

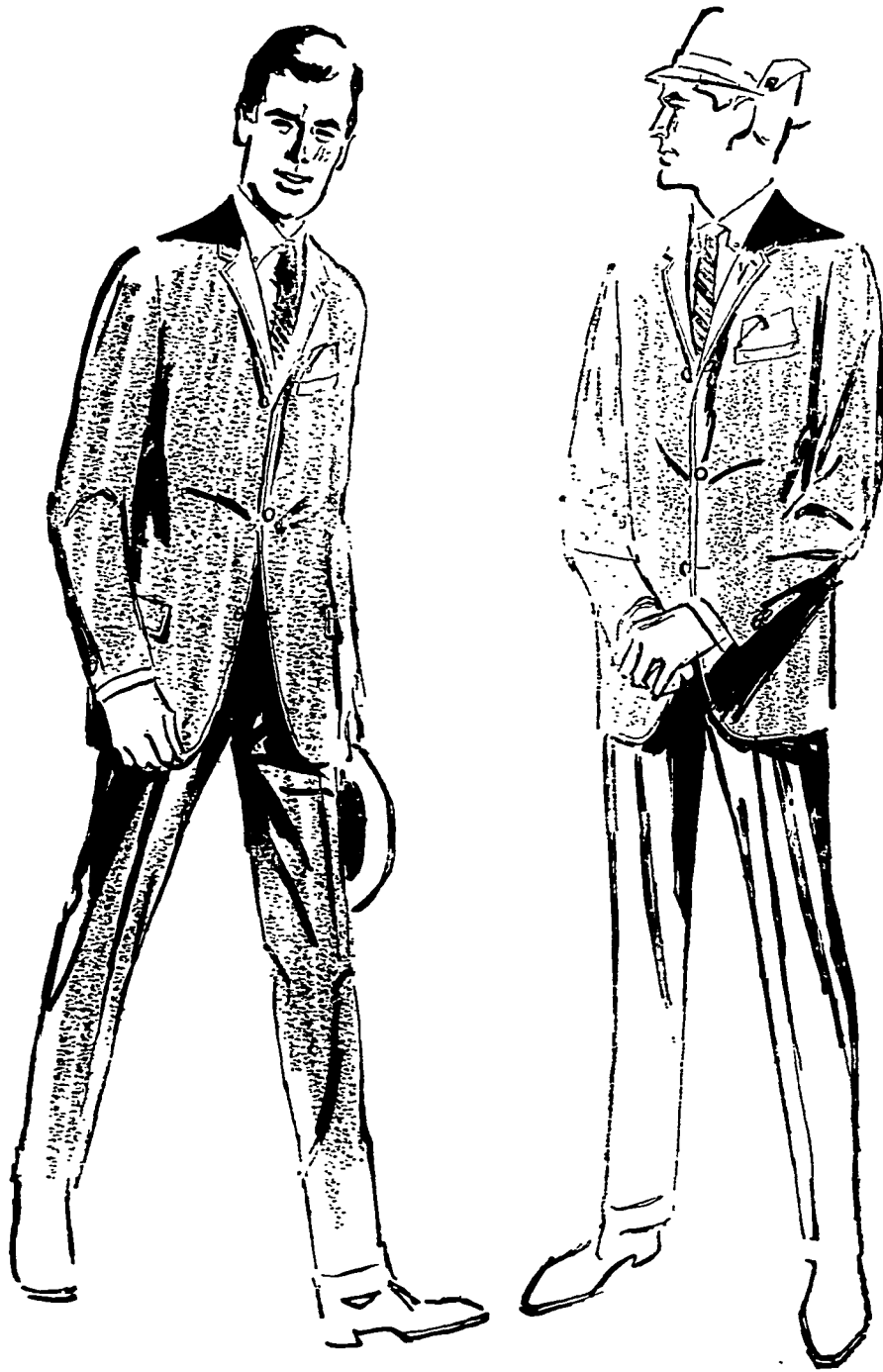
The SCHOLASTIC



OCTOBER 5, 1962

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The SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 104 October 5, 1962 No. 2

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

Founded 1867

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COPY STAFF: Al Dudash, Dick Notebaert, John Pope, Jack Rowe, Bob Zeilsdorf.

FEATURES STAFF: Brian Barnes, Jim Bonnybury, Dick Gibbs, Frank McConnell, Larry Sicking, Carl Wiedemann.

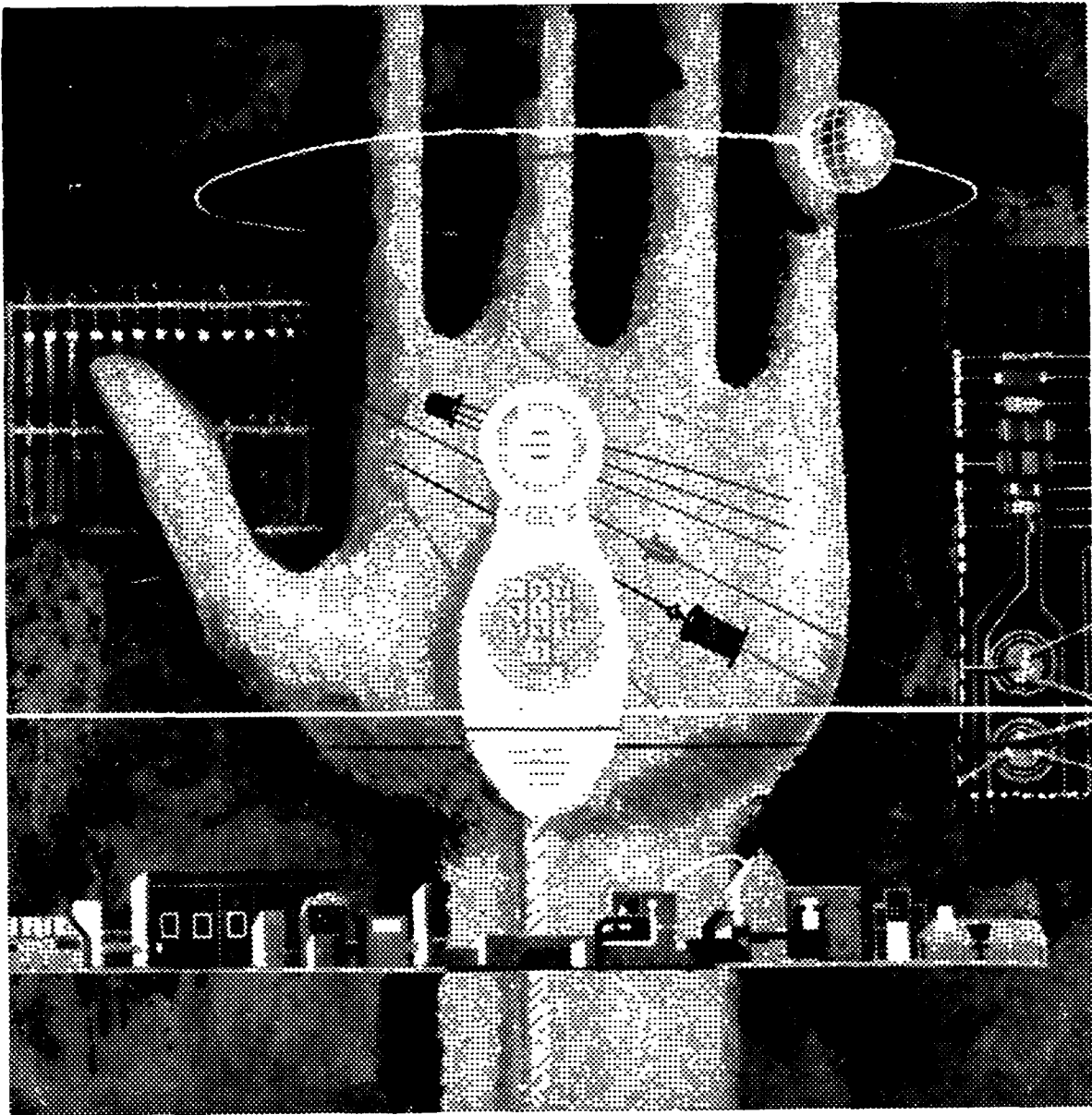
NEWS STAFF: Ken Arnold, John Buckley, Joe Caspar, Vince DeCoursey, Dick Maher.

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The Scholastic



Our future is in the hands of men not yet hired

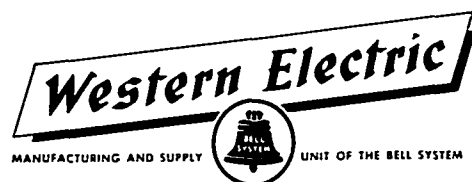
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Associate editor, Jack Ahern, accompanied William Higgs (see page 12) to Oxford, Mississippi last Saturday for a firsthand report of the social upheaval presently shaking the nation's confidence in its own moral maturity. Here are his reactions to the attitudes of the local and federal authorities, the citizens, and above all the students and faculty of the University of Mississippi.

Anarchy reigned on the campus of the University of Mississippi last Sunday night. Passionate resentment of Federal enforcement of the court's injunctive order, fear of integration's social consequences and hatred of Negro James Meredith drove the crowd into protest demonstrations. Abnegation of authority by Mississippi highway patrolmen, inept handling of the throng by U.S. marshals, and lack of communication and cooperation between the Justice Department and the university administration permitted the agitations of students and strangers to move the crowd to fury.

Violence could have been avoided. There was gross mismanagement and underestimation of the seriousness of the situation by administration officials, by Federal officers, and by state troopers. The administration had decided not to campus the student body to room check because they did not know when the Federal forces would bring Meredith on campus. When the violence did arise, there was no administration official to formally disperse the rally. This inaction was defended on the grounds that the students had the right to free assembly, and, in any case, were merely curious. The faculty attempt to circulate throughout the mob to dampen tense passions and to send students back to their dorms was ineffectual. Secondly, the Federal government lacked preparation and did not effectively co-ordinate state and administration personnel. No notice was given to the Chancellor when Meredith was coming, and the government brought the Negro onto the campus at night despite administration appeals to the contrary. No apparent attempt was made by the state police to enforce Barnett's pledge to keep order. The marshals did not have a microphone system set up, nor portable battery-powered mikes, let alone a screen so the students could view President Kennedy's speech. Finally, the state police completely bungled the operation, and in fact, encouraged the rioters. They had an incredible working relationship with the students, talking and joking freely with them as if they were doing nothing more serious than directing traffic at a bazaar. At two crucial times the patrolmen abandoned their checkpoints, allowing non-students to pour onto the campus. Their reluctance to act responsibly was obvious. As one officer cracked to nearby students,

"Our one order is not to interfere with whatever you boys do."

The mass itself moved toward frenzy before the war with the marshals began. First, the students' shouting became more abusive. They began flicking cigarets at marshals, heaved rolls of toilet paper, and finally handfuls of pebbles. One student stole a photographer's camera, others punched him until a policeman rescued him by shouting, "Leave *him* to me." Other photographers were grabbed, their cameras smashed, their cars kicked in, their bodies beaten by a crowd out of control.

This was a shabby crime accomplished by thugs and wild-eyed youths. Their symbol was not the Confederate flag with its rich traditions of honor and courage, but rather the ragged coattails of an psychotic old man, Gen. Edwin Walker, whose actions and speeches at the base of the Confederate monument, epitomize the tragi-comic nature of the whole affair.

This violent eruption of uncontrolled hatred and defiance of the Federal government is a scar on the conscience of all Americans. The bestiality of the whole vicious performance should be a lesson to all, especially to the students of this country.

The students could have prevented this atrocity. The businessmen need customers, the politicians need votes, and so neither group would take action to stop this outrage to all that America and higher education stand for. Students do not have these definitive pressures upon them. If they had taken a stand based on clear vision perhaps the administration would have made an appeal to Gov. Barnett to make the Mississippi highway police accept their responsibility of law enforcement. When Mississippi's acknowledged leaders did not accept their responsibilities, it was left to the students to accept them. The students must accept responsibility for the riot, and for remedying the deeper abrasions that go beyond this particular incident in history. If a new South built on the concepts of human dignity, love, and understanding is to be created, today's students alone can do so; their elders have failed. Students must undertake the task of educating themselves and the Negro. Whether they possess the sense and fortitude to do so, is another problem. Their actions on their campus Sunday night leave many with little hope. Perhaps this tragedy will motivate these students to restore sanity to the people of Mississippi, and set an example for the nation.

Back in December of 1961 the Academic Council considered three proposals revising the academic calendar. Proposal III rescheduled the traditional opening of the school year from the third week in September to the first day of September, allowing the first semester to end at Christmas, and the second in mid-May. Proposal II called for a tri-mester program —

two shortened terms and an additional five-week session beginning one week after the completion of the first two semesters. Again the first semester would end at Christmas. Proposal I modified the existing calendar, but retained the later opening, the three-week Christmas vacation, and the January and June semester closing dates.

The last of these plans was finally accepted, and in many ways, it seems to us, an unfortunate choice. First, due to the late opening day of classes the three-week lame-duck session between Christmas and first semester finals remains to plague professors and students alike. Second, Easter vacation has been shifted so that the bulk of the recess is during Holy Week, a time better for solemnity than celebration. Third, Proposal I demands that "Commencement Sunday (be) the first Sunday in June unless that Sunday falls prior to the fourth day of June, in which case Commencement Sunday will be the second Sunday in June." In 1963 the first Sunday in June is the second of the month, and because of the proximity of Memorial Day traffic hazards, the exercises must be held on the following week end. This postponement, besides extending the school year into the muggy South Bend June heat, places the undergraduate in a poor bargaining position for summer jobs.

These three inconveniences are not the fault of the Academic Affairs Office (for it is at the mercy of a yearly changing calendar), but with the proposal itself. Perhaps neither of the other programs can eliminate all these problem areas without creating other more perturbing situations; but both, we suspect, offer a better solution to the existing difficulties. Proposal III, for example, would avoid the useless period between Christmas and finals, while allowing us the benefit of a head start on summer employment. Also, the early opening day (Sept. 1) provides a two-to three-week buffer zone for study before the first football week end.

These two new plans are again under intensive study by a special committee of the Academic Council composed of Messrs. Frederick Crosson, AB; Ralph Thorson, Science; Walter Shilts, Engineering; William Bonwich, BOM; and Edward Murphy, Law. We feel student opinion, along with faculty opinion, should be taken into account when the final decision is made, but that is only a vague possibility unless Student Government, the Academic Commission, or any other group of interested students voices its approval or disapproval of any of these proposals.

Student response, or rather the lack of it, to the recently tightened freshmen residence regulations has prompted us to make a comment or two upon the issue. Under the new rules, gone, so the rectors say, are the bleary-eyed and noisy herds of undisciplined youngsters. They are replaced by the "typical" pre-1962 Notre Dame student bent on completing his academic responsibilities by the appointed bewitching hour, bent on completing his nighttime, nonhall activities, academic and extracurricular, by 10 p.m.

According to Father McCarragher, Vice-President of Student Affairs, the combination of excessive noise in the halls, repeated absenteeism, decline in Mass attendance, and some letters from parents concerned with their sons' study habits compelled the University to assume a more direct hand than had been used last year in adjusting the freshman to the responsibilities of an institution of higher learning. Due to the basic immaturity of an 18-year-old boy fresh from a protected home environment, the freshman was not prepared for communal living, not prepared to begin and end his studies by a reasonable hour, not prepared to leave the local taverns alone on those infamous raid nights. And for these failings in maturity, organization, and self-discipline the first-year student must snuff the lights at midnight, and be confined to his quarters at 10 p.m. four times a week.

And yet, despite reports from the North Quad indicating an over-all satisfaction with the revised Freshman Code of Ethics, and despite the obvious raising of freshman living conditions from a Neanderthal to a civilized level, we are inclined to look with a jaundiced eye toward the premises upon which these new restrictions were founded. The official rationale behind the rules not only assumes the immaturity of the first-year student, but, somewhat paternalistically, his inherent incapacity to learn rapidly to regulate his own life when offered the opportunity. We must disagree in favor of a more optimistic appraisal of the freshman mentality. Without some continuing acknowledgment of confidence in his ability to function in society as a self-disciplining, self-regulating, and self-educating adult, the freshman will quite often and naturally react as a child. That people behave in a manner correlative to the way they are treated is almost a sociological axiom. Thus such outwardly imposed discipline as is being effected here on freshmen would appear detrimental to a normal growth pattern. Other universities, secular and parochial alike, have recognized this, and cast aside measures of this sort as unbecoming to the academic atmosphere.

Considered on a purely practical level, crowded rooms and physically inadequate study lounges in the dormitories force the student to begin the time-honored quest for a suitable study nook in an obscure corner of Nieuwland Science Hall. But with a mere three late permissions a week — and one surely reserved for Saturday recreation — serious study is severely limited. Or take, for example, the lecture situation. Last week the campus was visited by Mississippi's famed civil rights lawyer William Higgs, recently voted to *Life's* top 100 men of tomorrow. Unfortunately for the class of 1966 his main lecture on this campus extended beyond the 10 p.m. deadline.

This is not to say the freshmen should be given the latitude so overgenerously allotted last term, even though the number of pink slips (57% of the class) was substantially the same as in previous years. Strictly enforced study times, limited visiting hours, and constructive advice (preferably by hand-picked senior volunteers living in the dorms) would appear to be more beneficial to individual development than bluntly demanding curfews at 10 or darkness at 12.

Dave Brubeck
I'm in a Dancing Mood

Ray Conniff
The Way You Look Tonight

Miles Davis
If I Were a Bell

The Brothers Four
Marianne

André Previn
Like Love

Duke Ellington
Perdido

Carmen McRae
Paradiddle Joe

Roy Hamilton
Angel Eyes

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Forum

EDITOR:

I would like to comment on the article, "Mardi-Gras: Some Considerations," which was published in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC. I am taking time to submit a written reply to this article because the Mardi-Gras is a very important student-body function. Also, since I am General Chairman of the 1963 Mardi-Gras, I have some personal feelings to express. I sincerely think that the two men who wrote the article concerning the Mardi-Gras erred.

First of all, why wasn't I consulted prior to the publication of the article? I do not claim to be the only authority on the subject of Notre Dame's Mardi-Gras, but I do believe that the errors and misconceptions which appeared in the article could have been avoided. The men writing the article were apparently not interested in the actual position of the 1963 Mardi-Gras. The numerous changes that have taken place since last year were of no concern to these two men, who were intent upon assuming a universal situation from the particular.

Since there were so many changes in the Mardi-Gras organization, I cannot see any positive value that would justify the publication of such an article concerning the Mardi-Gras. In reality, these men have painted a picture which no longer exists. I could, just easily, write an article about the sale of blessings in the Catholic Church which would be no less ill-founded than the article written on the Mardi-Gras.

The article has certainly damaged the over-all image of the Mardi-Gras. It has created an image which associates corruption and mismanagement with the Notre Dame Mardi-Gras. Though this concept is entirely wrong, it is hard to strike out what the jury has already heard.

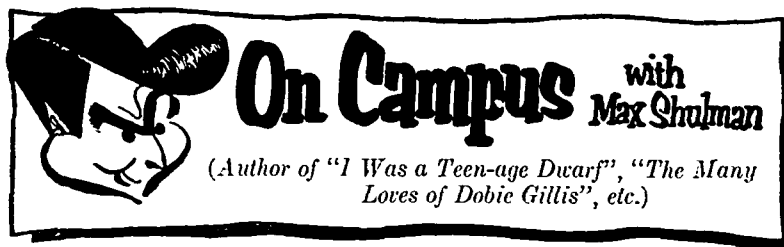
In a subsequent article I will endeavor to prove to these two gentlemen that their pen would have served them better if it had been still the night that their article was written.

Jack O'Connell,
General Chairman—Mardi-Gras. '63.

Cover

Steve Enright contributes a profile silhouette of this week's entertainer at N.D. Not Jack Mollenkopf, that is, but Ray Charles.

October 5, 1962



(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

WRITE? YOU'RE WRONG

In the recent furor over the assassination of President McKinley, it may have escaped your notice that a nationwide study of the writing ability of American college students has just been published.

The survey reveals an astonishing fact: that when students have completed their freshman year and are no longer required to take English, their writing skill progressively declines until we come to the fantastic situation where *graduating seniors actually are poorer writers of English than incoming freshmen!*

Many theories have been offered to account for this incredible fact. Some say that seniors know less English than freshmen because all seniors major in French. This is not true. No more than 94 percent of seniors major in French. How about the other six percent?

Well sir, of the six percent, half—or three percent—take physics, and it is not hard to understand how these poor souls grow rusty in English when all they ever say is "E equals MC squared."

Of the remaining three percent, two-thirds—or two percent—major in whaling, and their English too grows feeble with disuse. Whalers, as we all know, do not speak at all except to shout, "Thar she blows!" maybe twice a year.

Of the one percent remaining, it cannot be fairly said that they are poor writers. The fact is, we don't know what kind of writers they are. Why not? Because they never write. And why don't they ever write? Because this remaining one percent of American college students are enrolled at the University of Alaska, and never take their mittens off.

(Incidentally, I received quite a surprise upon first visiting Alaska two years ago when I was invited to Juneau to crown the Queen of the annual Date Palm Festival. Frankly I expected to find a surly and morose populace. After all, going through life with your mittens on

all the time is hardly calculated to make you merry as a cricket. Not only can't you write, but you miss out on all kinds of other fun things—like three card monte, making shadow pictures on the wall, and lint picking. However, to my astonishment, I discovered Alaskans to be a hale and gregarious group, mittens notwithstanding, and I soon found out why: because mittens notwithstanding, they could still smoke Marlboro Cigarettes, still enjoy that rich mellow flavor, that fine, clean Selectrate filter, that truly soft soft pack, that truly flip-top flip-top box—and that, friends, will make anybody happy, mittens notwithstanding. In fact, Alaskans are the happiest people I have ever met in the whole United States—except, of course, for the Alaskan vendors of Marlboro Cigarettes, who have not been paid in many years—indeed, never—because how can anybody dig out coins to pay for cigarettes when he is wearing mittens?)

But I digress. What are we going to do



about this deplorable condition where college students, having completed Freshman English, become steadily less proficient in the use of the language? The answer is simple. We will make them take Freshman English all through college. In fact, we won't let them take anything else! This solution, besides producing a nation of graceful writers, will also solve another harrowing problem: where to park on campus. If everybody takes nothing but Freshman English, we can tear down all the schools of law, medicine, engineering, and whaling, and turn them into parking lots. Can't we?

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* * *

The makers of Marlboro, who sponsor this column, plead guilty to being among those Americans whose writing skill is not all it might be. However, we like to think that as tobaccoists we know a thing or two. Won't you try us and see if you agree?

campus at a glance

“... they try their utmost Skill on such soft strokes as enter the soul, and wound it, like that Thunder which hunts and consumes all within, yet leaves the Garment sound.” *Don Quixote*, Part II, Book III, Chapter XXXVIII.

“I try to bring out my Soul.” Ray Charles.

● The campus will witness tonight several acts of violence. This first violence will, of course, occur with the season's second pep rally. Students and band will bang and holler about the campus, disrupting all other activity. For some, this interruption will last only a few minutes. For others the interruption will be much longer. (After most pep rallies, Freshmen notoriously drop any plans of evening study for excited talks and Huddle gatherings.)

The pep rally, however, will not end the violence. Ray Charles is here, and if people would let him, he would violate souls all through the night. Though technically a musician, Ray Charles is more like a poet, a man who sings and plays with his heart and intuition.

His concert tonight is not held primarily to entertain. Rather, Ray Charles will attempt, much like Brother Antoninus, (a beat-religious poet who read here last year) to come into the very personality of every member of the audience, bringing their feeling and his to fusion, to catharsis and fulfillment in the heady world of Dionysianism.

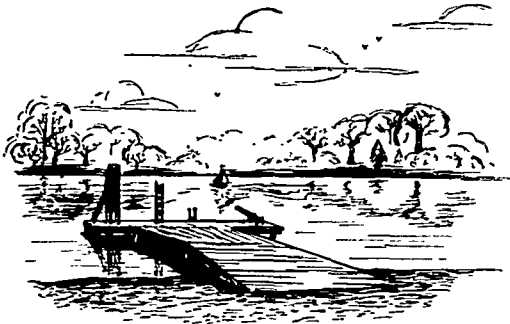
Charles' young life was full of tragedy and pain, a situation that has not changed materially since. He was born 28 years ago in Albany, Georgia (scene of recent racial trouble). Six years later, while living in Greensfield, Florida, Charles was blinded completely and without recovery. Sent to St. Augustine, Florida, to a school for blind children, Charles suffered another tragic loss at age fifteen: both his parents. He left school, bummed around with a few bands, picking up bad habits. Later, he formed a trio that essentially followed the Nat King Cole style.

But Charles could not develop his own talent with the trio, and it was disbanded a few years after its inception. Charles struck out on his own, developing both his own style and a variety of songs, achieving

success. Those in the audience tonight will hear jazz, rock 'n' roll, blues, folk songs and spirituals. (Charles especially likes spirituals. “I love a good gospel song if it is really soulful; and if you love something, it is bound to rub off a little.”)

Charles also plays a variety of instruments — being especially adept on the piano and saxophone. But those in the audience will not hear either piano or saxophone. They will hear Ray Charles using these instruments to express the violence of his soul, the power of his feeling. Those who have tickets should prepare themselves for an evening that will initially bring struggle and pain, but those who rise with Charles into his violent world might well leave with catharsis accomplished, with a better understanding of their feelings.

● The University is trying several measures to decrease the barbarity in the student section at football games, and both involve the use of St. Mary's girls. Last week the SCHOLASTIC documented one of these measures — the seating of freshman with the girls in the end zone. This week another measure was revealed: girl cheerleaders, three of them. (See cut page 21).



Some opposition to this latest action by the administration arose on the campus last week. The Senate was to discuss the matter last Tuesday night, though they could do little more than pass a resolution either favoring or disapproving an action already accomplished. (One senator told the SCHOLASTIC that most of the members of the senate were opposed to the measure.)

The reasons given for the opposition were various. Some felt that girl cheerleaders violated one of the oldest traditions of the University, that any corrective measures would have to come from the students them-

selves, and that instituting girl cheerleaders would not correct the situation. Others simply felt that the University action was arbitrary, that any measure that involved the student body on such a personal basis required their consent or disapproval. In any case the girl cheerleaders will make their first appearance tomorrow.

● Professor Frank O'Malley has launched a new career of late. He and Professor J. Carberry of the C.E. department have taken over as head coaches of the Lyons Hall interhall football squad. Coach Carberry will be doing the actual coaching, but Professor O'Malley will be the real force — spiritual, if you wish — behind the team.

● The University Theater launches its subscription drive next Monday through Friday. Productions for the year are *Hamlet*, *Billy Budd*, and *The Fantasticks*. The Shakespearean tragedy will be presented on the week ends of November 8, 9, 10 and 15, 16, 17; the Coxe-Chapman adaptation of Melville's novel is set for February 7, 8, 9 and 14, 15, 16; and the off-Broadway musical, which has run almost three years in New York, winds up the schedule on May 2, 3, 4 and 9, 10, 11.

Season tickets are \$3.00 for the same seat on the same night for the three productions.

● Probably the most prodigious feat accomplished week before last (though obviously excluding the Oklahoma victory) was performed by one Jim Schulte of Keenan Hall. Schulte, a pre-med major, is quite adept at the ancient art of sit-ups. Normally he does 100 every evening. A week ago last Wednesday Schulte did 1,000, thus probably establishing a Notre Dame record for sit-ups. He reported to the SCHOLASTIC that he felt “excellent” after his fine performance, but that he had suffered one minor injury, an abrasion on the lower part of his back caused by a new pair of jockey shorts. The abrasion appeared shortly after the 200th sit-up.

● Warm weather and sunny skies bring out more than birds and Bermudas. Last Sunday, following the
(Continued on page 26)

NORTHERN RHODESIA

... SAME OLD STORY

by Joe Simoni

This past summer I travelled to Northern Rhodesia under the auspices of Operation—Crossroads Africa, a privately sponsored organization which placed 25 groups in 18 African countries for its 1962 summer program. My group consisted of eleven people ranging in age from 19 to 47. My summer was an invaluable experience. I only hope that more Notre Dame students will come to realize the urgent need for an understanding of Africa's peoples and problems and will take part in future Crossroad programs.

I went to Northern Rhodesia to learn as much as possible about the country and the present situation there. I was not training to be a critic of people or policies. I have made value judgments—this is natural. I don't intend to include value judgments in this article, however, because I believe presenting a well-rounded picture of the country is by far my more important task.

Northern Rhodesia, along with Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is part of the Central Africa Federation. The formation of this Federation involved an economic consideration primarily. Northern Rhodesia is the world's second largest producer of copper; Southern Rhodesia is a leader in the tobacco industry; and Nyasaland is able to supply the other two countries with labor, having no notable resources of its own. This idea of Federation is a sore point in Central Africa at the present time.

Although Northern Rhodesia is within the tropics, the weather is warm without being oppressive. Rains fall between November and March and there is a daily average of bright sunshine ranging from four to ten hours a day all year round.

Northern Rhodesia is a British protectorate. The Europeans there are overwhelmingly of British stock, con-

sisting of people who migrated either from the United Kingdom or South Africa or descendants of such immigrants. These people are only 77,000 in number compared to 2,370,000 Africans and 10,600 others. Considering the short time they have been there (70 years) they have contributed tremendously to the growth of the country. It has been basically a result of their initiative that copper deposits have been developed, new industries established, agriculture expanded, etc. These people have developed various schemes which they say are in effect not only to help themselves but also to be of benefit to Africans. This is what the British say and some of them I believe. The problem is whether they are sincere or not. They are being overwhelmed by an African nationalist movement which has independence as its goal. This drive for freedom has become too great a force to be stopped. Elections this month will most likely give an African controlled legislature to Northern Rhodesia. If the Africans recognize and respect the European's place in the country, the elections will not lead to a situation of upheaval. Europeans are afraid this respect will not be shown. This fear is justifiable, yet maybe it is also an admittance of self-guilt. Aside from man's natural desire to be free, this nationalistic movement has been built upon hatred of racial prejudice. Here we have hit the jackpot, the fundamental cause of trouble in Northern Rhodesia—the same old story of white vs. black. There are those who offer other explanations but these people are only fooling themselves, that is, if they believe what they themselves say.

Racial prejudice in Northern Rhodesia has led to a segmented population consisting of upper class Europeans (whites), middle class Coloreds

and Asians, and lower class Africans. This segmented population has led to a segmented educational system. The federal government is responsible for educational services, except those for African school children, which are the responsibilities of the territorial government. The rationalization behind this program cannot be explained, nor the level of services be compared.

The present government advocates multiracialism and partnership. "Multiracialism" seems to place more emphasis on race than humanity, which the Africans won't buy. Also they want no part of partnership because they believe that the essential element of consent needed for a valid partnership is absent, thus making the partnership equally absent.

The fact of the whole matter is that Northern Rhodesia does not have one people. It is not one nation, but two nations with entirely different aspirations. Maybe it's better to face up to this realization rather than to try to work out a paper compromise. Maybe it's time for the European to consider seriously the African who says, "In six months I will have your job." And most important of all, maybe it's time the African realized what the extent of his responsibilities will be when independence comes to his people. In order to do this he will have to stop trying to be a "European" and develop his own personal integrity and initiative.

Do I seem too pessimistic? I would rather think of it as being realistic. If peaceable coexistence is to come to Northern Rhodesia the rights of people with black skin will have to be respected by those people with white skin, and vice versa. Whether this will happen or not is a big question. I only pose another. Where has this happened?

WILLIAM HIGGS

and other matters

by Ralph Martin

"A voteless Negro is a defenseless Negro," says William Higgs, the only white Mississippian to handle civil rights cases in his state, and a visitor to Notre Dame last week.

A graduate of Ole Miss at 19, first in his class, he went on to Harvard Law School. Now 26, he is looked on as a pariah by family and friends, his life has been threatened many times, and he has had family difficulties because of the trouble. What causes a man of such talent and promise to leave the certain success of established law firms and certain political leadership and strike out in the area of civil rights? Perhaps the conditions in Mississippi, as observed by Mr. Higgs, can help us understand his choice.

Over 43% of the people in Mississippi are Negroes, and yet they comprise only 2% of those registered and able to vote. Often, even though registered, they are kept from the polls by threats of violence to home and family. Beatings and rapings of Negroes occur almost daily and only when an outside newsforce discovers them are they reported. The Mississippi press is censored, and so are even national TV network programs. A white man may do virtually anything to a Negro and get away with it, even in the focus of national publicity.

Witness the Emmett Till case of recent years, in which the white defendants were virtually unpunished.

On the other hand, if a Negro commits a crime, or is accused of having done so, his "trial," if there is one, is a farce.

It is also in Mississippi that the White Citizens' Councils are most strongly organized. If a white man is suspected of being sympathetic to the civic emancipation of the Negro, pressure is brought upon him, usually from the banks or news-

papers, to join the council, like the rest of the leading citizens have done. It is unfortunate for the white businessman if he persists in his "notions."

Mr. Higgs suggests that the main effort of the various civil liberty groups should be to register the Negro, and eventually to elect liberal congressmen in the place of "Southern racists." It will be mainly a legal battle, as the requirements for Negro registration are often calculated to make the average Negro ineligible (constitutional interpretation, poll tax, literacy tests, and the like). It is objected by the white supremacists that the Negro is ignorant, inferior, immoral, and often lacking the rudiments of a simple education, and consequently should not vote. Some of these charges are often true; the illiteracy rate among Negroes does approach 10%, but this situation exists only because it perpetuates itself. As long as the Negro is deprived of the vote, so long will his education be inferior, his opportunity limited, and his hate and frustration increase. . . .

In some districts, the ratio of funds spent on white schools, to those spent on Negro schools is 100 to 1; at the best it is no better than 4 to 1. But, it is still objected, how can a man with a sixth grade education be allowed to vote? Even a man with a sixth grade education can recognize when he is oppressed, discriminated against, and when his children face the same future as he. And what is more, he can recognize his oppressors and his friends, with or without the advantage of campaign communication made possible by television, and cast his vote accordingly.

The "admittedly partisan remarks" made by Mr. Higgs at the Young Democrats meeting have a direct relevance if the discussion is to be

continued. "Any person who believes strongly in civil rights is out of his mind to vote Republican. Under Eisenhower, who may have been a personal segregationist, only three token suits were filed; under Kennedy things have changed drastically. We now have help from Washington, after eight long years. In 1½ years Kennedy has already filed 30 to 40 suits, and actively prosecuted them all, including the three started under Ike. The Democratic party is the party of civil rights. The Mansfield-Dirksen bill would have greatly limited literacy requirements for voter registration; it was defeated by a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats."

The responsibility for the defeat or emasculation of civil rights legislation rests on the Northern Congressmen as well as on the Southern segregationists. In the grand old congressional tradition of log rolling, such leaders as Eastland and Passman use their tremendous power and influence to direct the "interests" of Northern Congressmen away from the South. Mr. Higgs cites Indiana's own Homer Capehart as one of the most practiced in log rolling. He does so with the intent of showing the registered voters in the North, who proclaim their anger at the Southern reactionaries, that their own Congressmen are also to be held responsible, and even more so, as they sell out the civil rights bills, thinking it in their self-interest (remember Eastland and Passman), and that none in their areas are affected anyway. Sen. Eastland is chairman of both the Judiciary Committee and the Internal Security Committee of the U.S. Senate, and controls many federal appointments and judgeships. Passman has such power that he is able to cut one third off the foreign aid budget each year. Forty per-cent

of Congressman Passman's district is Negro. As the Negro is registered, the political complexions of Southern Congressmen will change. Mr. Higgs believes that the Negro will vote for Democrats of the New Frontier variety. "Kennedy, Roosevelt, and Truman made lasting impressions on Southern Negroes. At the moment, Eleanor Roosevelt is closest to the Negro heart. The Negro will be heard from. The Negro will vote Democratic."

From the groups most likely to be in a position to sense the outrage of the Negro's life in the South, one hears nothing. Students at the Southern universities are yet to be heard

election of Kennedy, the civil rights movement in the South began to gather momentum. Students at Brandeis, Harvard, Yale, MIT, Sarah Lawrence, and many others contribute materially to the success.

Mr. Higgs is sure that even with all the aid of private groups and individuals, it is only through federal intervention that the civil liberties will apply to the Negro. By now it must be apparent (considering devices of Mississippi and other states) that the fight will be legal, long, and hard, and that "Federal intervention is the only way."

Before I conclude with a short commentary on Mr. Higgs' visit, and

to his own opinions. — Next question.

The other question, or a reasonable facsimile, was asked by one of the more suspicious, slightly wild-eyed, young conservatives:

Q.—(Consulting notebook and statistics.) Do you not agree that the most important and significant Court decisions on civil rights, or interpretations of the Constitution to allow the federal government to enforce the Negro's right to citizenship, have been based on sociological evidence, and not legal; and if fact, are perversions of our forefathers' intentions and a flagrant violation of the Rule of Law? (paraphrase — Are you not, Mr. Higgs, a communist or a com-



from. Of course, the student editor of the Ole Miss newspaper declared that he believed the school should be kept open, if the worse came to worse, and Meredith was admitted. Perhaps there is a sign of hope, or more correctly, of a sense of honor, when in a straw poll of entering freshmen, Meredith was picked over Barnett for governor. Incidentally, Mr. Higgs, who is deeply involved in the Meredith case, claims that Meredith has two aims: to attend Ole Miss and to become governor of Mississippi.

The Southern clergy has also been sickeningly silent on the whole situation. In Mr. Higgs' experience, it is his Unitarian Church which holds integrated services, and scarcely any others. The actions of the Catholic clergy come pitifully late and many of the Protestant Churches are the strongholds of segregation and race hate.

With the beginning of the various student sit-ins, freedom rides, and other antisegregation devices, in late 1959 and '60, and then with the

on the civil liberties struggle itself, I think it would be well to repeat two of the more interesting questions asked by N.D. students. The first was asked by a student at the end of the Young Democrats meeting, and this was the only one Higgs tried to evade or talk around. He did not have time to answer it fully at that time, but the next night at the formal lecture, the same student, supported by three St. Mary's girls, asked the question again. Again Mr. Higgs was a trifle nervous — but he answered.

Q.—Mr. Higgs, what kind of South do you really want? Do you propose that the federal government be allowed to force an individual to deal with Negroes in his business or in other places, and impose fines or prison sentences if he doesn't?

A.—That's a good question — (aside to WSND mike crew) — is the mike okay? — fine, fine —. Well, I believe that if a man's business is required by the state to have a license — is publically licensed — he should be required to deal with all citizens. If his business is private, he has a right

munist dupe, or a fellow traveller riding a pink donkey? — ah ha!)

A.—I believe that the whole value of the Constitution is that the Supreme Court has made it a living document. It's quite futile to go back and try to figure out what the Founding Fathers meant, when they had no experience or conception of the problems which the Constitution is being called upon to answer today. The problem of civil liberties was quite differently conceived in the minds of the Founding Fathers. Who can reasonably attempt to say what Jefferson thought about whether the federal government has the right to protect and insure the Constitutional rights of a group of citizens, Negroes, when a state denies them? The sociological evidence which has influenced some court cases is but an intelligent judge's attempt to understand fully the implications of the legal.

* * *

Mr. Higgs himself has run for political offices three times, for city, state, and national offices. Of course,

he lost all three times by margins of about 5 to 1. He spent no more than \$1,000 on any campaign, used mainly to buy television time. They were not quite serious attempts. Though he has perhaps doomed a political career dependent on the Mississippi electorate, at least until the Negroes are registered, he is surely a rising political figure, within liberal Democratic circles.

His visit to Notre Dame, sponsored by the senior class, was quite interesting. Even N.D.'s Southerners seemed to be a little taken aback by his description of conditions in Mississippi. Higgs was clearly not the agitator some half-expected, and even considering the political connotation, his very obvious responsibility and clarity were most welcome. His Notre Dame audiences responded eagerly and intelligently, showing a real concern, and, in many cases, considerable understanding.

* * *

Today it is apparent that the years of flagrantly illegal segregation are numbered. The Negro will achieve his civil emancipation, the poll taxes will be abolished, he will vote for liberal Congressmen, he will vote himself school funds. But segregation is essentially an ailment of the spirit and can be quite as present even when all outward signs of it have been

removed by orders of the court or by legislation. The wounds inflicted (and necessarily inflicted) by the federal interventions will be a long time in healing. The resultant scars will never quite fade away, certainly not in the memories of those now living, and probably not in those of our children — and in the future, will exist as one of those strongly and pathetically living periods of history with the power to evoke a response, which only the greatest or foulest of human attitudes can.

It must not be lost sight of that the success of the civil rights lawyers does not end segregation. The assimilation of the Negro into our civil structure is, to many, still not an acceptance of the Negro into the human race. The current attitudes on the part of the more liberal Southerners, not the outright stupid or barbarous ones, are that it is only just that the Negro have civil liberties, but social contact (human relationships) between the two races is out of the question. The unspoken assumption is that distinction of race is an essential distinction and actually a distinction of species.

Many Protestant clergymen in the South are very fond of backing segregation with chapter and verse. The Catholics tried to look the other way until the last, nasty minute, and many still remain silent, thinking of

the wonderful order and peace before 1954. (A note to those searching for an anti-Christ: look in the well-established and successful Christian churches.)

Perhaps in the next few years, when the legal battles start to subside, more attention will be paid by the general public to the excellent studies on the nature of prejudice which have been written. The psychological and sociological understandings of the prejudice of segregation should prove of more real value than the obvious force of the legal — let me repeat, the necessary force. One understanding of prejudice, for example, the hate exhibited towards the Negro and Jew, greatly simplified, is that the white Protestant envies and fears the supposed freedom, irresponsibility, and sexual potency of the Negro, compelled by a semipuritan consciousness to condemn these things while secretly desiring them; and the less successful in business and status level try to compensate for their feelings of inferiority by hating the Jew, who is usually very successful in business.

Hate and frustration and the more devious oppression cannot be abolished by law or court order and they should not be. The federal government must enforce the civil rights of all its citizens (and we are the federal government). But it is for the private citizen to work out for himself a true tolerance.

The Negroes in the North in a large part have had complete civil rights for decades, and yet it is hard to point out a truly integrated community or any substantial part of the population who have true tolerance, or actually think mainly of a man with black skin as a person, essentially the same as themselves, with life, fears, hopes, and needs, and not as a *Negro* man, and although using the word "man," attribute to it different connotations of mind, spirit, feeling, or worth than when using it in an abstract way, or in a different context. Let no citizen fool himself, the segregation in the North is subtle and less obviously brutal, but it exists. It is almost entirely outside the realm of civil rights lawyers (yet witness the New York school suits this summer, the Englewood movement, the rise of the Black Muslims, the race tension in Harlem, and in past years in Chicago and Detroit, the beatings in Los Angeles), but it is a real and evil thing.

After the Southern spectacles are over and the machination of law complete, will we be able to fool ourselves any longer — is there any place left to put the blame? Were



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"We're emphasizing your strong points because of the John Cabot Lodge-Ted Kennedy primary victories. The voters are buying brand names. . . .!"

we, you and I, not the ones responsible and guilty all along?

Perhaps too long we have looked at the Southern crimes and not our own, perhaps too long we've followed the shootings, the progress of suits, the victories of civil rights proponents, and the defeat of their opponents, and meanwhile hidden by the cloak of a surface "consciousness, awareness," lurks the real crime. And what I mean is not even a lack of greater attention to the more subtle oppressions and crimes (although of course this is part of it) but a lack of a greater consciousness of ourselves; that I am I, not only I who exist in a structure of post cards, letters, dates, committees, symposia, grades, ideas; not only am I a public person, existing only when my name is mentioned, my thoughts articulated, my poems written, my contribution recognized, my love acknowledged — but I who exist independent of all these things, before all these things, and after all these things. A true consciousness of self brings with it an understanding of our freedom and responsibility, and how easily we give up our freedom to things and persons outside ourselves. One of these things outside ourselves is very often our conception of ourselves. The "I" is lost when it considers itself as a thing, an it. What is commonly regarded as selfishness or conceit is nothing but an externalization; it too belongs to the category of the public.

Writing or talking about anything brings with it the danger that the genuine experience or knowing which prompted the act may, in the articulation, become lost to him who does the writing or speaking. It may merely become another one of that vast group of ideas, things, and people who don't really have any true existence to ourselves, but are handled, examined, and looked at by us, never becoming known to us, and actually become defiled, violated by the manipulations of our irreverence. Consideration and analysis is necessary to knowing; reality offers itself up to us, to our violation, in the hope and intention that someday we might know — in the silence of knowing which passes beyond our analyses. We fail every time, we desecrate every time, and yet there are the moments and the hints, the signs of presence — and as our weakness increases so does our strength.

In order to communicate anything it is necessary that the immediate experience of it be placed apart from us, the irreverence and violation of apartness, of itness, is necessary if
(Continued on page 30)

More on Segregation

On February 1, 1960, four Negro college students carried out a plan they had developed the night before in their dormitories. Going to the segregated lunch counter of the Woolworth's store in Greensboro, North Carolina, they asked for four cups of coffee and cherry pie. When refused, they remained seated at the counter until the store closed. During the next weeks the sit-in movement spontaneously spread throughout the South. Students, and the world, discovered the value of the nonviolent method of challenging segregation.

In April of the same year the Raleigh Conference was held, bringing together the leaders of the various groups which had participated in the sit-ins. SNCC, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, was formed at this time to facilitate communication among the various segments of the sit-in movement. During the summer of 1960 the role of SNCC changed from one of simply communication to one of coordination. Student groups began to look to SNCC for direction to sustain the movement against segregation.

In response, SNCC began to formulate long-range plans to alleviate the racial discrimination in the South. During the 1960-61 academic year SNCC worked closely with the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE) in recruiting of freedom riders and the organization of the freedom rides. After the freedom rides SNCC turned its attention to voter registration.

With a realization that the right to vote should be the focal point in the Negroes' drive to the attainment of the civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution, SNCC began a campaign to register Negroes. Throughout the South, according to the report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights of 1959, approximately 25% of the eligible Negroes are registered. The situation is particularly bad in Mississippi where in 1961, according to the State Advisory Committee to the Federal Civil Rights Commission, only 4.6% of the eligible nonwhite were registered to vote. Accordingly,

in July of 1961, a campaign of voter registration was initiated in Pike County, Mississippi. A school was started under Robert Moses, a Negro who was formerly a teacher in Harlem. This school studied the Mississippi state constitution and the intricacies of registering in the state of Mississippi. Retaliation against this effort resulted in the McComb incident, consisting of several beatings, a killing, two student marches, and the resulting arrest of 118 students in a three-month period.

Since that time SNCC has continued its voter registration drive, believing that in the case of the Southern Negro this is the greatest right that a man can have in a democracy; also that the right to vote is the only way in which the Negro may guarantee for himself the civil rights he is entitled to as a citizen of the United States. The voter registration drive has spread through Mississippi, and plans have been made to extend it to areas of discrimination throughout the South.

Two things about SNCC should strike students in particular: first, this is a movement of students — it was initiated by students and continued by students of our age; second, it was successful . . . it not only brought a problem of our society clearly into focus but it has done something to alleviate the situation. Quite possibly a greater percentage of Negroes will vote in Mississippi this year than have voted since the end of the Reconstruction in the 1880's. Assuredly the sit-ins and freedom rides lessened the amount of discrimination in the South.

Mr. William Higgs, a Mississippi civil rights lawyer, who was recently on the Notre Dame campus, said that money given to SNCC would do several times more than that given to the other groups in this field. It is hoped that a fund raising campaign for SNCC can be held on the Notre Dame campus in the future. Any students who may desire more information can contact the author in 403 Walsh.

—John Kirlin



Senior Trip Madison, Wisconsin

Madison, Wisconsin, has been declared by *Life* magazine to be the ideal American city. The seniors who are leaving today on their annual trip will probably agree. The great Irish spirit will probably flow, in more ways than one.

State Street, Madison, is the haven (some say heaven) of the campus crowd. From Troia's Steak House, the most exclusive college hangout, to the Guitar Bar, a beatnik and hair tree gathering, the spirited Irish can celebrate another ND victory. Troia's is expensive, and it's a good idea to have a date (that's always a good idea). Troia's has a good businessman's lunch for a dollar. Across the street is the Grotto. Hours of meditation are best between four and six. The Varsity Bar is the best club and has been recommended by many a Badger. It has two levels, downstairs for general carousing and upstairs for couples. Bring a paint brush. All over Var-Bar's walls are printed names of students, fraternities and colleges. Look for the ND insignia above the men's room. Junior Clyde

The Scholastic

Tessler, in a moment of inspired loyalty, put the brush on the wall. Hamburgers here are 35¢. The usual price of beer is 35¢, 40¢ on Saturdays.

There are countless places besides the ones mentioned. For instance, the Brath House, next to Troia's, The Pub (with a \$140 window), The Log Cabin, and Chester's. Those who like to dance can go to Troia's or the Guitar Bar. Near the Guitar Bar is the K.K. Club for those who like a football atmosphere. Lorenzo's on University Avenue is a good location for those of you who need haircuts. The Threebells and Poison's are nearby. Threebells is excellent for gentlemen wishing to engage in fisticuffs. This bar is also a favorite for the Y.C.S., being generally integrated. Poison's has the best pizza in Madison. All establishments feature pinball machines.

All of these attractions are located within three blocks of the Wisconsin

campus. It is best to hoof it, because traffic around the campus is usually slow, sometimes stopped. The general atmosphere around the campus is friendly. There are plenty of girls, mostly at the bars, the student center, and Langdon Street, south of the campus, where the frat and sorority houses are located.

All the frat and sorority houses are on the Mendota waters. Boating and sailing are specialties of the house. The only way to stay overnight is to meet a charitable Badger, because the frat houses are pretty full. The Madison Inn is located just off the campus. However, it is new and rates are high.

The Wisconsin Student Union provides further diversions. The Hungry "U" — Wisconsin's counterpart of the Huddle — offers games of chance in a casino atmosphere on Friday night. Saturday night brings the Club 770, the oldest collegiate night club. It is

known as a showcase for college talent. Sunday night, John Ciardi will lecture in the Union Theater at 3 p.m., price \$1.50. Mr. Ciardi is a noted poet, the host of a network television show, *Accent*, and poetry editor of the *Saturday Review*. His lecture is entitled "How Does A Poem Mean?" Continuing in this intellectual vein, the movie "Ashes and Diamonds," winner of the 1959 International Film Critic's Award, will be shown Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Union Play Circle. Billiard, bowling, table tennis, and similar sports can also be enjoyed in the Union. Sailing enthusiasts can rent boats from the Hoofers Club.

The Wisconsin campus is approximately four and a half hours away from Notre Dame by bus. Thumbers will need about one more hour traveling time. With all the appealing activities on State Street and the Union, don't forget that game time is 1:30.



Comment on Notre Dame Football

Dr. Hutchins' statement pertaining to college football (SCHOLASTIC, March 2, 1962) would seem to warrant comment, as he touches upon very real problems, some of which are not without relevance to Notre Dame.

We are reminded by Dr. Hutchins that the University of Chicago deemed it necessary to abandon football because (a) football and education ought not to be confused, (b) football's prominent position in collegiate affairs is perverse, (c) the evils of the sport are legion, (d) valid conditions for its exercise within the academic community are nonexistent, and besides (e) pro-football is superior. One might further infer (f) that football, perversely pursued or otherwise, failed to show a telling profit (spiritually and/or financially) at Chicago.

I hold it to be obvious that Notre Dame cannot afford (financially, at least) to abandon the game. This concession does not demand, however, that we ignore the validity of the reasons why Chicago threw in the sweat shirt. For there are evils of not insignificant import which characterize modern collegiate football. However, this can be said of many collegiate enterprises including reading, drinking, dancing — indeed, thinking. One's imagination is unduly taxed by the thought of Dr. Hutchins

leveling abolitionist prose against these latter enterprises. Surely, then, he might concede that the best of all possible athletic worlds might be fashioned in a university stadium. And I think it most appropriate that the school (Notre Dame) which contributed so effectively to the development of the modern game might now step forward to rescue it from its present Neanderthal status. If some institution does not undertake this bold venture, we may all be pallbearers at the game's demise while pro football advances in age and imagination.

The difficulties of big-time college football are due to its essentially low-paying professional aspirations. In spite of the rhetoric invoked to suggest that the collegiate game is a student enterprise, it is a very real fact that the average student has about as much chance of participation in big-time collegiate football as the average citizen of Baltimore has in realizing his aspirations to play with the Colts. The most charitable thing one can say of contemporary college football is that it functions as a prep school for the professionals. While University catalogues gladly announce their willingness to prepare the student for various graduate and professional schools and, incidentally,

life, none to my knowledge is so candid as to promise what is obviously realized: Pre-professional football training. This unannounced yet real function of the universities has damaged both the game and the universities.

Dr. Hutchins rightly implies that in collegiate affairs one defines higher education, and other events are then tailored to conform with the total philosophy. Much has been written and voiced about the natural superiority of the Catholic Philosophy of Education. It seems to me that we have never been really unfaithful to its demands while, in contradiction, we tend to behave as pagans with respect to athletics. We have defined and, I believe, implemented Catholic education, but we are in danger of regressing insofar as we fail to tailor peripheral issues (athletics) to the essential undertaking. To go further, *if* we embrace athletic policies detrimental to mind and spirit we may undermine otherwise notable achievements in the academic realm.

Policies of a detrimental nature encompass actions other than those specifically outlawed by the NCAA and, of all people, the Big Ten. These are minimal standards invoked to keep college football from becoming a *complete* circus. I refer to evils of

by

Dr. James J. Carberry

a lawful yet tragic nature. For the victims are two; the player and the student body. I shall now be specific.

Contemporary, "big-time" college football competition demands, for its successful realization, the recruiting and academic nursing of highly trained athletes who must spend far too large a fraction of the academic year in preparation for ten Saturday Spectaculars. Some of these healthy recruits do not belong within seventy-five miles of a serious college. The latter group are, regrettably, well placed within any one of several well-known academic barnyards. Those misfits who matriculate to a serious campus are eventually dismissed for predictable academic inadequacies. Whether the recruit spends four years contemplating the cosmic significance of Motel Clerkology or suffers dismissal from an institution for which he was never suited, the net result constitutes a grave injustice to the athlete, his family, and the cause of learning.

As for the student body, it would seem to be of little virtue that students derive their athletic kicks by so vicarious a process as that of witnessing their favorite game being executed by a small cadre of pre-professionals. Furthermore, there exists little merit in teaching Dante

throughout the week, when on Saturday the spirit of Attila the Hun captures the students' souls. Anyone who has witnessed the pagan frenzy of the student "cheering" section will agree that "Christian" is the last turn one would use to characterize the proceedings. I'm certain that book-keepers will prove that the Hun spirit pays the salary of the Virgil scholar, and, incidentally, the tutors of the Hun. So be it. That formula is not to be confused with Divine Law. Nor should we be embarrassed by this ancient form of support. It prevailed and nurtured the very best of American universities, including Chicago, Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

The evils which I cite are peculiar to "big-time" football. If one is to compete in such a league, it follows that certain practices, essential to successful participation, must be tolerated. Should Notre Dame tolerate said practices?

In the past, great men and outstanding citizens have come from our playing fields. But we now loiter in an arena where the rules have changed. How many of Rockne's adversaries majored in hotel administration? Who tolerated courses in "Advanced Football" in the 1920's? It is not the same old game. It is a recruiting contest.

Our declining fortunes in football are not unrelated to our persistence in engaging an adversary which is not limited by academic rules comparable to our own [e.g., C.E.E.B. tests]. Much abuse has been leveled upon our coaching staff. I seriously doubt that the much needed more imaginative coaching would solve a problem so critically dependent upon "horses" and their feeding in a comfortable academic "stable."

While few J. Robert Oppenheims could be found on the varsities of the 1920's and 1930's, evidence has been adduced to demonstrate that some semblance of college training was assimilated by the football players of those eras. Today, by contrast, our athletes face opponents who would be turned away by all but cow-colleges in the 30's. To be perfectly blunt, the majority of Notre Dame's rivals tolerate a Pigskin College — a university division (isolated from the real universities) in which a rather elastic "academic" program can and, in fact, does accommodate savages.

I anticipate the protests that "old Notre Dame wins over all." The vision of "muscular good" doing touchdown justice to big, powerful, and well-padded (and paid) evil is both consoling and realistic. If we are really serious about that "win over all" jazz,

Comment on Notre Dame Football *continued*

we'd do well to schedule the National Football League. They are both good and unambiguous, which is a more honest characterization than the lofty pronouncements released by many of our present adversaries.

It is obvious that we do not recruit and field nuclear physicists with a casual interest in football. However, it can be candidly asserted that our standards of admission and retention are significantly superior to those prevailing at most of our rival campuses. The hazards of high standards are many. While spirit can hardly be expected to generate victory of a college team over the N.Y. Giants, no more joyous results can be anticipated in a contest involving a Giant farm team. For with high academic standards there follows a rather unique circumstance in which athletes view themselves as students endowed with muscular prowess rather than savages obliged to toy with academic processes. Even the bright but spartan footballer at Notre Dame must direct his attention to the academic if for no other reason than to remain a Notre Dame athlete.

Whether, under the present coaching regime, we continue to lose with unimaginative frequency or, under other auspices, we become winners, the problem remains the same; win or lose, should we continue to as-

sociate ourselves with the academic flotsam? Whatever the financial benefit may be, we are being unfair to our students, faculty and alumni by the practice of athletic slumming in academic ghettos. Should we persist in this error, then we can only anticipate years of agonizing losses or embarrassing victories.

In terms directly related to our recruiting efforts, this much can be said: While we attract talented athletes, we clearly do not command nor can we accept great numbers of them. More pointedly, we could not admit many while others are readily discouraged by the well-known fact that rival institutions promise a more comfortable "academic" road.

Pragmatists may suggest an alternative. That is, a double standard of admissions so that a small but potent number of talented athletes are admitted as acknowledged "academic risks." The difficulty here lies in the fact that we have no academic baskets under which dull lights might be hidden for four years. An army of tutors, special study sessions, and a lightly distributed academic burden all fail to bring academic salvation to people essentially unqualified to engage in serious college work. The suggested alternative is only effective if a casual and admittedly "gut" program is incorporated into the

present, untarnished, academic program. It is basically unfair to admit "academic risks," for it destroys both the candidate and the academy. Both take the risk, and each to his dismay.

A legitimate rule in college football can, once more, prevail. The essence of my message is suggested by Hutchins himself; namely that equals play equals. That is, we engage athletic adversaries who are committed to precisely the same norm of conduct as ourselves with respect to academic admission standards, student tenure, etc. Sporting buffs will immediately recognize the revolutionary implications of this suggestion. College football games will be reduced to contests involving relative football skills rather than recruiting skills. The observers might conclude, after a given game, that the athletically inclined *students* of College A mastered an intricate game more efficiently than did the *students* of College B. By implication, the importance of coaching, spirit and imagination may once more become manifest as was evident in football's earlier days.

Given a serious academic program and a generally acknowledged desire to engage in intercollegiate football, the *only* valid resolution appears to consist in a modification, *not of academic standards or athlete tolerance, but of the football schedule.*



yes, I know

by SALLY

Hello! Aren't you surprised (and delighted past measure) to see that delicate touch of the other sex gracing the virile pages of The Notre Dame Man's Magazine? Yes, I know you are; the Saint Mary's concrete-clad Woman has at last thrown aside her fortifications and stepped lightly and fearlessly into the "enemy territory." Now who, I ask you, would risk her security so, if she weren't sincere at heart and all that sort of thing?

I'm sure you made a beeline just as fast as you could flip to this page after reading last week's column. But there are two of us you see (and I'm the other one); so perhaps you had better skip it and wait for next week's.

There; now I've been completely honest about the whole thing, and I can recline in my easy chair and relax. And I can gaze in awe at my scarlet tennis shoes (at last we can wear them!) and think how nice it is to be liberal and choose not to wear "hose." We are "thinking women" now; every morning we decide what we shall wear, and the "chaste, pastel uniforms" are now for the most part in rag bags. No more jokes on that score, unfortunately. We voted them out in true American style. The campus no longer looks like The Indigent Out for Their Daily Airing, in rips and tears and buttonless blazers (our uniforms did *not* do for us what West Point's do for that venerable institution). It is a great improvement.

Now do you believe in progress? Can't you see how Saint Mary's is *forging ahead*? Well, you haven't heard it all. We are going to have a social center! Not so big as yours, perhaps, but a real social center, below O'Laughlin Auditorium. It is going to have lounge areas, and vending machines — no Huddle, it's a dreadful pity; but now, you see, if you're starving because the walk over was so long, you can get yourself an ice cream sandwich (or a Fudgesicle if you'd rather) — and there'll be an outdoor patio. (Some have unofficially christened it Passion Pit, but then, they are only remembering La Fortune.) It's really colorful and fresh-looking, sort of a pastel Rathskeller.

There is progress in other areas too. The student body had a formal vote the other night to finally establish

whether we were willing to take on the responsibility of self-government. The results were nearly unanimous; everyone seemed to want its privileges enough to also accept the self-discipline it required. It is a trial period; if we fall through, the Student Council will hand it back to the administration with a "We don't want it. Freedom and maturity aren't worth all the work involved." I hope this will not happen; so do most of the girls, I think. But there is this to be thought of: even should this happen, the experiment will have been a step forward in one sense — it will have been our choice, and not the administration's command.

We've had many speakers of interest here at SMC lately. On September 24, for example, Dr. Otto Bird, of Notre Dame's General Program, started his series of lectures on concepts of love. The first was a very scholarly and absorbing presentation of Platonic love (and this *doesn't* mean going out with a girl and not kissing her good night). Number Two of the series is on courtly love (that delightful phenomenon of the Middle Ages), on October 22 at one p.m. Last Monday there were girls sitting in the aisles; but I'm sure that if any of you want to hear the lectures, Saint Mary's will not turn you out.

Now, before I bid you a tearful good-bye until two weeks from now, I must champion a private little cause of mine. One of our SMC graduates, now teaching in Japan, has reported a new international language; and our summer volunteer workers in Puerto Rico and Mexico back her up with similar experiences: we must incorporate the twist in our curriculum!



Tryouts for N.D.
Cheerleading Team



time out

There is a wealth of activity in South Bend and surrounding territory for the week end. As part of the glorious Purdue festivities you may wish to take in a movie or two. If some of your Purdue buddies happen to be around, don't show up too shamefacedly about our big town; things aren't so hot in West Lafayette either.

Speaking of things being hot, many of us may well find ourselves celebrating Notre Dame's defeat of P. U. by spending part of the evening at one of the local theaters. However, the main idea of attending theater is to see and *hear* the movie. Louder and more violent celebration is best carried on elsewhere and is safer and more rewarding.

For that midweek lull before the big week end, you may wish to see the play at the Morris Civic entitled *Mary, Mary* which is being presented at 8:30 on Tuesday evening, October 2. On Wednesday there will be two operas at the Avon, *Rigoletto* and *La Forza del Destino*. At the State on Thursday evening is the operetta *Merry Widow*.

On campus, the New Jersey Club is showing *Gentlemen Prefer Blonds* at 7:00 on Thursday in 127 Newland Science; and on Wednesday at 7:00, The New England Club presents *Honeymoon Machine* in the Engineering Auditorium.

The Avon. It is spectacle time at the Avon this week. We are given *The Kitchen* which is from England and *Girl in a Bikini* which is from France, at least the most important part of it is. *The Kitchen* is supposed to be a powerful movie about the oppressed workers in the kitchen of a London restaurant. We never see the dining room, but we do see action and mayhem as the fat manager leads his cooks and helpers in a frantic attempt to serve 2000 Britishers. When something goes wrong he murmurs, "sabotage." Finally he is sabotaged when the fish cook goes buggy. This saga of hot stoves, dirty dishes, and sweaty help is just the thing

(Continued on page 28)



JOE PERKOWSKI'S 28-YARD FIELD GOAL BEAT PURDUE 22-20 IN 1961

Boilermakers Test Notre Dame

Purdue's Boilermakers, headed by Jack Mollenkopf, try to get up some steam tomorrow at 1:30 in an attempt to register their first victory of the season. In a Sept. 22 visit to Seattle against Washington, the 1961 Rose Bowl champs, the Boilermakers found themselves in a 7-7 deadlock. Chances for another tie appear slim since Purdue hasn't tied the Irish in the 60 years of their rivalry.

Purdue brings a 10-21-2 mark against Notre Dame into the game along with one of Indiana's finest prospects for all-American honors, Ron DiGravio. A 178-pound junior, DiGravio ranked third in passing in the Big Ten in 1961 with 52 of 100 passes completed for 861 yards and six touchdowns. The 19 year old quarterback's passing was extremely

accurate in 1961, with only two of his 100 attempts being intercepted.

"We're going to try to go with three teams," says Coach Mollenkopf, "but only if we find we have enough good football players." This sage comment is not without foundation. Purdue has what will probably be the most experienced team the Irish face this year. There are 28 returning lettermen, including one of last year's starting ends, co-captain Forest Fulmer, tackle Don Brumm, and center and co-captain Don Paltani. The entire starting backfield is back. DiGravio leads the group with right half Dave Miller, left half Tom Boris, and fullback Roy Walker rounding out the impressive lineup.

The only serious weak spot in the Boilermaker's attack is at guard,

where they lost both of their 1961 starters through graduation. At 199 pounds, junior Wally Florence is the apparent starter at left guard while former St. Joseph's High star, 191-pound Tom Kotosky is likely to fill the other guard position.

Skip Ohl, last year's leading scorer, returns as Purdue's field goal and extra point specialist. In 1961, Ohl booted six of eleven field goal attempts and 14 of 19 PAT's.

Co-captains Farmer and Paltani lead the team in spirit and head the Boilermaker's line, which weighs in at an average of 213 pounds; but it will be number 17, Ron DiGravio who will lead the action and direct the attack as the Boilermakers seek their fourth victory in their last five Irish tilts.

—Joe Ryan

The Key: Quarterback

Joe Kuharich would no doubt like to forget Purdue's last visit to Notre Dame. On that occasion, Guttman and Allen — Purdue's quarterbacks — ran amok, passing here, rushing there, and befuddling the Irish everywhere. When all was over, the Boilermakers had handed the Kuharich regime its most stinging set-back ever: 51-19.

Once more the Mollenkopf machine rolls into South Bend and like the last time, Purdue will again be blessed with two fine quarterbacks — Ron Di Gravio and Gary Hogan. What will be observed tomorrow will be more than a mere football game but rather a contest of quarterbacks, pitting four of the Midwest's ablest field generals against each other — Lamonica and Budka versus Di Gravio and Hogan.

Although Purdue mentor Jack Mollenkopf bemoans the fact that the Boilermakers lack breakaway speed, Di Gravio can run and perform the rollout well. Last year he rushed 76 times for 119 yards and a not-too-startling 1.57 yard average. What gives Di Gravio his claim to fame

is his pinpoint passing which last year was third best in the Big Ten. The agile, 6-foot junior connected on 52 of 100 aerial attempts and had only two passes intercepted all season — quite a feat. Like Budka and Lamonica, Di Gravio will do most of his team's punting.

Backing up Di Gravio as Purdue's number two signal-caller is junior Gary Hogan, a 6-foot, 195 pounder from Charleroi, Pa. Hogan last year saw limited action but nevertheless filled the airways with 27 passes, completing 14 for 236 yards and a commendable .519 completion average. However, Hogan's running ability is poor at best. Hogan packed the ball 18 times but was unable to break loose, losing twelve yards rushing. This total would have been more impressive if Hogan hadn't been spilled in pass attempts.

All statistics point to a Purdue passing attack tomorrow. The Irish air defense, for the most part, remains untested and many, including Mollenkopf, must still remember last year's Duke debacle when the Bluedevils flooded a leaky Irish pass defense with several long-range scores. As for the Notre Dame offense, success will depend on a swift, strong Irish line capable of moving out and containing Purdue's burly linemen. The foremost factor, however, will be the engineering of Notre Dame's quarterbacks — Daryle Lamonica and Frank Budka.

Lamonica's performance last week was nothing less than great. The big 200-pound senior probably silenced for a while the critics who complained that Daryle simply could not throw. Being efficient in any sport is no odd occurrence for Daryle. In high school, he snared 14 letters in four sports and was an all-state quarterback in California. Whether Lamonica can throw long is a point to be seen.

Alternating with Lamonica is junior Frank Budka who, if the occasion

arises, can probably throw the long ball better than any of the four. But Frank can be as erratic as he can be accurate. Budka had two passes intercepted last week, one a TD-bound throw with the score tied. This year Frank has performed creditably as a defensive back. This — his most consistent trait — was clearly evidenced at Oklahoma when he made five tackles — two of which stopped the Sooners' last significant stab at the Irish goal line.

Evaluating who's the best is a risky task for any sportswriter. Opinion, prejudice, and fact all have to be reconciled. However, a few safe comments can be issued. Di Gravio certainly is the best passer; statistics don't lie. Lamonica undoubtedly is the master field tactician, the one who directs the ground game most capably. Budka, who runs hot and cold, appears to be the superlative defensive player and who — if hot — is like Unitas. Hogan, though not consistently good, has been an excellent spot performer. —Gary Sabatte



RON DI GRAVIO
All-American candidate



FRANK BUDKA
Long ball threat

Lineman of the Week: Kelly



as we see it

by TERRY WOLKERSTORFER

Some Random Thoughts

It's been a memorable summer in sports, made so by people and events like these: cat-quick **Maury Wills**, whose amazing base running made National League fans forget the big hitters... **Valery Brumel's** great 7-5 high jump in the U.S.-Russian track meet at Stanford... **Arnie's** army... **Angie Dabiero's** interception in the All-Star game... a score of great young golfers, including **Jack Nicklaus**, **Phil Rodgers**, and **Bobby Nichols**... **Jimmy Piersall's** classic encounter with the revolving door... **Bo Belinsky's** night time escapades... the grand prix driving of **Graham Hill**... **Rod Laver's** tennis grand slam... and the incomparable **Mickey Mantle**, trying to run on legs most men couldn't walk on...

I'll say this for Notre Dame's Oklahoma City alumni, they definitely know how to throw a party... and those **O.U. girls** are tougher than nails... Our **coed** card stunt section is at least a small step in the right direction... Northwestern's **Tom Myers** and Wisconsin's **Harold Brandt** may be the nation's top sophomore passers; both could be trouble for the Irish...

Coach **John Jordan**, already eagerly anticipating the basketball season, will tailor his offense to his exceptionally tall personnel and add a 2-1-2 and a single pivot to the double pivot system used last year...

Mighty Mites Meet Again

In their four years at Notre Dame, Angelo Dabiero and George Sefcik were inseparable buddies; Sunday they met as opposing coaches, with Angie's Marian Central (Woodstock, Ill.) team the upset victor over Notre Dame High School (Niles, Ill.), where George is assistant coach.

Said Angie: "They were ranked fifth in the state, you know. All Georgie could say was 'You've sure got a hell of a team.' And Ed Crowley, who scored both of our touchdowns and intercepted three passes, wants to go to Notre Dame, despite several Big Ten offers. I was sure proud of my boys..."



Jim Kelly, 6-2, 190 lb. end from Clairton, Pennsylvania, is the Irish Lineman of the Week. The 20-year-old right end caught two passes against Oklahoma that netted 28 yards. He also contributed a key block to the Irish cause and performed his best on defense when Notre Dame needed it most.

In the second quarter, Kelly caught a 16-yard bullet pass from Frank Budka. When the Irish were on their decisive touchdown march Jim caught a crucial pass deep in Sooner territory, this time from senior quarterback Daryle Lamonica. The play went for 12 yards and the Irish scored a few plays later. It was Kelly's block that enabled fullback Bill Ahern to score from the Oklahoma 7-yard line.

When the Sooners met the solid Notre Dame line in the middle of the fourth quarter, Kelly was at his peak. The junior end made one tackle and assisted in another during the Irish goal-line stand.

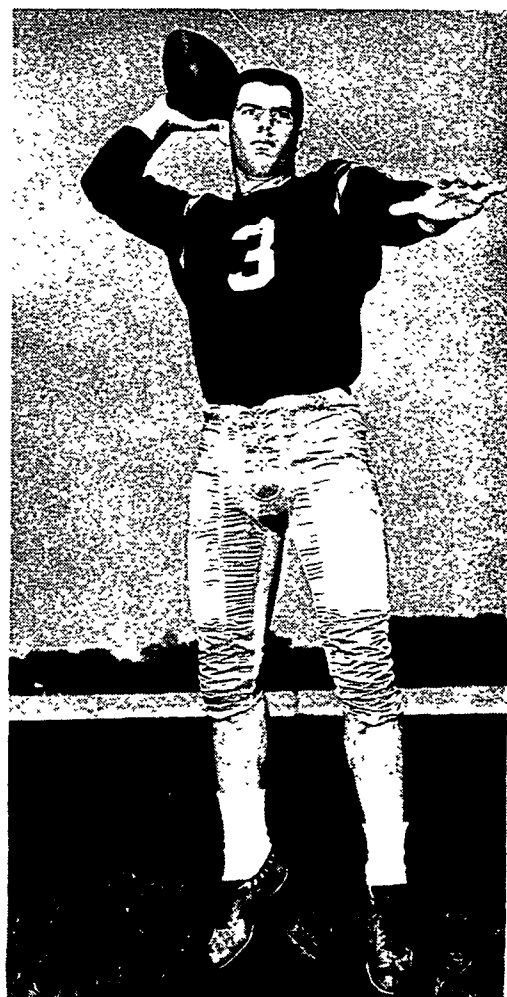
An All-American end in high school, Jim Kelly caught 9 passes for the Irish last year for 138 yards and 2 touchdowns. He missed spring practice, however, because of a knee operation.

Week's Best Back: Lamonica

Because of his excellent field generalship, superb passing, and key interception against Oklahoma, Daryle Lamonica was chosen as the Irish Back of the Week. The Fresno, California quarterback led Notre Dame to both of its touchdowns. In the initial drive, he completed a 15-yard pass to Clay Stephens on a crucial third down play. Daryle also contributed an 8-yard run around left end, laterally to Frank Minik for additional yardage. The Irish scored a few plays later, capping a 69-yard drive.

After the second-half kickoff, Lamonica led the Irish 89 yards. During this march, the senior signal-caller gained 19 yards rushing and completed two more passes. Minik snatched one for 16 yards and end Jim Kelly caught the other for a 12-yard gain.

With 2½ minutes remaining, Lamonica fumbled on the Irish 29 but intercepted a Sooner pass on the next play to end Oklahoma's last threat. He also punted once for 34 yards. All told, he ran for 37 yards in 9 carries and passed for 62 more yards, completing 5 of 5 tosses.



Tyler Jr.'s Picks of the Week

GEORGIA TECH VS. LOUISIANA STATE: Two of the nation's finest clash in the Game of the Week. Tech should "Engineer" a victory and challenge Alabama for Southern supremacy.

MISSISSIPPI VS. HOUSTON: Houston is certain to cause less commotion on the Ole Miss campus than James Meredith.

MICHIGAN VS. ARMY: Paul Dietzel has the Cadets playing like the famed Black Knights of old. The Wolverines couldn't beat Nebraska, and they won't beat Army.

UCLA VS. OHIO STATE: The Buckeyes might not be "number one," but they have the talent to upend the troublesome Bruins.

RICE VS. PENN STATE: The Owls, fresh from a tie with mighty LSU, could pull the upset of the week here. However, the Nittany Lions are one of the best this year and should continue unbeaten.

IOWA VS. SOUTHERN CAL: In a top-flight intersectional duel, Matt Szykowny will pace the Hawkeyes to a victory over the surprising Trojans.

— ★ —

OTHER GAMES:

Auburn over Kentucky
Michigan State over North Carolina
Northwestern over Illinois
Minnesota over Navy
Arkansas over TCU

Last Week's Results:

11 right, three wrong, two ties
78.6 per cent.

October 5, 1962

Voice in the Crowd

Tomorrow's battle with Purdue is the key game of the 1962 season for Notre Dame's football team. If the Irish can beat the Boilermakers, they will have proved they can hold their own with the best in the country and will stand a good chance against all of the other teams on their rugged schedule. However, to accomplish this, Notre Dame will have to defeat one of the top squads in the Big Ten and possibly the best team they will face all season.

"... FAR BEYOND MY EXPECTATIONS"

Notre Dame's performance against Oklahoma, while exposing some flaws, was basically impressive. "The team played far beyond my expectations," said Coach Joe Kuharich after the thrilling victory. "We never expected them to play that well."

The Irish possessed one quality that is the hallmark of a good football team: they were tough when they had to be! The goalline stand against the Sooners in the fourth quarter has already distinguished this year's Fighting Irish. As one of the key men in this great effort, end Jim Kelly, said, "We just dug in." Senior halfback Ed Rutkowski was more specific in his praise: "Those two tackles by Frank Budka close to the goalline were terrific."

However, perhaps the key play of the game was provided by the best player on the field against the Sooners — Daryle Lamonica. The senior quarterback could have become, undeservedly, the goat of the contest when he fumbled the ball away deep in Notre Dame territory. Lamonica redeemed himself on the next play, however, as he halted a last-ditch Sooner effort with a timely interception.

One of the offensive disappointments was Budka, who connected on all three of his passes: once to Kelly, and twice to Oklahoma defensive backs. However, few will deny Budka's ability as a passer and he regained some of his lost luster with a fine defensive performance. The colorful Budka also provided the quote of the week when he was asked what happened when the Sooner he was covering was left alone in the N.D. end zone for a pass which was, luckily, underthrown in the second period. Budka explained in Bo Belinsky fashion, "I was trying to cross over to give the TV cameras a good view when I slipped."

EVALUATION

In Norman before the game, I noticed that no Oklahoma rooster was comparing this Sooner team to the great Bud Wilkinson squads of the past. It is apparent that Notre Dame was hard-pressed to beat a team that is not in the same class with the Boilermakers of Purdue. The Irish line had its moments but was inconsistent on defense. The pass defense was not tested to any great extent by the Sooners. Even though tied by Washington, make no mistake, Purdue will be tough also. Ron DiGravio and Gary Hogan might be better than Notre Dame's Lamonica-Budka duo; the Boilermaker running backs are big and fast; and the line is a traditional Purdue strongpoint.

Against this impressive array the Irish will need the continued development of sophomores like Jim Carroll, top-flight performances by the linemen, and the passing of Lamonica and Budka. None of these is the greatest asset, however. This team cannot have a successful season on its ability alone. The united desire to win that carried Notre Dame to victory against Oklahoma is a must in tomorrow's game. I do not believe the Irish have the raw material to beat Purdue tomorrow. Therefore, they must be "sky high" emotionally. If you want them to defeat Purdue on desire, as they did last year, be at the pep rally tonight! Perhaps the majority of the upperclassmen adopted a "show me" attitude before the Oklahoma game. Well, THEY DID!

PREDICTION

Savage line play and a brilliant aerial duel will highlight a 19-17 Irish victory.

— John Bechtold

Campus

(Continued from page 10)

victory over Oklahoma (whether or not that had anything to do with it is doubtful) our still green campus was trampled under the heels of over 1500 (according to one who should know about such things) girls who came from across the highway, from Chicago, and from God knows where to see the "sights." And wonder of wonders, there were more girls than boys at a mixer held in the Student Center Sunday afternoon. The maintenance department is to be commended for this much needed improvement.

● A mass of cheering, singing, victory-happy Notre Dame students greeted their football team Saturday night after the squad had successfully downed Oklahoma.

The throng, numbering over 2,500 according to one observer, began to gather in front of the University at 10:30 p.m.

The team arrived by chartered plane at the St. Joseph County Airport shortly before 11 p.m., and the group, with a police escort, was hurried to the campus by bus.

When the buses reached Notre Dame Ave. the "gathering" had spread down to the Angela intersection where the traffic was unexpectedly halted for some time.

The buses, surrounded by cheering students, proceeded slowly down Notre Dame Ave., until they reached the circle, where the team was greeted with more cheering and the "Victory March" played by the Notre Dame band.

The local fire department added to noise and excitement when five fire-fighting units arrived at the victory celebration, in response to a false alarm turned in from Badin Hall.

● Word is out that the Arts and Letters Business Forum is accepting letters of application through Oct. 9. Letters should be sent to 204 Walsh and include Major, average, and activities.

—Vince De Coursey and Joe Caspar



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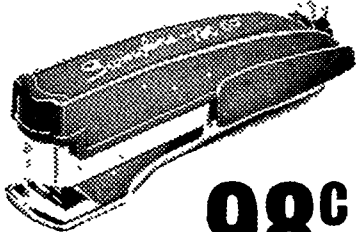
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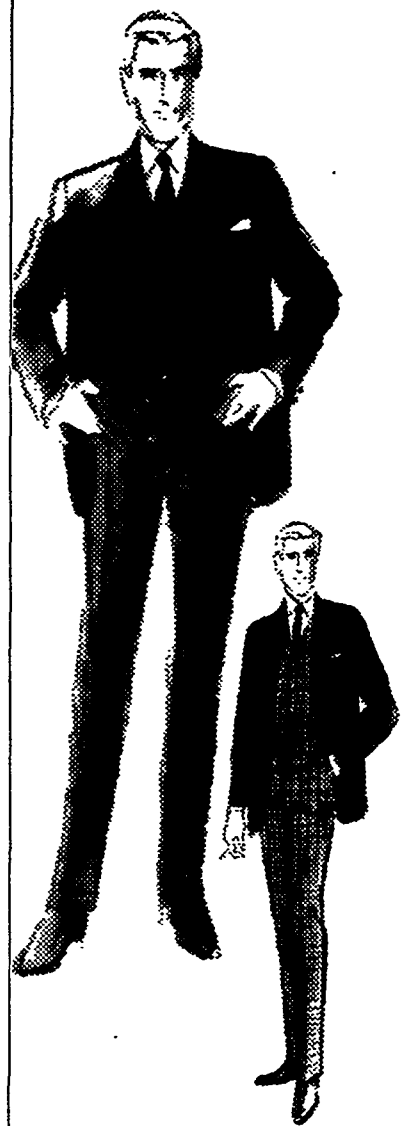
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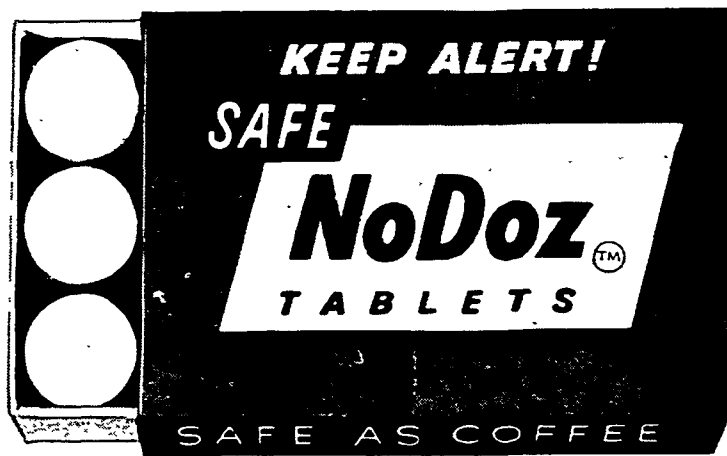


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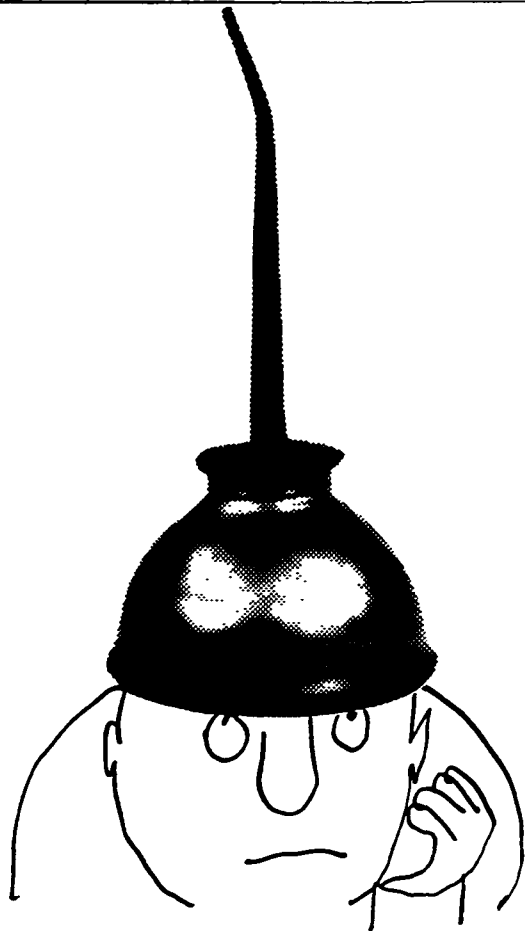
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'time-out'

(Continued from page 21)

to take your favorite DHQ to. *The Girl in the Bikini* is about Brigitte Bardot.

(*Bikini*: 7:00, 9:35; *Kitchen*: 8:15.)

The Colfax. *Convicts 4*, previously titled *Reprieve*, is a prison tale based on the life story of John Rosko who had his death sentence commuted 15 minutes before he was to fry in the chair. Believe it or not, this sombre biography becomes a rollicking situation comedy on the screen. The impressive cast includes such names as: Stuart Whitman, Ben Gazzara, Sammy Davis Jr., Vincent Price and Melvin Strang. Writer-director Millard Kaufman has done a fine job with this one, and it should be an enjoyable evening for anyone who sees it. Now that they've followed *Sergeants 3* with this one, we're waiting for *Apostles 12* as a sequel to *Oceans 11*.

(*Convicts*: 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15.)

The Granada. Another prisoner's true story, this one not so light, is on hand here. Burt Lancaster has done what some consider an Academy Award winning portrayal of Robert Stroud, *The Birdman of Alcatraz*. It is the story of a man who has spent 53 years of his life in prison, and 43 of these in solitary. He becomes devoted to ornithology and writes a highly respected book on bird diseases. Highly creditable performances are also given by Karl Malden, his warden with whom he grows old, and Telly Savalas, a fellow convict with a great sense of humor. *Birdman* is by far the best movie in town this week.

(*Birdman*: 1:00, 3:30, 6:05, 8:40.)

The State. Elvis Presley returns to the State this week with some more of *Kid Galahad*. We have, of course, Elvis with his six hit songs and some fight scenes for those who didn't see much a week ago Tuesday. Added to the fight game story is another one from London, but this time the characters are preparing for opera goers rather than gourmets. *The Phantom of the Opera* is a suspenseful thriller about a ghost who "haunts" the London Opera House. The effect of this apparent ghost on the opera cast makes production difficult until the culprit is discovered. Things come to a head when said ghost comes forth on opening night and turns out to be the good guy. This is a nice one to forget your troubles by.

(Continued on page 30)

A Carpenter Without His Hammer—

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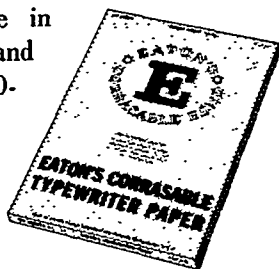


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William Higgs

(Continued from page 15)

we are ever to speak to each other, but each time we must reach to indicate the reality of personal experience, and not only to point to it, but continually to re-create it in ourselves. Yesterday's insight or knowledge, today's understanding, tonight's love, last year's friendship — all become lost, all become apart and strange once more. Much as we may pretend, much as the forms and formulas remain unchanged, there will no longer remain what we once had, unless we *again* see it, unless we *again* have found it. Yes, we always lose our best, the holiest; let us reach again so that the words we repeat come from an experience which lives. We must keep seeing or else we are truly dead, and we won't ever have the joy of knowing that we are.

Only when this is known, and known again, constantly re-created — only when we find that the words we thought had explained something, no longer serve, only then can we talk about segregation, with any reasonable understanding or for that matter, about anything. Only when I understand deeply myself, do I deeply understand others; only then am I not a racist. And only when I see all others, and all the things that are, or perhaps only one other, do I ever see myself.

• • •

'time out'

(Continued from page 28)

(Phantom: 1:05, 4:30, 8:00; Kid: 2:25, 5:55, 9:25.)

Washington Hall. Yul Brynner (with hair, yet!) and Joanne Woodward star in *The Sound and the Fury*. It is roughly adapted from Faulkner's novel. *Time* loved it and *New Yorker* hated it. What can you do??

(Sound: 6:30, 8:45.)

Inside Filmland. Arnold Kirsch, manager, John Bolte's Melba theater, Bronx, N.Y., covered the entire area in newspapers, window displays, schools, etc., for a very successful promotion for the "in-person" appearance of TV's Bozo the Clown and Princess Ticklefeather on the stage of the Melba and also the Laconia theater. Each child was given an autographed photo of Bozo and the Princess, and the shows went over with a bang — two at the Melba and one at the Laconia.

—Dick Gibbs and Brian Barnes

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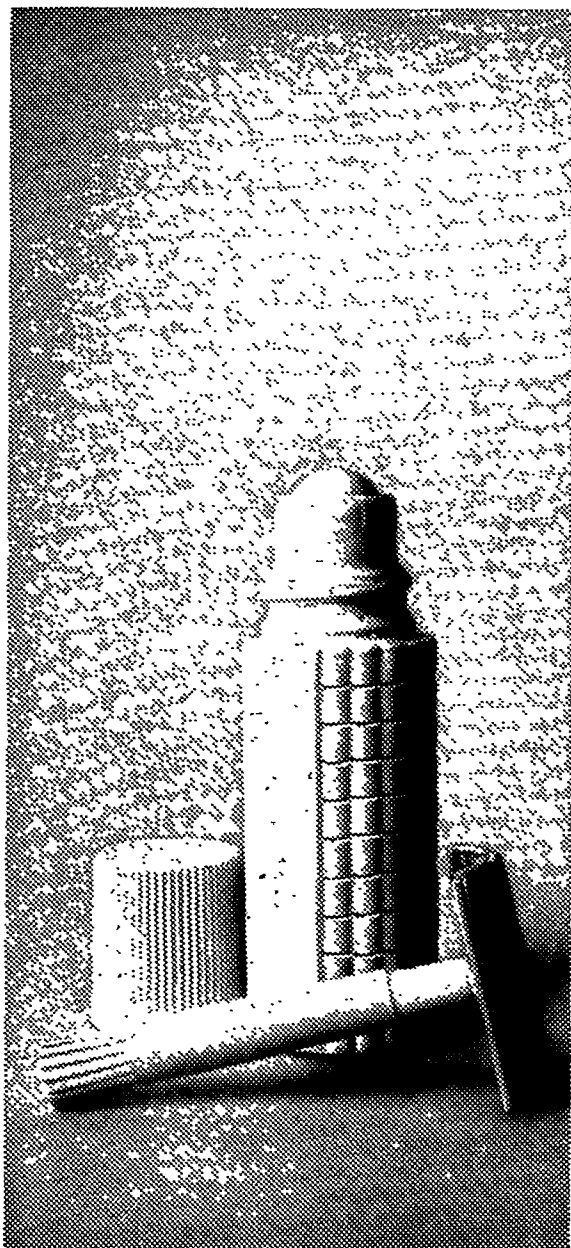
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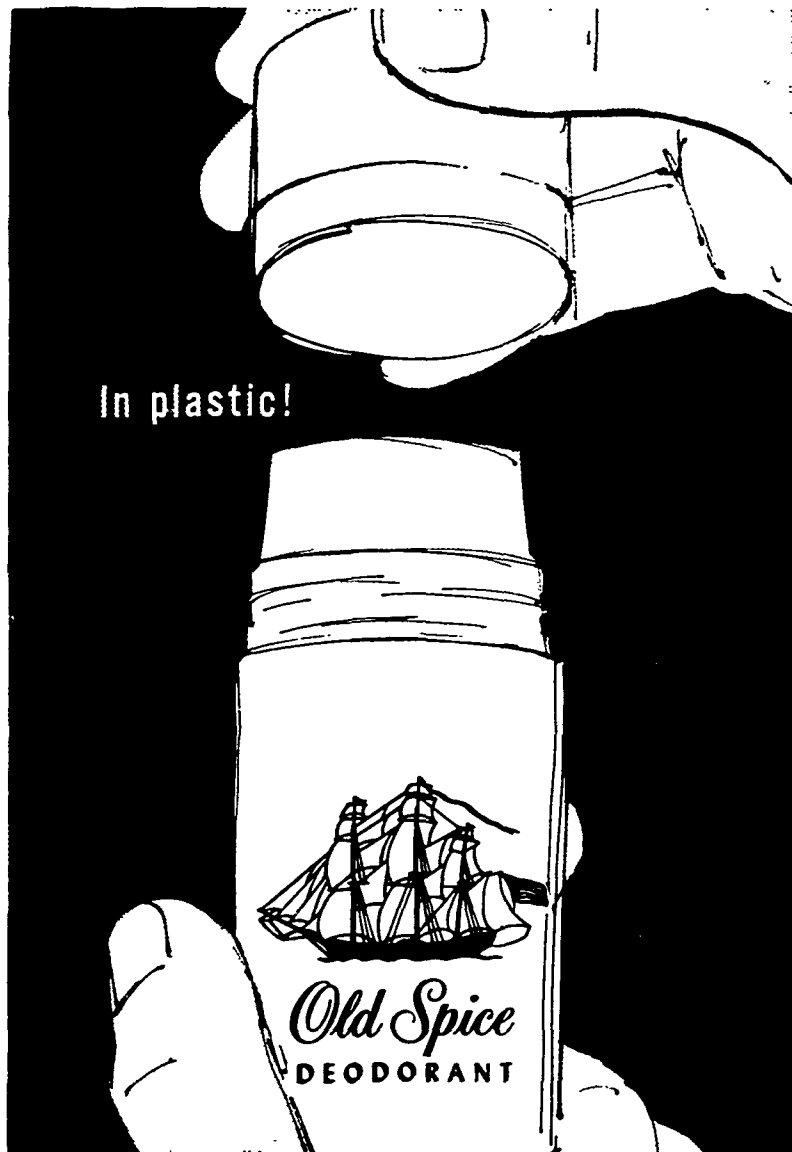
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Program Guide WSND-FM

Friday, October 5, 1962

- 5:00 Broadway Cavalcade
- 6:00 Invitation to Music
- 7:00 Folk Music with Mike Byrne
- 8:00 News
- 8:10 Arriaga: Symphony in D Major
- Beethoven: Quartet No. 11 in F Minor
- Berlioz: The Trojans at Carthage Suite
- Wagner: Die Gotterdammerung
- 10:00 Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D for Piano
- 11:00 Strauss: Till Eulenspiegel, Op. 28
- Stravinsky: Petrouchka

Saturday, October 6, 1962

- 5:00 Broadway Cavalcade:
My Fair Lady
The Unsinkable Molly Brown
Kiss Me Kate
- 8:00 Moussorgsky: A Night on Bald Mountain
- Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor
- 9:00 Chopin: Sonata No. 2 in Bb
- Rubbra: Symphony No. 5 in Bb
- 10:00 Schumann: Overture Scherzo and Finale
- Chopin: Nocturne in F sharp
- Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in Bb
- 11:00 Berlioz: Symphony Fantastique

Sunday, October 7

- 5:00 Wagner: Venusberg Music
- Bruch: Scottish Fantasy
- Chopin: Ballade No. 4
- 6:00 Ravel: La Valse
- Paganini: Violin Concerto
- Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn
- 7:00 Mozart: Trio No. 2 in Bb
- Beethoven: Symphony No. 8 in F Major
- 8:00-12:00 Opera On The Air:
Mozart . . . The Marriage of Figaro

Monday, October 8

- 5:00 Broadway Cavalcade
- 6:00 Invitation to Music
- 7:00 Folk Music
- 8:00 News
- 8:10 Chambers: All American Suite
- Bach: Partita No. 4 in D
- Mozart: Concerto No. 2 in Eb Major
- Haydn: Symphony No. 104 in D. "London"
- 9:00 Nielson: Quintet for Winds
- 10:00 Brahms: Academic Festival Overture
- Beethoven: Concerto in D for Violin
- Bach: Italian Concerto - in F
- 11:00 Arriaga: Nonetto Overture
- Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E

Tuesday, October 9

- 5:00 Broadway Cavalcade
- 6:00 Invitation to Music
- 7:00 Special Feature: A Recital including Music
of Robert Schumann and Samuel Barber
Tenor — Fr. Patrick Maloney
- 8:00 Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 in A
- Schubert: Symphony No. 8 in B Minor
- 9:00 Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D
- Vivaldi: Concerto in C Minor
- 10:00 Gould: String quartet
- Hindemith: Symphony in B flat
- 11:00 Orff: Cammina Burana

Wednesday, October 10

- 5:00 Broadway Cavalcade
- 6:00 Invitation to Music
- 7:00 Folk Music
- 8:00 News
- 8:10 Brahms: Double Concerto
- Strauss: Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme Suite
- 9:00 Sibelius: Concerto in D for Violin
- Prokofiev: Scythian Suite
- 10:00 Bizet: Carmen Suite
- Stravinsky: The Fairy's Kiss
- 11:00 Bruckner: Symphony No. 9

Thursday, October 11

- 5:00 Broadway Cavalcade
- 6:00 Invitation to Music
- 7:00 The Modern Sounds (modern Jazz)
- 8:00 News
- 8:10 Grieg: Sigurd Jorsalor
- Beethoven: "Archduke"
- 9:00 The Four Chopin Ballades
- Ravel: Le Tombeau de Couperin
- 10:00 Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D Minor
- Walton: Concerto for Violins
- Franck: Fantasie in A Major
- 11:00 Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde

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SUMMER LAY APOSTOLATE: PERU

by Tom Schlereth

Last June we met a people apart from us but bound to us by a common Catholic faith. This tie was strengthened by our shared hopes for an improved earthly life.

The Peruvian people are in need. The lazy South American, complete with poncho and sombrero, enjoying a lengthy siesta exists only on old tourist posters. These people want a chance to work, a chance to better themselves. Grown men in the streets of Lima sell everything from paper bags to safety pins. But these have jobs. Forty per cent of the working force where we lived search for work that is not to be found. Even small children know their economic plight. They ask when pointing to watches, shoes, or jackets: "How much does that cost in the United States?" Often their ideas of a better life come from Hollywood movies. They want to share in the material rewards of a full human life and often they want the luxuries first. The worst of the *barriadas* sprout a few television antennas.

What is encouraging is the initiative of the Catholic Church in helping to develop a socially just life. Here *Mater et Magistra* is truly meaningful. More is necessary in building a strong Christian community than teaching of doctrine and administration of sacraments. These people must have a program of social action commensurate with their needs.

Housing is one problem. Ignorance as much as poverty contributes to the inhuman living conditions. The Peruvian middle class continue to live in one- and two-room houses that breed health and moral problems. A new parish cooperative in Ciudad De Dios is attacking this problem. Families, through saving whatever possible each month, can hope to secure a loan financed by their neighbors. But many are slow in understanding talk of credit, savings, and the need of cooperative members to act as *guarantors* should the borrower become delinquent on his loan. In this and

other projects we saw the great need of one virtue. Only the patient can accomplish what must be done in South America.

Sanitation is another problem. In the area where we lived there is running water, but bathtubs and showers are a luxury. In the poorer disease ridden *barriadas* a section of the settlement is often the public toilet. Sometimes this is the common garbage dump. Hopefully the idea of Father Marty Murphy, M.M., to construct what he humorously calls "flushing-out houses" will catch on. If the Indians will learn to use them he wants to erect them in every plaza in the *altiplano*. This would solve more health problems than a plentiful supply of penicillin. These people first need improvements at the most basic levels. Only then will modern developments be of any real help.

Economic improvement is not all that is needed here. We talked with veteran missionaries, Peruvian businessmen, and local students. Underlying their conversations is the idea of education as the key to improving Peru and all of Latin America. The young people want this key. They know the doors it can unlock.

The priests in our area have great difficulty in teaching their parishioners the idea of a Christian community life based on social justice and charity. They trace the problem to the days when these people, with no education, were squatters on the land, fighting each other for the water to keep their families alive. But gradually the role of the Church as teacher is assuming its full meaning. It is opening the people to the richness of the liturgy and ideas such as the role of the Catholic layman in the labor movement.

The Church has much to do in education. The private schools staffed by religious serve only the wealthy few. For the rest of Peru there are only twelve parochial schools. Buildings are lacking, but the shortage of teachers is more pressing. Our area

urgently needs two more schools: one for the children who are too poor to attend the public school; the other to provide technical training for the young of high-school age.

In Ciudad De Dios the public school is free. But school-age children play in the streets because their parents cannot afford the necessary uniforms and supplies. Such conditions raise the already high illiteracy rates (60 per cent in Peru). Some action is taken. In our parish one native instructor uses her spare hours to teach sixty illiterate housewives reading and writing Spanish three times a week. We asked high school and university students if they could teach part-time in the lower grades. Peruvians might also join the Papal Volunteers for Latin America or form a Peruvian Peace Corps.

As illustrated in last week's article, the Church in Peru, as in all of South America, is in great need. But the belief of the people is strong. Every house has a crucifix or a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Most of these people are members of the Catholic Church. The 170 million South Americans account for a third of the world's Catholic population.

All that we have seen this summer has not been bleak and discouraging. Teaching or reteaching the elements of the Catholic doctrine to a people scattered over the vast area of Peru would seem impossible in view of the shortage of priests. A system of lay catechists, however, is proving a solution to the problem. One Maryknoller who has worked in the department of Puno for 18 years pointed to the head of the catechetical school as the basis of hope for their work. "That's the man who can make Peru a real stronghold of Catholicism. He and a couple thousand more Aymara and Quechua Indian catechists." The catechetical school in the city of Puno is fulfilling his claim. Indian men, fifty a session, attend classes for a month. They return to their villages to teach what they have learned but continue their learning through biweekly meetings with the pastor at the nearest parish.

In the past few years there have appeared books and articles asking "Is it too late in South America?" Whether it is too late to attempt to raise the standard of living from sub-human to human; too late to provide more jobs or extend education; or too late to increase the life expectancy of the slum dweller to beyond 40 years. From my experience in this land I believe that it is not too late for the people or for the Catholic Church.

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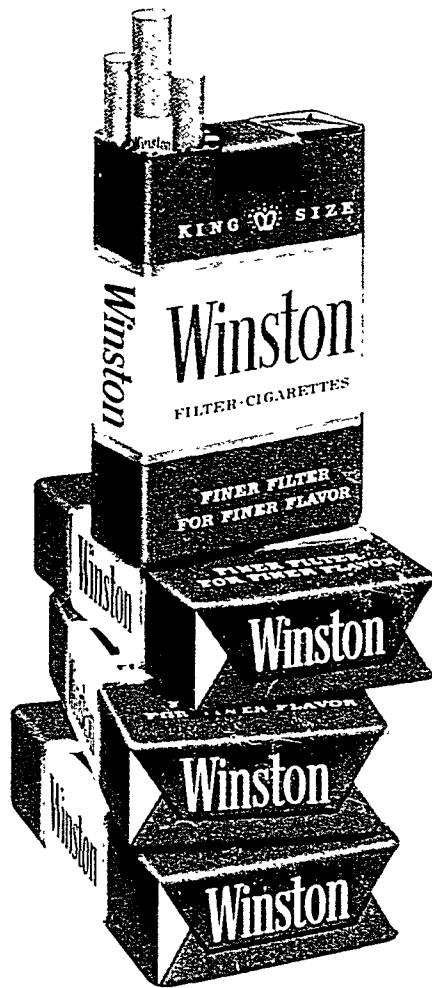
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