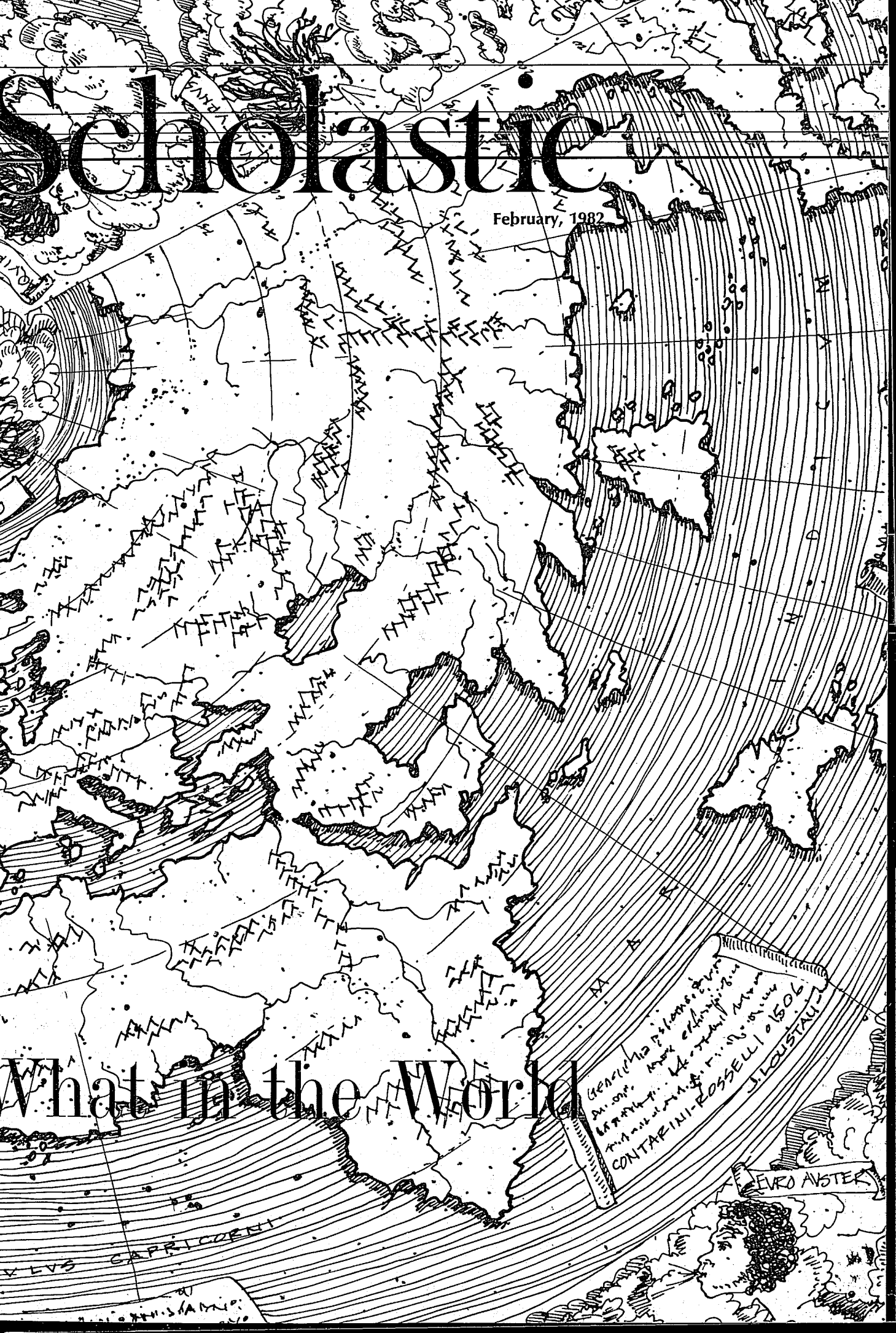


Scholastic

February, 1982

What in the World



BARNABY'S

COUPON
\$2.00 OFF On Any
 14" Pizza
 25c Carry Out Charge With Discount Coupons

COUPON
\$1.00 OFF On Any
 10" Pizza

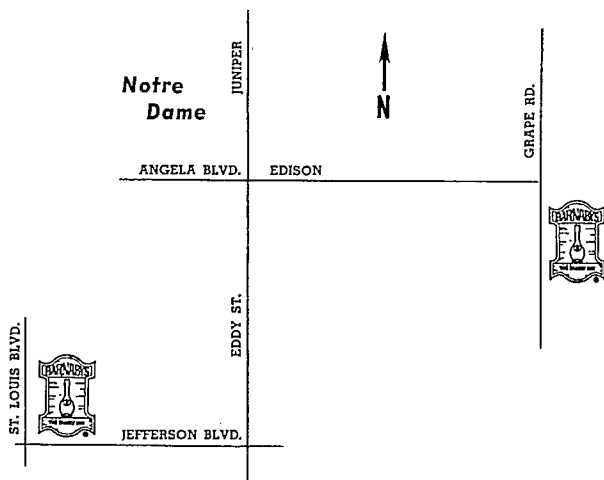
Limit 1 Coupon Per Pizza
 Offers Expire April 2, 1982
OPEN SUNDAYS 4 to 10 P.M.

The Family Inn
 Open Weekends Until 12:30

713 E. Jefferson, So. Bend
 288-4981
 3724 Grape Road
 Mishawaka-256-0928



Two Great Locations



Linda's **VILLAGE GREENHOUSE**

Roses

\$9.95/dozen

Single/\$1.00 each

Carnations

\$4.95/dozen

Single 45¢/each

**NORTH VILLAGE
 MALL**

272-5335

Delivery Service Available

SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 123, No. 6, February 1982
Notre Dame, IN 46556

FEATURES

- 4 **Tibet: A Rude Awakening**
The Dalai Lama's battle against cultural genocide . . . Dan Bell
- 6 **El Salvador**
The struggle of a people . . . Dan McGrath
- 10 **Hanging Valley**
Nepal carved in meditation . . . Stephen Burkart
- 12 **Reaganomic Reform**
Embracing the Quick Fix Mark Bustamante
An Historic Reverse Ed Kelly
- 16 **At Issue with Nestle: The Notre Dame Boycott**
*"... the use of infant formula in the developing nations
accounts for up to one million deaths per year."* Francis D'Eramo
George McAleer
- 22 **Poles Apart: General Huyser and Archbishop Hunthausen
Speak Out**
New overtures on the nuclear issue . . . Beth Domnick
- 26 **Red Smith, Sportswriter: Tribute to a Master**
An athlete with the pen . . . Beth Healy
- 30 **Photo Essay/China** Eileen O'Meara
- 33 **"Ni Hao!" Hong Kong**
A hello from an outpost in the Orient . . . Vanessa Sapienza
- 34 **Getting to Know Finland, Courtesy of AIESEC**
Business brings about cultural exchange . . . Pat James

REGULARS

- 2 **Front Words** Chuck Wood
- 18 **Perspective/On the Road Again**
Notre Dame's bussing tradition . . . Dan Keusal
- 19 **Perspective/The Language of the Popsicle**
*You can't sell Good Humour to a Haagen-Daz
cliente . . .* Sue Kelleher
- 20 **Gallery**
- 25 **Poetry I** Kathy McGarvey
- 29 **Poetry II** Lillian Klassen
- 32 **Fiction/The Rebel** Trell Covenant
- 37 **Culture Update**
- 39 **Fiction/Old MacDonald's Farm** Casey O'Connor
- 40 **Last Word** Clay Malaker

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 monthly 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 \$7.00 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 © 1982 **Scholastic** / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

FEBRUARY, 1982



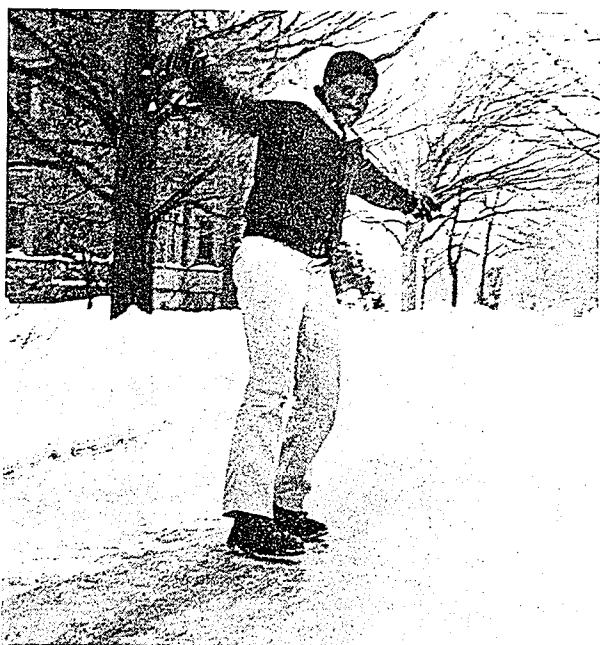
page 19



page 30

Front Words

by Chuck Wood



You can tell how bored everyone is getting by the growing number of ice patches for sliding that are turning up all over campus. People are becoming fairly desperate for entertainment, but who can blame them? Getting through February is like driving across the Ohio Turnpike.

The more time someone spends here, the harder it is to endure this month; I base this observation on my own experience. It's bad enough that Christmas break has faded into a memory buried under a snowbank, and the next break in the action seems years away. But campus has a way of contracting in the cold, and this shrinkage becomes more obvious with each winter spent here. Of course it may be that this year my sense of being closed in is worse because of my move to the North quad. For example, there is a smaller variety of paths between Stanford and the Library than between Pangborn and the Library. If I don't want boredom to overcome me, I will just have to stop going to the Library (never mind that when I was in *Pangborn* I used to rationalize that it was too far to go in the cold just to get a book).

Yeah, I know, the only thing worse than suffering from the February Doldrums is talking about suffering from the February Doldrums. So that's why we decided to focus this *Scholastic* on what's going on in the rest of the world. We thought we would help everybody get their minds off this place for a while. We span the globe, from Kathmandu, Nepal (see Steve Burkart's poem/photo essay), to Paterson, New Jersey (Sue Kelleher describes the dangers of working in this East Coast hot spot).

It was interesting for me to see the writers and editors becoming excited about some of these articles. I have to admit that I was dubious when Ed Kelly told me he was trying to find someone to write about Tibet. Tibet? But it seems that we have ended up with a valuable look at the destruction of a lifestyle, a culture, by Dan Bell. And Dan McGrath, one of the copy

editors for the magazine, learned so much and had so much to say about El Salvador, that he had to put his article in a two-part format. Dan got much of his information from extensive research and a woman who lived in El Salvador and worked for Archbishop Romero investigating human rights violations, so he is not just making a lot of shots in the dark.

That story on El Salvador is, we think, important enough to warrant two parts; the issue is serious and complex. But we also thought it would be nice to have a few things that were a little closer to home and a little lighter. So, you are invited to take a bit of a Swiftian trip to a *new* McDonald's farm with Casey O'Connor. Or, if you've always avoided taking a "Club bus" home for break, or if you don't have an area club that rents a bus, you can find how lucky you've been if you read Dan Keusal's travelogue.

Originally, the theme of this issue was going to be "Anything that has Nothing to do with Notre Dame or Saint Mary's." That is why I was glad to have Steve's poem and photo essay which I mentioned earlier, and the article by Vanessa Sapienza, a Saint Mary's student, about her experiences in Hong Kong; these two can share about experiences abroad that were not related to any of our Foreign Study programs.

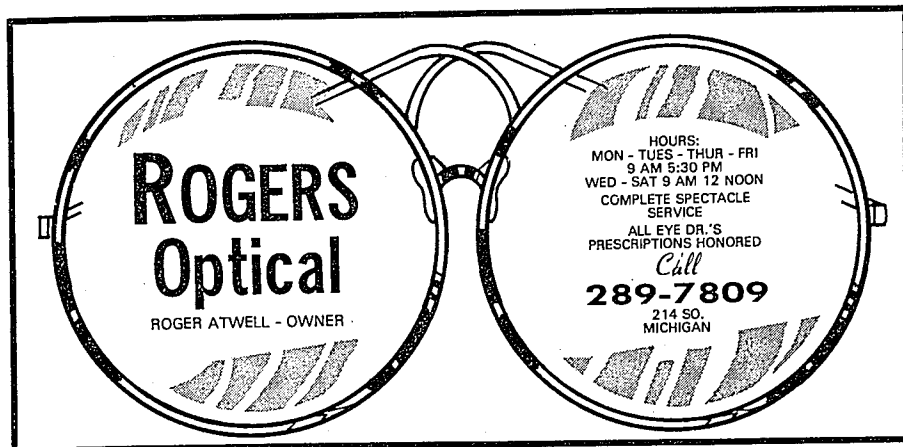
But we were not very strict with our exclusionary rule about campus-related stories. We gave in when it became obvious that we had two important stories that, in a way, bridge the gap between us and "the real world." One is a profile of Red Smith, a great sportswriter who recently passed away, and who was a Notre Dame alumnus. That story is written by my successor, Beth Healy; she is a good example of one of those writers in this issue who became more excited about the topic as time went on.

The other article is a close look at the issues behind Notre Dame's Nestle's boycott. The authors, George McAleer and Francis D'Eramo are both officers of the World Hunger Coalition, yet their article has a balanced presentation. If you have forgotten why we have the boycott or were not around when the WHC first pushed for it, read this article.

Instead of going on to talk about all of the other articles in this February *Scholastic*, I simply want to suggest that if you ever read any *Scholastic* from cover to cover, this should be the one; it's a great way to fight February Boredom. But, on the other hand, I will also probably want to make that suggestion for the *March* issue, which should be a (thoughtful) cure for the Post-Break Blues (see, *I fight boredom by planning the next mazagine*). . . .

Editor's note: *As I said, most of the writers and editors became more and more excited as they worked on their articles. I found myself doing the same as I heard about individual articles and saw the whole magazine taking shape. So, I decided to do an introductory essay instead of my usual "Last Word."*

Thanks to Clay for agreeing to the switch.



BIG C LUMBER

Your Complete
HOME IMPROVEMENT CENTER

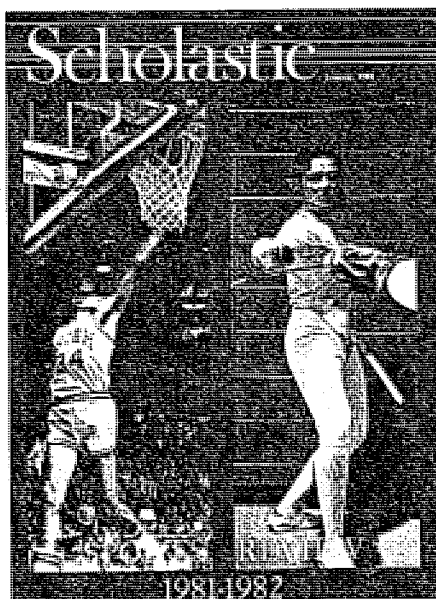
• Paneling	• Paint
• Lumber	• Tools
• Wallpaper	• Shelving
• Shelf Brackets	• Hardware
• Stain	• Electrical Products

Over 5000 Items in Stock
Delivery Service Available

BIG C LUMBER

125 DIXIEWAY NORTH—ROSELAND
(Business 31 North)
Just north of the campus
PHONE 272-6500

Special thanks to John Reynolds for the cover design for the January Sports Review. *Scholastic* apologizes for its oversight in failing to give credit for the highly praised cover.



EDITORIAL BOARD 1981-1982

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Chuck Wood

GENERAL MANAGER
Clay Malaker

Culture/Fiction Editor
Jane Zwerneman

News/Sports Editor
Ed Kelly

St. Mary's Editor
Elizabeth Bradley

Copy Editors
Dan McGrath
Mark Bustamante

Advertising Manager
Brian Graham

Distribution Manager
Randy Raciti

Business Manager
Pat James

Layout Editor
Mike Mulligan

Art Editor
Tamera Mams

Staff
Beth Healy, Alyson Hritz, Barbara Stevens, Bryan Cashman, Jim Wasilak, Joe Hildener, Karen Trappen, Beth DeSchryver, Duncan Meyers, Jim Rickert, Allen Brenzel, Scott Rappold, Bill Muller, Julie Wodarczyk, Mary Sloan, Greg Bachhuber, Tim Judge, Bill Mans, Bob Vanderheide, Mark Boennighausen, Donna Teevan, Charles van Ravenswaay, Tom Wrobel, Dan Bell, Michael Meeks, Michael Marz, Daniel Ferris, Philip Allen, Pat Pitz, Andrew Gan, Mike Stuart, Beth DeSchryver, Chris Keller, Beth McInerney, Ann Nicgorski

CREDITS

Illustrations:
p. 1, Paul Monardo; p. 5, Tony Penate; p. 18, Peter Rodes; p. 25, 29, Lorenzo Fernandez

Photos:
p. 1, Eileen O'Meara; p. 2, 11, 33, 35, Pat Pitz; p. 4, 37, Mary Sloan; p. 8, courtesy of Paulita Pike; p. 7, 8, 13, courtesy of the Observer; p. 9, courtesy of the Human Rights Commission of El Salvador; p. 19, courtesy of Sue Kelleher; p. 20, 21, Bob Wade; p. 23, p. 24, Cheryl Ertelt; p. 26, courtesy of University Archives; p. 27, 28, courtesy of Information Services

Cover:
Jeff Loustau

Advisor:
Fr. Mario Pedi, O.S.B.

A Rude Awakening

by Dan Bell

Editor's note: In an international atmosphere which emphasizes the tensions between the superpowers, it is easy to ignore events of profound import occurring outside this sphere. Events in long-forgotten Tibet, and the unfortunate journalistic euphemisms which have appeared in well-known publications since 1976 have made this article necessary.—E.K.

"From now on, Brother, everybody stands on his own feet." This, I think, is what Buddhism is about, what Christianity is about, what monasticism is about—if you understand it in terms of grace. It is not a Pelagian statement, by any means, but a statement to the effect that we can no longer rely on being supported by structures that may be destroyed at any moment by a political power or a political force. You cannot rely on structures. The time for relying on structures has disappeared. They are good and they should help us, and we should do the best we can with them. But they may be taken away, and if everything is taken away, what do you do next? — Thomas Merton, *The Asian Journal of Thomas Merton*



Hidden within the confines of the foreboding Himalayan mountains, an ancient people continued in almost perfect isolation to advance their culture free from "progress," the overwhelming influence of the industrial revolution. It was under such conditions that the culture of the mountain nation of Tibet thrived—until 1950.

Progress. A revolution of ideas in economics, in politics, in science: the twentieth century is born. The modern age puts man in the driver's seat. The system of capitalism loosens nature's grip, the availability of capital allows communities to import from other regions what nature chooses to withhold. Marxism, on the other hand, offers the direct control of a planned economy. The ideology of democracy insists that men control the structures in which they live. And advances in technology make possible a world of material conveniences, longer and healthier lives, and speedier transportation and communication.

Progress. The world becomes smaller and the differences between societies grow increasingly more difficult to accept. This proximity combined with advancing military technology results in massive destruction on a scale never before seen on the face of the earth. With the industrial revolution comes a complete restructuring of the very societies in which men live: a shift from agrarian to urban communities, a growth of interdependency for fulfilling basic material needs such as food, clothing and housing. In short, along with the evolution from feudal systems to nation states has come an all-encompassing cultural transformation.

It was in the 5th century A.D. that the first loose formation of a Tibetan nation came to be, near the region of Lhasa, a city soon to become and to remain the political center of Tibet; and during the 7th and 8th centuries Tibetans enjoyed for the first and last time a domination over their neighbors, including China.

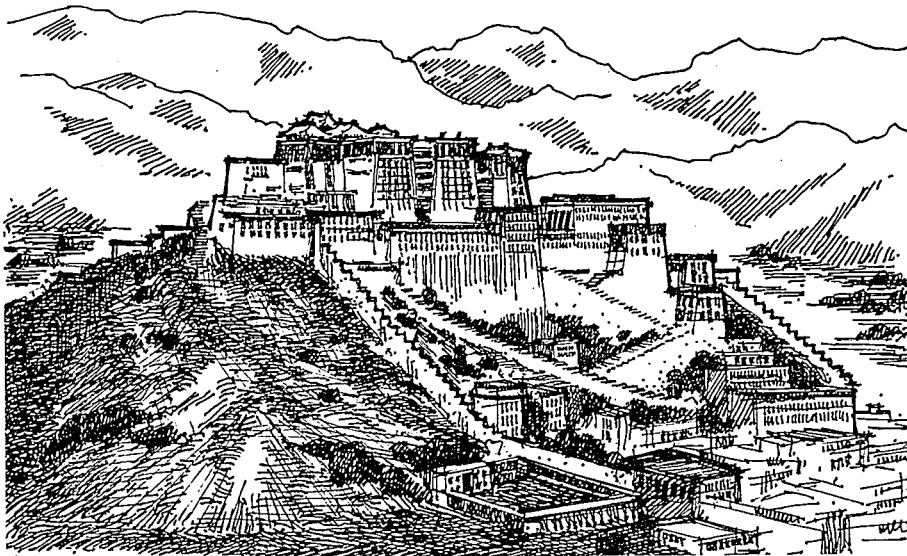
A divisive conflict between the traditional Bon religion and the Buddhism imported from India frag-

mented the state in the 9th century, and it was not until the revival of Buddhism and submission to the Mongol Genghis Khan in the 13th century that Tibet was reunited. Kubla Khan set up the Sakya Lama, a Buddhist monk, as viceroy, and it was here that Tibet acquired its characteristic form as a theocratic state. When the Ming dynasty replaced the Mongols in the 14th century, Tibet again became independent and was ruled by a secular king until the 1600s when another Mongol invader set the 5th Dalai Lama up as religious and temporal ruler. During his rule, numerous majestic monasteries were constructed. The inspiring examples of architecture such as these and the innumerable pieces of art within them constitute the most renowned part of the rich artistic culture of Tibet.

Leadership of the country remained in the hands of the successive incarnations of the Dalai Lama, although again falling under the slight domination of the Manchu dynasty from the early 1700s until 1912. At this time, the dynasty was over-Chinese forces were ousted from Tibet, and the 13th Dalai Lama maintained independence until his death in 1933.

Simply listing the Dalai Lamas among the succession of Tibetan leaders does not do justice to the important role they play in the culture which has developed on this plateau delineated by the world's highest mountains, the Kunlun and Himalayan ranges. As is pointed out by Pradyumna P. Karan in *The Changing Face of Tibet*:

When independence was reestablished in 1912, the nation-state idea was already well developed among the Tibetan elite. It remained to develop a strong sense of nationalism among the citizenry. Loyalty to the person of the Dalai Lama, which claimed the support of all Tibetans, was already a strong unifying force. This religious sentiment transcended all parochial, sectarian, and regional loyalties.



The Potala in Lhasa, once home of the Dalai Lamas and core of Tibetan Culture.

The first Dalai Lama, born in 1391, was an incarnation of Chenresi, the Buddha of Mercy, who had promised to safeguard all living beings. Within a short number of years after his death, a reincarnation was born, and so on until the present. And so upon the death of the 13th Dalai Lama, the oracles and learned lamas were consulted in order to conduct the search for his reincarnation; meanwhile, a Regent was appointed by the National Assembly to govern.

An incredible array of signs were interpreted to lend direction to the search. Curious cloud formations were sighted in the Northeast, and at the spot where the 13th Dalai Lama had been placed, it was noticed that his face had turned toward the east and a star-shaped fungus appeared on the Northeast side of the shrine. Visions in the holy lakes revealed a detailed picture of a monastery as well as three Tibetan letters: Ah, Ka, Ma. All these signs led the search party to the monastery of Kumbum in Takster where was found in 1937 the two-year-old 14th Dalai Lama. The child had to undergo a number of traditional tests, such as choosing among pairs of articles the one belonging to the previous Dalai Lama. During one such test, the boy chose the wrong staff, realized his error and opted for the second one. It so happened that the first staff had been given to a monk as a gift from the previous Dalai Lama.

Once the search party was satisfied, permission had to be obtained from the Chinese governor (northeastern Tibet was under the secular control of China) to take the boy to Lhasa. Indicative of this Dalai

Lama's future relations with the Chinese, they were met with resistance from the governor and eventually compelled to remit a large ransom.

Once in Lhasa, the young boy began a rigorous education which called to mind that of Socrates' philosopher-king. Due to the Tibetan isolation, the discipline which he would have found most useful for his future role, second only to his spiritual training, was not available: foreign policy and international relations. For in 1950, at merely sixteen years of age, he was called upon to accept his role as leader two years early, while Communist China was threatening to "liberate" Tibet. As he recalls later in his book, *My Land and My People*,

I hesitated—but then the National Assembly met, and added its plea to the Cabinet's, and I saw that at such a serious moment in our history, I could not refuse my responsibilities. I had to shoulder them, put my boyhood behind me, and immediately prepare myself to lead my country, as well as I was able, against the vast power of Communist China.

Now we had to learn the bitter lesson that the world has grown too small for any people to live in harmless isolation.

Under the influence of Buddhism, the Dalai Lama had placed Tibet on a path of peace. The Tibetan culture called for nothing more than a simple, peaceful life of isolation for which strong armies were no longer necessary. While the free nations of the West were becoming enslaved by the need for stimulation, and the

communist nations were becoming obsessed with the desire to control, the people of Tibet were turning inward to an inner peace which transcends the ever-changing world around them. The Dalai Lama tells us,

Humanitarianism and true love for all beings can only stem from an awareness of the content of religion. By whatever name religion may be known, its understanding and practice are the essence of a peaceful mind and therefore of a peaceful world. If there is no peace in one's mind, there can be no peace in one's approach to others, and thus no peaceful relations between individuals or between nations.

The communists in China recognized no religion. In 1950, they penetrated the frontier of Eastern Tibet. Helplessly, the Dalai Lama turned to England, to the U.S., and to India, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. Even the United Nations refused to consider their case, so in 1951, Tibet was constrained to sign the Seventeen-Point Agreement in Peking. They were to become an autonomous region of China with local government, religion, and culture left intact; or so the Chinese said.

But the Dalai Lama tells us:

The Chinese had an extraordinary way of mixing trivial demands with those of the highest importance. In the midst of all these desperate affairs, they insisted that the word "reactionaries" should always be used to describe the Khampas who had taken arms against them. The word had a special emotional significance for Communists, but of course it had none for us. Everybody, in the government and out, began to use it as a synonym for guerrillas. To Communists, no doubt, it implied the height of wickedness, but we used it, on the whole, in admiration. It did not seem to matter to us, or to the Khampas, what their fellow Tibetans called them; but later, when I innocently used the word in writing, it did cause confusion among our friends abroad.

From the Tibetan point of view, the Chinese invasion was beyond comprehension; however, the Chinese have provided their justification in a pamphlet published in Peking 22 years later. According to *Great Changes in Tibet*,

(cont'd on page 15)



EL SALVADOR

by Dan McGrath

Author's Note: This is part one of a two-part series dealing with El Salvador. Part Two will highlight the facts of Paulita Pike's arrest and imprisonment and address the subject of El Salvador in the U.S. government's foreign policy. D.M.

They are standing around a small television set watching the national news. Father Miguel D'Escoto, Minister of Defense of Nicaragua, is being interviewed. When asked what will happen if the United States sends troops to El Salvador, he says the conflict would become regionalized. He also says, "We will defend the revolution."

They all cheer. Paulita and Otto clasp hands and she holds her fist up in victory. "We will win," she proclaims proudly.

Paulita Pike is a junior here at Notre Dame, but her experience goes far beyond that of your average Notre Dame student. Paulita is a bright and very attractive woman of twenty-nine and has a ten-year-old daughter. She is an American citizen. Her father is American; her mother is Salvadoran. Paulita moved from Spain to El Salvador in 1973, and she lived there until her arrest, imprisonment and deportation in 1980. It is her story that gives flesh and blood to issues that seem far away to us in America.

Today, El Salvador is a country in tremendous social upheaval. It is a hotbed in Central America, and, in recent days, its violence and terrorism have increased dramatically. The Reagan Administration is considering sending troops to quell the rebellion, and, like it or not, the American people are being drawn into this tragic arena. This conflict could become Latin America's Viet Nam.

An adequate picture of the conflict in El Salvador requires a historical perspective. Social injustice in El Salvador is centuries old. The peasants or campesinos, lived for many years as sharecroppers, growing the food they required to live. As foreign trade and multinational interests entered the area, the lands, which originally fed the campesinos, were slowly taken from them by the wealthy coffee and sugar growers. To survive, the campesinos had to work the coffee and sugar plantations for meager wages. The economy moved to a wage system, but there were not enough jobs for the surplus work force. Forced into a migrant worker existence, peasants moved to the cities and the misery belts around the cities began to grow. Before all of these problems, the wealthy remained uninterested and unmoved.

In 1931, campesinos led by Fernando Marti revolted in San Salvador, protesting the oppression and

calling for a minimum wage and the right to unionize. The revolt was crushed, and 30,000 were massacred in the streets of San Salvador. In 1944, a coup against General Martinez, the ruling military dictator, succeeded. He was exiled to Honduras; however, control of El Salvador was still in the hands of the military. Throughout the fifties and the sixties, four juntas came in and out of power. All were, nevertheless, facades. There was no democratic process; the real power was wielded by wealthy landowners and rightist military forces.

The Roman Catholic Church has played an important role in the development of the present-day problems in El Salvador. The Church was brought to this part of the world in the sixteenth century by Spanish missionaries, and with it were imported many European weaknesses. Associated with the wealthy and closely allied with the civil state, it enjoyed a prominent place in society. Its hierarchy gave consolation to the poor, but was understood to side with the rich. In recent years, however, there has been a change of focus in the Catholic Church, and many of its leaders have begun to speak out against the injustices against the poor of Latin America. The Church's support of the poor and its striving for social justice have been an opportunity for Marxists

who have identified the message of Christ with the political liberation of the people.

The Marxist alternative began to gain acceptance in the sixties. The injustices were so great that the communists' message seemed to offer hope to people who had none. Illiterate campesinos, who knew only hunger, poverty, and injustice, found the Marxist alternative viable. History has shown, however, that often when Marxist forces do take power, the injustices against the people continue. The Marxists played off the faith of the people. Christ's message of the Salvation of man became to mean the material and political liberation of the people, the overthrowing of a tyrant force. The Messiah becomes a political leader.

In El Salvador, the right has labeled all opposition groups as "communists," even when the opposition groups abhor communism. Suppression of communism becomes an excuse to justify the oppression of the people. The motive is said to be the salvation of the country from terrorist communist rule, but, the ac-

tual motive is to maintain the present system to save the landowners' interests by impeding the democratic process. What is happening is the satisfaction of the overwhelming greed of the ruling class, a greed rivaling that of the ancient Roman senatorial class. For the wealthy in El Salvador, the welfare and prosperity of the nation have nothing to do with the welfare and prosperity of her people.

Nineteen seventy-two was the year of the infamous election fraud in El Salvador. The government rightist party was the PCN, the Party of National Conciliation. Its candidate, Colonel Molina, was supported by the landowners. This was the year that the opposition groups joined together to form one party, UNO, the National Opposition Union. Napoleon Duarte, the present president and a '48 Notre Dame graduate, was the presidential candidate for the UNO. Duarte won, but the military prevented him from taking office. He was imprisoned, tortured, and finally exiled to Venezuela, his release much aided by the efforts of Father Heshburgh.

In 1978, there was a similar occurrence. The opposition candidate, Claramunt, won, but again the opposition was prevented from taking office despite its popular support. On February 28, 1978, there was a demonstration in San Salvador to protest the prevention of the democratic process. The Security forces fired on the crowd. The military, under General Carlos Romero, took control of the government. Under Romero, terrorism escalated to such a point that his administration was toppled with



President Napoleon Duarte
(cont'd on page 8)

Open letter to progressive people, nations and governments of the world —

When we seek to communicate, we are always conditioned by the concrete historical social reality in which we are immersed. At this moment, 15 January 1981, our reality is that of war, with a threat by no means a remote one, of direct USA intervention.

It is the business of the strategists, the men and women of the people who are struggling from the battlefield, the leaders and militants, to perform the political analysis and correct interpretation of events, as well as to bring into action the necessary factors at every stage of the process, with a view to overcoming obstacles and achieving the objectives which will lead to the final triumph of the people.

As members of the *Socorro Juridico*, we have seldom felt obliged to more painful reflections than we are now.

One day the accumulation became too much: too many cases, numbers, proofs. And we felt in our hearts, and because the facts were only too plain, that the moment had come to call things by their real name — and we termed the situation "genocide."

On that basis we understand the

right of the people to fight to defend itself, to triumph and to build a new human being and a new society, in which children will have a chance to play with the birds. And the situation was hopeful, even though the persecuted, the prisoners, tortured, murdered, and missing, continued to collect into interminable classified lists.

For we men and women of this people have known for some time now that a liberated El Salvador will make up for everything.

Today, however, 15 January 1981, a deeper anguish than any before has gripped us, filling us with cold anger to the very marrow. This was the news:

In December 1980 the United Nations Organization passed a resolution "urging the governments of the world not to send any type of military aid to El Salvador." After recognizing the systematic violation of human rights, the resolution implicitly considered that the Salvadorean case must be solved without intervention by any country. Nevertheless, the United States of America has violated the international juridical agreement by resuming military aid (money, war materials and military advisors) to the Military Junta in El Salvador.

We at once asked ourselves a simple, obvious question. As US military aid continues, how many documents like the present will we have to fill with new facts, cases and figures to present to international tribunals?

That is one of our tasks as *Socorro Juridico*.

In these historic moments for the liberation of a people, what must be the task of all democratic men and women, nations and governments of the world? Their responsibility will not be absolved with funerals, indictments, of dispatch of medications to stop the epidemics caused by unburied corpses. None of those things will reawaken those who are alive today but in a few days may already be dead.

If this happens, what government in the world can be free of practical responsibility for the extermination and for having prevented peace being made for a nation?

At the point where our question ends — another version might run: Who is really going to contribute to the cessation of repression for which Mgr. Romero died? The right action of governments had to begin with a determined stance of rejection and condemnation of United States intervention in El Salvador.

Socorro Juridico
Archbishopric of San Salvador
El Salvador, 15 January 1981

the help of the United States in the "bloodless coup" of 1979. Ironically, the rightist forces realized they needed a more benevolent facade and were willing to cooperate.

The opposition felt that this might be the break they needed to obtain at least some reforms. A five-member junta was set up with two military and three civilian members, and twenty ministers were appointed to various governmental positions. Two of these ministers were Salvador Samayoa, professor of philosophy at Jesuit University appointed Minister of Education, and Enrique Alvarez Cordova, appointed Minister of Agriculture. These two men were the star ministers; their views were progressive, and their two responsibilities were in most need of reform.

In December 1979, it became clear that the reforms would not take place. These two ministers, Samayoa and Cordova, gave the armed forces an ultimatum: either the reforms would be allowed, or they would resign to emphasize their lack of confidence in the junta. The military did not accept, and on January 3, 1980, the ministers resigned. Both men joined the opposition group.

A second junta was formed. The Christian Democrat Party made an attempt to gain momentum. Duarte, a leading figure of the PDC, returned from exile to lead the new junta. Again it became clear to the PDC that peaceful, democratic efforts to obtain reform were useless. The Christian Democrat Party split when the Minister of the Poor, Mario Zamora, was assassinated, and a new party was formed, the Popular Social Christian Movement (MPSC). Most of the intellectuals, disgruntled by the lack of action, pulled out of the PDC, and joined with the MPSC. Without support, the second junta failed, and a third was established with Duarte again as president. The third junta is in control today.

Paulita Pike's story gives us insight into the events in El Salvador. Paulita moved to San Salvador from Spain with her young daughter in 1973. She taught at the Jesuit High School, which catered to the wealthy of San Salvador, and attended classes at Jesuit University. Of a middle-class family, her life was a comfortable one. In 1977, Bishop Oscar Romero established the Legal Aid Office in the Chancery at the Jesuit High School. Three lawyers and a small staff worked to provide legal aid to the poor people and documented the campesinos' testimonies of disappearances and murders.

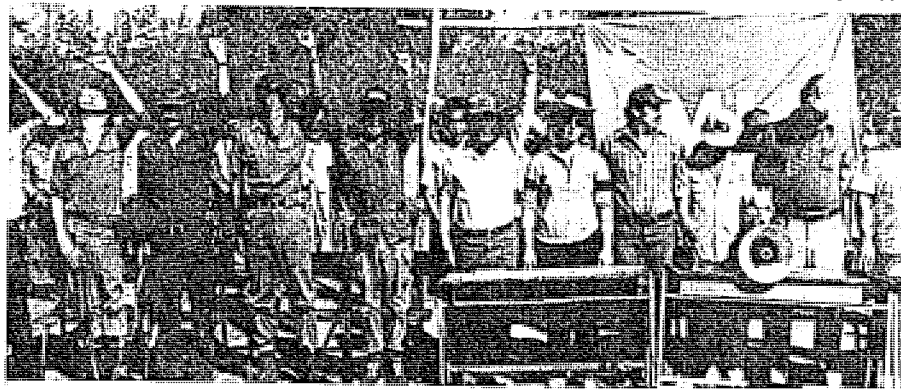
Paulita worked as a translator part time and aided foreign journalists that would come to the office for information. Her contact with the poor and the injustices they suffered convicted her. "Just hearing their stories, finding out what was going on made me aware of the situation in the country."



Voice of the Voiceless

Paulita knew Bishop Romero and admired his courage. "He lived in a very humble way. Many times he had campesinos living with him in his room, when they were fleeing from the guards."

The Legal Aid Office provided Bishop Romero with the facts that he used in the inspiring sermons he gave each Sunday at the cathedral, sermons that eventually cost him his life. While he was Bishop of San Salvador, religious persecution increased drastically. Priests, seminarians, catechists, and other church workers were killed. Church institutions such as schools, universities, monasteries, and convents were machine-gunned and searched illegally.



Underground leaders of El Salvador's Democratic Revolutionary Front pose during a meeting at a well-fortified guerrilla camp.

This blatant religious persecution affected Bishop Romero greatly. Paulita said, "Each death shattered him more, and each death convinced him more that the Church's role was to be by the side of the poor, to speak out for and defend them from the injustices of the social system under which they were living. The Christian commitment is to teach a peasant his life is of value to Someone, that his

children don't have to die of malnutrition, and he doesn't have to go out every weekend and spend the few cents he has for his family on moonshine. . . . The Church's focus is to elevate their human dignity, something they never had."

In three years, Bishop Romero became so identified with the poor and social reform that many said he was crazy, mentally unstable, a communist. However, the campesinos loved him dearly, calling him "the voice of those without voice." Bishop Romero was not a radical. In fact, the majority of liberal Catholics were disillusioned when he became bishop, because he had throughout his career adopted a conservative stance toward social justice. But as his priests were killed and as his legal aid office provided him with concrete evidence of the wanton slaughtering of his poor, he began to speak out.

Paulita quoted the archbishop as saying in response to his lawyers' warning not to speak so harshly, "I cannot keep quiet! How can I keep quiet when I see all these terrible things going on, when all this killing is going on against innocent people, people who just believe in a better life?"

Bishop Romero was assassinated on March 24, 1980, and his death deeply affected Paulita. "I felt as if a part of me were dying at the same time. But we had all expected it because he had become so outspoken, especially in his last sermon." Implicated is a retired Army major by the name of D'Abuissou as Ro-

mero's assassin. He has been directly linked to paramilitary death squads.

It was through this close contact with Bishop Romero and the Legal Aid Office of the Chancery that Paulita experienced for herself the plight of the campesinos of El Salvador. Most observers admit that the terrorism is perpetrated by the oligarchs and the groups favorable to the



Editors' Note: It was a very difficult decision for us to include these photos. Balancing sensationalism with the desire to show the truth, we came to the conclusion that it is important for the Notre Dame community to understand the magnitude of the violence in El Salvador. These photos graphically show the fruits of the military's labor. It is because we are outraged by these photos that we include them in this magazine. It is our hope that people will be more fully aware of the tremendous injustice that so many people must suffer in our world, and that perhaps more will seek ways to speak out against it.

Dan McGrath
Mark Bustamante

Ed Kelly
Chuck Wood



right. Eighty percent of the murders committed during 1980 were perpetrated by the National Army and the National Security Forces. The other twenty percent were carried out by paramilitary groups such as death squads, the Secret Anti-Communist Army, and ORDEN, all of which acted in collaboration with the official military forces.

One incident known as the Sumpul River Massacre occurred on May 14, 1980. El Salvadoran troops attacked the Salvadoran village of LaArada. Peasants had been crossing the borders to Honduras trying to flee the conditions in El Salvador. On May 14, Honduran army vehicles drove

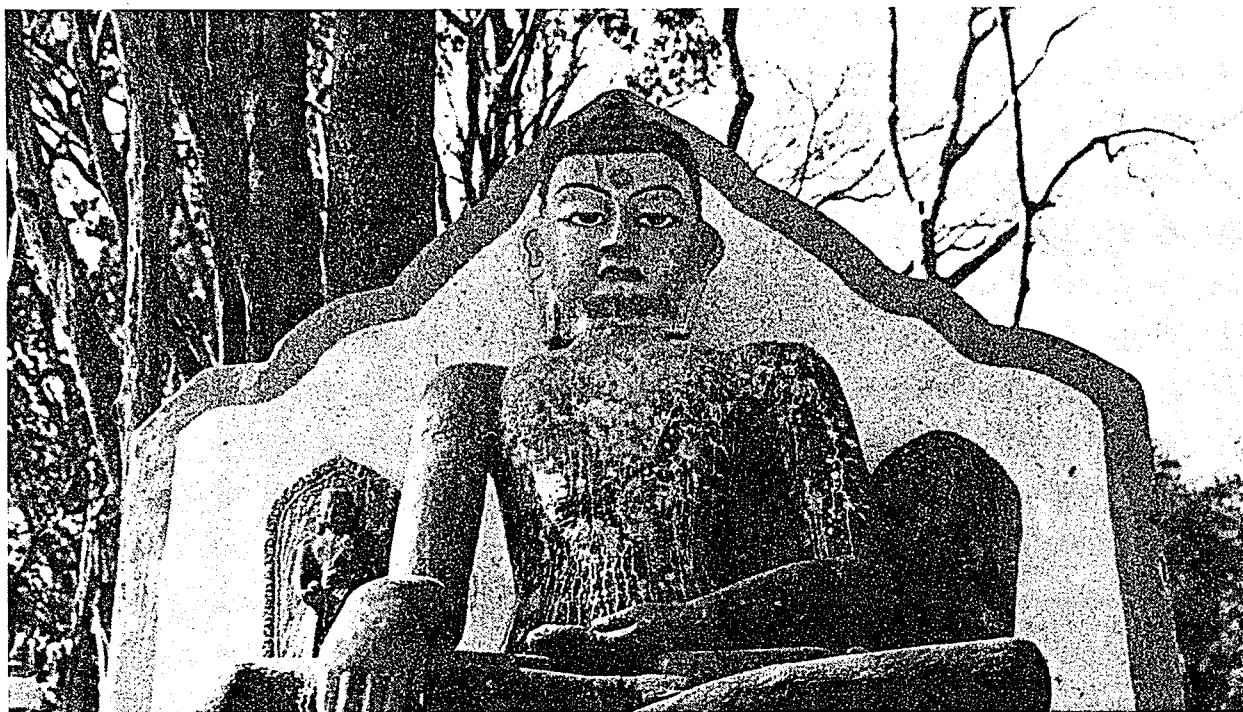
down to the border between Honduras and El Salvador. Megaphones shouted out prohibitions against crossing the border. The next day at about 7 am, the massacre began. The Salvadoran National Guard opened fire on the defenseless refugees. Women were raped and tortured before being shot. Infants were tossed into the air for target practice. Those that managed to cross the river were returned by Honduran soldiers to be executed by Salvadoran soldiers. At the end of the massacre, 600 bodies were left unburied to be eaten by dogs and vultures.

According to the Legal Aid Office,

high military commanders of Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador met several days before the massacre in the city of Ocotepeque, El Salvador. The evidence clearly shows that the massacre, known to the military as "Operation Sandwich," was premeditated by the three countries.

On July 9, 1980, one of the most outrageous of a series of atrocities occurred. Thirty-one members of the peasant family Mojica Santos were shot by members of the paramilitary

(cont'd on page 38)



The Hanging Valley

by Stephen Burkart

Step out off the screen porch:
it is different here in the dark.
A cold damp mist has come
and hugs close to its mother.
Across the street, lighted windows blur.
All the valley dogs bark
and confused cocks crow
to a clear, bright moon.
A solitary car passes, silent for once;
there would be no challenge to his horn now.

From no panorama
I know the few lights
are fewer than all the brick
shacks and hovels with
cow dung pies—winter fuel—
drying on their suntanned walls.
Timid homes dare not proclaim
so humble a being
to dark, nocturnal gods.

The hills loom
implicit in the black silk
over the crowded
simple terraced valley.
Further above, mountains float;
often clouds drifting by
stop and harden into pluming peaks:
shadows fall crisp and hard
on aseasnal snow.

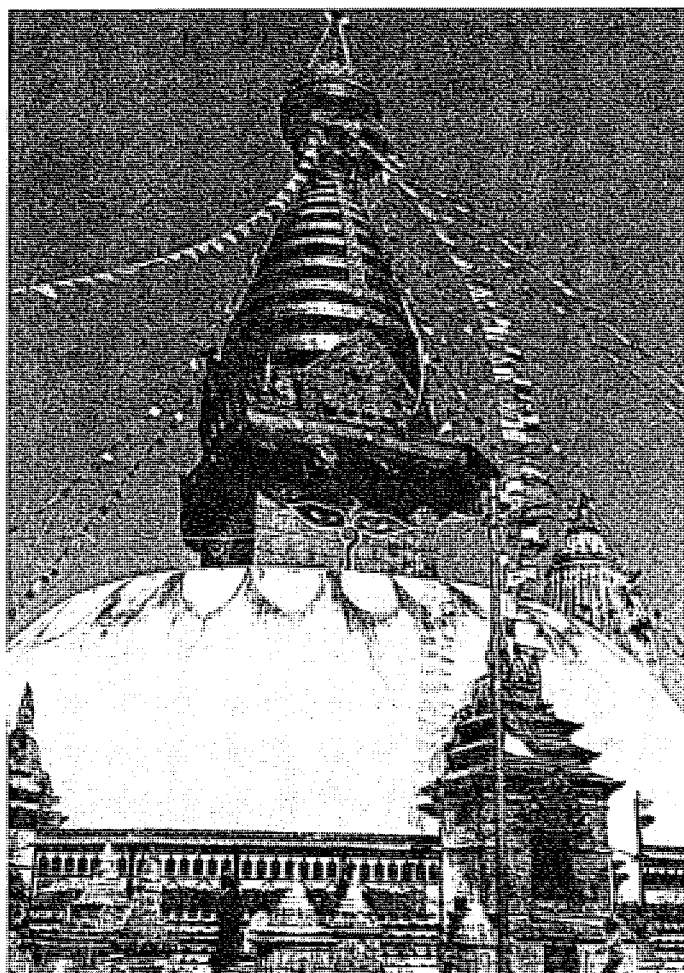


It is smalling to be so high
 breath comes short,
 and yet to see those ghosts hovering
 above hills away,
 indomitable in silent almost divine
 true and absolute height.

The days' street odors
 that seep, incensous
 from shop to temple
 and tourist to turista,
 mingle with the perfume
 of the cows' sacred dung
 and wasted street half-men,
 sore, begging children
 and the history told by
 dirt from too many
 slow, similar centuries
 all giving way at dusk
 with dampening confusion
 to dry wood smoke
 flowing undisturbed from lowly chimneys.



The red tikapowder
 drifts its way into temple cracks,
 sticks to foreheads
 and fingers, painting
 under golden roofs
 with slides for condescending gods;
 ancient, iron wood,
 carved in meditation
 for good fortune
 by insignificant, suffering moments,
 all locked into samsara,
 enviously eyeing, touching
 the benign and happy cows.
 The moments squat philosophically
 (as only they can—I tried)
 and smoke weeds and spit,
 work for survival alone,
 or merely watch
 while bony women
 with tree trunk skin
 glean fallen grain
 and coax another life
 from the lumpy grey earth
 with homemade hoe and
 tradition only. . . .



Nepal is a small sovereign kingdom (about the size of North Carolina) located in the Himalayas between India and China. The bulk of the country's contact with the Western world has been the result of tourism, mountaineering expeditions (especially to Mount Everest) and diplomacy. Most of the 13 million Nepalis live in the flatter and more fertile Kathmandu valley. It is a poor country — the per capita National Income is less than \$100 yearly, and the United Nations considers it to be the most underdeveloped nation in the world. The most popular religion is Hinduism, but it is difficult to tell where the Hinduism leaves off and the Buddhism begins. In any case, the general Nepali interpretation of Hinduism seems to leave them with little or no ambition except to leave samsara, the cycle of death and rebirth, which makes for a very interesting life-style in the meantime.



Stephen Burkart is a junior in Economics and French. His father has been Second Secretary in the U.S. Embassy in Kathmandu for three years.

Reaganomic Reform

Embracing The Quick Fix

by Mark Bustamante

In his State of the Union address, President Reagan reminded us of his fundamental commitment to renew economic America, and stressed that his program was quite unlike the "quick fixes of the past." His new method relies on balancing the budget and eliminating the federal deficit, which we are beginning to recognize as the true strangler of the American economy. His operating premise is one of slashing federal spending to quell the growth of the federal monster.

So far, so good—the economy is in trouble, the old solutions don't seem to be working. We *do* need to fundamentally renew our economy. But there seems to be a flaw in Reagan's method, and it begins to uncover itself when we consider whether or not the new plan really avoids the "quick fix."

Let us begin by examining the general strategy of the new budget proposal. It is characterized by across-the-board decreases—with the major exception of defense spending. Reagan has ruthlessly pursued waste and corruption, trying to force government agencies to serve only the true need by eliminating any possibility of surplus. At least that is what we assume. The Reagan logic behind these moves boils down to a question of survival. He has warned us that our present economic direction is not viable, that to survive, we must limit ourselves to the essentials. Building up an apparently insufficient military machine is one of those essentials; continued expansion of social programs is not. Taxes must also be cut to stimulate the private savings and investment that we are told is the foundation of a healthy America.

The stakes are high, and the arguments behind the new program are strong. Where is the flaw? Let us

consider two important areas affected by President Reagan's strategy which reflect the wisdom of the new economic reform.

* * *

The current administration's defense policy seems to be in direct conflict with the new survival program. There are several arguments we can consider in support of this contention. First, a political one. In the State of the Union address, President Reagan spoke of the commitment to "restore that margin of military safety that insures peace," to "rebuild our defenses" so that we can "negotiate from a position of strength," in order that the Soviets "take (military reduction) talks seriously." Now "margin of military safety" translates into "margin of military superiority" — which is plainly destabilizing and a threat to survival. The scenario is familiar: we build better guns to feel safe, a situation which threatens the Soviets, who therefore build better guns, which threatens our safe feeling, so that we build new better guns, and so on. The only outlet from this cycle is to reach a point in which the Soviets can no longer match our firepower potential, either through lagging technology or lagging economy. But once we reach this position of safety, why should we put ourselves through the trouble of arms reduction? We could insure our peace ideology with a force monopoly—a position we are trying to prevent the Soviets from assuming. Worse would be the possible Soviet reaction to our imminent realization of this margin of safety, a scenario known as the preventive strike.

Economic considerations generate a three-prong objection to the new

defense policy. First, we can consider the cost-effectiveness of our new generation weapons. The *Chicago Tribune* recently ran an excellent series of articles on this and related issues. They reported that the vast weight of evidence indicated the ultra-expensive miracle weapons on which we are depending fall far short of performance specifications. The world's fastest tank (American, of course) breaks down every forty miles. The world's most advanced fighter aircraft, the F-15, is shot down by simpler, cheaper aircraft almost as fast as it can shoot them down. The conclusion: our money is

An Historic Reverse

by Ed Kelly,
News Editor

It is not an unusual observation that the course of a nation's history should reveal certain patterns and attitudes about that nation's values. Just as the development of feudal Europe reflected the individual aspirations of its lords, and the Pax Romana emphasized the supremacy of law, so, it would seem, should a basic formula be emerging for the history of the United States. There is a danger here, of course, for oversimplification; however, it is a fair assessment of events in America since her accession to overseas imperialism (with President McKinley's decision to take over jurisdiction of the Philippines in 1848) that our country's politics have shown a steady advance in the depth of what may be called its domestic social conscience.

In 1982, however, this steady advance and growing preoccupation with the less fortunate have been brought to a screeching halt. Perhaps this halt has come as a result of fiscal necessity, just as political necessity gave rise to most of our state's sponsorship of social and edu-

not being wisely invested. In the aircraft example, cheaper, less glamorous weapons could provide twice the firepower at the same cost—or the same firepower for only half the cost.

The second prong of the economic objection lies in the government's business practice with the defense industry. The *Detroit Free Press* recently ran an interesting article that dealt with this topic. Their report: 80% of the defense contracts are awarded on a noncompetitive basis. *Eighty percent.* For a president whose entire policy revolves on the merit of free enterprise, a noncom-

petitive government-sponsored industry ought to be anathema. But instead of cutting waste by reducing funds as he does elsewhere, he dumps more money into the Pentagon. For a president who prides himself on eliminating waste and fraud in Medicaid and Medicare, the defense program ought to hold a gold mine of savings. Instead, he ignores it. The *Detroit Free Press* gave the example of an antitank shell whose cost was reduced 84% when it entered the competitive arena. And the example has been suggested by many

(cont'd on page 14)



Reagan: new twist or just trickle-down?

petitive programs in the first place. And perhaps it is not. In either case, it is certain that such a halt represents a major shift in what might be called the "national philosophy" of the United States.

The chronological origin of such a development could be located at the time of the Spanish-American War. The event appeared on the stage of American history at a critical juncture: it was recognized that the American frontier was closing. President McKinley's decision (after a lengthy speech-making campaign to determine the opinion of the American public) to occupy the Philippines and so place America on the road to overseas expansion reflected this realization. . . . The closure was soon acknowledged domestically as well, and from this time forward, government efforts at improving the lot of the people *inside* the United States, protecting their rights and advancing the equity of American society continued more or less steadily.

The advance began with a questioning of the validity of the convention of social Darwinism which was so popular near the turn of the century. It became increasingly evident that, as Henry George stated it:

The association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our times. It is the central fact from which spring industrial, social, and political difficulties that peoples the world and with which statesmanship and philanthropy and education grapple in vain. . . . It is the riddle which the sphinx of fate puts to our civilization, and which not to answer is to be destroyed. . . .

The question is indeed compelling, but it went beyond the eternal question of mere poverty and extended ever more urgently to the principle of *equity*.

The first responses to the challenge came, predictably, in the area where progress was most evident: big business. The early trust-busting campaigns of Teddy Roosevelt and the follow-up attempts by President Wilson in the years before World War I were designed to curtail the advantages of the monopoly capital—which were seen as not only counterproductive, but *unfair*. Answers more directly related to the social conscience of the nation were offered by the scathing revelations of the "muckrakers," who politically forced the passage of health and safety regulations over the objections of the industrial elite.

Sporadic but significant advances in social legislation continued in the years before the Great Depression: child labor laws, taxable income and more federal business regulations were topped off in 1922 by the grant of women's suffrage via the 19th amendment.

The next significant series of advances took place under the influence of the Great Depression. At a time when revenues in all sectors were down, F.D.R. nevertheless thought it imperative that social legislation be pushed to its constitutional limits. Where previous to his administration, government officials occasionally thought it morally and expediently advisable to protect Americans from unjust abuses, it has ever since been a fundamental tenet of United States government that such issues not be ignored. For example, while President Eisenhower's campaign rhetoric painted a reactionary picture, even he thought it wise to maintain this new philosophy of positive government involvement in the eradication of social ills. The National Defense Education Act of 1958, though typically couched in language of defense, is indicative of this continued involvement.

The America of the 1960s pro-

duced even more social legislation, headed by the Kennedy-Johnson bills. We insisted (through Supreme Court rulings and, for the first time, *federal* enforcement of lagging local governments) on national support for racial equity, increased aid to the unemployed, the elderly, the blind, and the sick, and reinforced the government's fundamental commitment to social welfare. In short, the philosophy underlying such a commitment to social issues has been formulated and developed over the course of nearly a hundred years, from the manifestation of political necessity to the sweeping embodiment of a national legislative philosophy, a philosophy dedicated to the advancement of human potential, and to the idea that a society can be a model of human opportunity.

But the old order changeth. In 1982, that philosophy of government interest in human potential is being challenged. And the defense of such a seemingly inadmissible change is, unfortunately, exactly the one defense which could justify it: survival. The new administration is using economic survival as vindication for a momentous historical reverse—a reverse which calls into question every step the sociopolitical advance has taken. Antitrust laws are loosening: legal protection of racial equality is slipping (the President believes the court-accepted withholding of federal funds because of segregation "*has no basis in law*"); the old theories of laissez-faire and the benefit of the poor via the enrichment of the upper class are returning (as Stockman said, "supply side is trickle-down"); and the "new federalism" is the rule of the day. If survival mandates such a course, and true progress makes poverty necessary, then so be it. The question for us though, the riddle of the Sphinx of Fate in the 1980s, is: does it really?

congressmen and defense analysts to be a realistic model of savings for many weapons systems. Apply that savings to the \$216 billion defense budget! Even half that success would clear the federal deficit. . . .

The third prong of the economic objection deals with the nature of defense spending itself. It is essentially nonproductive. Although investment in military hardware creates some jobs, it does *not* generate wealth. Tanks and missiles aren't used for anything—except destruction, of course. Further, the defense department's contribution to the federal deficit siphons available money out of the private sector, driving up interest rates and leaving less for investment and economic growth. The increasing number of defense contracts awarded to foreign corporations is also transferring wealth and jobs outside the country.

Social repercussions generate a third argument against the new defense spending policy. Money targeted for defense is not spent for people who need assistance. In effect, the current administration is transferring money from social programs and pouring it into the glutted defense budget. Now elderly, blind, and disabled people were never noted for their propensity to riot in protest of their progressive dehumanization. But the nearly 700,000 unemployed workers in Detroit alone are a group with a far greater potential for mobilization.

We can see then that President Reagan's defense policy is antithetical to his economic reform efforts and clearly opposed to the drive for survival. Politically, economically, and socially, the defense policy is undermining our efforts to rebuild America. One of the largest areas of the national budget has been left outside the needed reform. But within the walls of the economic renewal are problems as well.

President Reagan has pledged to avoid the quick fix, but it is apparent that he has wiped out the foundation for long-term renewal. The evidence for this final embrace of the quick fix lies in the treatment of the vital areas of education and research funding. Perhaps a lesson from familiar history will be instructive. Recently, a General Motors executive commented privately about the difficulty the corporation was experiencing in launching an industrial complex in mainland China. The trouble lay in finding enough people with the education to understand and coordinate an industrial operation. Today, a whole generation of

Chinese are without the needed education because of an event known as the Cultural Revolution. For ten years, the Chinese government virtually stopped all higher education. All schools were shut down. The teachers were sent to work in the fields. No one was taught to think. And now China is nearly paralyzed by a thought deficit; economic development must wait until a generation is educated.

The lesson applies today, and the parallel is not that distant. The president's efforts to cut education funding is myopically creating a future less able to generate the new goods and services vital to a healthy economy. Resolving today's problems by destroying the long-range gain is by definition the quick fix Mr. Reagan has so studiously avoided.

The slash of research and development subsidies is in the same vein, and just as deadly. Cutting research funds increases profit today, but closes the door on new opportunities tomorrow. This is a lesson that ought to have been well-learned in this country. The examples of this sort of shortsightedness are all around. Consider the steel industry: for years it fed contentedly on past discoveries, but woke one day to find it was left behind, no longer able to sell steel competitively. Foreign producers had invested in the research that led to better, cheaper steel, and were able to meet the growing steel needs.

Again we see Mr. Reagan's efforts destroying the long-range hope. Again we are left with the quick fix.

But the tragedy of this flawed economic reform extends beyond the failure to truly revitalize America. The tragedy lies in the injustice that is being done for the sake of our survival program. Social programs are being slashed, and the people on the bottom are being pushed further down. These people do *need* help. The poor will not just go away by eliminating the lines they stand in. And it's not the fault of the unemployed that there are no jobs to be had. These people, without power and with little hope, are being forced to bear the burden of our misguided economic reform.

The new tax laws are the flip side of this coin the president now rubs so greedily between his fingers. The *Concise Explanation of the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981* proclaims in boldface: "BIG INCOMES BENEFIT EARLY." The reason: the previous graduated tax range of 14% to 70% has been reduced to 11% to 50%. The lowest

tax bracket has a 3% savings: the highest, 20%. What is happening? The rich are hoisting themselves up at the expense of the poor. David Stockman kindly led us to this conclusion when he gave us the bottom line on President Reagan's economic philosophy. His logic, if I may paraphrase, was something like this:

"Trickle-down" is a crock.

"Supply side" really is trickle down.

Therefore, supply side really is a crock.

This widening of the rich/poor gap is inexcusable. If the issue was one of survival, and if the president's policy would save us, across-the-board sacrifice would be in order. But the sacrifice is not being evenly distributed, and the present policy won't save us. But if the president's policy will not work, what will?

Reversing President Reagan's economic policy would provide a truer solution. The defense budget ought to be gutted so that waste and corruption are rooted out, while truly needed services are maintained. Education and research ought to be invested with the defense savings in order to generate a whole new era of growth and development. Social programs should be maintained until the new economy can offer opportunity to people. A selective tax program ought to tap the resources of the rich to provide the needed social funds. Where would this lead us? To an unheralded advance in human opportunity—generated by a fundamental renewal of America. □



Mark Bustamante, senior theology major and copy editor of *Scholastic*, is pleased that Chuck Wood can no longer hound him for a contribution to the magazine. Chuck Wood, senior economics major and editor-in-chief, is pleased too.

Tibet (cont'd from page 5)

Before liberation Tibet was a hell on earth, where the labouring people suffered for centuries under the darkest and most *reactionary* feudal serfdom. (italics mine) . . . Such savage feudal serfdom obstructed the development of social productive forces so that Tibet steadily declined politically, economically and culturally and its population dwindled. On top of all this, a century of aggression and enslavement in Tibet by imperialist forces plunged the Tibetan people into an abyss of dire misery.

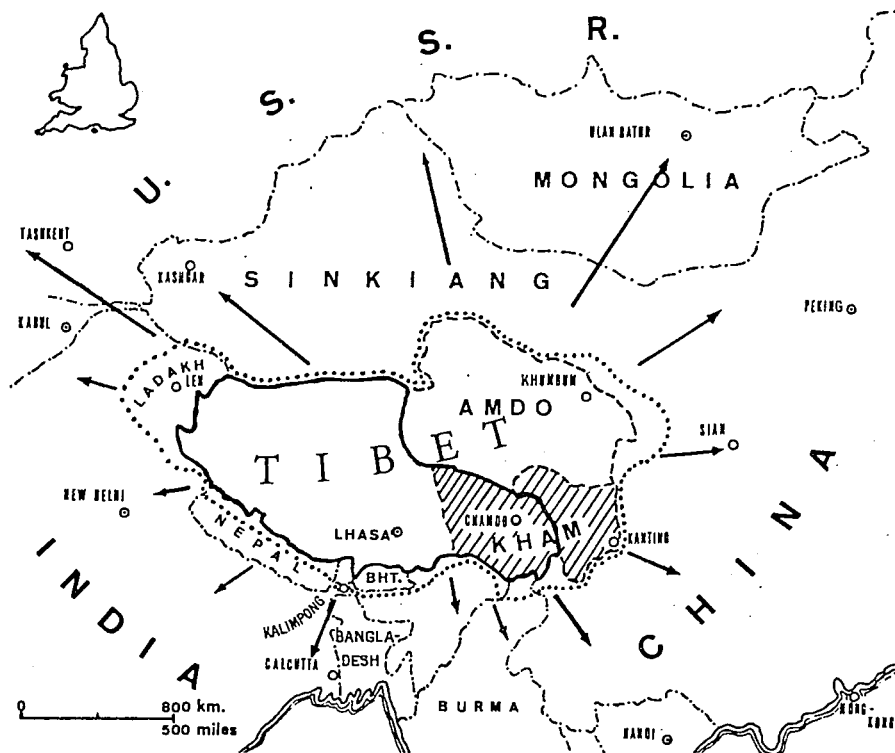
In 1951 Tibet was liberated, and imperialist aggressive forces were driven out.

There are two circumstances which render the Chinese rationale highly questionable. First, numerous ulterior, and less idealistic, motives can be pointed out; secondly, this "liberation" was followed by cultural genocide.

The Dalai Lama points out three ways in which Communist China has benefited from the invasion. His analysis is reinforced by Karan in *The Changing Face of Tibet*. First, the large territory of Tibet combined with the relatively small population suggested an inviting opportunity for expansion, easing the high density of China's enormous population. Secondly, as China moved toward becoming an industrial nation and military power, Tibet's rich mineral deposits became an important resource. Thirdly, the geographical nature of Tibet makes it an almost impregnable fortress from which China could base the military domination over South Asia. Karan adds to these a fourth explanation: Chinese perception of the space surrounding their homeland. With China proper as the center, the value placed upon surrounding territory increases as it approaches this center.

Since Tibet lies in this area it is thus regarded an inseparable part of China which must be integrated into the national territory. Conceptually the territorial border conflicts between China and the Soviet Union and between China and India can also be explained . . . by this perception.

In the Communist pamphlet, China claims that the invasion was necessary to save Tibet's dwindling culture and population. Ironically, a decade later, the International Commission of Jurists came to the fol-



.... Limits of ethnic, linguistic, and cultural Tibet in 1970 and of political Tibet until 1850.

--- Boundaries of Greater Tibet, 1914.

— Tibet of Dalai Lama, 1950.

lowing conclusion in their report, *Tibet and the Chinese People's Republic*:

(a) that the Chinese will not permit adherence to and practice of Buddhism in Tibet;

(b) that they have systematically set out to eradicate this religious belief in Tibet;

(c) that in pursuit of this design they have killed religious figures because their religious belief and practice was an encouragement and example to others;

(d) that they have forcibly transferred large numbers of Tibetan children to a Chinese materialist environment in order to prevent them from having a religious upbringing.

The Committee therefore found that genocide had been committed against this religious group by such methods.

As for the dwindling population, Tibet was a nation which scarcely knew famine—at least no one alive in the city of Lhasa could remember one. However, when the People's Liberation Army came to Tibet, they, predictably, brought very few provisions with them. Suddenly the subsistence economy of the Tibetans was expected to feed thousands of Chinese soldiers. This placed a burden upon the bewildered Tibetans not un-

like the hardship the American Indians faced when U.S. buffalo hunters wiped out their herds.

The cultural destruction was not limited to murdered monks, induced famine, and economic chaos, but also extended to the artistic heritage of the Tibetan theocracy. In the past 30 years Chinese soldiers have destroyed all but ten of the approximately 2500 ancient monasteries. . . .

According to the *New York Times* magazine,

In 1976, after the downfall of China's radicals, called the "Gang of Four," the Peking Government admitted to violating its stated policy of respecting religious beliefs and cultural heritage in Tibet. A new policy of moderation began. The move was also designed to gain popular support for social stability and moderation.

After the Chinese takeover, the Dalai Lama remained in Tibet until 1959 and attempted to coexist with the Chinese; however, the communists seized more and more control, continuously undermining his authority, until he was finally forced into exile in March, 1959. The Dalai Lama was granted asylum by Nehru in India, where he was followed by thousands of Tibetan refugees. Since his departure he has toured both

(cont'd on page 36)

An Issue With Nestle:

The Notre Dame Boycott

by George McAleer and Francis D'Eramo

In the campus elections in the spring of 1979, the students of Notre Dame voted to join in an international boycott of the products of Nestle Inc., and its subsidiaries. The University administration, in turn, agreed to abide by the decision of the student body, and to discontinue the use or sale of Nestle products in any of the University-operated food services. The boycott referendum itself had been sponsored on campus by the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's World Hunger Coalition, an organization of students who raise funds for charitable purposes and sponsor events designed to increase awareness of the problem of hunger. The boycott has been in effect at Notre Dame since that vote. This year, on March 2, the issue comes once again to a vote of the student body. The question at hand is whether or not to continue University participation in the boycott; once again, the World Hunger Coalition advocates the boycott's renewal. This is by no means a light decision, and there are a number of issues which bear examination in relation to it.

Essentially, the reason that Nestle Inc., has been targeted for boycott is because of its marketing practices in the sale of breast-milk substitute infant formula in the developing nations of the Third World. The sale of infant formula in the developing nations has had an incredibly devastating effect on the already precarious standard of living which exists there. UNICEF and the United States House of Representatives estimate that the use of infant formula in the developing nations accounts for up to one million deaths per year. Consider that number for a moment: *one million deaths per year*. And this estimate, is considered by many to be very conservative. The question that this statistic raises is just how infant formula causes so many deaths. There are a number of reasons, as well as a number of other negative effects

whose contributions are more indirectly lethal.

First, although infant formulas are not inherently harmful in themselves, they do not contain the natural immunities which are transmitted from mother to child during breastfeeding. These immunities are critical in protecting an infant from infection during the early stages of life. The Director General of the World Health Organization has stated that children who are not breastfed during the first six months of their lives are five to ten times more likely to die in their second six months.

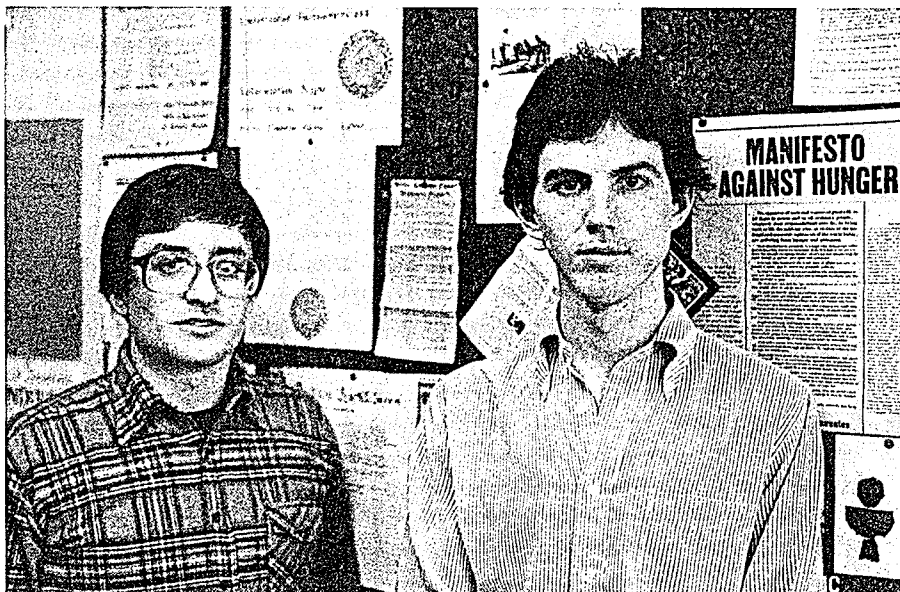
Second, in the developing countries there is very often inadequate hygiene to insure the safe preparation and storage of infant formula. The powdered formula is often mixed with contaminated water, bottles are not sterilized, and there are no facilities to prevent spoilage of formula which is not used immediately. Of course, the hygiene problems do not disappear, but a breastfed infant need not consume as much of the contaminated water as a bottle-fed infant until he is older and better

able to tolerate it.

Third, many mothers in the developing nations cannot read the instructions for the preparation of the formula. In addition, the cost of bottle-feeding a single infant can run as high as 62.4% of the minimum weekly wage of some of the developing nations. This almost inevitably drives lower-income mothers to dilute the formula in order to prolong the supply. These mothers are unaware that diluted formula can lead to malnutrition and death from diarrhea-induced dehydration. Also, mothers who do not breastfeed can conceive again more rapidly than mothers who do, causing more frequent pregnancies and aggravating the existing problems.

What is amazing about this situation is that it is all so very unnecessary. The sale of infant formula in developing nations is not in response to an existing need, since the World Health Organization estimates that only 1-3% of the mothers are physically incapable of breastfeeding. Rather, the market for infant formula in the developing nations was created by the manufacturers to increase their sales. To do so, they employed a large array of marketing techniques.

By far the largest share of the infant formula market in the developing nations belongs to Nestle Inc. Nestle has promoted its products intensely via radio, television, newspapers, billboards, posters in medical clinics, and through less conventional methods such as trucks equipped with loudspeakers. Nestle claims to have stopped all mass-media advertising in 1978, but violation of this pledge occurs continuously. Nestle also employs so-called



Francis D'Eramo and George McAleer

mothercraft personnel, or "milk nurses." These are no more than sales agents recruited often from the already insufficient numbers of health-care professionals in the developing nations. The "milk nurses" often dress in nursing uniforms which create an improper impression of their status. They promote infant formula and give instructions for its use which are often meaningless in the absence of proper facilities and hygiene.

Perhaps the most effective and least ethical method of promoting infant formula in the developing nations is the use of free samples given to hospitals and to the parents of the newborn. In a typical scenario, a mother who delivers a child in a hospital will be given a free sample of the infant formula and instructed in its use. If she employs the sample, it may last long enough so that by the time it is gone, the normal lactation process has been disrupted and the mother may no longer be capable of producing sufficient milk to feed her child. She is therefore forced to continue the use of the infant formula, which she now must buy. This promotional practice certainly speaks for itself. Should there be any doubt, Dr. Carl Taylor, Chairman of the Department of International Health at Johns Hopkins University, wrote a letter to the *Baltimore Sun* that the distribution of free samples in this manner is, "... a process analogous to a drug pusher."

Also, Nestle has employed financial and material inducements to members of the health-care profession in the developing nations, such as gifts and expense-paid "educational" trips. What has come to exist then is the combination of a product whose improper use presents a tremendous potential for harm, and an intense promotion by unethical means. Ethical advertising can be of great assistance to a well-informed consumer, but the type of advertising which Nestle employs is no more than a means of exploitation.

The infant formula situation in the developing nations is so severe that it certainly could not continue unnoticed. In May, 1981, the World Health Organization, a branch of the United Nations, passed a Uniform Infant Formula Code which calls for an end to the unethical marketing practices of the infant formula manufacturers. The Code was passed by a vote of 118 to 1, with three abstentions. The lone dissenting vote was cast by the representative of the United States, who claimed that the provisions of the Code could not be

constitutionally implemented in the United States. However, the Justice Department quickly pointed out that the Code relied on voluntary compliance and was in fact a set of flexible guidelines that could be implemented in a variety of ways. Because of this, the Justice Department stated that *the Code was indeed constitutional*. Further response was forthcoming. Congress passed two resolutions, the Senate expressing "concern" and the House "dismay" at the negative vote of the U.S. representative. The joint resolution "... urges the administration to notify promptly the World Health Organization that the govern-

PRODUCTS OF NESTLE AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES

Nestle Chocolate
Nestle Cookie Mixes
Toll House Chocolate Chips
Nescafe
Taster's Choice
DeCaf
Cain's Coffees
Sunrise Coffee
Pero Coffee Substitute
Nestea
QUIK
Souptime
L'Oreal Cosmetics
Stouffer's Frozen Foods
Stouffer Restaurants/Hotels
Rusty Scupper Restaurants
Libby's
Beechnut Baby Food
Los Hermanos Wines
Beringer Bros. Wines
Crosse & Blackwell Wines
Deer Park Mtn. Spring Water
Montclair Water
Chambourcy Yogurt
Wispride Cheese
Swiss Knight Cheese
Old Fort Cheese
Cherry Hill Cheese
Rogers Cheese
Locatelli Cheese
Crosse and Blackwell
McVities
James Keller & Sons, Ltd.
Lancome Cosmetics
Alcon Pharmaceuticals
Ionax Skin Care Products
Contique Lens Cleaner

ment of the United States will cooperate fully with other nations in the implementation of the code."

That implementation has to some extent begun. In September 1981, the Parliament of the European Economic Communities proposed a code following the guidelines of the World Health Organization. But implementation in the developing nations, where the problem is most severe, has been slow in coming. In part, this may be due to what section 26

of the European Code states, "The governments of the developing countries, where the impact of breastmilk substitutes is most serious, all undoubtedly come under heavy pressure from the manufacturers to delay implementation of the code or dilute its provisions."

Another kind of response to the infant formula situation is one which is open to everyone, and which has been in effect at Notre Dame since 1979. This response is participation in a boycott of Nestle products. The boycott was initiated worldwide in 1977 by an organization of concerned people who formed the Infant Formula Action Coalition (INFAC). In the United States alone, this boycott has grown to such proportions that it is now the largest nonunion-generated boycott in U.S. history. The boycott itself is valuable because it has historical precedent, ethical significance, and practical effectiveness.

Historically, boycotts in the United States date back at least the beginning of the American Revolution. The Boston Tea Party grew out of a Colonial boycott of British goods taxed by the Stamp Act, goods such as the tea of the British East India Company. Boycotts by no means oppose the free enterprise system. Free enterprise, in its best form, is a partnership between producers, distributors, and consumers. Each time a well-informed consumer makes a purchase, he makes a choice between competing products based on such factors as quality and price. It is equally legitimate to make such a choice on ethical grounds such as the marketing practices of the producer or distributor. This kind of choice is an exercise of the most fundamental economic freedom.

Practically, the boycott has forced Nestle to take notice of the considerable weight of public opinion. Nestle has responded in some ways, such as decreasing mass-media advertising while claiming to have halted it entirely. *Business Weekly* has reported that Nestle's profits have been sagging, in part because of the worldwide boycott. But results come slowly, and only after much effort. Yet the results are mounting.

The aim of the World Hunger Coalition in advocating the continuance of the Nestle boycott is not to punish Nestle, or to exact economic retribution. No amount of lost sales or decreased profits can atone for the millions of lives which have already been lost. The aim of the boycott is to use economic clout to save the

(cont'd on page 37)

On The Road Again

by Dan Keusal

Notre Dame is a place rooted in tradition. From this sense of tradition stories come. Everyone has his favorite. For some it is a tale of sports lore like those of Rockne. For others it is the method or madness of a particular professor — Emil's obsession with the number seven comes to mind. My favorite one that is still in the making: the busses chartered by the various geographical clubs to take students to and from home at break time.

My particular experience is with the Washington, D.C. club, but I think the stories I have to tell have counterparts elsewhere. Those of you who don't travel on these busses, feel free to laugh at these stories. Those of you who do, try to laugh (as opposed to scream or cry) with me.

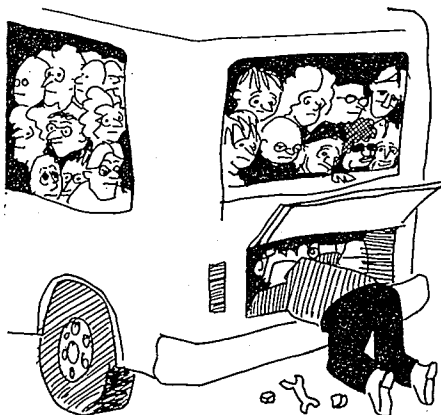
Scene one is the bus station, in my case a Greyhound terminal on New York and 11th streets in N.E. Washington. The bus station is where we sit on our pile of luggage eagerly waiting for the P.A. announcer's words, "Now boarding platforms C and E, special charter for Notre Dame University." Some day, one of us will take the trouble to tell him that we are from the University of Notre Dame and not Notre Dame University.

After finding someway to stuff our four pieces of luggage into the bus's luggage compartment, we sit and wait for the two or three people who always come a half hour late. I'm never sure whether to be angry at or feel sorry for them when they finally board the bus, their faces red and confused.

Our first stop is a town called Breezewood, Pennsylvania, which is about two hours out of Washington. The only part of town any of us get to see is a strip about a quarter of a mile long marked by a McDonald's on one end and the "Homestead Restaurant" on the other. But this stop is the most eagerly awaited because it is our last chance for anything but turnpike food. Once we leave Breezewood we enter the land of two-dollar hamburgers, onion rings that were made fresh last week, and fifty-cent vending machine soft drinks.

The trip itself poses the challenge of entertaining ourselves for twelve hours. Maureen O'Reilly reviews for the upcoming double-Emil and after one page begins to wonder if twelve hours will be enough time. Carl Frushon tries his hand at Mattel's latest electronic football fame. Chris Fasano sits behind him planning how to sabotage the game as he tries to read a novel. Paul Kucera, also annoyed by the game's six different kinds of electronic noises, heads for the other end of the bus in search of conversation. That he has to stand or sit on an aisle seat armrest seems a small price to pay for peace and some company.

An unidentified student wearing a "Buckeye" cap has the toughest challenge of all: he sits by the win-



dow and tries to find something scenic about the Ohio turnpike. At the front of the bus is our esteemed vice-president Bill Bastedo. The rhythmic tremors coming from his seat tell all who approach that he is hard at work on another chapter of his latest book, *The History of Competitive Sleeping*.

The mood of the students shifts as we progress from Washington to South Bend. At the beginning of the trip, it is fashionable to grumble about how little work was done over break and how much one dreads going back to school. Few people seem excited about the prospect of a twelve-hour trip that will take them to a place where massive amounts of work await them. But as those hours begin to pass, people begin

to yearn for the relative comfort and security of their dorm rooms. Even dining hall food doesn't seem such a bad prospect. When the Golden Dome is finally sighted, there are few who are not happy to see it (a moral victory for sadistic seat designers everywhere).

However, all of the above seems almost routine when compared with the times when something goes wrong. There was, for example, the time our bus broke down twice in one trip, first on the toll road, where we were saved by a Greyhound mechanic who happened to drive by, and then again at a terminal outside of Cleveland where we were forced to change busses. Slowly, the twelve-hour trip became a seventeen-hour trip. Only the very gifted were able to amuse themselves for three hours in a turnpike Howard Johnson's.

The trips from South Bend to Washington have also had their share of mishaps. Last October we had two busses, one of which was scheduled to leave an hour and a half after the other. When the earlier one got to Saint Mary's with nine empty seats and ten passengers waiting, one student already on the bus cheerfully volunteered to go back to N.D. and wait for the next bus. Seven hours later, with the first bus nearing the Pennsylvania border, she and forty-four others were still waiting at the library circle when Greyhound finally re-routed a bus from Minneapolis to get them.

This Christmas, we all gained a sense of what Dorothy felt like when she arrived at Emerald City: when we arrived at the bus station we were told that the yellow brick turnpikes were closed and that we should come back tomorrow.

The persons to pity in the midst of all the misfortune are the club leaders. They are the easy target for blame, though they may be innocent of anything except being a part of the adventure. Take heart, club leaders, for the grumbling that comes from within your ranks is also part of that tradition in the making, a tradition that I believe we will all be glad to say we were a part of.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE POPSICLE

by Sue Kelleher

For most of us, frigid South Bend winters conjure up wistful recollections of summers past: lazily lolling beside amethyst oceans, romantic rendezvous under starry skies and . . . peddling popsicles in Paterson. Paterson, New Jersey, to be exact. Unromantic as it may sound, I found this activity to be a truly enlightening, if not life-threatening experience.

It began last May with a frantic search for a summer job. One evening I anxiously combed the classifieds as my father sat mesmerized by the ramblings of the six o'clock news.

"Here we go," I said. "Full-time waitress needed for Hoboken diner. Oh, forget it. Spanish necessary."

My father said nothing and remained transfixed to the tube.

"Here's one," I said. "Make \$300 to \$400 per week. 'The Meat Locker Inn' in Times Square needs go-go dancers. Topless only. We will train."

I turned to my father. "Well, the money's great, and who said every job you ever had has to go on a resume?"

"Here's the job," I said. "Up to \$500 per week. Sell Good Humour ice cream. Must have driver's license."

Much to my father's delight (and my mother's dismay) the next day I interviewed with the Pied Piper Ice Cream Company. The owner, Nathaniel Chernichaw, was a sarcastic but streetwise individual. Nate called Newark, N.J., his home, but Israel was written all over his face. He read my application aloud.

"Hmmm . . . family of six . . . Notre Dame . . . Catholic, huh?"

Brilliant deduction, Nate. I nodded.

"What's your major?" he quipped, "Home Economics?"

"Of course not," I snapped lying through my teeth. "My major is aerospace engineering."

"It's a tough job," he said. "Long hours, no social life . . . and you gotta work, rain or shine. Think you can handle it?"

"Of course," I said defiantly.

"O.K., you got the job. Be here tomorrow morning at 11 sharp and we'll load up your truck."

I arrived for work the next day at 11 a.m. Expecting my co-workers to

be fresh-faced co-eds like myself was naive at best. Out of 30 drivers, I was one of five females. Out of the other four, three can best be described as "has-been" paramours." The fourth was, to be tactful, the epitome of androgyny.

"Panderers and pushers" aptly describes my male co-workers. Panderers peddling popsicles, you ask? My explanation is, given that summer is a hot season, it is a slow one for panderers peddling paramours. Since panderers have to eat like the rest of us, in the summer they peddle popsicles, which is potentially more profitable than peddling paramours . . . for three months of the year, anyway. And as for the pushers, the sad truth is that New Jersey has corrupted the innocent ice-cream truck. Hence, pushers profit from peddling not only popsicles, but pot and pills as well.

Nate assigned me to a 1967 truck with very loose steering that lurched violently when shifted from drive to reverse. After reciting detailed instructions to a duck pond in a far-off suburb, he bade me farewell.

Maneuvering my truck and trying to recall Nate's detailed instructions proved too difficult so I decided to sell right where I was, in Paterson. Turning down a side street I rang my bells and was deluged by a flood of chicas and chicos. Though they chattered away in their native tongue and I in mine, the language of the popsicle is a universal one—and I sold a great many of them.

Heady with success and feeling slightly brave, I drove to a park in Paterson. When I pulled into the parking lot, the picnickers, of various ethnic origins, regarded me curiously. Apparently, I did not fit their notion of a popsicle peddler. One gentleman was especially curious. He nudged his friend then turned to me.

"Whatta you sell besida popsicle?" he asked with a smirk.

I rattled off my wares. "Let's see, today I've got cherry bombs, ice cream sandwiches, chocolate eclairs, blueberry ices . . ."

"No, no, lady," he said, lecherously raising his eyebrows. "What else?"

Noting that I was the only Cau-



casian for miles I felt vaguely uncomfortable, but was soon too busy selling popsicles to feel threatened. By the end of the day, I had made \$50 for only nine hours of work.

The next day, when Nate discovered I had sold in Paterson, he was furious. "It's too dangerous," he said. He gave me a permanent route . . . my own hometown, even though ice-cream trucks are illegal there. Nate's reasoning: "If the cops stop you, tell them you live there, and they won't bug you. If they do, send them to me."

I carefully combed every street of my town. One would think that peddling popsicles in an area whose per household income is \$58,000 would be quite lucrative, but just the opposite is true. Those born with a silver spoon, as the saying goes, don't eat popsicles. I sold all of three that day.

I returned to the depot that night and asked Nate for a better route.

"Sorry, hon," he said. "I haven't got another one."

"Then I'm quitting," I said.

"What?!"

"Nate, you can't sell Good Humour to a Haagen-Daz clientele. I'll sell in Paterson if you give me a translator."

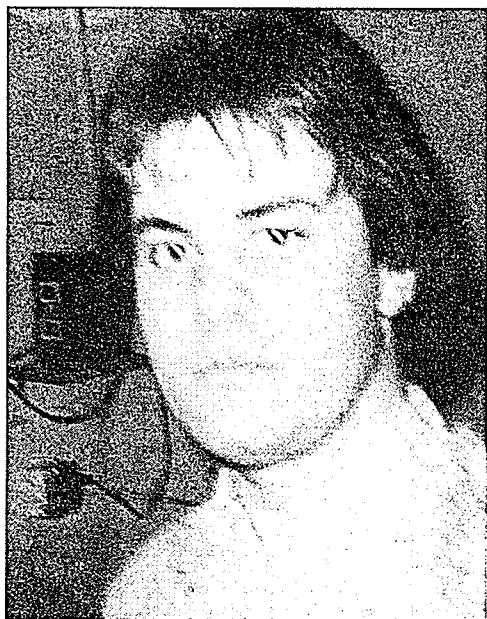
"You're out of your mind," he said. "Go back to school."

Such is the stuff of small minds . . . and of summer employment. The moral of the story is this: Provided you're not a panderer, paramour or Padre, preclude peddling popsicles in Paterson.

Sue Kelleher, a Senior American Studies major, is from Franklin Lakes, N.J. She tried out three other jobs after the popsicles fell through and ended up . . . back in Paterson, working at an accounting firm.

Gallery

Focus on P Robert



Bob is a second-year graduate student. He will graduate in May with a M.F.A. in Photography.

Making a good photograph is a matter of keying one's feelings to a situation in order to make a coherent image. My photographs are subjective and personal—they're intended to be accessible, to relate to peoples' lives, and to communicate my feelings about the world and what happens in it. I'd like to feel that my photographs can be of some use to add insight to human experience and to broaden our perspectives.

People, their well-being and their survival are the crux of what is important to me and my work.



Photography

Wade



Poles Apart---

General Huyser and Archbishop Hunthausen Speak Out

by Beth Domnick

Nuclear weaponry and the possibility of nuclear warfare are rapidly becoming topics for much concern and debate. The present administration is pushing to increase defense spending to bridge the nuclear imbalance between the United States and the Soviet Union. The prevailing attitude is that "only by deploying such weapons can the United States persuade the Soviets that it is prepared to fight and win a limited nuclear war — and this will deter the Soviets from pushing the button first" (*Newsweek*, Oct. 5, 1981). The acceptance of the limited war theory is relatively young, beginning in the mid-70's when a strategy known as "Mutual Assured Destruction" (MAD) began losing credibility among government officials as a viable means to deterrence. MAD is the theory that if the Soviets launched a nuclear attack on an American city, the U.S. would instantly retaliate, and that such a city-by-city incineration would prevent either side from "pushing the button."

Presently, however, limited war ideas are flourishing — based on "counterforce" attack strategies (attacks aimed at military bases rather than at cities). Yet, there are numerous other possible strategies and scenarios that could be developed.

Many people do not accept the concept of a limited nuclear war, however. To them it is a contradiction of terms. They argue that with the present nuclear weaponry potential to destroy the world 10-20 times over, a nuclear war could not be contained. Moreover, in this overkill situation, many people ask why we continue to spend more money for further arms buildup while millions of people are starving and homeless. Also, the idea of nuclear weapons getting into the hands of terrorists is a frightening one.

Recently, at Notre Dame, guest

speakers have addressed the critical issues of our national security, defense, and nuclear arms proliferation. U.S. General Robert E. Huyser and Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen were among these guests.

General Robert E. Huyser, Defense Advisor to the last five Presidents, spoke to Notre Dame students on American Foreign Policy in the 1980's and specifically on the Reagan Administration Defense Policies.

Labeling the 1980's as a "Decade of Crisis," General Huyser claimed that American society is bouncing back from the post-Vietnam War slump of the 1970's. He cited rises in crime, abortion, divorce and murder as largely due to the disgrace America suffered in Vietnam. Huyser said that the disintegration of America's internal affairs during the last decade is because "We didn't fulfill our responsibilities there. We didn't end (the war) in a proper form." However, he sees America moving away from that decay in the 1980's.

"A strong defense is useless without a strong society." Throughout history America has expressed an "honorable intent to maintain our democracy and those of others." Yet, he claimed that "If we continue on the trends we've been on, we're headed for disaster." Huyser focused on the theory of a bipolar world: the United States and the Soviet Union.

Huyser also pointed out that throughout history, national strength has been based on dominance. The Soviet Union has a history of communist aggression which can only be controlled by an equal, if not superior, U.S. defense policy.

Soviet history, he says is clearly one of expansionism. Within the last two decades alone, the number of nations under communist influence has risen from nineteen to forty-two.

The Soviet nation is atheistic; religion is considered, as Marx taught, the "opiate of the people," and an interference to the one true faith, that of the *nation*. Religious commitment has been oppressed and outlawed. The individual who identifies himself with a religion has virtually no chance of rising in his career or in society. Social change in Russia has been achieved largely by force. Huyser pointed out that "With a Russian takeover, we not only lose our liberty, we lose our souls."

Huyser claims that America must be the leader of the Western world and express her strategy in a simple statement: "We will have no major conflicts" (meaning strategic nuclear war). He emphasized that the United States needs to keep her accesses to natural resources and oil safe as well as provide protection for the Western world. America cannot afford an inferior defense. We can make "no unacceptable concessions for anything that would infringe on our sovereignty and freedom."

Responding to the frequent criticisms of Reagan's defense policy in light of social concerns, Huyser stated, "What greater social service could our government do for us than to guarantee our lives and our security?"

Those opposed to Reagan's approach to defense raise questions about the policies and viewpoint presented by Huyser. First, Huyser links national security with military supremacy. Many feel this is an inaccurate link. In 1966, Robert McNamara said, "The concept of security is dangerously oversimplified to the mere problem of weaponry. Force alone does not guarantee security." The escalation of military spending and increased production does not necessarily add to security, especially in light of the incredible overkill power the United States and Russia already possess.

Professor Denis Goulet, Department of Government, criticizes Reagan's "simple, naive and dangerous" policies, in that they are totally based on the Balance of Power between two superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union. Defense policy advocates, such as Huyser, see security from "a bipolar universe concept" which Goulet believes to be more or less obsolete. In support of this, he recalls that NATO made advancements towards multi-dimensional involvement in defense politics. U.S. Allies must participate actively in defense policies and strategy, if for no other reason than mere

courtesy. The view that the world is comprised solely of the powers of the Soviet Union and U.S. is erroneous. Considering the number of nations in the world which have and can produce nuclear arms, defense and weaponry must be handled by many people, many nations, and not only by the "experts."

From a concern for terrorism, pro-military defense supporters remark that only a powerful defense and strong commitment to use that defense, if necessary, will deter rampant growth of terrorism.

However strong disagreement to this arises from the fact that with the availability of nuclear technology and production of nuclear weaponry in numerous nations, the risk of terrorists producing nuclear weapons increases. Antinuclear supporters question the possible isolation of nuclear technology and production from terrorists.

On an economic basis, Huyser claims that defense is crucial for safeguarding our economic dependence on natural resources. Likewise, military does provide employment and often the most sophisticated uses of engineering concepts and new technology. Another argument claims that weapons technology protects free institutions. Historically, he says, it was World War II and increased military production that put many of the victims of the Great Depression back to work. Arms production and research is, then, economically stimulating.

Economist John Kenneth Galbraith in an article entitled *The Economics of the Arms Race — And After* addresses the economics of the arms race. He claims that in reality the arms race is gravely weakening the American economic and social systems. Says Galbraith, "Expenditure for arms, like any public expenditure, is at a cost of other uses,

... to private capital use The freeing of revenues now used for public purposes is deemed vital for private capital improvement — for the revitalization of the American industrial plant."

Galbraith also notes that Americans are unaware of the vast destructive consequences of nuclear war. The mere threat is damaging to our economic system which is largely based on individual motivation. We fail to realize that in the aftermath of nuclear warfare neither capitalism, nor socialism nor communism for that matter, will survive. "And if or when, in some moment of error, anger or panic, this race goes out of control — if there is a nuclear exchange, large or as some now imagine, limited — what is called free enterprise or capitalism will not survive."

Setting the politics and economics aside, there is another aspect to the nuclear arms issue that cannot be ignored — the moral perspective. Many church leaders of various Christian denominations are beginning to take strong stands against nuclear arms proliferation.

Within the Catholic Church, popes Pius XII, Paul VI, and John Paul II have "unequivocally condemned the production, deployment, possession, use, and threat to use nuclear weapons" (*Sojourners*, Jan. 10, 1982). The Second Vatican Council called upon the Church to engage in serious evaluation of modern warfare, condemning the use of weapons of mass destruction, and stating that "the arms race is one of the most grievous plagues of the human race, and it inflicts intolerable injury upon the world." In 1976, the statement of the Holy See on Disarmament was delivered to the United Nations. It labeled the arms race as "a danger ... an injustice ... a mistake ... a wrong ... and total folly."

Recently, several American bishops have been strongly denouncing the arms race and calling individuals to a "spiritual conversion" — a transformation of the heart that will transcend logical argumentation to get to the moral implications of this modern-day crisis. The Archbishop of Seattle, Raymond Hunthausen, who has gained national attention recently because of his decision to withhold 50% of his taxes in nonviolent protest of the nuclear arms buildup, spoke at the CILA Education Workshop, Jan. 29-30. He said that he came to the tax withholding decision after much "prayer, thought, and personal struggle," but has been bothered by the fact that the media has picked up only on the tax issue. Believing that "all nuclear war is immoral because there is no conceivable proportionate reason which could justify the immense destruction of life and resources such a war would bring about," Hunthausen backs his arguments purely on the loving and peaceful message of Christ. In a way, he sees this moral dilemma to be a blessing in disguise, prompting Christians to explore their consciences and faith to determine if they are putting their trust and security in weaponry rather than in God. This, as many religious leaders see it, would be "idolatry of the worst kind."

Hunthausen began his speech at Notre Dame by reading the Beatitudes from Luke 6: 20-26 ("Happy are you who are poor: yours is the kingdom of God ... But alas for you who are rich: you are having your consolation now") — emphasizing Jesus' compassion for the poor and oppressed. Relating this to the present problems of nuclear arms buildup to protect our nation — the richest in history — Hunthausen says that "if we go the way of outrageous wealth and power, we will get the very nuclear war with which we threaten others." However, he adds that "the good news of Jesus today is that through a way of non-violence, nuclear war can be stopped."

The archbishop's decision to withhold a portion of his taxes came out of his desire to find his way back to the nonviolent way of the Cross. He referred to the Christians of the first century who, at the cost of martyrdom, refused incense to Caesar — refused that form of idolatry. Today, Hunthausen claims that each of us runs the danger of nuclear



Huyser: Calling for an equal, if not superior, U.S. defense policy.

(cont'd on page 24)



Archbishop Hunthausen

idolatry by supporting the arms race through our tax money. "It is the responsibility of each of us to look at the gospel, examine its implications and take a stance." However, Hunthausen is quick to point out that his method of withholding 50% of his taxes and putting that money into charitable and peacemaking organizations instead is not the stance that everyone should take. He realizes that not all Christians will agree with his position, but strongly urges the continuation of open dialogue to weigh possible alternatives to the arms race. And while many may agree with his disarmament views, he is not suggesting that they imitate his actions. "I am saying that everyone should think profoundly and pray deeply over the issue of nuclear armaments. My words and my action of tax withholding are meant to awaken those who have come to accept without thinking the continuation of the arms race, to stir even those who disagree with me to find a better path than the one we now follow, to encourage all to put in first place not the production of arms, but the production of peace." (Taken from his letter to the Seattle archdiocese, Jan. 26, 1982.)

With his nonviolent, unilateral disarmament views, Hunthausen is often asked, "What about the Russians?" His response is not based on political theory, but rather on his view of the situation in light of the gospel — "loving enemies means resisting violence with love rather than inflicting more violence on others." He believes that our fear of the Soviets only provokes their fear of us.

"If we were to lay down our weapons and put our faith in God instead, I believe we would be able to see the Russians once again as people."

In reference to objections that many people have on his taking this political stance, the archbishop says:

I strongly reject the notion that because the episcopal office is a religious office a bishop may not speak out on issues that involve the political realm. There are some who mistakenly think that Pope John Paul has forbidden Church leaders to speak out. This is false; it is also dangerous. Our Holy Father has decided that bishops and priests should not become politicians . . . but by his own example in addressing the abortion issue during an election which involved an abortion law in Italy, he underlined that bishops and priests must speak out on political issues that touch on moral values of our tradition. Hence, although disarmament has a political side, it is also true that it has a *moral side* that I as a Christian leader must address.

Hunthausen also refutes the objections that he should not disobey the law of the state even for a good end. There are "times when disobedience may be an obligation of conscience . . . civil law is not an absolute."

While he urges the importance of spiritual conversion to understand the nuclear arms race from a moral perspective, Hunthausen offers no suggestions for strategic political policies. Yet that is not his intent. He admits that his ideas may seem a bit naive and simpleminded, but

his personal decision is irrevocable in light of his conscience and faith. He hopes that others will awaken to a sense of urgency concerning the nuclear arms issue and come to a prayerful transformation of their hearts, so that a peaceful transformation of the world may begin.

As members of a Catholic university, Notre Dame students are forced to examine, question and study the dilemma of American defense and nuclear weaponry in their lives and futures. Many fear that ultimately the threat of nuclear exchange peaks for their generation. If there is a nuclear war, it is we, our children, and our society that will suffer the consequences. They question their responsibility to accept the present defense situation or to retaliate against the insanity of nuclear arms. After all, within the next twenty years, it will be today's college students who hold *their* hand over the nuclear war button. The problem is very real in their lives now and they often wonder how to respond.

For example, the electrical engineering student who finds the most lucrative career possibility is in arms production. Or the ROTC student whose education is being financed by an Armed Forces scholarship. Or the young Christian who struggles to live Christ's word in a world where peace appears almost impossible. Each struggles to question and develop some responsible stance on the defense policy nuclear arms, trying to remain realistic and moral at the same time.

Clearly, much of the defense policy and nuclear proliferation rise from fear. Likewise, antinuclear objections and questions about the ethics of defense policies are equally based on fear. One is a fear of Russian aggression and ultimate powerlessness; the other, a fear of the consequences of nuclear exchange and the immorality behind such defense.

The reality of Soviet expansionism is a problem for the western world. The United States has watched the Russians' role in Cuba, Afghanistan, and now Poland. They do not appear overly concerned with American disapproval. Also, the horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings is far from forgotten. We did use the nuclear bomb before. We cannot claim that we won't use it again.

However speculative the threat of nuclear destruction may be, the reality of a defense and foreign policy

(cont'd on page 37)

Poetry

I Watched

I watched today
A cloud — burst.
It cried — on me.
Soaking my sanity
With bitter tears
That stung . . . my pride.

And tomorrow (if it comes)
I'll paint another cloud,
And charge it with the fire
Of burnt red desire.
And the next day (if I care)
I'll fill my cloud with air,
And hope that my balloon
Will sail above my room.

I watched today
A leaf — leave.
It died — on me,
Shriveling my sameness
In mirrored change
That challenged my . . . security.

And tomorrow (when it comes)
I'll paint another leaf,
And watch again the green go old
In splendid hues of auburned gold.
And the next day (I'm sure I'll care)
I'll know my leaf is rare.
And grin as winter's icy embraces
Deny my leaf their death-chilled traces.

I watched today
A flower — bloom.
It blossomed — for me.
Saluting my soul
In acknowledged beauty
That warmed . . . my heart.

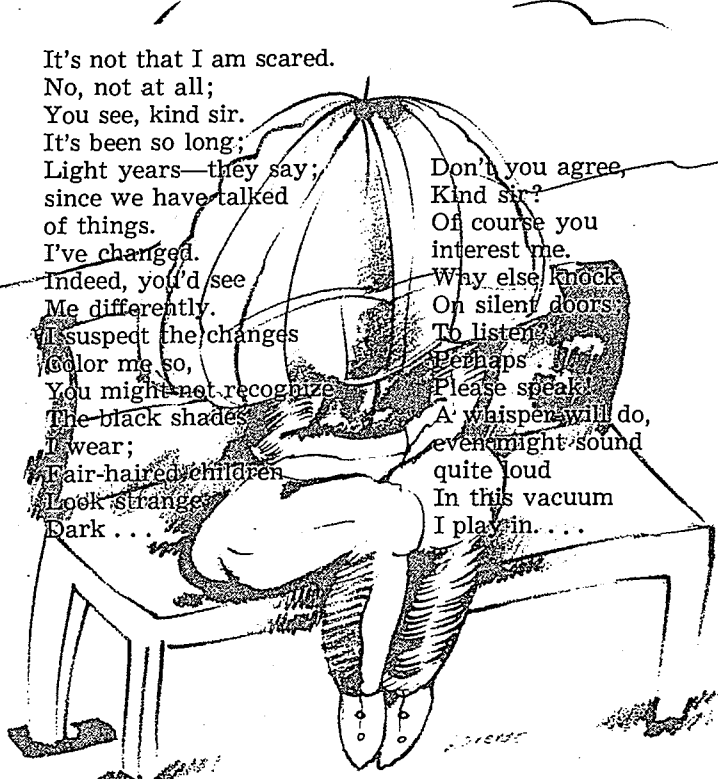
And tomorrow (it has come)
I'll paint another flower,
And gasp forever at unfurling petals
Bravely becoming from seed bubbles.
And the next day (because I cared)
I'll snip my flower and share,
And watch its color and shape
Create clouds of hope for others' escape.

by K McG

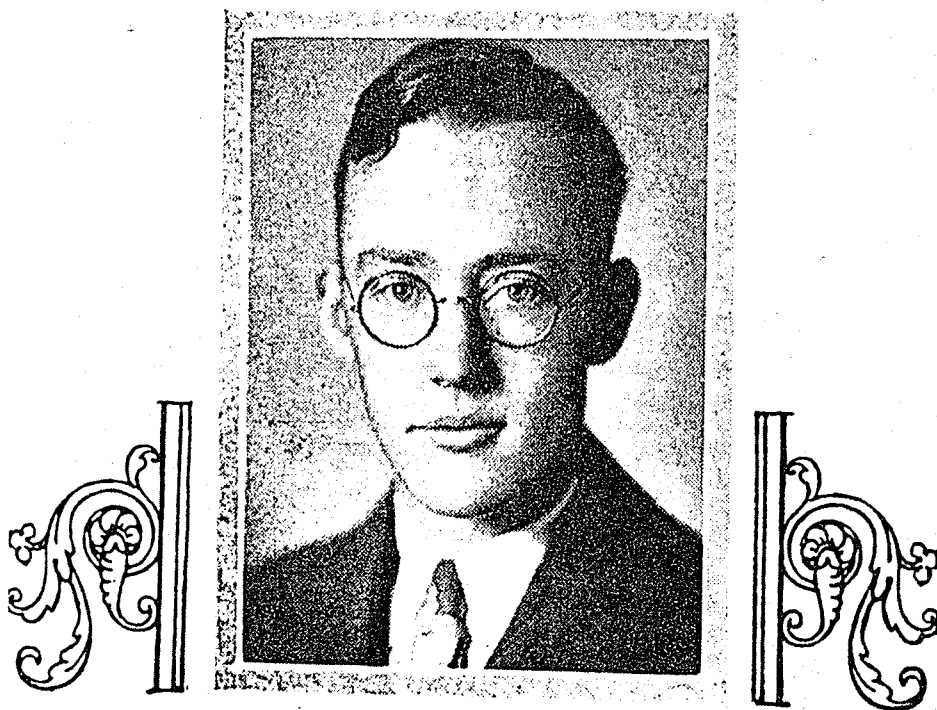
It's Not by K McG

It's not that I am scared.
No, not at all;
You see, kind sir.
It's been so long;
Light years—they say;
since we have talked
of things.
I've changed.
Indeed, you'd see
Me differently.
I suspect the changes
color me so,
You might not recognize
The black shades
I wear;
Fair-haired children
Look strange
Dark . . .

Don't you agree,
Kind sir?
Of course you
interest me.
Way else knock
On silent doors
To listen?
Perhaps . . .
Please speak
A whisper will do,
even might sound
quite loud
In this vacuum
I play in . . .



Red Smith Sportswriter: Tribute to a Master



by Beth Healy

Walter W. Smith, Editor-In-Chief, 1926 Dome

On January 14, 1982, the Editor of the 1926 *Dome* died. Big deal? Yes! He was one of America's most widely read, admired and quoted sports journalists. In fact, he was one of America's best contemporary journalists. On January 14, 1982, Walter Wellesley (Red) Smith, age 76, died. While his absence leaves an emptiness in many lives, his beloved, crafted columns remain an influence and delight to all.

Red Smith loved the written word. He wanted more than anything to be a "newspaper stiff." He once explained, "I never wanted to be an actor, never wanted to sell insurance, never wanted to drive a truck. All I wanted to do was what I'm doing." Who could ask for more? Under the guise of sports, Mr. Smith sculpted precise, clear, prosaic, eloquent English prose as Bernini sculpted stone. While many writers turned to padded prose, heavy with ambiguity and clichés, Smith kept his phrase on a strict diet. He trimmed and starved the sentence, and thus enlivened and enriched the word, as well as American sports.

Red Smith, a Notre Dame student back in the days of prohibition, crew cuts and the School of Journalism, graduated in 1927 with a BA in Journalism. Said American Studies Professor Thomas Stritch, a long-time friend and colleague, "He always admired his education here." John M. Cooney, Chairman of the Department of Journalism from 1912-1943, was Smith's favorite pro-

fessor. Stritch describes Cooney as a "great stylist" who pushed his students and probably had the greatest influence on Smith's "lean, economical style."

Red Smith always remained dedicated to Notre Dame. He often returned to cover games. "He loved being here. He was always a great Notre Dame alumnus, but he wasn't one of those gung-ho guys. He didn't hesitate to criticize Notre Dame if he felt it necessary. He never made a great point of being a Notre Damer," remembers Stritch. Smith's son, Terry, also graduated from Notre Dame and is now a Washington correspondent for *The New York Times*.

Originally from Green Bay, Wisconsin, Smith began his journalism career in 1927 after his graduation. At \$24 a week, he reported for *The Milwaukee Sentinel*. In 1928 Smith moved to *The St. Louis Star* as copyreader. "I hated the routine," he said, "but I've got to credit that job with teaching me about writing." Later that year Red Smith moved to what he called the "newspaper's toy department": sports.

Red Smith was never as addicted to sports as he was to writing. Nor was he All-American material. At Notre Dame, he joined the Varsity Track Team to escape P.E. requirements. After training all season, he finished dead last in the mile race, his only competition ever. Professor Stritch remembers a banquet dinner when someone once commented,

"Red, you would have been a great athlete if only you hadn't been small, weak, uncoordinated, myopic and a coward." Once, when questioned about his devotion to sportswriting, Smith said, "I had an advantage. In addition to being little and near-sighted, I was also yellow. That's why I can appreciate what those big fellows do."

Physically, Red Smith was a very "unassuming" man. A slight 5-foot-7, he described himself as "a seedy amateur with watery eyes behind glittering glasses, a retiring chin, a hole in his frowzy haircut, and a good deal of dandruff on the shoulders." While at Notre Dame, his childhood nickname "Brick" gave way to "Red." As the years went by, his sandy-red locks turned white. Stritch remembers that "He looked more like a college professor than a sportswriter."

In 1928, Red Smith revealed the beauty of his lighthearted, flowing style. Covering his first assignment, St. Louis' first night football game, he wrote from the point of view of "a glowworm on the gridiron, indignant at the floodlights—and the men responsible for them—which dimmed his own incandescence." That's sportswriting.

In 1936 Smith worked as a sportswriter and columnist for the *Philadelphia Record*. In 1945 he began a full-time column for the *New York Herald Tribune*. Following Grantland Rice's death in 1954, he became the most widely syndicated sports

columnist in the U.S. In 1971, at 66, Red Smith joined the *New York Times*. His three to four columns a week were syndicated by the New York Times News Service to 275 papers in America and 255 in approximately thirty other countries.

Red Smith wrote with literary grace and lighthearted humor. He especially enjoyed horse racing, boxing, baseball and fishing. He loved his career and considered it the greatest profession on earth.

"Sports is not really a play world," he said. "I think it's a real world. The people we're writing about in professional sports, they're suffering and living and dying and loving and trying to make their way through life just as the bricklayers and politicians are."

"This may sound defensive — I don't think it is—but I'm aware that games are a part of every culture we know anything about. And often taken seriously. It's no accident that of all the monuments left of the Greco-Roman culture, the biggest is the ballpark, the Colosseum, the Yankee Stadium of ancient times. The man who reports on these games contributes his small bit to the record of his time."

Red Smith didn't always write about the "thrill of victory and the agony of defeat," for he had a gentle touch. In an interview on CBS-TV's *60 Minutes* he commented, "I've always tried to remember that these were games little boys can play."

Smith never abandoned the sports department. In *No Cheering in the Press Box*, by Jerome Holtzman, Smith said, "I like to report on the scene around me, on the little piece of the world as I see it, as it is in my time. And I like to do it in a way that gives the reader a little pleasure, a little entertainment. I've always had the notion that people go to spectator sports to have fun and then they grab the paper to read about it and have fun again."

Smith's columns were fun. His readers especially enjoyed his soft humor and keen eye for the interesting angle. He strove for perfection in both his vivid, rich vocabulary and grammatical excellence. He wrote with wisdom, and he was a kind writer. He never sought to crucify his subjects. If he criticized, he did so gently.

In a column on the 1951 Joe Louis-Rocky Marciano fight, Smith wrote: "An old man's dream ended. A young man's vision of the future opened wide. Young men have visions, old men have dreams. But the

place for old men to dream is by the fire."

Red Smith had an uncanny ability to find a fresh, new angle in sports-writing. Says Professor Stritch, "He was concerned for the person with a little flair. He was fascinated by Mohammed Ali. He had the same kind of flair as Smith. He loved the sideshows, the freaks and the oddballs."

In a column, written as coverage of a dog show in Madison Square Garden, Smith chose to describe the judge. "He had splendid conformation—broad shoulders, white hair and erect carriage—and was beautifully turned out in an ensemble of rich brown. One was inclined to hope that he would, in the end, award first prize to himself." Surprisingly, though the words flowed like a mountain stream, writing was never easy for Red Smith.



Red covering a Notre Dame game

Describing his writing, Smith often said, "I made up my mind that every time I sat down to a typewriter, I would slash my veins and bleed and that I'd try to make each word dance." Smith was a deadline journalist. He rationalized the long, agonizing hours spent bent over the typewriter while the minutes ticked to the deadline. "God is good," he said. "God will provide."

Although he often had numerous options for the column's subject Smith never wrote before the due day. He was described as a "snowball writer," often ripping the paper out of the typewriter when the sentence just wasn't right. Paper "snowballs" covered the floor around his wastebasket. He never really enjoyed basketball.

Smith's first wife, Kay, once described her husband at work. From behind the closed door of his office, she heard "Groans, modified moans, small whimpers and an occasional calling on the deity."

In 1976, Red Smith's groans finally paid off. He won the Pulitzer Prize for his column "Sports of the Times." It was the first Pulitzer for sports "commentary" and one of only three ever awarded for sports. At seventy, Smith had been writing for over half a century, often six weekly columns. Accepting the Pulitzer, he said, "It's the only bottle cap that counts."

In addition to winning the Pulitzer, Smith's colleagues named him best columnist five times. In 1969, he returned to Notre Dame for an honorary degree. Charlie Callahan, former Notre Dame Director of Sports Information and recently retired Director of Publicity for the

Miami Dolphins, first nominated Red Smith. Professor Stritch gave him the needed second and also wrote the citation. In that citation, he wrote: "Notre Dame has always rejoiced in her sports tradition, and she rejoices today that she nurtured one of the best sportswriters, a man whose good heart has endeared him to all who love good sport, whose honesty and balance made sports better, and whose wit and style have earned him a solid place in American letters—Red Smith."

He endured sportswriting for 55 years. During that time Smith never questioned his work, never stopped refining his prose. He kept improving, maturing with the years. "I have tried to become simpler, straighter and purer in my language. . . ."



Father Hesburgh congratulates Red Smith for his honorary degree in 1969.

Often Smith was forced to take a stand on controversial sports issues, from slave trading in the American baseball associations to the recent 1980 Moscow Olympics Boycott. Calling for the boycott of the 1980 Moscow Olympic Games, he wrote: "We should pull out now, ending uncertainty among the American athletes and serving notice on the Russians that, no matter what happens in Afghanistan, their offense against international law will not be quickly forgotten."

Red Smith published five collections of his columns. The last, in 1974, he entitled *Strawberries in the Wintertime*. It comes from a column Smith wrote about the Giants' excitement over their new, young rookie Willie Mays. One Giant executive had commented, "Believe me, Red, this Mays will have us eating strawberries in the wintertime." However, with the usual Red Smith wit and style, he explained it saying, "finding a title for such a mixed bag can be a problem. I considered using a catchier title like 'War and Peace,' 'Wuthering Heights' or 'The Holy Bible,' but they struck me as outdated."

At Fred Corcoran's eulogy, Red Smith commented, "Dying is no big deal, the least of us will manage that. Living is the trick." Red Smith worked on living every moment of every day for seventy-six years. He never considered retiring, even after his battle with cancer of the colon

a few years ago. He said, "No, never. If I don't write I'll die." In discussing death, he once said, "I want to go like Granny Rice did. I just want to fall into my typewriter." Funny how God arranges such details for us. Red Smith entered the hospital on Wednesday, January 12, and died the following Friday. In his last column, which appeared in the *New York Times* on Monday, January 17, he wrote of the old days when he churned out seven columns a week.

He was a bit remorseful to learn that the *Times* had cut him from four to three weekly columns. "First time I ever encountered John S. Knight, the publisher, . . . He did not acknowledge the introduction. Instead he said, 'Nobody can write six good columns a week. Why don't you write three? Want me to fix it up?'"

"'Look Mr. Knight,' I said. 'Suppose I wrote three stinkers. I wouldn't have the rest of the week to recover.' One of the beauties of this job is that there's always tomorrow. Tomorrow things will be better."

"Now that the quota is back to three, will things be better day after tomorrow?"

* * *

Red Smith knew how to enjoy life. He also knew how to share that enjoyment with others. He wrote about real people who could run, slug, ride, and fish. He saw their wholesomeness because he was so down to earth.

Red Smith's spirit hovers in the air of American sports departments and he still wears the crown of a sportswriting king. Things must be better for Red Smith; he no more missed Superbowl XVI than the millions of Americans glued to their TVs. Undoubtedly he's still covering sports, only now it's the Angels' Pillowfighting Championships when it snows, and the Angelic Open Bowling Tournament when it thunders. He must be content to be sitting around heaven arguing sports trivia with Grantland Rice, Bob Considine, Babe Ruth, Joe Palmer and all the other great figures in Sports.

Excerpts from Red Smith

• *Can't Beat Notre Dame on Rice Krispies*, on the 1974 N.D.-Alabama game:

"Now, football players at Alabama are seldom seen in bread lines, but their dietary luck turned sour yesterday afternoon when a flash fire in the kitchen of their motel burned up 53 of the steaks ordered for their pregame meal. They were soon to discover that you can't run against Notre Dame on Rice Krispies. . . . More than anything else in a game that had just about everything else, it was the Notre Dame defense that undid the favorites, 24-23, and established the gristly scholars from South Bend, Ind., as national champions. . . ."

• *Rum + Vodka + Irish = Fight*, on Golden Reunion of Class of '27: "Wherever the eye turned it lighted on a cluster of gold caps covering skulls that were sent out of here stuffed with learning 50 years ago, for something like 125 of the 400-odd members of the Class of '27 made their way back. They came prepared for the discovery that their friends had aged faster than they did in the last half-century, and sometimes they were pleasantly surprised."

• *On Sugar Ray Robinson*: "These have been trying times for Ray Robinson, a brooding genius, a darkly dedicated soul who walks in lonely majesty, a prophet without honor, an artist whom nobody, but nobody, understands." □

Poetry

by Lillian Klassen

Wandering Lady

There is a lady that wanders in the wild blue yonder
Though she knows of no real cause, she still keeps
going . . .
What could it be that she hopes to find in the vast world
of confusion?

A whiff of the gentle Spring breeze blows through her
misty hair
As the sun gives a brilliant radiance to her very
existence in life

She sometimes smiles at the crazy creatures in life
As they seem to be too busy at their own concerns
Forgetting that others are living and existing with
them . . .

A buzzing motor just past, almost taking the lady with
it
But the lady just stares and moves on to her destiny

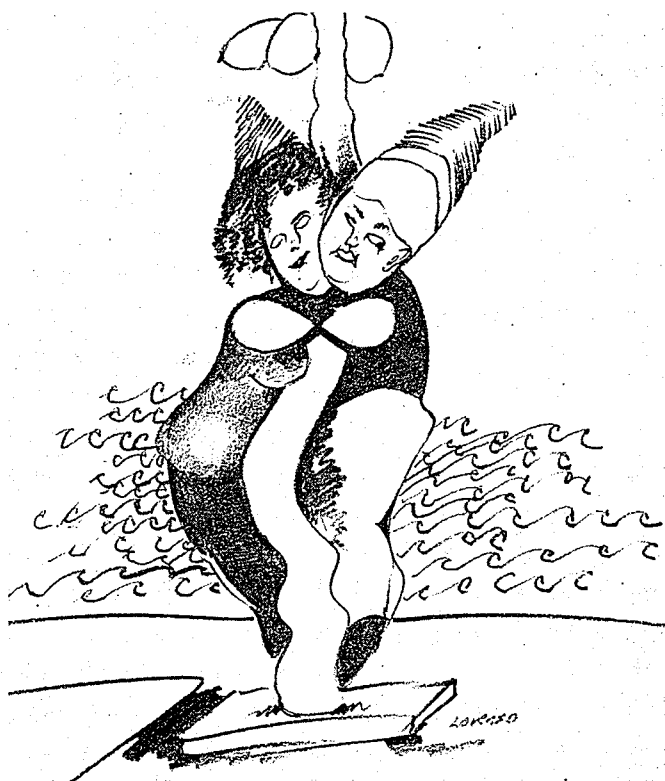
Along the land there lays a gentle creek of happiness
The wandering lady stops to enjoy the fantasies of
nature
She wonders very deeply if her dreams will ever come
true?

Like chattering chipmunks and rumbling bumblebees.
Taking their own course in nature and having it end all
too soon

A dream of success and happiness is all the wandering
lady wants

But . . . a tear comes to the rosy cheeks as she must still
search for it . . .

To wander the paths of pain and hardship is not a
pleasant road to her destiny.



Come and Go

Like a Rose in full bloom, you opened up my senses
You made me realize that I am a person with feelings
You listened and cared and loved me with all your
heart

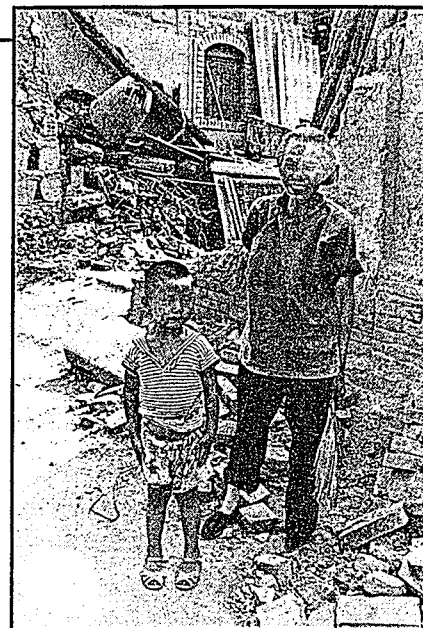
We shared great times, ones which I'll never forget
And then the time came when it happened to me
I turned around and you were no longer there.

You were gone to explore the wonders more thoroughly,
You were too young to settle down in the world
I was lost without you but learned to seek myself

Your memories are locked inside my soul forever
And when you find your peace of understanding
I will be here, ready to listen and love —

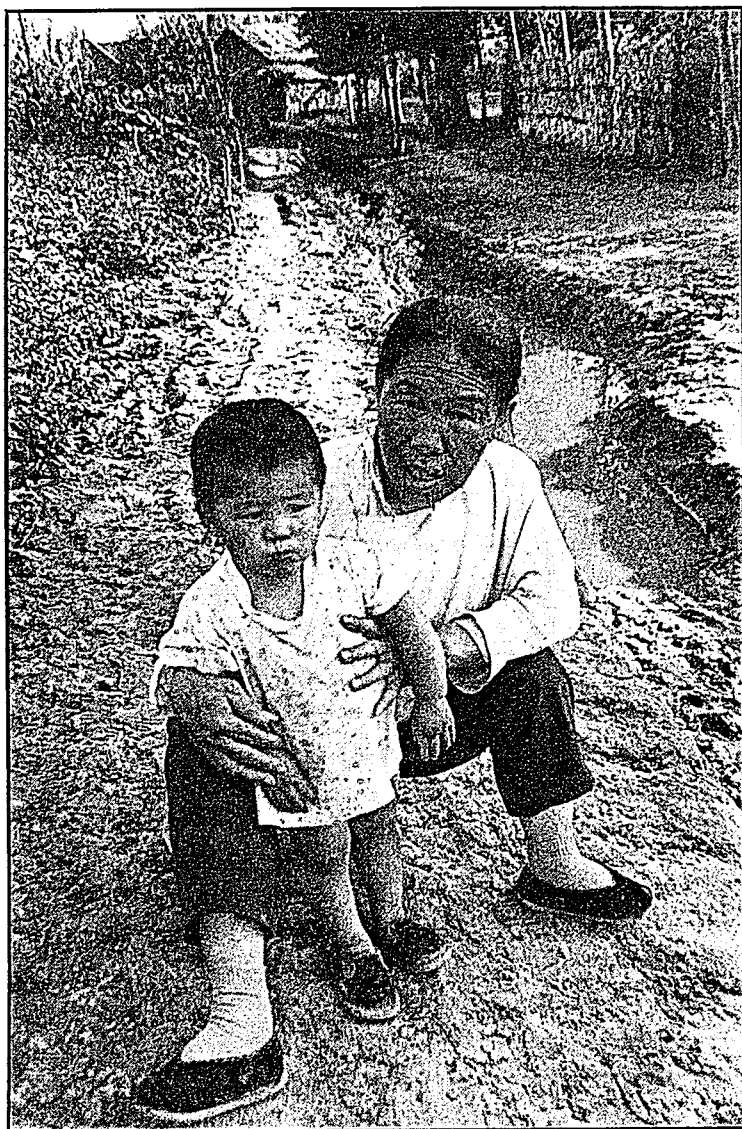


People's Republic of China



Mencius said, "... can you follow the nature of the willow tree and make the cups and bowls, or must you violate the nature of the willow tree before you can make the cups and bowls? If you are going to violate the nature of the willow tree in order to make cups and bowls, then must you also violate human nature in order to make it into humanity and righteousness?"





The Rebel

by Trell Covenant

The massive silver wheel floated freely over the planet's surface, reflecting the pinpoint light of stars, clusters and galaxies. This project, Kal-eb, had taken more than twelve years to construct, and only hours ago had become Kal-mar's fifth orbiting tech center. Kal-eb had a diameter of seventy-two kilometers, and a depth of over ten kilometers. Encircling the city were ten corridors, each of which stretched over two hundred kilometers in length. It was in corridor four that the sound of quickly approaching boots was heard. Others followed.

Karam was a tall man of average build. He was very charismatic, and his eyes revealed his power. He wore a white suit with three blue crosses above each elbow, and a pair of black boots. Carrying a weapon of some sort in one hand and some other object in his other, he ducked down one hall after another in an attempt to evade his pursuers. But his workers' boots betrayed him. He could not be quiet while wearing them, and his enemies were closing in. As he fled, he noticed a waste shaft about twenty meters in front of him. As he reached it, he quickly flipped the object in his right hand into the chute, and took cover, waiting for his quickly approaching opposition.

From behind a corner, he fired at the first man, and succeeded in taking off his left arm and chest. A red flare blazed by him and was absorbed by the wall to his back. He fired again and hit a second man, tearing away his abdomen. After an exchange of shots which missed their marks, Karam was hit. Just before he passed out, Karam saw his right leg shred in slow motion.

Commander Larson read the open file which lay on his heavy iron desk. It detailed Karam's insurrectionist activities. Sixteen years ago, he had led a peasant revolt in the third quadrant of Kal-mar, which had nearly overthrown the military rule. He eluded Kal-marian authority until six years later, when a group of farmers and factory workers marched on Kal-rex, the capital of quadrant two, sparked by his "peace through revolution" speeches. The revolt was shattered by the Kal-marian army, and Karam

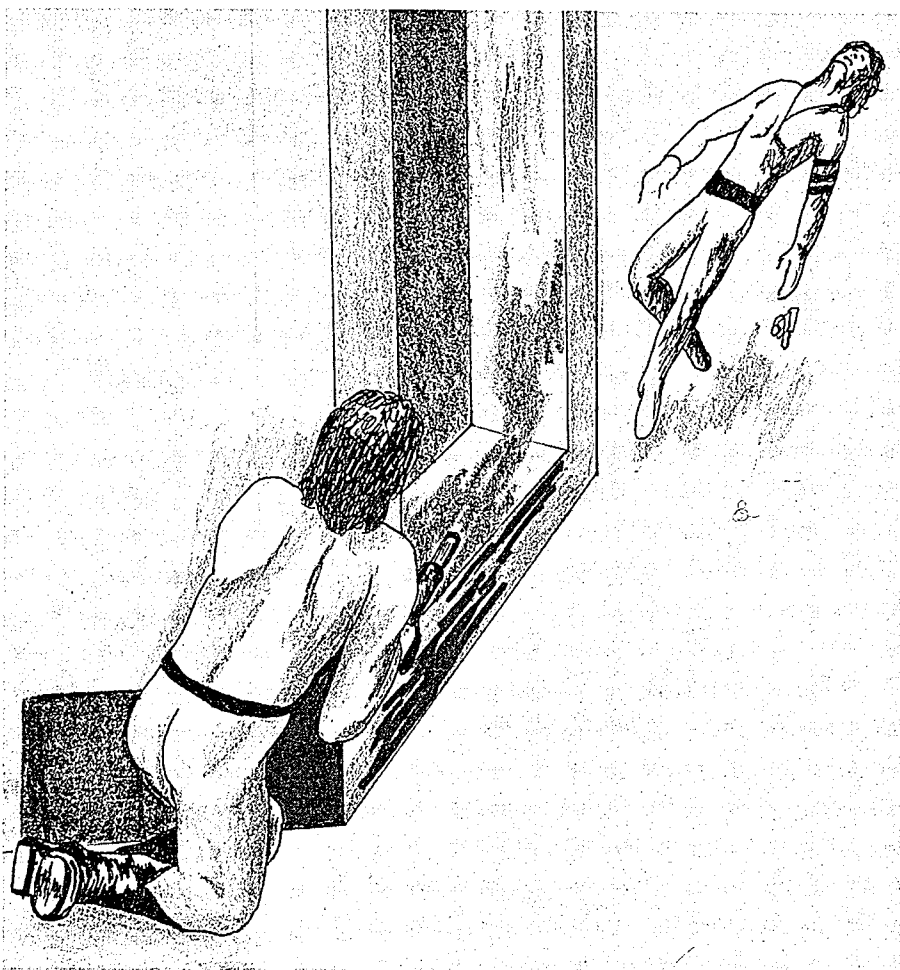
was jailed. Within three days, he had escaped, leaving no clues as to how he disappeared. Four years ago, he had again caused a stir in the third quadrant when he led a group of commoners against the government. He succeeded in assassinating the Governor General, and for a short time, had installed a "people's government." Karam's history was one which had always been associated with the powerless. It was ironic that this is where his power lay. He had quickly appointed one of his most trusted aides to the throne, for Karam refused to take the crown. Shortly afterward, he disappeared, and had not been heard from since. Larson closed the file and pondered on the day's events.

Two of the Empire's best men had been killed in a seeker-fire exchange. A third man had wounded the rebel, who now lie in the medical sector under very heavy guard. Somehow, Karam had stolen the

code cartridge which linked the ship's computers with those of the other four tech centers, and with those of Kal-mar. The cartridge was found at the bottom of a waste shaft off of corridor four. Since the center had been under way for only a few hours, the disintegrators in the chute had not yet been activated, and the code cartridge had been found undamaged. Obviously, there were enough of Karam's sympathizers aboard to cause some sort of upheaval when the communications were disrupted. Now that communications were reestablished, there would be little threat of mutiny. Larson would sleep now, and await the assembly of the tribunal over which he would preside.

As Commander Larson entered the circular courtroom, he noticed Karam, seated in the middle. The rebel's hands and feet were held by powerful tractor beams, and a metallic circlet had been placed around his head. This would deliver a painful shock, should Karam decide not to cooperate. When all were assembled, a silence swept over the group, and the tribunal began.

"Karam!" exclaimed Larson. "You
(cont'd on page 36)





Vanessa Sapienza

"Ni Hao" Hong Kong

by Vanessa Sapienza

Hong Kong has been my home for the past five years and living there has become as natural and familiar as living in the United States. Waiting in bus lines for hours and pushing through streets literally devoid of traffic laws is something that many find hard to believe. However, you learn to adjust and accept an environment so unique that it is hard to extract the everyday experiences that others would view as not so ordinary.

Adjusting to life overseas is not an easy task, as we Americans are so used to the conveniences and luxuries in the United States. There are very few homes on the island which is half the size of Texas and has twice as many inhabitants. The Chinese have had to build up instead of out in order to accommodate the soaring population rate. Most American families live in high-rise apartments that are as large as many homes in the United States. The European population is large, for many European and American companies operate in Asia. Apartment living is not one of the more glamorous aspects of life overseas, as they are often referred to as "concrete jungles."

The streets of Hong Kong are an experience in itself. The downtown district is where the majority of businesses are located, and the sidewalks are always overflowing with people. You learn quickly that politeness is not a key factor in getting around. Whether it be waiting for a bus or walking through a store, you can always be assured that someone will push you out of the way. You come to appreciate shopping centers and spacious grocery stores in the United States where the salesmen are courteous and polite and no one pushes.

Hong Kong is known as a shopper's paradise, and if you can find the right places to go, there are some good bargains. Because it is

the major exporter of garments to the United States, you can often find name-brand clothes priced at a third less than they would be in the major department stores in America. However, these bargains are only found in the crowded markets where you have to spend hours sorting through crates. Camera equipment, watches, stereos, and calculators are just a few of the items that are far less expensive than those in the United States, and remain the best bargains available in Hong Kong.

There are several schools in Hong Kong that the Americans and British can attend. However, most American families send their children to the International School which is run by the Lutheran Synod. School was perhaps one of the hardest adjustments to moving overseas. My school contained only 400 students, the majority of whom had lived in Hong Kong longer than I. The curriculum was the same as any high school in the United States, and ninety percent of the students further their education in the United States. The high and junior high schools were contained in a seven-

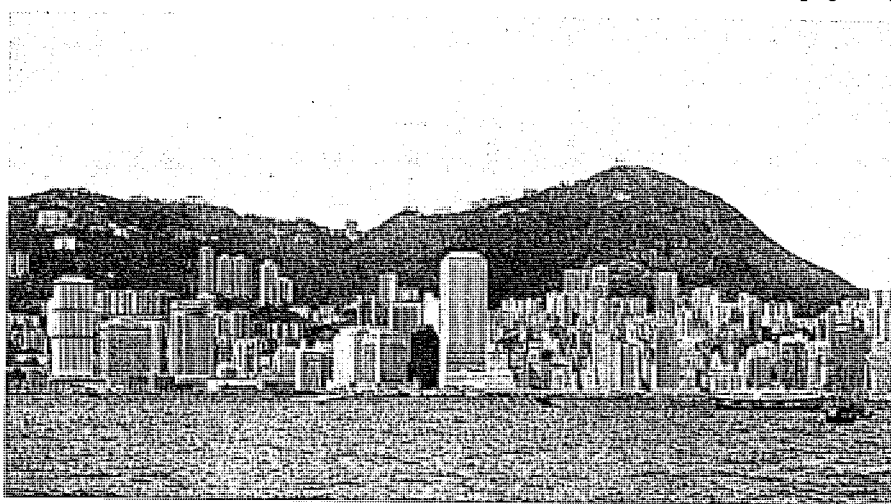


Downtown Hong Kong

story building; so, our outdoor facilities were limited, as there was just no space. You come to appreciate open spaces and fields after constantly being surrounded by concrete.

One of the best aspects of living in Hong Kong is the ability to get around the island on the public transportation system. The crowded conditions on the roads make it difficult for private vehicles; so, it is often easier and cheaper to get in a bus or taxi than to bother with the hassle of not being able to find a parking place.

(cont'd on page 38)



Hong Kong Commercial Center

Getting To Know Finland, Courtesy of AIESEC

by Pat James

It seems a little late in the school year to be talking about my past summer experiences in Finland. On the other hand, people are often asking me how I ever got the chance to go to such a faraway place. I tell them that AIESEC provided me with this opportunity. The typical reaction is, "What? What's that?" No, AIESEC is not a disease or a chemical compound or even a terrorist organization as some of my friends claim. So, what is it?

Well, AIESEC (pronounced eye-sek) is a French acronym for the International Association of Students in Economics and Business Management. It is a dynamic organization concerned with promoting international understanding among nations and providing a framework in which a select group of students are able to develop their leadership and management skills. AIESEC is unique in that it is the only nonprofit, non-political, and entirely student-run world-wide organization which operates a reciprocal exchange program. It offers top students the opportunity to gain firsthand practical business experience by living and working in countries other than their own. AIESEC is, in effect, the largest international management development corporation in the world. Nearly 100,000 students have been exchanged since AIESEC was formed in 1948. There you have it, AIESEC in a nutshell.

How does AIESEC operate at Notre Dame? Before I go into that, a few words first about the structure and background of AIESEC. What began in 1948 in seven European countries is today an organization that is active on over 400 university campuses in 58 countries. The headquarters of AIESEC-United States is located in New York City. There, seven recent college graduates direct the activities of the 60 local committees across the country. AIESEC-International is headquartered in Brussels, Belgium. They oversee the 58 countries affiliated with the AIESEC program. The staff at the International AIESEC Secretariat (IAS) is composed entirely of former students. There is not one professional person in AIESEC at any level of the organization. That is

why this organization is considered to be so unique.

How does AIESEC work at Notre Dame? The most vital part of AIESEC is the corporate marketing program. The success of this program determines how many students will have the opportunity to go overseas. AIESEC marketing representatives contact companies in the Northern Indiana area. Their purpose, simply stated, is to raise jobs for foreign students by selling them the AIESEC concept. For every foreign student who comes to work in this area, AIESEC-Notre Dame can send an equal number of its members overseas. AIESEC-Notre Dame has been extremely successful this

and nethe
united states
gaustria germany
pain greece yugos
a tunisia malta
aland ivory c

AIESEC

year in raising ten jobs despite the depressed economic situation in this area. Doubling last year's figure, this is the second-best year in AIESEC-Notre Dame's eighteen-year history.

AIESEC-Notre Dame is smaller than most of its 60 counterparts across the country. There are approximately 35-40 members who are divided into one of seven subcommittees: corporate marketing, company service/reception, student marketing/public relations, finance, exchange, special projects, and fund-raising. Each subcommittee is headed by a vice-president who is in charge of all the activities and function of that working group. The seven vice-presidents report to the local committee president. New members are placed into one of these seven groups.

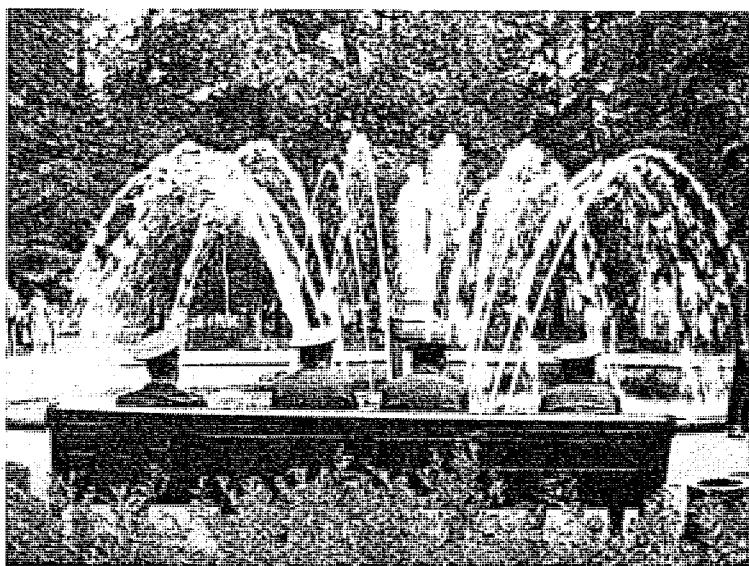
Students interested in AIESEC usually (but not always) become

marketing representatives because that is the best way to learn about the program. New members are thoroughly trained to sell the AIESEC concept. Most students join AIESEC because they have a desire to live and work abroad for several months. Such a desire is certainly not a prerequisite for joining AIESEC. There is so much one can learn and experience here at the local level without ever going overseas. Members often obtain much international experience here in South Bend by simply interacting with the foreign trainees who come to work here.

Why would a company participate in the AIESEC program? There are several reasons, the main one being the low cost of participation. A participating firm merely provides a meaningful job and pays a stipend to the foreign student. AIESEC students are not in this program to make money, but to gain valuable cultural and practical work experience. AIESEC-Notre Dame takes care of arranging visas and providing insurance for the students who come to work here. The local committee also provides housing, transportation and entertainment for the trainees. Companies which participate in AIESEC, therefore, have very few responsibilities.

Ten Notre Dame and St. Mary's students will have the opportunity to go overseas this year. Last year, I was one of five to receive an AIESEC traineeship. The competition is tough and Notre Dame always has more traineeship applicants than there are jobs raised. Students at Notre Dame tend to be more highly qualified than students at other university campuses because of its Sophomore Year Abroad program. AIESEC-Notre Dame attracts many of these qualified and motivated individuals.

The economic and cultural atmosphere I experienced in Finland was different from anything in the United States. The Finnish people are a very proud but small nation. They live in the shadow of the Soviet Union. Finns hate to admit it, but they are very much dependent upon their eastern neighbors both economically and strategically. Much of what used to be Finland is now part of Russia. Finland would like very



Militiamen making their presence known in Leningrad.

much to get that eastern strip of land back, but they are a pacifist and docile people.

A foreigner's first impression of the people is very cold and shy. Gradually, as they become accustomed to visitors, they open up and talk freely about their country and their heritage. Finland is the land of saunas and lakes and of forests and fine furniture. It is also the land of the midnight sun. I saw nearly 20 hours of daylight last June. Needless to say, it was difficult sleeping at night.

Finnish saunas are the best in the world. Soon after my arrival, I sweated through and barely survived my first one. It was hotter and more humid than anything I had ever experienced in the U.S. The Finnish way to thoroughly enjoy the sauna is to get very hot and open up the body pores. The next step is to jump into a cold clear lake. It is a very healthy and invigorating experience and one which I enjoyed immensely.

The only direct way of getting to Finland, if you are not flying, is by boat. The two surface routes are not practical and involve large detours. One goes through Russia and the other takes you around the Gulf of Bothnia. I did not need to know Finland's two official languages, Finnish and Swedish, to communicate with the natives. Many of them, especially the students, speak English well. English is the international business language, so I had no problem communicating with my superiors.

I worked in the capital city of Helsinki for Finland's largest chemical products firm as a marketing intern. I observed the company's marketing system and its foreign trade prac-

tices. Most of my time was spent translating articles, contracts, and letters from French and Russian into English and vice versa. I even had the opportunity to teach an informal English course to company employees. The exposure to Finnish culture I received as part of my job was invaluable. I was flown to the city of Oulu in northern Finland with a few of my Finnish colleagues to observe the operation of a Finnish factory. I visited the company's experimental farms and its research center in Espoo. AIESEC students go overseas to work and gain cultural and business experience, but they are also there to learn and study the economic and cultural environment as well.

AIESEC-Finland is reputed to have the best reception program in the world. I have absolutely no doubts as to the validity of that fact. There were 60 other AIESEC trainees in Helsinki at one point during this past summer. I met students from all over the world. English was the primary means of communication, but French and German were also used extensively. Many of us lived together in dormitory-type arrangements. AIESEC activities such as parties, sight-seeing, and trips were organized together. It was a cohesive group and strong ties of friendship developed during the course of the summer.

Numerous group trips to the different regions of Finland exposed us to the Finnish way of life. We visited the Lake District in central Finland and the Aland Islands off the western coast of Finland. We camped in tents under the rain, swam in clear cool lakes, sun-tanned on fresh-water beaches, roasted sausages over open

fires, and often talked late into the night. Such experiences made my summer in Finland truly memorable.

One highlight of my summer was the opportunity to spend four days in Leningrad. Most of what I had anticipated turned out to be true. Security at the border is very tight. Russian people are not permitted to talk to foreigners. People rarely smile. They wear old, drab-colored clothes. There is little food selection in the stores. The food and the toilet facilities in the hotels are abominable. The generalizations hold true, but there are exceptions. Our Russian tour guide spoke English rather well, owned western-style clothing, and joked freely with us. Our limited exposure to black-market dealers convinced us that business is thriving. I felt particularly sad for the Russian people because they have no power to change their fate. They must accept the communist way of life. Overall, I was a little disappointed, but just to have been in Russia was certainly an experience.

Besides having lived and worked in Finland for two and a half months, I spent three weeks traveling across northern Europe. It was truly the summer of a lifetime, one that I shall never forget. The AIESEC program has done more for me than I could ever ask. I encourage anyone interested in an opportunity to live and work overseas to look us up. AIESEC-Notre Dame is always looking for new qualified and motivated members. Give us a try. AIESEC may make your dreams become a reality. □

Pat James, a Senior Marketing major, is Director of Corporate Marketing for AIESEC-Notre Dame. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



Rebel (cont'd from page 32)

are charged with three counts of treason, conspiracy, and six counts of murder. How do you plead?" Silence filled the courtroom. "Well? Are you guilty or are you not?" No sound came from the prisoner. The bailiff pressed a green button on his desk, and a charge raced through Karam's body. He screamed. "Well now, are we guilty?" taunted the commander. "That's what you seem to think," replied Karam. "What I have to say doesn't make a bit of difference. You've already convicted me."

The trial proceeded with no affirmation or denial from Karam, and the panel of magistrates found him guilty on all charges. "For crimes such as yours," intoned Larson, "death would be less than fair enough. Instead, at midday tomor-

row, you will undergo the degeneration process. Your followers can not help you now. Your career as a revolutionary is at a close." Larson returned to his quarters with a smile on his face.

In the early hours of the following morning, Karam was roused from an uneasy sleep and was injected with a tranquilizer. He was carried under guard to science sector twelve, and was stripped of his clothes. Two of the guards strapped him to a large metal table, where his body was covered with a silverish liquid. Still under the influence of the tranquilizer, he was wheeled to the main science lab, and was inserted into a metal tube which was just large enough to accommodate him. With the flick of a switch, the tube turned a bright blue, and from within it came a shrill piercing scream which rose above a tranquilized stupor.

In the next few hours, the mass which was once Karam, the rebel of Kal-mar, was transformed into a single cell. This cell then underwent cryogenic preservation, was transferred to a container, and was loaded aboard a transport ship. The cell would then be reimplanted in a female of some backwards society in some other galaxy, where he would suffer through a primitive existence. His charisma and influence would never be a threat again.

The transport hovered high over the land, and the science officer returned from a successful reimplantation. In the following months, the ship watched the progress of their mission, to make sure Karam's friends did not interfere. When the child was born, the ship left, and neither Herod, nor the three Persian monarchs ever saw it again. ☐

Tibet (cont'd from page 15)

Europe and America with the dual purpose of raising an awareness of the plight of his people and spreading his vision of a world in which the plurality of religions can live in harmony while retaining their uniqueness of expression. The Tibetan refugees finding initial comfort in the bordering nations of India, Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan, have made new homes for themselves all over the world while still retaining their cultural identity. The Dalai Lama believes that the Tibetan children in exile are the most valuable of their resources because it is only through them that Tibetan culture can survive. Those children left behind in Tibet can hardly hope to resist the indoctrination of the communist regime. Nevertheless, Tibetan culture stubbornly struggles to survive, even under the Chinese control. The struggle is demonstrated in this passage from a *New York Times* article on Nov. 1, 1981.

... The summer palace of a Bud-

dhist order was also destroyed. However, one of the Indian visitors said local residents had apparently salvaged some ancient prayer stones and built ramshackle chapels. Above one ruin there flew a solitary prayer flag that had apparently been recently put in place, attesting to the tenacious hold of the religious culture even in the absence of monks.

True to his Tibetan Buddhist heritage, the Dalai Lama has taken this legacy and extended over it the same peace and control which he has developed within. The peace he extends is a spirit of reconciliation and true love for the Chinese people as expressed in the preface to his book.

But I must add that we Tibetans still have no feeling of hatred for the great Chinese people, although their representatives in Tibet have treated us so barbarously. Our only wish is to live our own lives in peace and friendship with all our neighbors, including the Chinese.

Control in that he has not merely

reacted emotionally to the oppression, but has looked for the good to be found, the lesson to be learned. As Merton points out,

The Dalai Lama is very objective and open about this kind of thing (monasticism and Marxism). He is in no way whatever a fanatical anti-Communist. He is an open-minded, reasonable man, thinking in terms of a religious tradition. He obviously recognized the problem of a ruthless Communist takeover, a power that had to get rid of monks, that had to drive monks out of Tibet. The Dalai Lama himself made every effort to coexist with Communism, and he failed. He said frankly that he did not see how one could coexist, in the situation in which he had been, with Communism—on an institutional level, anyway. He then went on to admit the blindness of the abbots and communities of the great, rich Tibetan monasteries, who had failed to see the signs of the times and had absolutely failed to do anything valid to meet the challenge of Communism. They refused to do anything, for example, about giving land to people who needed it. They simply could not see the necessity of taking certain steps, and this, he said, precipitated the disaster, and it had to happen. ☐

Very special thanks to Priscilla Pedersen, Assistant Professor of Theology, for furnishing much of the resource material and impetus for this article. Dan Bell is a regular contributor of Scholastic.

Buy One Large Sandwich*

GET ONE FREE

*Big Mac®, Quarter Pounder®, Quarter Pounder with Cheese®, Filet-o-Fish® or McChicken® Sandwich.

OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 15, 1982.

Cash value 1/20 of 1 cent.

Owner for reimbursement: McDonald's®
100 Center, Mishawaka, IN

*You deserve
a break today®*



Good only at:
McDonald's
1519 N. Ironwood Drive
South Bend, Indiana

Culture Update

ART

... at the Snite Museum of Art

Until March 21 — George Tisten: One Man Exhibition — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Until April 4 — Aaron Siskind's Harlem Document — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Until April 11 — Recent Accessions: Drawings and Prints — Print, Drawing, and Photography Gallery

Until April 14 — Harmsen's Collection of Navajo Weavings — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

(gallery hours: T-F, 10-4 p.m.; S-S, 1-4 p.m.; Closed M)

... at the Isis Gallery

March 1-26 — University of Northern Illinois Graduate Student Exhibition

(gallery hours: M-F, 10-4 p.m.; Closed S-S)

... at Saint Mary's

March 1-April 10 — All Galleries — "Senior Comprehensives"

(gallery hours: M-F, 9:30-12 a.m., 1-3 p.m.; Sun., 1-3 p.m.; Closed Sat.)

... lectures at the Snite

February 25 — Dr. Paul Roche — "Duncan Grant: Painter of Bloomsbury" — 8 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

March 9 — Dr. Charles M. Rosenberg — "The Medici: From Merchant to Prince" — 12:10 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

March 23 — Robert Rosenblum — "Towards Photography: Painting in the 1830s" — 8 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

THEATRE

March 26 and 27 — American Buffalo — by David Mamet — Directed by Doug Kreitzberg — Washington Hall — 8 p.m. — All tickets, \$1.00

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

March 2 — Musicke of Sundrie Kindes — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium — \$2.00

March 30 — Billy Taylor, jazz pianist — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium — \$2.00

... at SMC

February 20 — Faure Requiem, SMC Women's Choir, Wabash Men's Choir — Raymond Sprogue, director — 7:30 p.m., Church of Loretto

February 21 — Ann Bourjaily, Senior Piano Recital — 23 p.m., Little Theater

February 28 — Michigan Varsity Singers, Guest Artists — 8 p.m., Little Theater

March 4 — Pat Andrews, Senior Piano Recital — 8 p.m., Little Theater

March 7 — Joan Moore, Senior Voice Recital, 3 p.m., Little Theater

March 11 — Morris Taylor, Piano, Guest Artist — 8 p.m., Little Theater

Any club, group, organization, or department affiliated with the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's community is encouraged to submit any listings of cultural activities for publication in the Cultural Update. Please include all pertinent information in typed format, addressed to: Art Editor, Scholastic magazine, LaFortune, UND. Thank you.

Poles Apart . . .

(cont'd from page 24)

based on nuclear supremacy is already taking its toll. Undoubtedly, a sense of spiritual destruction has taken root. The influences of the threat of nuclear exchange deteriorate the morale and hope of young Americans.

Last December, a high-school freshman theology class in Rockford, Illinois, was asked to describe what the peace of Christmas signified. A 14-year-old boy wrote: "How can we even imagine the peace of Christmas? Peace is a joke. In the end, we're all going to be blown up anyway." We cannot allow this moral decay of our nation. Hopefully, we will somehow be able to undergo the moral conversion that Hunthausen speaks of, and combine it with some viable political and economic solutions. A workable alternative may be a long time coming, but if we allow the arms race to continue without any hope of moving away from this present insanity, we will all die before we're dead, like the despondent 14-year-old. □



Beth Domnick is a senior American Studies/French major from Peoria, IL. Beth Healy provided considerable editorial aid to this article.

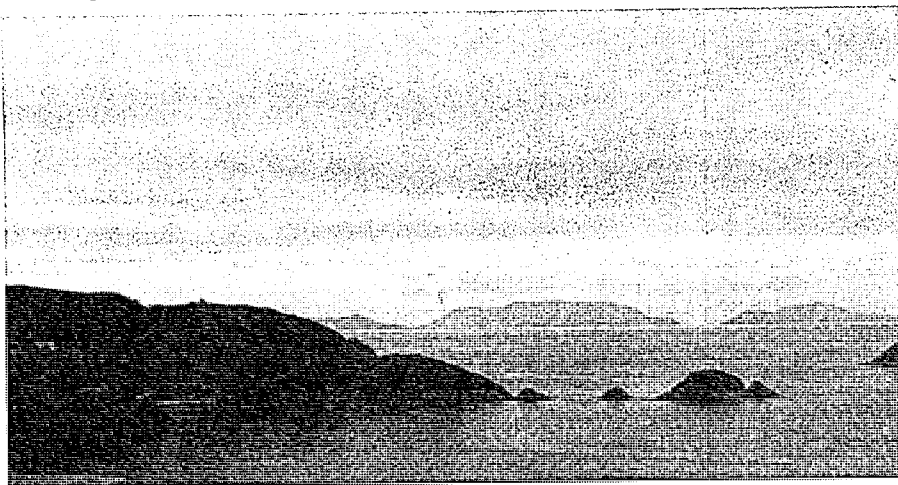
Boycott . . .

(cont'd from page 17)

lives of children. Nestle, by far the largest of the infant formula manufacturers, has been targeted for two reasons: first, any reforms which Nestle agrees to undertake will, because of its size, have the widest possible effect, and second, Nestle is the leader of its industry. The responsibility that Nestle shares for all the deaths that have already occurred cannot lightly be dismissed. It would be necessary for Nestle to drastically reform their marketing practices in the developing nations to demonstrate good faith.

On March 2, the students of Notre Dame have the opportunity to take a stand once more, to renew their commitment to the sanctity of human life. In the three years that the boycott has been in effect, there has been no deterioration in the quality of campus life because of the absence of Nestle products in the University-operated food services. At such a small cost, such a large statement can be made. The Notre Dame-Saint Mary's World Hunger Coalition urges you to vote to continue the boycott. The lives of children are at stake. □

Hong Kong (cont'd from page 33)



Repulse Bay

On the other side of the island the conditions are not as crowded. This is where Repulse Bay is located, Hong Kong's answer to the resort. Most Americans live in this area because of its close proximity to the school and its distance from the city. The beach areas are wall-to-wall people in the warm months, and one often has to fight one's way through the crowds and find an empty spot. For the Chinese, it is a chance to get away from the pressures and crowded

conditions that they are forced to live in. Water skiing and sailing are popular sports in this area, and in the tropical climate they can be enjoyed year-round.

Hong Kong has a large tourist industry. The nightlife is said to be the best in Asia, and there are numerous hotels and restaurants offering both Chinese and European cuisine. A walk through the open-air markets, which at night become filled with merchants peddling their

goods, is an enjoyable cultural experience. Two horse tracks are popular gathering spots for both the Chinese and Europeans. Movie theaters have both American and Chinese films, but unfortunately arrive a year after their opening in the United States. Luxuries such as McDonald's, Burger King, and Baskin-Robbins are common, but the Chinese haven't quite perfected the art of American fast food. One can always find some enjoyable entertainment in a city as large as Hong Kong.

I still remember looking forward to the summers when we would return to the United States and be free from the tensions and the crowds. However, despite the difficulties of overseas living, it is a way of life that one can easily become accustomed to, one that makes returning to the United States become more of an adjustment than leaving. The opportunities to travel and observe different cultures are endless. For me, living in Hong Kong is a unique experience, and as I look back on it, I know it's one that I will appreciate more and more.

Vanessa Sapienza is a freshman at Saint Mary's. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

El Salvador

(cont'd from page 9)

organization ORDEN. Fifteen children, all under the age of ten and one only fourteen days old, were murdered clinging to their mothers. Later that day, the National Guard sacked the peasant dwellings. In several instances, campesinos testified that they saw Army soldiers ripping with machetes unborn children from the wombs of their mothers, as if "one were taking eggs from an iguana."

People are constantly disappearing. Paulita spoke of people who, for simply attending church meetings and bible studies became suspect to being subversives. They are taken in the night and never seen or heard from again. The army's tactic is to "dry up the ocean to get at the fish." The fish are the opposition groups. Unfortunately for the campesinos, "drying up the ocean" involves incomparable terrorism, harassment, rape, torture, murder, dismemberment, and the burning of crops to create starvation conditions.

"Many of the people would belong to some kind of Christian reading group or some co-op group. Just because of that, they are suspected

of being communists, subversives, terrorists. It is just because they are not in communion with the military. Since the military does not have a good intelligence system, the easiest thing to do is kill anyone who is suspect. If they aren't sure, it does not matter to them."

The point is that the rightist forces are not just violating basic human rights of the people of El Salvador. The tremendous bulk of evidence substantially proves that a large portion of the population of the



country are being systematically exterminated; this is the genocide of Salvadoran peasants.

These facts have serious implications for America. In sending military aid to the Duarte junta, the Reagan Administration is in fact aiding in the genocide of the people of El Salvador. The military clearly control the Duarte junta, and it is this systematic extermination of a single group of people that betrays them. Genocide is the only proper term. Since 1979, military forces have been responsible for 32,000 deaths, all aimed at a particular group. Paulita expressed her feelings about U.S. military intervention in saying, "It's so ridiculous to think that a military solution is going to be available to the United States. What are they going to win? Massacre 30,000 more people? Is that what the United States wants to do? The U.S. would be involved in the genocide of the Salvadoran people, and that's not too strong a word, that's not a slogan, that's not political propaganda." □

Dan McGrath is one of Scholastic's co-copy editors. He is a mechanical engineering and history double major from Naperville, Illinois. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Fiction

Old MacDonald's Farm

by Casey O'Connor

I first became aware of the MacDonald Farm when I was asked to write an article on modern farms in America. It would be just like the old nursery rhyme about "Old MacDonald's Farm," with a moo-moo here, and all that. It was going to be a day that I would long remember.

I had driven for a couple of hours when I finally arrived at the farm, and turned into the driveway. As I drove up to the farm, I saw that it consisted of a large white house and a long red building which I assumed was the barn. Standing in the driveway was a bearded man. I parked the car and stepped out as he walked toward me. "Farmer MacDonald?" I inquired.

"Yep, sure am. You must be that reporter they told me about."

"Yes sir. My name's Tim Holdorf. It's nice to meet you," I said as I extended my hand to him. When we shook hands I couldn't help noticing that his hands were perfectly clean. And as I thought about it, I noticed he was clean from head to toe. His overalls were spotless, and his baseball cap (with a patch proclaiming "ERADICANE WORKS ON PROBLEM WEEDS") looked as good as new. It seemed rather strange to see such a clean farmer. I had always pictured farmers as being rather grubby. My thoughts were interrupted when he said, "Well, come on. We might just as well get started now." He started walking toward the barn and I followed, pulling out my notepad.

"Farmer MacDonald, how long has your family owned this land?" He glanced at me and muttered,

"About a hunnerd 'n' fifty years, near as I figure." We continued walking toward the barn, and I noticed that its sides were actually red aluminum siding.

"Aren't barns usually made of wood that's just painted red?" I asked.

"Naw. That ain't economical. Aluminum and insulation's what ya need, have to make sure my livestock stays warm. Got a lot a money wrapped up in 'em." We reached the barn, he unlocked the door and went in, motioning me to follow. The floor

of the corridor was carpeted, and everything looked spotless, much nicer than I had expected a barn to be. We walked down a few more yards, and I noticed the walls ahead were made of some kind of transparent plastic.

"These here are my beef units," said Farmer MacDonald as we walked over to one side of the corridor. I looked through the plastic window and saw below me a stall about ten feet long and five feet wide housing a very bizarre-looking creature. The "beef unit," as Farmer MacDonald had put it, was a massive blob of flesh that nearly filled the stall. The only discernable features on the beef unit were four scrawny legs, and a head that had a large tube inserted into its mouth.

"They used to call 'em cows, but we've improved 'em so much today, that we call 'em beef units." I looked down once more and saw the beef unit just lying there, a motionless mass. Its legs were quite small, and I wondered how they could ever support its tremendous weight. Its whole body was a pale color, and was totally devoid of hair. Was this a cow? I had to admit, I had always pictured cows as being much more impressive.

"I got a hunnerd beef units all together. I'm really just a small-time farmer, but it's a good living." As we walked further and further down the corridor, I looked down at all the beef units we passed, and noticed there was a number on the back wall of each stall.

"What are those numbers for?" I inquired.

"Those are so I can keep track of how each unit is doin'," said Farmer MacDonald. He stopped and pointed down into the stall we were next to. "Ole number sixty-seven here took sick 'while ago, near died. Lucky I noticed and made sure it got the right injections. I caint afford to lose no units, I'd lose money, ya know."

As we resumed walking I inquired, "Do they ever go outside and graze or anything?" He looked at me and laughed.

"Hell no boy! Why if those critters started walking around they'd burn

off so much weight. God! I hate to even think about the money I'd lose. 'Sides, in here they're safe an' warm, an' they git plenty a food. They don't need to go out.

"Well, that's 'bout all there is to the barn."

Although I was silent my mind was still awlirl with all the things I had seen. Was this a farm? It seemed so much like a factory. The poor beef units were totally exploited, not even treated as fellow creatures. My thoughts were interrupted by Farmer MacDonald.

"You sure don't do much talkin' for a reporter." I paused for a moment.

"Well, Farmer MacDonald," I said, "the farm wasn't anything like I imagined it would be. I thought of a farm as more of a quaint old place with hens cackling in the barnyard and cows wandering the pasture, but this . . . it seems more like a business than a farm."

"That's 'cause it is a business! Listen boy, today I make more money than anyone in my family has ever made, and doin' what? Why feedin' this great country of ours, that's what. Just 'cause science makes farmin' easier don't mean it ain't farmin'!"

Farming, I thought to myself. This wasn't farming. All Farmer MacDonald ever had to do was push a few buttons here and there and things ran smoothly. All he was was a damn businessman.

We had almost reached my car when Farmer MacDonald said, "Come on up to the house, I'd like to show ya one more thing before ya go."

I didn't really want to go with him, but I followed just so he wouldn't be offended. Once we were inside the house I saw that the interior was quite cozy. It had brick walls, a rocking chair, a fireplace, a grandfather clock, and an oak table. Now this was what I had imagined a farmer's house to be like. He led me through the quaintly furnished living room to a closed door. Perhaps I had been wrong about Farmer MacDonald. Maybe he wasn't just an uncaring businessman, but instead a simple farmer with old-fashioned values trying to adjust to a modern mechanized world. As I thought, he pushed open the door revealing a dimly lit room with a bed in the center. On the bed I saw a large fleshy mass that had two scrawny arms and legs sticking out.

"I'd like you to meet Henrietta, my wife unit." □

The Last Word

(a.k.a. Up Front)

by Clay Malaker

Dear Bill Granger,

The dust from the uproar you created with your Jan. 17, 1982, *Chicago Tribune Magazine* article "It's So Nice to See a Notre Dame Team Lose" was just beginning to settle here at Notre Dame when you decided to stir it up again with your article "Notre Dame Fans Think Critic's a Loser." Many people are wondering what are the reasons for your recent eruptions toward Notre Dame. Most would agree that your articles have brought you increased recognition. However, Bill, I'm afraid you have paid dearly for your new fame, or to be more exact, your new notoriety. I, for one, would find swapping my journalistic credibility and respectability for increased public recognition simply too great a price to pay.

You are indeed entitled to your own opinions, and since you have your own column, you are entitled to express them in print. However, a decent columnist would try to present his opinions in a reasonably fact-founded, logical, and rational manner. In my opinion, at least in these respects, your two columns failed miserably. Here's why:

Your second column contained the lines, "In fact, a large number of Notre Dame grads who wrote spoke of my hatred for the University. I never wrote that." To be sure, you never wrote "I hate Notre Dame!" in your first blast. What did you write that gave an overwhelming impression that you do hate Notre Dame? It must have been something, Bill.

Perhaps this line from your first article is why. "First, there are all sorts of things I don't hate about Notre Dame." Coupled with the tone of the rest of your column, that last statement in no uncertain terms implies that you hate at least some aspects of Notre Dame. You insulted Notre Dame students, grads, alumni, Notre Dame fans in general, and the region and residents of northern Indiana. You also said "My antipathy toward Notre Dame sports runs deeper than that." Assuming you to be at least partly rational at this point, the reader, after being carefully led to this point by you, concludes that these are some of the aspects you hate about Notre Dame. Maybe, Bill, you don't really hate Notre Dame, but you certainly left most people with the impression that you did.

Therefore your comment to Thomas H. Riley, a Notre Dame sophomore who wrote to you to say he was sorry that you did not like Notre Dame, was totally immature, unwarranted, and incredibly inappropriate for a columnist of a respectable publication such as the *Chicago Tribune*. In fact, your statement "I hope Riley will attend a reading comprehension course if it is offered at the school" is ludicrous. Even if you never intended to make people feel you disliked Notre Dame or at least certain aspects of Notre Dame, your writing left them with that impression. Therefore, if you actually did not want people to get the impression that you are a Domer-hater, then it is your writing that is at fault, not your audience's reading comprehension. A good columnist writes in a manner that allows his readership to understand and comprehend his message. Why did most people misconstrue yours, Bill?

Perhaps the most questionable aspect of your second article was the boring tirade concerning the Notre

Dame community's faulty reading comprehension. To make this essentially the heart of your column demonstrates incredibly poor judgment and taste. Your first column may have rankled many who stand by Notre Dame, but your second column merely nauseated them. Let me address several other mistakes in that column.

- 1) Weddings are not performed between halves of football games. (Incidentally, we haven't played SMU since 1958. Do you mean MSU?)
- 2) The word English has no gender. It is neuter. You should have written "... learn to read English as it is written ..." not "... as she is wrote ..."
- 3) The "great majority" of Notre Dame fans would have to disagree with the opinion of your art history student. Most are not "too soused to know what's going on" at basketball games; in fact, most have not been drinking at all.
- 4) Lastly, "ain't" is hardly appropriate usage for a writer of your supposed stature.

What may have enraged Notre Dame members and supporters so much was your grasp and presentation of the facts in the first column. Both were questionable to say the least. I do not think the average Notre Dame fan is a sports bully or boor. However, most of our fans are exuberant. The fans from every team we have ever played appeared to be exuberant to me as well, so it doesn't look like Notre Dame is the only school with this problem. I suppose you are not as exuberant as some fans, but that really is not a good reason to criticize them.

But you also criticize the students. Naturally you really don't know very many of us, having never visited Notre Dame, but we are intrigued to know that you believe we exhibit poor sportsmanship, and never grasp graciousness in victory and dignity in defeat. I suppose you have seen us on TV, so you are an expert. Come to Notre Dame some time and learn the truth. See us for yourself. Come to the De Paul game and observe us. We may be too exuberant for you as well, but we will show you we are good sports, win or lose. Maybe some of those alumni you describe as "thuglike" won't be quite the thugs you thought they were either.

South Bend life is not quite as bucolic as you painted it, Bill. But how would you know? You turned around at the outskirts and drove home. I am not very impressed with your factual foundation. Many of the people from northern Indiana seem to me to be more sophisticated than you, but that may be because I only have your writing to base a judgement on.

Basically, I feel you have an incorrect impression of Notre Dame. We study hard, and we play hard. We live our lives with gusto. We want to improve academically, athletically, spiritually, and emotionally. Our athletes and most of our fans pride themselves on their sportsmanship. If an opposing player is hurt and we cheer, it is not because we are happy he is hurt, it is because we are congratulating him for his efforts and wishing him a quick recovery. Notre Dame is happy to be as successful and popular as it is, and even if it means that we will win the enmity of some people like you, it is still worth it.

Honestly Bill, come down to South Bend and get the real story. Until you do, I will still think that the title to your second column, "Notre Dame Fans Think Critic's a Loser," is only too appropriate.

In all sincerity,
Clay Malaker '82

SCHOLASTIC

GIANT RECORD SALE AT JUST FOR THE RECORD

259-1813

ALL SINGLE LP's ONLY \$5.99
OLD — NEW — ROCK — JAZZ — EVERYTHING!

ALL DOUBLE LP's ONLY \$8.99

• 3 LP sets or more, direct-disc & audiophile LP's not included in sale •

SALE STARTS ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24

SALE ENDS ???

JFTR, 100 CENTER, MISHAWAKA

Get there early for the best selections!!

You can't afford to miss this one!!



DAILY
10 a.m.-9 p.m.
SUNDAY
12 p.m.-6 p.m.



ACE IS THE PLACE
WITH THE HELPFUL HARDWARE MAN

Greenview

272-7535

HOURS
7:30 AM To 5:30 P.M.
Closed Sunday



FREE PARKING
FRONT & REAR

219 DIXIE WAY
NO. IN ROSELAND

- PAINTS
- TOOLS
- PLUMBING & ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
- GARDEN SUPPLIES
- HOUSEWARES
- HARDWARE
- SPORTING GOODS



**Sir Richard's
Hair Designs**

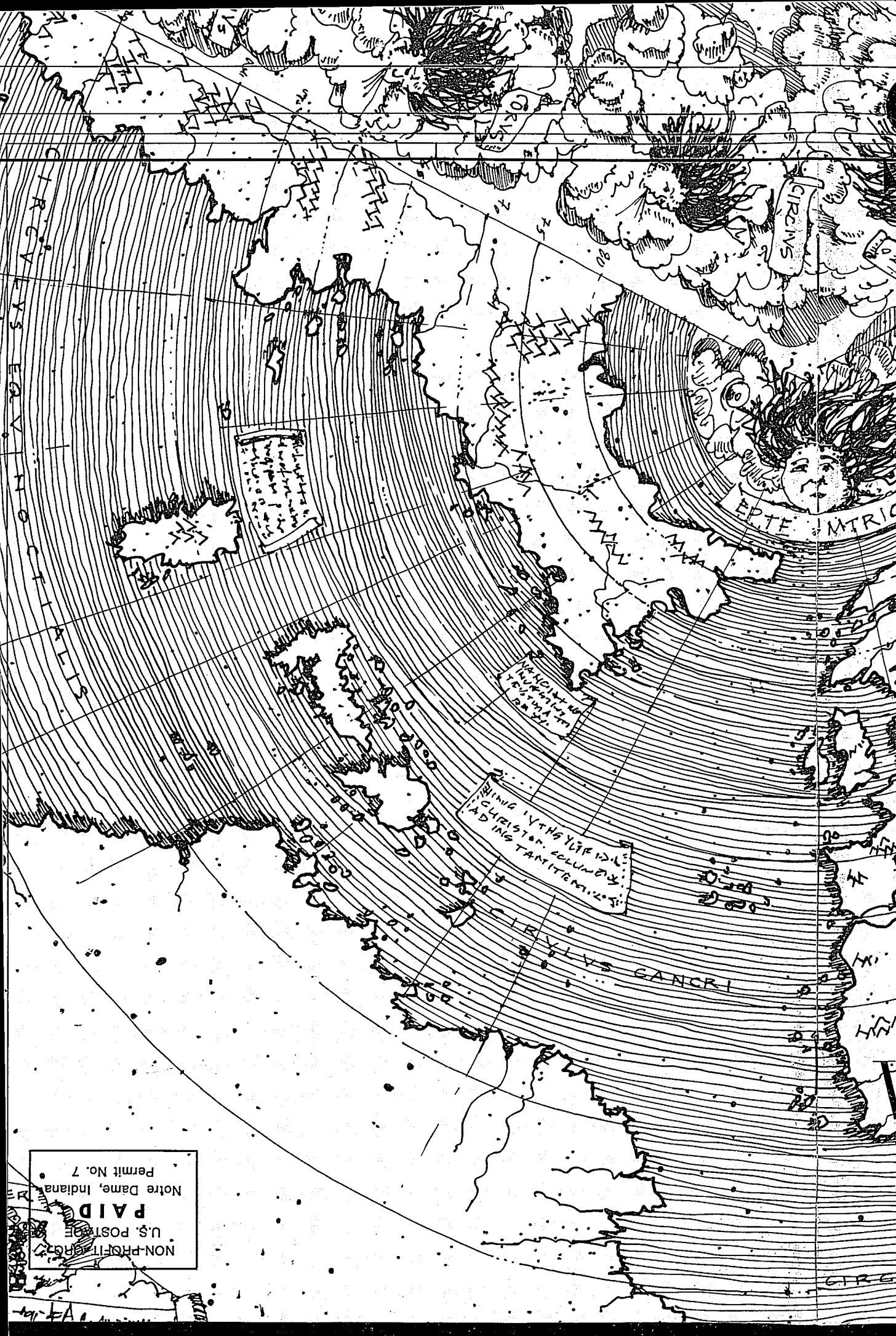
417 Dixieway North

½ mile north of
campus — Across
from Wendy's

Girls and Guys

277-0734

Walk-in or call for
an appointment



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