

Scholastic

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

OCTOBER 28, 1999

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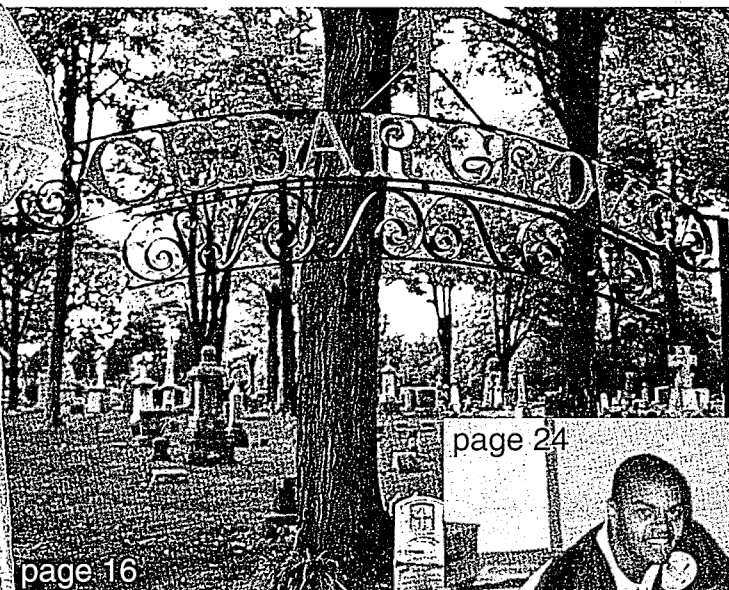
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Scholastic

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OCTOBER 28, 1999



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Cover: Tales beyond the Crypt 16

Just in time for Halloween, *Scholastic* has searched far and wide for legends and lore from Notre Dame's past. You may never walk past the cemetery again. *by Meredith W. Salisbury*

Blessed are the Poor 12

A CSC seminar, which sends students into cities to help impoverished children, has enjoyed great success. The students involved feel the experience has been as valuable for them as it has for the children. *by Kimberly Blackwell*

Community Grant 24

Recently selected as one of only 11 Division 1-A players to be a member of the 1999 Good Works Team, Grant Irons proves that there's more to life than football. *by Joe Loscudo*

Blurring the Silver Screen 28

Many Christian groups are speaking out against a new film, *Dogma*, which they see as sacrilegious. Director Kevin Smith maintains that the movie is actually pro-faith. *by Matt Cremer*

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Kids at Heart

Nothing is more exciting than watching a child at Halloween. Fortunately, even though I have moved away from the streets where I used to trick-or-treat, I still get to enjoy children's reaction to the day of ghouls, witches and Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.

Every Sunday morning I teach a third-grade CCD class at a local parish, and about two weeks before Halloween the kids begin to glow with excitement about their costumes and who is going to get the most candy.

This year the class's costumes include a vampire, a butterfly, a witch and "Dr. Frankenseuss," which is a Frankenstein monster wearing a Dr. Seuss hat. The kids have no problems discussing what their costumes will look like, what their favorite candies are or whom their trick-or-treat partners will be. Strangely, the children have little understanding of where their traditions came from or the significance behind them.

Even though we are 12 years older than these kids, we also blindly participate in the same types of rituals without having any idea of their meaning. We throw marshmallows during half-time at the football game with little knowledge of how or when the tradition got started. Most of us know that Notre Dame students are the "Fighting Irish," but few of us know how the nickname came to be. Ask around — I'm sure you'll get different stories from every person you ask.

Because these traditions develop over time and their origin is long forgotten, people often tell stories to help explain them. This happens everywhere. If you ask any resident of my hometown in York County, Penn., which community has the second highest number of golf courses per capita, they will say that we do — even though the local paper has proven that we are far down the list.

Meredith Salisbury looked into the legends and lore of our Notre Dame community to see which stories are true and which are myth. She also uncovered a few stories that have been lost with the passage of time. Her findings appear on page 16. It was her turn to write this column this week, but she couldn't write it because of her close association with the cover story.

Also Inside

Fortunately, service is one of those Notre Dame traditions in which meaning hasn't been lost with time. On page 12, Kim Blackwell takes a look at a popular service project that just finished during this October break. Also, Joe Loscudo talked with Grant Irons, one of the stars of the football team who recently was awarded for his dedication to service. That story appears on page 24.

Brian Christ
Editor in Chief

Scholastic

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*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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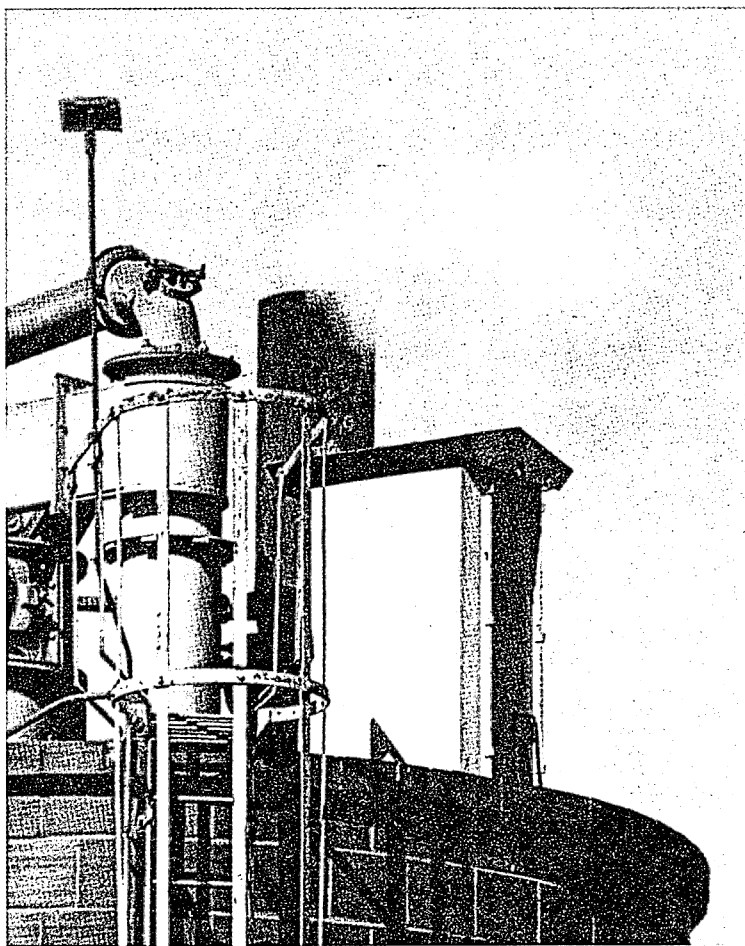
LETTERS

OUTreach ND advertising necessary

OUTreach ND's ad in *Common Sense* was good and necessary. OUTreach wants to support and educate people, but for that to happen, it has to be recognized. History has shown that it is only through student activism that the administration has begun to include gay, lesbian and bisexual students as equals. The '90s have seen a massive upsurge of gay rights activism at Notre Dame. Hundreds of students protested in the spring of 1995 after GLND/SMC was told to get off campus. So the administration formed what is now the Standing Committee on Gay and Lesbian Student Needs and created a non-student-run group. Four hundred people rallied in April 1997 for inclusion of sexual orientation in the nondiscrimination clause and we got the Spirit of Inclusion. Two hundred and seventy-five people rallied to support Father Garrick's decision to

resign in protest of the university's intolerant policies, and last year students worked for nondiscrimination again. While we might lose on the surface, student activism has transformed campus. All the *Scholastic* and *Observer* articles educate people and get them talking with their friends. Gays, lesbians, bisexuals and their straight supporters have a hard enough time facing an administration that refuses to hear our voice. Our activism should be encouraged, not condemned. When most ND students actually know that we have a nondiscrimination clause and some of the arguments for including sexual orientation in it — that's progress!

Aaron Kreider
Graduate Student, founder, Progressive Student Alliance



Something
got you
steamed?

Let it out.

Send letters to:
Scholastic
315 LaFortune Student Center
Notre Dame, IN 46556
scholast@nd.edu

Write.

LISTENING IN

"Now we're going to play a song about one of Notre Dame's oldest traditions — alcoholism."

— one student's introduction to her group's next song at Acoustic Cafe

"[The] administration won't be satisfied until the Fighting Irish win the Super Bowl and the offensive coordinator is awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine."

— attributed to Bob Davie by humor magazine Sceaala Grinn

"Friendly People, Short Homily"

— part of a sign inviting people to attend Mass at Morrissey Manor

"I'm ready to deliver, are you ready to receive?"

— pizza deliveryman calling ahead

"Typical Trojan Defense: Only 87% Effective"

— Dillon Hall banner before the USC game

DEVILISH RESPONSE. One Arizona State fan anonymously sent this postcard to Notre Dame campus media after the Sun Devils lost to the Irish 48-17.

CAL 246

CALIFORNIA, JUST HATE TO LEAVE IT BEHIND.

OCT 11, 99

California Scene
POSTCARDS



Editor:

We may have had the sh---est football team on the field Saturday, but you Domers still have to live in South Bend. Bummer!

A Sun Devil Fan
Phoenix

Editor, Student
Newspaper
Notre Dame Univ.
South Bend,
Indiana

"Notre Dame is a real strict Catholic school. ... At most other schools, you get to party."

— Cooper Rego, a former Notre Dame football player who was kicked of the team for a dorm infraction

"None of Notre Dame's problems involve violence, nor have any Notre Dame players been charged with a crime."

— findlaw.com, a legal website, explaining that Notre Dame's No. 2 ranking in its top 20 scandalous football programs list isn't as bad as it might seem

© CALIFORNIA SCENE
(619) 481-4200
PHOTO: J. MICKEY

— Also, a year round Arizona scene.

FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Irish Eyes Are Grinning

The newest publication isn't right or left — it's straight humor

A Guide to the Upcoming Millennium," reads the page. "Inside this issue: an exclusive interview with Bob Davie. Love at the NMR: a tale of two star-crossed biochem lovers. A look at classes still open for this fall semester. A new novel by Cormac McCarthy." If these articles sound interesting, don't look for the magazine in the bookstore or at the airport. Instead, check the bins in LaFortune and O'Shag for the *Sceala Grinn*, a new humor magazine published by Notre Dame students.

Scott Blaszk, a junior English major and editor-in-chief of the magazine, got the idea from one of the oldest humor magazines in the country, which is published at Harvard. When Blaszk and two of his friends went east for fall break last year, they stopped at Harvard for a day to get a firsthand look at the magazine. "We just kind of pounded on their door and asked if we could have a copy," Blaszk recalls.

Although the *Sceala Grinn* was inspired by Harvard's magazine, Blaszk and his partners have marked the project with their own brand of humor. The magazine, which is prose-centered, looks to artists like James Thurber, Woody Allen and Steve Martin for inspiration. "I've been reading a lot of humor literature in the past year and basically soaked up influence," Blaszk says. The *Sceala Grinn* gives an appropriate nod to these influences in its first issue, stating, "We ask that you not recycle the *Sceala Grinn*. Precarious funding has restricted our

circulation. Besides, the material within has been recycled enough already."

The first issue contains a wide span of pieces, from a short story entitled "Nerdlove," about a lovelorn bio major whose parents want him to pursue a liberal arts education, to an insightful "interview" with Bob Davie. Another piece entitled "From the Registrar" suggests possible courses to spice up Notre Dame's curriculum, including Fundamentals of Plussing and Minussing ("Calculators are allowed, but only to play Tetris on").

Blaszk and the other writers collaborate on all of the pieces, which explains why none of the articles is attributed to a specific writer. "A guy might come up with a story he outlined, but normally we'll all sit around and talk about it together," Blaszk says. "It's really a group effort."

The *Sceala Grinn*, which is published with private funding from alumni, will be published four times a year. The next issue is scheduled to come out not long after fall break.

Until then, interested readers can still find the inaugural issue around campus. And those who are really interested can fill out the application on the back of the magazine. Make sure to note the waiver: "Involvement with *The Sceala Grinn* could result in dizziness, nausea, a loss of respect, projectile vomiting, a tendency to end all sentences with 'man'..." And the list goes on.

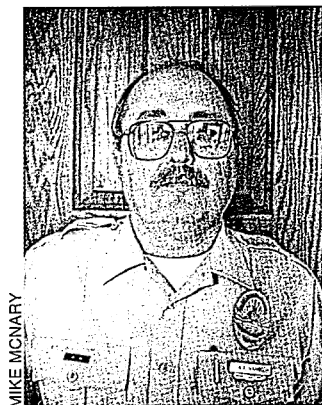
— Kathleen Corte

JUDGMENT CALLS ♦ HALLOWEEN COSTUME EDITION

Tony Driver	↓	Just remember that trick-or-treating in the women's dorms ends at midnight.
Dining Hall Lady	↔	Your charge: make sure trick-or-treaters don't take more than one piece of candy.
James K. Polk	↑	Less popular since the Chester Arthur costume was released in '92, the darkhorse candidate of 1842 is still a favorite among the kids.
Hillary Clinton	↔	Always a crowd-pleasing costume, but you'll have to wait for the people dressed as Monica Lewinsky to finish before you can get your hands on the candy bowl.
God	↑	Omnipresent and eternal. Not to be confused with the Sean Vinck costume.

Q&A

10 Questions with



Tony Vargo
Irish Guard

Officer Tony Vargo grew up in the South Bend area and has worked security with the NDSP for 10 years. His wife works in registration, entering all of our grades, but Tony says she can't be bought. During the days, Tony can be found walking the beat or manning Main Gate. Don't worry, he never gets the urge to lower the gate on people's heads, even if they are obnoxious.

Who do you like in the Series?

I've always been a Cub fan, but they'll never go anywhere. If I was gonna pick someone, I guess I'd have to go with the Yankees, even though I'm a National League fan. I was rooting for Boston and for the Mets.

What do you do during game days?

Direct traffic; I do dorm checks. We make sure the exterior of the dorms are secure, and go up and down the hallways to make sure everything's secure. It's a 12-hour day, typically.

Do you get a gun?

We are a full-fledged police department. Everyone does not have a gun because not everyone has gone to the Academy. There is the security and then there is the police. The security does not get a gun.

What do you do in that booth all day? Do you get a TV?

Oh, no, no TVs. There is a restroom, heat and air conditioning, though.

What's the most wildly implausible excuse you've ever heard to get a car on campus?

Well, these two boys, they were very polite, but they were denied in trying to get on campus. So they came back half an hour later, had gotten a couple of sub sandwiches

continued on next page →

Q&A

continued from previous page

and handed one to the driver to say they were delivery drivers. It was sort of cute.

Did you have to deny Wayne Gretzky access to campus?

No, but I got to meet him. He flew in with his own plane, actually. He wanted to sit in the student section during the game, but had to attend to business in Toronto. He should have left at about 3:00, but he got so wrapped up that he left campus at 4:15 or so.

Have you ever had to escort Regis?

Yes. He's calmed down a lot since his heart trouble.

What's your favorite cop show?

I would have to say that my favorite one that I watched was *NYPD Blue*. I watched in the early stages because one of the young men graduated from one of the local high schools and then started at UCLA. Won a couple of national titles.

His name was Mike Warren. I don't know what character he played on screen.

What's your favorite thing about campus?

The students. I really enjoy the students. When I worked nights, I would have to say the most beautiful place to be would be the Grotto.

NDSP started off with cars, then trucks, bikes and now four-wheelers. Will we ever be seeing NDSP with jetpacks or helicopters or anything? Maybe NDSP action figures in the Bookstore?

(laughing) Not to my knowledge. I don't think so, no.

—Jeremiah Conway and Jason Hammontree

HISTORY on the side

When Notre Dame was very young, security was more often a matter of dealing with student discipline problems on campus than of acting as a police force.

Willie Ord ... had not been brought up to knuckle down. After he had attempted, on four separate occasions, to strike his preceptor, the council decided to [expel him]. Father Sorin overruled the decision. The fact that Willie's bills were not paid could have been a factor. ...

In a few days ... he slugged Mr. St. Mar, who said that unless something was done about Willie Ord, the university could find itself another drawing teacher. ... In the meanwhile Willie's father had made the mistake of paying his bill. So ended the Notre Dame saga of Willie Ord.

— *Notre Dame: Its People and Its Legends*

6 Scholastic Notebook

THE GREAT SMOKE OUT

The Untouchable, Part II

ND professor prepares for pivotal anti-tobacco lawsuit

The man who brought down the Mafia has aimed his guns at the tobacco industry. G. Robert Blakey, a Notre Dame law professor, is helping to prepare the federal government's lawsuit against seven major tobacco companies — figuratively equating the Marlboro Man to Michael Corleone — and is seeking billions of dollars in compensation for Medicaid payments to smokers.

The suit alleges that the tobacco industry conspired for more than 40 years to defraud the public by covering up evidence that cigarettes are harmful and addictive, and that it targeted marketing deceptively at children. The government claims this conduct violates the federal Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act of 1970 (RICO), a law originally drafted by Blakey

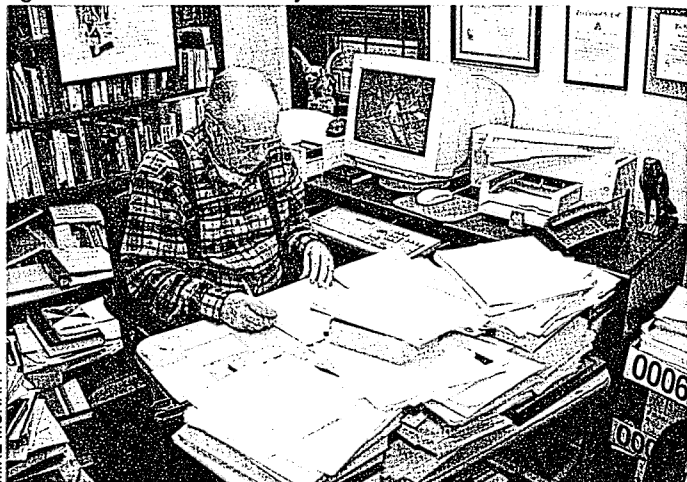
to prosecute organized crime and businesses involved in crime. Successful prosecution of the case would essentially classify major tobacco executives as racketeers and would threaten to derail the industry.

Blakey's RICO statute has been used to bring down John Gotti, dismantle Gotti's New York Mafia and target La Cosa Nostra, a powerful drug syndicate. A law professor at Notre Dame for 20 years, Blakey also has played a key role in numerous congressional crime committees, including investigations into the assassinations of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. He drafted 22 state RICO laws and worked to convince President Clinton to initiate the tobacco lawsuit.

Blakey prepared and argued similar RICO cases for the states of Texas and Florida against the tobacco industry, which resulted

in multi-billion-dollar settlements. RICO was created to target organized crime, but has been effectively extended to include drug dealers and corrupt businesses and groups. The government believes RICO also applies to the alleged deceptive conspiracy

BUSTED. The tactics that Professor Blakey's used in his anti-Mafia work will likely prove influential in lawsuits against the tobacco industry as well.



of the tobacco companies. "If RICO was, among other things, designed to infiltrate drug organizations, this fits the paradigm," Blakey says in *USA Today*. "The tobacco industry morphs from dealing in tobacco to dealing in highly addictive nicotine. They developed among themselves an industry-wide conspiracy to continue the use of drugs and targeted children. ... No family of the mob even remotely approaches this."

Many experts believe the government has a strong case, citing substantial evidence that major tobacco executives have worked since 1953 to hide the dangers of nicotine. Blakey is confident that this is not a difficult case to prove and believes that the risk could be too great for the companies to go to trial, although the tobacco companies seem to have no intention of settling soon.

— Daniel Birk

DOMELIGHTS

85%

Percentage of students on the Flex 14 plan

\$116

Average value left in students' flex accounts at fall break

Restructuring Competition

Brownson Hall's new sport center aims to bring old-fashioned sportsmanship back into the game

BY BRENDAN P. HARRIS

Most members of the university community would agree that we live on a campus that thrives on competition. From the weekly gridiron battles of the football team to the job application process for seniors — even down to the “curve-busters” in your math class — competition pervades our daily lives. But how many of us actually know what the word “competition” means? Here’s a hint: it doesn’t have anything to do with bashing an opponent’s skull or engaging in a death match with an enemy. In fact, competition is the exact opposite of the quest to defeat another person; it’s about doing better by measuring oneself against someone else.

That definition is the impetus of the university’s newest venture, the Center for Sport, Character and Culture. Located in Brownson Hall, the center is dedicated to the promotion of this definition of competition. Headed by the husband-and-wife team of Brenda Light Bredemeier and David Light Shields, the new institute is the first of its

kind in the United States. According to its brochure, “[The center] was formed in response to the widely-shared concern that sport’s character-building potential is being undermined by a ‘win at all costs’ mentality and a lack of respect for officials, opponents and coaches.” The center wishes to replace that attitude with a view of athletics as a vehicle to bring out the best in each participant, both physically and emotionally.

The co-directors of the center cite the recent home-run battles between Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa as models of what competition should be, as the two men strove with each other to push the records of athletic achievement to new heights. Each slugger provided motivation for the other to bring out his best, yet there was no animosity between the two home-run kings. “The McGwire-Sosa rivalry was competition in the true sense of the word,” said Shields, “and this is a concept we would like to apply to all athletic endeavors.”

Bredemeier and Shields were introduced to Notre Dame by F. Clark Power, the chairman of the University’s Program of Liberal Studies and a youth sports coach who proposed the idea for the center. Previously, they coauthored the book *Character Development and Physical Activity*, a study of the relationship between youth sports and moral development. This work established them as the leaders of a new area of study.

Bredemeier and Shields soon signed on to the Notre Dame project because the university seemed to provide the right environment for their work. “The mission of the university — integration of mind, body and spirit — is exactly what we are trying to do with the center,” states Bredemeier. She adds, “We also admired the coaches’ commitment to a value-based experience for their athletes, and the immense faculty interest and involvement in the athletic program here at Notre Dame.”

Bredemeier and Shields hope to use their new positions to facilitate exchange between the often-dichotomous fields of academic study and athletic endeavor. They have already started a series of discussion forums between professors and coaches during which the two groups analyze the similarities and differences between their roles in the lives of student-athletes. Bredemeier says, “I’m particularly elated at the successful atmosphere of mutual learning which is being created at these forums.”

Shields adds, “Professors and coaches alike have been fascinated to see how the other half lives. Coaches have taken some educational psychology back to their huddles, and professors have taken some motivational techniques back to the classroom.”

Another role of the center in university life will be the addition of academic courses to the curriculum. Bredemeier and Shields hope to implement an undergraduate course that combines the fields of sociology, psychology and education in the study of sport, ethics and moral development. This course would examine current ethical issues such as drug use, cheating and medical confidentiality, using university athletic and academic personnel as live resources.

The couple also hopes that the center will provide a focus for the American study of sport and society. To achieve this, Bredemeier and Shields have coordinated a series of forums with Stanford University to attract representatives from business, media, athletics and academia to discuss the moral and ethical responsibilities of sport in America. The first forum in this series will be held on Stanford’s campus in March and will feature Los Angeles Lakers Head Coach Phil Jackson as the keynote speaker.

Another national effort attempted by the new center will be the coordination of grassroots organizations around the country dedicated to the re-establishment of moral values in youth sports. According to Bredemeier, “We hope to use Notre Dame’s resources to allow the leaders of these local organizations to share ideas for the effective pursuit of their common goals.”

The motto for the new university initiative is “Celebrating the Quest for Excellence.” It is clear that with this dynamic team at the helm, the Center for Sport, Character and Culture will push to be a force that raises the bar higher in its field. This, according to Bredemeier and Shields, is the kind of competition that makes humanity great. □



MIKE MCNARY

COMING PREPARED. Brenda Light Bredemeier and David Light Shields previously worked at UC-Berkeley before coming to head up the new sport center.

Sweet Dreams *are made of this*

Anthropology Professor James McKenna's pioneering sleep research indicates the federal government is wrong to condemn co-sleeping

BY STACI PANGLE

Look outside the office door and see a colorful advertisement for an elevated baby crib that enables a parent and baby to sleep side-by-side.

Step inside the office and you'll meet the man the *New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *L.A. Times* and *Glamour* have been calling recently to discuss that very issue.

After the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC) released a statement that condemned the practice of parents sleeping with their babies (commonly called co-sleeping), Professor James McKenna, the man behind the door, has found himself in the center of controversy. McKenna, a professor of anthropology and the director of the Mother-Baby Behavioral Sleep Laboratory at Notre Dame, has conducted nearly 20 years of research on the behavior of mothers and infants during bed-sharing and is a passionate supporter of co-sleeping. Several of his essays have been published in *Pediatrics*, *Early Human Development*, *Sleep* and the magazine of the World Health Organization. "I suppose I'm a pioneer in this field," he acknowledges.

Pioneer or not, McKenna's findings contradict the recommendation of the CPSC. The report, published in the October issue of the *Archives of Pediatrics and Adolescent Medicine*, maintains that the practice of co-sleeping can result in the adult rolling on top of or next to the baby, smothering the infant. To arrive at this finding, the CPSC reviewed the death certificates of 515 infants and found they could categorize the fatalities into two scenarios: entrapment or co-sleeping. Of the 515 certificates reviewed, 394 deaths resulted from suffocation or from strangulation caused by entrapment of the child's head in various struc-

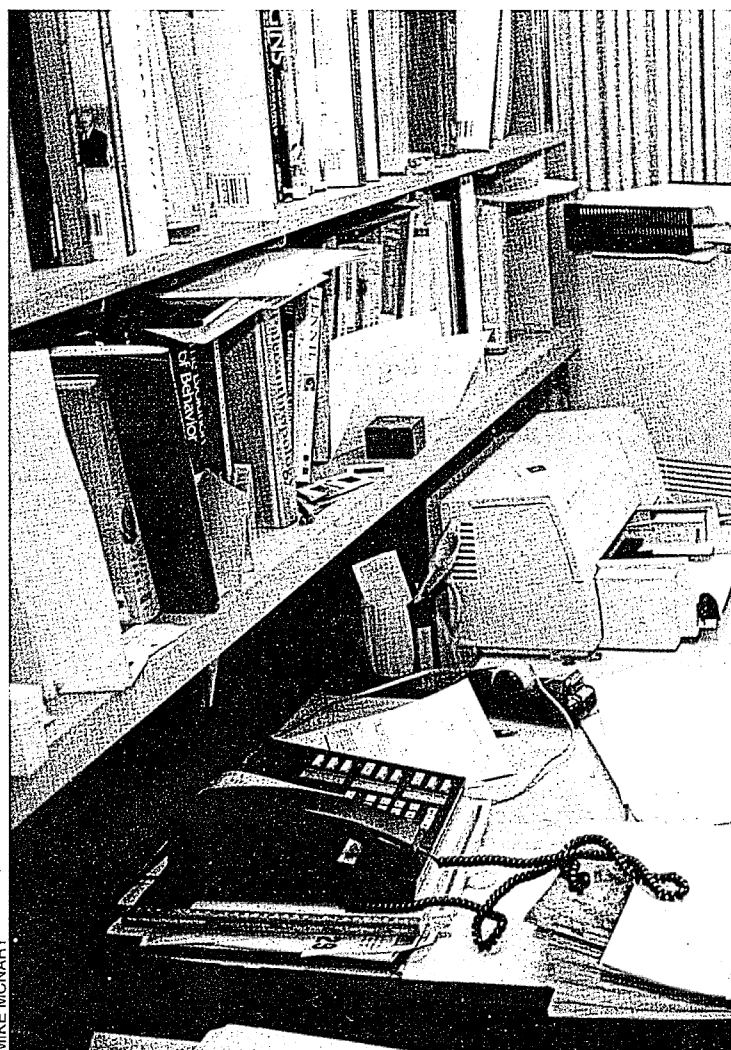
tures of the bed, such as between the mattress and the wall, bed frame, headboard, footboard, bed railings or adjacent furniture. The remaining 121 deaths were reported to be due to a parent, caregiver or sibling rolling on top of or against the baby while sleeping, causing suffocation.

"Don't sleep with your baby or put the baby down to sleep in an adult bed," CPSC Commissioner Ann Brown states. "The only safe place for babies is in a crib that meets current safety standards and has a firm, tight-fitting mattress."

This type of generalization, McKenna argues, is unacceptable. He asserts that the report was based not on scientific study but on what he calls anecdotal evidence. He notes that the death certificates do not specify the condition of the parents, infant sleep position, whether the bed sharers smoked, took drugs, suffered from depression, bottle-fed or were even aware the baby was present in bed—all of which are critical factors that significantly increase the chances of an overlay or Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS). McKenna suggests that the equivalent would be the absurd suggestion that because some babies die when inadequately restrained in automobiles, babies should never ride in automobiles. "Their study simply doesn't prove

anything," he says.

"The commissioner and her co-workers are flat-out wrong when they imply that sleeping mothers or fathers are like wooden rolling pins, no more responsive to the sounds, touches, cries and needs of their co-sleeping infants than are the mattresses on which they sleep," McKenna says. "Moreover, by equating mothers' and fathers' bodies with material 'products' or 'hazards' over which she has responsibility, the com-



MIKE MCNARY

missioner commits to a morally and scientifically indefensible position, and steps far outside the responsibilities and expertise of her office."

"What is also not known," he adds, "is the number of infants sleeping in adult beds who did not die. In other words, before making statements of relative risk, it is necessary to know both the numerator, deaths, and the denominator, infants who did not die."

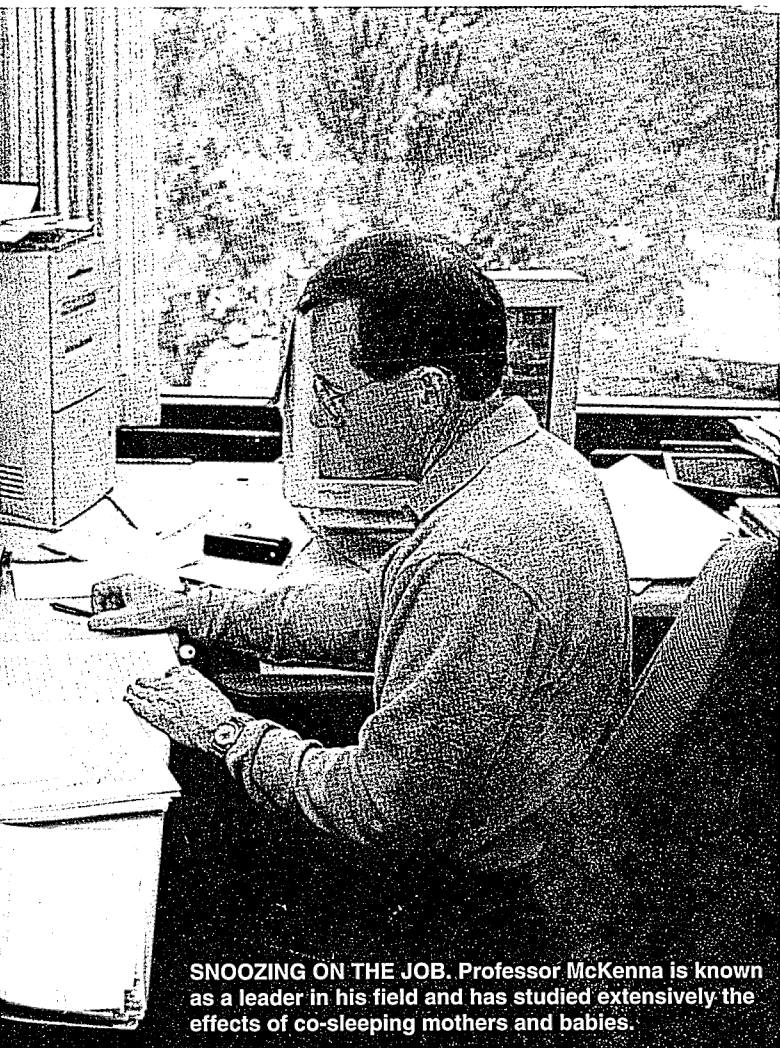
McKenna acknowledges that the CPSC report is beneficial to the extent that it identifies hazardous components of the bed structure itself. The report distinguishes the sleeping environment in which each fatality occurred by charting adult bed, waterbed, daybed and portable bed rail deaths. According to the report, the majority of the deaths recorded occurred on adult beds.

McKenna's work in this field has been an ongoing project that predates the CPSC report by quite some time. His motives, too, are more general. In the interest of an anthropologist, McKenna is attempting to determine exactly what is the physiological

"normal" sleeping condition for infants. "Sleeping arrangements are about defining and building relationships," he says. "This is about a parent's decision on how he can best protect a child and show affection." McKenna and his colleagues have documented this affection by using infrared video cameras that can capture the spontaneous touches, caresses and whispers parents give to their baby during the night. His studies show that even in the deepest stages of sleep, mothers respond within seconds to a strange noise, sudden movement, grunt or cough of their co-sleeping infant. The mother's proximity thus helps to regulate the infant's breathing, sleep state, arousal patterns, heart rates and body temperature. The baby is also stimulated to breast-feed more easily, and so receives more antibodies to fight disease.

"Their study simply doesn't prove anything."

—James McKenna



SNOOZING ON THE JOB. Professor McKenna is known as a leader in his field and has studied extensively the effects of co-sleeping mothers and babies.

"Human infants need constant attention and contact with other human beings because they are unable to look after themselves," McKenna continues. "Unlike other mammals, they cannot keep themselves warm, move about or feed themselves until relatively late in life. It is their extreme neurological immaturity at birth and slow maturation that make the mother-infant relationship so important."

In light of these findings, it may seem strange that Western culture believes co-sleeping to be especially dangerous. Parents are often convinced that sleeping with their child will make the child too dependent on them or increase the chances of their infant dying from SIDS.

McKenna emphasizes that people all over the world sleep with their children, and while bed-sharing hasn't been proven to reduce SIDS, in places where co-sleeping is the norm, such as Japan, the SIDS rate is significantly lower than it is in the United States. He says, "The CPSC seems to be catering to [the Western world's] preferred social ideology instead of scientific data."

Since transferring from Pomona College in California to Notre Dame two years ago, McKenna has conducted his research at the Mother-Baby Behavioral Sleep Laboratory, which has been funded for the past decade by the National Institute of Child Health and Development. This semester, 21 undergraduates are conducting their own studies under McKenna's supervision to explore the social, emotional and medical effects of co-sleeping.

Meghan Lynch, a senior anthropology major, stayed overnight at the lab to observe the interaction between two parents and their baby. "I think that the idea of gender dynamics during sleep is very interesting," she says. "For instance, what is the role of the father during the night? What is 'a good night's sleep' anyway?"

Junior John Friskel enjoys studying at the sleep lab and believes that parent-infant co-sleeping "just seems more natural." He adds, "Professor McKenna really knows what he's doing and it's awesome to work with someone at the forefront of this issue."

McKenna, while at the forefront, isn't the sole objector to the CPSC recommendation. He notes that several other experts and members of the media agree that the CPSC judgment is too simplistic and are protesting it vehemently. He believes that the commission will most likely be forced to retract its position.

In the meantime, McKenna continues to answer the calls that seem to be coming in from all over the nation. In newspaper columns, he mentions an excerpt of Maya Angelou's *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. After Angelou realizes that she won't crush her newborn son by sleeping with him, she is told, "See, you don't have to think about doing the right thing. If you're for the right thing, then you do it without thinking." □



We GATHER Together



Students emphasize community through dorm Masses

BY MARY BETH FAY

Community. One deceptively simple word ingrained in the hearts and minds of Notre Dame students from the moment they open their first-year application. Broadly, the Notre Dame community is one of social growth — growth in knowledge and understanding, and growth together in shared faith. Here at Notre Dame, our faith communities often take their strongest form in dorm Masses.

The consensus as to the purpose of dorm Mass, among both students and rectors, is that it provides an opportunity to come together and grow in faith with one another while building up the community and fostering a sense of unity. Sue Hinderlider, rector of Howard Hall, says, "The purpose of a liturgy is to gather together the believing community. ... Here at Notre Dame, our believing communities take the form of those who live together, who study together, who play together."

Father David Scheidler, rector of St. Edward's Hall, adds, "The dorm Mass is one of the most effective ways of fostering a sense of residence hall identity."

Father Tom Doyle, rector of Keough Hall, says, "What we do on Sunday night at 10 o'clock is the most important thing we do in the hall." He adds that our lives in our dorm communities are more than simply sharing a building, and that through the dorm Mass we are brought together to share in all our weekly experiences.

Students also agree that the dorm Mass is an integral component of fostering unity in the dorm. Molly Morin, a sophomore from Welsh Family Hall, feels that dorm Masses are a good way of "promoting fellowship within the dorm."

One of the elements that makes each individual hall's Mass unique is the chapel itself and how each dorm chooses to effectively utilize its worship space. The chapels on campus vary in age and style, from old

and traditional to relatively modern chapels built only a few years ago. No matter what the style of their dorm's chapel, rectors point to specific elements in the worship space itself that serve to enrich the liturgy and build community.

Most of the older dorms on campus still retain some or most of the traditional, pre-Vatican II features they with which they were originally constructed. For example, both Dillon Hall and Alumni Hall still have altars built for the purpose of preaching the Mass in Latin with the presider's back to the congregation. Although these chapels have been modified since Vatican II and these features are no longer in use, the rectors of

Edward's Hall," he says. "The chapel itself does make it a distinctive experience of worship, because there is a strong sense that we are joined by all the men who have lived in the dorm before us."

Although old chapels rich in tradition create a spirit of reverence and unity, the same effect is by no means lost in newer chapels or overcome by changes that serve to modernize older chapels. Far from taking away from the experience of the Mass, many argue that modern touches and renovations serve to enrich the liturgy and strengthen the community. The main change that has been taking place in chapels on the campus since Vatican II is the removal of

"The dorm Mass is one of the most effective ways of fostering a sense of residence hall identity."

— Father David Scheidler, St. Edward's Hall rector

these dorms feel that the continuing presence of these elements serves to foster an atmosphere of reverence and prayer.

Father George Rozum, rector of Alumni Hall, and Father Paul Doyle, rector of Dillon Hall, both point out that their chapels are very different from anywhere else a student might visit during the day — a difference that, due to their traditional appearance, is apparent as soon as you enter. Paul Doyle feels that Dillon is "blessed to have something that says 'sacred space'" and that the change in atmosphere when one enters the chapel is one that both invites and supports prayer.

Scheidler points out the value of a chapel steeped in rich tradition and calls St. Edward's chapel "one of the oldest and most historically significant on campus." He believes that the history of such an old chapel is important, offering the facts that Father Sorin often said Mass there and that Knute Rockne and his son received their first communion there as examples. "[These] help to foster a sense of appreciation for the rich tradition of the home of the men of St.

pews from chapels and the use of chairs or even floor space as a seating area for the congregation. Though many chapels switched to chairs as early as the '60s and '70s, there are exceptions. Cavanaugh Hall is in the process of removing its pews while Alumni plans on keeping its original pews. Newer dorms such as Keough and McGlinn were constructed with the intention of using chairs. With a few exceptions, people agree that the use of chairs or floor space works to create an environment of unity. For Hinderlider, "Pews do present a barrier in worship. Chairs allow more freedom of movement, as does our arrangement of floor seating. This naturally contributes to a greater sense of being together without barriers."

According to Paul Doyle, arrangement within the chapel is also important. He explains that the chairs in Dillon's chapel are set in a ring about two-thirds of the way around the altar to suggest the atmosphere of a meal in which the congregation gathers around the altar table.

However, still other people insist that the

debate of whether pews, chairs or floor seating is better is a moot point. Tom Doyle, for example, does not think anyone can generalize and say that one is better than the other because the arrangement of the chapel is subjective to the community's specific needs. Scheidler maintains that the Mass itself is the focus, not the building. He notes that despite initial wariness and even resentment, students have quickly gotten over furniture changes made in the chapel in the past.

Besides the worship space itself, rectors point to the high attendance and sense that the Masses are dorm-specific — that is, geared toward each residential community's specific needs — as two additional elements that make dorm Masses a special way to worship. Sister Sue Bruno, rector of Pasquerilla West, notes that although a small group might go together to a pep rally or a game, the dorm Mass is the one activity at which more than half the dorm's residents consistently come together. Tom Doyle also counts the consistent high attendance rate as one of the elements that en-

riches the Mass, noting that upperclassmen often encourage underclassmen to come to the dorm Masses. Hinderlinder says the fact that the liturgy is geared toward the congregation's specific needs as a residential community is also an important element that serves to promote community.

When asked what she feels distinguishes Mass at Howard Hall from the Masses of other dorms, she simply responds, "The fact that it is *our* community celebration, the time when we come together with all *our* differences, with all *our* needs, with all *our* gifts, as the women of Howard Hall."

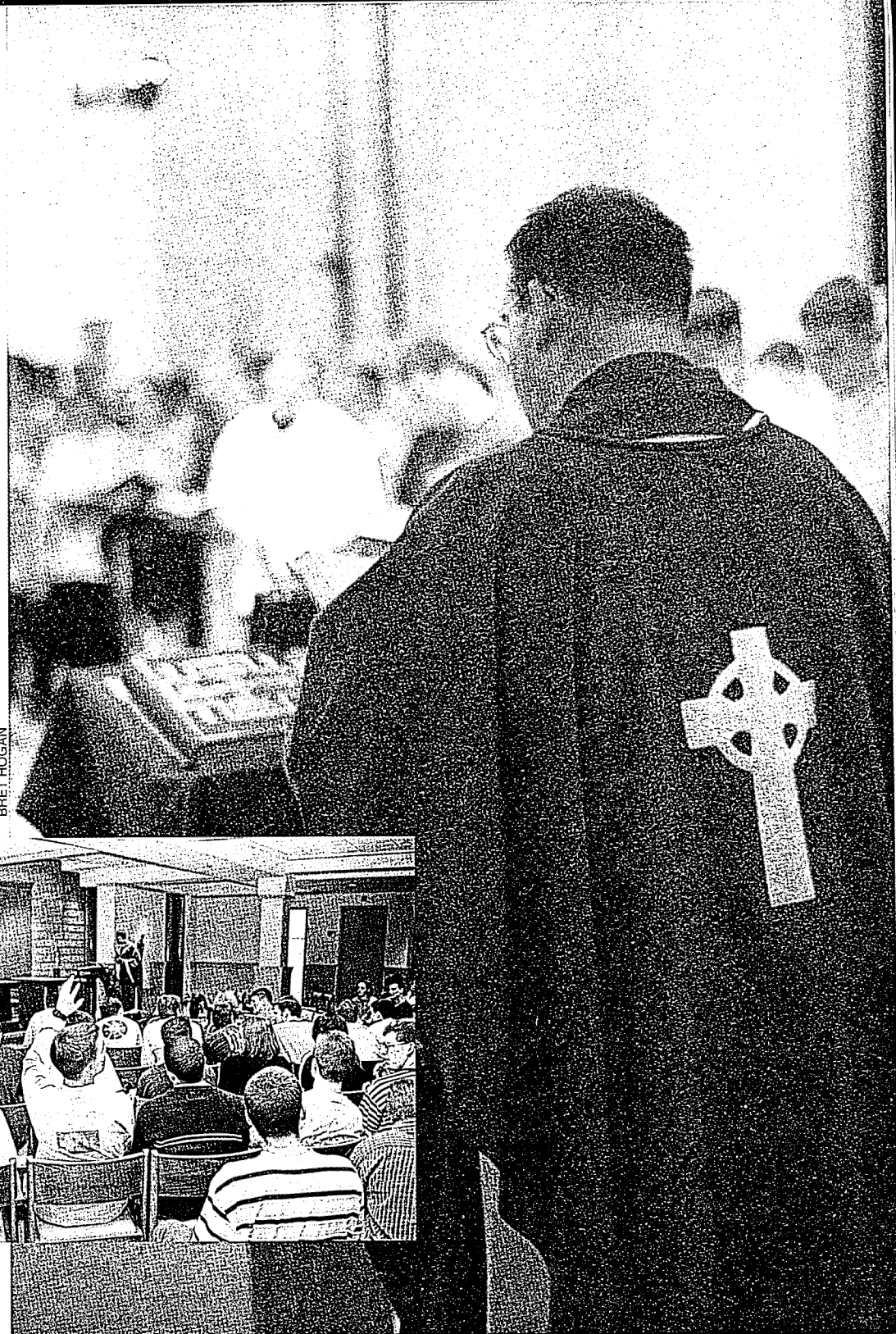
Rozum and Paul Doyle also point to the dorm-specific announcements that take place at the end of the liturgy as one of the elements that truly make the dorm Mass their own and help to build a sense of community.

A final element that many rectors feel makes dorm Masses special is the student-

provided music. Bruno feels that in the years that she has been rector of Pasquerilla West the musical group has been strong, consisting of varying numbers of singers and musicians from both the dorm and off campus. Rozum agrees that Alumni Hall's choir and musicians are a great blessing which enrich the Mass. Scheidler sums up the dimension that music adds to the Mass: "I do believe that music can be more impor-

tant than even the homily. It touches the soul the way no words can."

Dorm Masses are an integral part of both religious and community life at Notre Dame. They help to foster a sense of unity in the dorm and allow for intimate opportunities for the community of the faithful to grow together in their beliefs. The dorm Mass is certainly a prime example of the experience of Notre Dame community. □



BRET HOGAN



MIKE MCNARY

GATHER US IN. Whether the people sit in pews or on chairs, crowds at Sunday evening Mass in the dorms create a sense of community.

Blessed are the Poor

Fall service seminar aims to help inner-city children living in poverty

BY KIMBERLY BLACKWELL

They are tragic but accurate statistics: one in every five children in this country lives in poverty, and one in 11 lives below half the poverty level. With its Children and Poverty seminar, the Center for Social Concerns is trying to make students aware of these discouraging facts and encouraging them to make a difference.

During fall break of last year, the CSC offered a new pilot program called Children and Poverty, a week-long seminar that sent students to New York City and Boston to volunteer with children and to meet with organizations that deal with different aspects of poverty. The one-credit seminar met with such a positive response — 70 applications for 24 spots — that it was continued for this year, with about 20 students being accepted. The seminar was inspired and developed by students in the class “Children and Poverty: Developmental Implications,” a 400-level psychology class taught by Dr. Jay Brandenberger.

“Poverty has many repercus-

sions — welfare, abuse, [difficult] access to health care and education,” Brandenberger explains. Through experiential learning, students learn about these issues and may be inspired to take action themselves. After completing the seminar, they gather in follow-up discussion groups and write reflection papers about their experiences.

During their week in the inner city, students are hosted by churches, service organizations and, on occasion, alumni. “We stay with whoever will host us,” Brandenberger says. “We’re not a sports team, and we don’t really have the money to put

everyone up.” This year, the students in New York stayed in a Lutheran church, while the students in Boston were with the diocesan Office of Youth Ministry. The students seem comfortable with the arrangements. As senior Jen Ptacin notes, “We ended up helping serve food to the homeless in our church’s soup kitchen.”

Ptacin, who participated in the seminar last year, coordinated the New York program for last week. The participants kept a busy schedule during the week. In the morning, they met with two different organizations, such as UNICEF or the famous Hale



PHOTO COURTESY OF ROMA-KATHLEEN REODICA

DOWNTOWN. The Center for Social Concerns brought participants to New York City and Boston to help children living in poverty. This one-credit seminar, finishing its second year, was well received by the student body, with 70 applications for 24 spots in 1998.

House, to learn about the politics and policies being used to help children. Later, they worked with children around the city, for instance, by tutoring in East Harlem. In contrast to the first year, says Ptacin, "There was a larger service component. I thought the time we spent with kids and the organizations was really balanced."

"It's not like they're destitute. Their standards of living aren't the same as ours, but they still do fine."
—Jen Ptacin

Senior Angie Carbonetti was the coordinator for the Boston program. She notes that several changes were made for this year, the most important of which was the increased one-on-one time that participants spent with the children. "They really thrive on individualized attention, since most of them don't get it at home," says Carbonetti. "It was good that this year we had more contact with the kids."

The Boston group helped with after-school programs and took children to the zoo. They also volunteered at a program for truant

and middle-schoolers who had been expelled from the public school system for a year. Carbonetti enjoyed working with the students at this school. "One day we were split up into different classes. My class went down to the gym and we just starting playing basketball," she says. "It was one of my favorite things because it wasn't helping

with homework or tutoring—it was an even playing field."

Ptacin liked helping at Fresh Youth Initiative, an organization that encourages children to get involved with service to others even less fortunate. On the day her group was there, kids were making sleeping bags to donate to the homeless. If it sounds surprising that children in poverty do service themselves, it shouldn't. After all, as Ptacin says, "It's not like they're destitute. Their standards of living aren't the same as ours, but they still do fine."

Ptacin and Carbonetti agree that the children with whom they worked, far from being hopeless or uninspired as one might think, had generally positive attitudes. "They're incredibly articulate," Carbonetti says. "They can state their problems, say why the public schools weren't working for them. And they're all optimistic about going back to school." Adds Ptacin, "In tutoring, there were kids who stepped up to leadership roles within those groups."

The seminar seems to have been a positive experience for all the participants, who now have been introduced both to the problems facing children in poverty and to the solutions that are being offered. "We had a great group—the students really came together," Ptacin says about the New York program participants. She hopes that some of them have been inspired to want to go back someday and continue to work for change. Brandenburg thinks that is likely, and he is pleased with the direction the seminar has taken this year.

"We can all agree policy change directed for children is important," he says. "And I'm excited that Notre Dame students can play a role in that." □

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Campus by the Gipper Watch

Midterms are over, the evil Trojans of USC have been defeated in a heart-stopping victory and a weekend of tricks and treats is on its way. The Gipp can't complain ... well, too much, anyway.

The Gipp wants to know, what's up with this Tommy Hilfiger deal? Two logos on one item of clothing is too much for the Gipp. Tommy shoes are one thing, but can Notre Dame get any more elitist when the bookstore is ready to stock up on the signature ND Tommy golf polo? Wait a second, the Gipp hears something.

Oh, that's just Our Lady from her perch on the dome crying, "Sellout."

Furry Friends at NDH

The Gipp has been notified that four Ecolab trucks were spotted near the loading dock at North Dining Hall. Emblazoned on the sides of the trucks were the fateful words, "Guaranteed Pest Elimination." The tipper, who also provided the photographic evidence featured on this page, commented, "Makes me wonder what's in the stir fry." Indeed.

Hit Me With Your Best Shot

Those darn lacrosse players are at it again. A few

weeks ago they had a little party to celebrate "brotherhood" and "introduce" new members to the team. (Note: The Gipp omitted the words "fraternity" and "initiate" as to avoid getting the lacrosse team in trouble with *du Lac* and thereby to avoid getting himself in trouble with the lacrosse team.) It's tradition that that the boys convince a freshman to put on a helmet while the upperclassmen proceed to beat him over the head with pots, pans and other kitchen supplies. The tipper adds, "I distinctly remember a cookie sheet."

As if that were not enough of a tip to make the Gipp's day, the tipper goes on to mention that "the most abusive pot handler was the same lacrosse player who streaked through Recker's last year!" Avid Gipp readers will remember this character from last year's column. There was no report of full frontal nudity at this lacrosse party, but the team members did remove their shirts. The Gipp won't repeat what the tipper said

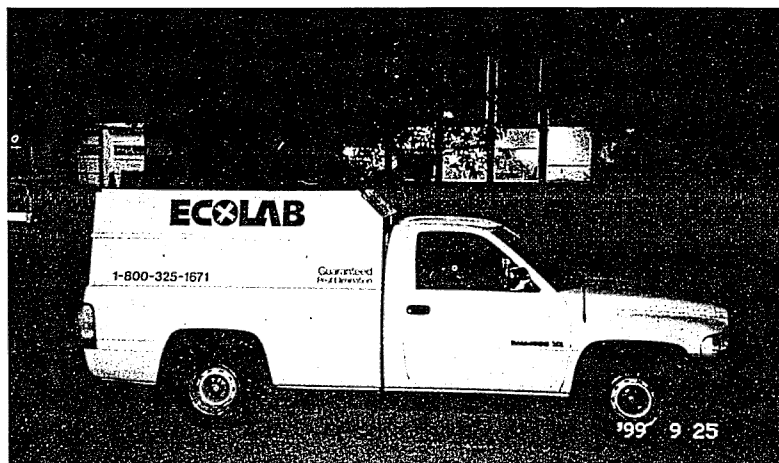
about the pallor, chest hair or estimated bra size of the Lacrosse Streaker. After all, those in Recker's last year already know.

Gipplettes

G On the night before the Oklahoma game, a bunch of kids were walking back to campus from Turtle Creek. As they approached the stadium, somebody noticed that the gates were open. The group decided to take advantage of this rare opportunity for a free, unguided tour. Soon the hooligans were running around the field and through the stands. Unfortunately, their fun ended when campus security arrived on the scene and busted up the party. The security guards thought they had caught all the trespassers when they left the stadium and locked the gates behind them, but they were mistaken. One young man had been hiding and was left behind to sleep in the stadium, Rudy-style. The Gipp is sure that the concrete floor was less than cozy, but oh, what a great story to tell the grandkids someday.

G Well, it wouldn't be a complete edition of the Gipp if we didn't include a little urination, now would it? A certain Morrissey man celebrated his 20th birthday with 20 shots. In the wee hours of the morning, some friends woke up to find him peeing on their radiator. According to the tipper, he now owes these friends "a new carpet, one pair of shoes, assorted business books, a healthy dose of counseling and some air fresheners." The Gipp would like to let these Manorites know that although urine stained accounting books may not be fun, it could have been worse. One Dillon man was also caught relieving himself in his dorm room. The Gipp won't say how he was relieving himself but will mention that there is a reason this is Gipplette *number two*.

G At first, nobody really suspected anything when one particular Keenan lad started taking his portable phone into the computer room to talk. After all, maybe he just liked his privacy while he talked with his folks. Or maybe not. The more time he spent in the computer room, the more his sectionmates began to think that the little guy was actually chatting with an operator of another kind. They proved their theory by intruding on his conversation at the, um, shall we say, "moment of truth"? Hopefully this youth soon will discover the cheaper method to satisfy his needs in the computer room (let's just hope he's quiet about it). □



GHOUTISH

FUN

A trip to the Niles Haunted House that even Dante would love

BY ZAC KULSRUD

Friday, 10:15 p.m. Central Time, somewhere in the environs of Niles, Mich.

We arrive. Visibility is low. Fog curls over the dirt road. Doug, riding shotgun, spins a ghostly yarn that would boil the blood of Lucifer himself. In the backseat, Katie shrieks — a portent that in minutes we will enter the Den of Serpents. The car rumbles over craggy potholes until suddenly a sign appears in the mist: Niles Haunted House Scream Park, next right.

My foot, burdened with fear, squeezes the throttle. We roar forward, a gate appears and toward it I sharply turn. Then the sound of a scratch on the car's hood like fingernails on a chalkboard. I slam on the brakes. Inches from the windshield lies a steel cable. A sign appears above the cable. Then the curses come: "Zac, you #@%!" Damn. Park closed at 11:00 — Michigan time.

Saturday, 10:15 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, Niles Scream Park parking lot

Enter hell proper and find a parking spot. Exit car. Ignore friends' jeers about the eagle-wingspan-length scratch that was engraved on my hood the night before. Proceed toward the entrance of the Scream Park. Read warning. Among other things: "No weapons, no vulgar speech, no fire, no pregnant women." Interesting. Security is tight. A man with a "Florida Kick Boxing" hat brandishes a metal detector and seizes a lighter from a dumfounded woman in front of me. Explanation: "We had some people try to rip down some things in the house last night — got to be careful now." My friends and I pass inspection and then go through a gate bearing an inscription in somber colors: "ABANDON ALL HOPE, ALL YOU WHO ENTER." I turn to my fellow souls and say, "Friends, these words I see are cruel. But be strong, and let all your cowardice die on this spot!"

10:30 p.m. The first circle

The aroma of burning souls surrounds us. We pass through a vestibule of nine port-o-lets. A woman cries and bangs on one of the doors: "Incontinent am I, let me in!" The horror — surely we have begun our descent into eternal damnation!

Before we can muse upon our fate, we hear a macabre howl and sizzle. We turn and see the listless demon-keeper of the "Fry Freddie" game hand a child a ball, which the child hurls toward the lever of a dismembered dunktank. A direct hit and a bright light: A mannequin convulses in an electric chair while smoke envelops him. For 20 seconds the mannequin's deathly voice projects from two industrial amplifiers. The child seems a regular in this circle and, to our astonishment, disregards the screams. He takes his prize, a Niles Scream Park water bottle, and is whisked away in the swirling winds of the inferno.

10:40 p.m. The haunted house

We sell our souls for six dollars and are admitted into the haunted house. "Over a hundred rooms — you can see them all in seven trips!" proclaims Beetlejuice, who in a fit of avarice seizes our money and stamps our hands. Beetlejuice divides our group so that I am paired with Katie, an image of Francesca herself, who clutches my arm as we enter into the darkness.

For five minutes we wind through tunnels in blackness. An occasional dim light reveals scabbards and ancient bowling trophies on the wall. Then jazzy Addams Family music plays and we enter a room of mirrors and paintings hanging on the walls. We get two good scares from hands reaching out from behind the frames and proceed to the next room. A mounted T-Rex head hangs from the ceiling and a serpent hisses in the corner. To pass we must edge in front of the twitching snake and, distracted, the dinosaur's mammoth maw lurches toward us. It knocks Katie on the head, who in her fright screams, "Hey, can I sue for that?"

After a few more rooms, in which the ratio of attempted frights to actual scares approximates a 3:1 ratio, we enter the Psychedelic Tunnel. A plain-clothed demon warns us not to touch the rails of the bridge as someone recently puked on them. We are not disappointed. We pass through a rotating pipe bearing neon Jackson Pollock designs and almost lose our stomachs before exiting.

10:55 p.m. Somewhere in lower hell

Katie and I compare notes with our friends. We reach a consensus and give the house a collective one thumb up. We then decide to test our fate at the Nightmare in 3-D. A three-dollar fee yields us access to a neon painted labyrinth and a pair of 3-D glasses.

We quickly learn that we have descended much further, for the Nightmare in 3-D affords frights that pale those of the haunted house. In the maze all role-playing game gurus find refuge, for the walls bear scenes that can only be compared to images appearing in the imaginations of those playing marathon rounds of Dungeons and Dragons. Creatures such as the "World's Fattest Man," "The World's Beard Woman" and "Alligator Man" make us jump in the surreal, postmodern-art inspired, spatially corrupt world. In this place our souls are well sold: the entire crew gives the Nightmare in 3-D two enthusiastic thumbs up.

We think our souls are condemned to the Scream Park forever, but by grace we are saved: A man in a Chuckie mask accosts us and kicks us out because one of us had lit a cigarette. Indeed, strict are the rules in Hades. So beware, my fellow Dantes who venture to Niles, you who play with fire in this hell will surely be expelled. □

Tales beyond the Crypt

by Meredith Salisbury
photos by Mike McNary

If you've ever taken the Notre Dame campus tour, you probably know that whenever the Dome is regilded, the old gold is saved up and later added, particles at a time, to the paint used on the football helmets before each game. At least, you thought you knew that. The gold from the Dome never goes anywhere near the football helmets — it's just another part of the university lore that's so pervasive here.

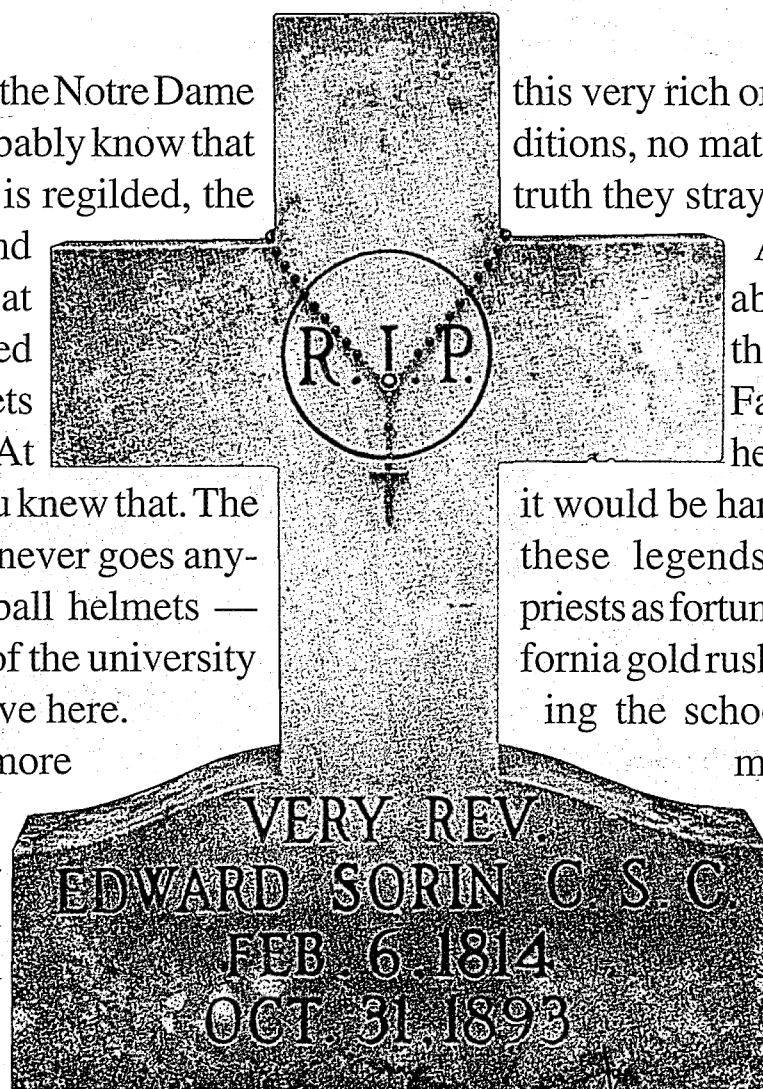
Notre Dame has more than its share of legends and lore. The Irish mystique, you might say, is based on

this very rich oral history, these traditions, no matter how far from the truth they stray.

And it's understandable. With a larger-than-life founder like Father Sorin, pioneer hero and loose cannon,

it would be hard to escape some of these legends. Sorin, who sent priests as fortune-hunters to the California gold rush to see about financing the school. Sorin, who sent

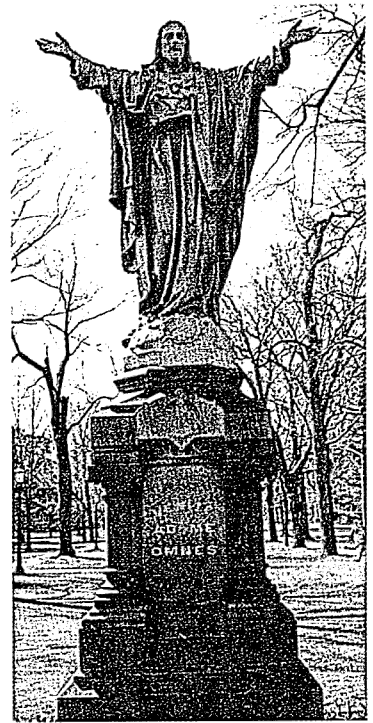
more priests as vandals to destroy a neighbor's dam because he thought the swampy ground



around it was the cause of the outbreaks of malaria, cholera and typhoid on campus. Sorin, who stood strong when the Main Building burned to the ground, and demanded not only that the community rebuild it, but that they seek funding to cover the new dome in pure gold. Sorin, who when the new bell for Sacred Heart cracked, decided on the only solution: buying an even larger bell, the biggest ever made, as well as an entire carillon that still has more bells than any other carillon in the country.

Some might say all this background has made Irish students a little superstitious. When a violent storm knocked down the statue of Jesus in front of Sorin College four or five years ago — during Holy Week, no less — the senior class feared it was a bad omen. They petitioned Father Malloy to expedite repairs to prevent whatever terrible things might be foreshadowed by the collapse of the statue. In what some see as an ironic resurrection parallel, the Sacred Heart statue was restored to its glory close to Easter of that year.

In the spirit of Halloween, when all legends — founded in truth or not — receive their proper due, *Scholastic* takes a look at some of the hauntings, myths and lore that shape Notre Dame. Some of these are well known even among subway alums; some will surprise even the most avid of Notre Dame fans and historians. Enjoy.



Waving Tombstone

Some of the less-known legends seem to have been perpetuated among certain classes. The class of '21, Charles Davis remembers, had a few of these. One was what he calls the "Waving Tombstone." Students who walked back to campus late at night (after the trolley had shut down for the evening) went past the cemetery on Notre Dame Avenue. According to Davis, "Several midnight returnees claimed they noticed the marker as it slowly listed about 14 degrees windward, holding such an instant or so, then returning to its normal position."

Driverless Horse and Buggy

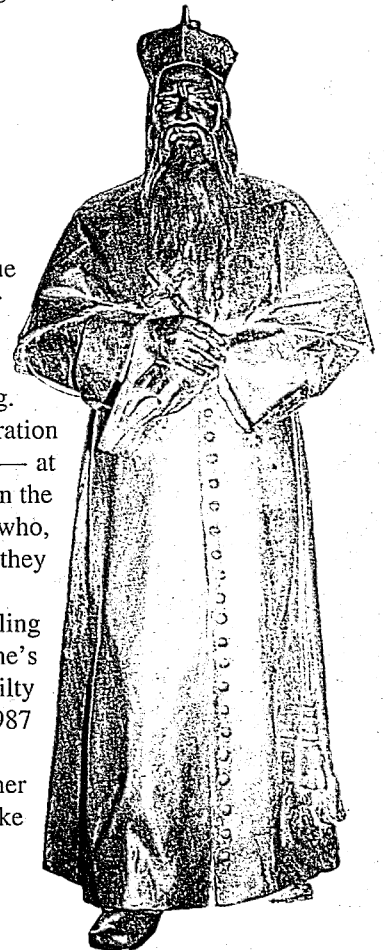
The Class of '21 enjoyed another legend: that of the "Driverless Horse and Buggy." Davis records, "It was a simple folktale of a heartbroken animal known to make nocturnal visits to the grave of his master, who had supposedly lost his life mysteriously with the horse as the only witness." This tale, as well as the moving headmarker story, seem to be localized to the students in that class. But more than 50 years after the graduation, class members were still talking about those legends.

Sorin's Great Adventures

Unlike the immobile Father Sorin statue on God Quad, the three-foot bronze replica of the Sorin statue located on the first floor of Sorin Hall has seen its share of the world. In December of 1952, senior Camillus Witzleben found the statue by the post office, clearly a minor prank that would be easily forgiven. Instead of returning it, however, Witzleben and his friend August Manier absconded with the statue and buried it in one of the sand pits on the golf course. They planned to dig it up in the spring. However, someone else took advantage of their work, and as the theft was publicized, the administration started receiving postcards and telegrams from Father Sorin, who said he was having a great time — at Eisenhower's inaugural ball, with the Pope and in Tokyo, among other places around the world. When the ground finally thawed in the spring, Witzleben remembers, he and Manier retrieved the statue (who, apparently, had *not* been at the inaugural ball) from the golf course and spirited it off to Chicago, where they stored it at a friend's house.

That May, Witzleben and Manier printed handbills announcing the imminent return of Father Sorin, telling people to gather at Main Circle to greet the wandering president. Fortunately for the pranksters, everyone's attention was on the recently arrived statue which had somehow "appeared" at the circle, and the guilty parties scurried away unnoticed. Witzleben finally admitted to his role in the statue's adventures in a 1987 essay for a book published by the Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia.

Since Witzleben and Manier's escapades in the early '50s, Father Sorin has gone traveling many other times. A 1991 *Notre Dame Magazine* article recalls that Sorin was found in a rowboat on Saint Mary's Lake and another time was spotted enjoying an aerial view of campus while hanging out of a helicopter.



The Haunting of Washington Hall

Nearly everyone knows about the ghost — or ghosts — of Washington Hall. The oldest one is supposed to be the spirit of a steeplejack who fell to his death in the theater in 1886. His ghost cannot leave the building, it is said, until someone else dies the same way to take his place.

The far more famous ghost in Washington Hall is supposedly that of George Gipp, who contracted the strep infection that killed him by sleeping on the steps of the theater when he came back after a night on the town too late to get into his dorm. Toward the end of 1920, when Washington Hall still housed several professors and some students, residents of the building began hearing things: doors slammed shut when they were already locked, a nonexistent trumpet blared,

disembodied moans echoed through the halls. They felt things, too, describing it as the feeling of a cold hand on their back. And finally, one of the residents said he saw the ghost — and that it was none other than George Gipp, who had recently died. To this day, employees and visitors alike will tell you of their supernatural encounters in Washington Hall.

There's another part of the legend that isn't carried on. Charles Davis, class of '21, confessed in a 1978 article that he had been the culprit for at least one of the ghostly effects in the building. One night lots of people were gathered in Washington Hall to see if there were any truth to the rampant talk of ghosts in the building — and they got their evidence. A horn blare was heard loud and

clear, and not a soul (or maybe just one soul, they thought) was near the cabinets full of instruments. Convinced of the ghost, the crowd dispersed. Davis, who had been living in Washington Hall at the time, was never found out. Apparently, there was a removable knot in one of his walls — the wall that served as the back of the instrument cabinet. Davis had removed the knot, slipped a hose through the wall and into one of the horns, and had inserted his trumpet mouthpiece into his end of the hose. When everyone was waiting expectantly for the ghost to perform, it was instead Davis who performed; by blowing through the tube, he

could make the horn sound. His closest friends suspected him of the prank, but Davis seems to have fooled everyone else.

Living Legend

Indiana State Police Sergeant Tim McCarthy started making his safe driving announcement puns in 1960, according to a 1991 football program.



A Tree Possessed

Behind Corby Hall, close to the Grotto, there is a tree popular among students as a place to curl up and study. But they don't study *under* the tree, they study *in* it — the tree's unusual shape comes from five main branches that curl out from the trunk, eerily resembling an outstretched hand. According to a legend described in the 1926 *Dome* yearbook, this particular sycamore is haunted by the spirit of a ruthlessly murdered native American. This excerpt from the *Dome* relates the story allegedly told by a native American chief to explain the tree:

"One white man, who had lost a cherished friend in [an Indian] raid, was heart-broken, and vowed eternal enmity against every Indian. So it happened one day that my friend was fishing in [Saint Mary's Lake], and was found here by the white man. My friend was unarmed and unsuspecting; he had no quarrel with either white man or Indian, being a man of peace. But when the white man who had lost his friend saw the fisherman, he remembered his vow and did not think. He crept upon my friend from behind, and drove a knife into his back. Mortally wounded, the unhappy Indian sprang up and ran until he reached this spot, where the sycamore tree now grows. Here he sank exhausted, and the revengeful white, in spite of his pleas, attacked him again. ...

"The Indian, then on the point of death, exclaimed, '... I appeal to God for vengeance.' Then my friend died, and there I found him. ...

"And shortly there sprang up a little tree where my friend's blood had trickled into the earth. As the tree grew, it took on a peculiar shape, and now you can see — it is the hand of my friend lifted to heaven in supplication."

Manna from the Heavens

Some people have come up with interesting ways of taking advantage of the Notre Dame mystique. One was 23-year-old local businessman William Busse, manager of a town bakery, who wanted to introduce the townsfolk to a new type of bread he sold. In 1931, Busse could think of no better way to publicize than during a Notre Dame football game, where nationwide attention would be riveted. In a letter written more than 60 years later, Busse recalls his strategy: "I thought up the idea of dropping miniature loaves of bread from an airplane at one of the Notre Dame football games which had national radio coverage."

Busse bought miniature loaf pans and 6,000 miniature parachutes. He loaded up numerous half-size suit boxes with about 24 of the little loaves each, and took off the door of a four-passenger plane so he could easily distribute the bread. With a friend flying the plane, Busse prepared to execute his plan. "We had to test the air currents first to see where the boxes of parachutes would float down. The first box floated down about two blocks east of the stadium. The next box came down in the east stands where the viewers were sitting. We circled the stadium again and dropped our entire load so it would float down on the playing field."

Busse continues, "The officials had to stop the game and remove the parachutes and bread. ... The following Monday some Notre Dame executives came to see me and complained that their football game was interfered with. I promised I would never do it again, and I never have."

Never, that is, over the stadium. Busse's ploy proved so successful that he had more drops all over northern Indiana and southern Michigan. What Busse calls a "sensation" was a boon to the business, and went down in Notre Dame history as well.

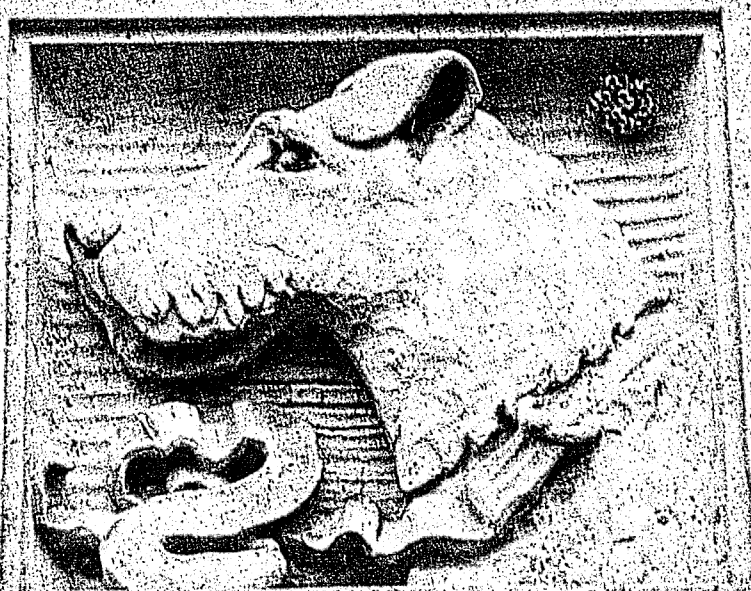
Rain Man

When Notre Dame defeated USC two weeks ago, several students noted that whenever the Trojans got the ball in the fourth quarter, it started to rain harder. When the Irish had possession, however, the rain lightened or stopped altogether. Clearly, the rationale goes, such divine intervention proves God's looking out for his favorite team.

This is just a variation on a theme in Irish folklore. According to the Notre Dame football program from September 7, 1991, "During the '66 season on a rainy Saturday the Irish students chanted, 'Ara, make it stop.' He turned to the crowd, raised his hands and it actually stopped raining."

Four Month Rule

When the situation demands, history says Notre Dame can actually build things quickly. When Knute Rockne grew adamant that his team needed a real stadium instead of a field surrounded by bleachers, Rockne's beloved stadium was constructed in four months at a cost of \$750,000. And everyone knows the story about Main Building — when it burned down, Sorin hired community workers who made their own bricks out of marl from the lakes and had the entire building completed in four months, just in time for the start of fall semester.



Fightin' Terrier?

One of the stone carvings on Alumni Hall commemorates the Irish mascot — but not the leprechaun. As the nickname "Fighting Irish" became more popular than previous names ("Ramblers," "Papists"), the team took the Irish terrier as its new mascot. The first one in 1930 was a gift to Knute Rockne, who couldn't remember the dog's full name: Brick Top Shuan-Rhu. They called him Mike, and for a period of almost 40 years a series of dogs called Clashmore Mike roamed the Irish sidelines. After the last Clashmore Mike, the team adopted the leprechaun as its new mascot.

If you ask members of the drum line of the Notre Dame Marching Band, they'll tell you they're the most maligned section in the band. If you ask people in any other section, they'll say the drummers deserve it. Almost a decade ago, this sectional rivalry gave rise to what has become legend in the band. Apparently, some mischievous band members were fed up with cadences and, in response, stole the drummers' rolling tympani. But a large kettledrum isn't something you can hide in your dorm room, so it was delivered to the next best place: the depths of Saint Joseph's River. It was never salvaged.

Underwater Treasures



of pure gold and precious gems. In 1886, thieves broke into the church — they missed the small crown, but the event was enough to scare university officials into taking it off display. It was sent to nuns at the campus laundry to be hidden. However, no one remembered to take it out of hiding, and when someone found the crown there years later, he assumed it to be a piece of costume jewelry. Over the years, the crown was used as a prop in plays at Notre Dame and in South Bend. Eventually, someone bumped it from its perch on a peg in the Holy Cross boiler room, and it shattered. An employee of Notre Dame picked up the gems as baubles and tossed the rest of the crown into the incinerator. Long after, the gems were recognized by a more trained eye to be far more valuable than the employee had ever dreamed. Meanwhile, back at Notre Dame, the remnants of the crown were most likely emptied with the rest of the incinerator trash — into Saint Mary's Lake.

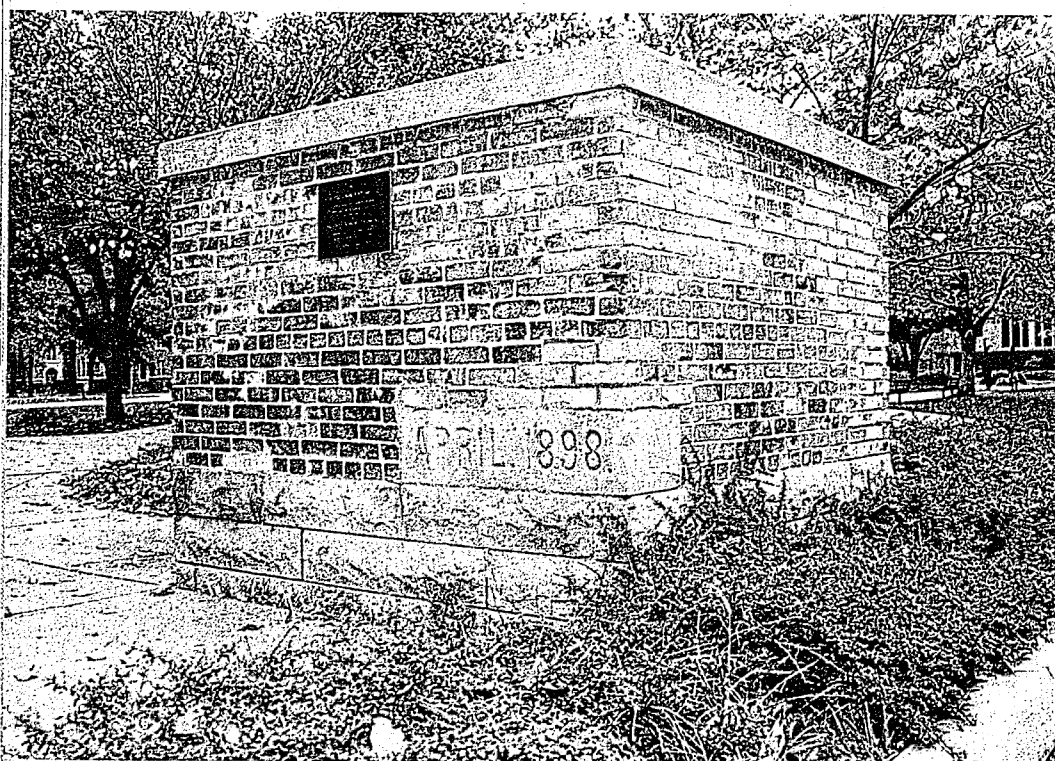
Another treasure in the lake is a crown, worth in its day a small fortune; it would have been priceless today, had the fates not worked against it. The crown, a gift to the university in the late 1800s from Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III, was displayed on a statue in the Sacred Heart church. It was supposed to have been made

Tunnel Network

Most everybody has heard rumors about the tunnels, but few believe they really exist. In fact, Notre Dame has an extensive system of tunnels running to just about every building on campus. For years, students have enjoyed the adventure of risk-taking by finding one of the many concealed entrances and exploring the lengths of underground corridors. The tunnels house the university's heat, electricity and phone lines.

According to a 1991 article in *Notre Dame Magazine*, "Lore in the '40s ... had it that the tunnels were the scene of priest-nun love trysts or clerical drinking orgies. Later generations brooded about the 'serial killers' who supposedly lurked in the tunnels, biding their time and looking for victims."

Today, the tunnels are fabled more for their oversized rats and spiders. Still, students brave the dark, humid underground passageways — more for the thrill, though, than to flush out a serial killer.



Fieldhouse Mall

You know it because you've run the through the Stonehenge fountain there, but in the mid-1900s the Fieldhouse was a building occupying that location. Known primarily as a sports center — particularly for basketball — the building was also a general convocation center before the JACC existed. In the tradition of a school that cherishes its lore, two pieces of the Fieldhouse were saved from destruction when the building was razed. One was a cornerstone, which still stands in its original location as a memorial of the old building. The second souvenir was ... the floor. This forgotten legend was carved into pieces and given to varsity athletes as commemoratives. Odd? Not if you remember that the floor was purchased with money won in the 1925 Rose Bowl, the last game in which the Four Horsemen — Crowley, Layden, Miller and Stuhldreher — played together. □

SPLINTERS

from the Press Box

Nathan Borega
IRISH EYES ON

This 6-2, 225-pound senior defenseman was named alternate captain of the men's hockey team for the 1999-2000 season. In 1997-98, he skated with the United States junior national team.

My favorite opponent to defeat is: anyone we play

I first took up hockey when I was: seven years old

My greatest individual moment was: winning the Canadian National championships with the United States junior hockey team

My greatest team moment at Notre Dame was: in sophomore year, when we beat Michigan in the first game of the playoffs

The worst hockey-related injury I sustained was: tearing my MCL twice

My most memorable Notre Dame moment off of the ice was: the rookie party when I was a sophomore

My favorite professional hockey player is: the Devils' Scott Stevens

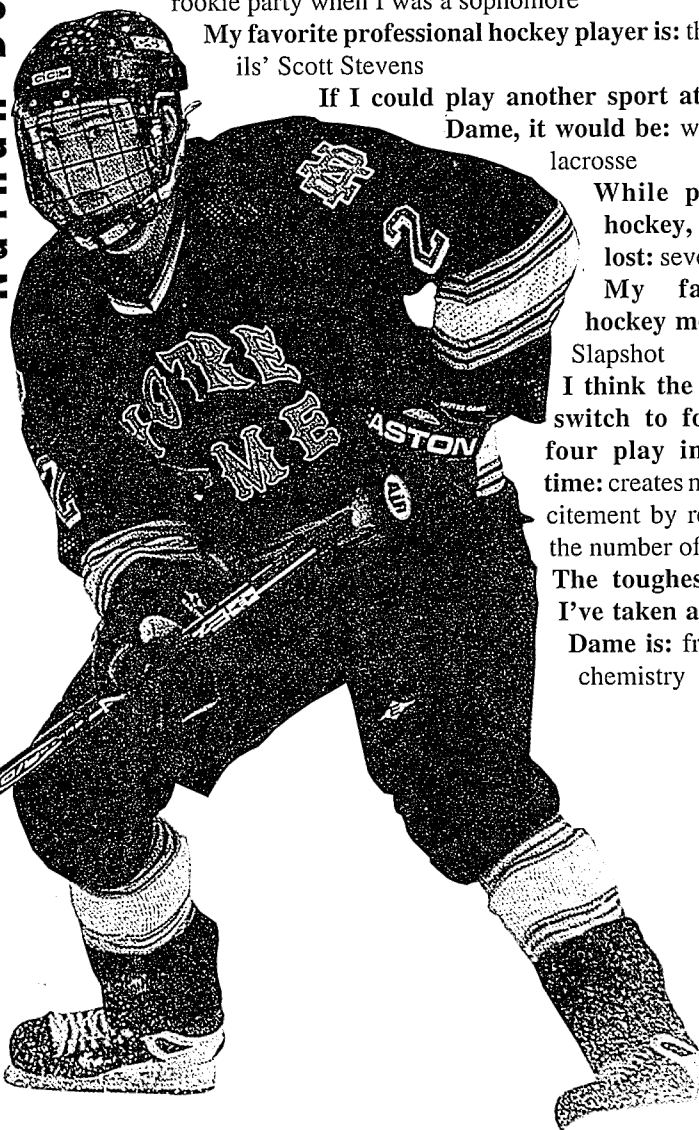
If I could play another sport at Notre Dame, it would be: women's lacrosse

While playing hockey, I have lost: seven teeth

My favorite hockey movie is: Slapshot

I think the NHL's switch to four-on-four play in overtime: creates more excitement by reducing the number of ties

The toughest class I've taken at Notre Dame is: freshman chemistry



Navy, coming off a tough loss to Akron last week, puts up a valiant effort against the Irish in the first half, keeping the score quite close at intermission. But Notre Dame eventually overpowers the Midshipmen to win 41-20, giving the Irish even more momentum heading into their biggest game of the year next week at Tennessee

Chris Hamilton

Notre Dame has won 35 consecutive matches against Navy. Number 36 will be one of the uglier ones. The Irish crush the Midshipmen Saturday, 48-7.

Gerard Meskill

Too worried about next week's game against Tennessee, the Irish lose focus against Navy this week. Fortunately, they pull off a tough victory in the end, winning their second game in a row by one point.

Brian Christ

OUR CALL
Editors' Picks

Polls can measure talent, experience and even coaching. However, one thing they can't measure is desire. The women's basketball team willed their way into Irish lore by earning the only Final Four berth in the team's history.

Entering the preseason, expectations for the Irish were high. Notre Dame returned virtually all of the athletes from the previous year's NCAA squad, including All-Americans Katryna Gaither and Beth Morgan. Even though the Lady Irish were dealt a 25th ranking in the preseason poll, coach Muffet McGraw never doubted the capabilities of her squad.

"Coming into the season, I told them that this is our best team ever. We were disappointed in the preseason rankings, but after the preseason NIT, I felt we were a top-10 team."

Notre Dame 66

McGraw's intuition proved correct. Notre Dame finished the season at 25-5 and finished second to Connecticut in the Big East Tournament, earning them a disappointing sixth seed in the NCAA Tournament. Undiscouraged, the Irish met Memphis in round one, delivering a decisive 93-62 victory.

Tennessee 80

Notre Dame then headed to Austin to play Texas on their home court for a chance to reach the round of 16. In a hard-fought, gutsy game, the Irish pulled out an 88-83 win to advance. Guided by a second-half scoring frenzy of remarkable shooting, Notre Dame crushed Alabama in the Sweet 16 and proceeded to play George Washington for the Final Four berth.

Much like the Irish, George Washington was having a Cinderella season, highlighted by an upset over top-seeded North Carolina. But the clock struck midnight on George Washington when Morgan and Gaither stepped up their game to produce a 62-52 win and a trip to Cincinnati.

Waiting for Notre Dame was Tennessee, the defending champion and a team with a rich history. After a slow start, the Lady Vols had closed the season powerfully, finishing 13-4 in their last 17 games. Under the guidance of coach Pat Summit, Tennessee had reached every NCAA tournament since the team's inception in 1982 and had won four national titles.

As usual, the Irish ignored the intimidating odds and went to work on the Lady Vols. Boosted by strong defensive efforts from Rosanne Bohman and Mollie Peirick, Notre Dame took an early lead. Gaither contributed to the attack by netting 14 points.

At halftime, the Irish were faced with a one-point deficit. More importantly, however, Notre Dame was concerned with a lopsided Lady Vols rebounding advantage and shooting woes for team star Morgan, who went one-for-nine from three-point range.

In the second half, the Irish collapsed. By the time three minutes had elapsed, Notre Dame had turned over the basketball six times. Tennessee capitalized on Irish charity, posting a seven-point lead in that span. In the meantime, the Lady Vols continued to dominate the boards, compiling 20 offensive rebounds, while the Irish total lingered at slightly half that figure.

"Coming into the game, we had two keys," reflected McGraw. "One was rebounding and the other was controlling the ball. We didn't do either one."

Despite their many mishaps, the Irish rallied to pull within two of Tennessee with 10:51 to play. From there, the Lady Vols took over for good. Sophomore Dominique Holdsclaw led the Lady Vols attack, accumulating 19 second-half points to finish with 31 on the night.

The Lady Vols went on to repeat as national champions while the Irish returned home to reflect on the season. Coach McGraw spoke on behalf of the Irish, stating, "We just finished the most outstanding run in the history of Notre Dame women's basketball. We are disappointed about the way we played tonight, but I am very proud of this team."

What was not to be proud of? Ranked 25th in preseason and seeded sixth in their bracket, Notre Dame rallied to finish fourth in the nation, placing ahead of Big East rival Connecticut. The 1997 squad had redefined women's basketball at Notre Dame, turning a relatively obscure program into a national contender.

—Gerard Meskill

ONE glimpse

Football (4-3)

Key Stat: Notre Dame rallied from two 21-point deficits to defeat the Trojans, 25-24.

Prime Time Performer: Jarious Jackson spearheaded the offense again. He led the team in rushing with 57 yards and also threw for 257 yards and a touchdown.

Next Game: This Saturday the Irish host the Midshipmen at 1:30 p.m.

Women's Soccer (13-3)

Key Stat: The Irish are a perfect 7-0 against Big East opponents this year.

Prime Time Performer: Senior Jenny Streiffer scored three goals, becoming the fourth player in NCAA history to notch 60 goals and 60 assists in a collegiate career.

Next Game: Notre Dame takes on Indiana in Bloomington on Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

Hockey (1-5)

Key Stat: The Irish have been outscored 19-7 by CCHA opponents this year.

Prime Time Performer: Sophomore David Inman, the only Irish player to score multiple goals this year, netted his fourth goal of the season in a 4-2 loss to Ferris State last Sunday.

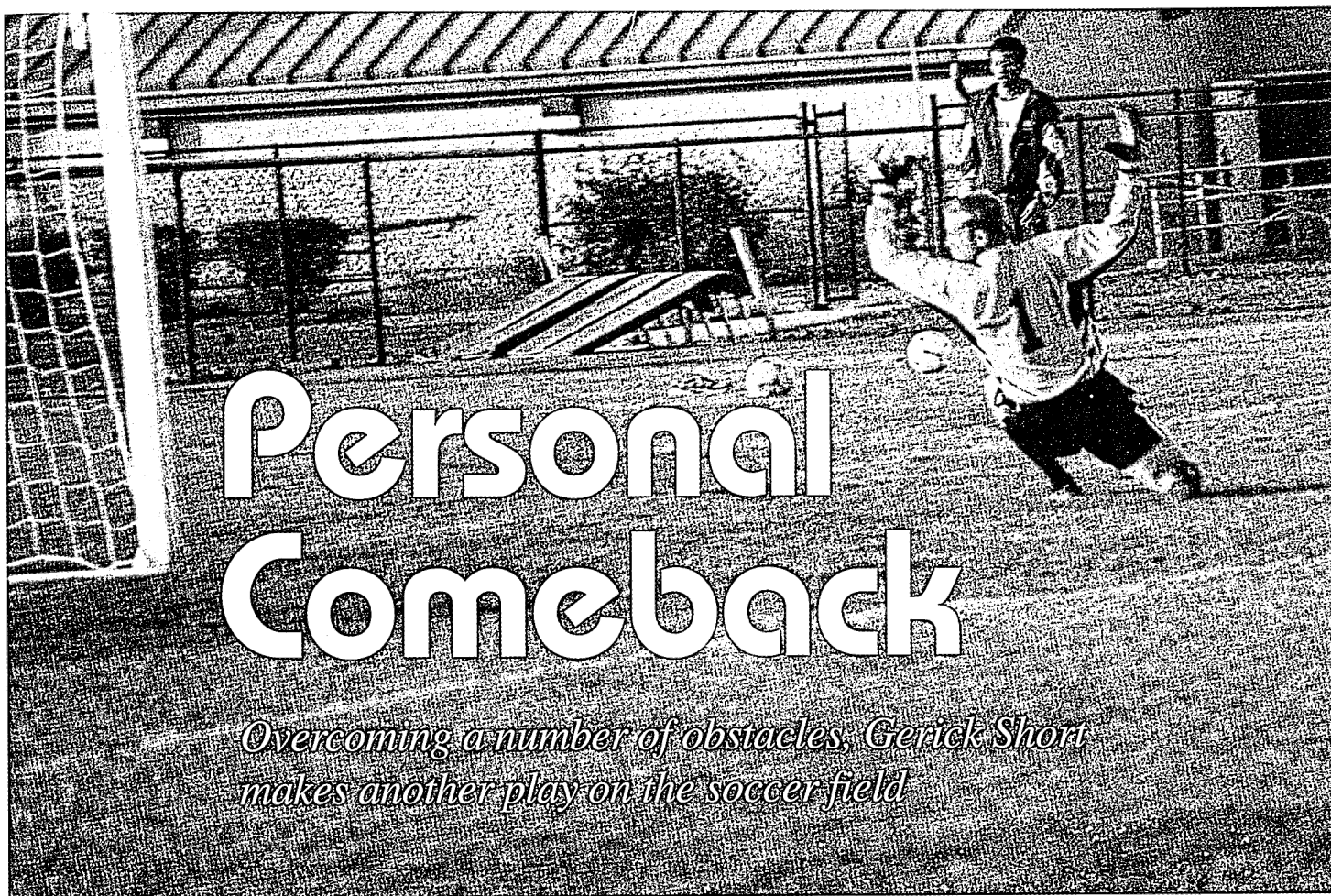
Next Game: The Irish host Miami (Ohio) tonight at 7:05 p.m.

Women's Volleyball (10-6)

Key Stat: Notre Dame has won six straight conference matches.

Prime Time Performer: Sophomore Kristy Kreher tallied 15 kills and 11 digs in a 3-0 sweep of Connecticut last Sunday.

Next Game: Notre Dame heads east to battle Boston College on Saturday at 2:00 p.m. ET.



Personal Comeback

Overcoming a number of obstacles, Gerick Short makes another play on the soccer field

MIKE MCNARY

BY LIESL MARX

As captain and goalie of the men's varsity soccer team, this is Gerick Short's year to shine. After playing in only six games in four years, partially due to two shoulder injuries, Short says to play now comes as a relief.

"As a freshman, you'd come here and you were everything in your high school and hometown, and it's hard to come here and not play," says Short. "It feels really good to get out on the field."

The first injury came during Short's junior year. He hadn't been playing in the games because he and his head coach, Mike Berticelli, had been discussing the possibility of his staying on an extra season. But after injuring his shoulder and undergoing surgery Short was red-shirted for medical reasons. Thus, he was eligible for another season of play.

Short says that his second injury, which sidelined him his entire senior season, made him realize that he really wanted to be a part of this soccer program.

"It meant a lot more to me than I was giving it credit for," notes Short. It was with this attitude that Short made a commitment

to get healthy and play this year.

So far, Short has had four shutouts and has been named Big East Player of the Week twice. The first time it was for two 1-0 wins over Northwestern and Boston College; the second time was for wins over Eastern Michigan (5-2) and Syracuse (2-0). Short has started in every game this season and has a .796 save percentage.

"I would be lying if I said I wasn't ecstatic," Short says of his performance this year. He also credits his team for playing extremely well and not putting him under too much pressure to save the game.

Short, elected as the lone team captain, says, "I enjoy being looked at as a leader and being put in that position by my teammates, but it's hard." He adds, "There are six other seniors on the team who are respected leaders. This helps take the pressure off of me."

Short's positive attitude, strong work ethic and dominance on the field earn him the respect he deserves from his teammates.

According to junior Steve Maio, Short is hard-working, tough, committed and determined to play. "Gerick is a good leader and very approachable. He'll be there for you if you need him." He adds that Short's confidence allows the whole team to be confi-

dent. "If anything breaks down he'll come up big and make some phenomenal saves. He'll keep us in the game."

Freshman Alan Lyskawa agrees. "Gerick's great. He has more experience than anybody else on the field and is good at directing from the backfield." From his perspective as a freshman, Lyskawa says that Short keeps the upperclassmen from hassling the younger players too much and is really good about helping them and "showing them the ropes."

Short's personal goals and team goals are one and the same — to succeed. He wants the team to win the Big East title and to participate in the NCAA Tournament. With Notre Dame ranked fifth, it is in a good position to do just that, and Short is optimistic about the team's chances. "We have fewer games to play than anyone else in the Big East right now. We are in a good spot."

Short says he does not plan to continue playing after college. Physically, he has had about as much as he can take, but he does see himself coaching some time down the road. "Soccer is a game and a sport that I will always love. Once someone gets into it, they will become addicted to the sport. I will always stay involved in soccer." □

COMMUNITY GRANT

Grant Irons was recently honored for his commitment to community service

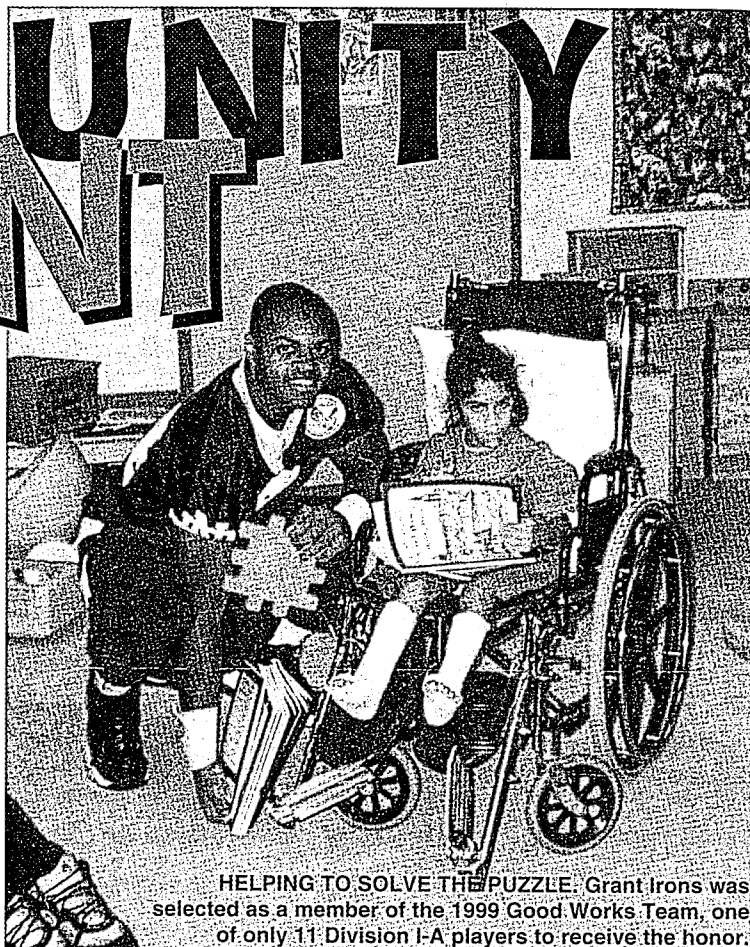


PHOTO COURTESY OF GRANT IRONS

HELPING TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE: Grant Irons was selected as a member of the 1999 Good Works Team, one of only 11 Division I-A players to receive the honor.

BY JOE LOSCUDO

Notre Dame defensive end Grant Irons may be known for his big hits on the football field, but what he does off the field may have an even greater impact. When he is not playing football for the Irish, Irons devotes much of his free time to community service.

Recently, Irons was selected by the American Football Coaches Association as one of 11 Division I-A players to be on the 1999 Good Works Team. The team recognizes those college athletes who show exceptional dedication to community service. Candidates were chosen based on sincere concern, reliability and ability to make a favorable impression on the organizations with which they were involved. Irons said that he had no idea he was being considered for the award, and that he only heard about it after someone mentioned it to him. He is more proud of his work with local communities than of the honors bestowed on him.

Irons is a community speaker for Athletes Against Drugs. "That is just something I have always believed in, not mixing drugs and athletics," he says. This is one of the issues Irons speaks about when he goes home to Texas. "Back in my hometown I

have the opportunity to speak at local high schools," says Irons. "And one of the points I try to get across to the students is to surround themselves with positive people."

He adds that talking to people from his home is one of the things he enjoys most about being a role model. It is important for him to make a positive impression on the young people there.

Irons is also involved in the Captain's Council Christmas Party for children from a local pediatric oncology unit. This was an opportunity for Irons and some other teammates to visit with South Bend children who have been diagnosed with leukemia. "We wanted to recognize them, because we as athletes have to deal with challenges, but these kids are facing real challenges ... they are dealing with life," says Irons. He adds that he and his teammates try to give the kids encouragement and to let them know that people do care about them. "You can just see the difference it makes in their faces and in their smiles."

Irons also serves his fellow athletes as the vice president of Notre Dame's Student Advisory Council. He is the representative for the football team on the council. They serve as "the voice of the student-athlete," Irons explains. "We help develop various

phases of the student-athlete, such as academics or community service." He stresses that the council is dedicated to preparing athletes for life beyond athletics with such things as resume workshops and interviewing skills.

He also has been involved in such things as Habitat for Humanity and the delivery of meals to the poor during Thanksgiving and Christmas.

When asked why he does all of this service, Irons remarks, "I have been blessed with so much, and this is just my way of giving back and to be of service." It is a great feeling for him to see less fortunate people benefit from community service and the little things he can do to help them. How does he fit all this into his busy life? "It is a busy schedule, but it is also a rewarding schedule," he says. Irons says doing service is encouraged by the athletic department at Notre Dame, which wants players to be involved in the community here and beyond.

According to those who know him, besides being an intimidating factor on the football field, Grant Irons is one of the more generous people you will ever meet. Irons is driven by his dedication to serving those around him; it is this humble dedication to those less fortunate for which he recently has been recognized. □

If you can't live with regret,



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Once and Never Again

New series from the makers of My So-Called Life doesn't merit a second viewing

We must be very bad people," Rick murmurs into his girlfriend's ear.

"No," replies Lily, laughing like a naughty schoolgirl. "We're just very bad parents."

Meanwhile, back at the ex-wife's house, Rick's son, Eli, realizes that he left his World Cultures book on his father's bed and tells his mother that he's going to run over and pick it up. Unfortunately for Eli, he arrives at his father's house just in time to stumble over some clothes which have been thrown about the foyer and hear strange noises coming from his father's room.

Is this a dramatic portrait of the breakdown of the American family? Or is it a story about a love that goes against all odds — the kind of love that doesn't even let children of previous marriages get in its way? I'll let you decide.

Rick Sammler, played by Bill Campbell (a.k.a. the Rocketeer), and Lily Manning, played by Sela Ward, are a couple of 40-somethings coping with life after divorce on ABC's *Once and Again*. The only reason I watched this show was that it was produced by Marshall Herskovitz and Edward Zwick, the same people who made *My So-Called Life*.

Let us stop, for a moment, and reflect on the glory that was *My So-Called Life*:

Remember Angela? Remember those days, long before the name "Claire Danes" even rang a bell? Angela was sweet and sad, a bony and lonely soul, forever clad in dreary plaids and sweaters that didn't quite fit. The only bright beam of light in the dim high school hallway would pick up a glint in Angela's Crimson Glow hair-color as she would stare at Jordan Catalano, flooding his glassy blue eyes with Visine, as he would lean against a wall like no other boy could lean. My mom and I would look forward to that show all week, chatting eagerly about the next installment of the saga and preparing elaborate snacks of pretzels and vegetable sticks as the hour of the program drew near. We'd chomp away on health-food as we immersed ourselves in Angela's world. Soon we, too, were hiding out between the cold, tiled walls of the girls' bathroom as Rickie applied his eyeliner and Angela's old best friend, the clarinet-toting Sharon Cherski, sat on the dusty radiator. Sharon would adjust her hair and get all the gossip she could handle from Angela's new best friend, Rayanne Graff, who was

always either sucking on a cigarette or slugging down a beer. And somewhere, in the A.V. room or maybe at a meeting of the physics club, would sit Brian Krakow, that angel-nerd, complete with a halo of unruly blond curls. And he would pine away for poor, mixed-up Angela, who was oblivious to his affection. Man, I loved that show.

Unfortunately, *Once and Again* consists mainly of the kind of scenes I prefer to fast-forward through in my marathon replays of *My So-Called Life*. I'm talking about the scenes where the parents start making out. It was bad enough watching Angela's parents with their handcuffs and costumes and what have you, but at least they shared these moments with one another. In *Once and Again*, Lily's kids go to school with Rick's kids, all the kids seem to know what's going on, and it's not cute like it is in *The Brady Bunch*. In fact, I find it to be quite icky and creepy. I was discussing this issue with a friend from home and she said it best: "Give me *Married: With Children* any day. At least they stayed married. And their kids turned out perfectly fine — one of them's even got her own show now." We're not sure what happened to the boy, but one out of two isn't bad at all. And hey, even if parents can't manage to stay married, the least thing they can do is to stay away from other parents in their kids' school district. Or at the very least, have enough courtesy to ensure that their kids are out of the way before they start sharing a romantic moment. Sadly enough, Eli wasn't the first kid to walk in on Lily and Rick. Tsk, tsk.

The other thing that really bugged me about *Once and Again* was the repetition of these black and white "confessional" scenes. First of all, it's a total rip-off of *The Real World*. And second of all, nobody seems sorry about any of the acts for which they are confessing. I mean, whatever happened to guilt? Perhaps these people should go visit a priest instead of explaining themselves to the eyes of a scandal-savoring audience. Or perhaps I should quit moralizing before I score myself an editorial position on *Right Reason*.

So if you're looking for some wholesome television programming, stay far away from *Once and Again*. Instead, find some quality TV on Nick-at-Nite or tune in for my all-time favorite Halloween special, *It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown*. □

OUT OF BOUNDS

by Kara Zuaro

HOT TOPIC

graphic essay by Caroline M. Wolf

Is the latest onslaught of J. Crew fashion on campus getting you down? Are you fostering the eerie suspicion that ND students are actually part of an elaborate Abercrombie & Fitch marketing ploy? Fear not! The latest counter-culture shop in the University Park Mall, Hot Topic, aims to quiet the qualms of convention. Where else can you find Strawberry Shortcake paraphernalia, dog collars (for humans, of course) and dominatrix gear all located on the same shelf? Studded leather brassieres and questionable toys — not even Meijer offers such variety. Though the sales clerks may make the un-tattooed feel a bit inadequate, they are quite helpful. And there are always plenty of friendly, frumpy moms around the store, buying trinkets and black pleather items for their rebellious teens (we hope).



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Blurring the Silver Screen

by Matt Cremer

Despite the controversy he has stirred, the Notre Dame Film Society is trying to bring Kevin Smith and his film Dogma to campus

"All along I've thought, how seriously can you take a movie that has a rubber poop monster in it?"

— Kevin Smith, director of Dogma

I ndeed. But people are taking the film seriously, and that movie remains awash in controversy. The scene is the same at *Dogma* screenings and film festivals nationwide.

Prayerful protesters ranging from handfuls to scores wait outside carrying signs and shouting slogans. Smith has received hate mail for the soon-to-be-released film. Some Christian groups and individuals are very insistent that this film should not be widely released.

Despite the national controversy, Kelly McGann, head of the Notre Dame Film Society, has received the okay from the powers that be to try to bring Smith to campus to give an advance screening of *Dogma*, followed by an informal lecture and discussion. This information is still unconfirmed, but if the screening takes place, it will be open to all students. If he comes, Smith will have much to say not only about the making of the film, but also about the many setbacks during the film's production and

distribution.

"I almost feel like it is a recruiting film," Smith says. "It's pro-faith. I want to grab the people attacking the film and tell them, 'Hey, dude, I'm doing your job while you sit here and politicize. I don't hear you out there tub-thumping for Christ.' And I don't remember reading anything in the Bible about where Christ was like, 'Go out amongst men, and make sure they don't say anything bad about me.'"

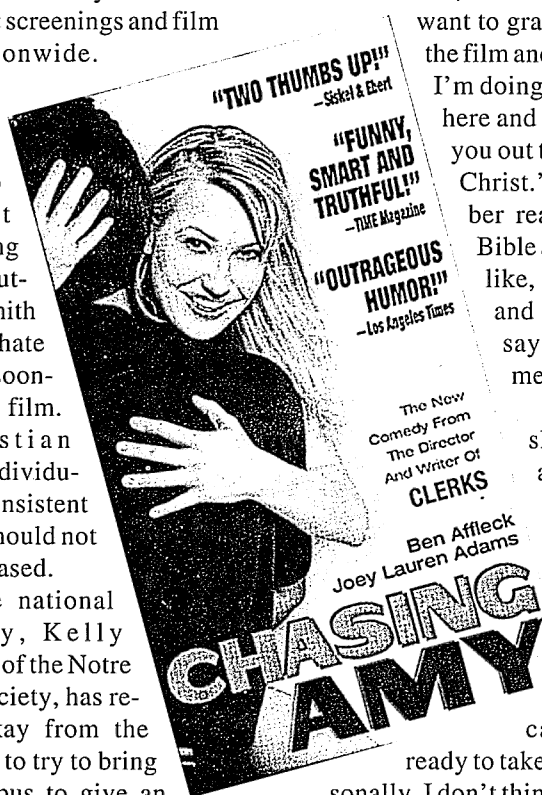
Perhaps Smith seems slightly agitated, but his annoyance may not be completely unwarranted. *Dogma*, which was written around the same time as *Clerks*, was shelved first by Smith himself be-

cause he didn't feel ready to take on pure fantasy. "Personally, I don't think I was mature enough to take it on until now," Smith said. "Not that the subject matter is so mature — because it's really a flick that's as goofy as it is thoughtful — but I think taking it on earlier would have led to a far more adolescent film." Also, Smith's earlier films like *Clerks*, *Mallrats* and *Chasing Amy* were produced with relatively small

budgets. To make the fantasy world of *Dogma* more visual, Smith would need more money.

However, once Smith felt ready to take on *Dogma* on his own terms, a new type of trouble began. Smith now had enough money, a mature mindset for creating the film and a wealthy distributor, but his blessings ended there. First, *Dogma* was produced by Miramax, a division of Disney. Disney then decided that it did not want the film anymore because of the potential storm brewing with Christian groups. Miramax proceeded to purchase the film independently from Disney for 12 million dollars. Then, Miramax sold the film to Lion's Gate sometime in April. Lion's Gate Entertainment Corporation is known for giving distribution to independent films. Lion's Gate Films received two Academy Awards last year for *Gods and Monsters* and *Affliction*.

So, after some distribution diffi-



culties, *Dogma* had finally situated itself with *Lion's Gate*. Still, there are religious groups determined to stop the picture from wide release. Smith jokes, "Maybe it's not the Catholic Church that should be upset, but every other religion. Other religions should be like, 'Hey, dude, wait a second! The world is going to end because of Catholic dogma? What about Judaism, Buddhism, the Methodists?'"

Clearly people are upset about this film, but why? Other movies such as *Stigmata* have been released this year and have taken on similar subjects without as much bad noise. *Dogma*, unlike *Stigmata*, which is a serious piece, is a comic fantasy where good and evil wage war in New Jersey. The movie stars Matt Damon and Ben Affleck as fallen angels sent to exile in Wisconsin. All they want is to

return to Heaven. They discover that there is a loophole in Catholic doctrine that will allow them to re-enter Paradise if they pass under the blessed arch of a New Jersey cathedral.

Affleck, who has starred in Smith's past movies, says this about the two characters: "... two guys that just want to go home. They have been in Wisconsin for thousands of years and they're ready to go back to heaven. And they're not about to let anything stop them." One problem emerges. If Loki and Bartleby, Affleck and Damon's characters, succeed in their plan, the world will end. Hence the plot.

Kevin Smith hasn't forgotten the usual characters for his movies. Jay, played

by Jason Mews, a longtime friend of Smith, and Silent Bob, played by Jeff Anderson, star in the movie too. Mews says this about his part: "Basically, Jay and Silent Bob are on their way to New Jersey when this chick, Bethany, wants to come along and Jay's thinking, 'Yeah, cool,' because he thinks he's going to get laid and instead he ends up discovering angels and devils and stuff like that."

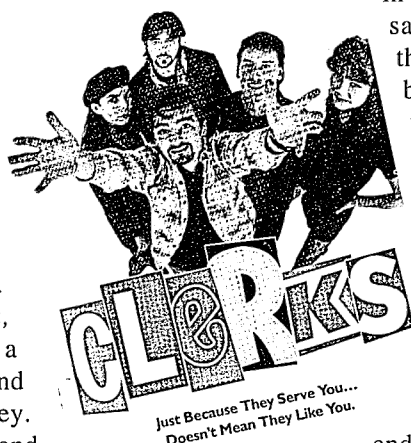
In all of this fantasy and comedy, where are these religious groups finding objectionable material? There are two possibilities. One is the liberal use of the F-word, and the other is that Alanis Morissette plays God. However, the total screen time Alanis is featured is less than five seconds. The problem is that most of the groups so adamantly opposed to this movie have not yet seen it, so they do not know that Alanis is only on screen for a short time.

Most of the protest is because of rumor. And it is this rumor that is making Kevin Smith's life just a little more stressful these days. If Smith does come to Notre Dame, perhaps a discussion of the movie can exorcise the demons of producing a film that would be so controversial. □

"THE FUNNIEST MOVIE OF THE YEAR!"
— NEW YORK NEWSDAY

"TWO THUMBS UP!"
— SNIPEL & EBERT

"SCREAMINGLY FUNNY!"
— ROLLING STONE



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Hey, we're over here!

The Day I Found "Paradise"

No matter what the khakis and JanSports say, Notre Dame students yearn for the good old days: Molly Ringwald and songs that don't start with "Mmmmbop"

BY DANIEL BIRK

I slumped low in my chair, trying to shield my eyes from the horrible sunlight. I wasn't feeling so well. I'd had it rough the night before. Total strangers kept coming up to me with idiotic grins, saying, "How ya feeling, bro? Man, you were housed last night!"

It was 7:30 a.m. — drinking time for the strong of heart. The tailgater was just getting started, but something wasn't right. Everything seemed normal. No tomfoolery here, just the usual assortment of drunks getting ready to pass out during the second quarter of a football game. One guy throwing metal folding chairs at cars, another pouring Osco Drug rum directly from the bottle into people's mouths and over their heads and soaking the barbecue with Old Milwaukee Light. But there was something out of sync. I looked around. A rogue sprinkler shot 20 feet into the air, watering the sidewalk. Nothing out of the ordinary here. Rows of cars, trucks and buses, filled with thousands of adults, children and domestic animals drinking obscene amounts of liquor before sunrise. Yes, there would definitely be drunk driving going on today. So what was new?

From the car stereo came Guns 'n' Roses' "Paradise City." Guns 'n' Roses? I haven't heard them since middle school, I thought. The song before was by AC/DC. Bon Jovi was being blasted from at least 40 automobiles. Every band rejected by the masses in high school had suddenly become unbelievably popular. Sweet, merciful Christ, I thought. What happened? This isn't right. Matchbox 20 should be playing somewhere. Oh, Lord. I drank all night and woke up in 1987.

I have come to realize that Notre Dame exists in some sort of musical time warp, where it is safe again to listen to classic rock and '80s music, where mp3 junkies download every song ever written by the endearing classic artist Sir Mix-A-Lot. At any given time, Appetite for Destruction is playing somewhere in my dorm.

I have found my people. Even during the recent craze over the masterpieces of modern music, I have always preferred classic rock

to almost anything out there today. Once I assured myself that I had not in fact traveled back in time to the '80s and stopped waiting for John Cusack and Molly Ringwald to show up in headbands and red leather jackets with the collars turned up, I was happy in this musical time warp. The twisted Beatlemania that greeted Puff Daddy, the Goo Goo Dolls and the Backstreet Boys forced my musical tastes, which run from Led Zeppelin to Smashing Pumpkins to Miles Davis, underground. Classic rock and even early '90s grunge rock were forgotten to embrace the kitsch culture that descended upon America in the guise of New Kids on the Block incarnates, Britney Spears dolls and small backpacks. I felt I had finally found a place where good music, regardless of its age, was appreciated.

However, I'm starting to wonder. Kitsch is not by any means a new phenomenon, nor are one-hit wonders and pop music giants. They come in cycles, from the Monkees to the Partridge Family to the Bee Gees to Bananarama, broken only by occasional forms of pure music. Such ear candy, disposable music, which is almost impossible not to enjoy, is a necessity in our culture. Dissatisfied with our reality, we buy this cheap, imported version of real life, renewed every few years, to keep our society functioning.

I began to fear that the spirit fueling this return to older music is exactly the kitsch I so despised. Often, bands such as Guns 'n' Roses are seen more as novelties than as serious musicians, and Led Zeppelin is appreciated equally with the Bangles. But who am I to decide what music is quality and what is categorically garbage? The reality created by the '60s seems

to have failed and most of the artists of the '80s are seen as jokes with bad hair and worse makeup. Many of my favorite musicians, such as Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison, were consumed by the excesses of their music and lifestyle. Many people would consider my musical taste questionable at best — and that is the beauty of the musical time warp. There is no difference between what was great in 1987 and what is great now, except maybe tight, rolled pants. People can listen to whatever they enjoy without worrying about getting beatings for wearing a Winger T-shirt. If you like Foreigner or 'N Sync, then flaunt it. Just don't make me listen to it. □



COMING

DISTRACTIONS

Celebrate Halloween in church!
There will be a celebration of "Día de los Muertos" (if you don't speak Spanish, that's "Day of the Dead") at Keenan-Stanford Chapel this Sunday at 1:30 PM. Maybe, if we're lucky, the priest will dress up like Dracula.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

- Lecture: "Urban Space/Urban Culture: The Body in the City and the City in the Soul: City Talk and Catherine of Siena," Karen Scott, 3:30 PM, Hesburgh Center for International Studies, Room 614
- Hockey: ND vs. Miami, 7:05 PM, Joyce Center
- Concert: Notre Dame Glee Club, 8:00 PM, Washington Hall, free admission
- Acoustic Cafe, 9:00 PM, LaFortune
- *South Park: The Movie*, 10:30 PM, Cushing

THURSDAY

- Book signing: *Monk's Reflections, A View from the Dome*, Rev. Edward Malloy, 4:00-6:00 PM, Hammes Bookstore
- Hockey: ND vs. Miami (Ohio), 7:05 PM, Joyce Center
- Soccer: ND men vs. Georgetown, 7:30 PM, Alumni Field
- *Sixth Sense*, 7:30 & 9:45, Snite
- Concert: Notre Dame Glee Club, 8:00 PM, Washington Hall, free admission
- *South Park: The Movie*, 8:00 & 10:30 PM, Cushing

FRIDAY

- Football: Notre Dame vs. Navy, 1:30 PM, Notre Dame Stadium
- Concert: Folk Choir Concert for Missions, 7:30 PM, Basilica
- Hockey: ND vs. Miami (Ohio), 8:00 PM Joyce Center
- Talent Show: Black Images, 8:00 PM, Washington Hall
- *South Park: The Movie*, 8:00 & 10:30 PM, Cushing
- Alcoholics Anonymous: Closed Meeting, 9:30 AM, Center for Social Concerns, Room 124

SATURDAY

- Celebration: "Día de Los Muertos," in conjunction with weekly Spanish mass, 1:30 PM, Keenan-Stanford Hall Chapel

SUNDAY

- Lecture: "Globalization, Nationalism and the Nation State," William Pfaff, 4:30 PM, 129 DeBartolo Hall

MONDAY

- Free flu shots: ND identification cards and short sleeves required, 9:00 AM - 4:00 PM, Hesburgh Library Concourse and LaFortune, Dooley Room
- Soccer: ND women vs. Miami, Big East Quarterfinals, 7:30 PM, Alumni Field
- Fiction reading: Irini Spanidou, author of *Fear and God's Snake*, 8:00 PM, Hesburgh Library Lounge

TUESDAY

- Free flu shots: ND identification cards and short sleeves are required, 9:00 AM - 4:00 PM, Hesburgh Library Concourse and LaFortune, Dooley Room
- Breast Cancer Awareness Volleyball Match: ND vs. Illinois State, \$2 donation at the door benefits the Catherine Peachey Foundation, 7:00 PM, Joyce Center
- Lecture: "European-American Relations in the Post Cold War Era," William Pfaff, 7:00 PM, Hesburgh Library Auditorium

WEDNESDAY

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University Park West

☎ 277-7336

All Shows in Stereo

Three Kings	1:45, 4:15, 6:45, 9:20*
Random Hearts	1:15, 4:10, 7:00, 9:40*
SuperStar	1:30, 3:45, 7:05, 9:00*

*Friday and Saturday only

University Park East

☎ 277-7336

All Shows in Stereo

Story of Us	2:00, 4:20, 7:10, 9:25
Fight Club	2:15, 6:15, 9:10
Best Man	1:00, 3:45, 7:00, 9:30
Pet Cemetery	12:00 (midnight)
American Beauty	1:30, 4:10, 6:50, 9:20
Bats	1:45, 4:15, 7:15, 9:15, 11:20
6th Sense	1:15, 4:00, 6:45, 9:00, 11:15

Shows after 11:00 PM shown Fri. & Sat. only

Movies 14

☎ 254-9685

All Shows in Stereo

Blue Streak	12:55, 3:10, 5:25, 7:40, 10:05
Bringing out the Dead	1:20, 4:15, 7:00, 9:40
Crazy in Alabama	1:40, 4:20
Double Jeopardy*	1:05, 2:10, 4:10, 5:00, 7:10, 8:00, 9:45, 10:30
Drive Me Crazy	1:00, 3:15, 5:35, 7:50, 10:00
Elmo in Grouchland	1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
For the Love of the Game	12:50, 3:50, 7:00, 9:55
House on Haunted Hill*	1:15, 2:05, 4:00, 4:45, 7:10, 7:45, 10:00, 10:25
Music of the Heart	12:45, 3:45, 7:05, 9:55
Mystery Alaska	1:45, 4:30, 7:20, 10:20
Stigmata	1:10, 3:35, 7:05, 9:35
Sir of Echoes	7:35, 10:10
Three to Tango	2:20, 5:00, 7:25, 9:50

*Stadium Seating Available

Starting Over, Again

by Shannon O'Keefe

Not too long ago I sat in your classrooms and played frisbee on the quads. I prayed at dorm Mass and ate at the next table over in the dining hall. Now I have a kontrol kard that opens every gate on campus. I have a parking pass that makes it so much easier to weave my way through campus, without needing to simultaneously weave a ridiculous tale in order to get on. I have an office. And business cards. Yes, I am now part of the administration.

What's funny for me is how surprised people are to hear this. To hear that as a former student I took the big step, made the giant leap, left to find myself in the real world ... only to find myself back here, once again under the protection of the golden dome. And it's also funny to see how this has changed me. And to see how this has changed you.

I have one friend whom I see out every once in a while. We're always excited to see each other

and to talk about what our other friends who have graduated are up to at their respective law schools. And when a new person comes over to where

In many ways I've been forced to construct an entirely new experience here. One that, for the most part, disregards those relationships that I spent years building.

Shannon O'Keefe, an English major of the class of '99, is an assistant director in the development office.

we are, my friend Andy always introduces me as follows: "This is Crazy" (a nickname, given oh so long ago), to which people smile and extend their hand, "she's an administrator." At this point, at this mention of the dreaded A word, people recoil just a bit. I wouldn't notice at all, if it were not for the sharp movement in the hand that's holding the beer, the beer that seems wrong all of a sudden, even though they're legal.

I can't even explain how strange that is for me. To move from one of you to one of them. An interesting transition. And one that has proven worthwhile in so many ways. My dream was always to be here, at Notre Dame, without the stress of midterms and papers. And now I have that. My hope was to surround myself with people who are as excited to be here as I am. And now I work with a group of people who are as thrilled to be working here as my old group of friends were to

be studying here.

As I start to realize where I am and what I do, it suddenly becomes clear that what I've done is to reinvent a life for myself. Something that is harder, at times, than starting anew in a big city with no contacts. Originally my dream was to go to New York City. To have an exciting job for which I would be terribly underpaid. To go to museums and plays. To walk through Central Park. To spend Friday evenings at a great pub in the heart of the city. But then I found this job. This job that was open at my very own alma mater. This job that I interviewed for just prior to attending my first wedding at the Basilica. This job that I prayed about at the Grotto. This job that makes me happy to be 22 in South Bend, even though South Bend seems a million miles from New York City, regardless of what the maps say.

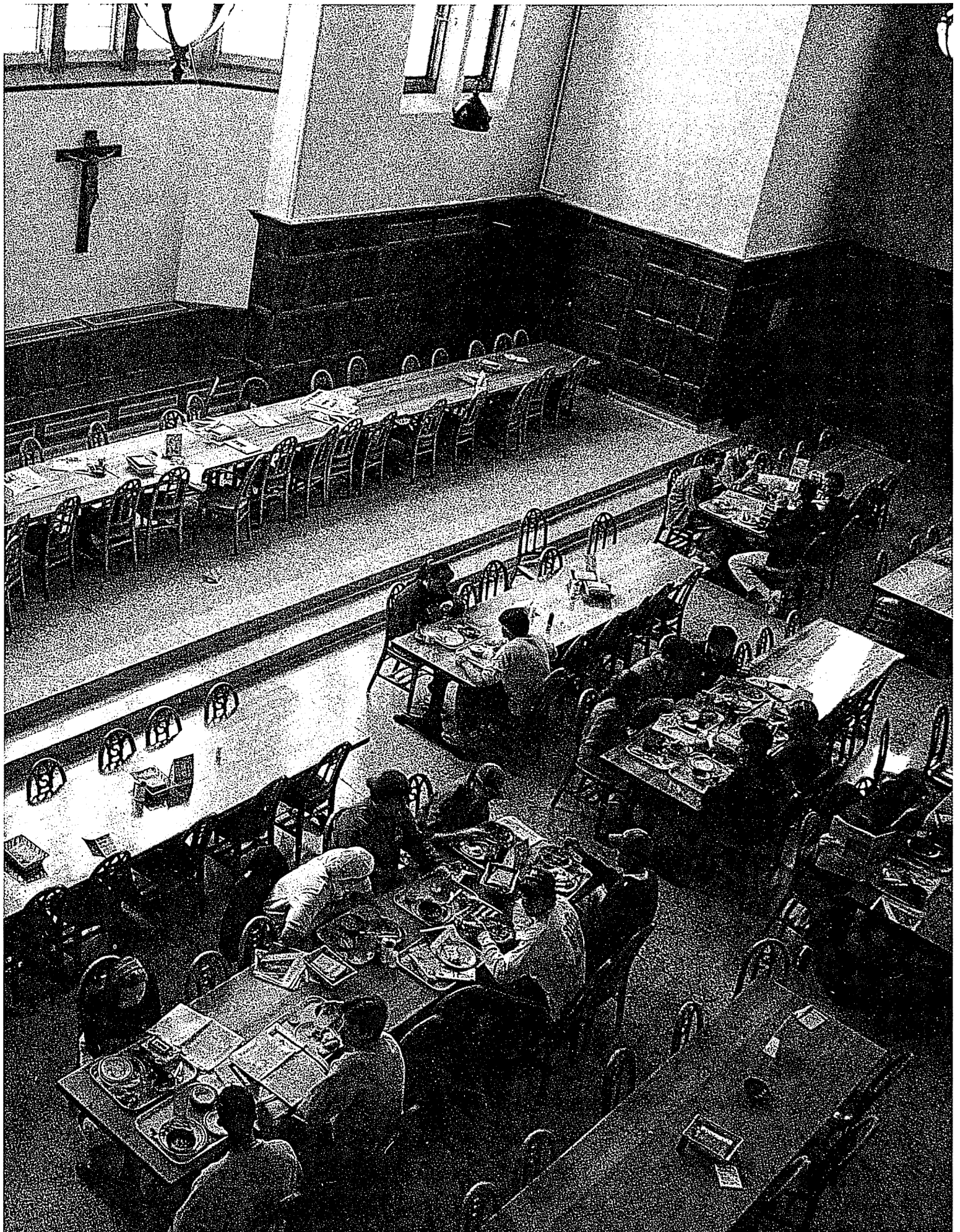
And while my personal life seems very static, as I frequent the same places that I was once known to haunt, it is simultaneously one of the biggest challenges I've faced thus far. A great majority of the people that made this place Notre Dame for me are now gone. Off to New York and Phoenix. To St. Louis and San Diego. Do I miss them? Sure. Does it change things? Without a doubt. Am I thriving? Absolutely. These people — my old roommates and classmates and friends — well, they come back for football weekends, which is nice. But in many ways I've been forced to construct an entirely new experience here. One that, for the most part, disregards those relationships that I spent years building.

And next semester, when I begin to take classes again, what will my experience be then, I wonder. When I move away from the security of Grace Hall and leave behind my comfy blue chair that rocks back and forth only to sit once again in a cold, hard, wooden desk crammed into a room in O'Shag. I suspect that it will be fine. That I'll adapt. That I'll be a staff member first, and a student second. And that will be okay. I won't be losing anything or missing anything.

I guess the point is that you can always feel safe somewhere. You can always adapt. You can always move up and out and around. And you don't have to leave in order to accomplish that. It's just a matter of whether you have a kontrol kard while making the transition. □

From the Crow's Nest

by Brian Christ



Cowboy Mouth is not too far down the road

NOV
17



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Have you ever danced with the
devil in the pale moonlight?
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