

Scholastic

December, 1983



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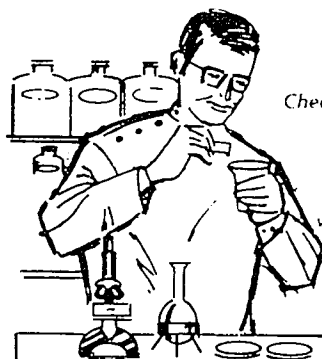


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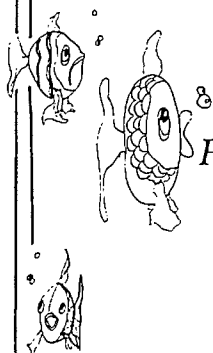
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Scholastic

Vol. 125, No. 4, December, 1983
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FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 8 | <i>The Puck Stops Here</i> | Ed Domansky |
| 25 | <i>Looking Back on Tennis</i> | Mary Ann Potter |
| 26 | <i>The Catholic University</i> | Governor John J. Gilligan |
| 28 | <i>The Gift of Seeing</i> | Father John L. Reedy, C.S.C. |
| 30 | <i>King of a Different Hill</i> | Jim Ganther |

REGULARS

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 | <i>The First Word</i> | Kathy Curran |
| 4 | <i>Scholastic Notables</i> | Kevin Donius, Patty Brennan |
| 6 | <i>ND Focus/The Snite Museum</i> | Ed Colbert |
| 7 | <i>SMC Focus/Right to Life</i> | Colette St. Aubin |
| 32 | <i>The Last Word</i> | Jim Ganther |

SARCASTIC

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------|
| 11 | <i>Poetry/The Clouds II</i> | Thom Doran |
| 12 | <i>Fiction/Ode to a Snowbound Town</i> | Sharon Houk |
| 14 | <i>Fiction/The Night Before the Night
Before Christmas</i> | Jim Keyes |
| 16 | <i>"Christmas Is Coming!!"</i> | Patty Curran |
| 17 | <i>One-Shot Comix:
The Hunchback of Notre Dame du Lac!</i> | Dennis Ryan |
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The First Word

by Kathy Curran
St. Mary's Editor

Michael Jackson woke me up this morning at 6:30—not a good way to begin the day. After a grand total of five hours of sleep, I was greeted by Holy Cross Hall with a bitterly cold shower. I dropped my soap and ran out of shampoo. My pants did not fit because I ate too much over Thanksgiving Break and I hated all my sweaters. Collecting the books I should have opened last night, I ventured for the door. I could have overcome all this, though, if I had not made one fatal mistake—I opened the curtains to see if the sun had risen yet. All I could see was snow.

Possibly I have been spoiled by growing up in California, but I am just not a "snow-bird." I own no boots—I used most of that money to buy four pairs of Dr. Scholl's Exercise Sandals and a bathing suit. Eight cotton skirts are hanging in my closet—my three wool ones are buried at the bottom of a box at home. My hands have been trained to dig for sandcrabs, not to mold snowballs. And I like ice-cold lemonade; the thought of warm milk makes me gag. Thus, snow issues in four months of misery for me.

Snow makes me think of scraping windows, stalling at intersections, and skidding down icy streets. It reminds me of radiators that clang in the night and icy drafts that force me to stay in bed and miss my classes. My skin gets dry and my hair goes flat. Worse than that, my nose turns red and I develop strep throat.

Oh, I know, it is not that bad. Snow is beautiful when it first falls. The white, which blankets the ground, is so bright that it can cheer any day. And snow is a lot of fun.

I can remember my freshman year when the first snowfall came. We all bundled up and headed outside to make angels on the ground. Then came icicle-throwing contests and snowball fights. The evening culminated with hot chocolate and Snickers. Even I was happy—and it was below freezing outside.

My sophomore year, though, I still welcomed the snow apprehensively. I used St. Mary's underground tunnels a lot and did not watch the weather section of the news. It was not until my roommate dragged seven of us up to the Northern Michigan skislopes that I admitted winter had arrived. I soon realized that snow-skis do not operate the same way water-skis do. But as I plunged (rolled) down those hills I had a great time—and I provided entertainment for 200 other skiers that afternoon.

So this year I am sure something good will come out of the snow, too. It is a good excuse to sit in the dining hall and drink another cup of coffee in the morning. It can provide an opportunity to shop for more clothes. But, best of all, it does justify buying a plane ticket to Phoenix for Christmas Break. □

Erratum: In the November issue of *Scholastic*, Kelly Flint was incorrectly identified as the person who alerted former Student Body President Lloyd Burke to possible discrepancies in *Observer* finances. We regret any misunderstanding this error may have caused.

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We're just a phone call away!

Sometimes people forget that Scholastic Magazine is located on campus. Every day we get calls and letters from people who offer stories, ideas, or complaints. Here are some of the most common requests we receive, and here's how we handle them.

Letters to the Editor: If you'd like to express your opinion, write a letter to the editor. Letters are meant to present a broad range of opinions and do not necessarily represent the editorial position of **Scholastic**. Letters must be hand-signed with the writer's name, address, and telephone number.

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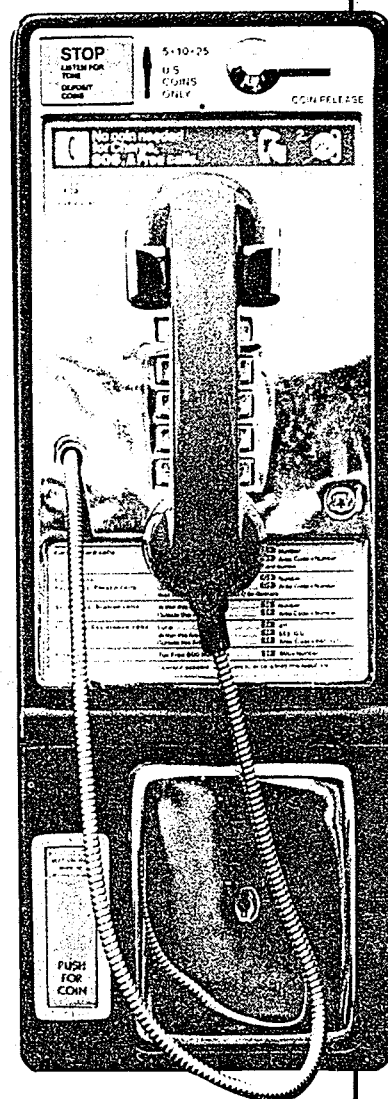
Helping Out at Scholastic: Many people have asked if they could help out at **Scholastic** in any way such as by writing, doing layout, or taking pictures. If you have a particular "niche" that you would like to offer **Scholastic**, please contact the appropriate department chairman at the office:

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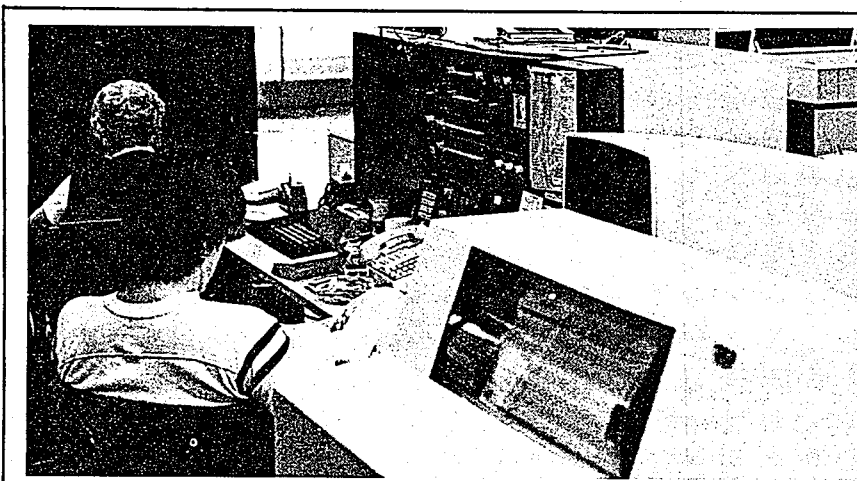
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Scholastic Notables

University of Notre Dame

by Kevin Donius
News/Sports Editor



Mainframe Computer

The University's mainframe computer will be replaced during the Christmas Break with a newer model having over twice the current computing capacity.

The replacement computer, an IBM 3033u16, will be leased for two years. According to the Assistant Provost for Computing, Richard Spencer, the two-year lease provides an interim solution for the University's current increased computing needs, while allowing time for better assessment of long-range needs. "We are in a state of flux right now and it is difficult to know what the computing load will be two years from now," Spencer said.

INPO Scholarships

The Institute of Nuclear Power Operations (INPO) has awarded seven scholarships for the 1983-1984 academic year to students at the University of Notre Dame.

INPO is an Atlanta-based nonprofit organization dedicated to promoting excellence in construction and operation of the nation's nuclear power plants.

The seven recipients include three seniors in mechanical engineering: Carl A. Cura from Pittsburgh, Pa.; David F. Sarphie from Roswell, Ga.; and Sharon T. Terpin from McDonald, Pa.

Two juniors in mechanical engineering received INPO scholarships. They are Eric A. Englehardt from Cedarburg, Wis., and Catherine Schnell from Ballwin, Mo.

Jeffery A. Borkowski, a sophomore in mechanical engineering from South Bend, Ind., and freshman Erik J. Hickey of Walker, Minn., also were awarded the INPO scholarships.

Each year INPO grants \$300,000 to 200 top-notch undergraduates nationwide who are studying in fields related to nuclear power. The funds are provided by INPO's members: the U.S. utilities that are operating or building nuclear power plants.

New Chair

Provost Timothy O'Meara has announced the appointment of Walter Nugent, professor of history at Indiana University in Bloomington, as the Andrew V. Tackes Professor of History effective in September 1984.

A specialist in nineteenth- and early twentieth-century United States history and the history of the American frontier, Nugent has been at Indiana

University since 1963. He is the author of seven books, the latest entitled *Structures of American Social History*, in addition to a dozen articles and review essays for scholarly publications. He was president of the Indiana Association of Historians in 1981-82.

The chair is named after a St. Louis electrician who died in 1968 and left a portion of his \$1.5-million estate, accumulated through investments, to Notre Dame, in whose campus chapel he was baptized.

Pastoral Symposium

"The debate about values gives us our best hope for mastering and transcending the change and turmoil of our times."

-Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.

Notre Dame's Center for Ethics and Religious Values in Business, at the request of a National Conference of Catholic Bishops' Committee, convened a symposium December 12-14 to assist in the preparation of a pastoral letter on "Catholic Social Teaching and the American Economy."

The symposium addressed four aspects of the proposed letter: economic planning, employment, the poor and the disadvantaged, and trade relations

between the United States and developing countries.

Noting that "our times are faced with a massive economic challenge and that radical changes currently under way are as great as those of the Industrial Revolution," the Bishops decided to investigate the problems of the American economy at a national conference in January, 1981.

The Center for Ethics and Religious Values in Business, which evolved from the University's Joint Committee on Business, Theology, and Philosophy, "seeks to build bridges between business, business studies, and the humanities." It is under the direction of Oliver Williams, C.S.C., and John Houck, both of the Department of Management in the College of Business Administration.

"The Fast is designed to help participants increase their awareness of hunger and the experience of the poor. SAGA Food Services donated \$1.55 for each student in the Fast."

Saint Mary's College

by Patty Brennan

Oxfam Fast

Members of the Saint Mary's College community joined together to do something special. Nearly 1,000 students and faculty and staff members participated in the 10th annual Oxfam Fast for a World Harvest November 17.

The Fast is designed to help participants increase their awareness of hunger and the experience of the poor. The Fast began with a prayer service at 9 a.m. and closed with a Eucharistic Liturgy at 9 p.m. Other scheduled events included: an introductory film on world hunger produced by John Denver, a slide-tape presentation describing the global food production system and the concentration of control in the food industry, and a talk entitled, "Fasting: An Act of Faith, Hope and Love," delivered by Tom Reid,

director of Campus Ministry which co-sponsored the Fast.

SAGA Food Services donated \$1.55 for each student that participated in the Fast. The money collected was given to the Saint Mary's World Hunger Coalition and distributed to various organizations including Oxfam America.

Oxfam America is a nonprofit international agency that funds self-help development projects and disaster relief to communities in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Oxfam, based in Boston, also funds support projects that reach into rural areas where local grassroots groups are working to increase their local food production and economic self-reliance.

Other sponsors of the Fast included the World Hunger Coalition, Christian Life Commission, Social Justice Commission, the Social Action Club, Residence Life and Campus Ministry.

Alumnae Courses

Saint Mary's College will offer a Course Auditing Program for its Michiana alumnae next semester.

The program, designed to provide continuing educational opportunities for alumnae, will offer courses in every academic department on a no-credit, tuition-free basis. Some of the courses available include: Drawing, Creative Writing, American Public Policy, The Church, and Business Communications.

Alumnae interested in enrolling in the Course Auditing Program should contact Leslie Wilson, director of alumnae relations, at 284-4578 for a complete course listing and registration information.

WOW Highlights

A lecture by foreign correspondent Georgie Anne Geyer, nationally noted columnist for the Universal Press Syndicate, highlighted the seventh annual Women's Opportunity Week held during November at Saint Mary's.

Geyer's talk, entitled "Foreign Affairs as Told by a Female Correspondent," opened the four-day series of lectures and seminars. Geyer presently writes a column on domestic, foreign and women's affairs for UPI. The column appears in one hundred and seventeen newspapers across the country three times a week. She is also a regular contributor to such magazines as "The Saturday Review," "The Atlantic," "The New Republic," "Ladies Home Journal," and "The Nation."

Women's Opportunity Week continued with a seminar, entitled "Sexual Harassment on the Job," followed by seminars on job searches and the relationship between moral and spiritual beliefs and career development.

All lectures and seminars during Women's Opportunity Week were sponsored by Saint Mary's Student Government and were open to the public.

Lomonte Works

The works of Giuseppe Gattuso Lomonte, professor of printmaking at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, Italy, and the director of the Santa Reparata Graphic Arts Center in Florence, will be on display this week, through December 15, in the Hammes Gallery at Saint Mary's.

The exhibit, entitled "Giuseppe Gattuso Lomonte: Made in Italy", will include etchings and lithographs and some studies, drawings and photographs of his present work in sculpture. His imagery deals with primeval elements of childhood myths and is approached with the same childlike simplicity.

Gattuso Lomonte, a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, has exhibited steadily throughout Italy, Europe and the United States since 1960.

The Saint Mary's Galleries are open 9:30 a.m. to noon and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.

GIUSEPPE GATTUSO LOMONTE RAFFAELE GIOVANNI RAGUSA

Florence, Sala d'Arme di Palazzo Vecchio

3 settembre / 2 ottobre 1983



ND Focus

The Snite Museum: The number of events would probably amaze most students

by Ed Colbert

The University of Notre Dame has one of the finest college art museums in the country, yet many of the Notre Dame students have not taken an interest in the exhibits, the lectures or the activities that the Snite Museum has offered. This is puzzling, since boredom is a common complaint among the students. The amount of exciting happenings are designed to make the Snite Museum of Art a museum for the students; the number would probably amaze most students. Dean Porter, director of the museum, states, "We are trying hard to make the Snite a great university museum, one geared to the Notre Dame students."

The Snite Museum was completed in 1980. Since its renovations and additions, the art gallery at Notre Dame has become a noticeable attraction. Prior to 1980, the artworks presently in the Snite were stored in the five galleries at the south end of O'Shaughnessy Hall. The Art Gallery, as it was called, did not have the grand museum atmosphere, thus it attracted a more casual audience. Of course, the administrators are trying desperately to bring a relaxed atmosphere to the Snite, but feel that many students are hesitant about going into the new museum because it is just that: a museum. The Snite Museum houses the permanent collection, of which 75% is owned by the museum, while 25% is on long-term loan. Before the Snite was built, only 15% of the permanent collection was exhibited at one time. Now the whole Snite Museum is devoted to the permanent collections, while the five O'Shaughnessy galleries contain temporary exhibits.

According to Stephen Spiro, museum

curator, the temporary exhibits change about every six weeks. Two of the most memorable of these exhibits were the Time/Life series, and the Christo Exhibit, but the Snite seems to have a full schedule for the next year. Starting December 8, a collection of Rembrandt drawings will be displayed. This exhibit will be accompanied by a lecture and workshop by Clifford Atchley. Starting on January 29, 1984, an exhibit featuring woodcutting will be presented at the Snite. Spiro states that woodcuts are becoming some of the most significant and fascinating works of our day.

Also next semester there will be a modern art exhibit featuring the collection of the celebrated architect Walter Netsch. On February 5 to March 18, an exhibit featuring drawings and watercolors from The Musée Carnavalet in Paris will be on display. This exhibit focuses on the French Revolution and French Empire, as well as the history of Paris. Finally, starting at the beginning of the next year of school, the John Singer Sargent collection will appear at the Snite. This collection currently is housed at the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Of course, new exhibits are essential for the improvement of any museum, but the Snite has other events for the students' benefit. One of these events is going on right now, called Basic Techniques. This show is for anyone interested in learning some of the different basic techniques of sculpting, painting, drawing. To complement this show, a series of lectures entitled "What Is Art" has been taking place throughout the year, and will continue. Lectures on painting, sculpting, and graphics are all part of this series. The series is unique because the audience actually participates in the specific medium of that particular lecture.

Another event at the Snite Museum that is designed to increase student and

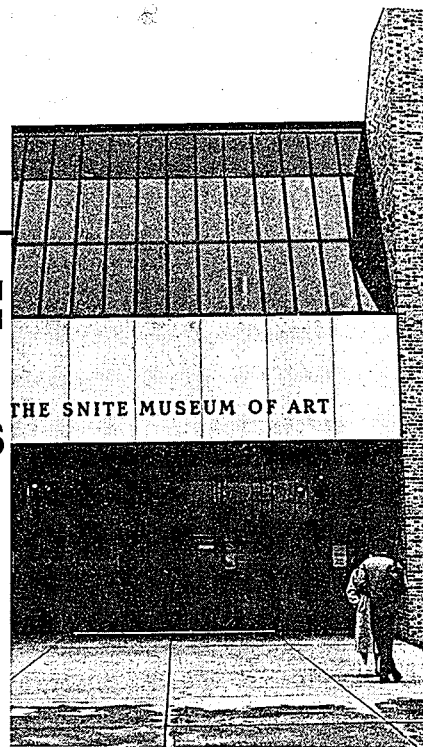
faculty participation is the Noon-talks, which take place every other week. The talks center around one of the masterpieces and encourage discussion and debate from the 50 to 90 people who usually attend the meetings. According to Porter, the Noon-talks attract a large audience because people are on campus at noontime, usually with no classes.

Thursday Night at the Snite has turned out to be an extremely popular attraction. Every Thursday night, the museum is open until 8 pm, and it has become the best day as far as quantity of people are concerned.

Finally, both the Monday and Friday Night Film Series are shown in the Annenberg Auditorium. Porter maintains that these series along with classes held in the Annenberg allow many students to get a peek at the art exhibits in the museum, which often sparks interest in a return visit.

The philosophy of Dean Porter and Stephen Spiro at the Snite Museum is to educate the students to quality. It is very important to them to expose more students to the museum. The Student Liaison Committee of the Snite Museum was formed for that very purpose. Certainly, the curious student would be wise to investigate the museum, since it is designed for the students. Porter states, "We are trying hard to be a great university museum, with better art, and better exhibits, and more student participation." □

Ed Colbert is a senior Arts and Letters major from Ionia, Michigan.



SMC Focus

Right to Life: The building across from St. Joseph's is an abortion clinic

by Colette St. Aubin

Most students don't even know that the small brick building across from the St. Joseph Medical Center is an abortion clinic. Yet the fact remains that anywhere from 10-30 abortions are conducted there each week, according to Sheila Kelly, Vice President and Saint Mary's representative for Right to Life.

This alarming figure should spur student involvement in Right to Life, but apparently it has not. According to Kelly, there are about 400 students from Notre Dame and Saint Mary's on the mailing list; however, there are only about 80 Notre Dame and 20 Saint Mary's students actively participating in the organization. Kelly described this figure as "kind of disappointing," but she added that the goal of Right to Life is "to educate people and to make Right to Life a lifetime thing for them." Kelly said that she hopes upcoming Right to Life activities will do just that.

This year's Right to Life activities have a different focus. Kelly explained that the activities in the past were more politically oriented and now activities center more on concern for the mother in help-

ing her to make the right decision, and helping her after the birth of her child. These activities are of a more practical nature and Kelly feels that they encourage student participation. "People need to see some action. They need to see that they can actually do something for the South Bend community," she said.

Right to Life is currently working on a number of these practical activities. One of the major projects that Right to Life is currently concerned with is the opening of the crisis center. Kelly described the project as a center to provide the community with a place to counter the abortion clinic's work. The center is a house which will be rented out by the Right to Life organization and which will provide free pregnancy testing and counseling for women. Catholic Charities of South Bend, the St. Joseph Right to Life Commission and the ND-SMC Right to Life organization will sponsor the crisis center.

In the future Right to Life is planning a phone-a-thon fundraiser, the annual march on Washington and an attempt to open a home for unwed mothers in South Bend.

One current Right to Life activity is particularly geared to direct student in-

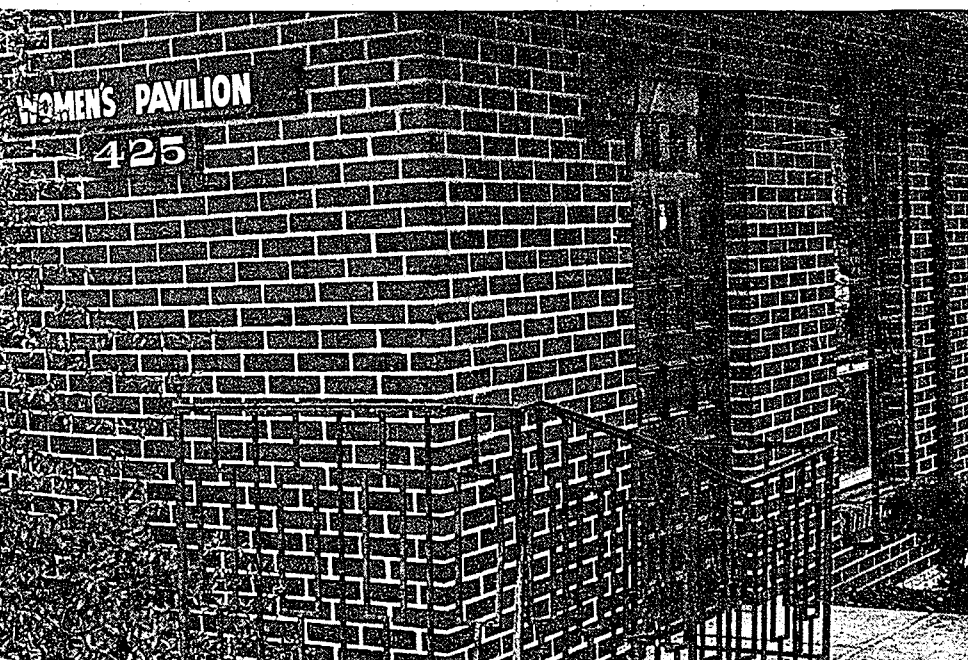
volvement. The sidewalk counseling project, chaired by Saint Mary's senior Kathy Krempasky, allows student volunteers to stand outside the abortion clinic and simply offer an alternative to abortion for the women considering it, Kelly said. The volunteers ask the women if abortion is really the step that they wish to take, and they explain the available means of aid for a woman who decides to keep her child. This project is one of the most direct means of involvement for students.

Kelly explained that women students are of particular significance in the sidewalk counseling. She explained that some of the women entering the clinic are particularly receptive to other women, and so the female student's presence is very important. This fact has particular significance for Saint Mary's as a women's college. Kelly stated, "I think that as an all-women's college, it (Right to Life) should have more support."

Another interesting aspect of Saint Mary's involvement in Right to Life is help for women on both the Saint Mary's and Notre Dame campuses who become pregnant. Kelly explained that many of these women are under the assumption that if they are pregnant, they must leave school. She explained further saying that the administration is very supportive in these situations and that the Right to Life organization can also give aid to the student.

Kelly said that Right to Life is always looking towards expansion, particularly in the Saint Mary's community. She added that students who do participate are gratified in the fact that they are doing something in their school community. She also stated that the more positive focus of Right to Life and dealing directly with the issues has encouraged more students to become involved and has heightened their experience in the Right to Life organization. □

Colette is a St. Mary's junior majoring in communications.



The Puck Stops Here

by Ed Domansky

To some it may come as a surprise to hear that Notre Dame still has a hockey team. And after last January's controversy regarding the program's fate, it is no wonder.

The fact is, that although the Fighting Irish no longer compete at the Division I varsity level, intercollegiate hockey still exists under the Golden Dome. The team now plays at the club level in the Central States Collegiate Hockey League.

When Notre Dame Athletic director Gene Corrigan officially announced on January 27, 1983, that varsity hockey, established in 1968, would cease to exist, it meant that a restructuring would have to take place.

The Administration cited lack of student support and the excessive cost of maintaining the program as the main reasons for its decision.

With the elimination of varsity hockey Notre Dame had to withdraw from the Central Collegiate Hockey Association. It had competed in the CCHA since the 1981-82 season after leaving the more prestigious Western Collegiate Hockey Association in order to cut down on travelling expenses.

The drop from varsity status also meant that scholarships would no longer be awarded to Notre Dame hockey players. Those already on scholarship, however, would have their scholarships honored for the remainder of their eligibility.

Rather than remain in the varsity ranks and compete in Division III, the Administration opted to go to club status for the benefit of those players who might wish to transfer. Had Notre Dame remained a varsity squad, any players transferring would have had to sit out one year according to NCAA rules. With the Irish on a club level those players became immediately eligible at their new schools.

After the graduation of last year's seven seniors, 26 players were eligible to leave, but only eight exercised the option and moved on to other Division I schools.

Once all of the necessary placement arrangements were made for those wishing to transfer, it became time to start looking ahead to the 1983-84 season.

Notre Dame head coach Charles "Lefty" Smith, now in his 16th season at the Irish helm, then began setting up this season's twenty-seven-game schedule that features fifteen games against CSCHL opponents and twelve against varsity op-

position. Also included will be the CSCHL tournament on March 2-3. The top four teams in the league will compete in the tourney. Notre Dame's Athletic and Convocation Center will serve as the host facility.

The CSCHL is made up of club teams from Marquette, Iowa State, St. Norbert's, Illinois, Illinois State and Northwestern. Alabama-Huntsville is also a conference member, but it operates as a Division II varsity program.

The season's other varsity opposition will be provided by teams from St. Thomas, Michigan-Dearborn and Lake Forest. These teams are also NCAA Division II members.

In the conference Marquette reigns as the 1982-83 CSCHL champion, having won both the league's regular season and postseason playoffs. Iowa State's program is just 12 years old, yet in the last four years, it has two CSCHL titles to its credit.

Varsity opponent St. Thomas was last season's Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference champion. And Michigan-Dearborn as well as league foe Alabama-Huntsville should also prove to be highly competitive tests for the talented Notre Dame team.

As the only coach Notre Dame has known since it began varsity competition in 1968, Smith entered the 1983-84 club season with a 252-258-27 career record. His teams have yet to win a national championship, but that is not something on which he places high priority.

"All of our players have been true student athletes," he says. "All 112 have graduated and many have gone on to promising careers in a wide variety of fields. Just because we haven't won a championship, it doesn't mean that the program hasn't been a success. We can hold our heads up over a lot of things."

When camp opened this fall 50 players tried out to join the returning 18. Eleven were accepted as walk-ons. Of those eleven three have stepped into regular roles.

Despite the team's reduction in status, Smith is pleased with the attitude of his players. "When hockey was varsity . . .

returning players. "Everyone has worked very hard," he said. "The leadership shown by the older kids has been a real positive influence on the younger guys. They are a close group. They all want to do well; and just because we're now a club team, it hasn't hurt their desire any."

Smith has two assistant coaches this year, Dave Lucia and John Rothstein. Both are former college hockey players. Lucia played for the Irish from 1979-82. He now works as an electrical engineer at the Bendix Co. in South Bend. Rothstein played his hockey at Minnesota-Duluth from 1977-81. He is currently enrolled as an MBA student at Notre Dame.

The relegation to club status has resulted in various budget-cutting measures for Smith's squad. Aside from not receiving scholarships, players must provide their own skates, they will not receive monograms, the travelling will be limited and there will be no staying at school over holiday breaks.

Along with a solid team performance this season, Smith sees promotion as playing a key role in the program's future. "Athletics is very much of a promotional thing," he says. "We're in an age of show business. You're seeing it all around; and if making money is a point of concern, marketing and promotion have to be a part of it."

This season ticket prices have been reduced. Notre Dame and St. Mary's students are admitted free with their ID cards. Smith hopes to see the program return to varsity status as an independent by the 1985 season.

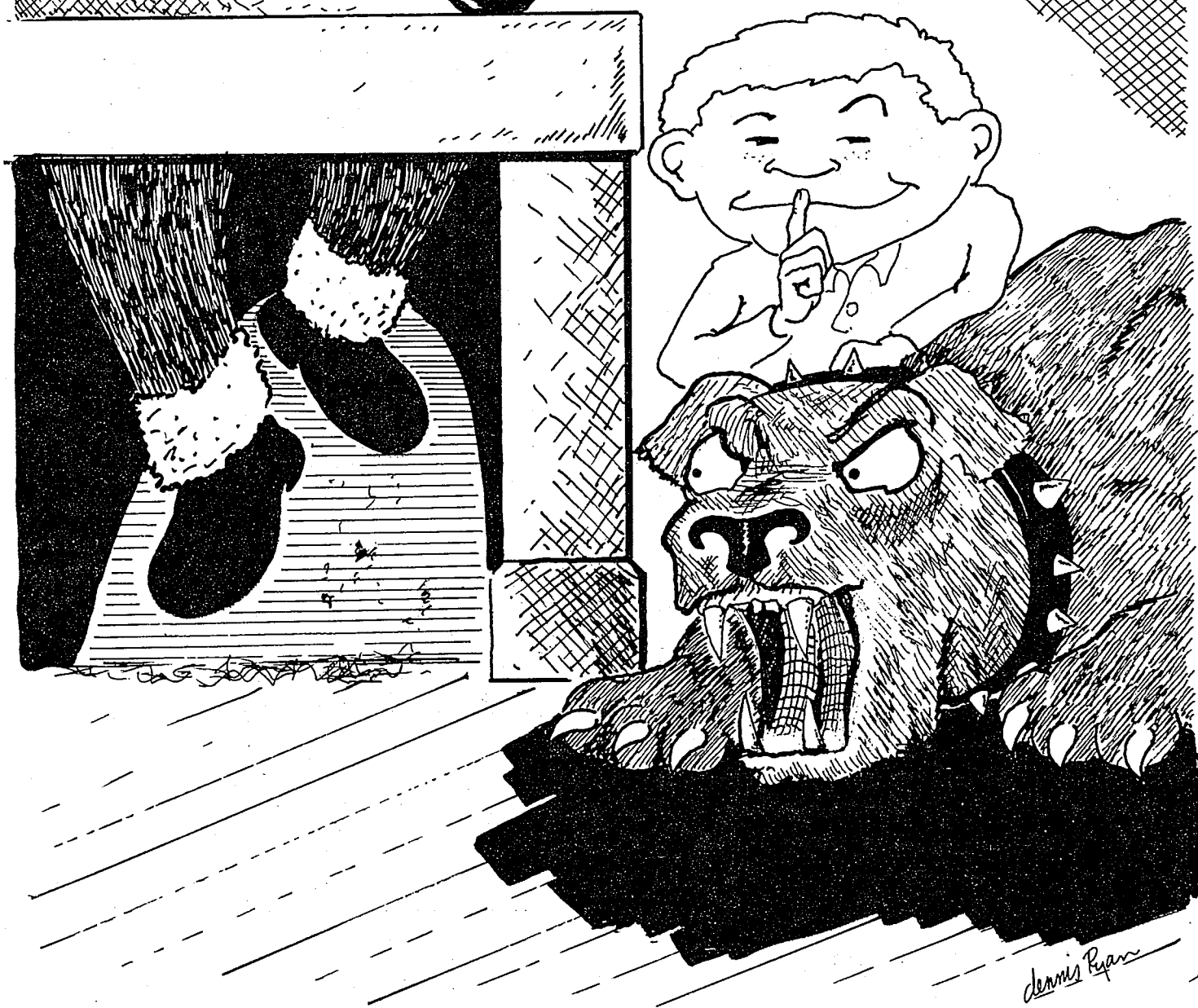
Although Notre Dame hockey no longer has Division I varsity status, the program is alive and well and competing on the club level. The controversy is now gone and 29 players and their coach are out to demonstrate that they are a class unit representing Notre Dame both on and off the ice. □

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

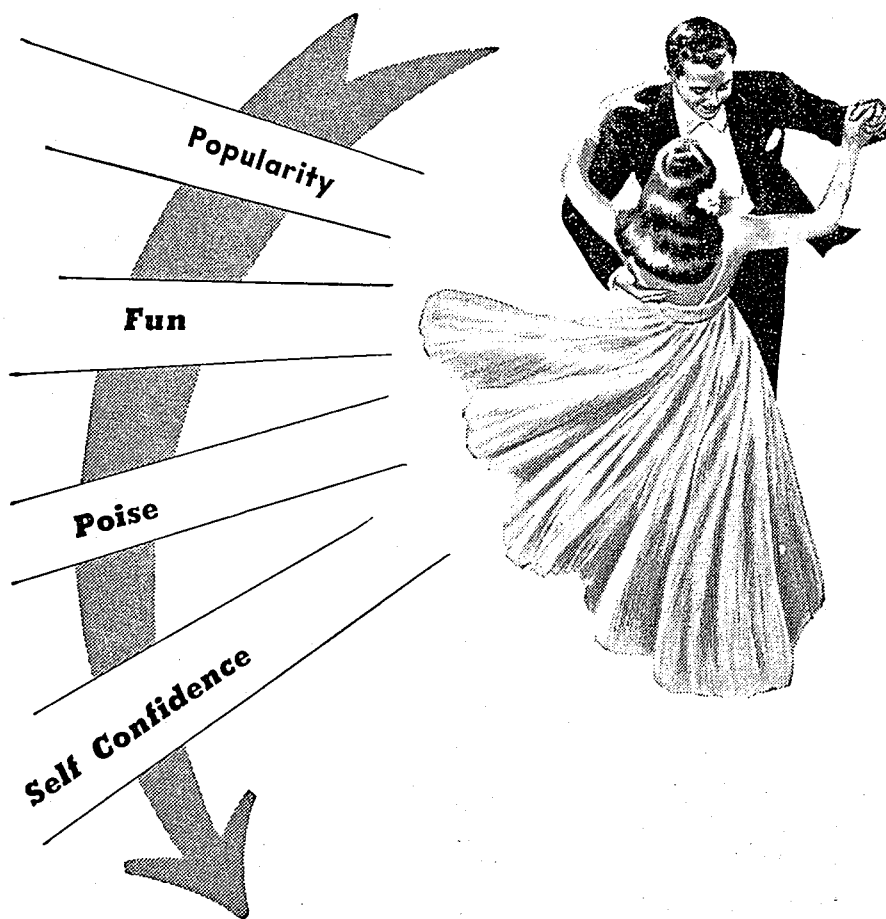


Sarcastic

December, 1983



Welcome Students



This is
NOTRE DAME

Poetry

The Clouds II

by Thom Doran

The rain . . .

f
a
l
l
s.

This is Thom Doran's first contribution to Scholastic. He originally submitted this poem to the literary magazine, Jugular. But the editors of the Jugular felt that this was a work

of such importance that it merited publication in a more prestigious and widely read magazine. Thus, Mr. Doran sent the poem to Scholastic. Thank you, Mr. Doran.

—Ed.

Ode to a Snowbound Town

by Sharon Houk

'Twas the winter of '82, my friend
As the semester came to a close.
Finals were had and the papers were in:
I was free from my head to my toes.

My friends and I were the happiest guys
In all of sleek South Bend.
With a Rent-a-Car we'd go far
East! to where the road ends.

We packed up our clothes and address books,
Put Emil on his shelf,
Grabbed the cards we failed to mail
And laughed in spite of ourselves.

I tossed my bag into the hall;
The key turned in the lock.
"Good-bye my little room," I said,
And out of the dorm I walked.

It was freezing cold—I'd forgotten my scarf,
My hat and mittens, too.
The trek was long from my cozy room
Clear out to blizzard D2.

And there they were—all my pals.
But the car was a little small.
The luggage set beside the trunk
Was two times the car's length tall.

What boxes, bags and cartons these?
A bat and baseball mitt?
Who's to blame for this awful mess?
Who's the owner of all this stuff?

"My fish," Pat said. "Your what?" I cried.
"My fish—they need to go home."
Good grief. It was going to be one of those trips.
I could feel it in my bones.

But we managed to shove it all in the car
And have room for ourselves besides.
We started 'er up and headed for home
Bidding the campus our Christmas "Good-bye!"

"Wee-roar!" we roared as "Ohio and East"
Beckoned us on our way.
It was getting late. If we drove all night
We'd be home for Christmas day.

The snow was bad and the roads were fierce.
Icicles hung on the trees.
The wind-shield wipers fought the storm
As we squinted our eyes to see.

The blizzard got worse and the world was white.
So sadly we all agreed
To look for a place to get off of the road.
The first sign spelled—Maumee.

Maumee? Good lord! What name is that
With which to name a town?
Maumee? Maumee? We laughed with glee
As the silent snow came down.

We found a place with a room to let
And a phone to call the 'rents
"Hello, Mom?" I spoke with her
'Til all my change was spent.

She said Aunt Julie was coming by
With slippers or some such thing.
And as she spoke of Uncle Ray
I heard a timer ring.

"Oh, that's the pie. I'd better go,"
She said as time ran out.
We both were sad I wasn't home,
And I began to pout.

When each of us had made our call
Delivering the news,
We looked around that pseudo-town
For something fun to do.

Most of us hadn't slept a wink
For at least a week or two.
But all of us were starving so we
Decided to find some food.

The car was out of the question for the
Roads were still a wreck.
We walked across the frozen street
And found Mac's Pizza Deck:

A sooty one-room restaurant
With three tables and a half
Where Mac was waitress, cook and clerk—
The entire one-man staff.

We ordered as many pizzas as there
Were people in our group.
Mac made 'em, baked 'em and with us ate 'em
As we saw our stomachs droop.

It was dark outside as we said "Good-bye."
The snow was falling still.
We made our way back to our room
Running to keep out the chill.

"My fish!" Pat screamed. "Your what?" I cried
As we approached the car.
It seemed we'd forgot all about the fish
In our haste to find a bar.

We thawed them out and they were fine.
Pat wasn't feeling well.
But it was just his guilty conscience
And not the fishy smell.



The room was small and hot and cramped,
 But no one seemed to care.
 We slept our troubled night away
 And woke when day got there.

We traveled home that very day.
 The roads had all been cleared.
 We left Maumee: the pseudo-town
 That proved worse than we had feared.

Really now, it wasn't bad.
 It's just the name and all.
 Maumee could almost be a town
 If it weren't so very small.

And so my friend, the story ends
 Of what we did and did not do
 On our way home on Christmas Eve
 During the winter of '82.

Sharon Houk is a junior Arts and Letters major from rural Purcellville, Virginia. This is her third contribution.

The Night Before the Night Before Christmas

by Jim Keyes

'Twas the night before the night before the night before Christmas and the snow-clad ND campus, from BP to the main circle, lay silently vacant of professors and students. The only creatures stirring were the roaches and Cosmo Terkel.'

Cosmo trudged slowly across the north quad, mournfully kicking up feathery clumps of snow. He was the only student left on the campus of Notre Dame in snow-wracked South Bend, Indiana.

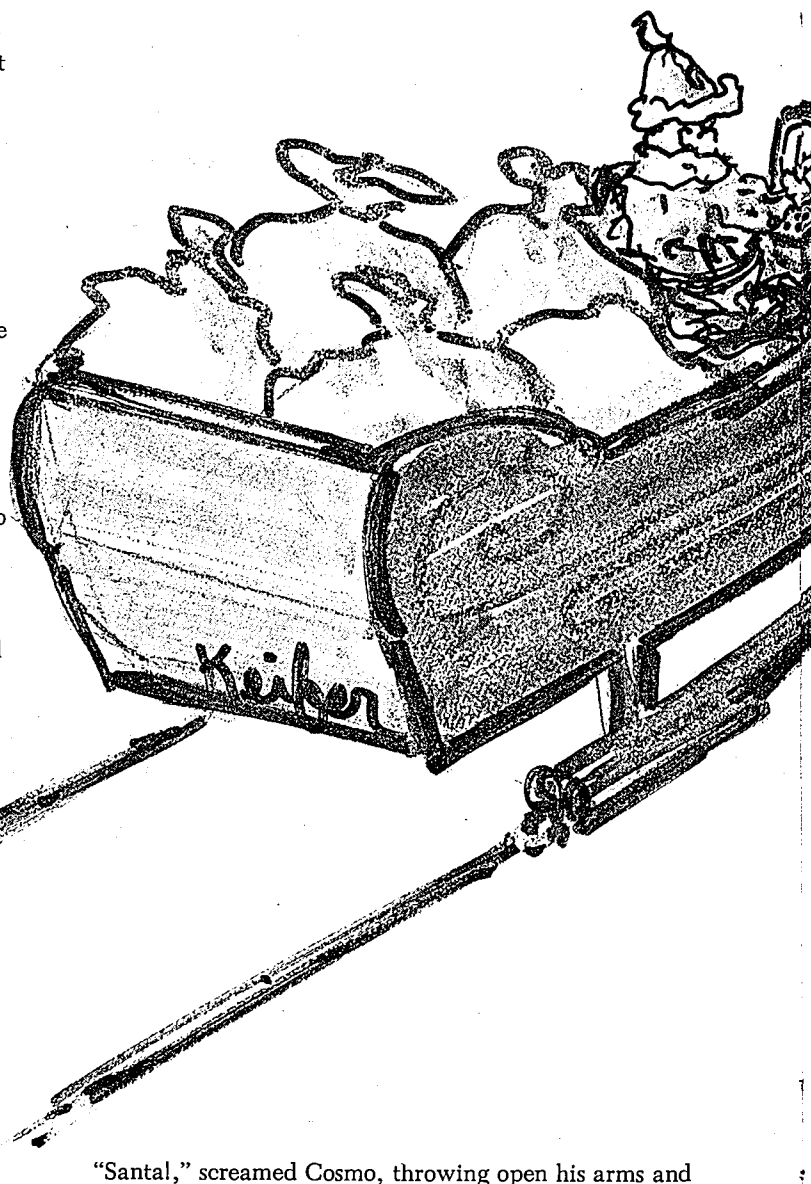
That was certainly no picnic.

Like most ND students, Cosmo had planned to leave South Bend for the Christmas holidays, but by the time he had written and handed in his last theology paper, THE BLIZZARD had sucked down the Midwest, paralyzing towns beyond their usual Midwestern paralyzed condition and thus freezing all transportation. THE BLIZZARD stranded Cosmo at Notre Dame. It was a sad, sad story to be stranded at Notre Dame, and Cosmo knew it.

'Yet nestling in Keenan with a full case of beer helped Cosmo regain some good ol' Christmas cheer; and with visions of sugarplums dancing on bears he walked out to the quad for a quick breath of air.'

Suddenly an ear-splintering noise erupted from beyond the north dining hall. It sounded like a collision between two Oldsmobile Regal 88's and a small band of Jamaican auxiliary percussionists . . . "SMASH! BOOM! SKID! jingle, jingle, limp, limp . . ." Whatever it sounded like, it certainly shocked Cosmo into a state of active near-sobriety.

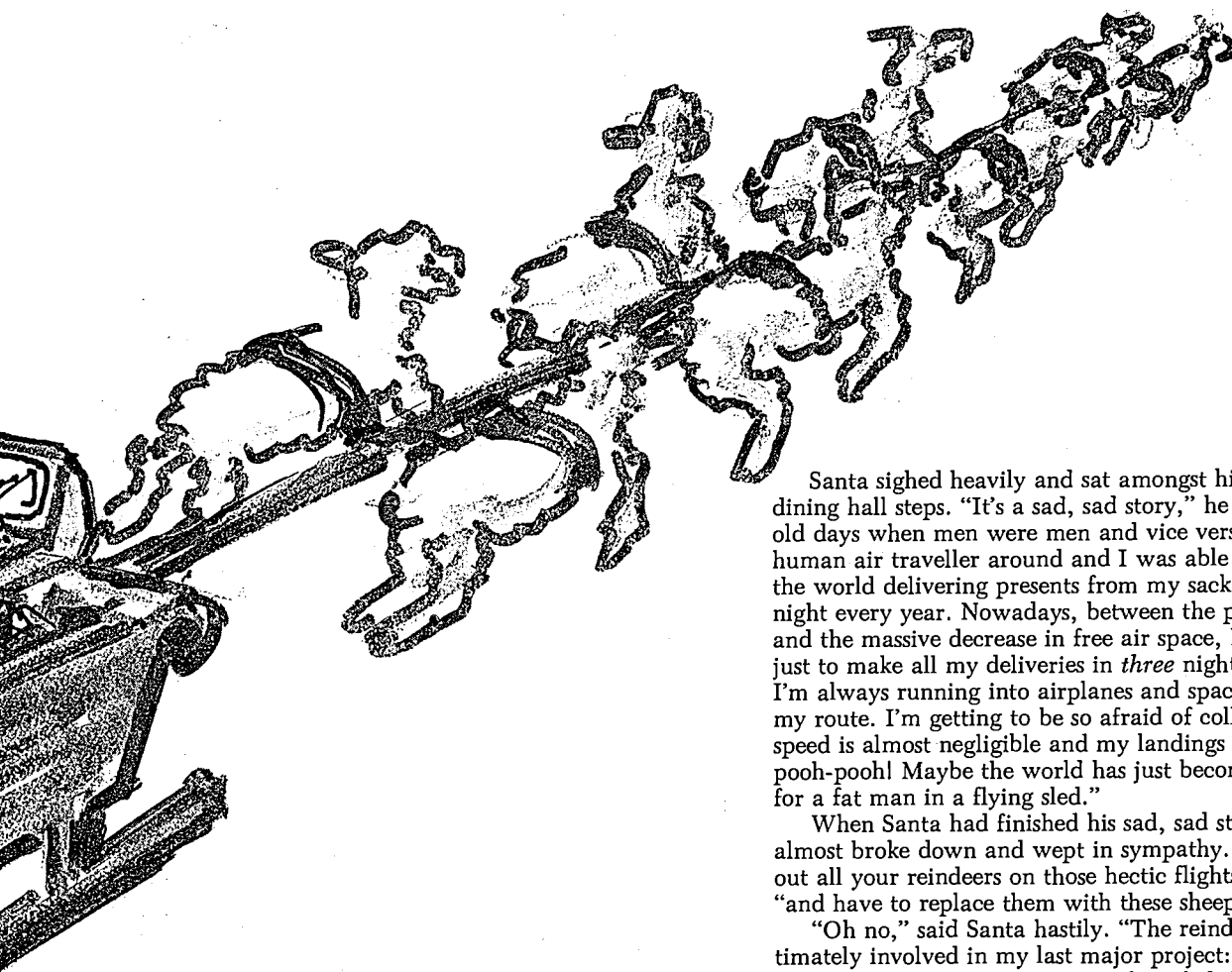
'Away around Farley he flew like a flash, then he peeped 'round the corner with eyes all askance . . . when what to his wondering peepers did apeer, but a fat waddling drover and a whole bunch of sheeps.'



"Santa!" screamed Cosmo, throwing open his arms and rushing forward. "WHAT!?" yelped the old man, wheeling around uncertainly.

Cosmo felt his stomach sink. He really didn't believe in Santa Claus and even if he *had* he wouldn't have expected to treat him like an old buddy. Santa was a legend, a hero, a name as big and controversial as Christie Hefner; the kind of man you might expect to hear in a lecture hall, but never in a normal conversation. Cosmo decided to flee.

But Santa had already seen him and was now approaching slowly, like the ghost of graduation, leading his flock of sheep. Cosmo stood shaking, half-frozen with fear. Santa walked up, raggedly staring through bloodshot eyes.



"Who are you?" he snarled. The question seemed to thaw Cosmo's frozen body. "Cosmo Terkel," he replied, automatically reaching for his student I.D. "Ah, . . . are you really Santa Claus?" he began, "first among north-pole-dwellers and crystal-snowball-gazers?, friend of flying reindeers?, protagonist of snowy song and chimney tale?, 'Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned? Thou com'st in such a questionable shape' very like a woman from BP. But surely you're the one and only of all—St. Nick!" Cosmo, surprised to find himself quoting Shakespeare, shut up suddenly and waited for Santa to speak. Santa glared bristlingly for a moment. "I'm Nick," he snapped.

Cosmo couldn't believe how nasty Santa was acting. "You don't have to be so huffy about it," he said. "In fact, I suppose you ought to be able to answer a few questions like why, if you're really Santa Claus, you've got sheep instead of reindeers, why you're out flying around before Christmas Eve, and why you're acting so un-Santa-Clauslike. I bet security doesn't even know you're here! I could probably get you thrown off campus you faking old dog!"

"Indeed you could," replied Santa, glancing around fearfully. All at once he looked old and tired, even less like he should have looked than before. Cosmo noticed the melancholy of Santa's demeanor and it surprised him.

"Why is it Santa Claus," said Cosmo, "that—
'your eyes are so red like the eyes of a GP, and your walk is unsteady like a student of philosophy? Your cheeks are as dull as dinner conversation with an engineer, and you're walking with sheep but not eight tiny deers?"

Santa sighed heavily and sat amongst his sheep on the dining hall steps. "It's a sad, sad story," he said. "Back in the old days when men were men and vice versa, I was the only human air traveller around and I was able to speed across the world delivering presents from my sack of joy for one night every year. Nowadays, between the population boom and the massive decrease in free air space, I'm hard-pressed just to make all my deliveries in *three* nights, much less one! I'm always running into airplanes and space satellites as I fly my route. I'm getting to be so afraid of collisions that my air speed is almost negligible and my landings are paranoid pooh-pooh! Maybe the world has just become too complex for a fat man in a flying sled."

When Santa had finished his sad, sad story, Cosmo almost broke down and wept in sympathy. "Did you wear out all your reindeers on those hectic flights," he sniffled, "and have to replace them with these sheeps?"

"Oh no," said Santa hastily. "The reindeer were intimately involved in my last major project: a cookbook about nine neat uses for venison. Sort of spoiled them for the flying, though . . . anyway, I scraped up these sheep to fill in, and they're lousy! Darn wool creates too much drag!"

"Maybe you could write about nine neat uses of lamb next year," Cosmo offered, but Santa wasn't laughing. Trying to recover, Cosmo thought desperately for a moment. "Wait, Santa Claus!" he said excitedly. "I think I have a solution to your problem!"

Santa brightened considerably and leaned forward. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"I mean that I can help you plot your route in the computer room here at school. You can run a program that finds the shortest distances between delivery points, avoids other air traffic, and plots airspeeds!"

"You can do all that?" said Santa wonderingly.

"Of course not," said Cosmo, "but the computer can. Computers can do anything."

"Well, come on with me while I drop the venison off and then we'll work with the computer," said Santa. "If this works I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you."

"I'm sure we'll think of something," replied Cosmo (thinking of Christmas in the Bahamas).

'So they spoke no more words but got busy right then, took two seats from the sled and put a terminal in, They ran programs all night and got everything straight, then they flew to Nassau for a long Christmas break. And when Christmas Eve came, Santa left Cosmo there, with a plane ticket home and a full case of beer.' □

Jim Keyes is a junior Program of Liberal Studies major from Morrison, Colorado. This is his debut as a writer for Scholastic.

“Christmas Is Coming!!”

“I’ve often wondered why we can’t celebrate Christmas like the families on television.”

by Patty Curran

Everyone has Christmas memories but at the Curran house we’ve never seen a turtledove and I have a hard time spelling “partridge.” We do, however, have memorable experiences. Although my family has moved quite a bit and with new homes come some new holiday customs, there are some things that never change. With ten kids, two parents, and a dog one might expect a democratic free-for-all, but such is not the case. With my parents as the aristocracy, we plebians know what to expect.

Preparation for Christmas begins much earlier in our house than the average American home. In April my mother starts shopping for presents, few of which appear on the list we give her a week before Christmas.

Christmas is then forgotten until two days before the first Sunday in Advent. We have a scavenger hunt for a coffee can, pink and purple crayons, old candles, and four orange juice cans. From the audience some lucky soul is then chosen to make the Advent candles. Walgreen’s has a candle sale at that time every year but that has never stopped us from making our own.

During Advent we are especially busy. We have to fight over whose turn it is to light the Advent candle and find enough tin foil to cover the hangers which will make wings on our third-grader’s angel costume. We must decide who will go to each of the four Christmas pageants, two of them being on the same night. The fourth- and sixth-graders at St. Monica’s have Kris Kringles who always seem to end up with the candy which we were supposed to get in our stockings (this means last-minute shopping for my mom to replace what rightfully belongs to us).

Christmas shopping was not always easy. Before we decided to pick names everyone gave to everyone. My oldest brother found a way to make even that task easy, though. His shopping was complete in a mere five minutes when he bought precious gems for each of his

seven sisters at the dime store. While the rest of us scrambled for boxes, paper, and ribbon, he was not concerned with who left the Scotch tape on the Kleenex dispenser. He simply found a scrap of paper, wrapped the jewels all together, put them under the tree, and on Christmas morning told us to help ourselves.

Choosing names may seem to decrease the excitement of gift-giving but that is certainly not the case in our family. I have spent weeks trying to figure out who has my name, whether it be by bribery or the process of elimination. It’s also difficult to find the right present for “my person.” As much as I may know that he would like a Tonka truck I’m positive he’d be better off with a “Romantics” album.

Things go relatively smoothly until it is time to assemble and decorate our plastic “evergreen” Christmas tree. Lights are untangled, at least half the bulbs replaced, and broken ornaments are thrown away. Each child is given twenty strands of tinsel; haphazard placement is prohibited.

Just as the shopping is done ahead of time, preparation for the Christmas feast begins far in advance. My father dons his apron and sets out to create sugar cookies extraordinaire. We little elves scurry about to meet his demand for flour, butter, and green and red sprinkles. Bread heels are saved and eventually transformed into stuffing. Fudge is made and hidden from little munchkins’ hands.

All is made ready for Christmas eve. Dressed in hats, scarves, and mittens, we pile into the station wagon and set out on a journey to the nearest big city. The big city lights captivate us until it is time to return to Mishawaka. Back at home we hurry to get ready for mid-night Mass. For most families it is wonderful to issue in the birthday of Christ with candles to light the darkness but that is close to impossible in our family. There is a great distraction: five children under the age of twelve sprawled out in the pews and on the floor snoring.

Back at the homestead it is difficult to sleep partially because we napped during Mass but mostly because each of us knows that Mom and Dad are busy helping Santa move the presents from the master bedroom to the living room.

Finally Christmas arrives. I’ve often wondered why we can’t celebrate Christmas like the families on television. They tear out of bed, run down the stairs and rip into their presents like the end of the world is coming. Not in our family. We wait until every member of our family has arisen (the one day of the year when my dad decides to sleep in) to open our stockings. We all sit down for breakfast and wait patiently until all the relatives arrive. We then file into the living room for the loot.

All of the chaos of trying to remember which present is for which child and making sure that no one opens two presents in a row is erased by a solemn prayer which has remained a tradition in my family ever since my parents were married. The opening of our gifts is preceded by a prayer found in *The Book of Our Saviour*, by Frank Sheed:

“And when we give each other our Christmas presents in His name, let us remember that He has given us the sun and the moon and the stars, all the earth with its forests and mountains and oceans and all that moves upon them. He gives us all green things and everything that blossoms and bears fruit and all that we quarrel about and all that we have misused. And to save us from our own foolishness and from all our sins He came down to earth and gave Himself.”


This is what puts the holiday of Christmas into perspective. A lot has changed since the first Christmas I remember. We’ve all grown up and some of us have even moved away. Thank God, though, some things never change. □

Patty Curran is a St. Mary’s College freshman from Mishawaka, Indiana.



A BARGAIN
AT ANY PRICE,
Yours **FREE!**

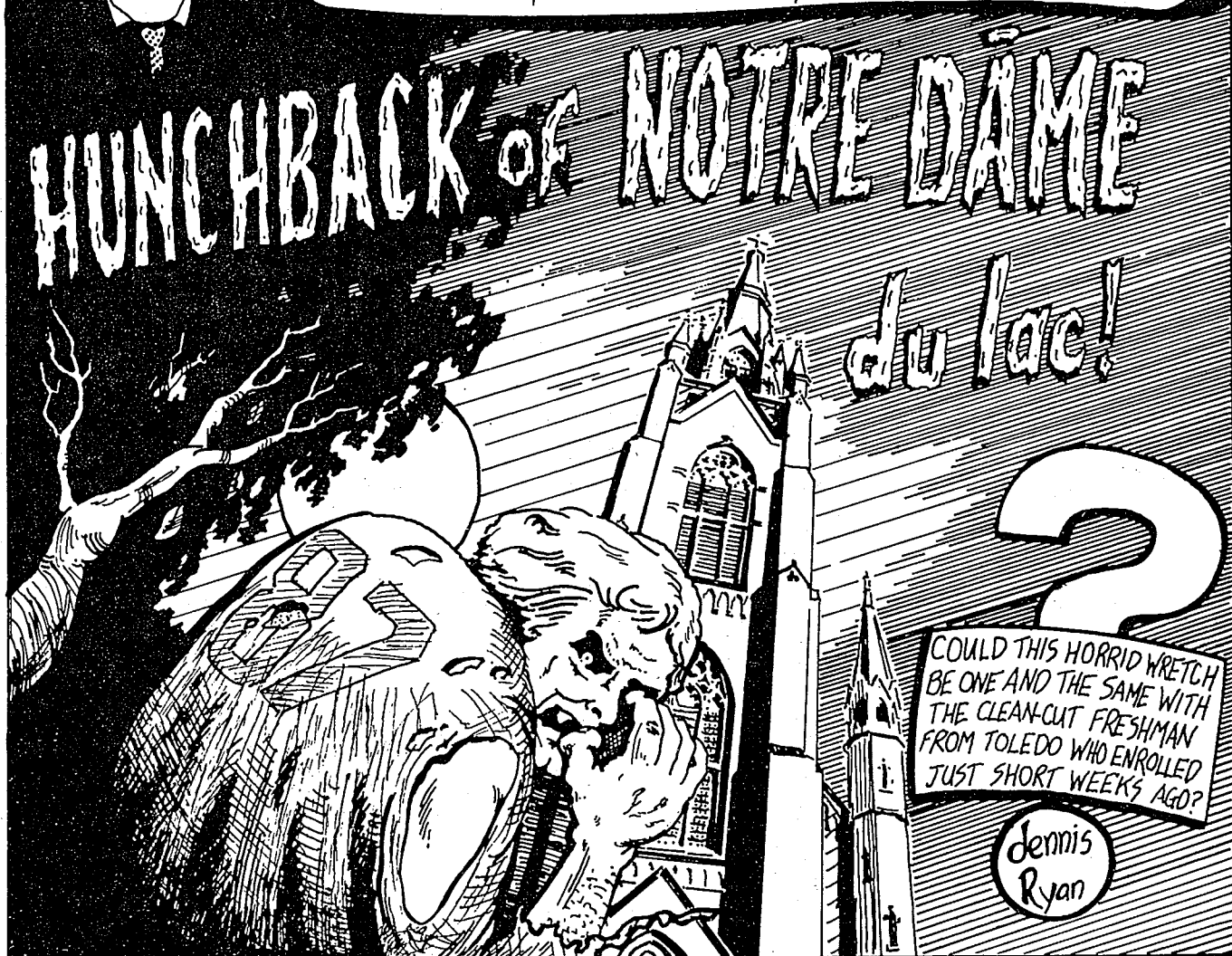


HORRIFIC TALES OF UNHOLY TERROR 
brings you the lurking mysteries from the

SNITE GALLERY



Good Evening and welcome to the *SNITE GALLERY*-a collection of paintings that portray the darker cast of the human emotional and behavioral spectrum. Abstract or impressionistic, they all represent intangible yet significant aspects of the human psyche. Tonight's selection represents physical and emotional deformity, a twisted tale of destiny and deliverance. Yes, boys and ghouls, its the macabre-



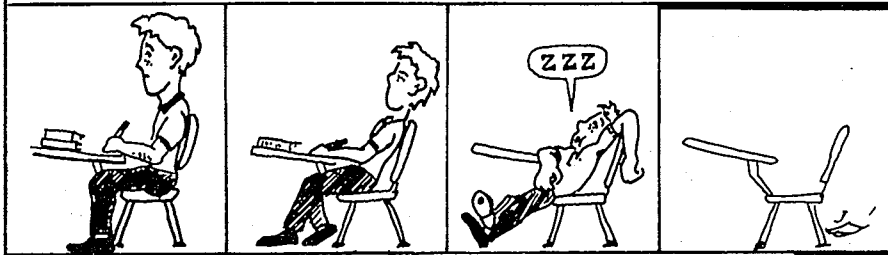
COULD THIS HORRID WRETCH
BE ONE AND THE SAME WITH
THE CLEAN-CUT FRESHMAN
FROM TOLEDO WHO ENROLLED
JUST SHORT WEEKS AGO?

Dennis
Ryan

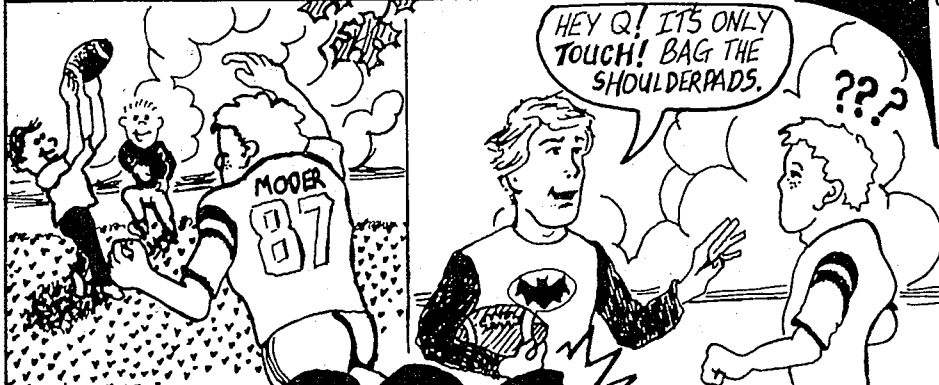


"THE WEEKS PASSED QUICKLY AS QUINCY ADJUSTED TO HIS ACADEMIC SURROUNDINGS."

3

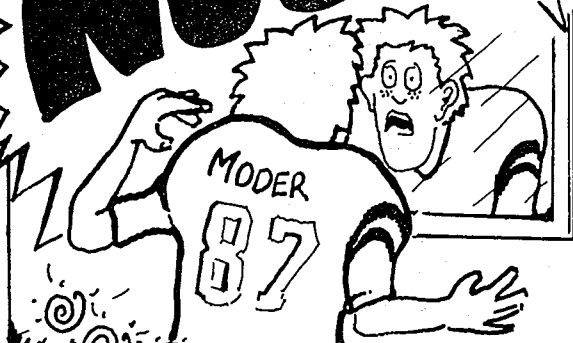


BUT QUINCY WAS NOT ADAPTING AS SMOOTHLY AS THE FRESHMAN YEAR OFFICE WOULD HAVE DESIRED. QUINCY WAS ALWAYS JUST A BIT DIFFERENT, BUT NOW HE WAS SLOWLY CHANGING, ACTUALLY PHYSICALLY CHANGING, IN A WAY HE COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED. THE FIRST HINT OF HIS TRANSFORMATION SURFACED DURING A ROUTINE GAME OF QUAD FOOTBALL!



NOOOO!!

THE PHYSICAL CHANGE WAS EASILY DISGUISED BY A WELL-PLACED BACKPACK... BUT THE EMOTIONAL CHANGES WERE MORE SUBTLE.



Glancing out the window of his Sorin Hall dorm room, Quincy feels an irresistible attraction to the towering

Sacred Heart Church!

AND AS THE BELLS STRIKE MIDNIGHT, A HUDDLED FIGURE SCURRIES ACROSS THE WINDSWEEP CAMPUS TO THE DARKENED CHURCH!

AS HE HURRIEDLY MOUNTS THE STEPS OF THE DUSTY STEEPLE, THE METAMORPHOSIS ACCELERATES MARKEDLY, UNTIL AT LAST HE BURSTS INTO THE BRISK NIGHT AIR. THERE ON THE LOFTY PERCH, A BIZARRE COMMUNION TRANSPIRES!

4

I'VE FOUND IT! I'M HOME!
AND I AM NOT QUINCY MODER!
NO MORE LIES! YES, I...

...AM...

QUASIMODO!

THE TRANSFORMATION COMPLETE, A SPENT QUASIMODO COLLAPSES INTO A DEEP SLUMBER. HE WAKES IN THE MORNING TO A FAMILIAR VOICE.

QUASIMODO?
IS THAT YOU?

ROCKY! I ALMOST
FORGOT YOU WERE HERE!

I'M ALWAYS BEING
TAKEN FOR GRANITE.

BUT JUST AS OUR
QUASIMODO FINDS
HIS OLD FRIEND AND
A NEW PEACEFUL HOME,
AN **AMPLIFIED**
INTRUDER RAPES THE
BLISSFUL QUIET...

ALRIGHT PUNK!
IT'S ALL OVER!
THIS IS THE
NOTRE DAME
SECURITY FORCE!

Both of them?



YOUNG MAN,
YOU'RE TRESPASSING
AND FLAGRANTLY
VIOLATING PARIETALS!

PARIETALS?

YOU SPENT
THE NIGHT
WITH A
'GOYLE
DID YOU
NOT?

BUT I WON'T COME DOWN! I AM QUASIMODO!
THIS IS MY SACRED SANCTUARY. PLEASE, ALLOW
ME TO LIVE UP HERE IN PEACE.

BASE UNIT, THIS
LOOKS LIKE A 714,
BAD CRAZINESS WITH
A RAMPAGING
DRUG FIEND! CALL
FR. SKIP!

NEVER MIND.
I'M HERE.

CAN FR. SKIP WALKER, THE HIP,
LIBERAL HOLYCROSS PRIEST WHO'S
WORSHIPPED BY ALL STUDENTS, STOP
QUINCY FROM JUMPING? WAS QUINCY
EVEN CONSIDERING JUMPING? IS THIS
COMIC COHERENT? WILL THE BUFFALO
SPRINGFIELD REUNITE FOR A HUGE
OPEN-AIR BENEFIT IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA?*

* WELL KEEP READING
YOU SILLY GOOSE. - Ed.

MY FRIEND, HIP SKIP'S THE NAME,
SALVATION'S THE AIM. I
BEG YOU NOT TO JUMP.

JUMP?

GET HIM OUTTA
HERE! NOW!

YOUNG MAN, LIFE IS SO
BEAUTIFUL AND PRECIOUS.
THERE IS SO MUCH FOR US
TO LOVE. I UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU ARE
GOING THROUGH.
I CAN RELATE.
FOR A MOMENT,
LET'S PRETEND
WE ARE BOTH
ICE CUBES...

HIP SKIP LEAVES DEJECTEDLY...

WE'RE ONLY GOOD FOR MIXED DRINKS, BUT
IF WE WARM-UP TO LOVE AND TRUTH, WE
ARE TRANSFIGURED, INTERMEDIATE...

THE TENSE STAND-OFF
TICKS BY...

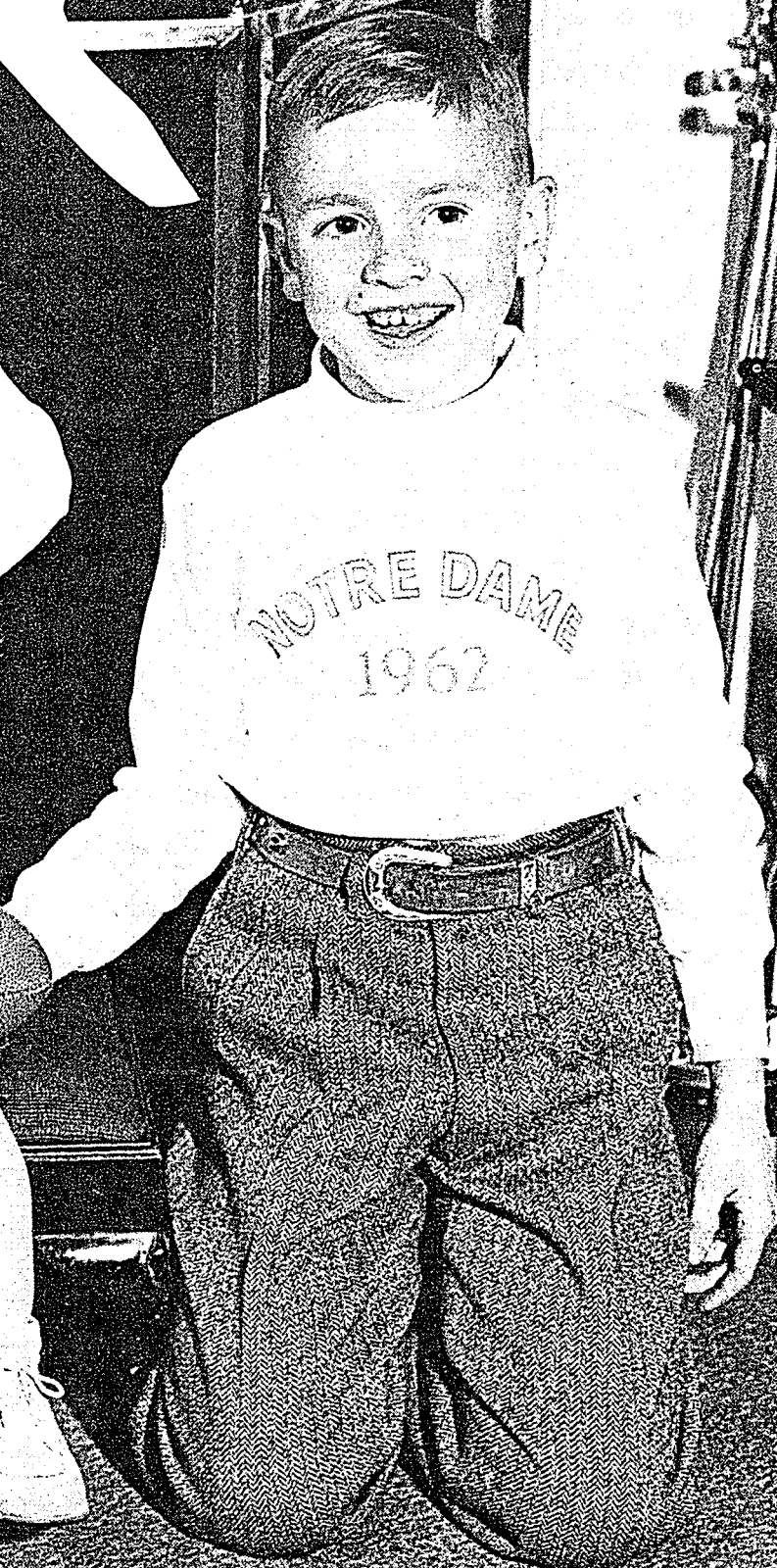
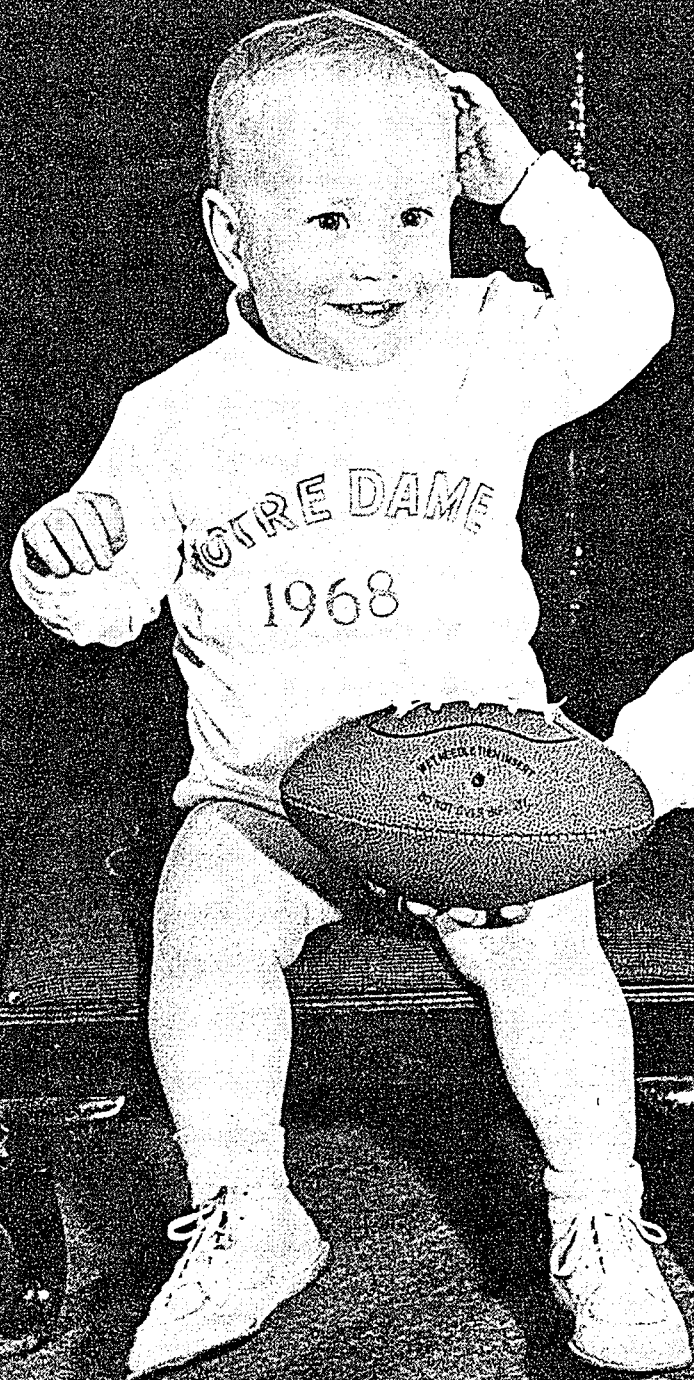
SUDDENLY-

HEY LUMPY-WE
HAVE SOMEONE
HERE WHO WISHES
TO SPEAK WITH YOU!

YOUNG MAN,
THIS IS FR. THEODORE
HESBURGH, UNIVERSITY
PRESIDENT.

FR. TED? WHAT'S
HE DOING ON CAMPUS?!

"How are
we going to tell
dad we want
to go to
U.S.C.?"





Looking Back on Tennis

"Can you imagine trying to concentrate on getting the ball on the court and at the same time tripping over the lawn and manipulating a full skirt?"

by Mary Ann Potter

It's the year 1909. Two of the best tennis players on Saint Mary's campus are dressed and ready to play tennis. The crowd anxiously awaits their arrival at the grassy courts next to Holy Cross Hall. Finally—there they are. Each woman is sporting fine tennis apparel: an ankle-length skirt, a new pair of neatly shined black shoes and a flowing white blouse with a big "shoulder-to-shoulder" bow tie. They are warmed up and it's match time.

This was just the beginning of tennis at Saint Mary's. Who would have thought back in the 1900's that the Saint Mary's tennis team would earn honors such as state championships? It's our tennis team that has won the NAIA Division 21 state championship for the second year in a row, and this year placed tenth in the nation in their division in a national tournament.

The earliest records of tennis playing on the lawns of the college were in 1899. The Saint Mary's women would "run for the open courts" as they were all decked out in their long skirts and big bow ties. Can you imagine trying to concentrate on getting the ball in the court and at the

same time tripping over the lawn and manipulating a full skirt?

Tennis maintained a club status along with canoeing (which became quite popular with the completion of Lake Marion in 1907), archery, field hockey, horseback riding, fencing and basketball. Gym classes were always favored in the spring when Saint Mary's students could take to the great outdoors to play tennis. The courts were adjacent to Holy Cross (then called Collegiate Hall) about where O'Laughlin presently stands.

In the late 1920's, Saint Mary's formed an Athletic Association to promote sportsmanship and class spirit. It was at this time that the classes competed against one another in all sports. The finals for all of the tournaments were played on an annual Sports Day which involved the cancellation of classes for the day. Winners in each event were awarded monograms and runner-ups received numerals. The Sports Day tradition was carried on until the early 1960's.

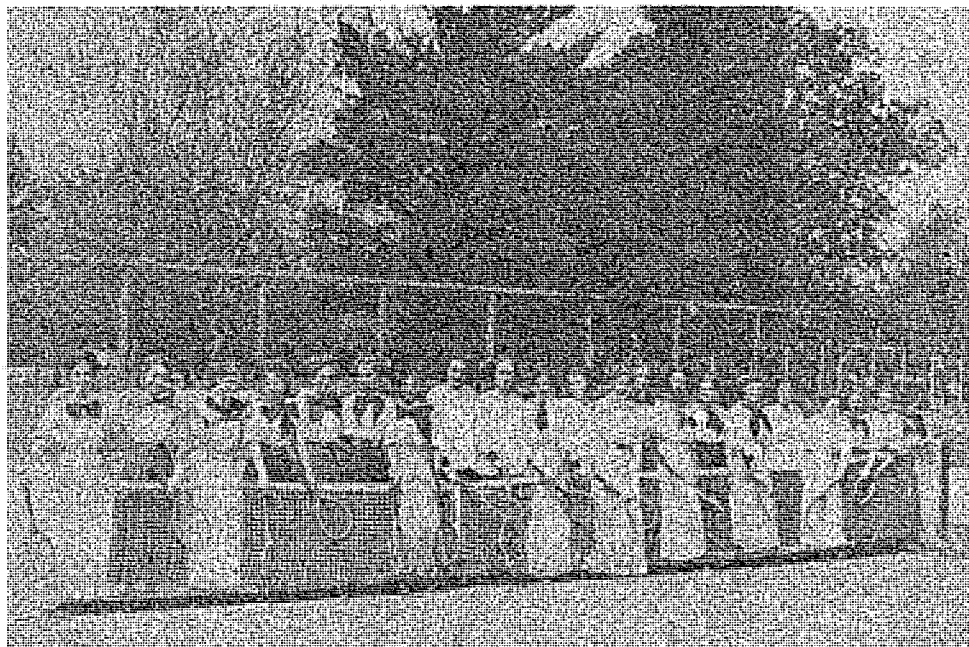
It was not until the 1974-75 school year that an intercollegiate tennis team was formed. The three available tennis courts were located where the dining hall is now, with a field hockey field between them and the science hall. Until students were housed in Regina, the courts next to that hall were strictly reserved for the

nuns who lived in Regina. Angela Athletic Facility was not built until 1977, so any student who wanted to "hit a few" during the cold winter months was forced to do so in the basement of Regina. It's pretty well known that the ceilings in Regina's basement are not very high, consequently practice did not turn out to be very productive—especially for lobs!

The tennis team has improved over the years to accumulate numerous honors including the state championships, several All-District laurels to its players, and competing in the National NAIA championships (which the team will attend again this spring).

Of the many girls who tried out for the tennis team this fall, ten girls were chosen. They are: Kristen Beck, Betsy Boyle, Karen Brady, Karie Casey, Mary Ann Heckman, Debbie Lavarie, Allison Pellar, Jodi Radler, Heather Temofeew, and Caroline Zern. Coach John Killeen has led the Belles for two years. □

Mary Ann Potter is a St. Mary's student from Dayton, Ohio. This is her third contribution to Scholastic.



The Catholic University

"Catholics who historically have suffered much and sinned much . . . should have a special sensitivity to the dangers involved in invoking authority, civil or ecclesiastical, to impose religious and moral standards. . . ."

by Governor John J. Gilligan

This is what Yahweh asks of you,
only this, to act justly,
to love tenderly
and to walk humbly with your God
—Micah 6:8

It is assumed that a university which claims to participate in the fullness of Catholic tradition and teaching justifies its existence in part by seeking to produce graduates who are significantly different than those emerging from educational institutions having a different orientation and goal. By and large secular universities in our society begin with the proposition that the doctrine of separation between church and state requires the exclusion from the classroom of any system of dogma and morality which could be identified with sectarian religious teaching or practice, and their emphasis is accordingly on the development of knowledge for its own sake, and the development of the skills required to put that knowledge into practical use. The product of this educational process will be, it is hoped, a person whose intellectual capacities have been developed to the point that he/she can function effectively, and indeed assume a leadership role, in our modern technological world. It is also expected (hoped) that the graduate will be law-abiding, and thus represent no threat to domestic tranquillity, but apart from inculcating a respect for law and order, it is generally thought to be unseemly in the secular schools to attempt to develop for the students' consideration a systematic and comprehensive structure of moral values and attitudes. That responsibility is assigned to the church.

All of us appreciate the fact that this attitude of resistance to the intrusion by the institutional church into the realm of

practical affairs, and particularly politics and government, was produced by the centuries of slaughter and anguish which wracked Europe because religious fanatics attempted to use political power to coerce nonbelievers into conformity, or even worse, used religious dogma as a justification for harrying their political opponents. Both kinds of abuses amply demonstrated the point that the union of political and ecclesiastical power all too often produced an especially onerous form of despotism, and that one of the first principles protecting the freedom and dignity of the individual was his right to hold and profess his own religious views. Catholics, who historically have suffered much and sinned much in the struggles of religious bigotry and zealotry should have a special sensitivity to the dangers involved in invoking authority, civil or ecclesiastical, to impose religious and moral standards on those who do not freely hold them. We should understand therefore the rationale which underlies the effort to exclude religious beliefs and attitudes from the classrooms of state-supported and other secular institutions of higher learning. But the other half of the policy of the disestablishment of the church is that those who freely hold various religious beliefs are free to develop them, profess them, and practice them. Without resort to indoctrination or coercion, and without any interference from external sources, a Catholic university is free to broaden and deepen a student's understanding of our church's philosophical, theological and moral concepts, and the student is free to accept them and to employ them in his private affairs, and as well, in his activities as a business or professional person, as a scientist or a teacher, or soldier, or politician. So, we may strive to learn what justice is, and how to make it manifest in our own lives, while at the same time having the charity and humility to allow others to follow their own convictions. That is itself a form of justice.

Justice has often been defined in the abstract as giving to each his due, which seems simple enough except that the proposition begs a host of questions which lead directly to an examination of our fundamental beliefs and values: What is man? What is due to each individual as a matter of right? Thus, what are human rights, and who possesses them? To what degree? And who says so? With what authority? Are there obligations and responsibilities correlative with these rights? What are they, and who says so? With what authority?

People today, including American citizens, are killing each other and being killed in every corner of the world over such questions, which are political only in the sense that for most people they are defined and answered in the realm of political activity; fundamentally these questions are philosophical, and ultimately theological. Are such questions appropriate subjects for study and discussion in a university, particularly a Catholic university? It is hard to think of any subject matter which lies closer to the central reasons for the existence of Catholic education. There might have been a time, even for Catholics, when one's moral development and spiritual life were perceived in terms of an individual pilgrim's progress through a world of temptation and distraction toward an otherworldly goal of personal salvation. Sin was generally understood to be an isolated, aberrant act, deflecting the sinner from the path to sanctity and glory, and the concept was often best expressed by the confessor's familiar question, how many times? And the effort to probe for the extent of the sinner's knowledge of the nature and consequence of his action, and of his intention at the instant of decision, emphasized the point that sins were understood to be willful departures from an accepted code of personal morality, involving discrete, fully informed decisions by individuals. Sin, except in the case of a malevolent despot,

generally lacked a social or political dimension. However, in recent years, especially in the postconciliar Church, through both papal pronouncements and episcopal instruction, we are coming to an understanding of the nature of *social sin* and of how we may fall from grace by *doing nothing* in the face of evident injustice. Nor can we take refuge in the old concept of inculpable ignorance, hoping to be adjudged guiltless because we did not fully understand all that was going on in our society, or did not appreciate our responsibility for the persistence of evil and injustice. Among other things, the apathy and inertia of the Christian people of Germany during the Jewish holocaust was just one of the events in modern political history which rendered unacceptable the plea of innocence on the grounds that a given individual was unaware of the specific details of gross injustice within a society, or that the individual had not directly and willfully participated in the perpetration of the crime. We have come to understand that sharing in the benefits of a given political or economic or social system while simultaneously refusing to consider our individual responsibilities for its systemic injustices, or attempting in any way to ameliorate the sufferings which the system inflicts upon its victims, is the present-day equivalent of living in sin. That understanding lends a new dimension and significance to Christ's dreadful warning that whatever we do, or permit to be done, to the least of His brethren is done to Him, and that we will be held accountable for our actions, or our inactivity, in just those terms.

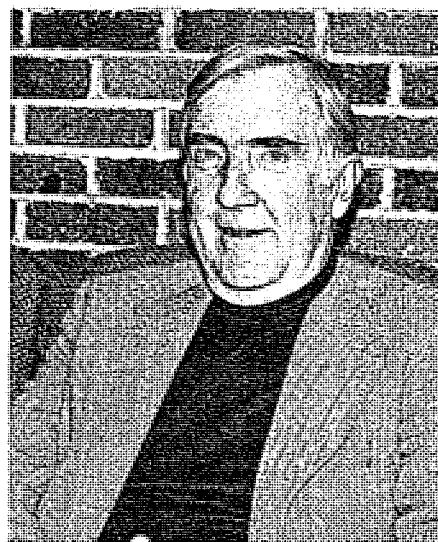
The organizational structure of the modern world and the resources of modern technology make it possible, as never before in human history, for actions and decisions of people living on the far side of the world to impact directly—for good or ill—on our lives, and vice versa. Therefore, our moral

responsibilities have not only become societal in nature, but global in scope. We have only to consider the places all over the face of the earth where young Americans have died in battle during the past forty years to understand the geographic extent of our national activities, and surely spilling of blood, that of our sons and of other people, cannot be our only relationship with people around the world. It would seem imperative, therefore, that we come to some understanding of the nature of those relationships, and of what they imply in how we live our own lives, and to what end we apply the resources of our society, including the lives of our young men. As soon as we begin the process of considering such matters we are confronted with the fundamental questions concerning the nature of man (all men), his individual rights and responsibilities, and the role that politics and economic systems play in securing these rights or obliterating them and reducing men and women to a subhuman level of existence.

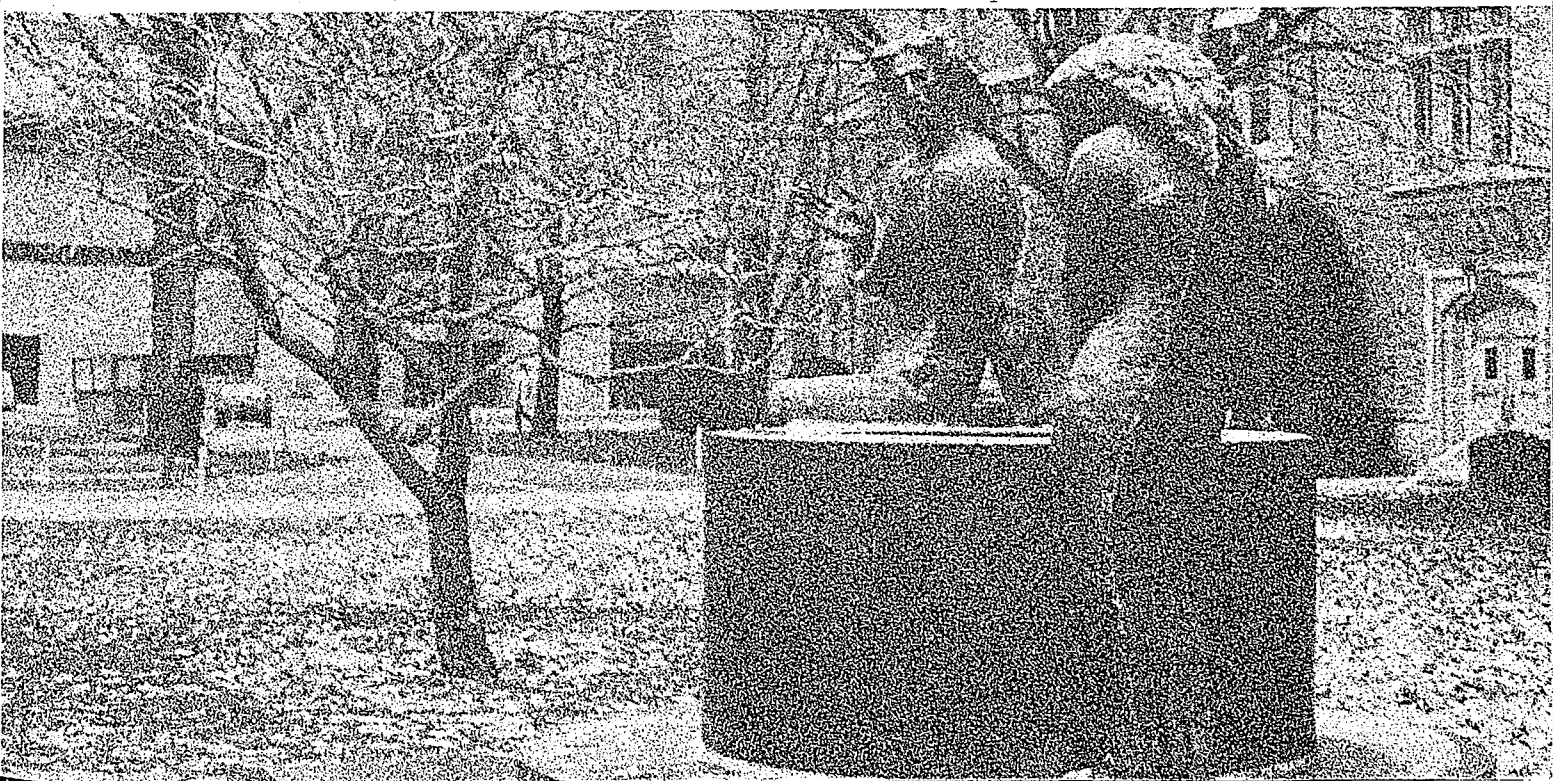
Power and responsibility are inseparable, and thus we all share in the responsibility of determining how our society and its institutions use their immense wealth and power, whether to enrich and ennoble human existence, or to crush and mutilate it. These are, of course, *political* questions and problems, not in the narrow sense of the term as referring to partisan competition, but in the sense employed by philosophers through the ages as meaning the organized activities of a given society directed to a common goal. Since we believe that human activity cannot have significance except as considered within a framework of moral value, a Catholic university, devoted to serving the needs of its students as well as those of the wider community, must necessarily grapple with such questions, not in some theoretical or academic sense, but in the

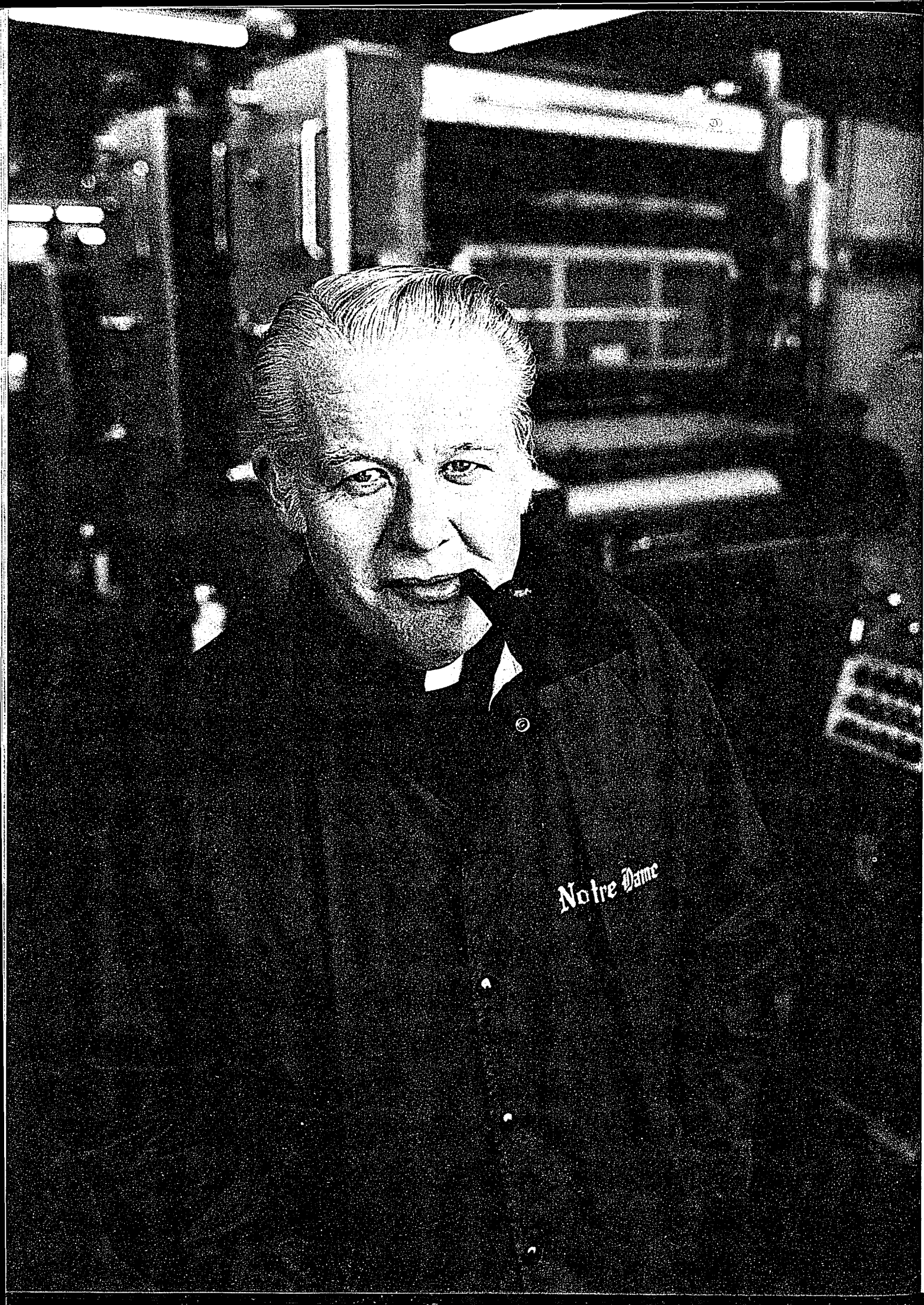
context of the actual events and problems and challenges of the time. The object is not to enshrine some specific political formula, or a set of pat answers to complex questions, but to develop in both teachers and students an understanding of what justice is, and of the moral, political, economic and social demands which justice imposes on each of us.

In some respects Catholic and secular universities can be seen as competing with each other, in developing the intellectual capacities and extending the frontiers of knowledge through research, in acting as a repository of art and culture, but a Catholic university which understands and is faithful to its mission of promoting justice among its students, and throughout society, is engaged in a different and more significant and incalculably more valuable activity which is beyond competition. □



Doctor John Gilligan is the Thomas J. White Professor of Law at Notre Dame. He is a former governor of Ohio and a 1942 graduate of the University.





The Gift of Seeing

by Reverend John L. Reedy, C.S.C.

FATHER REEDY, THE PUBLISHER OF AVE MARIA PRESS SINCE 1953 AND THE ASSISTANT RECTOR OF CARROLL HALL, DIED DECEMBER 2, 1983. IN HIS THIRTY-ONE YEARS OF SERVICE AS A PRIEST, HE WAS ACTIVE IN CATHOLIC JOURNALISM AND PUBLISHING AND RECEIVED THE 1966 CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS TO CATHOLIC JOURNALISM. THE FOLLOWING IS HIS LAST SYNDICATED COLUMN FOR *Our Sunday Visitor*, WRITTEN THE WEEK BEFORE HIS DEATH.

The past few weeks have been for me a time of unusual highs and lows.

The lows didn't surprise me. Three weeks in a hospital, even with kind, professional care, becomes a drag—all those strange, undignified things being done to you according to a schedule which could make sense only to a computer.

The high moments came unexpectedly, gradually developing into a pattern.

From the beginning, there was a steady flow of visitors: family, members of my religious community and then many friends, people with whom I have worked, people whose lives, joys and sorrows I've shared in the past.

They kept coming, usually for only a brief visit, but the intensity of concern, the things said, told me that there was something more going on than the kind-but-customary expression of sympathy.

I was deeply moved by many of these visits, but also somewhat puzzled. A friendship might go back many years; we had shared efforts, celebrations,

griefs. A lasting warmth remains when we get together.

But this didn't seem to explain the obvious intensity of many of these people as they expressed their hopes for me, their concern and love.

Then, in the early morning hours, when I couldn't get to sleep, I suddenly realized what was happening.

These people were a recapitulation of 31 years of my priesthood. Their visits were an incomplete but representative snapshot album touching all those years of my priestly life.

It has been an unusual pattern. All this time lived on one campus, in one city. Never assigned to ordinary parish duties. I had come to know most of these people as we worked together on projects we considered important . . . or because they came to me with particular questions they wanted to discuss.

These people, in their hospital visits, calls, notes, made reference to things I had said or done, things which had slipped from my memory or which I never saw as particularly helpful.

These men and women were and are my friends, but the pattern which emerged during these early morning thoughts made it clear that my presence to them, at special moments in their lives, had been more than the support of a caring friend.

For many, it was hard to formulate, but somehow I had represented God's presence to them through the life of the church.

This pattern of memories revealed an experience most priests have had in isolated incidents. After dealing with a painful, complicated problem in confession or direction, he will see that something he said or the way he said it had been just right for this person at this time.

But he will be left wondering: Where did that approach come from? I never considered it before. It didn't come from teachers or from reading.

And then he realizes, he knows, that his guidance had come from God in a special way. He knows that God had used him, as priest, to touch the life of this person.

I have long recognized and treasured such special moments in which I was convinced that God has used me as an instrument of His presence in these lives which He touches.

These visits, the memories they elicited, the tone of my friends' response to my situation, showed that the same kind of mediation took place far more consistently than I had realized. Without my awareness, in many activities and associations which I had regarded as routine, God had been touching these lives through my identity as priest.

When I finally dropped off to sleep in the hours before dawn, it was with a special gratitude for the gift which these people have given me in their visits, in their concern for my illness. Their words, their support, their friendship are very important, but this was the gift of enabling me to see all my life as a priest in a different perspective, with a consistency not dependent on my efforts and skills.

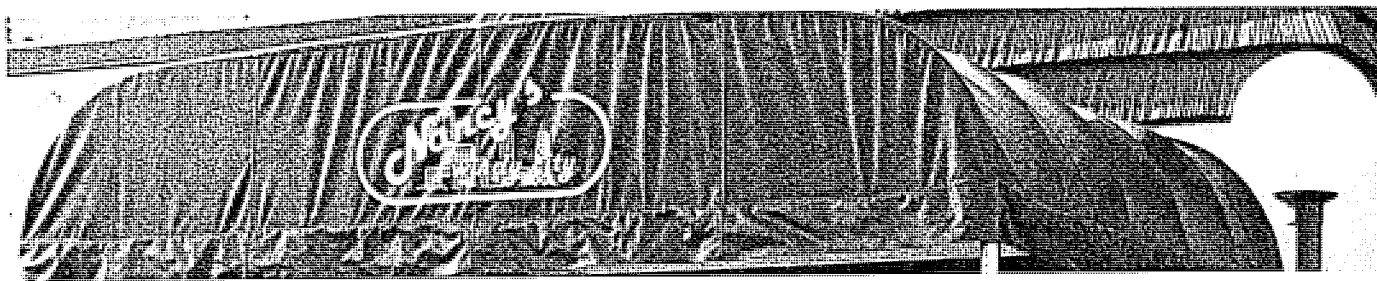
It showed me that in spite of my failures and fumbling, God had regularly used me as a channel of His presence in the lives of others.

For me, that is a profoundly reassuring conviction at this time. It links the reality of these 31 years to the hope and vision which drew me to this life.

Whatever else comes, I shall treasure this insight from my time in the hospital.

**"THESE PEOPLE WERE A
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Father Reedy at Ave Maria Press
(Photo by Gary Mills, Notre Dame Magazine)



King of a Different Hill

A "new kid" on the pizza block

by **Jim Ganther**
Editor-in-Chief

To step inside Nancy's Windy City, South Bend's latest purveyor of pizza, is unlike entering any other establishment pushing the popular Italian pies. First of all, there are no "ye olde" signs or plaster busts of the Pope. There are no plastic grapes hanging from the ceiling, no framed dollars behind the cash register, and no arguments in foreign tongues filtering in from the kitchen. Like most restaurants which feature pizza, Nancy's takes good care of a customer's stomach. But Nancy's also takes care of the amenities which make *being* there a pleasure.

Service is prompt and friendly, and the dining area is comfortable. An abundance of healthy green plants (tended by a professional green thumb who makes house calls) surrounds the room, which features scarlet cafe curtains and a profusion of brass. Ceiling fans spin slowly overhead; combined with the 1930's artwork, the effect is vintage Old Chicago.

But all this is mere window dressing for the real star: the pizza. Or more correctly, the *scarciedda*. For this is no ordinary flat pizza. This monster is a stuffed pizza, two inches high, and requiring two crusts to hold the whole creation together. A large version weighs six pounds, so be prepared to cart some home for breakfast.

In a regular pizza such as Bruno's (South Bend's best conventional pie), the crust is a major component of the total taste experience. But in a Nancy's pizza the crust, while very good, is definitely playing a supporting role. The real showstopper is the cheese, all one and three-quarter inches of it. Buried within the warm confines of the melty cheese lie the "extras." To call the sausage, anchovies, or other ingredients "toppings" would be a misnomer: the only thing on top of the light upper crust is the tangy tomato sauce.

To compare Nancy's *scarciedda* with a regular or deep-dish pizza isn't really fair. They are different animals; Nancy's is the king of the hill, but a different hill. But make no mistake: this *scarciedda* is

an incredible meal by any measure. And for those who don't feel motivated to try it, a full menu featuring Italian favorites is also available.

If you're a sports fan, it should be mentioned that you can order your pizza from the impressive Windy City Sports Emporium adjacent to the dining areas. Two large Sony Trinitrons and a big-screen TV are tuned into whatever is happening on ESPN, and thirty feet of Translux display board flash the breaking scores across the room like an electronic ticker tape. A stuffed, life-size Mayor Daley doll presides over the heavy wood and brass bar; in deference to Hizzoner a dress code is enforced in the Emporium: no T-shirts or jeans, please.

And whether you eat your pizza in the Emporium or the dining room, one word of warning applies: Making a two-inch-thick pizza to order takes a while. Forty-five minutes, to be precise. But for the best stuffed pizza in town, the wait is worth it. □

Jim Ganther is Scholastic's famous editor-in-chief. This is another of his several contributions.



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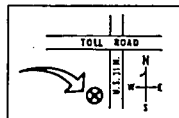
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The Last Word

by Jim Ganther
Editor-in-Chief

As a lifelong Wisconsin resident, I am fairly used to snow. Still, the first real snowfall of the year always stokes the youthful fire of excitement in my soul. I like to shuffle my feet through it, kick the fluffy stuff around, pelt a few friends with fresh snowballs. Unfortunately, the first real snowfall of the year usually coincides with the first real final of the year, which tends to *quench* the youthful fire of excitement in my soul. I tend to get so wrapped up in last-minute desperation term papers that I forget to enjoy the simpler things in life. Priorities shift, and not necessarily for the better.

A friend once remarked that we often become so concerned with the urgent that we forget the essential. She was right. Concern for an upcoming exam can blind me to the beauty of a fresh snowfall. Deadline anxiety has caused me to forget birthdays. And the hustle of the season has tempted me to forget that Christmas is just around the corner.

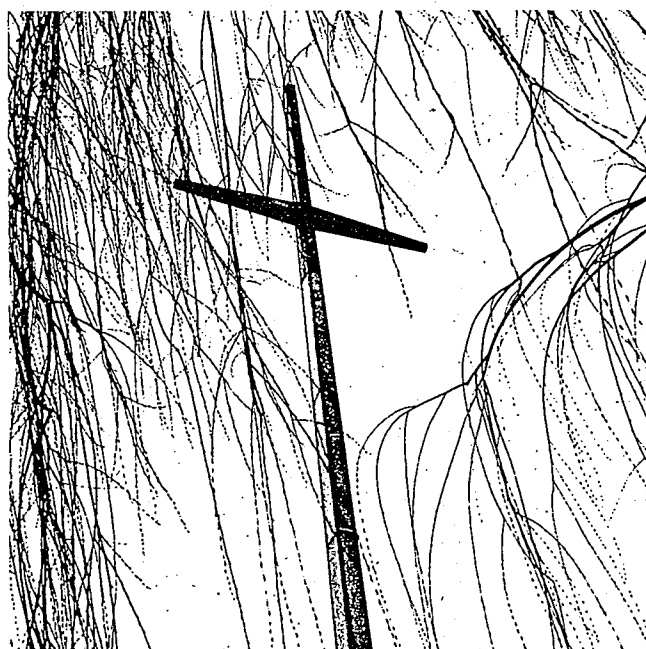
That last point disturbs me. These weeks preceding Christmas are supposed to be more than just a time to cram for the Dreaded Finals. They are not merely the season of frantic shopping. Those things loom large on our horizons, they are urgent; this is the season of Advent, and that is the essential which we regrettably forget.

Advent is a time of preparation, a time to make straight the paths. It is a time custom-built for reflection, for remembering that there is more to the feast of Christmas than the gifts given and received or the office party frivolity. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; preparing to commemorate that properly can easily fill the four weeks Advent allows us.

But it's late December, and the Advent season is more than half over. Bummed out that a golden chance is nearly gone? Don't be. I recall a story about a landowner who hired some men to work for a whole day, and other men to work an hour. At day's end they all received the same wage.

The moral is this: it is never too late to benefit from a sincere attempt to honor Christmas for more than its commercial value.

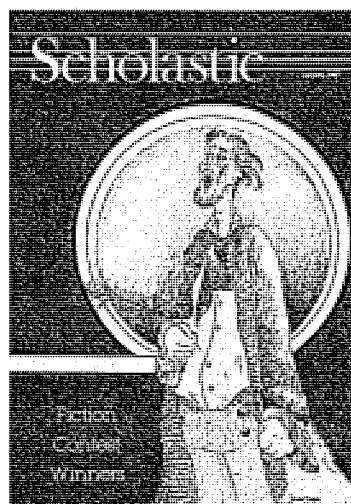
Down at the Grotto a stable scene stands, a silent reminder to all who pass that quiet corner of campus that there is something very special about this season. A moment's pause beside the crib may shift the priorities back where they belong. The urgent can take its proper place behind the essential; our Savior's birth can tower over the tinsel, and the beauty of the first real snow of the year can be enjoyed in spite of the first real final. □



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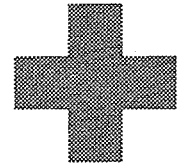
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