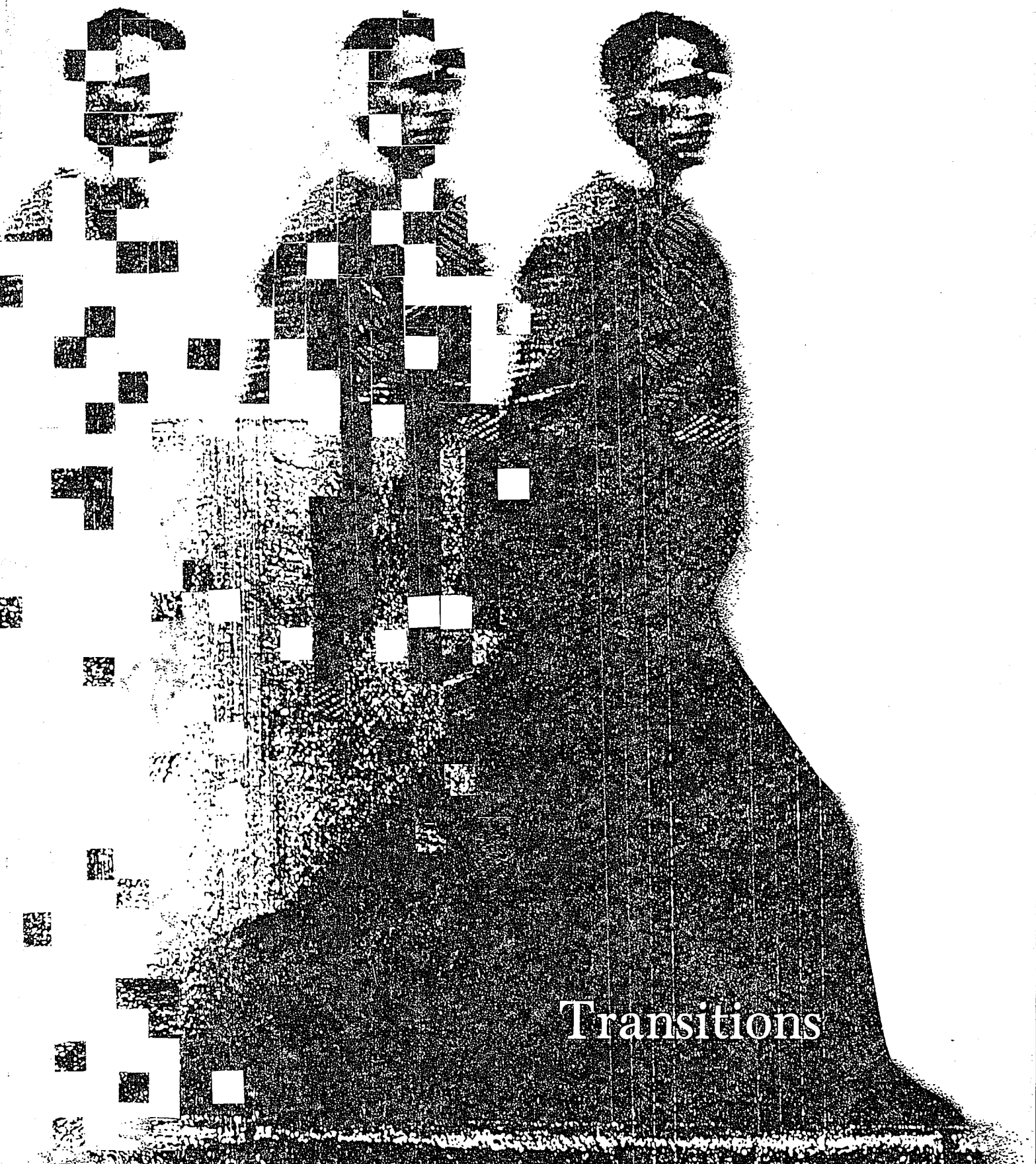


Scholastic

September, 1982



Transitions



ACE IS THE PLACE
WITH THE HELPFUL HARDWARE MAN



272-7535

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

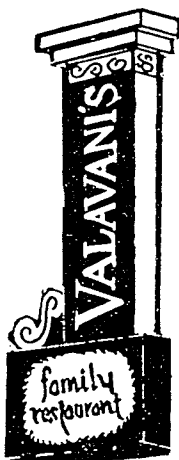


FREE PARKING
FRONT & REAR

219 DIXIE WAY
NO. IN ROSELAND

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

*Adding a New...
dimension to downtown dining*



PARK FREE
after 5:30 p.m.

**Greek
American
Food**

taste tempters...

Customers' favorite

GYROS

EAT IN, OR CARRY-OUT

Flaming Cheese
Souvlaki
Mousaka
Pastitsio

*always tasty...
sandwiches, fish,
steaks, chops, soups*

Open Sun. 8 to 2/Mon.-Thurs. 6 to 8;
Fri. & Sat. 6 to 9—232-4997

127 N. Main St., So. Bend

Free Parking after 5:30 p.m.,

Show Your Student I.D.
Card and Receive a 10%
Discount thru 10/31/82.

Linda's **VILLAGE GREENHOUSE**

Roses

\$9.95/dozen

Single/\$1.00 each

*Check our prices on
corsages and boutonnières.*

Carnations

\$4.95/dozen

Single 45¢/each

**NORTH VILLAGE
MALL**

272-5335

Delivery Service Available

SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 124, No. 1, September 1982
Notre Dame, IN 46556

FEATURES

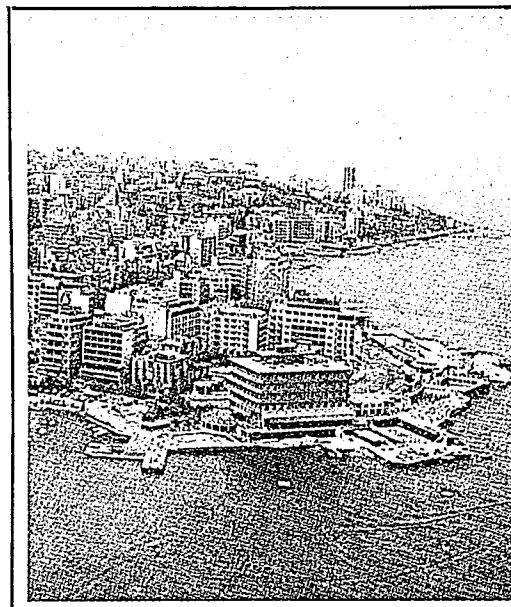
- 4 **Summer on a Western Island**
A Student's experiences in West Berlin . . . Larry Klink
- 20 **Kickball, Faith, and "Busy Work"**
Summer Service Project in Washington, D.C. . . . Dan Keusal
- 6 **The Cushwa-Leighton Library**
New addition to the SMC campus . . . Bridget Bradley
- 8 **Lebanon: "A Strong Will to Survive"**
Thoughts on war . . . Frank Bright
- 16 **Football '82—Discipline & Desire**
A preview . . . Daphne Baille & Brian Couch
- 18 **Senior Bar—New Building, New Ideas**
Eat, drink and be merry . . . Teri Schindler

REGULARS

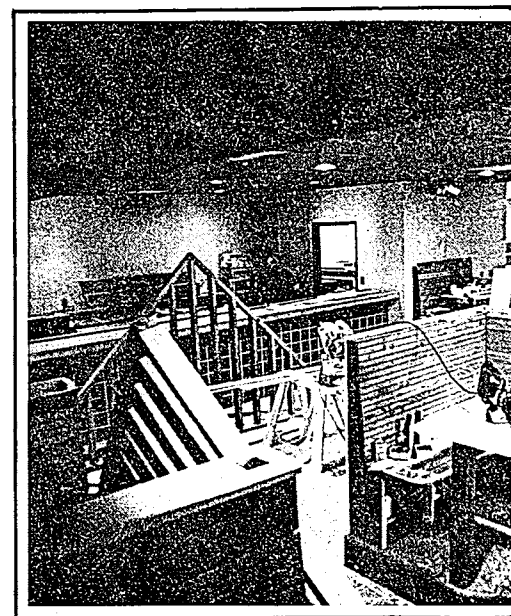
- 3 **News Briefs** Dan McGrath, News Editor
- 10 **Poetry**
- 11 **Culture Update**
- 12 **Fiction/Hot Dogs and Chevrolet** Ron Hyde
- 14 **Gallery** Juan Carrasco
- 24 **The Last Word** Beth Healy

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.



page 8



page 18

In Memoriam

The Angel of the Lord encamps around those who
revere Him and rescues them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the
man who trusts in Him.

The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous, and
His ears open to their cry.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but out
of them all the Lord delivers him.

He protects his every bone; not one of them is
broken.

The Lord redeems the soul of His servants; all those
taking refuge in Him shall go free.

Psalm 34

In prayerful memory of those members of our
community who died this past summer.

EDITORIAL BOARD 1982-1983

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Beth Healy

GENERAL MANAGER

Pat Pitz

Culture/Fiction Editor

Sheila Beatty

News/Sports Editor

Dan McGrath

Photo Editor

Mike Delany

St. Mary's Editor

Tara Jones

Copy Editors

Tom Wrobel

Julie Wodarczyk

Advertising Manager

Brian Graham

Distribution Manager

Michael Meeks

Business Manager

Jim Dever

Layout Editor

Charles van Ravenswaay

Art Editor

Tamera Mams

Advisor:

Fr. Mario Pedi, O.S.B.

CREDITS

Cover:

Jeff Ripple

Illustrations:

Delia Thomas

Photographs:

Mike Delany; Pat Pitz; John Costello; Sandy
Eital; Information Services; Notre Dame
Sports Information



EDITORIAL BOARD

Missing in action . . . Mike Meeks, Mike Delany, Tamara Mams, Brian Graham

Dan McGrath, News Editor

New Prof. in New Chair

Max Lerner, syndicated columnist and professor of human behavior at the United States International University in San Diego has been named a visiting professor and will be the first occupant of the W. Harold and Martha Welch Chair in American Studies. One of Lerner's new courses is entitled "America as a Civilization: An Update" and celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of Lerner's best-known book, *America as a Civilization*. The course examines the American experience from the differing perspectives of 1957 and 1982. Born in Minsk, Russia, in 1902, Lerner emigrated to America with his family in 1907. He holds law and social science degrees from Yale University, Washington University, and the Robert Brooking Graduate School of Economics and Government. He has taught at Harvard University, Sarah Lawrence College, Williams College, and Brandeis University.

New and Improved

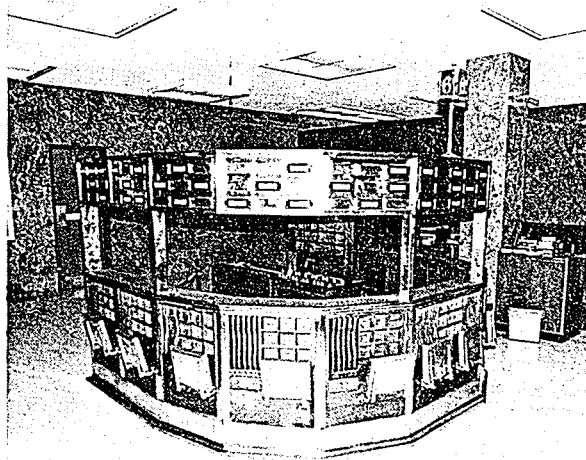
This year's freshman class of about 1790 students was chosen from approximately 7700 applicants. With 75% ranking in the top 10% of their high school class with average SAT scores of about 1200, the freshman class is on par with the previous four classes, according to the Admissions Office. "This year's class has exceeded our goal of 1775 and may well be the largest class yet," said Kevin M. Rooney, Assistant Director of Admissions. "However, we lost a lot of people we wanted to enroll because of the financial situation. The University is very pleased with the academic statistics and personal qualities of this year's class. We have a lot of talented individuals." Of the 1790, 525 are women, and, according to the Admissions Office, the female applicant pool was "particularly competitive."

Survival of the Fittest

Fourteen faculty members were promoted to tenure this spring. Promoted to professor with tenure are professors John Eric Smithburn and John J. Gilligan, both of the law school. Named associate professors with tenure are Stephen M. Batill, Aerospace and Mechanical Engineering; Dolores W. Frese, English; James F. Gaertner, Accountancy; Ethan T. Haimo, Music; John A. Halloran, Finance and Business Economics; David J. Ladouceur, Modern and Classical Languages; Marvin J. Miller, Chemistry; Randal C. Ruchti, Physics; and Byron E. Stanhouse, Finance and Business Economics. Associate professors advanced to tenure are William G. Dwyer, Mathematics; Kevin Misiewicz, Accountancy; and Nancy K. Stanton, Mathematics.

Historic Post Donated

One of thirteen historic trading posts from the New York Stock Exchange was donated to the University this summer. Built in the early 1900's, the octagonal trading posts on the floor of the exchange were used over the years by specialists in the trading of individual stocks. However, the posts had become outdated and exchange officials decided to replace the old posts with up-to-date electronic equipment. Although there were many offers to purchase the old posts, exchange officials voted to donate them to various museums and universities where they would be used for educational purposes. Notre Dame's post is on display in the second floor lobby of the Memorial Library, and its dedication will be on September 24.



Summer on a Western Island

by Larry Klink



A view of the Brandenburg Gate

I spent this past summer in West Berlin, Germany, the "western island" in an eastern country. It was an excellent experience; a time for learning, growing, and drinking German beer. For two months I lived and worked in Berlin. To be quite frank, it was not a typical summer.

The opportunity originated at Notre Dame with the AIESEC Organization. AIESEC is the French acronym for l'Association Internationale des Etudiants en Science Economiques et Commerciale. This international organization operates a reciprocal exchange program which offers top students the chance to gain firsthand practical business experience by living and working in foreign countries. AIESEC is totally student-operated, nonprofit, and nonpolitical. Its goals are to promote international awareness and cooperation. At Notre Dame the students in AIESEC work, organize, develop, and socialize with pride. (There is always plenty of room for new members.)

Upon my arrival in Berlin, the AIESEC-Berlin committee met me at the train station, took me to my new

apartment (which they had arranged), and gave me the necessary forms to fill out. Although my German was rusty, having studied three years, one spent in Innsbruck, Austria, with the Notre Dame Foreign Studies Program, it didn't take long until I could properly converse with my five German housemates. We were all compatible even if they were strongly opinionated on American foreign politics, as most European students are.

I soon met the other 30 to 40 trainees also working in Berlin. The trainees came from all over the world: Turkey, Sweden, France, Israel, Czechoslovakia, and Thailand, to name a few. They proved to be my best friends during my stay in Berlin. Most of us could speak German but if not, English would certainly get us by. Communication was just part of the challenge and fun, making the experience worthwhile and unforgettable. For example, imagine trying to explain the rules of ultimate Frisbee to someone who doesn't speak your language and has never seen a Frisbee before. We managed with feet, hands, and mouth.

Our "international group" got along amazingly well and shared one common denominator: a Swedish "toast song" which most members of AIESEC know. Often, although not always, we put our political differences aside and went out to discover Berlin. During these unforgettable times, we wandered through the theatres, museums, and exhibitions that proliferate in the city and enjoyed the numerous bars which range from outdoor cafes to beer gardens.

A characteristic attributed only to West Berlin is the wall which surrounds the city, setting it apart as a "western island" in an eastern country. The wall is a popular tourist attraction for westerners; however, the implications are far more important to both East and West Germans. The Berlin Wall was constructed on August 13, 1961, by the East Germans in order to minimize the "threat of western invasion." The cement wall stands approximately 4.2 meters high and is reinforced with watchtowers, mine fields, self-shooting machine guns, barbed-wire fences, guard dogs, and armed soldiers.

Gawking from the observation stand, it all appears frighteningly forbidding. As recently as March 29 and June 4 of this year, two people were shot as they attempted to escape to the West. A museum, "House of Check-Point Charlie," memorializes these and the many others who have made such an attempt.

On the other side of the Wall is East Berlin, capital of the German Democratic Republic, and a popular tourist town though travel is somewhat limited. Unlike the rest of East Germany, one can easily purchase a day-visa to East Berlin.

In East Germany the basic needs are extremely inexpensive while luxuries are extravagantly high and difficult to obtain. For example, one must order a car, not a Firebird or Camaro but a basic subcompact car, ten years in advance. Moreover, a sharp contrast between old and new is clearly illustrated. Next to a 13th-century Gothic church looms a monstrous 20th-century television and radio tower.

As I walked around in East Berlin, I stepped into a bar/restaurant outside the mainstream of the tourist

from East Germany. Our conversation started out very awkwardly and mistrusting but as our inhibitions wore down and I revealed my identity as a German-speaking American, the beer and conversation flowed freely.

The man was very open, sharing several interesting insights to the ideals and values of one East German, and even paying our large bill at the end of the night. I also learned the intricacies of eel fishing, which he was exceedingly proud to explain.

But life is not all fun and games. Through AIESEC, I worked with the large Berliner Bank in their trainee program, exploring several departments that emphasize international banking. I learned and developed my skills, met many interesting people, and saw many different facets of the banking industry. Also, the job paid my rent and other basic expenses.

Here I sit, trying to sort, analyze, and diffuse all that I have gone through and accomplished. With so many different values, ideas, and cultures, there is no wonder that we have such misunderstandings and misconceptions. Yet I do realize that

people can be so different, yet so alike. With the development of modern technology, our earth is becoming smaller and smaller.

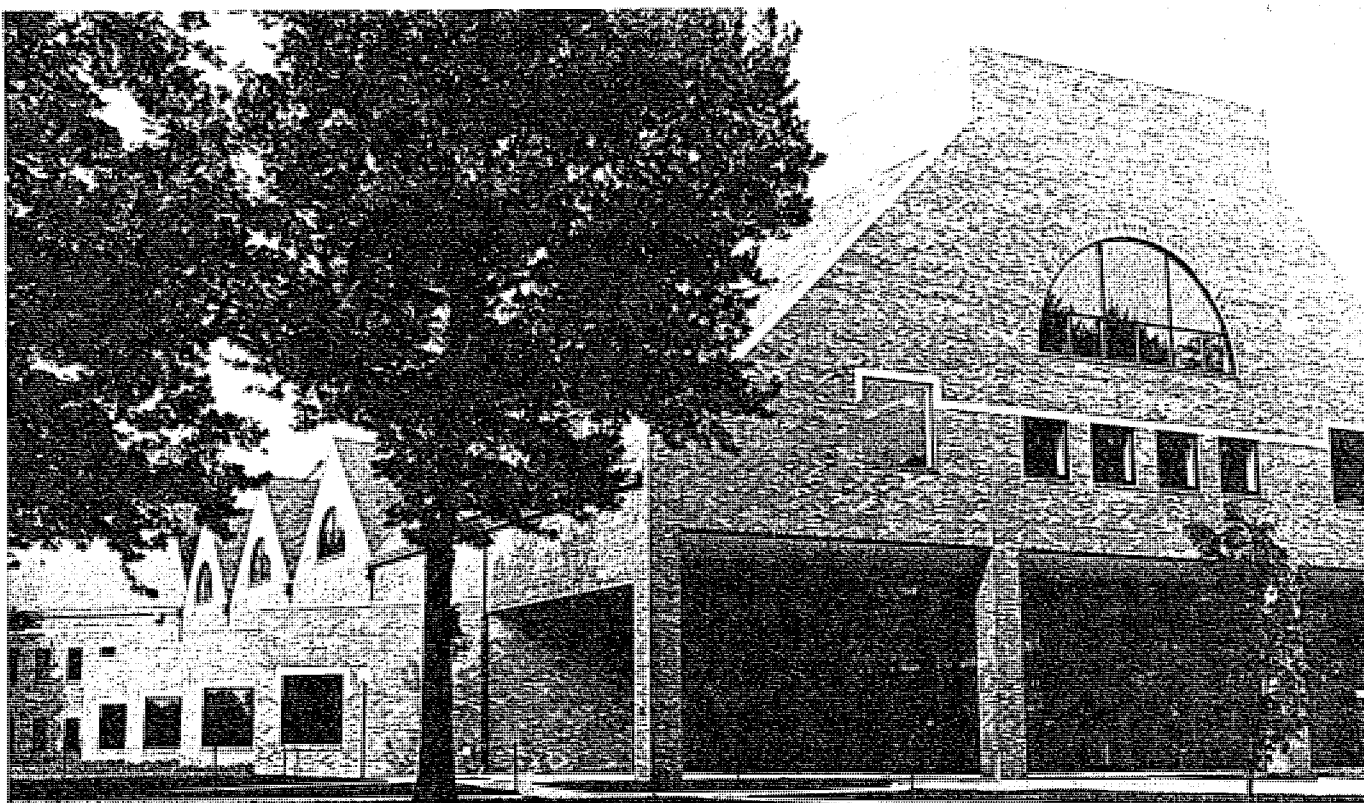
Are we willing to take the time to communicate and understand one another? Perhaps my greatest lesson is that we have an essential need for awareness and cooperation between people if we are to survive. □



Larry Klink is a senior Finance major from Hohokus, New Jersey. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



The Berlin Wall: A people divided



The Cushwa-Leighton Library: The Beginning of an Old Tradition

How many of you can honestly say that you enjoyed your job this summer? It may seem that packing and unpacking thousands of books is a boring job but I can tell you that it proved to be an exciting experience.

This summer I had the privilege of working at the Cushwa-Leighton Library. Although there was a lot of work, especially during the move, it was enjoyable because everyone worked together to accomplish the feat.

The plans to build a new Saint Mary's library had been in development for seven years. The first officially recognized Saint Mary's library was built in Holy Cross Hall in 1903 by Mother Pauline. She also had the second library built in LeMans Hall in 1925. By 1939 the library in LeMans had again overgrown its bounds and the sisters sent out a plea to the College Alumnae to support the plans for building a new library. Five years later the Alumnae Centennial Library was completed. Its name signified the centennial anniversary of the founding of the Sisters of Holy Cross in LeMans, France.

The old Alumnae Centennial Library is familiar to most of the students at Saint Mary's today. The

building itself is a wonderful structure reflecting the architecture and styles of the Saint Mary's tradition. The library served the needs of the college very well. In 1963 it was rated in the top 5 percent of all college and university libraries in the country. As college enrollment went up the library was less able to facilitate the demands of the growing campus. By 1975 the problem of building a new library had to be faced once again.

For seven years the College has been involved in planning and raising funds for the new Cushwa-Leighton Library. Two major patrons of the Library are Margaret Cushwa, a 1930 alumna of Saint Mary's, and Mary Lou Morris Leighton, a member of the Saint Mary's Board of Regents and chairman of its development committee.

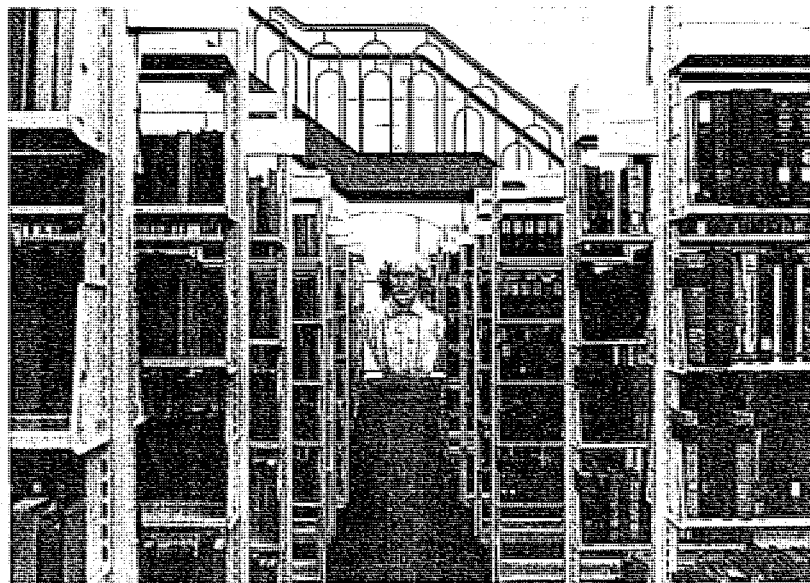
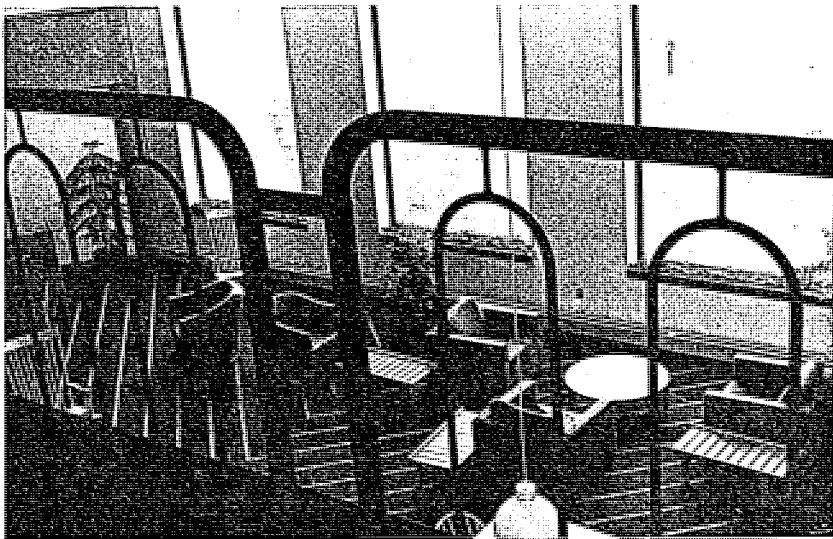
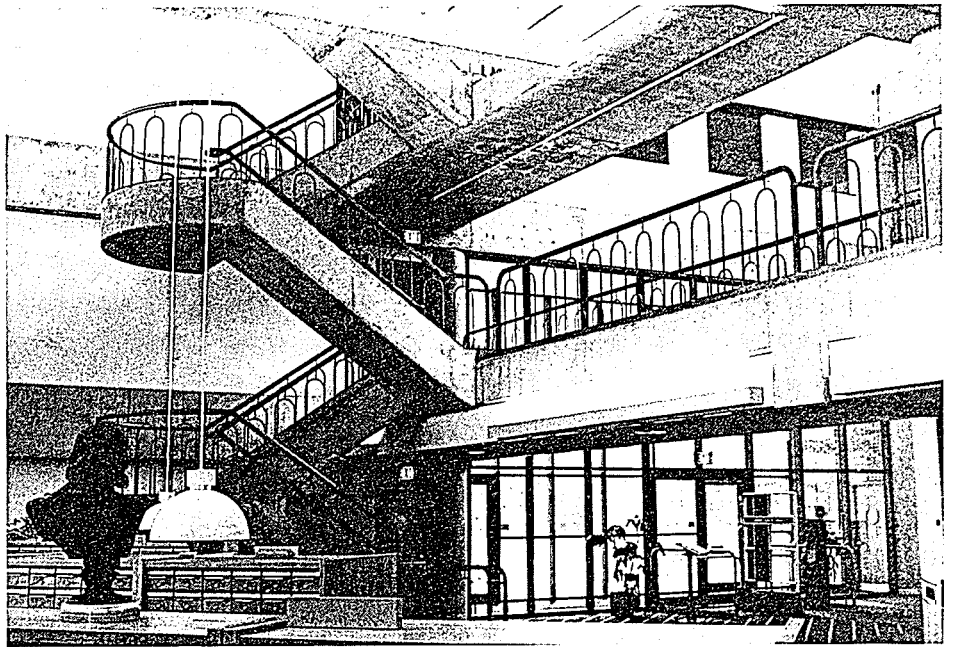
These efforts of planning and study were accomplished and books were moved from the old to the new library this summer. The move was a much bigger job than I had ever expected. We not only moved books

from the old library but also from the Science Hall and Regina Hall Storage as well.

The new library is a very exciting building. Points of major interest are the attractive windows and skylights, the group study rooms, an after hours study lounge and a Rare Book Room featuring an outstanding Dante collection anonymously donated in 1944.

The Cushwa-Leighton Library is something in which we of the Saint Mary's Community ought to take pride. I urge you all to enjoy its beautiful rooms and surroundings and make use of its various convenient services. □

Bridget Bradley is a sophomore at St. Mary's. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



LEBANON:

"A Strong Will to Survive"

by Frank Bright

Editor's Note: This past summer the world looked to Lebanon, a small country caught in the struggle between Israeli and Palestinian forces. Francois Boueri, a senior Engineering major from Jounieh, Lebanon, returned home for the summer. Prof. Khalil Matta, a graduate student in Aero-Space/Mechanical Engineering, also visited his home in Bhamdoun, Lebanon, last July. What follows are their accounts of the summer siege and their sentiments about a war which has destroyed their country for the past eight years.

"We have a saying in Lebanese," says Prof. Matta, "It is different for the one who is counting the number of times he is beaten by the sticks, than for the one doing the beating." Matta uses the saying to illustrate the outsiders' viewpoint of the summer siege in Lebanon. "To the media, the 17,000 Lebanese killed during the past three months were merely numbers. But for the Lebanese, they were people we knew, loved, people who were close to us."

For eight years Lebanon and its people have been at the mercy of foreign forces that turned Beirut into a battlefield this summer. Says Francois, "Israel invaded Lebanon but the Lebanese are used to it. We've been at war for eight years and only now does the world look at Lebanon." Francois recalls how early in the summer the Lebanese thought the Israeli invasion was reminiscent of 1978, when Israeli forces invaded ten miles and then pulled back. However, after three days of northward advancement, they realized that the Israelis were trying to "liquidate the PLO."

Matta notes that "when the Israelis entered Lebanon, it wasn't to free the Lebanese. They wanted to settle their own problem with the PLO." He adds that their attempt to look good by saying they were doing Lebanon a favor is "hypocrisy." Even so, Francois comments that many Lebanese welcomed the Israeli soldiers because they wanted the PLO out of Lebanon.

As the Israeli forces surrounded the city, Beirut split in half. The western quarter became the PLO's battleground while most civilians moved to the city's east side. Although civilians were permitted to leave, many did not, knowing that the Palestinians would take over their homes. Francois describes their refusal to yield what has been their own as a "spirit of resistance." "After eight years of war, bombing is nothing new to us," he says. "We have toughened over the years. Buildings are no problem; they destroy, we rebuild."

Both Matta and Francois note that both sides bombed indiscriminately.

Francois remembers rising at 5 a.m. to take shelter in the cellar during a shelling. After waiting three hours for the bombs to stop, they came out again only to be greeted by a new barrage that sent them back to cover. "It was a psychological battle," he says. "The PLO was bombing out of frustration."

Matta believes that although the Israelis did not enter Beirut in order to "prevent destruction," the bombing they did from outside the city took its toll on Beirut. "Israel is not going to rebuild Beirut," he adds.

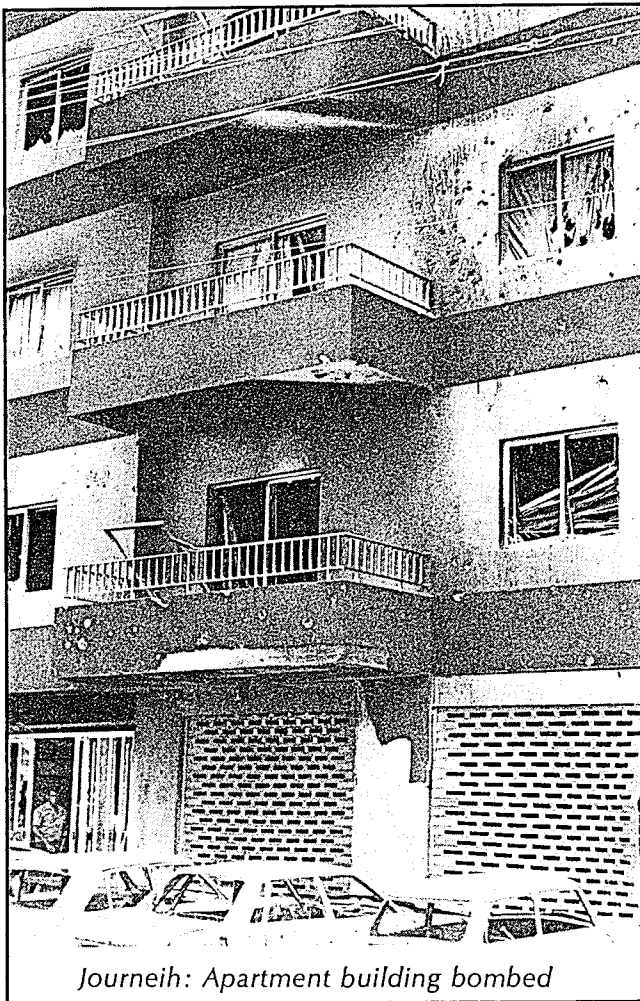
"We wanted the PLO out," says Francois. "It cost us." Matta feels the price was too high due to the lives lost.

"In two months more than 17,000 civilians were killed in a country with 2.5 million people," he explains. "During Vietnam, 55,000 Americans were killed over 12 years in a country of 225 million. What happened will haunt the Lebanese for decades."

Matta feels that other alternatives would have achieved the same result without the catastrophe and devasta-



Beirut: a city struggles to survive



Journeih: Apartment building bombed

tion. One way: "If Israel was not so stubborn about giving the Palestinians some sort of state on land that they occupy but have not annexed (West Bank)." Another alternative he sees is that the Arab countries needed a clear policy about the Palestinian issue and should have taken a proportionate responsibility for the problem.

The Palestinian problem stems, in part, from a people without a homeland, according to Matta and Francois. "Everyone condemns terrorism, especially when directed at civilians," says Matta. "But we should not forget that if we were in their shoes—kicked out of our homes, our land, we would become desperate and resolve to act as we normally wouldn't. In not understanding their problem, the international community has driven them to this course of action." Francois points out that the Lebanese, especially, have suffered from the PLO.

"So many Lebanese have died from Palestinian attacks that every family has lost a friend, or relative, or acquaintance to the war." He sees small consolation in his satisfaction at watching the PLO leave the country.

Francois feels that the American media failed to present the Lebanese who, caught in the middle of the struggle, left their fate in the hands of foreigners. He notes Yasser Arafat's statement that he would make "Beirut another Stalingrad" as an example of the indifference many foreign political leaders showed towards Lebanon and her people. Matta adds, "Arafat's statement sounded as if they (the PLO) had been involved in building Beirut and as if the people dying were their people." He believes that the forces would not have fought as fiercely and indiscriminately if they had been fighting on their land and losing their people.

Like most Lebanese, Matta and Francois are optimistic about the future. They are encouraged by Bachir Gemayel, the country's new president, and see him as a strong and competent leader. "He is a tough man," says Francois. "He won't yield to subversive action from either side. The country is his first concern. In the Arab/Israeli conflict, he will do whatever is best for Lebanon."

Matta also sees a strength in the Lebanese that will help them rebuild. "We have shown during the past

eight years that we can rise above the destruction, catastrophe, and death and show a strong will to survive, to rebuild, to live as free and proud people."

"Both Christians and Muslims love Lebanon very much," says Francois. "Both are convinced we have to live together. Now it's in our hands. If we can't pull it together now, we don't deserve to be a country."

Matta notes certain military, economic, and political problems that must be resolved. There are still three armies in Lebanon: the Israelis, Syrians, and Palestinians. "Each army alone is stronger than the whole Lebanese army. I don't see them leaving under their own free will, without pressure from the international community." The capital, the center of economic growth, must be rebuilt. Also, the Lebanese need freedom from outside influences to rebuild their land.

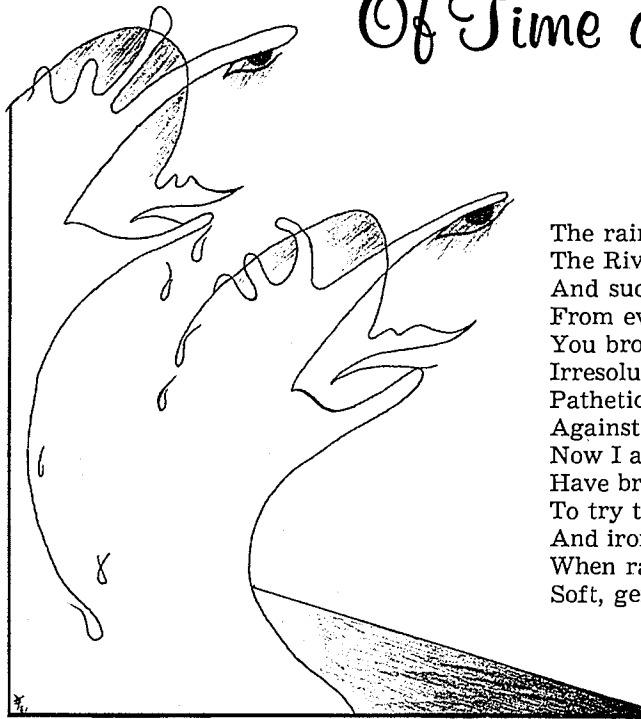
"We are tired of death, destruction of wars, and it's about time we are left alone to live in peace and harmony," claims Matta. He says that the major fault of the Lebanese in the past was that they were more occupied with achieving a high standard of living than with the wars nearby. The Lebanese thought that if they didn't interfere, they would be left in peace. "As it turns out, unless you are a wolf, you are eaten by the wolves."

"Death has become a common thing in Lebanon," adds Francois. "If it's not them, it's us. Someone has to receive the bombs. Today it was their turn; yesterday was ours." And tomorrow? "Peace, I hope. We can't miss our big chance now." □



Frank Bright is a senior French major from Northbrook, Illinois. This is his first contribution to Scholastic. Beth Healy provided editorial assistance.

Poetry



Of Time and the River

by Prof. John Lyon

The rain falls gentle now, and soft. Below,
 The River's wrapped in evening. All its hills,
 And such desire as they are said to know
 From everlasting, time decocts, distills.
 You brought me through here young, my innocence
 Irresolute, to help me justly try
 Pathetic nature's iron elements
 Against the aches and urgings they defy.
 Now I am old, and you get older.
 Have brought eight sons and daughters each this way
 To try their tempers, lest they truth belie
 And iron, ache, and urge all one assay.
 When rains come, Father, in these later years,
 Soft, gentle may they fall, as evening nears.
 June 23, 1982
 (sent to father, 6-24-82)

by Kathy McGarvey

It aches in Autumn.
 The trees dance again,
 In swirling sighs
 To catch the lingering air.
 To remember in September
 Is to cry with the Fall.
 Shed a leaf, a tear,
 And die to the pain.
 It never stops;
 To heal is to cease
 To feel . . . with you.
 Instead I live;
 In spite of, because of the hurt.
 Suffering lends the strength
 As it whispers the reason.
 We all need reasons;
 To breathe the Autumn air.
 It tastes like truth;
 As if it understands
 Why the world must turn
 Auburn for a while;
 In the pain of a memory.

Despair

by Mary Powel Jabaley

Vast and royal purple fading,
 Bleeding lilacs fall off the cliffs.
 Soft and flowing, realms and realms of violet lilacs —
 Violet vying violet, seamless sea of lilac
 Heedless fading violence dries the eyes of violet tears.
 Cliffs are crumbling, crashing, grieving, grasping,
 Groaning, growing, going, gone.

Across the crowded common fields
 The white and lilac call is heard
 To come and die and fade away
 And care no more for sorrow gone.

Across the fields of violet traces,
 Fading, falling, dying lilacs
 Groaning, rolling, roll away
 Erase the cliff in lilac violence
 Calling, fading, rolling, gone.

Certain Signs

by Mary McInerney

When I've been wandering
from this huffing house,
my comfort returns

with that radiator "ping"
with that unlit pilot light
with that moody shower spray
with that winter-mice attic
with that dishwasher monsoon
with that opossum garbage-play
with that use-loose window lock

with all your faces, so
mellow in table glow.

Culture Update

ART

... at the Snite Museum of Art

Through Sept. 26 — Women Artists: the Indiana-New York Connection, O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Through Oct. 10 — Annual Faculty Exhibition, O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Through Oct. 10 — Sculptor's Drawings — Prints, Drawing, and Photography Gallery

LECTURES

Sept. 14 — "Hellenic Sculpture: Myth and Enigma," Robert Leader, Prof. of Art, University of Notre Dame, 12:10 p.m., Annenberg Auditorium

Snite Gallery Hours: T-F, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; S-S, 1-4 p.m.; Closed M

... at Saint Mary's College

Sept. 17-Oct. 15 — Indiana Women's Caucus for Art, Moreau Gallery

Sept. 17-Oct. 15 — Jim Paradis, Recent Work, Hammes and Little Theatre Galleries

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

Sept. 12 — Michael Davis, Violinist — 4 p.m., Annenberg Auditorium

(Anyone interested in advertising events in the Culture Update, please send information to Art Editor, Scholastic, LaFortune Student Center.)

HELP!



Scholastic needs
intelligent,
creative,
ambitious
people to join our staff.

That means YOU.

Writers, Layout,
Artists, and Photographers
are invited to Scholastic's
first organizational meeting
on Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1:00 p.m.
at the Scholastic Office, Third floor,
LaFortune.

We look forward to working with you.

Questions?? Call 239-7419 or 239-4236.

Fiction

HOT DOGS AND CHEVROLET

by Ron Hyde

I loathed the Oakland A's. I started despising that raucous, flawlessly competent bunch in 1971, the year they first won the American League West title. It was nothing personal—just that my brother Pete immediately started rooting for them when we moved to Belmont, a suburb 22 miles outside of San Francisco. I had to oppose Pete, of course, and besides, I had unwisely chosen to back the team across the bay, the San Francisco Giants. The Giants were pretty hot stuff back in 1971—they won the National League West—but like our family, they began to slide downhill.

We had lived in Brooklyn until I was nine, until my father announced one day that he'd had enough of the East Coast—and snow. We would love the beaches of California, he said, and we'd get to meet my mom's brother, my Uncle Bob. It wasn't until much later that I understood the real reason for our journey.

I remember peering down from the airplane window, and seeing the bay—blue glass under a golden June sun. It was beautiful. I polished my eyeglass lenses, and stared down, mesmerized.

My Uncle Bob was waiting for us at the airport. He lifted Petey high into the air, and swept my mother off her feet in a great hug. "And this, must be Alex. You're a big, strong one. I hear you can really buzz that fastball, eh?" He tousled my hair, said something to my father, and shook his hand.

I thought we were going to take 101, and go straight to Belmont—I had a map spread on my knee showing the road to San José—but Uncle Bob turned right at the fork, and said something about my Aunt Sally expecting us to stay for a few days. I was disappointed. I couldn't wait to see our new home, but if we were going to be in San Francisco, maybe Dad would take us to a baseball game.

San Francisco was ugly, I quickly decided. The entrance to the city was

all industry and smog—there wasn't a beach to be seen. I mentioned this to nobody in particular. Mom turned in the front seat. "Don't be so quick to form an opinion, Alex," she said sharply. "Things aren't always what they seem." She appeared ready to add something, but closed her mouth abruptly. Uncle Bob spoke up lightly. "Your mom's right, Alex. Remember, no matter what, we've got the Giants; we've got Juan Marichal, Willie Mays, Gaylord Perry, and some great young players." He proceeded to list all the great young players the Giants and San Francisco were so blessed with—Bobby Bonds, Garry Maddox, Gary Matthews, but I didn't have them, not yet, and suddenly I was homesick for my Mets and Pete's Yankees.

It struck me, painfully, that I was in possession of a prodigious body of useless Met statistics, and that I would eventually transfer allegiance from Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman. Pete would probably be eager to relinquish rights to the Yankees. Their darkest days seemed to have begun with the birth of my little brother, a year and a half after the Met's birth, and mine, for that matter.

Petey and I didn't always get along; for some reason, whenever I tried to toughen him up with some wrestling he'd wind up sniffing and my father would march into our room and remind me that I was much bigger than Peter, that I was disturbing my mother, that I had to develop more regard for my mother. It seemed that I was always the guilty party.

This was actually the case, though I never saw it. But there was one thing Pete and I had in common. Baseball. It was the biggest thing in our lives. Baseball was the one thing that assuaged my worry that I was not doing enough to make sure Petey grew up a he-man. While it gradually dawned on me that Pete's masculinity was secure, baseball made us uneasy allies.

We were supposed to be in bed at eight-thirty every school night, but when the Yankees or Mets were playing on the West Coast, at least one of us would have to wake up to catch the late scores. It was our secret—one area where we collaborated totally. Of course, there was one time when the Yankees got clobbered and I needed Pete so much that he secretly unplugged the radio and changed the station. When I struggled into wakefulness that night I couldn't figure out what the heck had happened. I fixed the plug and kept waiting drowsily for the Chevy jingle: "We love baseball, hot dogs, apple pie, and Chevrolet" that introduced the late scoreboard. Next morning when I found out the Mets had been shut out by Don Sutton, I could have strangled the brat. Somehow, I felt *he* had contributed to our defeat.

Another time—well, we had an agreement: one wall of the room was his, to paste his Yankee pictures, the other wall was mine, for my Mets. The two neutral walls were for athletes we both agreed belonged in our Hall of Fame. One thing we were *not* supposed to do was cut out magazine pictures with somebody's player on the other side. So Pete deliberately cut out a picture of Bobby Murcer and pasted it on the wall—because he knew the page had a picture of Tom Seaver on the back. Afterwards I think Pete was sorry he did that—he could see that it cut me deeply.

And now we were changing cities. It seemed so strange. I wondered what Mom thought about the move. Wasn't Dad happy with his job? I couldn't imagine a better job than engineer in a toy company.

Suddenly it was on our right. The harsh industries had given way to Candlestick Park, home of the Giants. Uncle Bob reached forward and the radio sprang to life with the full sparkling sound of a lively baseball crowd. The announcer's voice crackled into the car: "We'll be back

for the start of today's game right-after-this." A moment of silence, then the familiar jingle rushed into my heart. "We love baseball . . . baseball and hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet." By the time Bobby Bonds finished circling the bases with his leadoff homerun, I was a Giant fan.

All right. I was too quick to form opinions. Boy, the Giants were a bunch of heartbreakers. 1971 was a year for Giant dreams, but Pete's Oakland A's went on to become one of the most famous teams in baseball history. They all wore gaudy uniforms and bushy beards, and that surely had something to do with their magic, but it didn't hurt to have Reggie Jackson, Catfish Hunter, Rollie Fingers, and Vida Blue. The first year I kept waiting for Blue to fizzle, but he won the Cy Young Award for Best Pitcher, *and* the MVP.

It got worse in 1972. Reggie Jackson missed the World Series after he hurt his leg stealing home in the last playoff game, but the A's stunned the Cincinnati Reds in seven games, all the same.

The next year was even more painful. The Mets somehow staggered into the Series and led 3-2 in games, but Jackson smashed two doubles and a long home run in the last two games to steal it for that hairy bunch.

The 1974 Series is one I remember really well because Dad had promised he'd take us to one of the games, but something came up and he couldn't make it. Pete was standing at the window, mumbling something about Dad being late and Mom collared him and made a speech about our dad working hard. Then she rushed away to their room. Missing the game didn't bother me too much. The A's didn't drag it out in 1974. Rollie Fingers and Blue Moon Odom warmed up by bashing heads in the clubhouse—then they teamed up to help Oakland thrash the Dodgers in five games.

Still, life in Belmont was a dream. I started Carlmont High the year of the Dodger Series, and pretty soon I was leading the team in strikeouts. Pete's arm had strengthened, and he was developing into a fine shortstop. We practiced every evening before supper. Sometimes, when Dad wasn't working late, he'd hit grounders to Pete or help me with my curveball.

The way things were going, I figured it wouldn't be long before I was on the mound for the Giants. While Oakland was busy winning awards and world championships,

the Giants were busy trading away their great players. Gaylord Perry won the Cy Young Award—for Cleveland in 1972. We traded Bobby Bonds to the hated Yankees. Garry Maddox won Gold Gloves patrolling center field for the Phillies. It was horrible.

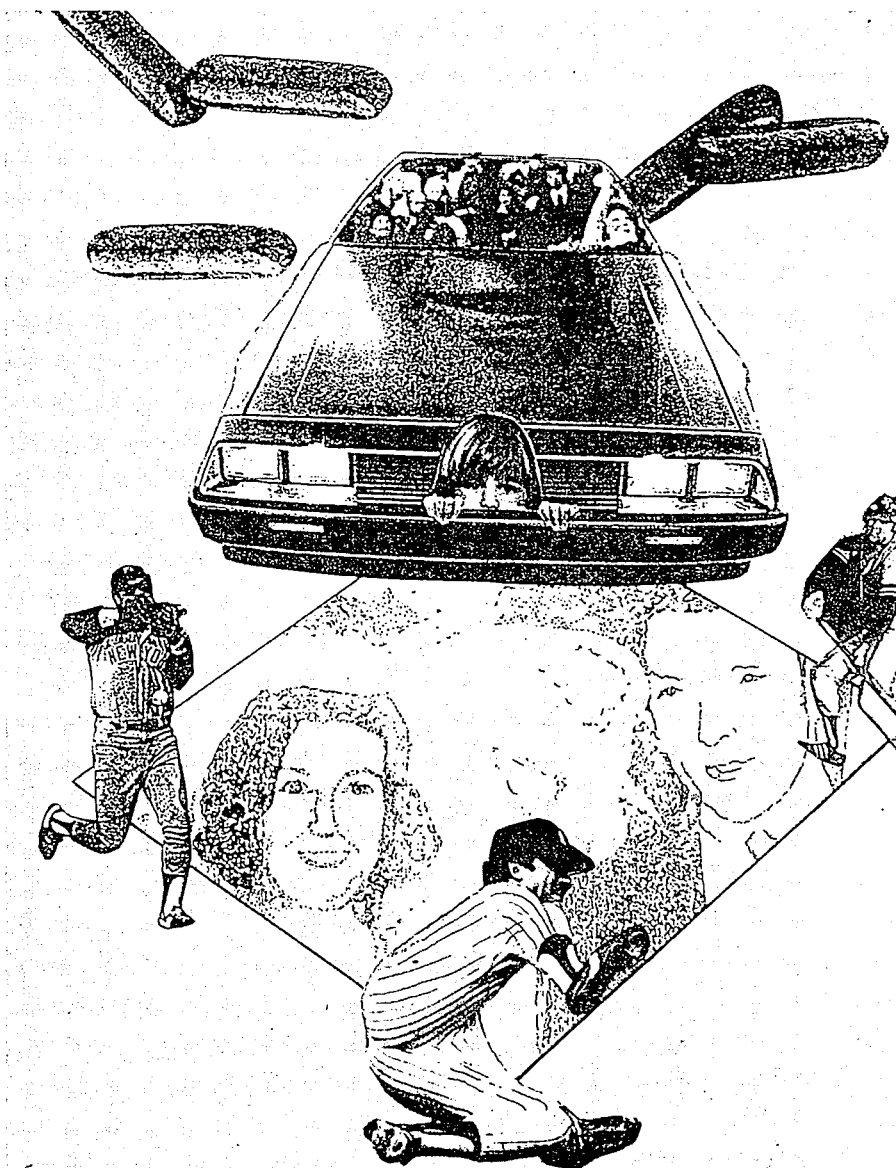
But they were my team. And, like any good fan, I blinded myself to the truth, and clung to hopes that we'd return to the glory of 1971. I ignored the cracks that widened into gaping chasms as the Giants crumbled. Oh, they kept the pretense of being a major league ballclub. Every time they'd win three or four games in a row my heart would soar, but then they'd slump. Again.

The torture got easier to bear in 1976 when Pete's A's started having their own troubles. They lost Catfish Hunter after he won the Cy Young Award in 1974. That was the beginning of the free agent system, with players free to dissolve ties

and make better deals with other teams. At *that* time it reminded me of kids growing up and leaving home. By 1976, having traded Jackson, the A's were limping, and misery had company. They managed to make a run for the division title—they had guts all right, fighting to save the final year. After that it was all over. The team was ripped apart. Yeah, free agency—that's how *we* lost Gary Matthews, but I was getting used to that sort of thing, I thought.

Pete had a hard time, though. The A's collapsed in 1977, with only Vida Blue left to suffer through the dark days of the dynasty's end. They kept finding new ways to lose games for Blue, and Petey would get so mad he'd go into the living room and throw tennis balls against the wall. Invariably, Mom would come flying out of the kitchen, but he'd do it

cont'd on page 21



Gallery

Art: A Game or a Tool?

Art, in whatever ancient or modern culture, is an embodiment of universal human ideas and feelings in concrete symbols. Sometimes an artist can stress his concern with the formal arrangements of symbols, and sometimes he can stress his concern with the ideas. However, art can be led to dissolution through both extremes if that stress in form or content becomes completely dominant. For this reason, it has been amazing for me to find so widely spread among art students the idea that art is nothing but the production of a pleasant visual experience and that "having fun" making art justifies this activity.

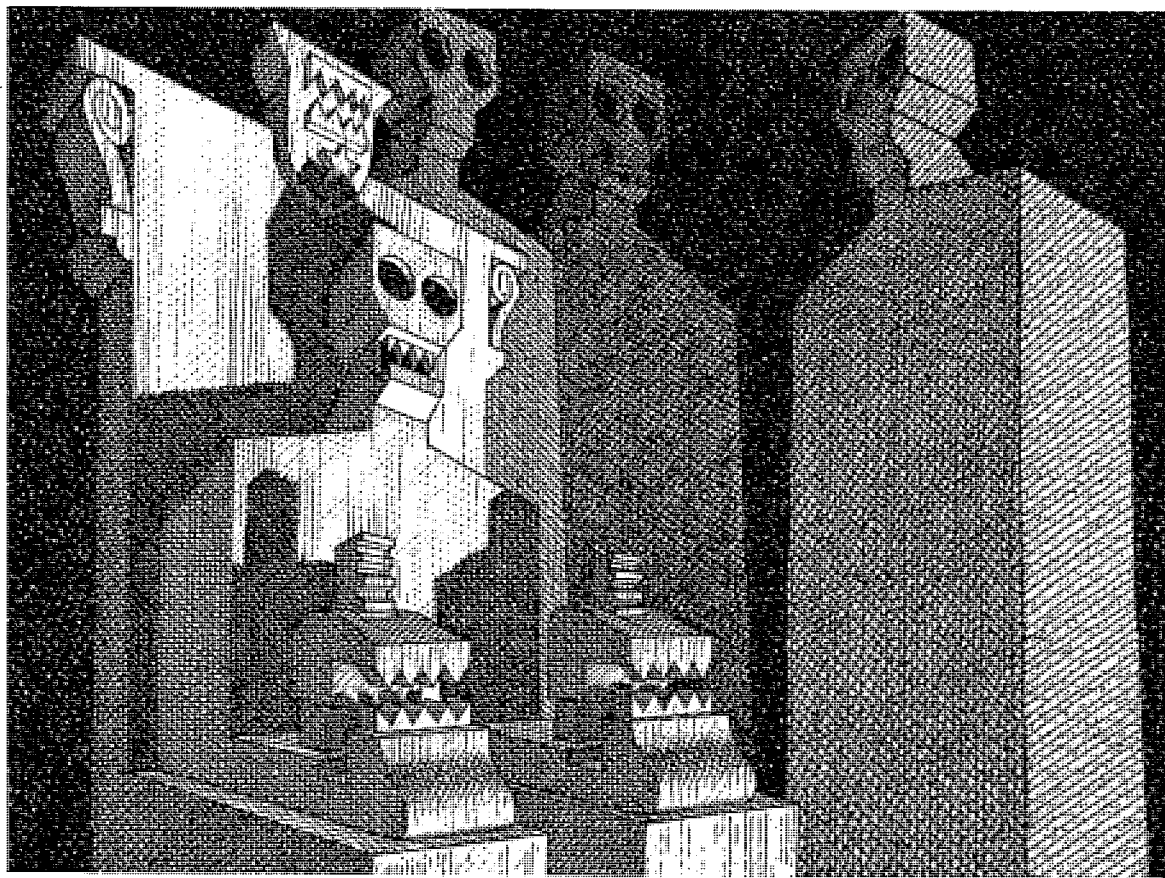
Almost every time that someone expresses an opinion about a work of art, the words "neat," "nice," or "cute" are consistently heard. No more. I always remain with a strong feeling of unfulfillment when I hear these opinions. I do not believe that art is just a visual game. I believe it is a social act, a catalytic action towards human liberation. So, for me, to speak about art means

to speak about mankind, about life, about human experience.

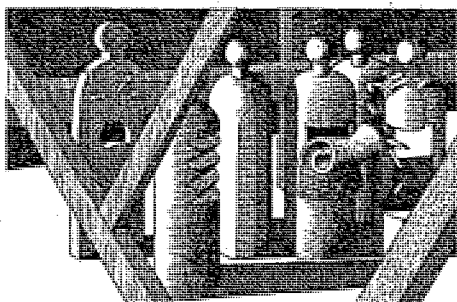
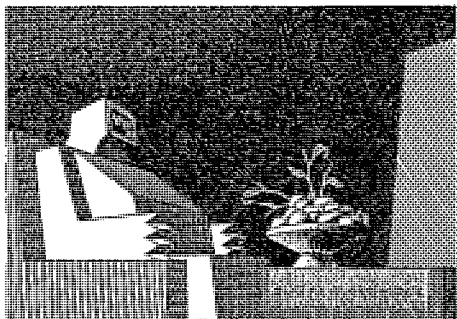
Art goes further than any economic or political interest. Standing aside from the contingent struggles of its time, it leads us to recognize ourselves in our fellow men. It reminds us that the conflicts of humanity are our own conflicts and that each man is our brother. The sorrows of war are the same in the Middle East or in Latin America, starvation is the same in Africa or Asia, death is the same here or there, and love is the same all over the world.

With my work I want to build links which spiritually gather men who suffer the same injustices, who feel the same joys and sadness, who have the same longings and hopes. I want to make of my work a communion of awareness and solidarity. I wish it to be good enough someday to fulfill that role. □

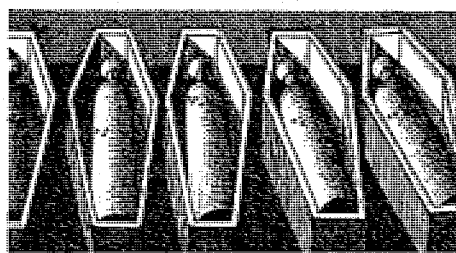
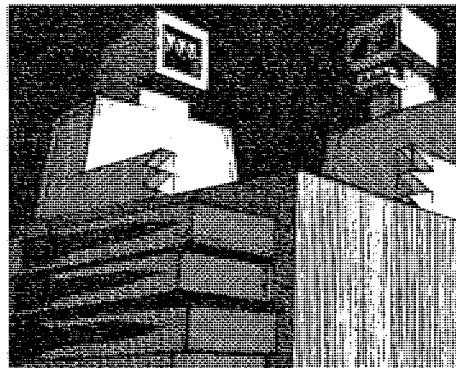
Juan Carrasco



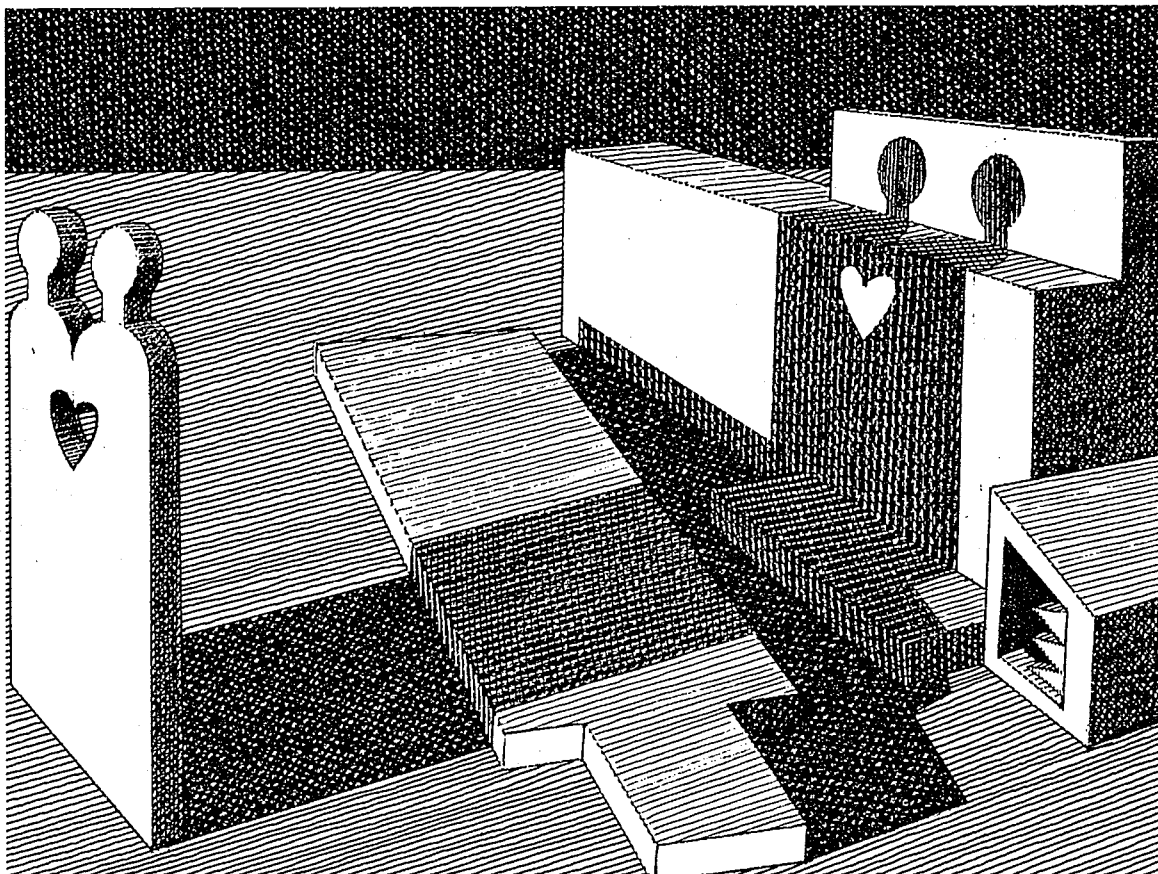
Composition I Pen and Ink with Tempera; 14½ in. x 10 in.; 1982



Composition II Pen and Ink with
Tempera; 14½ in. x 10 in.; 1982



Composition III Pen and Ink with
Tempera; 14½ in. x 10 in.; 1982



Composition IV Pen and Ink with Tempera; 14½ in. x 10 in.; 1982

Having survived a disheartening 5-6 season, head football coach Gerry Faust views the 1982 season with guarded optimism. His players are essentially the same as last year's (19 of 22 starters return), but changes in positions, coaching staff, and training program have given the Irish a new look this fall.

The '82 squad is faster than before, thanks to position changes that take advantage of certain players' speed. Dave Duerson has moved from strong safety to free safety, Mark Zavagnin occupies Bob Crable's vacated middle linebacker slot, and Tim Marshall moves to middle guard from defensive end, all making for a more mobile defense. On the offensive line, a flip-flop blocking scheme should make the front line quicker and more consistent. In addition, speedy freshman backs have improved the team's quickness.

The aerial attack again features quarterback Blair Kiel. Kiel's passes have prime targets in tight end Tony Hunter and flanker Joe Howard. The Irish display a much-improved passing game with the addition of Ron Hudson from UCLA as quarterback and receiver coach. Other newcomers to the coaching staff include head offensive line coach Carl Selmer from Miami of Florida and defensive line coach Jay Robertson from Wisconsin.

The football team is also bigger and stronger this year due to the implementation of a mandatory weightlifting program for the players last spring. The added strength should alleviate some of the problems the Irish had in the trenches last year.

While these changes should produce an improved football team, an improved team does not guarantee an improved record. Notre Dame faces another formidable schedule that includes five teams who finished in the Associated Press top 15 last year: Bluebonnet Bowl victor Michigan, Sugar Bowl champion Pittsburgh, Fiesta Bowl winner Penn State, traditional menace Southern Cal, and explosive Miami of Florida.

Faust admits he learned a great deal in his first year of coaching at the college level. "The toughest part is being in a new situation," laments the ex-Moeller High School coach. "It was a transition period . . . getting used to the way things are done here, getting to know the players, and them getting to know me."

Half of the squad was recruited by Dan Devine and has had to adjust to a new coach. Faust feels the players are now adapting to his philosophy



FOOTBALL '82

Discipline & Desire

by Daphne Baille and Brian Couch

and approach to football. "The seniors are now taking up the feeling of what we're trying to do philosophically. We're grouping closer together. Last year they were used to a different person and different philosophy. It's not a question of which approach is right and which is wrong — we're just different. Coach Devine was a very successful person. I hope someday that we can match what he's done. But I have to be myself — I am different."

Faust is a firm believer in what a philosophy can do for athletes. "We want to make a great football team, but we also want to make great people out of these young men," he emphasizes. "Last year was a dismal year and it upsets me because we let a lot of people down. However, we got through to the kids as far as telling them what's really important

in life."

The pressure at Notre Dame has often shortened coaches' careers, but Faust has yet to experience that threatening feeling. "Everybody has been just great," praises Faust. "This has been the greatest year and a half of my life. Last season was the first major adversity I'd faced in my life, and I still love it here. That says a lot about Notre Dame."

Faust is obviously pleased with the environment at Notre Dame. He emphasizes that fans at the games add tremendously to the Notre Dame mystique. "Last year I'd look up into the stands and students would be going crazy, but the rest of the fans more or less just sat and clapped. We've got to have that enthusiasm throughout the stadium, not just in the student sections. That inspires the football team. Being treated first-

class out there psyches them up."

The emotional factor definitely contributes to a team's success. This year the Irish meet several opponents who defeated them last year. "If there isn't incentive from that," assures Faust, "then we may as well hang it up. Except for last year I've never been on a losing team as a starter or as a coach, and I've found out that it's a lot more fun winning than losing!"

In the world of optimists, Faust leads the pack. Last year people may have misinterpreted his optimism to be a 12-0 season, but this year he explains that the goal is to take one game at a time. "We have a very tough schedule," reminds the head mentor. "We have to go out and try to win each game as it comes. I told the players that this is *their* football team, that they've got to go out and win it for themselves. It's a lot more intense out in practice now."

Senior tri-captain Phil Carter agrees. "I think the players realize now that we have to go out there and

1982

NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL

Date	Opponent	Time
Sept. 18	MICHIGAN	8:00 EST
Sept. 25	PURDUE	1:30 EST
Oct. 2	Michigan State	1:00 EDT
Oct. 9	MIAMI	1:30 EST
Oct. 16	ARIZONA	1:30 EST
Oct. 23	Oregon	1:00 PDT
Oct. 30	Navy	1:30 EDT
Nov. 6	Pittsburgh	1:30 EST
Nov. 13	PENN STATE	1:30 EST
Nov. 20	Air Force	1:00 MST
Nov. 27	USC	12:50 PST

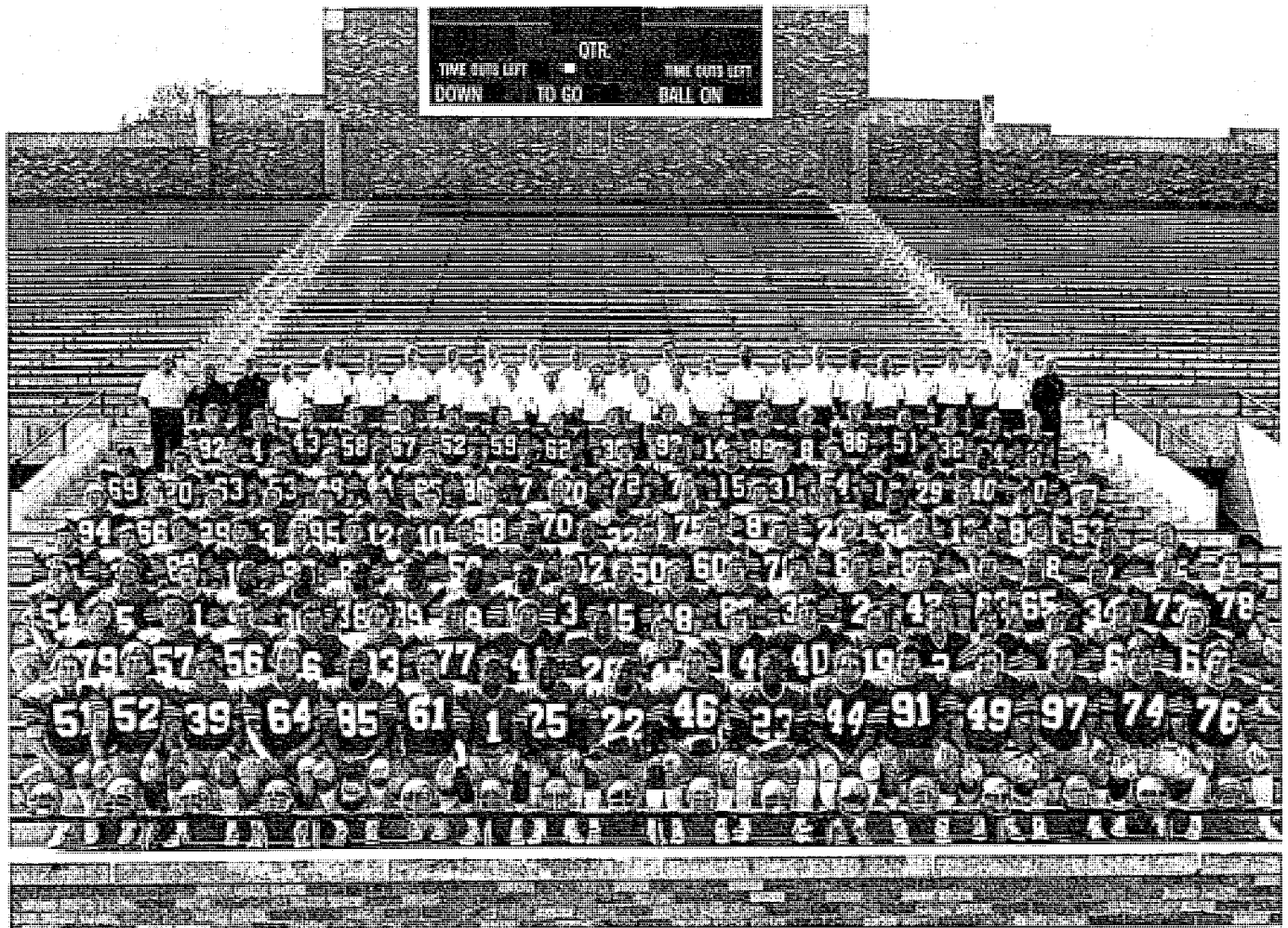
Home games in boldface type.

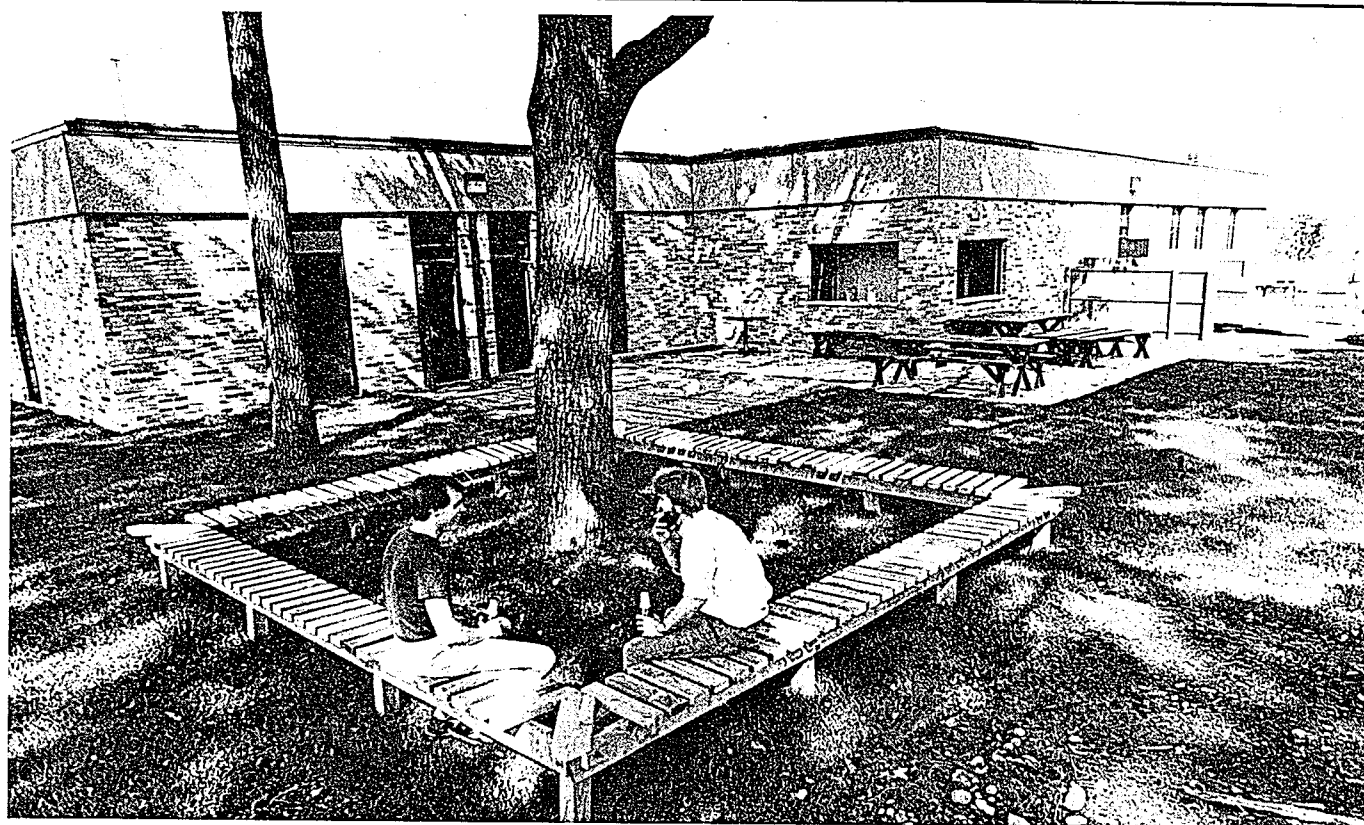
All times subject to change.

win the games through our own work. Last year we relied on Coach Faust's reputation. The coaches gave us the game plan but we didn't execute it to our best potential." The 5'10" tailback sees more team spirit on the field as well. "We're a lot more unified. We believe that as a team we have to go out there and perform together," explains Carter.

Coach Faust is insuring his team will have the discipline and intensity needed to compete. He has been much tougher on the gridders this year, which is more akin to the way he coached at Cincinnati Moeller. After coaching successfully at the high school level for 18 years, Faust may not have known what to expect at the university level. "I probably expected too much from the players," reflects Faust. "They're a couple of years older but the same things still work. I was pretty doggone tough on them at Moeller. When I want something done I want it done. I don't expect questions because I

(cont. on page 22)





Senior Bar—New Buildings, New Ideas

by Teri Schindler

And finally, the beer is flowing. Much to the relief of Kevin Woods, the newest Senior Bar manager. "I've been coming back to campus all summer to check the progress of the new building, knowing that when everyone came back the first thing they would say to me would be, 'When is the bar opening?' I wanted to have it open when everyone came back . . . if just to squelch all the rumors."

And certainly rumors were flying, mostly because first reactions towards the campus' latest renovation were mixed. Students missed the charm of the older building, the bar that had been a senior hangout for fifteen years. They described the new one as looking like anything from a Zayre's department store to the credit union, a warehouse, a library, or even a firehouse. Still, everyone wanted to get inside.

Maybe it had something to do with the feelings one senior expressed, "Yeh, it looks like a firehouse. But I'll be there opening night—every firehouse I know of always has a beer on tap!"

But for a lot of domers the suspense was more than that. They were curious mainly because not only did the new bar look a lot different from

the decrepit, but dearly loved, old bar, but it was rumored to really be different.

And it is. After unexpected and frustrating delays with the installation of a cooler, the 650,000-dollar building is finally open for inspection. It features three lounges of varying sizes and an outdoor beer garden, the combined social space of which is three times bigger than that of the old bar.

Everywhere there is the mark of student input. "Surprisingly we had a lot of influence," says Kevin. "The administration really listened; they literally moved walls for me. The whole building is a lot of student ideas — they welcomed our input."

And the result? What Kevin calls "a normal bar atmosphere where you can sit down and enjoy people rather than rubbing elbows. You can't sit down and relax like this at any other bar in this area."

The new elements are apparent. Two dance floors, as well as stages and a disc jockey booth, give seniors the opportunity to do more than just sweat. There is also a separate game room with its video attractions and pool tables and a new conversation pit. Future plans include a big-screen television.

The interior of the bar is divided into three sections labeled the red bar, the oak bar, and the blue bar until a Senior Bar-sponsored contest can come up with more imaginative names. The red and blue areas feature dance floors and stages, but everywhere there are places to sit—especially in the oak section where rustic wooden booths line the walls. Food-sales-type munchies are on sale to complement the beverages.

And yet, for as much as it does not look like its infamous predecessor, the new bar has recycled a lot of materials from the original bar. The old, much-jumped-over fence now lines the ground of the beer garden like a boardwalk. Refinished old bar tables and stools are all over the interior. The staff is also currently searching for the stolen old bar sign. And, as an extra historical bonus, several of the seats, both inside and out, were taken from the rows of bleachers in the old field house. So, for as "new" as it looks, the traditions continue.

Seniors were a part of making the bar what it is from the beginning. The bar staff came back to school ten days early in August to help where they could. They did all of the landscaping, even deciding to move the

beer garden in order to encompass more trees; they refinished the field house chairs, lugged old bar materials around, and built the outdoor benches. Jeff Kolbus, one of the bartenders, noted, "Before, when we first got here, it was just a building. But we've worked so hard landscaping and moving things around that now it's *our* bar."

It almost wasn't. The administration had been considering turning the bar over to a professional manager, questioning the ability of the seniors to restrict the bar's patronage to people over 21. They compromised with the students, agreeing to allow the role of a student manager, but insisting upon having security in the building during operating hours. Kevin feels they made the right decision. "It would take on a whole different character with a professional manager. The kids wouldn't feel it was theirs, and every year the bar takes on a different character because it's a different group of seniors running it. A professional manager would change all that." Still he feels a lot of pressure to make it a successful year. "I'm really excited and yet scared. It's a huge and new responsibility. They're giving me a $\frac{3}{4}$ of a million dollar building to run. There's a lot of pressure on us to do a really good job or they'll probably get a professional manager next year. We're setting a precedent for all of the future classes."

The administration's hesitation about a student manager is obvious. Aside from the security guards, they have now implemented a hundred-dollar fine for "hopping the fence" or

letting a friend in the back door. "We have to respect the law," observed Dean Roemer. "We don't want to lose our license because that would be a terrible loss for next year's class. We'll be real tight this year and endorse a tough policy, but it's just to protect the students."

Still, Roemer agrees with the senior who says, "It's much more than a drinking place." Roemer considers it "A positive way of looking at alcohol. I want to emphasize the guy-girl thing. In the past Senior Bar has been a great place for them to meet—no question it's been the best place on campus. The new bar

makes that place even better."

There is another area of pressure for the senior staff this year, and it involves reaping the profits. The administration is leasing the building to the Senior Bar-Alumni Club association for \$53,000. Last year's record-breaking revenue was still only \$41,000. But staff members hope the difference won't be hard to make up with all of the new attractions.

Both the administration and the new staff are excited about the new Sunday night activities which involve opening the building to the underclassmen for food, non-alcoholic beverages, and dancing from seven to ten. It is a Hesburgh suggestion, one attempt to improve the social situation on campus by enabling the students to mingle in a decent social atmosphere. Kevin is happy that Sunday nights at Senior Bar are dedicated to the underclassmen. "It's unfair to limit the facility to one class. I'm glad to be able to open it up to everyone." And underclassmen seem excited. One junior noted, "It's excellent. A great opportunity to experience Senior Bar — and it gives us something to look forward to."

As it stands, Monday and Tuesday nights at the new bar are club nights, and the facility can be reserved by campus groups for social functions. Wednesday through Saturday the bar caters to the class for which it has been named — the seniors, and Sunday nights, when Indiana law prohibits the sale of alcohol, the bar

(cont. on page 22)



Kickballs; Faith; and "Busy Work"

by Dan Keusal

When I read that I was supposed to jot down in my journal the expectations and goals I had for my Summer Service Project, I was somewhat at a loss. I didn't have any. I sought only to learn while trying to brighten the days of those around me. My two assets, as I saw them, were poise and faith; I decided I wouldn't be afraid to talk to the people I passed on the street — the "bag ladies" and the bums that are usually ignored. I thought I would be their friend even if I couldn't give them money or a place to stay. And I was sure that somewhere along the line I would show these people the power of the gospel to change lives, if only by showing them how much strength and peace and joy it brought me.

These thoughts came at a time when God's presence seemed very real to me. In the last weeks of the school year and the few weeks at home before I began my SSP, I took time out nearly every day for Bible study. I found dorm liturgies a true experience of community, a source of support. And I had recently decided to change my major to theology, to make lay ministry my career. The SSP seemed like the perfect opportunity to "get my feet wet," to see what it was really like to work full time in some sort of "social concerns" position. I thought I was in an ideal position to integrate all the things I was reading and feeling about being a Christian.

I soon discovered that even my modest aims had been somewhat idealistic. The first morning of my project, I left the house where I was staying and walked toward the bus stop, ready to greet all those I passed with a friendly smile and warm hello. I discovered that people were focused too much inward to accept even that. No one even looked up; they all stared at the sidewalk when passing me, when passing each other. I never

even got the chance to say hello, let alone give any demonstrations about the joy of the gospel. I began to miss the friendly confines of the N.D. campus. "It's not like N.D. where even the grumpy 8:00 calculus student will say hello on his way to class," I wrote one of my friends. "I was just beginning to find some consolation in the message that raw, scriptural Christianity was giving me. Now I'm in a place, separated from my worshipping community, apart from my friends . . . and suddenly God's presence seems not so close."

I soon found that the sense of security that my faith seemed to have given me only weeks ago wasn't there. Often people would approach me on the street and beg for a quarter for a cup of coffee. Instead of buying them a cup and sitting down and talking about how God could change their lives, I began to stare at the sidewalk and pass by quickly, pretending not to hear them. One day a prostitute approached me and said, "Hey there, wanna talk?" Instead of surprising her and talking about things other than what she had in mind, I passed by quickly, flustered and uncomfortable. "What happened to the poise and the faith I was going to show?" I thought to myself.

I also had a hard time finding any sense of "ministry" in my project. I spent the first week stuffing, embossing, addressing, sealing, and stamping four thousand invitations to a fund-raising cocktail party — boring, tedious work tempered only by the novelty of working with new (and I might add, nice) people. The main part of my project was being a teacher's aid for a tutoring program for fifth- and sixth-graders. I didn't do much more than correct homework papers and help kids with individual problems from their worksheets. When the school day rolled around to recreation time, my position as kickball referee earned me only cries of "cheater — you're trying for THEM. . . ."

"This isn't what an SSP is supposed to be like," I kept writing in my journal. "There's no talk of Jesus or social justice, no changing of lives. I'm not even feeding hungry people or giving shelter to the homeless or some other such stereotypical helping function."

I kept up with the Bible study and wrote lots of letters, but I couldn't keep from getting discouraged. A friend summed up my feelings well when he wrote me: "At the moment, you may be wondering why the hell you are piling desks and doing what I would call 'busy work' when you were really supposed to be dynamically involved in ministry in the heart of the nation's capital."

I did have one experience that approached "dynamic ministry," the kind of experience that journal entries are made of. A mute, old black man with a bandaged head sat down at my table in a McDonald's one night to try and communicate to me that he needed someone to help him order. I did figure out what he wanted and I did go up to the counter

(cont. on page 22)



Dan Keusal is a senior Theology major from Gaithersburg, Maryland.

Hot Dogs . . .

(cont'd from page 13)

anyway. I remember one time when Blue was about to be shut out again—that happened frequently that year—and Pete was doing his tennis ball act. He must have been practicing to throw from the shortstop hole or something. Mom was there almost before the crash. When I reached the door she was kneeling, and picking up the shattered glass quietly. The charcoal drawings she had done of Pete and me lay scattered on the floor, and I remember noticing that Mom had cut her hand and it was bleeding.

There was much I didn't understand about my mom. She was the only one who seemed even vaguely discontented in Belmont. I assumed it was because she missed New York—our Saturday visits to the museum when she seemed transformed—I didn't know then that the change was to her real self, or that she had been an art student before she met my father, or that housewife was just a role she played with consummate skill.

I didn't understand anything, not even after that Thursday afternoon in 1977. Pete and I heard the telephone, ringing harshly inside the house, and then her voice, tight with anger, calling from the garage. We protested that we couldn't go anywhere because we had to practice—that Dad would be home soon—but she pushed us into the car and gunned the motor.

"Art is just as important as baseball," she said vaguely. We drove all the way to The City, to the DeYoung Museum. I couldn't figure it out. We had never gone to a museum in the middle of the week. It was closed. We sat there for a while, Mom's forehead resting on the steering wheel. I could see that her cheeks were moist.

We drove to Uncle Bob's. I sent Petey outside and tried to listen to the conversation in the other room. Mom's voice. Calm. She had to stop using art, the past, as a crutch. It was over. They were speaking in muted tones, but every now and then a word or phrase would filter through the fearful drone. Growing up. Cheated. Get away. The Boys. Uncle Bob was saying something about a job. I was scared, but I

wanted to rush in and tell Mom that we wouldn't mind if she got a job, that we'd be neater, wash dishes.

We spent the night at Uncle Bob's and drove home the next afternoon. I was glad to miss the day of school. Summer vacations were only a couple of weeks away, but there was always something deliciously guilty about missing school when you were supposed to be in classes. Real vacations just weren't the same.

Pete and I spent the end of that summer at camp. Dad drove us to the station in San Francisco, and we took the bus up to Yosemite. It was wonderful—our last great summer. Petey was put in a different group, but everyone was talking about what a great shortstop my little brother was. We both won baseball awards. Dad would be proud.

And then we were back home, all set for the final days of the baseball season—determined to root, as if sheer force of belief could salvage the season, could conjure up the past.

There were no signs to prepare us for the divorce. It came in the spring of 1978 as a bolt from the blue, a sudden irrevocable diagnosis. Pete and I woke up to hear the end.

"I can't take it any more."

"Honey, she doesn't mean anything—I swear it—"

"I'm sorry." There was a dull ache in Mom's voice. "I can't live with it any more, George. No more. I tried—I thought I could—but you—coming here—you haven't changed." She choked.

"Don't cry, please."

"I'll cry, Goddamn you."

"Please. For the sake of the boys. I swear it won't happen again."

She laughed. A harsh, ghastly sound. "Swear! That's what you said when we left New York. I believed you. For the boys, you said."

Goddamn you, George. I gave up everything for you. I didn't mind. I enjoyed being at home for the boys, but the least you—oh God!"

"Honey, I swear—I'll break it off. I won't see her again. You and the boys are everything to me."

"George, stop! She isn't the first. I've known about the others, too. Yes, I've known—but there was no other place left for us to go. It's over, George, over."

"What about the boys? Think about them—"

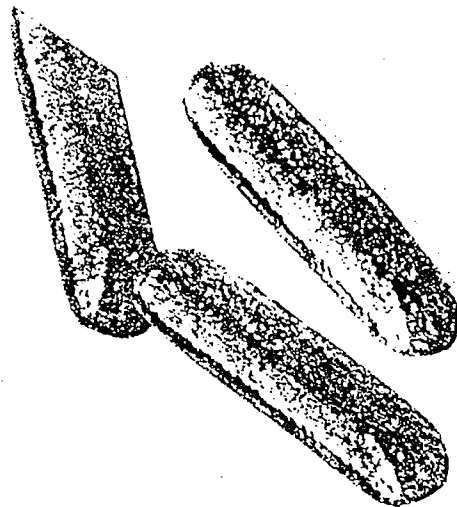
"I do, George. It's all I've thought about. I've done my best to save their childhood, to spare them—oh God. You can think of a good explanation, George. You're good at that. Just don't mention beaches or snow. You used that in New York."

I lay frozen. The sound of Petey sobbing into his pillow came from far, far away. In that moment I hated them both. I hated my father for hurting my mother and Pete. And I hated my mother for not giving Dad one last chance.

It seemed a long time later when I realized that they were quiet. For some reason it occurred to me that if I turned the radio on I could hear the spring training scores on the late edition of Sports Page. That night, a week before the season started, when our lives collapsed without warning, Pete and I found out that his Vida Blue had been traded to my San Francisco Giants.

They started to play the Chevy jingle then, but I moved the dial away from KFSO, and turned the radio off. Afterwards, in trying to explain things to Pete, I came to my own understanding of the hurt my mother felt; I came to see her sense of injustice. I told Pete it was like the Giants having to tolerate a cast-off left-hander like Vida Blue—who couldn't even get the ball over the plate. And I was happy to see that baseball could still get him excited. □

Ron Hyde of Belize City, Belize, graduated from Notre Dame last May with a BA in American Studies.



Kickball . . .

(cont'd from page 20)

with him and order his Chicken McNuggets. I'll never forget the feeling of gratitude he conveyed with his smile and handshake.

But I still finished my SSP feeling like I had missed something, like I hadn't "served" and "experienced" all I expected to . . . which is odd when you recall that I had no expectations. *Compassion*, a new book by Henri Nouwen, Doug Morrisson, and Notre Dame's Don McNeill, has a chapter entitled "Displacement" which discusses Jesus' call to "Leave your father and mother . . . let the dead bury the dead . . . keep your hand to the plow and do not look back . . . sell what you own, give the money to the poor, and come follow me." In that chapter it says that displacement does not necessarily involve moving from one place to another; it is rather something to be recognized in the midst of the lives we are living: "We may be dreaming of great acts of displacement while failing to notice in the displacements of our own lives the first indications of God's presence."

I'm still wondering if I missed God's presence this summer because I was doing such "dreaming" or if I just happened to stumble on a situation that didn't have much to offer me. □

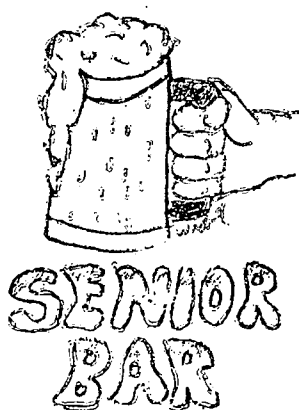
Senior Bar . . .

(cont'd from page 19)

opens its doors to the other $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Notre Dame student population. The future may include lunchtime openings as well. And football weekends? Well, they feature alumni.

Yes, even those who have left the shadow of the dome are excited. But, older, and more mature, they bring a measure of wisdom to all the hype. One recent graduate remarked he was looking forward to seeing the new bar Michigan weekend: "I think it will be a different atmosphere. But in the end, you come to Senior Bar for the people and *not* the place." □

Teri Schindler is a senior English major from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



Football '82—

(cont'd from page 17)

wouldn't have asked them to do something if I hadn't thought it out in the first place."

"It wasn't easy going at all last year," emphasizes Faust, "but through my optimism the players may have felt they could just go through the motions. Now I'm laying it right on the line. I love these kids but I expect them to meet me half way. And they will — it just takes time."

"It's a whole different atmosphere now. We'll be a better football team, although that doesn't necessarily mean we'll have a better record because of our tough schedule," concludes Faust. "We want to have a great year for ourselves and for the students here because they deserve it. They've been great to our players, my family and the coaches."

Carter agrees that the emotional desire to recapture the glory of old is one of the biggest driving forces. "We want to regain our respect," he insists. "We want to bring back that Notre Dame fever and tradition that we lost last year." □

Daphne Baille is a senior American Studies major from Grand Blanc, Michigan.

Brian Couch is a sophomore Engineering major from Chico, California. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Ever wonder what's happening back home? Well, believe it or not, there are people back home who would like to know how life is treating you. Let them in on the ideas, events, and people that are Notre Dame. Give them a subscription to Scholastic and they can see for themselves what is at the heart of Notre Dame life.

Scholastic
LaFortune Student Center
Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

Please send years of *Scholastic*
at \$7.00 per year to:

Name

Address

City

State Zip.....



Don't miss
a moment
of the action at

FALL KICK-OFF

SEPTEMBER 20-27



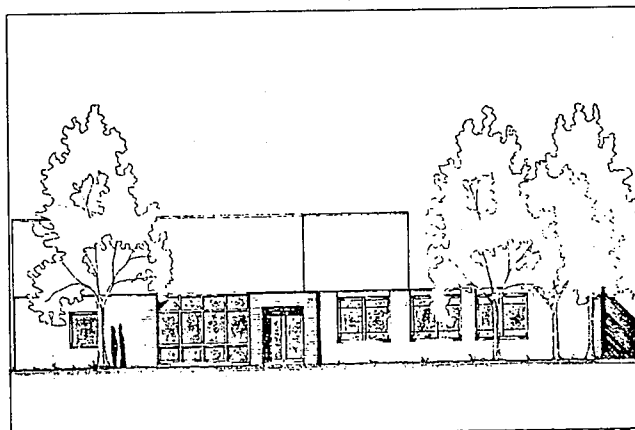
WIN 2 TICKETS TO THE Notre Dame GAME

- Play the Kick-Off Quiz. Prizes awarded each night.
- Pep Rally daily (11:30-7 p.m.). Special fun in the Pub.



Cheer your favorite teams to victory
in the week's top TV football games.

Across From North Village Mall
52554 U.S. 31 North



Center for Social Concerns
(formerly the WNDU building).

COME AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER

I. Service/Learning

- A. On-Campus:**
 Big Brothers/Big Sisters, Council for the Retarded
 Neighborhood Study Help Program, Hotline
 Alpha Phi Omega, Circle K
 Amnesty International, CILA, Hunger Coalition
- B. Off-Campus:**
 Appalachian Seminar, Summer Service Projects
 Holy Cross Associates

II. Social Awareness

- A. On-Campus:**
 Social Concerns Film Series
 University Committee on Education for Justice
- B. Off-Campus:**
 Urban Plunge, Social Concerns Seminar
 Program in Global Community
 Universidad Iberoamericana

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

The Last Word

by Beth Healy

Poor September. Every year I oscillate between love and hate for these thirty days. Such sentiments date to the first days when I painfully squeezed brown, bare feet into new school shoes. I, like Huck Finn, could never appreciate the exchange of our elaborate summer forts and wild blackberries — huckleberries now being extinct — for chalkboards and spelling books. Perhaps this explains, in part, why I am such a horrid speller.

Still, each September always brought with it a surge of excitement: new friends, new teachers, new endeavors, new escapades. After all, managing a lemonade stand for an afternoon did become rather dull. Following lazy, summer days, I've always enjoyed the anxious anticipation of the new school year.

As a senior, September 1982 marks the end of an era, and probably the widest swing of my love/hate pendulum to date. Never again will I be a schoolgirl in September. Sigh. But now is not time for nostalgia.

While I will miss the peace of this campus in the summer, I readily admit that the high energy of the returning masses electrifies this place. After being scattered all across the globe (Berlin, Lebanon, California, Oregon, and, for us lucky ones, South Bend, Indiana), we return to Notre Dame and Saint Mary's refreshed and ready to wrap on our common cloak of "student." Yet, as evidenced by the



articles in this issue, our individual personalities, special experiences, and backgrounds enable us to add depth and dimension to our lives and this community. So I gladly trade my waitress pad for the *Complete Works of Shakespeare*, and kite flying for soaring thought. The time has come to "get on with it."

Scholastic 1982-'83 has arrived in all its splendor, glory, and occasional blunder. (Sound the trumpet, clang the cymbal, crank up the stereo!) After passing many an organiza-

tional hour alone in this office, I rejoice at the enthusiastic return of the Editorial Board. As with any new reign, we have made some exciting changes.

We will publish *Scholastic* twelve times this year instead of eight. It is our attempt to keep up reader awareness and interest. Also, I want to extend a grateful welcome to the 250 Notre Dame parents who supported our first subscription drive. We are using a new layout procedure designed to give the staff more creative freedom with magazine pages. Most importantly, the *Scholastic* editors have devised an innovative and thought-provoking list of articles and issues for publication. We welcome and encourage all interested students to join our staff.

It will be a good year. I am sincerely grateful for the energy, talent, and support of the editors and staff for helping me pull off this first issue. And who says miracles don't exist?

Well looking back on the past few paragraphs, I guess September isn't that bad after all. Besides, in a few months summer forts lie buried in snow anyway. □

Italian Cuisine

Parisi's

- Fettuccini • Lasagna
- Veal Parmigiana
- Pizza • Pastas

LUNCH • DINNER • CARRY OUT

Wines & Cocktails

18455 South Bend Avenue
1 mile east of Notre Dame

277-0578


Closed Sun.-Mon.

Reservations
Accepted

Clip and Save

CARLO ANASTASIO

18441 STATE ROAD 23
SOUTH BEND, IN. 46637



Continental Tailor Shop

CUSTOM MADE SUITS
ALTERATIONS • MENDING • REPAIR
EXPERIENCED FITTING AND LATEST STYLES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

TELEPHONE 272-6666

Coming Next Issue . . .



Scholastic will take a look at financing a college education, graduate school, and the job market facing this year's graduates.



Check Cashing Convenience
—Max. \$20—
with valid SMC or ND ID.



**FULL SERVICE
POSTAL
SUB-STATION**

Postage Stamps
Registered Mail
Certified Mail

Parcel Post
Postal Money Orders
Postal Cards
Daily 5 p.m. Pickup

Sub-station Hours: 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Mon.-Fri.
9 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat.

STORE HOURS:
9 AM-9 PM
MON.-SAT.
9 AM-12 NOON
SUN.

VISA

"Professional Service at Competitive Prices"

ROSELAND PHARMACY

405 Dixie Way North (U.S. 31) Roseland 272-6060

Introducing



Now With
Sir Richard's
(from left to right)

Sue Matthews
Laura Basore
Sue Parpart
Paula Jones
formerly of Command Performance
(which is out of business)

They Join

- **Rich Coddens &**
- **Sue Dickerson**

277-0734

Sir Richard's
PERSONALIZED HAIR DESIGNS
for men and women
NEW HOURS:
Monday thru Friday 9-8
Saturday 8-3
Visit Our Location at 417 Dixie Way North
in Roseland across from Wendy's



Erika's Flowers & Gifts

All Your Flower Needs

- Corsages
- Plants
- Gift Items
- Wire Service

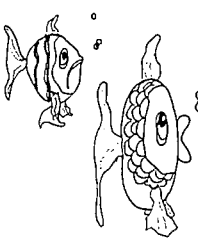
Mon. thru Fri. — 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Sat. — 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

272-6363

409 Dixie Way N.
(½ Mi. N. of Campus)



Teleflora



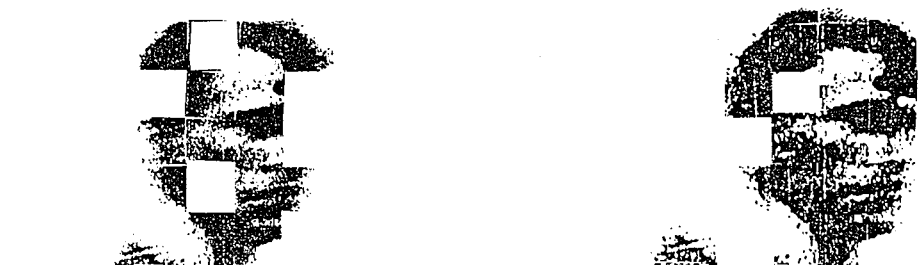
Roseland aquatics

Fresh and Salt Water Fish
Live Aquarium Plants
Aquariums and Supplies

Hamsters
Guinea Pigs

Many Birds to
Choose From

415 Dixie Way North Hours: 11 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.
(Across from Wendy's) Mon.-Sat.
277-4862



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