

# THE OBSERVER 5¢

volume II, no. X

University of Notre Dame

October 9, 1967

## Saturday Jam Session ...



FOOTBALL SATURDAY and not a football in sight. Our photographer recorded the action on and about the pastoral environs of Sorin Hall. He shows his weakness for a pretty face in his first picture. Then, with typical Observer sensationalism, he takes advantage of a



young lady in a compromising position. Saturday rock at Sorin featured Chuck Perrin, wailing it out and looking unaccountably like Carl Sandburg. Perhaps our sunglassed friend is expressing his contempt for the Shagg sound. And so, with an extempore march, on to the game.

## Two Sophs Charged With Flag Picking

BY DON HYNES

Two Notre Dame students and a friend were arrested Saturday morning by Niles police on charges of stealing two American flags.

Police charged Sam Boyle and Rob Englert of Notre Dame with petty larceny and Don Grisanti of St. Louis U. with petty larceny and reckless driving.

According to Police, Grisanti was spotted up a light pole on Main street in Niles at 3:15 A.M., while Englert was standing under the pole and Boyle was sitting in the car.

When they saw the police the three students took off in Grisanti's car and a three block chase ensued. The arresting officers said that they had to force the fleeing car off the road while the accused have said that their car was stopped when the police car struck their vehicle.

The police pulled their guns and ordered the boys out of the car. Once out the three were frisked and handcuffed. Another squad car arrived to take the accused down to the station house, along with a wrecker which towed away Grisanti's car.

At the police station the students were asked if they wanted to make a phone call. Boyle asked if he could call Philadelphia to which the police reply was, "Only if you will collect." Not making any calls the three boys were locked up for the night.

At about 8:30 Saturday morning Arthur Pears, Notre Dame Security Director, arrived. According to Englert, Pears asked — them for their names and

ID numbers, and then asked them "What room were you in?" Englert said that Pears also told them that, "This is a serious crime, and you could be expelled for it!"

Boyle said that Pears then notified Englert and himself to report to his office on Monday afternoon.

After Pears left the three were booked and locked up once again. Bails were set at \$25 for

Boyle and Englert, while Grisanti's bail was set at \$104.12. His bail included \$25 for the petty larceny charge plus \$50 for reckless driving, \$29.12 for damage to the police car and \$11 towing charge for his car.

Police said that they also suspected the boys of having a stolen car because Grisanti's car was of the same make and model as one that was stolen in Niles on Wednesday. After they were ap-

prehended, according to police, Grisanti proved ownership of the car. However, in the car police found two American flags which the students were accused of stealing.

The authorities released the three on bond at 2:30 P.M. on Saturday pending trial for Grisanti today and for Boyle and Englert on Tuesday morning at 10 A.M. The three said that they haven't decided on their plea yet

and are seeking legal advice.

Boyle is a sophomore in the College of Arts and Letters and a member of the General Program. He is a member of Tom Brislin's Hall Life Commission and is working for the Sophomore Class Social Commission.

Englert is also a sophomore in the AL college and is planning on a major in government. He is the former publicity director for the Class of '70.

## Murphy Unveils Office Suite

A new partition is being erected in the Student Government office on the third floor of the La Fortune Student Center, in order to provide SBP, Chris Murphy with more office space. The partition, which will enclose approximately one-sixth of the available space in the office, will be faced with wood paneling, which Murphy obtained second hand.

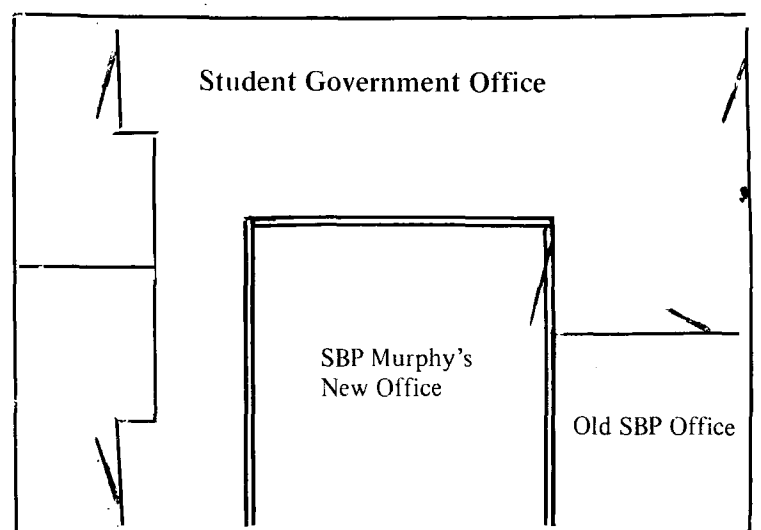
The office, which Murphy claims is "actually less than 12x8 feet," is nevertheless quite impressive when compared with any number of faculty offices. Neither finished nor furnished at this point, Murphy has plans for its appearance after the carpenters, etc., complete it. "I am going to buy some paintings—just things that I like. What I would really like is a Degas," he added facetiously.

Murphy's old office is to be turned over to his newly hired secretary, Mrs. Paul Godbout. "After all, I couldn't really ask her to work out here," he said, pointing to the maze of desks in the formerly spacious office.

The frosted glass panels which presently form the front wall of his office will be removed and a slot will be cut between the old and new offices so that Murphy can pass and receive papers to and from his secretary.

Outside of his office he intends to arrange some kind of waiting room so that his callers will not have to stand about the office.

When questioned concerning the advisability of pursuing this kind of Student Government image, Murphy replied that he felt that one of the reasons for the failure of Student Government to act decisively in the past was that it was not professional enough.



John Manning

# Browning Denies Bid "Rigging"

Student Union President Mike Browning today denied a charge that the 1967 Homecoming Bid selection was rigged.

The indictment came from four graduate students in electrical engineering who complained that no Notre Dame graduate student was granted a bid to the Homecoming dance this weekend. Nearly 40 graduate students applied for bids.

Browning said the Union never considered graduate students part of the University social structure. "Graduate students don't even pay an activities fee."

The grads, headed by electrical engineer Jim Ruck, composed a 12 point thesis of discontent which among other things proved that the Social Commission of the Student Union did not use the Univac 1107 for random selection of the Homecoming bids.

"It makes a difference," said Ruck, "if you get a low number bid you probably get a better motel reservation for your date. We don't know how they were selected."

Browning explained that the computer was not used and that the Social Commission never said it was going to be used. "The cards were just picked like a drawing," he said.

Ruck's and the graduate student's charges based on scientific method of investigation are:

1. According to the social commission 1400 applications for Homecoming tickets were received.
2. Eight graduate students from the Department of Electrical Engineering (seven of them alumni) applied for the Homecoming lottery.
3. Before we suggested to anyone that we might not be eligible (mentioned first by Fr. McCarragher on 9/26) the social commission repeatedly

claimed that all graduate applications had been processed with the seniors, a group that receives 40% of the bids.

4. We were told by the social commission that it would be impossible to detect if people were grad students. The I.D. number contains this information.
5. We were told that even if I.D. numbers were checked it would be difficult to pull out all grad cards. Any card sorter or computer can do this with great simplicity, if the I.D. numbers beginning with 64, 65, and 67; and give the proper proportion of bids to each of these groups. Of the eight applications submitted by the EE Department, seven have I.D. numbers beginning below 64.
6. We were told that the method of selection was to "tab the cards are entered at all."
7. We were told that the lottery was programmed on the Univac 1107 using random selection. We have seen no such program, nor any Univac 1107 produced output. The available

listings in the Caf and the Huddle are made on the IBM 407 "off-line" printer which

any sophomore taking CS-21 can distinguish from true computer output.

8. A lottery program if used must read in at least 1400 cards and punch out at least 1000 cards for listing on the IBM 407 printer. Beginning Saturday 9/23 (when the applications were due) through noon Tuesday 9/26 (when the lists were published) only three such programs were executed on the Univac 1107. They are under accounts charged to Dr. Kilbride, Dr. Burton, and Payroll accounting respectively.

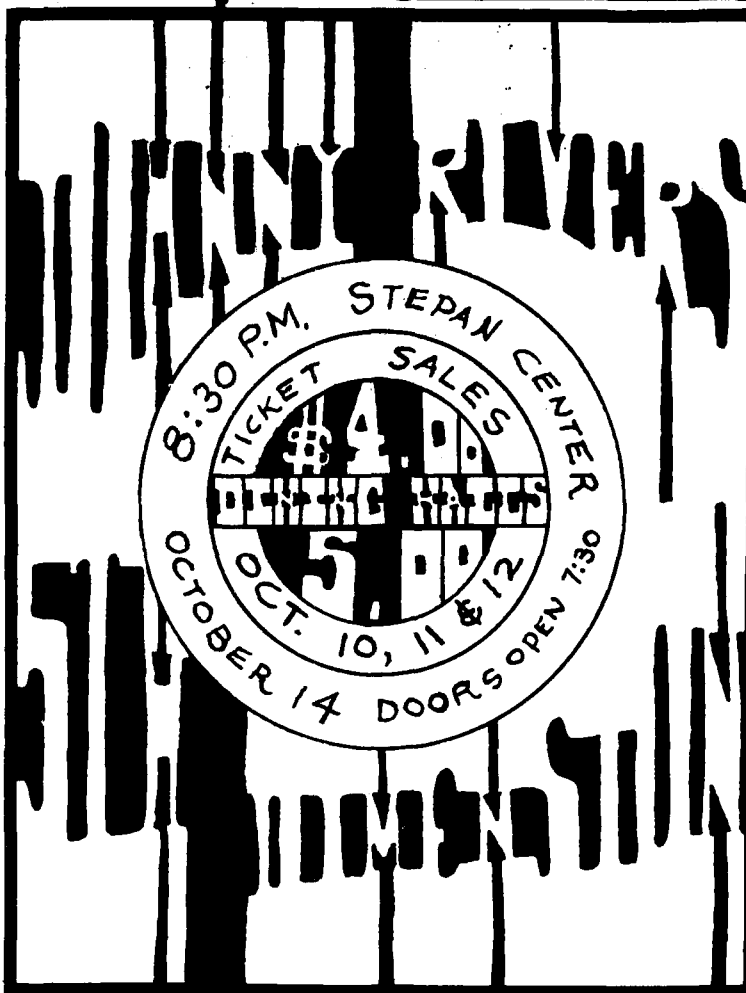
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Attention: Order corsages for Homecoming Weekend. Why be cheap with that special girl?

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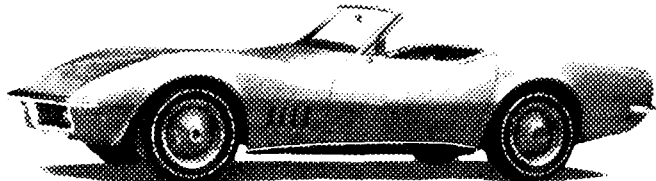
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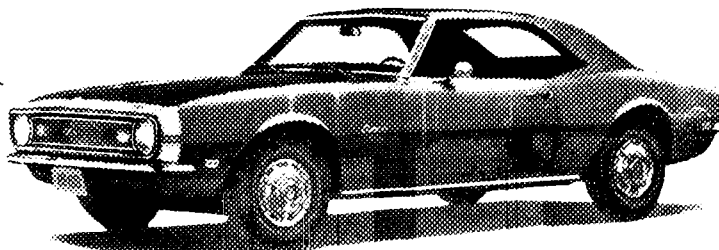
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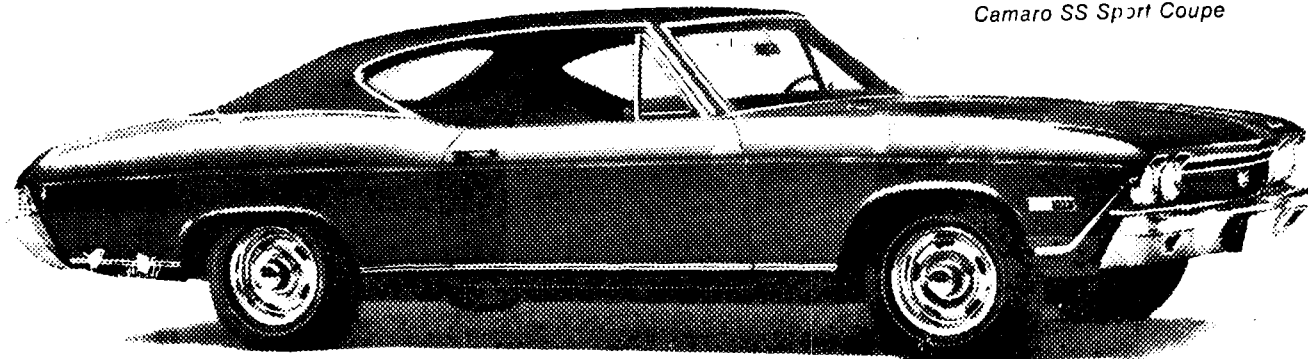
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## JAY SCHWARTZ

## Dog Tale



Once upon a time, eight weeks ago to be exact, there came into this harsh and pitiable world three soft rays of sunshine. Actually they were not airy sunbeams but rather three brown and innocent puppy dogs. Within a brief duration of a few weeks the three children of mongrelization had acquired not only appellations but also proud masters. Socrates, Dove, and Sophocles belonged respectively to T. Russell Figel, Donald Hynes and Schwartz. Soc, and Dove, the feminine members of the litter, rivaled Madame Bovary in their affection and general whoring instinct.

Only Soph, the rebellious child of the sun, inherited the male right of primogeniture. At any rate, three they were and three they would always be.

Alas and alack, in every dog's life there comes a time for a confrontation with the harsher realities — a veterinarian's cruel hand and the poisonous venom of his drugs. Last Thursday Soc, Soph, and Dove stared inevitable fate in the eye and succumbed to defeat.

The Animal Hospital of South Bend juts its red brick face onto Mishawaka Avenue, impervious to the nearby traffic and passing pedestrians. Its red exterior looms skyward without any suggestion of windows. It is red, hard, mean, and isolated. Inside sterility reigns as king. There are no chairs in the waiting room and the only sitting room is a straight-backed wooden bench.

Upon our three heroes' arrival there were already in the room two other canines: one a huge black beast and the other a small brown dog seated upon a middle-aged woman's lap. The beast belonged to her husband, who had secured his possession by a length of manila hemp.

Soc, Soph, and Dove proceeded to waddle around their new home and find appropriate places for their natural needs. Not so for the black beast. He found the floor not to his liking but discovered that Figel's loafers were the ideal place for a toilet away from home. Some say that this magnificent animal, realizing that the floor was already deteriorating due to daily contact with urine, had decided to spare the tile and do justice to T.R.F.'s shoes. At any rate the deed was done and the husband never blinked an eyelash. His wife was more helpful. She related that years ago she and her partner had placed their animals under the protection of a hospital insurance plan and had also made them beneficiaries to their estate as their sole surviving sons.

If the parents were to die, beast and brown dog would inherit a glass mailbox, a picture of their own doghouse, twenty-five dollars' worth of E series Liberty bonds, and a garbage disposal. We made careful note of all this and decided to do the same.

Registration was next. We filled out our cards to the best of our sworn knowledge and ability, but had to take refuge in the receptionist's native judgment concerning the sex of our fierce friends. Inquiring about the family plan, we discovered that we could receive a substantial 10% off for all shots covering the prevention of polio, hepatitis, mononucleosis, strep throat, fever blisters and gangrene. Delighted by this prospect we forgot to inquire further.

The time had run out; the guillotine was about to fall; the thread of fate had been spun out; Soc, Soph, and Dove were at their end. For reasons of delicacy I have decided not to relate the excruciating pain that our three lovers of Gravy Train encountered. Let it suffice to say that they were poked, prodded, and injected and that all dread disease immediately left their bodies. It was time to leave.

Upon our departure we acquainted ourselves with the charge plan and also received a brochure from a local bank carefully explaining the advantages and convenience of a doggie loan. While we were engrossed in our reading, Lovey and Huggy came in, tethered by a joint leash. Lovey and Huggy's mother had brought her little babies in for their semi-weekly manicure. We smiled lovingly and took our proteges back to Du Lac, satisfied and a bit stupefied by our adventure in the real world. It was time to retreat into the swirling unreality of the campus.

## Dog Nearly Itches to Death

"I thought we would have to put Daisy to sleep... but I could never do this. I suffered as she suffered almost two years with large running, itching sores. I had almost given up trying things when I came across Sulfodene. Now her back is all healed, her hair is coming in thick. The Lord should bless you for such a fine product," says Mrs. John Burmester, Hammonton, N.J.



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## Prof Injured in Auto Accident

Prof. James J. Carberry of Chemical Engineering Department was treated early Saturday morning at St. Joseph's Hospital for injuries incurred in a three car accident at Edison Rd. near Ind. 23, at approximately One a.m. October Seventh.

Medical officials said Prof. Carberry was treated for a back sprain.

According to St. Joseph County sheriff's deputies, Carberry was driving west on Edison when his automobile was

hit from behind by a car driven by David Barrett of Davienport, Iowa. Barrett contin-

ued into a parked car.

Barrett was ticketed on a charge of improper passing.

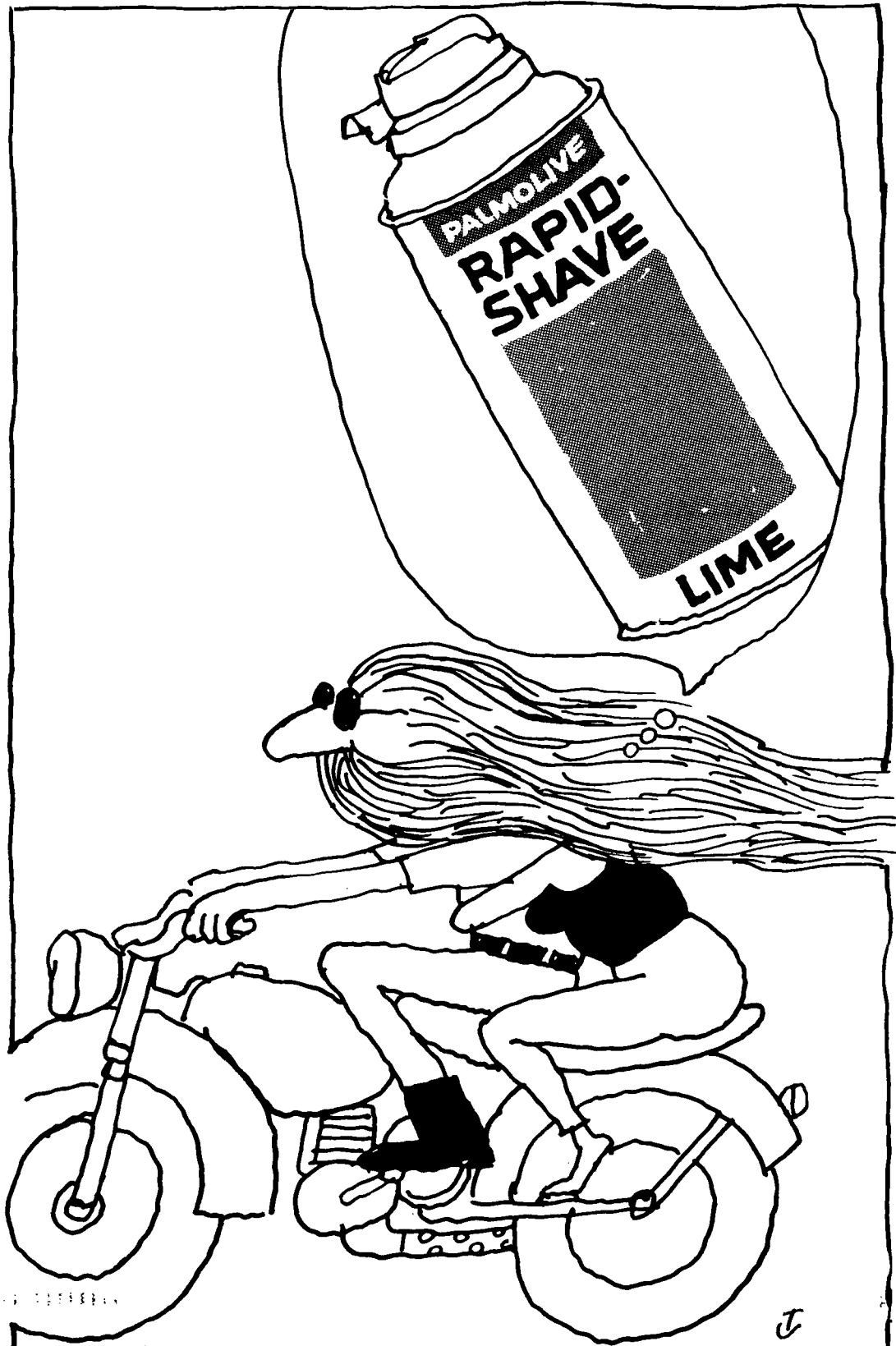
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# THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

## A Reasonable Choice

Every year during the fall and spring a new group of Student politicians fall into ranks and begin to assault our University. They are against overcrowding in the halls, against meaningless activity in the upper reaches of Student Government, for Pass/fail and for Student involvement and responsibility. In other words, they are for and against all of the "right" things. They believe in the things which we do. They are not above questioning the sacred cows of either the traditional or the liberal establishment.

They believe that Notre Dame is fundamentally a decent place in which to pass one's college years, but realize that there are fissures which strike at the root of our generosity.

By the nature and fact of their activity, they demonstrate their belief in Notre Dame. They are not attempting to destroy the meaning of the university community, but rather to vindicate its essence. Their aims are lofty and our endorsement shall always go to groups with such ends.

For the past several years students have attempted to organize themselves into a party in order to rationalize their efforts to attain their goals. Thus the Popular front of antiquity was brought to term under the leadership of Lenny Joyce.

Lenny felt that the average student at Notre Dame not only wanted more freedom in regulating his life, but also deserved it, and above all, would benefit from it.

The Popular front was organized not so much to give ideological direction to these aims, but for practical direction. It was built around the hope that the will of the student would today have some leverage, and that necessary reforms would come, if not tomorrow, at least before the end of the world.

The heir of the Popular Front is the Action Student Party. They have the same aims, and a little better organization. We still object to some of their rhetoric (i.e. a reference to the "Blase cynicism of the Observer," which returns all responsibility "with a sneering senior grim grin.")

We think that they will as they become more experienced be a little less idealistic concerning the possibility for reform through the apparatus of Student Government, but we congratulate them for avoiding that condition already.

We urge the student body to consider their proposals; and to realize that their agency may be the one to accomplish the common ends of the student body; if indeed they can be reached.

The last qualification is the greatest. The ASP seems to be far too optimistic and idealistic for its own good. As it experiences the frustrations involved in attempting to deal with the subterranean forces which somehow guide our University, we fear that they will be dissatisfied too easily and become victims of the blase cynicism for which we are damned.

## Somebody's Got To Lose

Division of opinion over Vietnam ranges from small groups who favor the Viet Cong to extreme rightist groups who want to bomb Red China to deter them from aiding North Vietnam. There are so many shades of opinion that it now seems unlikely that even the Presidential elections of 1968 will be able to provide a new start in which majority opinion can rule on the conduct of the war.

Even taken in its broadest divisions, there are three distinct groupings of opinion. There are the doves, Johnson's supporters, and those who are more hawkish than Johnson. According to the latest Gallup poll, the three groups are of about equal strength. Thirty per cent of the population are doves. Thirty per cent support Johnson's Vietnam policy. Twenty-five per cent favor a more aggressive pursuit of the war. The remaining fifteen per cent are, of course, undecided.

Divide these three groups into two political parties and that leaves someone out in the cold. Presumably, it will not be Johnson's supporters who are almost certain of their candidate's renomination.

Nor is it likely to be the war hawks. Sen. Everett M. Dirksen has been made temporary chairman of the Republican platform committee and his retention in that post would work against the adoption of a peace plank on Vietnam. Furthermore, the leading Republican candidates seem more and more to be Nixon and Reagan.

There is some question as to whether a Republican platform of "drop a few more bombs" presents a real alternative for American voters. Certainly, it does not for the doves, who will be faced with a choice of voting for a man they distrust and dislike or for one who represents even more rightist views.

Unless Rockefeller, Percy or Kennedy manage major political miracles, the doves may be forced to support a third party to express their views. Since most of the major doves will undoubtedly refuse a third party nomination, this third party will probably nominate a political absurdity like Martin Luther King or Dr. Spock. The result of this would be to hurt the prestige of the doves and perhaps to elect Nixon or Reagan. And that's political life in America.



## THE REPORTER

### The Laodiceans

BY DENNIS GALLAGHER



I don't understand these kids today. Everyone, from Young Republican to young socialist, is in revolt against the Establishment. Everyone wants a brave new world. But I don't know if this represents a deep commitment or an overdose of Vitamin D.

I talked to one genuinely bright and concerned young man. He was a Negro and he dwelled constantly on the moral bankruptcy of white society. He was a pessimist who foresaw great racial unrest and a lot of interracial killing.

His sincerity was unquestionable. His pride in his own race and his distrust of the white race seemed to be firm and stable beliefs. Yet here he was at a predominantly white school living in amity with white friends.

What seemed even more amazing was that he was in ROTC, thus committing himself to the defense of the society that he thought so corrupt. His reasons for this were purely pragmatic. He didn't want to be drafted into the low status of a Negro private. "I suppose I'll kill the VC if I have to," he concluded, "But my heart certainly won't be in it."

And this is true of a lot of us. We don't believe in war and we make fun of silly old LBJ and his absurd crusade to save Vietnam from Vietnamese. But we don't believe in pacifism or Communism either. So, with regrets and feelings of stupidity, when the call comes, we go.

And we don't believe in the American Dream. We don't want a wife, a dog, 2.4 children and a home in Levittown. We are the Pepsi generation. We come alive. We are brave, free and intolerant of the errors of the past.

But it really never washes us clean. We are the Ajax White knight but we sell the same old Brand X. We believe in love and peace and brotherhood but then so do our parents. And look where it got them.

I don't know any words of wisdom which will set the youth of America on a course straight into the new Utopia. Unlike the various student leaders who cry "involvement" to what they consider are the apathetic masses, I don't think that commitment to a cause for commitment's sake is a positive good.

But it seems that when we commit our minds, we must commit our lives if we are ever to be whole men. If I oppose the war and make clever jokes against it to impress the leftist nieces of Indiana bankers, I have a moral obligation not to allow myself to be drafted to serve what I consider immorality. And if I believe that the Vietnamese war is a fight to save civilization. I ought in good conscience to enlist and not let high school dropouts fight my battles while I play CIU.

Yet I suppose that the inert structure which is society's defense against idealism will keep most of us from acting on our innermost beliefs. And we will become doctors and lawyers and business executives; and all live in houses made out of ticky-tacky even unto the fifth and sixth generation.

So it is that individual minds act collectively. We speak as men but we fall in line like sheep. And if I should fail, as I probably will, to live my ideas, to be a man, it will show again that knowledge is not belief, and belief is not action, and that I, brother, am one of you.



# SMC Becomes "Traveler" in Montmartre

BY SUZANNE SMITHER

What makes a Catholic university education?

Four walls, one professor, assorted students with pens in their hands, lecture sounds in their ears, white-on-black board words in their eyes, and God knows what in their

an opportunity to drop that catechetical capital "C", experience, countless unexpected lessons, and come to an understanding of what Catholic, universal education is all about. The success of the program depended on each student's utilization of the chances for growth and improvement that came his way.

One of the first important lessons came when we arrived in Angers and settled in the co-ed dorm which was our home during the five weeks of intensive training prior to first semester. Soon we stopped thinking in terms of ND men and SMC half-women. "Good grief! They're really human!" came to minds indoctrinated freshman year in the mythology-propaganda that once made Highway 31 seem a thousand miles wide.

Since we attended classes and meals together, toured the Loire valley in one large purple bus, griped and groped our way toward adjustment together, the first weeks resulted in a definite ghetto atmosphere. Yet even this could have been prevented. The French students, for the most part, had not then arrived, and those who were there to help us were far too few. But the citizens of Angers were not by any means hostile to us. The sight of dozens of Americans screeching up to a cafe like a contingent of Hell's Angels, the loud English we spoke among ourselves, the way we seemed to put up an "invisible shield" whenever we gathered for the evening—our actions spoke of an exclusive attitude toward the French. We had to show

an interest in them before they would respond. As soon as we took a step in their direction, we found many good friends.



First semester brought changes, mostly for the better. Many students moved into families in the city, and those who stayed in the dorms had contact, though somewhat limited, with French peers. If all of us had been in families from the start, problems in spoken French could have been almost entirely eliminated. In future years, this will be done, and families who have "adopted" Americans before will be certainly better prepared to make contacts that will benefit both sides.

The greatest problem in the classrooms was, once again, limited contact, since courses were taught by French professors to students as strange to them as they were to us. Consequently, some courses were nearly impossible, while others were nearly Mickey-Mouse.

Three of us had the opportunity of taking courses in the Faculte, or Arts and Letters College, with entirely French classes. When you walk into a French class, you notice that your classmates may not wear Weejuns, use

Ban, or change to a new outfit each day but they do smile, talk, and include you in their activities.

This brings us to the social life, which is not at all couple-orientated. There is none of the 'I'm-your-date-now-what-do-we-do?' tension that is rumored to damn many ND-SMC courtships from the beginning. If we did date French students, the dating came only after we had gotten to know them through the miniature United Nations meetings that turned cafes into the backdrop for stimulating cultural exchange.

There was another chance for contact that did not work out. The student restaurant, where bread flew across the room in greeting and lunch lines were raucous caucous races, has been eliminated from the projected plans for improving the year abroad. Meals will probably be eaten with French families, and neither malnutrition nor financial distress will be a danger any longer.

Travel was the best teacher, and not enough time was allotted for thorough investigation of the Continent. Yet some students chose to pass Christmas vacation at home. I was one of them, and I feel our choice was not a good one. Christmas in the mountains of Austria does not come every year, and now I'm sorry I missed it. Another pitfall was too much dependence on other Americans as traveling companions. The first time I stopped feeling like a tourist was the day our bus left me in Montmartre. The two hours I spent lost in Paris were more rewarding than frightening. For during that time I was an individual, and I had at least a fighting chance at disguising my obviously American accent and mannerisms.

Travel in and near Angers was greatly enhanced by the use of motorbikes. These retarded Hondas, once we learned to drive them, enabled us to become familiar with the region, and to gain some independence from "the group". Cars would have been an advantage on trips out of the country, but they would have hindered us considerably in Angers.

Due to the people, the places, and the experiences that were a year of my life, I have returned with an American "family" on these two campuses, French slang that creeps into my conversation, and memories of faces, foods, countries, wines, languages, and customs that will still be in my mind long after I've forgotten final exams and my GPA.

Standing on the banks of the Seine my last night in Paris, I watched both the cathedral and the friends that have that right to the name of Notre Dame. I hope I'll have that right as well—because of Angers' 66-67, there are quite a few girls over here who have begun to feel like Notre Dame women.



minds—these elements are inevitable on either side of the Atlantic, but they do not always tell the whole story.

Last year's sophomore program in Angers, France, was

## OBSERVER FEATURES



**QUEEN PAM CLANCY**—from Wayne New Jersey was elected Queen for Notre Dame Homecoming Ball this week-end. Pam a 5-foot-3 blonde hair green eyed freshman at Aulwell College New Jersey will be escorted by junior Craig Fenech, a junior Economics major. Craig and Pam met three years ago at a local swim club in Wayne, New Jersey. "We're going together now," said Pam, "But we're almost positive we're going to get married in two or three years."

# ASP O'Dea vs. Dowd in Walsh

If there is one element two of the Senate candidates in Walsh do not lack, it is notoriety, for Walsh Hall provides the most clearcut choice of any of the Student Senate races. In the race are ASP's Presidential candidate in last March's elections, Denny O'Dea, and former stay Senator Pat Dowd, who strenuously opposed ASP while running for Vice President in the same election.

Now, in October, both candidates are back, each with a strong set of opinions and ideas about the course of the Senate and Notre Dame Student Body. Of course, O'Dea and Dowd are not the only candidates in the race, but with their programs they present an idea of what choices the student will face in the Senate elections plus the Student Body elections of early spring.

Dowd, with two years of Senate experience under his belt, is strongly critical of the body, calling it a "disorganized bull session." He sees this as a crucial year for the Student Senate. Now that student financial affairs are no longer handled by the Senate, it must find a new role or sink into obscurity and disorganization. Pointing to the faculty Senate, Pat sees the opportunity for cooperation in the area of educational reform.

The Student Senate, in Dowd's view, could work effectively with the Faculty Senate to secure a pass-fail system in such courses as Collegiate Seminar.

Now that numerous reforms have been enacted in such areas as curfew, Dowd sees a question of equitability arising. While there is a pressing need to build the true hall community, rights and privileges must be uniform. As Dowd sees it now, "You can be thrown out of one hall for what you can do any weekend in another." The Senate, bringing together publically representatives from all the halls, could be put to use to alleviate this in his view.

At the same time, though, Dowd sees, with the help of its senators, his own hall as becoming

a model for the entire university community. His opinion is that the hall should endeavor to stage parties on a campus-wide basis and should endeavor, through its own academic commission, to bring faculty speakers and debates into Walsh. Thus to Dowd the need is twofold, equitability of rules among halls and the establishment of a true hall community.

Denny O'Dea strongly supports ASP's ideas as to educational reform and university reform. These ideas took shape at ASP's convention Sunday, but must also be influenced by what takes place in the halls, for, as Denny sees it, Notre Dame must become a participatory democracy. Denny's particular area of interest is the Free University. In a circular setting forth his ideas, O'Dea stresses the idea that the Free University must confront

the issues ignored by the normal university curriculum.

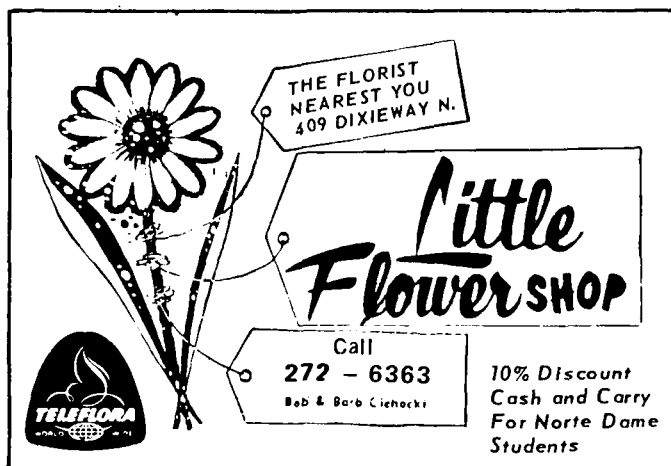
To O'Dea, the Free University must become a major area of student participation. As such, it shall be the students who choose what they are to read, the students who formulate new ideas. As such, the Free University would be something unique to Notre Dame.

O'Dea, like Dowd, sees the need for a new role of the Senate. In the ASP framework of participatory democracy, the Senate assumes importance as a forum for student viewpoints and as a source of pressure for change. O'Dea thinks much can be done in the area of reform, although much emphasis has been shifted to the area of education. However, there are still thorny questions such as parking hours, prices in the Huddle and Bookstore, and, in general,

the student's right to make his own rules outside the classroom.

The race in Walsh, then, besides being a rematch of sorts, provides the students with differing sets of ideas. In this time in which the proposals of two years ago are in effect now, new ideas are needed. So, too, is a

strong Senate with a role all its own. The ideas of Denny O'Dea and Pat Dowd are different, and as such give a pretty good idea of the dialogue to be expected in this election, the Senate, and in the Presidential elections to come.



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the Mailbag

Dear Editor:

I have a few words to say in reply to Dennis Gallagher's "Dark Tuesday" column.

Dennis, I feel sorry for you. Your outlook on life shows a deep lack of self-confidence. You seem extremely sad. You think yourself as a student. You are not.

Tuesdays are dark only when they are viewed through dark eyes. Dennis, most of the student body loves this university. The tradition, the spirit, the gold and blue, the beauty, the fellowship of the most exclusive fraternity in the world, these are things which instill a pride in me that will live forever. What the Golden Dome stands for is my way of life. I can't stand to see anyone smear mud over the ideals of love.

Dennis Gallagher, if you are unhappy here, if you are counting the days till Thanksgiving and home, why don't you cross them all out and leave. There is no place at the University of Notre Dame for your attitude. You are not wanted.

Sincerely,  
Ray Caston

2922 Miami St.  
South Bend

Editor:

I am fed up with T. John Condon. First, I am forced to put up with his logy rhetoric. Yecch. Nothing at all is sacred for this poltroon. He mentioned me in the article about the rugby team (Observer, Oct. 7). He knows I am a small, but slow player, yet, to have a little joke, he said I weighed "a healthy 235." If journalists are permitted the random liberty to slander anyone who may find themselves in their displeasure, the traditions of free press and the American way will become a thing of the past. The blase manner that the aforementioned reporter has libeled anyone and any-

thing in his path has infuriated many of the more sensible students. We've considered legal action, but will be satisfied with his immediate resignation.

Tom Condon  
334 Dillon

Dear Sir:

If there were any dumb animals on last year's Observer, they must have pulled stakes and moved West - no doubt to observe nude parties and other goings-on.

Congratulations on a first issue that can only be termed superb.

Robert Sam Anson



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John davidson  
Room 155  
Center for Continuing Education

Here's my ballot for the "All-Time Top Ten" song medley to be featured  
In the "JOHN DAVIDSON AT NOTRE DAME" TV Special, performed at Stepan  
Center, 8:30 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday, October 18th and 19th, which  
We'll see on the ABC-TV network, October 27, 9-10 p.m. (CST).

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10. \_\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Class of \_\_\_\_\_

This ballot can be mailed or dropped into on-campus ballot boxes.

\* JOHN DAVIDSON \* GEORGE CARLIN \* JUDY COLLINS \* SPANKY AND OUR GANG \* NOTRE DAME GLEE CLUB

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# Irish Shoot Down Hawkeyes

BY TOM FIGEL

Saturday Notre Dame, perhaps ever-reacting to its loss to Purdue a week ago, avenged itself on an outclassed Iowa team, 56-6. Not that Iowa didn't show some fight and held some terrors for the Irish. But Saturday afternoon the Green Berets couldn't have moved the Irish out of the way. The outcome of the game failed to surprise anyone, even the hardest of the diehard Iowa followers, but in some ways the Irish surprised themselves.

What Iowa faced last Saturday was almost perfection. Terry Hanratty, who has begun to show some fleetness of foot this year as well as a strong right arm, completed nine out of ten passes in the half he played. He was nine for nine going for his tenth when the ball slipped out of Jim Seymour's usually sure hands. One of Hanratty's passes showed minus yardage when an Iowa defender knocked a Hanratty pass back into his arms and Terry couldn't scamper away. It was that kind of game; Iowa couldn't get a break if they

worked all day.

The Hawkeyes showed more spunk in the beginning than they did as the first quarter wore on. They stopped the first Irish threat when Notre Dame failed to make its short way to the goal. But Hanratty, aided by Tom Schoen's punt return which put

the ball on Iowa's twenty, brought the Irish right back. This time Notre Dame went all the way onto the scoreboard when Hanratty twisted over from the two.

Jeff Zimmerman, the big sophomore fullback carried the ball and a few Hawkeyes over

three times, to lead the Irish runners with 64 yards in 11 carries.

Tom Schoen, perhaps showing what he remembers from his quarterback days, crashed the offensive scene and took an intercepted pass thirty-four yards for a score.

But Schoen wasn't the only member of the Irish defense who was all over the Hawkeyes. The entire defense, determined to erase the previous Saturday, kept the Hawkeyes to an almost constant three downs and a faltering punt. Schoen had plenty of opportunity to hear his "Go, Schoen, Go!" chant.

As the Irish score began to mount, the second and then the third stringers began to come into the game. Coley O'Brien took over in the second half and maneuvered his team ninety-four yards in ten plays. He had the Hawkeyes baffled all the way as, looking tiny among his blockers, he completed his last minute passes and ran when Iowa was looking for a pass.

Someone yelled from the stands, "O'Brien, you're the greatest!" and a new chant began: "Eight in a row, eight in a row." When Smithberger, Hardy, and O'Leary rejoin the team which romped last Saturday, it may be just that: eight in a row and eight badly mauled by a team which last Saturday approached perfection.



## OBSERVER SPORTS

### Ruggers Shine Over August Chicago

BY T. JOHN CONDON

The Notre Dame Rugby Football Club opened its Fall season with a convincing 33-0 thrashing of a good University of Chicago team at the rugby field behind Stepan on Saturday morning. The Maroons, loaded with several English and Australian graduate students, were no match for the speed and aggressive-

ness of the Irish.

The Irish had begun the season with a big question about the fly half position, one of rugby's most skilled labors. For the past three seasons, Dave Riser, perhaps the best fly half in the country, had graced the Irish backfield. He's gone, but if senior John Drndak continues to perform the way he did at the position on Saturday, Riser will fade quite quickly into the vault

of fantastic rugby legends.

Drndak was all over the field, executing savage tackles, deft pop-kicks and continually terrorizing the smaller Chicago backs. At one point, he cross kicked across the entire face of the Maroon wing to outside wing Mouse Adams, who raced a brilliant 40 yard run around the left side.

Bill Kenealy, who makes a habit of running wild, commanded attention in the second half. He scored three times, each time blasting through several Chicago ruggers. Kenealy likes to run with the ball, and, if he continues as he has in the past, he will probably finish the season sated with pleasure.

The scrum also got into the picture. Huge Jay Fiorillo bulled through for a score, and Tricky Dick Carrigan, who handles the place kicking and line 'out jumping, snaked through for a tally. Carrigan also converted six of seven placement attempts, giving him fifteen points for the afternoon. It was a good afternoon.

In a "B" team game, the Irish, led by Dave Yonto and Chad Love, trounced Chicago, 17-5.

Next Saturday, the Irish will face the University of Wisconsin, a team annually loaded with the likes of French counts, magicians, huge Orientals and Chicago gangsters. Bring you Homecoming date out—make her feel that she's seen the world.

### THE IRISH EYE

#### Who is Joe Freeberry?



BY TOM FIGEL

The Irish came out stomping last Saturday afternoon and while their coach paced nervously on the sidelines, they outpassed, outran and outkicked an undermanned and out of fashion team from the heartland of Iowa.

Their receivers picked off Hanratty and even Podolak bombs like they were half-starved migrants sprung loose in a Midwest cornfield. Their backs ran, kicked and clawed their way to first downs while the Hawkeye quarterback had to do the Teaberry shuffle in order to maintain his self respect. The rabble responded, the score grew and a battered Irish eleven proved that they were once again the best in the land.

Less than a week ago this same team had returned from a march into eternity that had ended a legend in just a few hours. They had returned from Lafayette battered, bruised, beaten and hurt; and for the first time in a long while they had returned losers. But last Saturday they had come home to win and to win impressively. They did just that.

The heroes were many—Schoen, Hanratty, Harshman, Rocky Bleier, Zimmerman, and some kid named Joe Freeberry—but it wasn't a game of heroes. It was a game of hard-hitting precision and it was played by a well-oiled gridiron machine which decided sometime last week that they still could be number one.

The second half saw the arrival of the subs led by Colin Carroll O'Brien and they were a pretty classy group in their own right as they played dead even with the Hawkeye first string for the third quarter.

And then O'Brien, the best number two man in the college game, proved that he was still trying for the number one honors, by mixing plays and throwing passes all the way into the Iowa end zone. He passed three times and three times he gained. He let Criniti run for a while and then he decided it was his turn. The left end cleared the way and the second boy wonder skitted the last four yards for the TD.

The Irish won last weekend, and they won big. They boomed out that they were here to stay and you could almost feel a smash-nosed, Norwegian-American named Rockne roll over in his grave at the Council Oaks halfway across South Bend.

