picture frames, and whatnots. Next to this was a stall featuring elaborate wooden dollhouses along with miniature chairs, tables, beds, even a grandfather clock, all designed to charm any little girl's heart.

Crossing over into the other building, I passed several stalls featuring fresh meats and poultry. Farther down the aisle was a stall specializing in handmade leather goods and American Indian jewelry. There is also a small restaurant located in the market which serves home-style meals from 6:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday and from 5:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. on Saturday.

On leaving the market, I was way-

laid at the most tempting stall of all, one featuring homemade chocolates, caramel corn, and hard candies. Truly a perfect finish to an enjoyable shopping spree.

For those shoppers who enjoy antiquing and haggling over prices, try the Thieves' Market. At this flea market you can find anything from old books and knickknacks to second-hand furniture and jewelry. Also within biking distance of the campus, the Thieves' Market is located at 2309 E. Edison Rd. in South Bend, and it is only open on Saturday and Sunday from 10:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m.

All of these activities are great for a free afternoon or day, but what about a free evening? A student's free evening is usually spent either taking in a movie or drinking at one of the local bars. Since Corby's is usually too crowded and the decor at the Goose's Nest too disturbing, the relaxed and enjoyable atmosphere at the 100 Center Beer Garten is a delightful treat. Open from May 19 through Oktoberfest, weather permitting, the

Garten offers both American and German beer, soft drinks and sandwiches. Set on an island in the middle of the St. Joseph River behind the 100 Center shopping mall in Mishawaka, the Beer Garten enables you to leisurely sip a brew without fear of being jostled by an over-enthusiastic crowd or drenched by an errant glass of beer. The Beer Garten will be open on Monday through Thursday from 11:00 a.m. until midnight and on Friday and Saturday from 11:00 a.m. until 1:00 a.m.

The 100 Center will also feature riverboat rides down the St. Joseph River during the same months as the Beer Garten. The one-hour ride aboard an authentic seventy-six passenger riverboat costs \$1.50 for adults and \$1.00 for children. Starting times are tentatively listed as follows: Monday through Friday at 2:00, 6:00, and 7:30 p.m., and on Saturday and Sunday at 12:00, 1:30, 3:00, 6:00, and 7:30 p.m. □

Valerie Stefani is a senior majoring in American Studies. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Upward Bound . . .

on Friday evenings, and discos after the cookouts. An open house that the students plan is held every summer on the lake side of Holy Cross Hall along with a cookout for families, and the summer closes with an awards dinner to honor outstanding students.

Notre Dame Upward Bound has an exchange with Marquette University once a year. When the schools get together, they compete in academics and sports. "We have a floating trophy," said Roland Smith, "but Notre Dame's had it for the past two years. Our rivalry with Marquette kind of parallels the rivalry that exists between the two schools."

Where does all the money come from to run Upward Bound programs and others like it? Upward Bound programs are Federally funded, but a cut in the funding is currently being considered. "We've been writing letters to Joseph Califano," said Cleophus, "because Presi-

dent Carter recommended a cut in the funding for Upward Bound programs and others like it. We're trying to get him not to cut it, but to increase it." Through Federal funding, Upward Bound pays for the cost of meals, rooms, activities, and basically anything that it can afford for the students. Notre Dame contributes by waiving the tuition for "bridge" school students enrolled in college courses during the summer. In addition, many of the students receive \$7.00 per week during the summer and \$15.00 per month during the academic year for additional minor expenses.

The students at the Notre Dame Upward Bound program think of themselves as a family. Students publish a weekly newspaper called "The Family" during the summer containing submitted articles, poems, editorials, and all the other things that make up a small newspaper. They call their softball games Family softball games. When they have swimming parties, they call

it Family swimming. They have Family meetings and Family gatherings. That's what they mean when they say in their brochure that "We are a family in this program." Once you're in Upward Bound you're in a family with people who care about you as brothers, sisters, mothers and fathers do. And if you need more evidence of this relationship in Upward Bound, here's proof of that statement from another one of Upward Bound's students, Akbar Nabaa:

The Family

The Upward Bound family must hold together in any way, if we did not we would not be here today. Anything we must know we tell the family, so we can grow, the family sticks together far and wide, that whoever will come will be on our side, so stick together Upward Bound because we are one big FAMILY. □

With Apologies to Lewis Carroll

'Twas Badin and the ACC
Did Keenan-Stanford in the Zahm;
All Corby were the Cavanaughs,
And the Moreau Eastgate.

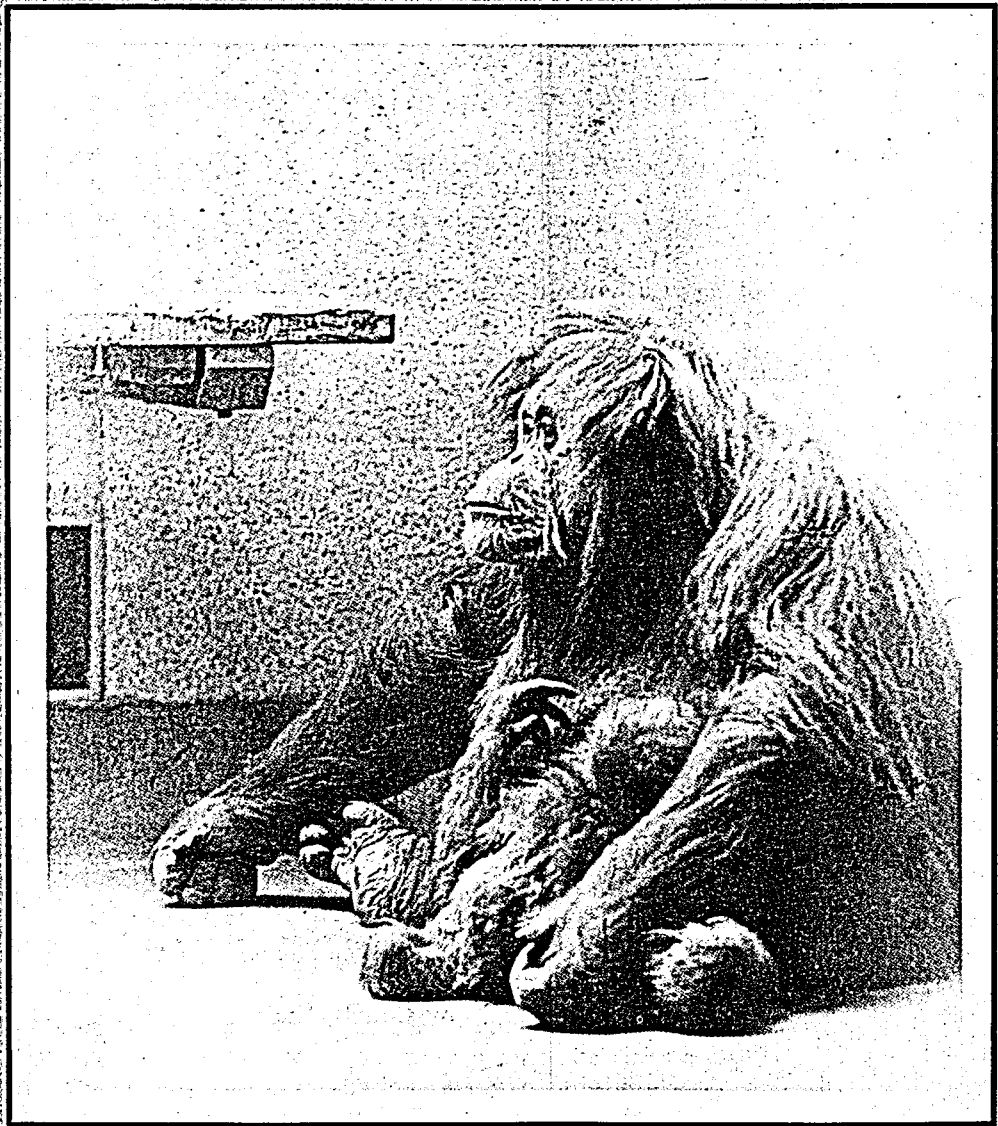
"Beware the Morris Inn, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that toss!
Beware the NDU, and shun
The frumious Holy Cross!"

He took his Pangborn sword in hand
Long time the Haggar foe he sought.
So Dilloned he by the Morrissey,
And stood in Student Lot.

And as in Bulla Shed he stood,
The Morris Inn, with Walsh of flame,
Came Flanner through the Brownson Wood,
And SND it came!

One, two! One, two! and La Fortune
The Pangborn blade went Golden Dome.
He left it dead, and with its head
He went Knights of Columbus Council Home.

by Chuck Wood



NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Notre Dame, Indiana
Permit No. 7