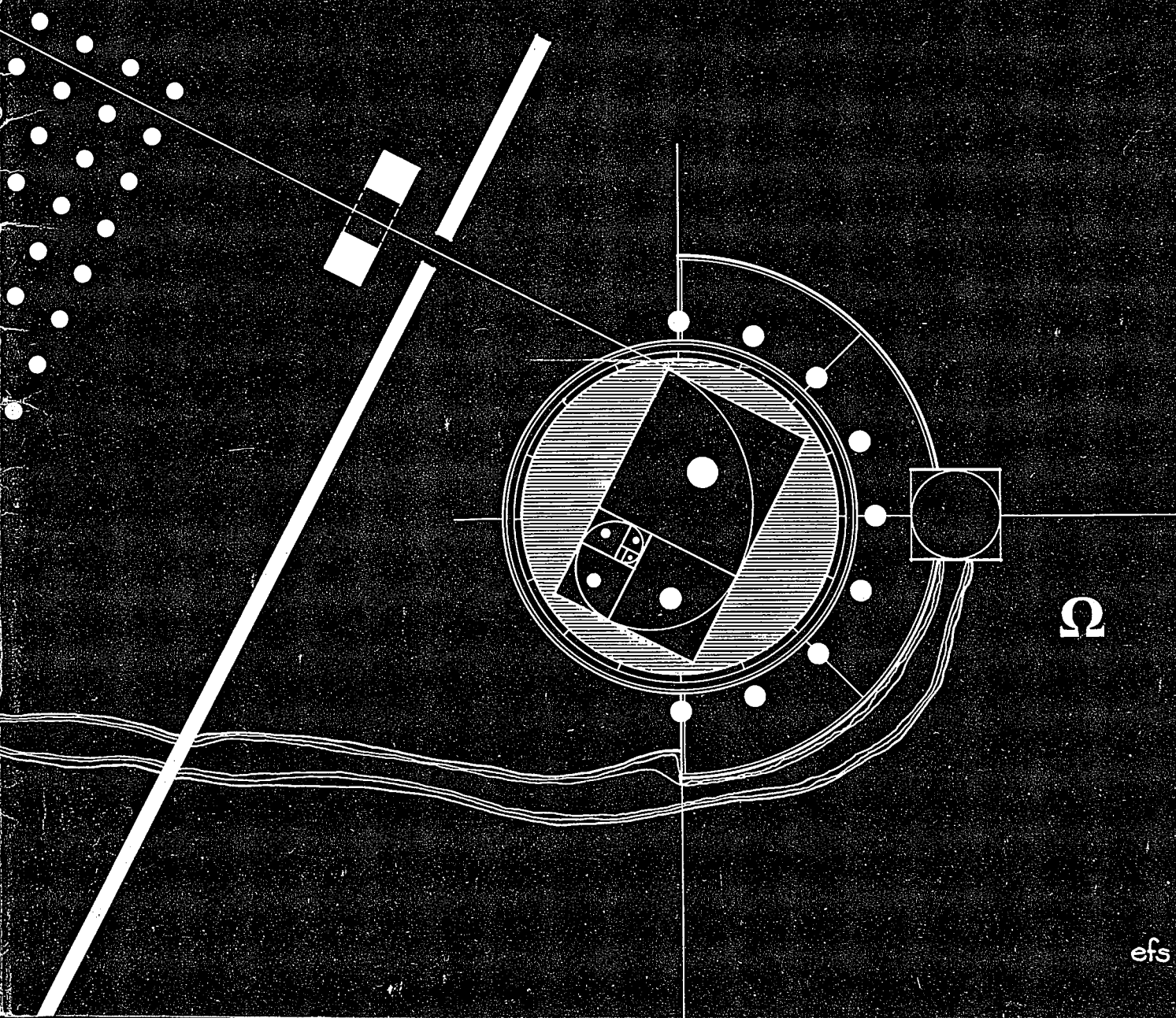


# Scholastic

September, 1983

## Inside Notre Dame/Saint Mary's





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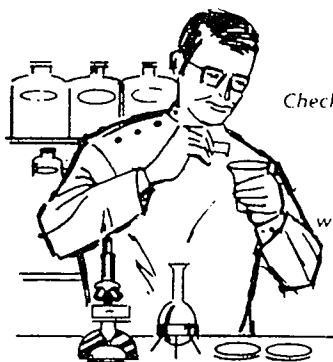
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# Scholastic

Vol. 125, No. 1, September, 1983  
Notre Dame, IN 46556

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# The First Word

by Kathy Curran

Because this is my first public forum this year, I have had to wait until now to welcome you all back. Amid our first rounds of exams and papers, games and tailgaters, dances and dates, it is almost shocking, though, to remember we really just arrived here. We should still be flashing our tans. We should still feel rested from our vacations. And we should still be planning to carry out our "I'd better improve last year" resolutions.

But quite a few of us, unfortunately, are no longer bronzed gods and goddesses. We are already examining the bags developing under our eyes. The resolutions, once so well planned, have been deemed contrary to our characters. In essence, we have faded.

I have to laugh when I remember myself sitting on a South Bend-bound plane repeating, "I will not speak on the phone to Phoenix for 45 minutes. I will not eat desserts after meals. I will not write my *Scholastic* editorials the night before they are due."

Yes, I was an idealist this summer. Pressures were few and I had a lot of time. As a matter of fact, it was almost fun to plan how I would improve myself.

Yet, it should not have been a game. My goals are not unrealistic, nor are they insurmountable. I can write letters. I can avoid analyzing the pies and cookies SAGA food service has to offer. I can even plan ahead. I need to look at my idealistic resolutions and realize they are realistic.

We, as college students, need to be practical dreamers. This is no contradiction of terms—we need to think about what we want to become and where we want to go. Yet, we need to make plans to achieve these dreams. It is the beginning of the year—think ahead so you can plunge forward and conquer. □

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## The 1983-1984 Editorial Board

*(Left-Right) Sitting: Michael P. Leary, Janet Drobinske, Kevin Donius. Standing: Charles G. van Ravenswaay, James S. Ganther, Jeannie Euch, Jim Dever, Laurel Ann Dooley, Tom Sapp, Kathleen Doyle, Kathy Curran. Missing: Keevie McCarthy and Steve Busk.*

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# Scholastic Notables

## Board of Trustees

University President Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., has announced that four persons have been added to Notre Dame's Board of Trustees: John Brademas, President of New York University and former Indiana congressman; Ignacio E. Lozano, Jr., publisher of *La Opinion*

in Los Angeles and a 1947 graduate of Notre Dame; Newton N. Minow, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission and director of the Public Broadcasting Service; and Dr. Arlene Reed-DeLaney, an Albany, N.Y., psychiatrist.

These appointments bring membership of the board to forty-six, thirty-nine lay persons and seven priests.



## Student Receives Fellowship

Thomas M. Parrill, a 1983 Notre Dame engineering graduate, was one of forty-one recent college graduates throughout the nation to receive a fellowship from the Office of Naval Research.

While earning a bachelor's degree in metallurgical engineering and materials science at Notre Dame, Parrill was awarded the Reverend Thomas A. Steiner Prize, given to engineering students recognized for their leadership qualities. In addition, Parrill was elected to the Tau Beta Pi and Alpha Sigma Mu honor societies.

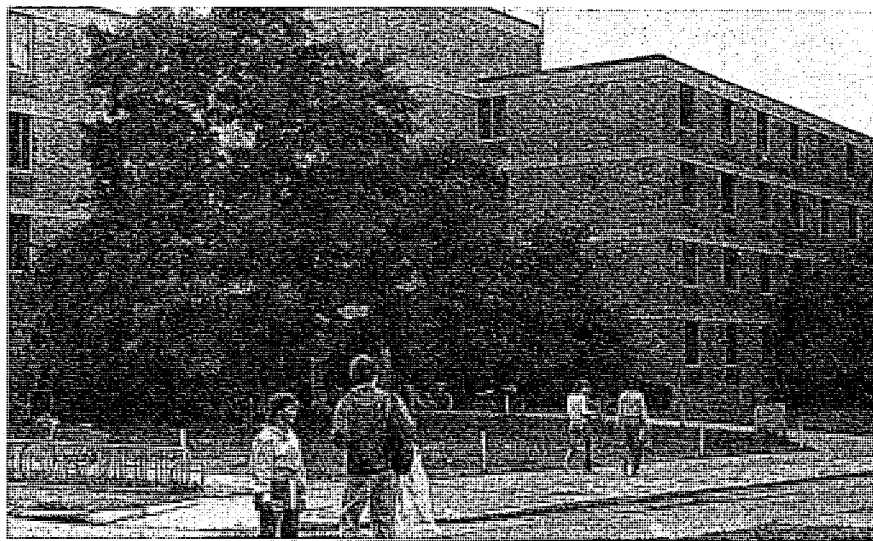
Parrill will pursue his graduate studies in materials science and engineering at Northwestern University.

## New Philosophy Chairman

Richard F. Foley, an associate professor who has been teaching at Notre Dame since 1976, has been named chairman of the philosophy department.

Foley has been a codirector of the undergraduate program in philosophy and coordinator of that department's honors thesis program since 1979. In 1982 he directed the Arts and Letters London program. A prize-winning essayist, Foley has had several papers published in scholarly journals, and his research has been supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Foley replaces Michael Loux, who was recently named dean of the College of Arts and Letters.



## Lewis "Family Hall"

Lewis Hall served as a summer resort for 1,700 persons from forty states who took advantage of the 1983 "Family Hall" program.

Returning alumni and their families have had the opportunity to stay in a residence hall set aside for their convenience during the summer since the program began in 1976. During their visits, the guests are free to use most of the University's educational and recreational facilities.

More than 12,200 former students and members of their families have used the program in its eight-year history, and many have returned for second visits.



# Notre Dame

## Season Tickets

In order to meet the demand for single game tickets by contributing alumni, the University was forced to cut back on the number of football season tickets available this year.

The problem, according to University officials, is that the 59,000-seat Notre Dame stadium, built 53 years ago when the University had 5,000 alumni, now must cope with ticket requests from 71,000 alumni.

## Voluntary Support

Notre Dame raised slightly more than \$27 million in the fiscal year ending last June 30, according to the University's development report. It is the second largest amount ever amassed in a single year by the University.

Corporations donated \$7.4 million, while individuals and foundations contributed \$6.6 million each. Parents of students accounted for \$5.7 million and \$690,000 was pledged in deferred gifts. Half of the alumni solicited gave to their alma mater, this percentage up slightly from the previous year, with an average gift of \$300.

According to the last published survey of the Council for Aid to Education, Notre Dame led all Catholic institutions and was 19th among all American private universities in voluntary support.

# St. Mary's College



## New Dean of Students

Sister Karol Jackowski assumed her duties as the new Dean of Student Affairs on August 1 at Saint Mary's College. This former Director of Residence Life replaced Dr. Kathleen M. Rice, who resigned last spring. Ms. Patricia Rissmeyer, from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, has been chosen as the new Director of Residence Life.

## Summer Camps

Summer campers between the ages of ten and eighteen brought a change of pace to the campus in July, as Saint Mary's sponsored three summer camps. The Paula Program for Gifted and Talented Girls featured instruction and laboratory experience for junior high school girls. Each of the 20 participants in the camp boasts a Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) score higher than many college freshmen. The second camp was the Sports Summer Camp for young athletes wishing to receive instructions in the sports of their choice. The 10th annual Fine Arts Camp offered campers a total immersion into art, stage crafts, drama, music and dance.

## Moose Krause Award

In athletics, Gail Casey was awarded the coveted Moose Krause Award which is given by *The Observer*. The award is presented to the Outstanding Female Athlete of the Year from the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's community. An All-American and an Academic All-American in swimming, Gail is the first Saint Mary's woman in the award's history to receive this honor.

## Holography

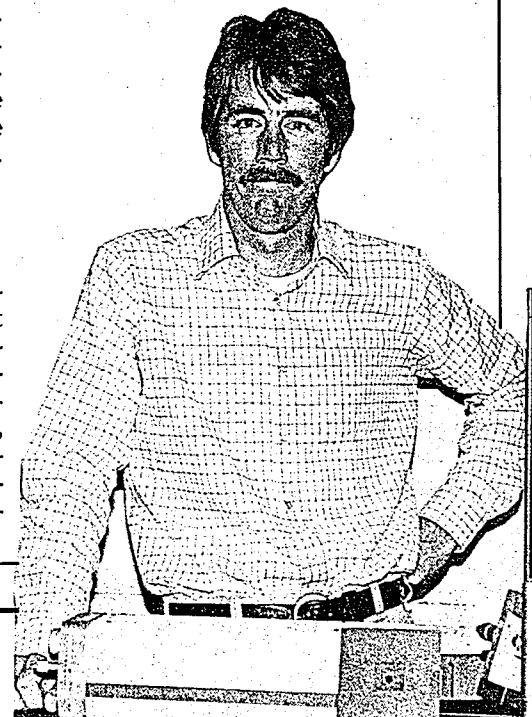
Two holograms of Doug Tyler, assistant professor of art at Saint Mary's, are on display in Bath, England, in the show "Light Dimensions — The Exhibition of the Evolution of Holography." The show, which features the work of thirty-four holographers from twelve countries, is the largest ever of holograms.

## Holy Cross Hall

If you had visited the campus over the summer, you would have found construction going on in Holy Cross Hall where St. Mary's workers were enclosing the stairways to comply with fire safety regulations. It also might have been difficult to walk between Holy Cross and LeMans halls, as the sidewalks were torn up while the tunnels were being repaired.

## Counseling

With the opening of the new Haggar College Center, the Counseling and Career Development Center relocated the Career Resources Library into the former Student Activities Offices. Another full-time professional staff member, Jeff Roberts, was added to increase service to the St. Mary's students. This Center is now open Monday nights from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., along with its regular hours, for career exploration.





# Celebrate the Grand Opening

by Maureen T. Karnatz

What is it about Saint Mary's College that is creating all kinds of frenzied excitement and wild hysteria this fall? If anyone is still uncertain, it is the completion of the new Haggar College Center located in the old library in front of Lake Marion.

A much-needed addition to Saint Mary's College, the Haggar College Center offers many attractive opportunities to students, faculty, administration, and alumnae. Not only is the center a fun place to spend spare time, it provides a chance for the community to get to know one another better. This can be accomplished in a number of ways. For example, club meetings, informal recitals and displays, and class dances can be held in the center. Also, several student organizations house offices in Haggar. Besides the student government offices and workrooms, the *Blue Mantle* and *The Observer* are located on the third floor of the center.

Because Haggar furnishes needed social space on campus, the center invites students to play an active role in their school. The center also allows the entire community to relax

and make new friends while enjoying favorite activities. Finally, the center integrates all school functions, testifying to the unity of Saint Mary's Christian community. So do not let Haggar go to waste — it is an opportunity to take hold of and put to use! It is **THE** place to be on Saint Mary's campus this fall!



*Maureen Karnatz is a St. Mary's College student from Bay Village, Ohio. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*



# The Building Boom

by Kevin Donius

"It's a matter of getting hit with everything at once," said Donald Dedrick, Director of the Physical Plant, referring to the state of affairs that has led to all the constructing and renovating that has been going on around campus.

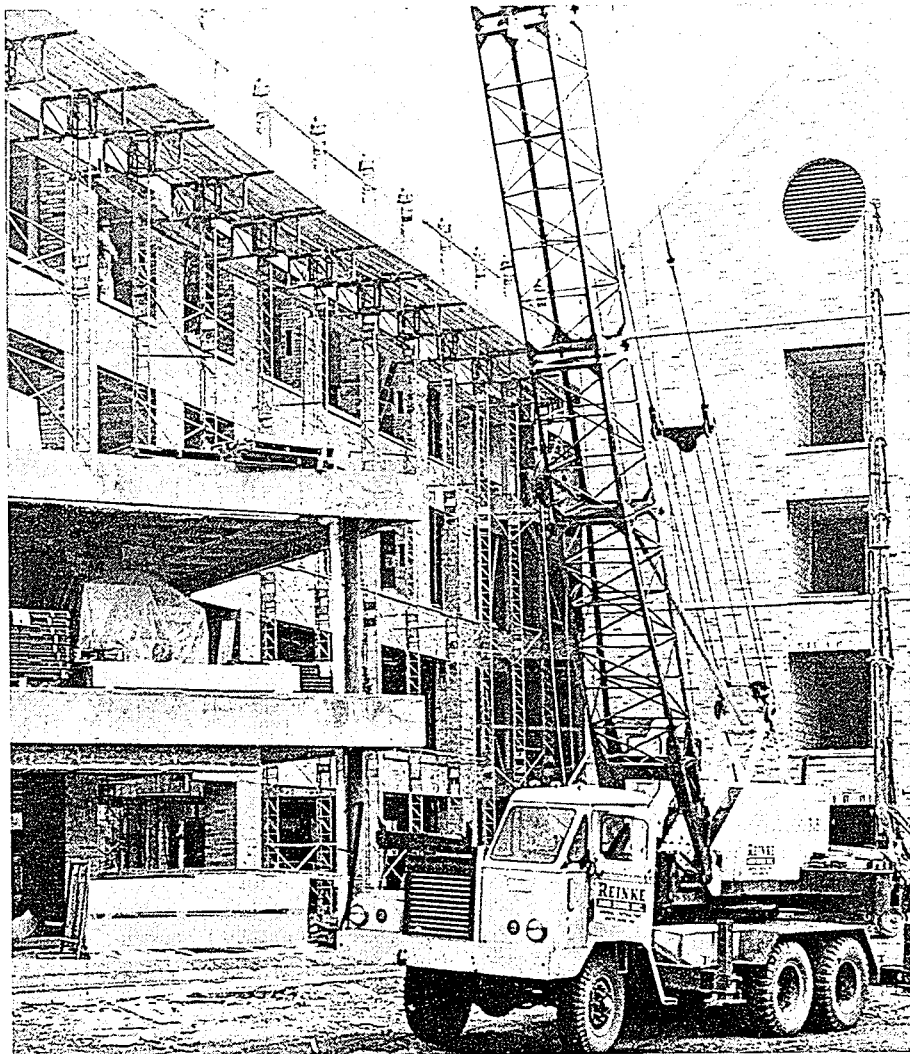
The simultaneous realization of several long-term projects in addition to the standard improvement and maintenance work accounts for the unusually large number of workers banging hammers and rumbling trucks that have found their way on campus in recent months.

The biggest project under way is the new Arts and Letters faculty building, located behind O'Shaughnessy Hall. Funded by a donation, the \$6 million building is expected to be finished by next April and will house 250 faculty offices, each with a window view. It will be similar in style to O'Shaughnessy Hall.

Another big project is the building of the swimming pool on the east side of the ACC. The pool will be named the Rolfs Natatorium, in honor of the two main sponsors of the multimillion-dollar project, Thomas J. Rolfs and Robert T. Rolfs. The Rolfs brothers both graduated from Notre Dame (Tom in 1944, Bob in 1950) and are currently chairman and president of Amity Leather Products of West Bend, Wis. The facility is still in the planning stages and is not scheduled to be completed until the spring of 1985.

The walking mall, located in front of the library where the old field-house used to be, is expected to be completed in a few weeks. When finished it will consist of walking paths, benches, trees, and a fountain. "I think it's going to be the center of student traffic," says Dedrick, who adds, "I think the students will be very pleased with it."

Movie- and theatergoers will be pleased to learn that both Washington Hall and the Cushing Engineering Auditorium have been remodeled. Though the work at Washington Hall will not be completed until next year, the theater itself will soon be ready for use. New seats, improved acoustics, and modernized stage equipment will make the theater "one of the best of its kind in



the Midwest," according to Dedrick. The engineering auditorium's new seats and remodeled projection room should improve it both as a classroom and as a movie theater.

Working with funds provided by the donations of Joseph LaFortune, Jr., Dedrick has tried to make the LaFortune Student Center both more aesthetic and more functional. The main entrance way has been expanded and remodeled, and The Huddle has been cleaned up and refurnished with wooden booths. LaFortune's revitalization will be complete in October when the new furniture arrives.

Some improvements that many students may not be aware of took place in a few residence halls. Sorin,

Walsh, Pangborn, and Fisher halls underwent 1.7 million dollars' worth of renovations. Walls, doors, carpets, plumbing and heating systems, and windows were repaired or replaced, and chapels and lounges were refined and upgraded. In Fisher Hall, sixty singles were converted into thirty doubles.

"Our goal is to go through all the dormitories and bring them up-to-date," said Dedrick. "And then we plan to get into a regular maintenance schedule."

Other less costly projects include the paving of the D-6 parking lot, the installation of lights on the basketball courts outside Stepan Center, and the upgrading of the Snite Museum sculpture courtyard. □



# Inside Student Government at SMC

by Lisa L. Fitt

The agenda is passed out among the members seated in a circle on the third floor of the new Hagggar College Center. The furniture still hasn't arrived. The secretary reports, then the treasurer, then a review of the last meeting. These all seem to fly by. But, then we get to old and new business. Something is always being analyzed or organized.

But, that is the way it should be. Constant change, continual improvement, endless enthusiasm — everything we strive for in our actions. We are the Saint Mary's College Student Government. Our main objective is to continually and consistently provide opportunities for student involvement, academically, socially, spiritually, and culturally.

This year the structural framework of the government has been rearranged in order to better serve the students of Saint Mary's and the members of this community.

The Board of Governance, chaired by Student Body President, senior Elaine Hocter, analyzes current issues and policies that concern this campus. The board reviews old and new policy and is continually aware of the effects of such policy on all of us, the students. The board consists of student commissioners in charge of athletics, alumnae, development, Christian life, elections, judicial and social justice, and the residence hall and class presidents. Last year, the main issue addressed and enacted was the new weekday parietal system. This year, the board is discussing the publicity system on campus as well as Saint Mary's involvement in Fall Festival at Notre Dame.

The Academic Council of Saint Mary's addresses issues dealing with

the curriculum and the College major requirements. This year the council is headed by senior Madeline Hoch, vice-president for academic affairs. The council consists of student representatives from each academic department of study.

The Programming Board is the last of the three-faceted structure of Student Government. Chaired by the vice-president for student affairs, junior Lee Ann Franks, the programming board, a committee of the Board of Governance, is responsible not only for student activities, but also the integration of new policy into our everyday lives. This board is manned by student commissioners for movies, speakers, entertainment, traditional events and residence hall and class vice-presidents. The programming board plans every social and cultural event on campus, from traditional extravaganzas such as Oktoberfest, Christmas Bazaar, and An Tostal to Little Sisters' Weekend, the speaker series, films, concerts and plays. This branch of student government also works closely with the Counseling and Career Development Center to bring Saint Mary's students the College to Career Days and Women's Opportunity Week. The board also cooperates with the halls and classes to arrange formals, SYRs, Masses and service projects. The main objective of this board is to create a cohesive, cooperative, and fun-filled calendar of events for Saint Mary's students.

Overall, Student Government brings all of its members into close touch with faculty and administrators, uniting the campus community while doing so. The members also serve on other committees in order to repre-

sent the student body in all decision-making processes of Saint Mary's College. This not only concerns this campus, but off-campus residents as well as the South Bend community. This student government is very active in charitable and civic functions in our community, including work with the United Way Fund drive and volunteer work at Logan Center and other local facilities.

This year the Student Government is pleased and proud to boast a new focal point, The Hagggar College Center. The government offices and conference rooms are located in the renovated library, and the Center provides much-needed space for social, cultural, and spiritual events.

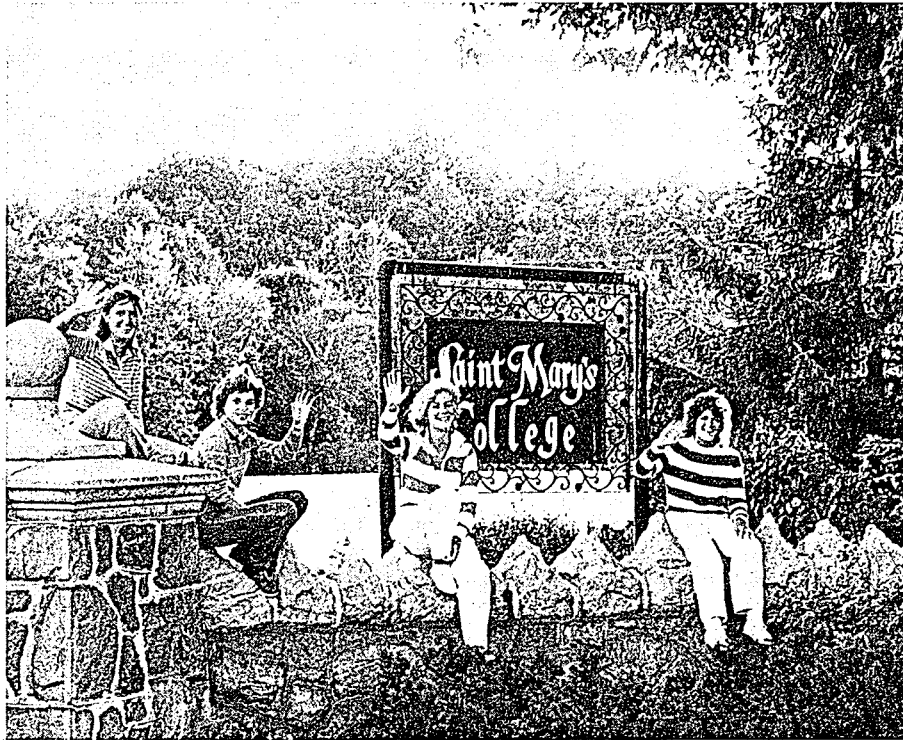
The meeting is adjourned. The enthusiasm rekindled and the worries put aside, the government members mingle, their minds and ideas, as they take a step toward the door and a step closer to a better Saint Mary's College community. □



Lisa Fitt is a Saint Mary's student from Munster, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

# Steppin' Out

by Patty Curran



I can honestly say that I was more ready to be a "big time" college student last year than I am now. My sister was a sophomore and loving every minute of college life while I was living at home with mom, dad, and the rest of the clan. My idea of college life did not involve books, just parties. At home, on the seemingly rare occasions that I was allowed out of the house, 12:30 a.m. was my curfew. Yet, when I stayed with Kathy, we socialized for as long as the moon did without having to sneak in through the back door for fear of awakening my 6'6" dear old dad. I thought I was a college kid and did this place rock.

Now I am no longer a visitor and somehow, responsibilities have crept into my life while I wasn't looking. I no longer have teachers who remind me every day that there will be a test on Chapter 5 and cupcakes for Mary Jane's birthday on Friday. There is no one here who will wake me up with a kiss and a warm breakfast after I have slammed the snooze button on the alarm clock for the fifth time.

It's pretty scary — to arrive at college in a '67 Chevy pickup truck behind an ungodly amount of Mer-

cedes Benzes, limousines, and U-Haul trucks. If that was not enough, it seemed like homecoming queens had taken over the campus.

I'd love to lie and say that I feel completely comfortable here now, but that would be very far from reality. In high school I was established. I knew everyone and everyone knew me. I knew all of the teachers, what they expected of me, what I could get away with, and how they graded. Here I was no different from anyone else. I was just one of many freshmen going to each class fifteen minutes early so that I could be positively certain that I was in the right room and in the right building.

Everyone seemed to have so much more than I, too. I was tickled to death when I found three new sweaters and two pairs of pants for my college wardrobe. I was thrilled with my bargain blender, only to be welcomed by a roommate who brought two of them along with a refrigerator, a 9" color television, and a toaster. My mother always told me that a good personality is much more valuable than any material objects could ever be. Well, at the time, I would have been very willing to

trade a little of it for some material goods, if anybody was willing.

After attending a few classes, I decided that not only was I lacking in beauty and material goods, but also in intelligence. I've always tended to be the type of girl who puts more emphasis on the social aspects of life. Neglecting academics seems to have been a defect of mine ever since birth. I don't know why, but I've always figured that knowing the Pythagorean theorem won't get me any closer to the pearly gates, but connections would.

Nearing the end of my first month here, finally I feel a little more confident. I had a hard time getting to know some people, but the ones I have grown close to are well worth the search. I am starting to get to know the teachers and that has helped, too. I am realizing that I do not need to wear the crown of Miss Teen America, be a member of the 50% tax bracket, nor a National Merit finalist. I have just got to be myself. It is not necessary to know everybody — having a few strong friendships is much better. I have realized that I must make the most out of the education that is offered me here. I've invested in a desk calendar because I vow that I'm going to be an organized student and budget my time. Promises aside, I can honestly say only one thing . . . I'm going to like it here. □



*Patty Curran is a St. Mary's College student from nearby Mishawaka, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

# Inside "The Observer"

by David Dziedzic

What's the most significant portion of *The Observer*? Is it the front-page, attention-grabbing news story? Or is it Mike Sullivan's insightful sports column? Or the popular cartoon "Fate"?

All of these items are significant. But perhaps the most significant part of the paper is the masthead and accompanying motto — "the independent student newspaper serving Notre Dame and Saint Mary's." This one sentence summarizes the essence of *The Observer*.

Independence is the most important quality that a newspaper can possess. If a newspaper is not free to gather news and to express opinions in its own fashion, it cannot serve the community. *The Observer* values its independence more than anything else.

*The Observer* is fortunate because the administrations of both schools agree that a newspaper's independence is important. Both schools collect fees from the students to be used to cover the cost of printing. Currently this fee is \$5 per semester. Both schools allow *The Observer* to use its office space relatively free of charge.

The cost of producing and printing the paper, however, is far greater than the revenue generated from student fees. Therefore, *The Observer*

must solicit advertising from numerous outside sources. Compared to other newspapers, *The Observer's* advertising rates are very inexpensive. Discounts are also given to campus organizations.

Independence, however, is a dangerous word. It is very easy to get carried away with the idea of independence and ignore the implications that this term conveys.

What kind of independence does *The Observer* have? Does the word "independent" mean that *The Observer* is free to print whatever it likes, regardless of the consequences? Certainly not.

Independence is a double-edged word. While *The Observer* does indeed possess "freedom from" outside influences, this implies an important obligation — an extremely important obligation — to the readership.

*The Observer* has a duty to act as the voice of the student body. It must provide a forum for the discussion and investigation of issues and ideas. For example, *The Observer*, as a newspaper, should annually endorse a candidate for student body president. It should also comment on actions of the University and the College. In short, any news that affects the students should be considered appropriate for treatment by *The Observer*.

This leads to the second important aspect of the paper's logo — the fact that it is a student newspaper. Because *The Observer* is run entirely by students, there are bound to be many practical problems.

For example, students can only devote so much time to extracurricular activities such as *The Observer*. The fine line between education and involvement is frequently crossed at *The Observer*. Some people get so wrapped up in running the newspaper that they forget about their studies.

This is very easy to do, especially for members of the General Board. For these people, getting the paper

out on time often takes precedence over an overdue term paper. This can be attributed to pride. Every day on the "Viewpoint" page, the names of the General Board members are listed for everyone to read. If the paper is late, or incorrect, or ugly, the fingers are pointed at these board members.

While having the most competent people doing all of the "hands-on" work may result in a better overall product, it can result in a major problem — *The Observer* can become a cliquish organization. Therefore, one aspect that the 1983-84 edition of *The Observer* will emphasize is recruiting.

There are always positions available on *The Observer* staff. Students do almost everything at the paper, including selling the ads, pasting up the copy, and paying the bills. The only thing that the students don't perform is the actual printing. The third floor of LaFortune probably wouldn't hold a 10-ton offset press. □



David Dziedzic is a senior American Studies major from La Habra, California. He is the editor-in-chief of *The Observer*. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

# Inside Psych Services

by Ed Domansky

To many people, the thought of visiting the Counseling and Psychological Services Center (C&PSC) is one that is quickly dismissed. Most have the fear that they will be considered "crazy" for seeking such counseling. Others may feel that their problem is not severe enough to merit a session with a psychologist.

Dr. Patrick Utz, in his first year as Director of Counseling and Psychological Services at Notre Dame, understands such problems and hopes that students will come to realize that the Center deals with a variety of emotional conflicts, not just those that involve referrals for severe problems.

"Any agency has an image that is in some ways hard to change," said Utz, "and when you're talking about an agency that does counseling, there is always the question, 'Is the person crazy for coming here?'"

"Clearly we see ourselves as dealing with a broad range of problems," continued Utz.

Located on the third floor of the Student Health Center, Psych Services, as the center is commonly called, offers a number of services for various problems students may encounter.

Utz's staff of 19 client-seeing personnel deal with such things as roommate conflicts, depression, feeling lonely, anxiety about grades or from being away from home, girlfriend-boyfriend problems as well as alcohol and drug abuse problems. The center also provides vocational guidance and life and career planning services through a variety of workshops that are planned each semester.

Information on alcohol and drug abuse can be obtained by calling 239-5085.

The staff of 19 is broken down into a wide range of educational backgrounds ranging from six Ph.D.s to seven second-year doctoral students, who serve as counseling trainees. The staff also has one ACSW (psychiatric social worker), one Psy-Me (a special doctoral degree), an ABD (all studies completed except for dissertation) and three fourth-year doctoral students.

Some may wonder at the reasons for having doctoral students on the counseling staff, but Utz explains a dual role of his facility. "We are a merged agency. There used to be two agencies, one which was primarily service and the other which was primarily for training people who were getting their degree in Counseling Psychology." He adds further, "With the merger, a year and a half ago, a second function we have, in the Counseling and Psychological Services, is to provide training for the doctoral students in the Counseling Psychology program." Willis Bartlett of the psychology department is in charge of the training program.

When a student wishes to receive counseling, the professional services are usually arranged for by appointment. The appointment may be arranged in person or by calling the office at 239-7336. The office is open Monday through Friday from 9 a.m.-5 p.m., but emergency and a 24-hour answering service is available by calling 239-7336. Likewise, provisions are made for anyone requesting immediate therapy.

When a student arrives for a counseling session, he or she is assigned

to an available counselor. If assigned to a student counselor, those who choose not to see a student may request the guidance of a doctoral-level person and will then be assigned accordingly.

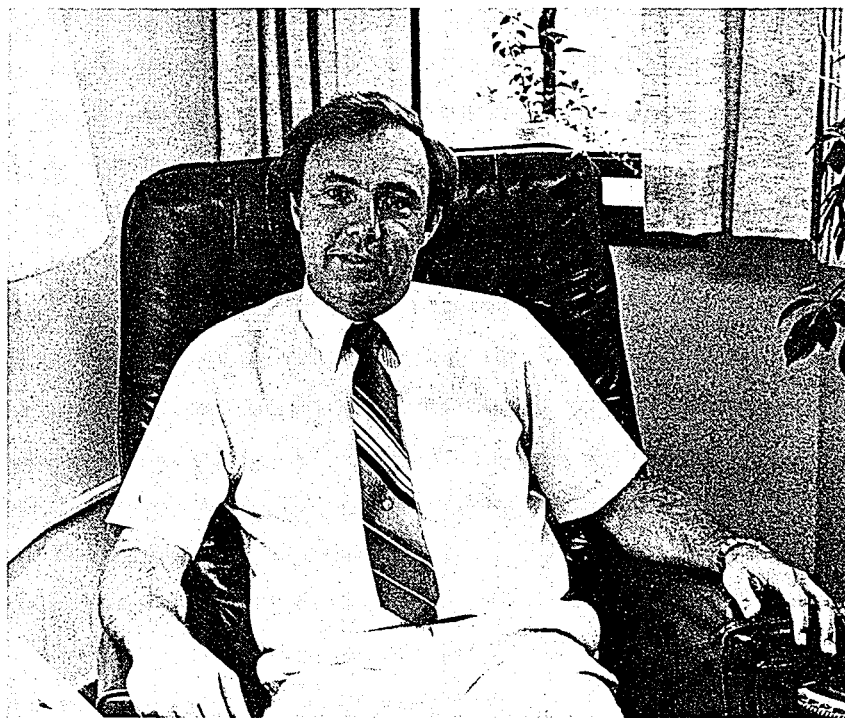
Utz stresses, though, that having students on the staff serves a two-fold purpose. "First of all it is to provide good counseling and secondly, as I mentioned before, to provide training," he said. Some students may even find themselves more comfortable and able to talk more freely to someone they feel is nearer to their own position.

No matter whom a student sees for counseling at the C&PSC, along with quality and professional advice, the center guarantees that all work is done with strictest confidentiality.

"We make a tremendous effort not only to maintain confidentiality, but to maintain an *atmosphere* of confidentiality," said Utz. "By that we mean that we would never do anything to even imply that information was being leaked out."

The only exception to confidentiality is when a person is believed to be

*(continued on page 30)*



Dr. Patrick Utz



# Eulogy for a Demapedagogue:

## *A Tribute to Michael J. Loux*

by Norm DePlume

Every profession has its gallery of heroes, and teaching is no different. Some of its members are fictitious: Professor Kingsfield, Sr. Mary Elephant, Mr. Chips, and Henry Higgins; others, like Helen Keller's Annie Sullivan and Churchill's Mr. Summervell, come to us from history. Still others are in our very midst: Emil, Niemeyer, Eikenberry, and Fr. Burke. Most, as time passes, regrettably retire and then just fade away. But one was administratively *assumed*, and now walks among the deans. The man was Michael J. Loux, philosopher-king.

His tenure now seems to us nasty, brutish, and short. Before he found us, we were like men sitting in a cave, unable to apprehend the true light. We were *tabulae rasae*, eclectic *ousiai*; we were matter without form; we were atoms raining in a void. But he saw in us much more. To him, we were human-in-*potentia*; we were monads, big with our futures; we were rational animals with innate categories. Singlehandedly, he saved us from that unexamined life which is not worth living.

Bane of the slovenly, one could set a watch by his afternoon dashes down the stairs of O'Shaughnessy Hall, the next paper assignment tucked under his arm. With impassioned caveats to keep up with Jones, he taught us of *ente* and *essentia*; he derided and defiled the Berkeleyan Dictionary; he illuminated the Five Demonstrations, and unravelled for us the Prof. of Scotus. Now academic, now peripatetic, he cast forever in our mental substrata the wisdom of the ages from Thales to Kant, and at his feet we learned how a man becomes musical. In fact, one student, Lulu Liverpool, put our

sentiments in song: "How do you thank someone Who has taken you from Plato through to Hume?" Another, Alex MacEdon, a ROTC-type who never became musical, said it this way: "I owe my life to my father, but to Dr. Loux the knowledge of how to live it well."

Once, Notre Dame was visited by the Amazing Kripke, and Dr. Loux implored us to attend his lectures. He then refused our requests that the next day's paper be accepted late, and gave us instead Loux's Razor: "It would be worth getting an 'F' to see Kripke!" As "MC" of these same lectures, he gave his typically dazzling five-minute summary of what his guest had said the night before. Kripke, eyes wide, cleared his throat with characteristic crudeness, and asked with childlike astonishment, "How do you *do* that?"

It could not last. He knew it. Like Socrates before him, he understood the cyclic nature of our existence. This time, it was not a cup of hemlock; but a piece of paper, a memorandum from the President. And while his dwelling is now a full

two stories below his former one, we prefer to remember him as one who taught, "not wisely, but too well," and we concede that, at least by one standard, he has moved "up."

He is succeeded by Alfred Fredoso and Cornelius Delaney, both enormously competent and talented men, whom we welcome with all best wishes. The king is gone; long live the kings!

Professor Loux, if you can hear me, please accept the following poor blessing: may you disprove the Peter Principle; may your *esse* never be *percipi*; may you find, when I am dead, that solipsism is false; and may you someday regain your freedom, and find yourself back in the History of Philosophy half-an-hour before the Provost knows you're gone! □

*Norm DePlume, a dead ringer for the Unknown Comic, is currently pursuing a degree at the University. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*



*Prof. Michael J. Loux*



# The Man Behind the Mystique

by Joe Rice

Notre Dame. Who is the man behind her mystique? Is it Rockne? Or Leahy? Or is it, perhaps, Krause? No. To those who know, the name that stands out above all is . . . you guessed it . . . Kazmierzak.

Edward Kazmierzak (better known to his mother as "Eddie, the Towel Man") has been providing support for the Notre Dame athletic community for the past twenty-four years. Having lived all of his life in the South Bend area (he is fifty-two), Eddie has a natural affinity for Notre Dame, and especially for the patrons of the Rockne Memorial. Many of those patrons develop such an affection for Eddie that they return to visit long after they have graduated. Others have continued to send Christmas cards over the years. Eddie is so well remembered, in fact, that fathers will often tell their sons to look him up when they get to Notre Dame. Says Eddie, "It's strange when you meet the sons of people you knew; it makes you realize how old you are."

It is not only the old, however, who appreciate the contribution that Eddie makes to Notre Dame. Every summer the University conducts a variety of sports camps, and participants often retire to the "Rock" after a long, hard day for a relaxing swim. These campers, aged eight to sixteen, get along famously with Eddie, to the extent that some even call him "Uncle Eddie." Eddie enjoys this and he also enjoys observing the youngsters at play. "They're funny," he says with a smile. "They can't wait to get in the pool, then, two minutes later, they can't wait to get out." Sometimes old friendships are renewed as these same campers return as Notre Dame freshmen.

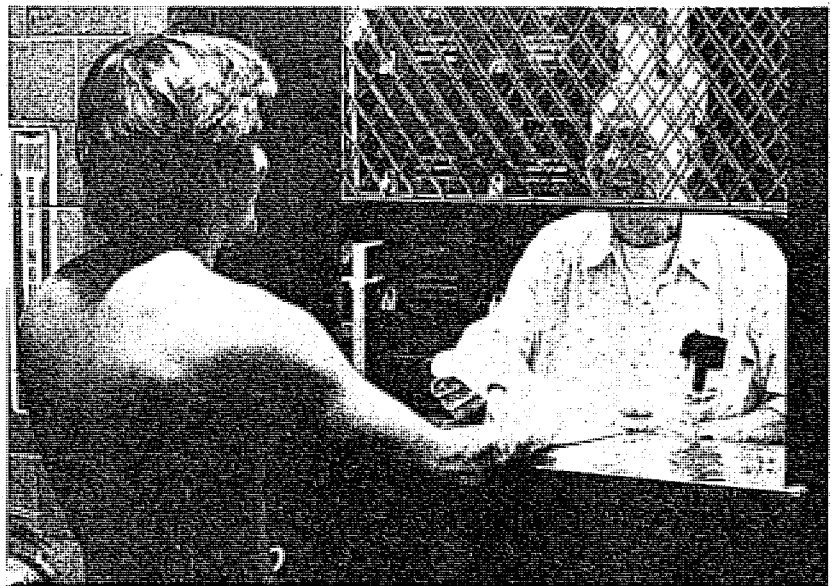
Despite the obvious rewards, Eddie's job is not an easy one. Often, in fact, it is nearly impossible. For instance, during the Blizzard of '78, Eddie valiantly kept the "Rock" open from 7 a.m. until 2 a.m. for seven days and six nights, serving about fifteen hundred students each day. He recalls trying to reach the South Dining Hall for dinner on the first day of the record snowfall that

immobilized the University for a full week, fighting his way through snowdrifts up to five feet deep: "I was so worn out the first night, I thought I was going to die." After that, Eddie arranged to have his meals brought in from the kitchens of Corby Hall.

Sometimes Eddie's job brings with it a bit of the unexpected: "I remember, sometime in the late '60s, being thrown in the pool after a swim meet. I didn't think it could be done!" And then, other times, it has an element of the dramatic: "I remember, a few years ago, some guy hit his head on the board." An alert student

varsity events held throughout the school year. The major reason he gives for choosing to avoid the football games is that he would rather work, as he doesn't "care for the crowds."

Even so, Eddie has had quite a hand in Notre Dame's football fortunes since 1959. It is seen by some as more than mere coincidence that Ara Parseghian's office was on the second floor of the Rockne Memorial when he won his first National Championship in 1966. And, although Eddie would neither confirm nor deny the persistent rumors holding



Eddie "The Towel Man" Kazmierzak

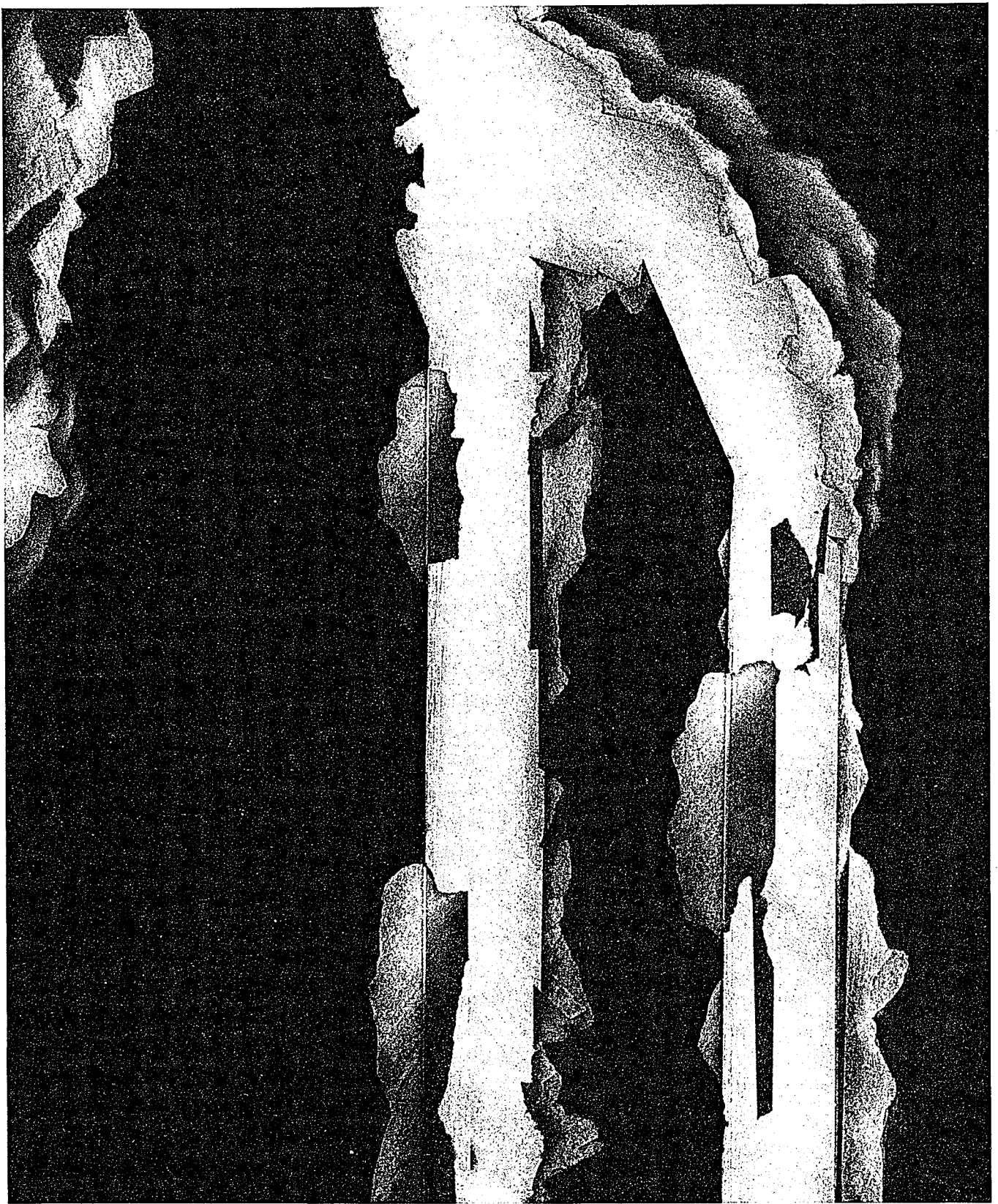
lifeguard, Noel O'Sullivan (now varsity golf coach at Notre Dame), pulled the diver to safety, but there were several anxious moments as Eddie awaited word on the extent of the diver's injuries. (They were not serious, to Eddie's great relief.) It's no wonder that Eddie says, matter-of-factly, "I'm not much of a swimming fan."

Eddie may not be a swimming fan, but he is a Notre Dame fan. Although he has never been to any collegiate football contest, he intends to attend the Notre Dame-Colorado game on Oct. 1 of this year. He does attend many other nonvarsity and

him responsible for the Green Jerseys of the late '70s, as well as the "geneflect" play which defeated Purdue in the late '60s, many who were tuned in to the 1982 Pitt game saw an unmistakable Kazmierzak touch present in the flea-flicker play which broke the Panthers' back. Eddie had no comment on all of this, of course, but his modesty has always been one of the characteristics which have endeared him to the Notre Dame community. In regard to Gerry Faust, however, Eddie did admit, "I know him pretty well."

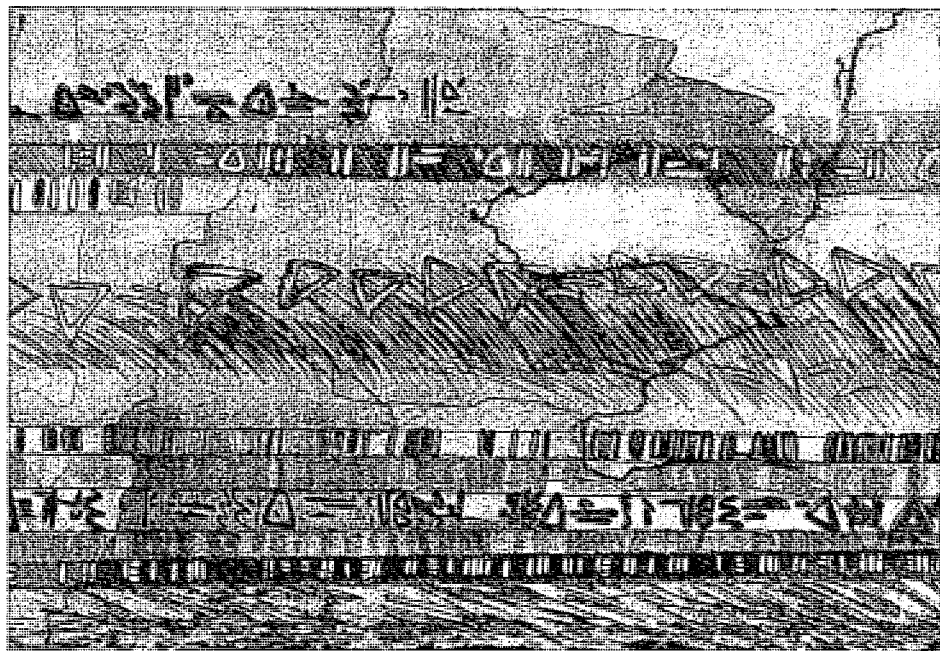
With a talent like Ed Kazmierzak

(continued on page 30)



"and jesters take flight at dusk"  
14½ in. x 12 in. 14½ in. x 12 in.

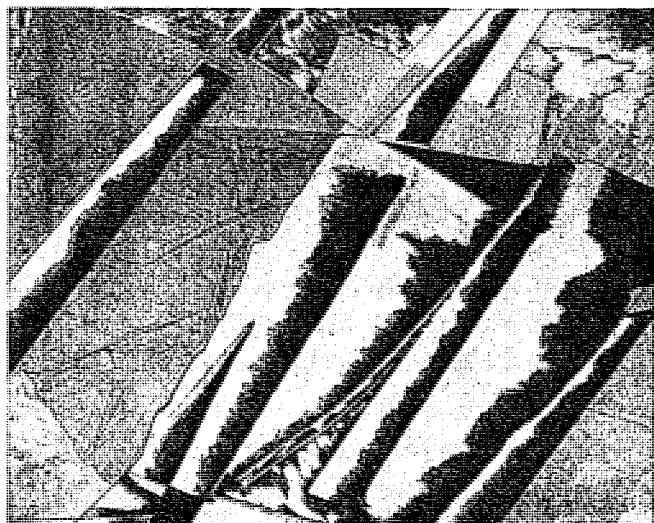
# Gallery



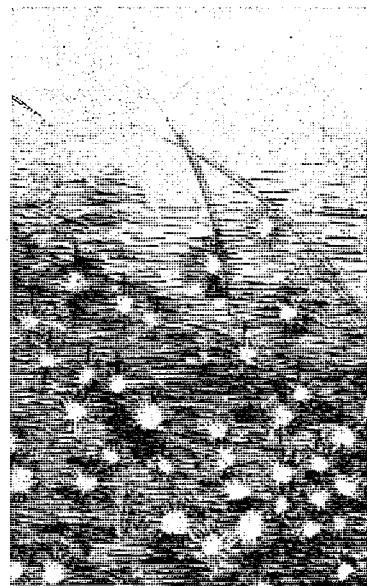
**"My New Old Language"**  
12 in. x 18 in. 12 in. x 18 in.

## Etchings by Margaret A. Young

Margaret A. Young is a BA candidate at St. Mary's College. Her images derive from very immediate experiences. Letting her accidents work for her, she draws into the plate without any structured ideas. Margaret is interested in work that is bold and captivating and she approaches her own work in a similar fashion.



**"Window on Movement"**  
15 in. x 20 in. 15 in. x 20 in.



**Untitled**  
6 in. x 9 in. 6 in. x 9 in.

# Poetry

## May Rain on the North Coast

Last night it was the whales again. We stood under the spars of the cutty **Regina Maris** and you were about to say something sad and unretractable.

They rose with three  
great, wet sighs,  
suddenly alongside,  
as big as buildings

moving with us like scrolls scribbled  
with old scars, barnacles, calligraphy;  
the rutting, calving, dying  
of monstrous generations.

They blundered back  
into the dream-dark sea

but a microphone drilled  
over the ship's rail  
brought up their crying:  
atonal, plaintive, echoing.

Listen. Nothing lasts. Not even  
oceanic interruptions that stay  
our resignation for a while. It is  
the perpetual end of a coastal weekend,

the last shell collected, the last  
petulant cry of wheeling tern,  
a dream that always ends  
on those sand beetles you pointed out to me:

turquoise, dung-grey, with the  
ancient design battered on their backs,  
scrabbling on all six legs  
towards antiquity.

by Melita Schaum

## remember when

remember when  
you were a little one  
who didn't understand  
all the bother and hurry

you rode in the back seat  
and drew pictures  
lightly  
in last night's frost  
on the windows

you rode  
and admired your drawings  
they were your friends  
you watched the morning dampness  
slowly swallow them  
again  
and drew another

remember when  
you drew little figures  
remember when  
you laughed with them  
remember when  
you really didn't mind

where has all that gone?

by Joseph Holtermann

# In $e^x =$

by Maureen Stubbs

**Y**ou will remember this, or you'll never catch up. The natural log of  $e^x$  is sure to be on the next test . . . why doesn't he just call it the unnatural log of . . . this is just as bad as listening to a Sunday Mass homily—impossible to concentrate on those either. Maybe he was a seminarian before he became a math teacher. . . . Now cut that out. Concentrate on . . . the math department must have "peculiar physical appearance" as one of its prerequisites for a teaching position here . . . good, though . . . the way he looks is enough to keep anyone from falling asleep. But Emil is a different story, with his Sominex voice and those warm, comfy seats . . . coffee is the answer! . . . alas, Mom says not to drink so much coffee—cancer lurks in that caffeine. Mom, come on, Vitamin C isn't the answer to all the world's problems . . . she is a proper mother—chicken broth and warm socks . . . strange how much better we get along when separated by a distance of 300 miles . . . not strange, perhaps a little sad . . . we're too much alike, I think, and that's what causes friction . . . friction—oh, Dad, I miss your dinner-time dissertations on the forces of physics. I'll never forget the time you got up in the middle of your mashed potatoes to go get a piece of wood in order to better explain the principles of center of gravity as they pertain to the Fosberry Flop . . . that sounds like my home economics catastrophe in eighth grade—my raspberry flop . . . the good old days of eighth grade—no homework, lax teachers, fun cooking courses, discovering boys . . . I've never been as thin since . . . or as silly. I've just gone through some phase changes—lowered my boiling point in the process . . . Emil's influence . . . he dominates my mind and infiltrates my every thought . . . or should it be just filtrate . . . so that was the proof of the whole equation? At least I know how to do the ending. . . . □

# To See the Pope

by Anne Zink

The sun was just coming up, its rays beginning to fall on the stretches of freshly plowed fields, just beginning to stream through the plate-glass windows of the McDonald's. Signs hung from the ceiling: "Win \$1,000"—"Try our new extra-crunchy, hot apple pies"—"We have McDonaldland cookies." Bernadette could see the workers back in the kitchen; they moved slowly, almost in slow motion.

Bernadette stood at the counter. She looked from the window to the signs to the kitchen, then up at her dad. "Can I have blueberry pie, Dad?" she asked.

Her father smiled, and his smile almost seemed to break his face in half, it was so wide. His hair was messy; it stuck out in a ring all the way around his head—kind of like Bozo the clown's, only stiff and gray instead of curly and red. His smile was like a clown's, too, only not so funny. Her father's smile was more patient and kind than it was funny. Standing there in an old stained undershirt, with messy hair, pants that didn't quite fit around his waist, and his huge grin, Bernadette's father really didn't look like Bozo at all. He looked more like the tramps they had on television shows.

"You may, if you could—but you can't," her father answered her. "I'm not sure they have blueberry pies at six-thirty in the morning, or any pies, for that matter."

"Do they have hot chocolate?"

"Yes, we could have some hot chocolate. But what about eggs or something like that? Would you like pancakes? Sausage? Maybe you want a roll with blueberry filling."

"Yeah! Do they have them? I'd like one with blueberry filling if they had one."

Bernadette's father smiled even wider; his smile really did go from ear to ear. He laid a large hand with stubby nails all caked with black on Bernadette's wavy hair.

"If that's what you want, that's what I'll get you. Why don't you find us a table in the sun so that we can look out the window while we eat?" he asked her.

"Okay, I'll find us one."

Bernadette looked around. A businessman sat by himself in a corner. Another couple, dressed for work, sat in the middle by the trash cans. There was an empty booth by a window on the side wall. Bernadette slid in against the window. Outside the window, some sparrows hopped around on the blacktop, pecking at crumbs left over from previous customers. The sun felt good. It was going to be a warm spring day.

"Look what I have for you, Bernadette," Bernadette's father said, setting a Danish before her as if it were a delicacy on a silver tray covered with a silver dome instead of a breakfast roll on a styrofoam plate. "Blueberry Danish, the treat of all treats. Eat and enjoy."

Bernadette giggled and looked up into her father's face. "Thanks," she said.

Her dad plopped down across the table and whipped out a napkin to lay in his lap. He opened a little styrofoam box and poured syrup onto the pancakes inside. He forked a round sausage and held it in the air half-way to his mouth.

"So, Dutch, are you excited?" he asked as he stuck the whole sausage in his mouth.

"Yeah."

"Just another hour and we'll be there. Sure am glad the first-graders could spare you for the day, Dutch-girl; the Pope doesn't come to America often. The only time I saw the Pope was on t.v., and now here he is just five hours away from us. Imagine seeing the Pope in Chicago! Doesn't happen every day, Dutch."

"Uh-huh."

Bernadette picked at her Danish. A school bus pulled up in the parking lot and a bunch of high school kids poured from its doors. They crowded and pushed up to the counter to order.

"I want an Egg McMuffin, please."

"Can I have eggs and pancakes? And give me a Coke, too, will you? Thanks, that's it."

"Just a Danish. No, nothing else. No, I don't want anything to drink. How much?"

"Yeah, an Egg McMuffin and milk."

"Suzie. Hey Suzie! Will you order me some hash browns when you get up there?"

The boy yelling for Suzie sat at the table behind Bernadette and her father. A noisy crowd of students joined him—the girl named Suzie last of all. Bernadette could hear them laughing and giggling, and talking among themselves. She turned around to see what was so funny. She saw the girl named Suzie hold a finger to her lips in an effort to get the others to be more quiet; she heard someone mention something about dirty T-shirts and beer-bellies. They seemed to know a lot of jokes.

"Who are those people, Dad?" Bernadette asked.

"Looks like some kids on a field trip to me, but I don't really know."

"Oh."

"I could ask them who they are."

He leaned forward a little to get a good look at the next table. He saw one of the boys pouring syrup on pancakes. "The pancakes are really good," he called to the boy.

The boy looked up to see who was talking to him. "Really?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Yeah, I just had some. Where are you folks headed—you going someplace special today?"

"We're in CYO and we're going to see the Pope in Chicago today. It's our trip for the year."

"Is that right? Where are you from, then?"

"We're from Wisconsin—a little town just north of the border. We left about an hour ago."

"That's something. We're going to see the Pope, too. It looks like it's going to be a nice day for it. This is my daughter Bernadette; she's in first grade. We come from Wisconsin, too—but it's about five hours from where we come from to Chicago, so we took a little break for breakfast here. They have pretty good pancakes."

"I like 'em," the boy answered.

Bernadette finished her Danish and piled her napkins on the plate. Her dad stuffed his napkins in his paper cup and put it on the tray. He put Bernadette's trash with it.



"Well, you kids enjoy your day. It's really something that you get to see the Pope, you know; he doesn't come often. Maybe we'll see you there, even. But if not, enjoy yourselves."

Bernadette followed her father out. Bernadette's father waved at one of the high school girls on the way out. She just stared at him.

As the car rattled around a big curve by the lake, Bernadette opened her eyes. She stretched, spreading all her fingers and toes, yawning, like a cat. She leaned up and folded her arms on the back of the front seat.

"Are we there, Dad?"

"Just about. I think we park up here just a little ways."

Further up the road, around another curve, a policeman directed cars into a parking lot. The parking lot seemed to go for miles to the north and south; there were a lot of cars. The sun shone down on the cars, causing the heat to rise in waves. It was like another lake—in the air.

Bernadette noticed very little as they followed the crowd towards the park where the Pope was to say Mass. Giants seemed to be on every side of her, the people were so much taller than she was. It was all that she could do just to keep up with her father. Her father held out a hand and she grabbed it, afraid of being left behind in the crowds. When Bernadette and her father finally reached the park they saw that it was already beginning to fill up. People were lying on blankets around a huge stage with a canopy top and streamers draped along its sides. Everyone was sleeping or talking, resting after their trip, waiting for the Pope to arrive. Bernadette's father got as close to the stage as he could without crowding anyone, and laid out the blanket he was carrying rolled under his arm. He set a small cooler down on the edge of the blanket and sighed.

"This is it, Dutch. We might as well get some sleep—the Pope won't be here for another seven hours."

It was one-thirty before Bernadette woke up again. Everyone, including her father, was standing up now. Someone stepped on her arm; a handful of people crowded past her. The whole park was packed. Even across the road to the back of the park people were jammed tightly together, standing on the sidewalk, sitting on roofs or on the edge of a bridge almost three quarters of a mile away. The park looked like a huge amphitheater because of the way the ground sloped up towards the road.

Bernadette saw three of the kids from the McDonald's pushing and squeezing their way to the front; the girl Suzie was one of them. Bernadette glanced at the people around her. Those right in front of her all had dark skin and dark hair. Most of them looked as if they were about twenty years old. One girl had a thick braid hanging down her back to her waist. One of the men was wearing olive-green trousers like her father's. There were old people behind Bernadette, and old people to her left. They had white shiny hair and looked as if they were strong enough to stand and wait for the Pope. A family was on her right. Two blond-haired kids who couldn't have been more than a year and a half old sat on a blanket at their parents' and older brothers' and sisters' feet; they had on tiny hooded sweatshirts with the hood up over their ears. They looked like two cuddly, little, chubby dolls with their light blue pointed heads. One of the Spanish men in front of Bernadette unwrapped an American flag and waved it high in the air.

"It'll be another half-hour or so, now, Dutch," Bernadette's father said. "How about a glass of lemonade and a sandwich while we're waiting?"

They both ate bologna and drank lemonade standing up. All around them the crowd pushed and shoved. A few more high school kids tried to push their way forward, but a look from the Spanish woman with the braid stopped them.

"If another person tries to pass here, I'll break his arm," growled one of the men under his breath.

Another couple pushed their way past Bernadette and her father's blanket.

"Where the hell do you think you are going?" the Spanish man exploded. "Don't you know that we have been standing here since five o'clock this morning just so that we would be able to see and hear? Now here you come charging through like you own the place or something. Why don't you go back where you came from!"

One of the little twins on Bernadette's right woke up and started crying—his older brother told him to shut up. A white-haired man tapped Bernadette's father on the shoulder and asked if he couldn't please step a little to the right. The American flag in front of Bernadette and her father waved and cracked in the wind. The corner of it hit the lady with the braid. "Be careful with that, brother," she snapped.

Bernadette began to wonder if the Pope would ever come. A young boy ran past Bernadette and her father, bumping into Bernadette and nearly knocking her down. Bernadette reached for her father's hand and clung to his arm, pulling herself in close to his big body.

Her father looked down at her.

"Kind of nasty around here, isn't it?"

He bent down in front of Bernadette and looked into her face. "How would you like to sit on my shoulders? You could see a lot better then."

Bernadette nodded and her father hoisted her over his head onto his shoulders. From her new height Bernadette could see over the crowd. A whole line of priests dressed like altar boys were processing up the stairs of the stage—there must have been three hundred of them. They all carried songbooks, and their singing blasted from loudspeakers hanging above the stage and sitting on the ground near the crowd; a fence kept the crowd back. At the very end of the long double-line walked a small man in a tall hat, carrying a staff like the ones that shepherds carry. His hand moved in the air to the outline of a cross—he was blessing the people, first on one side of the aisle he made as he walked, then on the other. It took almost fifteen minutes for the little man to get from the side of the crowd where he entered to the top of the stage. When he finally got there, the little man removed the tall hat; underneath was the tiny shell of a hat sitting on the back of his head—the little hat underneath was round and red.

"Peace be with you, my brothers and sisters," the Pope said in English.

"Ouch! God damn it, you're stepping on my foot!" a teenager just in front of Bernadette and her father yelled.

"Mommy. Mommy. Mommy," one of the little twins called, patting his mother on the leg. "Mommy. Mommy."

The mother didn't seem to hear.

The old man tapped Bernadette's father again. "Could you please step a little to the right—I can't see," he said.

A priest lit incense in a silver ball up at the altar. A couple more teenagers tried to squeeze past.

*(continued on page 29)*

# Behind the Notre Dame Football Tradition

by Kathleen Doyle

Behind all tradition stand the individuals who shaped and lived the origins of that tradition. The University of Notre Dame thrives on a history and heritage which is enriched not only by the past and continual attempt for academic excellence, but by the notoriety resulting from athletic achievement.

Football is undeniably a dominant aspect of the Notre Dame tradition. There is something special that lies behind the mystique surrounding the Fighting Irish football program that characterizes not only the spirit of competitive sports, but a philosophy of life. The origins of this tradition are traced into the past and surround the legendary Knute Rockne. His players not only won many championships, but took what they learned from him on the field and made it part of themselves.

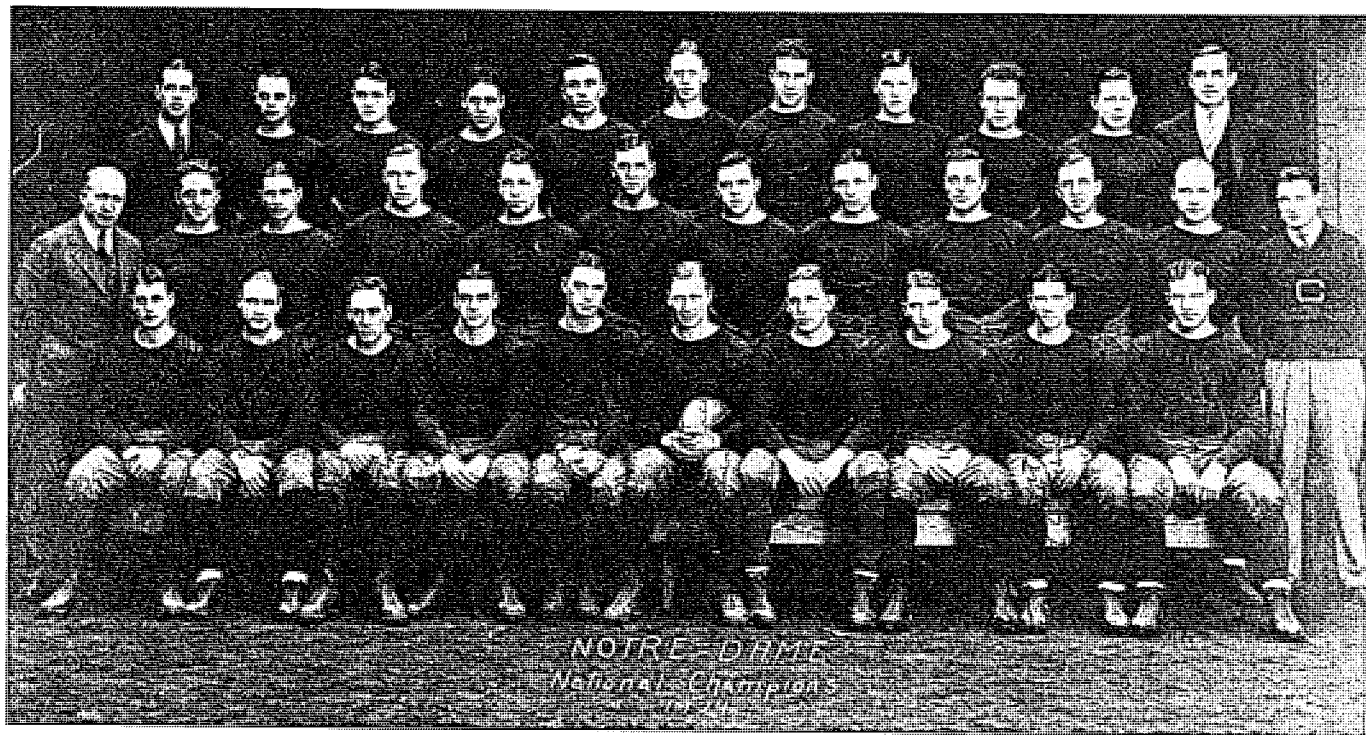
I had the opportunity to speak to one such player, Joseph Harmon, a member of the 1922, 1923, and 1924 Notre Dame football teams who spoke at the student managers' banquet last spring. Harmon said that Rockne strongly believed that football builds character. "Rockne said that it built character because football requires unselfish sacrifice and you have the same thing in football as you have in life. You have your ups and downs, but you can't get discouraged. If you get a bad break, you have to work that much harder to be successful."

Harmon earned a monogram in 1924 as a second-string center behind captain Adam Walsh, one of the Seven Mules. Reflecting further on Rockne, he said, "Rockne was a great fundamentalist. You had to know how to block, how to tackle, how to pass if you were a center, how to

pass the ball correctly at all times. He said that the center was the key to the offense . . . if you got a bad pass, you had a bad play.

"Rockne was a great psychologist and always, in the locker room, he would prey on your emotions to get you keyed up for the game. And the players all believed in what he said. After that, they would go out to play, to give everything 100 or 110% at all times."

The mystique of Notre Dame football may lie in the attitude Rockne tried to generate. There was more to football than learning plays. As Harmon said, "Rockne's philosophy of football was like the philosophy of life. As I mentioned before, unselfish sacrifice, that was his idea. And that is what you have to do in life — sacrifice. You have to take the good with the bad. But you can't quit, you always have to just strive to do it,



First row, left to right: Harry Stuhldreher, Bill Cerny, Don Miller, John Weibel, Jim Crowley, Adam Walsh, Edgar "Rip" Miller, Ed Hunsinger, Elmer Layden, Joe Bach

Second row: Knute Rockne (coach), Clem Crowe, Noble Kizer, John McMullan, Joe Boland, John McManmon, Chuck Collins, John Wallace, Charlie Glueckert, Doc Connell, Bernie Livergood, Eddie Luther (cheerleader)

Third row: Leo Sutcliff, Eddie Scherer, Wilbur Eaton, Harry O'Boyle, Dick Hanouseck, Red Edwards, Joe Maxwell, Joe Harmon, Red Herenden, Vincent Harrington, Tom Leib (assistant coach)

to correct your mistakes and to do better the next time."

Rockne commanded a great deal of love and respect from his players. Harmon stated that this love for Rockne was probably the greatest single factor which made teams coached by Rockne great. "The players would die on the field for him."

In Harmon's opinion, the relationship between coach and team has a "100%, total effect" on the number of games won by a team. "I don't think if you don't like somebody that you are going to play up to your potential. Whereas, if you like somebody, you'll play above your potential. And it has a great varying on the number of games won or lost by a team."

Rockne was liked not only by his players, but by fellow coaches throughout the country. Harmon cites one example: "Bob Zuppke was the head coach of the University of Illinois, who had a great team that year in 1924 with Red Grange. Red Grange was then called the Galloping Ghost. We left Chicago to go to New Orleans on the way to the West Coast to play in the Rose Bowl. Zuppke had all his players and himself there to wish us good luck and to show how much he liked Rockne and Notre Dame. And believe me, it was 14 below zero when we left."

The 1924 Irish team of which Harmon was a part captured the first National Championship for a Notre Dame football team and Rockne. The team won the Rose Bowl on January 1, 1925. Harmon recalls the trip to the Rose Bowl: "We left Notre Dame during Christmas vacation holidays and we went from South

Bend to Chicago. We took the railroad out of Chicago to New Orleans and then we worked out there for three or four days. We then left New Orleans and went to Houston, Texas, training there for a few days before heading for the University of Arizona in Tucson. We stayed there until the day before we left for the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. We arrived there the night before the game, New Year's Eve.

"I regarded it a great honor to even be on the team. To play in the Rose Bowl, is, I think, one of the high spots of anybody's life. And I will always remember having the opportunity to play in such a great spectacle as the Rose Bowl."

The 1924 team was undefeated on its way to the Rose Bowl victory and featured the talents of the famous Four Horsemen and Seven Mules. The backfield and line were christened in 1924 by Grantland Rice after Notre Dame triumphed over Army. The Four Horsemen were Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback; Jim Crowley, left halfback; Elmer Layden, fullback; and Don Miller, right halfback. The linemen, dubbed "the Seven Mules" were Chuck Collins, end; Joe Bach, tackle; Noble Kizer, guard; Adam Walsh, center and team captain; John Weibel, guard; Rich Miller, tackle; and Ed Hunsinger, right end. These players achieved fame throughout the country, but the other team members showed no resentment of their notoriety and a team camaraderie was maintained. Harmon said, "To my knowledge there was no resentment. We all knew that naturally you have better players than you are probably and they have proved that so they have won the number-one positions. But it was a great honor to even be on that team and to participate in playing in the games.

"I was second-string under Adam Walsh at center. It was an honor for me when I had the opportunity of playing with the Four Horsemen in my senior year when Walsh was hurt in the third game of the season, the Army game."

Notre Dame football today differs from that of Rockne's day in the type of training done by the players. The conditioning was much like the present, with Rockne's team doing calisthenics for at least one half-hour every day before practice. But Rockne's teams did not have the modern machinery used in football today. Boxing, surprisingly, was an important part of a Notre Dame football player's training under Rockne.

"We worked out in the gym practically every day of the year and Rockne was a great advocate of boxing. We used to have to box one another all the time in the gym workouts.

"We lifted weights, but they weren't like the weights we have today. They had machines fastened to the walls and you stretched your muscles by bringing the weights up and as you got stronger, you put bigger weights on them.

"Rockne believed in conditioning very much and he could tell just by looking at you and asking you to do something whether you were in condition or not. Being in condition is the principal thing of being able to perform in football."

Harmon graduated from Notre Dame in 1925. Soon after he began his successful high school football coaching career. After eight years at St. Xavier in Louisville, Kentucky, Harmon moved to Cathedral High School in Indianapolis, his alma mater, winning the city championship in 1940. During his coaching career Harmon followed Rockne's philosophy. "I wanted to get the best out of my players just as he got the best out of his."

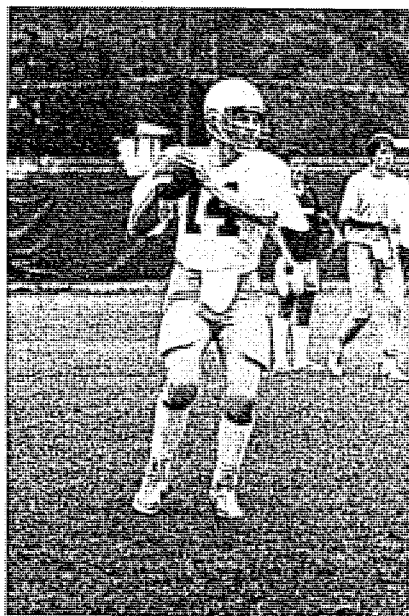
Many of Rockne's players went on to become coaches at major universities. Frank Thomas later coached at Alabama and Jim Crowley became head coach for Florida. Noble Kizer and Chuck Collins went on to Purdue and North Carolina, respectively. These players were able to take what they learned from Rockne and apply it to other teams.

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# Tom Cushing — Continuing the Tradition

by Tim Doyle



When people strike up a conversation about the University of Notre Dame, rarely will their first sentence end without mention of her great tradition. While Notre Dame is rich in tradition in many areas, the one most talked of is the football tradition.

Years down the road, people will look back on the 1982 season and think of the "Gold Rush" defensive line. The names of Griffith, Autry, Gann, and Clasby will come to mind. These are the names that will be remembered and given credit for carrying on the tradition of Notre Dame football. How did these men reach the level of skill necessary to earn such a name as the "Gold Rush"? One way was through the help of quarterback Tom Cushing.

Many of you are probably wondering how a senior walk-on quarterback could possibly help skilled defensive players improve their skills. Well, Tom Cushing is one of the quarterbacks who runs the preparatory team. The prep team's main job is to prepare the first-stringers for the game on Saturday.

It was not as simple a decision as Tom makes it sound to just walk on the football team. He had to participate in all the winter conditioning drills with the team and also lift weights. When spring practice opened there were 50 players trying to walk on the team. Tom was one of three to make the team that spring.

"When I first came to Notre Dame, I came for academic reasons," said Cushing. "I had decided to give up playing football and concentrate on studying. But after being hurt in interhall football and seeing the varsity play, I realized how much I really missed playing organized football. So in the spring of my freshman year I decided to walk on the team."

Tom said, "It was really an honor to make the football team with Rockne and all of the tradition here. It is just neat to be a part of it."

Since Tom has joined the team it has not been all glory and honor. At this point in his career he has yet to play in a varsity game. However, despite this he still has good times to talk about and also some bad times that he has experienced as a member of the team.

Tom commented, "I have had several thrills as a team member. The first was the L.S.U. game in Faust's first year. After we won that game we shot up to number one in the polls."

He continues to speak of his thrills. Another was the Pitt game last year. "Although I didn't travel with the team, I was in the locker room afterwards and it was just pandemonium."

As is true with all players, there come times when disappointment is also experienced. It did not take long for Tom to experience his first disappointment.

"The losses in my first season were hard to take," says Cushing. "I was so excited on finally being a part of the tradition and here we were losing. I felt like a jinx."

At first it was very tough for Tom

to be a team walk-on. He knew his chances of playing were slim and he did not know any of the players. He also had the pressure on him as a quarterback, because if he made a mistake the coaches would see it right away. As a member of the football team he had to devote a lot of time to the team. This made it tough on him because his roommate and his other friends in Alumni Hall were doing things he couldn't do because of football practice.

What is it that keeps Tom from just giving up? He has been facing an uphill battle and he continues to strive for a goal. His response is not surprising coming from an Irish griddier.

Tom said, "The thing that kept me going, especially at first, is the fact that I never have quit at something I have tried. My goal is to be able to say that I played in a Notre Dame football game."

As Tom is in his final year as a student and a player at Notre Dame, he is making future plans. He will graduate in the spring with a business degree in accounting. He plans

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Tom Cushing

## Risky Business Indeed

by William Noble Macfarlane, Jr.

*Risky Business* is a decadent movie about Evil. The central character, Joel Goodson, undergoes a gradual and veiled transformation from a Good Son to a Graduate of the Eighties: he gives up his soul for the World. Thus, *Risky Business* is not at heart what it pretends to be. It is not a love story. It is an anti-love story. And, because it has been hailed as *The Graduate* of the eighties, and is in many ways an engrossing visual work of art, it is an important movie worthy of interest and discussion.

From the first scene on, one finds the character of Joel Goodson genuinely likable. He is indeed a "good son." He has many of the fears most Notre Dame students had at the end of high school; he wants to get into a good college like Princeton and he wants to have a successful future. He has gotten good grades. He is in the Future Enterprisers Club. Basically, we like him because he is like us. Without quite knowing why, Joel wants to be Good.

But the powers that be have other plans for Joel. When his parents leave town Joel is subjected to the temptations of the World. His best friend persuades the continent Joel to say "What the Heck" while he still has the chance, but in more coarse terms. "Say 'What the Heck,' Joel," his friend softly coos, "because 'What the Heck' means freedom, and freedom means opportunity, and opportunity means success." Against the specific request of his father, Joel takes out the new Porsche and cruises into town, but not after grinding a few gears first. In a scene that I am sure many can relate to, he cranks up his father's million-dollar stereo and romps around in his underwear. So far, What the Heck is working out just fine. But his friend goes one step further, and by answering a magazine advertisement, sets up Joel with a call girl named Jackie against Joel's protests. Jackie turns out to be a black female impersonator who sticks Joel with a \$75 cab fare. But the amiable Jackie leaves Joel, with another call girl's phone

number. Enter Lana, "What every white boy on the lake wants."

Alone, in his dark room, red fluorescent light flashing in his window, Joel calls Lana's answering service under the name of Ralph. Speaking slowly, he pulls a catcher's mask over his face, and gives his address. It is as if everything good in him is urging him to hang up before it is too late, but he consciously makes his choice, willing it, plunging headfirst into the sexual abandon that will hauntingly, eerily follow when Lana arrives.

The next morning when Lana asks for her \$300, Joel is forced to miss school and cash a Savings Bond his grandmother gave him. While he is out, Lana takes off with his mother's glass egg. This egg will come to symbolically represent Joel's soul. For the moment, Joel wants the egg back. "You never told me about the Dark Side of What the Heck!" he complains to his friend. As a result of his efforts to get his egg back, his life becomes ever more entangled with Lana's. He ends up saving her from her irate manager, Guido, "the killer pimp." Lana takes to hiding in Joel's house even though he is unsure about the idea. When Guido shows up the next day, he proves to be a ferret of a man, and gives Joel a stiff warning about messing with another man's livelihood in a sluggish economy. The Dark Side gets darker and Joel fails some mid-terms because he is now missing school, and, because of ever more strange circumstances, somehow manages to drop his father's Porsche into Lake Michigan. He turns to Lana, who accepts him into her arms with cold eyes that he cannot see. He is falling in love, but the street-smart Lana always keeps her distance.

Realizing that between Joel's friends and their Savings Bonds, and Lana's professional associates there lay opportunity for capitalistic enterprise, they both decide to go into the brothel business. As revolting as this may be, the situation provides for the funniest scenes of the movie when the interviewer from

Princeton shows up at the climax of the festivities. By now Joel has fully embraced the What the Heck outlook on life. Learning from Lana, he strives to have "no guilt, no doubt, no fears" like a true capitalist. Despite the interview, things are working out pretty well for Joel. He has got his egg back, he is "earning" more than enough money to repair the Porsche, and his modern relationship with Lana is reaching a climax. Part of their business partnership included her promise to become his girlfriend.

"Well, are you *really* my girlfriend, yes? No? Maybe?" he asks her.

"Yes," she says, "no, and maybe."

As she goes into his arms, Joel's voice-over intones, "Trust . . . if I had my way trust would be a four-letter word." And Joel is part of the modern relationship where the commitment of trust is indeed a four-letter word. There is no room for

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William Noble Macfarlane, Jr. is a somewhat gregarious fellow who majors in history and likes to go to movies. He is a senior. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



# Inside Student Government at ND

by Brian Callaghan

Can Student Government solve the world's problems, end the nuclear arms race, get Springsteen in concert, and save the lawns? Or is it simply a do-nothing organization which aspires much, but in actuality does quite little? I can confidently answer "No" to both questions. Anyone who believes that a student organization can change the face of the globe is quite naive. However, anyone who feels it can accomplish nothing is similarly naive, or perhaps merely uninformed or misinformed. This article will provide you, the interested reader, with a better understanding of how Student Government works here at Notre Dame.

About a week ago, I was approached about writing an article on Student Government and its place under the Golden Dome. I accepted the invitation and thought that it would be an excellent opportunity to relate to students and faculty members exactly what it is that we do, what we have done, and what we intend to do.

Officially, we are the body which represents the student body on any and all pertinent matters. Wherever a student voice is requested we will voice our opinion. And more often than not, even when it is not requested, we'll voice it anyway, just in case there's someone listening. Student Government is a fairly large group of people doing a multitude of different jobs—providing hall leadership, planning activities, and proposing change where it seems necessary. There are some who might feel that the Administration considers us a "necessary evil," but thus far their reception to us (and more importantly, to our ideas) has been very favorable. Working with, and not against, the Administration in most situations usually is most beneficial for each group and their interests.

In looking at Student Government, it is first essential to understand its setup, and the different organizations contained within its jurisdiction. At the top of the pyramid of leadership is the Student Senate. Founded in 1981, it is the most representative of all student organizations. It is composed of 5 elected Senators from various campus districts, the Student Body Vice-Presi-

dent and Treasurer, the Student Union Director, the Class Presidents, the Judicial Coordinator, the Off-Campus Commissioner, and four members of the Hall Presidents' Council. The Senate meets every Monday night at 6 pm in Room 124 Hayes-Healy, and all meetings are open to the public. The Student Body President acts as the chairman of the Senate.

It is the job of the Student Senate to propose resolutions and present them to the proper administrative officials, to oversee the allocation of the \$220,000 collected from Student Activities Fees, and to research areas of concern to the student body. Since its inception it has been the primary force behind such projects as the Deli lines in the Dining Halls, the establishment of a full-time Off-Campus Housing Director position, the installation of lights on the Stepan Basketball Courts, and a lengthy student response to the PACE Report.

Working in conjunction with the Senate are a number of other organizations. The Student Government Cabinet consists of three Executive Coordinators and the six or seven commissioners each of them assists. Each of the members of the Cabinet has a special area of concentration such as Minority Concerns, Security and Freshman Orientation. It is their job to work on proposals that can be presented to the Senate. Cabinet members are not elected, but instead are chosen from a pool of applicants by the Student Body President and Vice-President.

Also under the domain of the Student Senate is the Student Union. The Student Union is essentially the activities planning and coordinating board of the Student Government. It is primarily run by the Steering Committee which is made up of Student Union personnel as well as elected Student Government officials. The daily management of the Student Union is handled by the Director and the Comptroller, who have a team of commissioners under them. The commissioners put in long hours to insure that movies, lectures, concerts, and cultural events run smoothly and are well-publicized. They also provide services such as re-

frigerator rentals, the Irish Gardens flower shop, and the Student Union Record Store.

There are other groups which share a close affiliation with Student Government also: the Hall Presidents' Council (HPC), which is made up of the 24 dorm presidents; the Class Officers who run all activities for the classes; and the Judicial Boards which have input on both dorm and campus-wide issues of discipline. Finally there is the Ombudsman service which is an information service for the campus, providing meal and entertainment info 24 hours a day at 239-OBUD.

Now that I've told you what Student Government is, I'll next try to explain how an issue gets acted upon. A group of hall presidents or a member of the Cabinet might bring a resolution before the HPC for discussion. It will later be voted on, and if approved, it will go to the Senate. If passed by the Senate, it goes before the Campus Life Council which is comprised of students, rectors, faculty members, and the Dean of Students. If it is affirmed by the C.L.C. it then goes to the Vice-President for Student Affairs. If he approves the measure, then it is implemented as soon as possible. If he rejects the proposals, appeals to the Provost and finally to the President are possible. Most resolutions do not have to go through this entire route, as some go directly from the Senate to other areas outside the jurisdiction of the Office of Student Affairs, such as the Athletic Department or the Office of Business Affairs.

Now that you understand the channels for legislation, it might be of some merit to mention some projects we've already accomplished. Many of the renovations to the campus done over the past summer were to a large extent the result of student input over a number of years. The Engineering Auditorium is now surprisingly comfortable, LaFortune's facelift is well under way, and the theater portion of Washington Hall will soon be complete. Also, the D-6 parking lot was paved and expanded at the expense of the largest mosquito breeding ground and wildlife

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# The Summer of People:

## *A Summer Service Project Report*

by Beth Zangmeister

I came to Indianapolis the last week of May. Sr. Mary Quinn of Holy Angels picked me up at the Greyhound bus station and took me back to the rectory to introduce me around. In summers past, the Notre Dame Summer Service Project volunteer has stayed at Holy Angels. The convent was full, however, so after some phone calls, Sr. Mary found a room for me at the St. Andrew's convent.

St. Andrew's convent isn't really a convent anymore. One nun, Sr. Betty Hopf, lives on the third floor. The two floors below her constitute Simeon House—a "congregate living facility for the elderly." Sr. Betty was very kind to me. She is a busy person: she walks every morning, swims frequently, gardens, cooks, is involved in interparish committees, and—if you ask me—does more of the work of running St. Andrew's Parish than the priests do! In spite of her many responsibilities, Sr. Betty went out of her way to be kind to me. She is one of the main reasons my summer service project turned out so well.

The ten old people that lived below Sr. Betty and me were glad to have a "new grandchild" staying with them. Fortunately or unfortunately—depending upon how you look at it—I could not slip into or out of the building without having to go through their living room. The minute I was spotted, I was almost physically snatched and hauled over to a rocking chair so that I could hear all they had to say. Much of the time, I felt as though I were doing *them* a service by chatting with them. They each seemed ravenous for someone—anyone at all—to talk to. I felt sorry for them, so I endured it as patiently as possible for the first few weeks. After a while, though, I found that these old people were more interesting than I'd first thought. Each of them has a great store of humor and wisdom. Their day-to-day lives may often appear dull, monotonous, empty, and depressing, but they themselves are as rich and full as you would expect a human being to

be who has lived and loved and suffered and laughed so long on this earth.

I didn't realize how much I'd come to love them and their eccentricities until it came time to say good-bye. I found that I had gotten to know them better than I would have thought possible in eight weeks. I hope to visit Simeon House in the fall, but in the meantime I have sharp pictures of each of the residents in my mind: Rose—who loves nothing more than to wait on others—to cut a piece of cake or pour a cup of coffee for anyone who looks too tired to get up. Helen—who tells the same jokes and stories over and over again—yet tells them so well that you end up laughing each time. Marguerite—who tromps out to the day care center's playground on a sunny day and hangs her laundry—underwear and all—from the monkey bars. Al—who insists on knowing every ingredient used to prepare a particular dish before he'll as much as smell it. Clotilde—a charming, birdlike lady who will suddenly rise up shakily from her chair and announce that she is going out for a walk "so that she can be sure that she's still alive."

I missed a lot of buses because of my daily interviews with the Simeon House folks, but I was able to break away eventually each day to go out to the two multiservice centers that I'd chosen to work at. At the Near Eastside Multi-Service Center (NEMSC), I worked in the Social Services Division. There I saw people who came mainly for food assistance, but who had a great deal of other deeper needs as well. They came in asking for food, transportation, utility, or housing assistance, but they needed much more than this. They seemed to be suffering from a more spiritual kind of poverty—a deep, underlying lacking that was the cause rather than the result of their outward difficulties.

Many of the people that came to the center were unsure of themselves and of their world. They were search-

ing for a purpose in life, but were unable to find one. They couldn't discover any reason why they should struggle to survive in a world that was senseless in their eyes. Others were even worse off. They no longer had the motivation to ask deep questions and to look around for meaning. They had lost their will to be independent and self-sufficient. They were so tired of struggling for food, clothing and shelter, that they no longer cared about what means they used to attain these things. Having lost their pride and self-respect, they had stopped searching for anything beyond a way to satisfy their daily needs as effortlessly as possible.

At NEMSC, I had trouble reconciling myself to all of the paperwork—and to my own lack of success in helping people who needed assistance so badly. I wanted to do no less than make unhappy people happy, and I was saddened by the fact that more often than not, I could do nothing. I could be frank and honest with them, I could treat them with respect, and I could give them a few cans of soup and vegetables; but I could neither solve their deeper problems, nor give them the desire to solve them for themselves. Many times, the little I did do for them did not seem to be worth all of the necessary paperwork.

The other caseworkers at NEMSC—Judy Hamilton, Cheryl Homscher, Chris Phillips—were all extremely encouraging and helpful to me. They had a great deal of patience with me—even when I was fumbling along and was surely more of a nuisance than a help. They were fun people to be around too—cheerful, kind, and optimistic even on hard, bad days.

At the Metro Center, I worked with the day care center and the youth camp. Although my job at NEMSC was probably the most enlightening and enriching for me, I'm glad that I worked several days each week with the children. There I had at least the illusion that I was making someone happier. If a child is afraid or unhappy, all you have to do

is hold him in your lap and rock him for a while. If you want to make a young person feel better about herself, all you have to do is pick up a crayon and draw her picture, and her self-esteem will immediately shoot up like a rocket. Children take a lot more patience and energy than I'd thought, however, and I was continually amazed by the endurance and exuberance of the teachers and youth camp leaders.

Usually I am a rather introverted person. I tend to close in upon myself and my own thoughts and become completely unaware of the sufferings and joys of people around me. I wasn't quite so oblivious to the outside world, however, during my summer service project. Perhaps it was because Indianapolis was new to me — perhaps it was because city life in general was new to me—but whatever the cause, I found that I was very interested in the lives of everyone I saw. Even the people I passed on the street I would look at closely. I don't think I necessarily felt any deep compassion or charity for them. Mainly, I was just curious. "Who are you? What are you going through?" I asked silently of everyone I saw. "What do you have to say about this strange phenomenon called existence? Is life a good thing or a bad thing?"

I was greatly surprised by the interchange that went on, in just a few seconds, between the other person's eyes and my own. It is a difficult thing to explain, but I believe that there is a great difference be-

tween hurriedly glancing at a person and *really looking* at him. The first takes no effort at all, whereas the second takes a great deal of spiritual energy. Especially when you are angry, tired, or sad, it takes a lot of effort to look closely at people — because you know that along with the strength, beauty, and joy that you will see, you are sure to find pain, disfigurement, and tragedy.

People seem to know when you have bothered to look closely at them — when you have struggled to really see them. And they don't seem to mind at all. Instead, they consider it a compliment. They receive an interested, wondering look as a gift. Old people welcome it, because they are normally looked at with condescending, patronizing, bored eyes. Teenagers on the street appreciate it, because usually they are looked at with fearful, suspicious eyes. Small children are delighted by it, because they are ordinarily looked at with tired, preoccupied eyes (if and when any of them are looked at at all).

It is too seldom that we really look at each other. It is unfortunate that we so rarely look at each other, because of all the needs we human beings have, I think that this need is one of the greatest — the need to be seen. I saw many poor people during my eight weeks in Indianapolis, and what they seemed to want most of all was to be seen — for their suffering not to be ignored. "I do not ask you to feed me, clothe me, house me, admire me, love me, cry for me, com-

fort me, talk to me, or even listen to me. All I ask is that you look at me," their faces seemed to say. "All I ask is that you look me in the eye. You don't have to do anything else. Go ahead and walk away after you have seen me. But please, while you are here and I am here — while we are both in this moment of time together — do not close your eyes to me."

When I look at my summer service project in this way, I can conclude that not only did I grow and learn and gain, but that I was able to help others as well. I could not tell people how to manage their finances. I could not give them financial security. I could not make their medical difficulties disappear. I could not end their family problems. I could not make troubled relationships better. I could not deaden the pain of growing up. I could not instill ambition in the apathetic. I could not give a philosophy of life, a sense of purpose, or a belief in God to the despairing. There were many things I could not do. I couldn't give happiness to anybody — not for long anyway. But I could look at people, and in looking at them, let them know that they were not so hopeless, so evil, so hideous after all. By refusing to close my eyes, I could let them know that deep down, they had something good — something holy — that was well worth the trouble of looking. □

*Beth Zangmeister is a senior Arts and Letters major from Fremont, Ohio. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

## Government

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habitat this side of Kokomo. Although student contributions did play a fairly sizeable role, it would be wholly inaccurate not to recognize the research, time and effort expended by Mr. Thomas Mason, the Vice-President for Business Affairs, and by Mr. Donald Dedrick, the Director of Physical Plant to get these projects off the ground and coordinated through their completion.

Two other accomplishments to date include the successful drive for graduating seniors to donate their room deposits to financial aid, and the May meeting with the Student Affairs Committee of the Board of Trustees. The former raised over \$13,000 for scholarships to needy students, \$3,000 of which will be spent this year, and \$10,000 of which will be put into an endowed Class of 1983 scholarship fund. At the meeting with the Trustees, we stressed the

need for increased financial aid resources at the University, students' concerns about the responsible use of alcohol, and the need for improved computer facilities if Notre Dame is to remain academically and technically strong and up to date. The Trustees are a very astute group of people who are commissioned with the responsibility to establish and maintain University policy, and they welcomed our input.

The only information which remains to be presented to you is what we plan to accomplish in the coming year. A system where men could use the laundry facilities in women's dorms on a supervised rotating basis is being researched, and by the same token, word is being spread that women can, and always have been able to, use St. Michael's Laundry. It is strongly recommended that women use it for jeans, towels, and

shirts, and all they have to do is drop it off there. We also have people looking into underclass usage of Senior Bar on occasional weekends during the year for nonalcoholic events, as well as ways in which students and faculty members can get more involved with each other outside of the classroom.

An evaluation of the present rector system will be taking place, looking at specific duties of the head staffs and how they could be better implemented. Similarly, a student-published teacher evaluation booklet will hopefully be distributed early in the second semester before preregistration. In November we will be distributing literature on MCI's discount phone rates, as push-button phones will be installed in all dorms

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# Pope

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"Well, you kids enjoy your day. It's really something that you get to see the Pope, you know; he doesn't come often. Maybe we'll see you there, even. But if not, enjoy yourselves."

"We're looking for somebody," one answered. They gave the Spanish man a shove and brushed past him.

Bernadette could smell the incense faintly in the breeze. But then the direction of the wind changed, and a gust whisked the smell away. The flag snapped in the wind, hitting Bernadette sharply on the arm. Bernadette hugged her father's head tight and leaned down.

"Dad. Could I please get down now?" she whispered softly in his ear.

"Sure," he answered through her fingers.

He lifted her off and set her gently on the ground. All Bernadette could see from the ground was the backs of people. She sat down and leaned against her father's strong legs. Her father watched the Mass, absorbed.

"Could you please step just a little to the right," she heard someone ask.

Bernadette turned her eyes to the right; the twins were asleep.

When Bernadette woke up, it was Communion time. There were the three hundred priests serving Communion; the people left as they received. Bernadette rubbed her eyes and looked up for her dad, but he was nowhere in sight. The Spanish man was still carrying his flag and was still right in front of her. One of the old grandpas was in front of her, too.

Bernadette ducked under the flag, squeezing past the Spanish man. "Hey girl! Come back. You'll get lost—your father is going to look for you here," the Spanish man with the flag yelled as he saw Bernadette brush past. But Bernadette didn't hear.

She circled to the left and then to the right, craning to see her father. Anxiously she scanned the Communion line he should have been in—but with no luck. She stepped on someone's toe: "Goddamnit! Who's on my toe?" she heard.

The hooded twins were being towed towards the parking lots. The girl named Suzie was just ahead; but still Bernadette's father was nowhere to be found.

Frantic now, Bernadette ran on through the line, searching. When she caught up to Suzie, she grabbed Suzie by the hand and shook her whole arm.

"Have you seen my dad? Have you?" she asked Suzie.

Suzie just looked at her. "Your father?" she finally answered.

"Yeah, you saw him this morning. We were at McDonald's and he said hi to you—he asked where you were from. He was sitting right behind you. Don't you remember?"

The girl still stared at her. "I don't know your dad," she said.

Bernadette dropped Suzie's hand and pushed past her. The people around her still pushed and shoved—even with Communion going on. No one asked her if she needed help. No one gave her help when she tugged at their arm and asked for her father. Her face began to get red, and big drops of water welled up in her eyes, trickling down her cheeks. Where can he have gone without me? she thought. How could he forget me?

She made it to the front of the Communion line. No dad.

She looked behind her. No dad.

She didn't know the way back to the car, but she followed the crowd. She fell down the steps by the fountain once; no one seemed to see her. Finally she sat down to rest. She poked at the blood on her scraped knee, and she washed it with tears. I have no dad anymore, she thought.

But she still kept searching. She passed the family with the twins, and she passed some of the same high school kids who had been laughing at McDonald's. And she couldn't see her father; she just kept following the crowd.

The first parking lot Bernadette came to was full of school buses. It was the wrong one. The next parking lot contained buses, as well. Bernadette still couldn't see her father.

She kept on and on, crossing the street—and then crossing back. All around her were people's legs and people's backs. At last she found a parking lot full of cars. She ran up and down, back and forth—row after row. But her father's car was nowhere. She came to a wire strung between wooden horses—it had red flags on it. She slipped underneath it into another section of the parking lot. Rows of cars stretched on before her. Bernadette's legs felt weak, and her knees wobbled, tears blinded her. She leaned against a shiny blue car, lost. She closed her eyes, and then opened them again to search once more over the tops of the cars all around her. She thought she saw an old rusty car three rows ahead—she closed her eyes, in prayer this time, and then stumbled towards it.

In a minute she recognized the car of her father; she ran a few steps, then walked hurriedly. At first she could see no one near and thought the car was deserted. But as she got closer she saw a figure standing to the side of the car, leaning against it—a man in a dingy white undershirt with his arms folded on top of the car, his head buried in his arms and his stiff gray hair sticking out over the top of them. Bernadette ran to him and hugged the legs in the olive-green trousers. Her father raised his head, and without a word he bent down for her.

Bernadette threw her arms around the dad in the dirty white undershirt, and was lost in his kind arms. She had been to see the Pope. □



Anne Zink is a senior Arts and Letters major from Anderson, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

## Cushing

(continued from page 24)

on interviewing this fall, but says he is leaning towards law school.

"My time as a player at Notre Dame will always mean a lot," said Cushing. "I walked on the team because I knew I would never play football once I graduated from college. Playing at Notre Dame is just a thrill. To help the defense do well on Saturday and know you helped to win the game is just so great. Nobody knows that I helped but me. It is a personal satisfaction and reward. It's the best."

Tom Cushing has worked hard for three years as a walk-on quarterback. In speaking with him, he never mentioned the fact that he has won the "Coach's Award" during spring football two years in a row. I think that says a lot about Tom Cushing as a person. Anyone who knows Tom knows he is not the type to blow his own horn.

As the 1983 football season continues and you are cheering the defense for a great play, stop a moment and give a cheer for Tom Cushing and the other prep team members. If Tom Cushing has not played when the Air Force game rolls around, wouldn't it be nice to hear chants for him from the crowd. I know I will be chanting for him because he deserves it.

"Cushing, Cushing, Cushing, . . . We want Cushing . . ." □

*Tim Doyle is a senior Finance major from Sturgis, Michigan. He also writes for The Observer. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

## Cinema

(continued from page 25)

trust in his relationship based on sexual gratification and contractual pragmatism. Their relationship is not based on a loving commitment at all, and therefore it flies in the face of true love. It is in fact anti-love. But this fact does not prevent them from making their strange anti-love on a train that very night.

When Joel returns home the next day in the repaired Porsche, he finds that the man from the Dark Side of What the Heck, Guido the Killer Pimp, has stolen all the furniture in his house as revenge for Joel's "theft" of Guido's ladies of the evening the night before. But the Dark Man is willing to return the furniture, even

the egg, for Joel's remaining profits because, as he says, "Don't you know that I like you, Joel?" All the furniture is in place just moments before the parents return from their trip.

Right away Joel's mother discovers that her egg is cracked, and expresses her disappointment in Joel. When Joel looks at the egg he cannot see the crack. All is forgotten a little while later when Joel's father receives a call from the Princeton interviewer. Apparently, Princeton is going to accept Joel after all. The movie ends with Joel laughing with the beautiful Lana under the Chicago skyline at night.

Visually, *Risky Business* is a dazzling movie of flashing, colorful images and of rhythmic music by Tangerine Dream. It has slices of life that touch upon our own lives. The camera beautifully captures leaves rolling in the wind across the grass, subway trains slipping into empty Chicago streets in the middle of the night, and the "let's pretend we're grownups" aura of high school poker games. The heavy splotches of sensual red in the backdrop of almost every scene remind one of a modern painting. The telling of the story has a quick, fluid timing and a subtlety of delivery. On the surface it is a funny satire on the careerism of middle-class America. And yet the mastery of the cinematic art only adds to the distaste one finds after seeing *Risky Business*. After all, beneath the fluorescent veneer of the movie one can only find decadence. It is a reworking of the age-old Faustian theme of selling one's soul with the particularly modern twist of the philosophy of What the Heck. What the Heck, or moral anarchy, tries to have life both ways. It says that losing your soul is okay if you get into Princeton. It can take a genuinely likable fellow like Joel Goodson and make him into a despicable person. The slick, artsy cinematic delivery dresses up, even exalts immorality, but cannot fully hide the fact that beneath the handsome features and preppy clothes Joel is simply a Pimp. That his modern suburban home is a Whorehouse. That the Dark Man likes him. That his girlfriend is a distrustful Whore. That his egg is cracked. That what he calls the business of "human fulfillment" is a very ugly thing in the *real* world, where Pimps don't get into Princeton, and Trust is a five-letter word. What the Heck is a lie. All Porsches will eventually rust at the bottom of the lake, and flashing red lights mean stop, not go, and always will. □

## Eddie

(continued from page 13)

doing such valuable work for the University, the future looks bright for all of us. And it can only be encouraging to know that, although he admits that an undefeated season might be "too much to expect, too soon," Eddie predicts a Top Ten finish and an appearance in a major bowl game for the Fighting Irish in 1983. Perhaps, if his prediction comes true, it might be appropriate to greet the team with shouts of "Ed-die!" when it returns home victorious. □

*Joe Rice is a senior Arts and Letters major from Mishawaka. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

## Services

(continued from page 11)

a danger to himself or to others. "By virtue of the law we have to take some precautionary procedures," explained Utz.

As far as fees are concerned, there is a charge for the counseling services and it ranges from \$4-\$15, with the actual amount being agreed upon by the student and the office. However, "if money is a problem, we don't charge anything," stated Utz. "It's a floating fee which is negotiable to the point of not being used. We don't want a fee to in any way inhibit anyone from using our service."

Classified as a branch of Student Affairs, the Counseling and Psychological Services Center seeks to serve the Notre Dame community in a supportive manner.

"The purpose of an agency such as ours is to support the academic mission of the University without being directly involved," said Utz. "We see ourselves as a campus mental health center, but primarily in the sense that we are here to help students function in their academic environment."

In order to better serve this function, the image of C&PSC — as being only a place for those with severe emotional problems — must be altered to make students feel more comfortable about using a facility that in reality can be very beneficial if given a chance.

"We will change our image," Utz said, "if people who come here with various kinds of problems are more

# Knute

(continued from page 23)

Rockne died March 31, 1931, but the football tradition he began at Notre Dame continues. It is sustained in great part by the students. As Harmon stated, "I think when you play for Notre Dame you feel the students are backing you 100% and that's why you give 110%."

The Notre Dame football tradition was given to us by a legend of the man who possessed the belief that many of life's basic lessons can be

willing to share with their friends the fact that they chose to come here, their reasons for coming and most importantly, that it was helpful and useful to them." □



Ed Domansky is a junior Arts and Letters major from Toledo, Ohio. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

## New Kid

(continued from page 19)

weren't as lucky as de warehouse dog 'cause all I see is dat big black chest on white boy's shoulder keep headin straight, den a high-pitched scream, den Mr. Ed. layin' on de floor wid his arms spread like he was Jesus Christ on de damn Cross.

I had to let go wid a laugh at dis. I couldn't help it fo nuphin. But de mother, she struggles out her chair wailing en wid de tears streaming. "My darling handsome boy," she cries, "what have the niggers done to you?" De kid sat up a little stunned. Then, seeing de sympathy he was goin' to siphon off his mamma, starts crying en yelling like his arm was broke off. Wid dat, his mom wheels on me and Luther, but 'fore she can speak, a low voice call out, "The boy would not move from my path. The chest was heavy. All I could do was to drop the box on him or kick him out of my way."

De lady was shocked wid dat. De blubber stawt quakin' again, but this time with wimpish tears. De kid tole de truth and de woman couldn't deny it but

learned through playing football. The Rockne concept of football generated the mystique which surrounds the Fighting Irish and elicits emotion from fans and opponents alike. This tradition is part of the Notre Dame heritage and will hopefully be maintained throughout the school's history, while remembering that there is more to Notre Dame football Rockne-style than winning a National Championship. If Notre Dame fans remember that, the tradition will be, as it was and is today, the greatest of any university. □

Kathleen Doyle is a junior English major from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Along with writing and editing for The Observer, Kathleen is one of the copy editors for Scholastic. This is her first contribution.

## Government

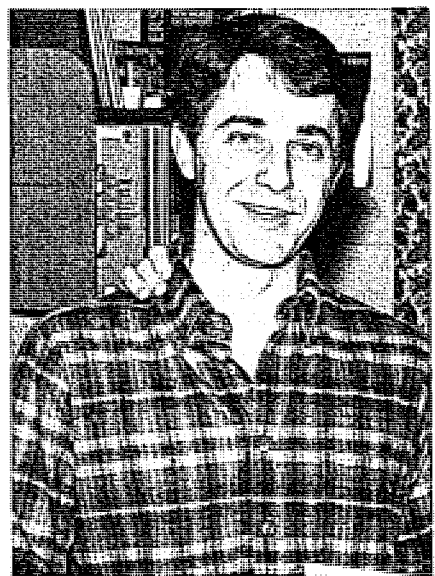
(continued from page 28)

during Christmas break, enabling the use of such a service.

As you can see, the year is shaping up to be a rather busy one, and from a personal point of view I am quite optimistic about the 1983-84 school year. I am very lucky to have Peggy Prevoznik as my Vice-President as her hard work, logical mind and cheerful optimism are a good complement to my more illogical and perhaps cynical nature. Three other assets are Julie Vormezeele, the Student Body Treasurer; her 16-year-veteran counterpart Mrs. Louise Nye, the Bookkeeper; and the familiar face with the Scottish accent, Mrs. Margaret Linhart, our secretary, who can tell people where to get their Co-ex tickets (South Dining Hall), their yearbooks (on the third floor of LaFortune), and their discount

movie theatre tickets (at the S.U. Record Store on the first floor of LaFortune). All in all we have a top-rate group of people working for us and should be fairly successful if the momentum keeps up.

In concluding this piece I would like to urge all of you reading this to please take an active interest in what Student Government is doing. Let us know your opinions and ideas. Although we cannot really make policy, we can influence it, but only with your support. With your help we can strive to build a reputation of realism, independence and enthusiasm in the hope of making this place just a little bit better than it was when we took office. If we can attain that goal it will be an accomplishment of which we can all be proud. □



Student Body President Brian Callaghan is a "not-so-thrilled-with-Accounting" major who hopes to get a job as a Vice President in a major multi-national firm after graduation. If interested call him at 239-7668. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

didn' want to admit it. I tole Luther dat de machine shur didn' seem queer, but dat I doan' know. Luther, he doan' argue or nuphin, jus' put a thinking look on his face.

When we finish up and is ready to leave, here come old green teeth strutting forward suckin down a beer but wid de tobaccy still bulging in de cheek. De beer gut comés right to me en Luther en leans close like he's tellin' a secret. He says, "How can ya all work with a kid like that? Seems spooky to me."

I let de thoughts flow, den I look at de hoosier, den over at de white kid. Den I says real cool-like, "Cause me en him is friends." I see Luther's jaw drop like lead at dat; but dat's what I said and I weren't ever sorry I said it either. □

Bud Luepke is a freshman from St. Louis. Obviously, this is his first contribution to Scholastic.



# The Last Word

by Jim Ganther

If there is any month worthy of designation as "Reflection Month," it would have to be September. Entering hot and still, leaving with bluster and chill, September is the natural bridge between summer and autumn; a perfect pause in the year to ponder the past and the future. As I enjoy the temporary phenomenon known as Indian Summer, I have a tough time convincing myself that the real item has slipped into the past. As a senior, it has yet to sink in that my formal education is also nearly behind me. It is September, and I reflect.

\* \* \*

*Randy and I go to the pizza parlor after school, like we do every week. We eat french fries and discuss our college plans as we play Space Invaders.*

*"Were your parents happy when you got accepted?" Randy asks as he lines up his missile base for a shot at the passing mystery ship.*

*"You bet," I reply. "Mom kissed me and said she was proud and all; Pop just shook my hand and sniffled a lot."*

*Randy says he still doesn't know if he will attend Marquette or the Air Force Academy. His missile base gets creamed by an unnoticed alien bomb; I take charge of the video game and Randy relieves me at the french fry plate.*

*I tell Randy that it doesn't matter which school he attends. We promise each other we will write. We will always be friends.*

\* \* \*

Senior year can be a depressing experience, if you let it. Somewhere in the course of it, it occurs to you that soon the friendships you worked so hard to establish will slip into the past as surely as the last season. Ordinary events can take on a melancholy dimension: the last registration day; the last home football game viewed from the student section; the last meal in the South Dining Hall (some events, of course, bring about less sadness than others).

It is now that the class of '84 begins to realize that Notre Dame isn't such a bad place after all. Food service, maid service, and laundry service are nice amenities. I shall miss them.

\* \* \*

*The crowd surrounding the Stepan Center is enormous, and its constituents are chanting "We are (clap clap) N.D.!" A TV cameraman records the event from his perch in an elevated cherry picker. Toilet paper flies in all directions like so many white comets. I catch a roll and use it to wipe the sweat from my forehead before throwing it back.*

*Suddenly he arrives, and the throng erupts with even greater enthusiasm. "Ger-ry! Ger-ry!" We meet LSU tomorrow, led into battle by the man from Moeller. He tells us we go to the greatest school in the land. We believe him. It is going to be a great year.*

\* \* \*

But all is not melancholy for the current kings of campus. There is satisfaction in dispensing advice to wide-eyed freshmen. There is the excitement of job interviews and plant trips. Senior Bar can be patronized without borrowing someone else's i.d. Classes can at last be taken pass/fail, and there is at least the possibility of being exempted from finals.

The list of blessings poured forth on seniors could go on forever, but most of them disappear soon after the cap and gown are folded up and tucked away. But something lingers long after the sheepskin is conferred: the memories accumulated over four undergraduate years.

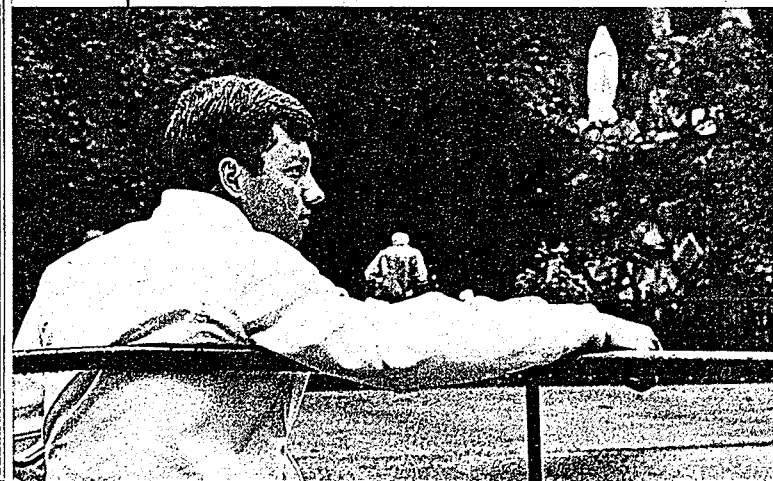
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*Since I'm a junior, I feel a little bit silly crawling on the roof of Regina Hall on the night of the Great Panty Raid, but what the heck—someone has to show these freshmen how it's supposed to be done. I already have a nice monogrammed sweater from a gullible McCandless sophomore, but I need one more item to improve on my score from last year. I tap on the window before me, and the resident opens it.*

*Five minutes and all my compliments later, I drop to the ground with the sweater and a new silk nightie, but minus my car keys. The owner of the nightie took them as a deposit; we agreed to trade back at an upcoming party. I walk back to Alumni Hall, but it is a small price to pay. What the heck—someone has to show these freshmen how it's supposed to be done.*

\* \* \*

It is September, and the leaves are beginning their short trip to the browning earth. It is time for autumn, time to move on. The school year is still young; if there is still time for me to catch up in my reading for my U.S. Foreign Policy class, it is too early to really start missing this place. But with only eight months of Notre Dame left, it is not too early to start appreciating it. □

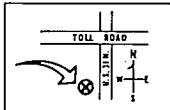




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## Culture Update

### ART

... at the Snite Museum of Art

until Oct. 22 — Annual Faculty Exhibition

until Oct. 9 — Modern Drawings from the Permanent Collection. Included are works by Henry Moore, Poul Klee, Joan Miro, Graham Sutherland and others.

Oct. 11 — Douglas E. Bradley, Curator of Ethnographic Arts, Snite Museum—Noontalk "The Veracruz Split Figure: Quality in Pre-Columbian Art."

... at Saint Mary's

until Oct. 14 — In all Galleries — "National Association of Schools of Art and Design: Student Drawings Traveling Exhibition."

Oct. 7, 8, 13, 14, 15 — The Skin of Our Teeth by Thornton Wilder — O'Laughlin Auditorium. Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy which celebrates humanity's struggle for order within a seemingly chaotic universe.

The original  
clown-delivered  
balloon bouquet

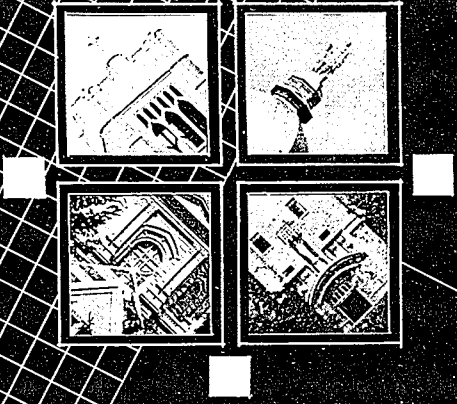
# Balloon Delight



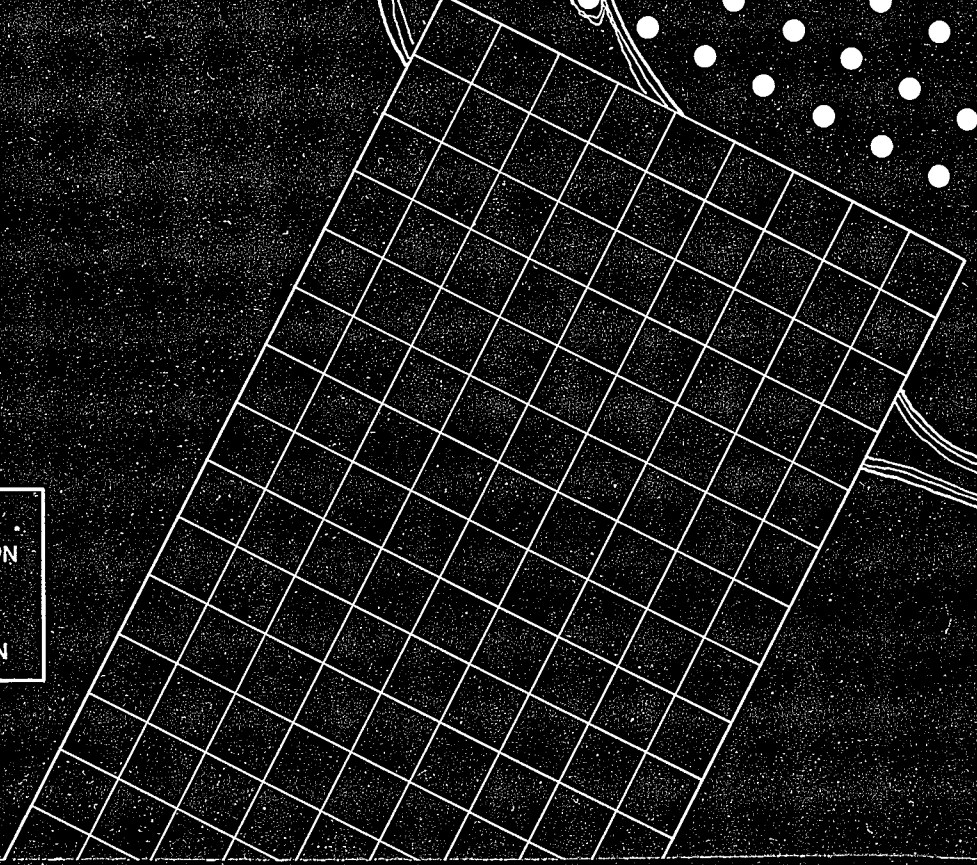
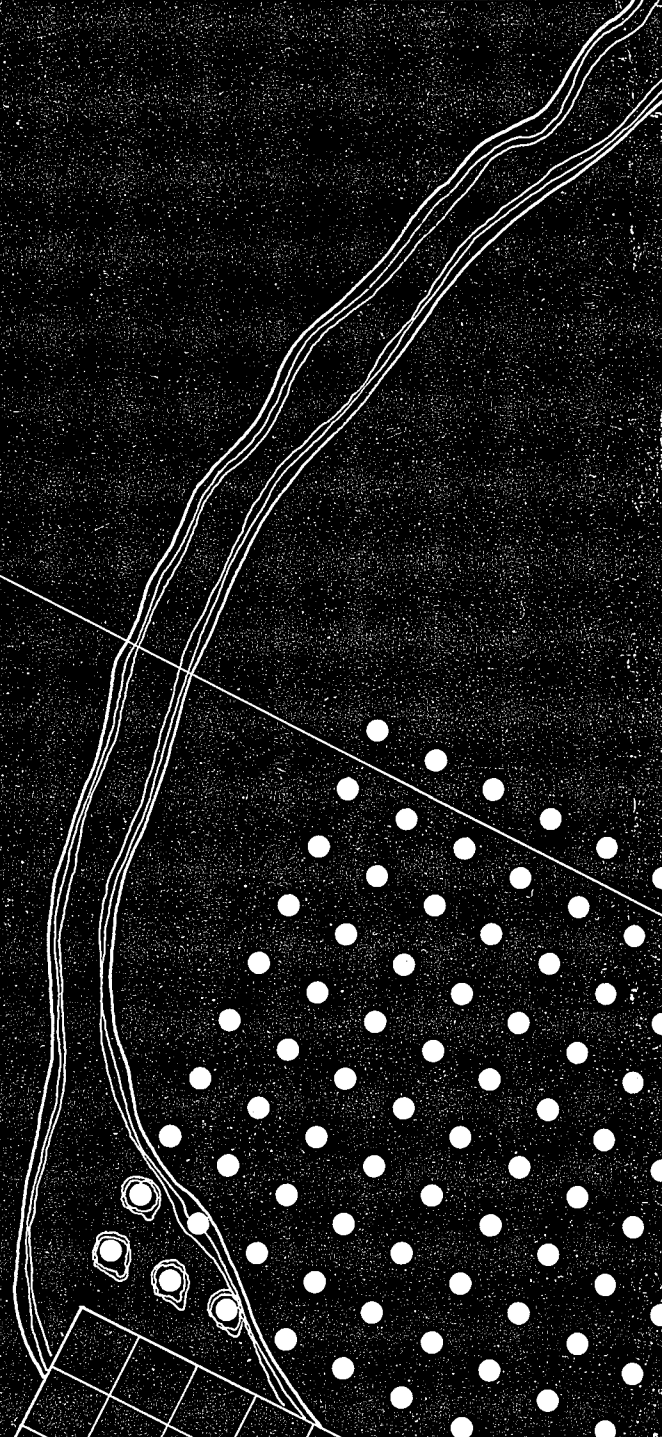
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