

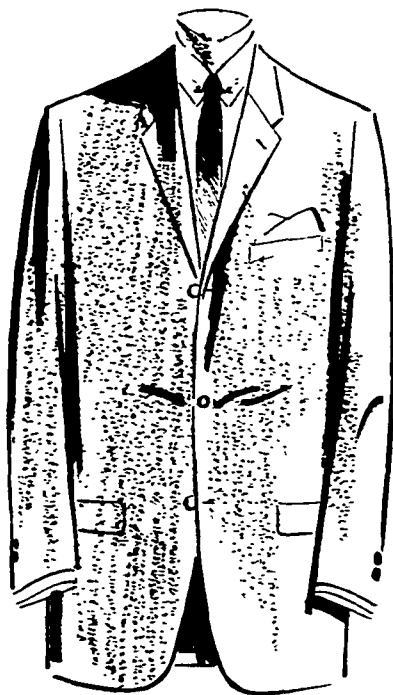


The SCHOLASTIC

JANUARY 18, 1963

PAT SAXE

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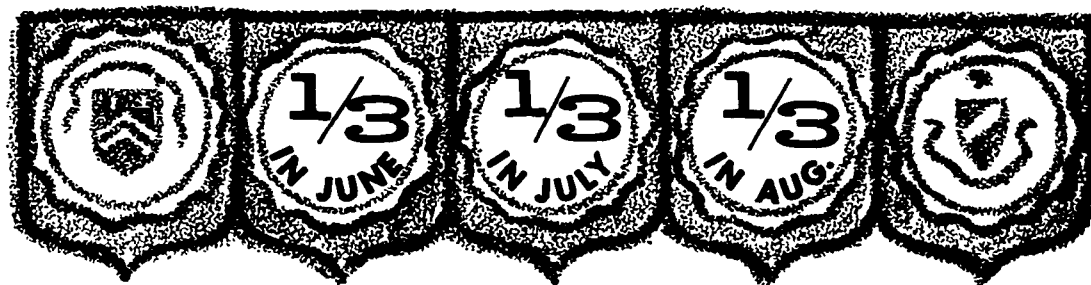


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CALPURNIA, HERE I COME

Now, as the college year approaches its mid-point, one fact emerges clearly: you are all going to flunk everything.

There are two things you can do about it. First, you can marry money. (I don't mean you marry the money *itself*: I mean you marry a *person* who has money. Weddings between people and currency have not been legal anywhere in the United States since the Smoot-Hawley Act. Marlboro Cigarettes, on the other hand, are legal everywhere and are, indeed, smoked with great pleasure and enthusiasm in all fifty states of the Union. I bring up Marlboro Cigarettes because this column is sponsored by the makers of Marlboro, and they are inclined to brood if I omit to mention their product.)

But I digress. I was saying you can marry money but, of course, you will not because you are a high-minded, clean-living, pure-hearted, freckle-faced American kid. Therefore, to keep from flunking, you must try the second method: you must learn how to take lecture notes.

According to a recent survey, 123.6% of American undergraduates do not know the proper way to take lecture notes. To illustrate this shocking statistic, let us suppose you are taking a course in history. Let us further suppose the lecturer is lecturing on the ruling houses of England. You listen intently. You write diligently in your notebook, making a topic outline as you have been taught. Like this:

- I. House of Plantagenet.
- II. House of Lancaster.
- III. House of York.

Then you stop. You put aside your pen. You blink back a tear, for you cannot go on. Oh, yes, you know very well that the next ruling house is the House of Tudor. The trouble is you *don't* know the Roman numeral that comes after III.

(It may, incidentally, be of some historical interest to point out that Americans are not the only people who don't know Roman numerals. The Romans didn't know them themselves. I suppose they could tell you how much V or X were or like that, but when it came to real cuties like LXI or MMC, they just flang away their styluses and went down-

town to have a bath and take in a circus and maybe stab Caesar a few times.

(You may wonder why Rome stuck with these ridiculous numerals when the Arabs had such a nice, simple system. Well sir, the fact is that the Emperor Vespasian tried like crazy to buy the Arabic numerals from Suleiman the Magnificent, but Suleiman wouldn't do business—not even when Vespasian raised his bid to 100,000 gold piastres, plus he offered to throw in the Colosseum, the Appian Way, and Charlton Heston.

(So Rome stuck with Roman numerals—to its sorrow, as it turned out. One day in the Forum, Cicero and Pliny got to arguing about how much is CDL times MVIX. Well sir, pretty soon everyone in town came around to join the hassle. In all the excitement, nobody remembered



to lock the north gate and—wham!—before you could say *pecca fortiter*, in rushed the Goths, the Visigoths, and the Green Bay Packers!)

Well sir, that's the way the empire crumbles, and I digress. Let's get back to lecture notes. Let's also say a word about Marlboro Cigarettes. The makers would be so pleased! And is it not fitting that we should praise these honest tobaccoists—these fine men, fond of square dancing, water sports, protein, and tattoos—these tireless perfectionists who spend all of their days trying to please us—searching everywhere for the best of all possible tobaccos, aging them with patience, blending them with tender, loving care? Marlboros are available in soft pack and flip top box. You will find XX cigarettes in each package.

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* * *

Marlborum amo, Tom Marlborum amat, Dick Marlborum amat, Harry Marlborum amat, June Marlborum amat, Joan Marlborum amat, Jean Marlborum amat, Jane Marlborum amat, quique Marlborum amant—et Marlborum quoque amabitis.

The SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 104 January 18, 1963 No. 11

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

Founded 1867

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STUDENT GOVERNMENT, since its inception in 1952, has had, by some standards, an illustrious career as the most important student organization in the University. It has received awards for high achievement by NSA and been blessed by an occasional well-recognized leader. It has been instrumental in inaugurating and administering many programs of special benefit to the students, e.g., the Collegiate Jazz Festival, Mardi Gras, etc. However, national awards are made in comparison with other schools, not in our approximation of the ideal situation at Notre Dame; and specific social spectacles, though enjoyable, merely point out the deficient, unhealthy social life that predominates throughout the school year. Let's face facts: our concern is limited to our life on this campus. If we are to spend four years at Notre Dame, we want these years to be as fun-filled and intellectually challenging — we believe the two are complementary in a vital personality — as possible. Student Government is failing the students in both realms.

It is important to note that the only significant action in the past few years was accomplished apart from the Senate (when a committee of seniors and a riot brought on the changes in rules). The illusory rules "victory" has, in fact, become a defeat. The time was ripe for a more thorough change — not merely an elimination of obviously obsolete regulations but for definite positive proposals to improve hall living, social life, and the academic atmosphere at the University.

Kevin Hart's present government is not much different from other years'; it merely lacks the histrionics and banality of other administrations. Hart has apparently analyzed Student Government *completely* in terms of its limitations — student apathy, administration obstructionism, faculty disinterest and conservatism. He has followed this analysis to its logical end — he has done nothing.

A good statement of Hart's policy is contained in a letter distributed to newly elected Senators: "External pressure by students to initiate changes which only the administration is capable of making has so often delayed change, simply because the administration cannot appear to yield to such pressures without relinquishing a portion of its closely-guarded power. The Student Government represents the student body as an embassy of diplomats. . ." In other words, Hart does not see the Student Senate as ever becoming a representative body in direct contact with the students; the Senate then, is a body, dissociated from the mass of student opinion, dealing in maneuvers to extract minor tokens of concession from the all-powerful administration.

The administration's analysis of Student Government is identical with Hart's (as far as we have explained it). However, the desired result of Senate diplomacy is frustrated, rather than fulfilled, because the administration realizes that the Senate has no support, no consensus, no power to persist in its demands. Fr. Hesburgh does not see Student

Government as an interest group deeply involved with the mass of student demands. For him, Student Government provides a type of "leadership-training," existing principally for the benefit of those participating in it. Thus when Hart proposed that a nominal monetary reward for efficiency be given to commissioners who stay within their budgets (no one has done this in the past several years), the plan was thwarted by Fr. Hesburgh, and the motion never reached the Senate floor. Since it is Fr. Hesburgh's conviction that Student Government is purely a vocational experience in political squabbling, a monetary incentive was certainly out of the question. This, however, is also an example of Hart's failure to press issues, at the threat of a veto by Fr. McCarragher. If this measure would have benefited the majority of students, as Hart contended, the issue should have been forcefully presented and referred to the student body.

No remedy to this lack of leadership appears to be forthcoming this year or next.

Until Student Government recognizes a function that looks beyond its potential service role, it is basically meaningless. Student Government has the twofold task of creating and coagulating student opinion in the following manner: (1) by bringing issues directly to the student body and (2) by directing this consensus in a united effort to participate in the formulation of University policy pertinent to the students. To this moment, Student Government has failed miserably to touch either the students or the administration; it pretends that the faculty does not exist.

Specifically, Student Government should establish a real voice in such matters as: general discipline — cars for seniors, types of social activities and hours, off-campus car, housing, and party restrictions, Student Center planning, the Discipline Board, etc.; hall living conditions — self-government, hours, activities, and religious services; and academic policy — academic calendar, graduation requirements, payment for transcripts, incompetent faculty, and academic censorship.

As further proposals we would recommend the following: a constitutional amendment changing the term of Student Body President to run from February to February; a change in the Senate By-Laws allowing any student to run for Student Body President (there is now a clause requiring one year's Senate experience); student prefects in the halls; a student-faculty-administration discipline board; a reconsideration of the Stay-Hall Residence Plan; student participation on a revitalized Academic Council; a decentralization in the administrative power structure as policy affects students; an intensified effort to integrate international students into campus activities and organizations; an effort to get a student body more diversified in background, in religious affiliation, in race; increase student scholarships; and a re-evaluation of the nature and function of the Committee of Academic Progress.

Letters

Dear Editor:

The basic source of the general confusion about Who's Who among American College Students is the gap between the ordinary intuitive impression of such an award, and the specific way in which candidates are selected here at Notre Dame. The general impression of any Who's Who, and probably the correct one, strictly speaking, is that of a catalogue of individuals noteworthy for some rea-

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son, in this case, outstanding seniors at all American colleges.

But, when other attributes than fame or notoriety are valued more, it is natural that these receive strong consideration. This is precisely what has happened to Who's Who at Notre Dame. A conscientious attempt has been made to attach more significance to the award; it has become an award for contributing to Notre Dame by academic success, by leadership in activities, or even by exemplary behavior. These were the standards applied to the best of its admittedly limited ability by the selection board, and the candidates should be viewed in only this light.

The confusion that has prevailed recently, and much of the criticism leveled at the award stem largely from a misunderstanding of the difference that does exist within the framework of the one award. There is probably no need to withdraw from the national organization, for it could be as satisfactory a vehicle as any for the admirable purpose intended here. Some recognition should be given, certainly, to deserving men; there is surely no harm, and possibly much good, in adding these men to what is ideally a comprehensive collection of the best from every campus. In any case, however, it is essential that it be clear exactly why these particular individuals were selected; they are not merely the best known or most popular seniors, they are those men that we felt have done or attempted to do the most for Notre Dame. No claim of infallibility is made—it is likely that a different number of men could have been chosen, and just as staunchly defended—but one thing is evident from all that has been said so far: the committee was as conscientious as it could be, but until a more consistent and lucid policy is established, the confusion will remain.

— Pete Clark

Dear Editor!

I was shocked at the naïve criticism of American science and of the Notre Dame College of Science which was voiced in the SCHOLASTIC editorial of December 14. This naïveté indicates how widespread and serious is the lack of understanding and communication between scientists and nonscientists.

The editorial questions, "Should Notre Dame be responsible for the professional preparation for scientists and engineers in these four years?" and thus urges Notre Dame to drop

yet further behind Harvard in science and engineering. Such sentiment belies a lack of that understanding of science, which is appropriate to the liberally educated man, and an ignorance of the essential development of the personality which is achieved in a thorough professional education.

The editorial further implies that the present portion of the energies and resources of this nation which are directed toward a mastery of space and nuclear power is far too large a portion. Such an assertion should not be made without a modest awareness of the contributions which these admittedly costly scientific enterprises will make to the capability of decently satisfying the physical needs of all mankind. I do not wish to be overly critical of the SCHOLASTIC editors. Indeed, one thing that SNOW made clear in his Harvard lectures that this modest awareness is rare outside scientific circles.

Kevin Cahill
435 Walsh

Editor:

As my friends and I returned from the Washington Hall presentation of "The Innocents" on Oct. 31, we couldn't help but think of the immature minority of individuals enrolled in this University. Throughout this movie, as well as other movies presented during the year, animalistic noises or shouts of supposedly humorous comments were made. When the movies were of high caliber, the mature people present found such noise both distracting and truly preventive of complete enjoyment of the show. A small group seemed to enjoy the "out of place" comments but most of this group were those that are easily led. I can see where letting off steam is good, but not at a good movie.

I feel one way in which this annoying situation could end would be to stop the movie when any such "out of place" upheavals begin. Then turn on the lights and wait till the "gentlemen" calm down. Naturally the immature will dislike such moves and will either keep quiet or won't come. Either case would be satisfactory.

If nothing is done and the situation continues, our immature here at Notre Dame will continue to have their chance to represent us.

Howard Borek
318 Howard Hall

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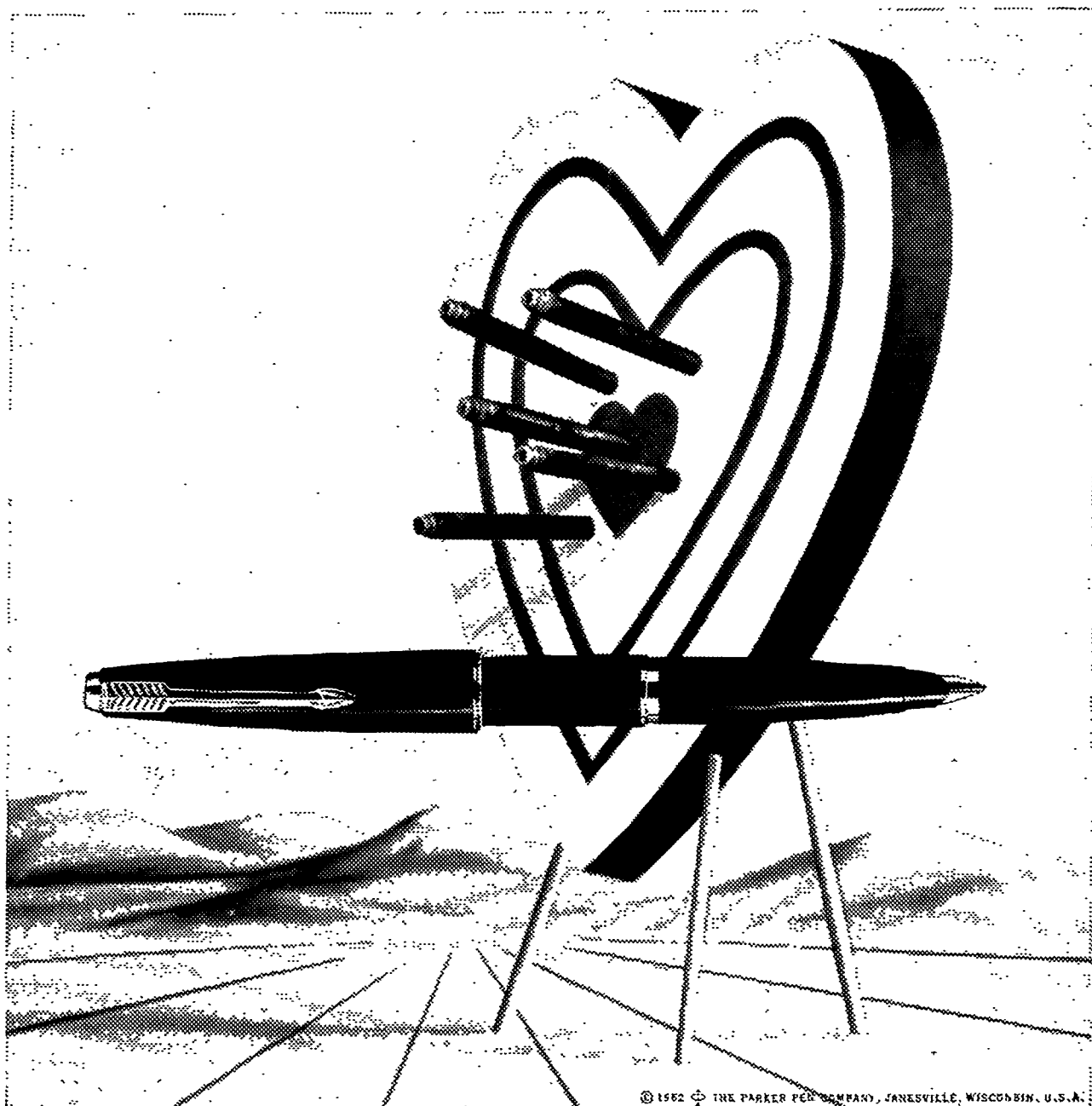
Whether guiding company craftsmen, or supervising the installation of transmission equipment, or working with customers, Don has capably handled a variety of challenges.

Don Olsen and other young engineers like him in Bell Telephone Companies throughout the country help bring the finest communications service in the world to the homes and businesses of a growing America.



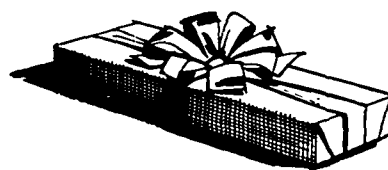
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campus at a glance

• Tomorrow, at two o'clock in the Stepan Center, Peter, Paul, and Mary will appear in concert. This trio sings folk music in a way unusual among big-name entertainers. Their music is almost totally lacking in "devices" which are so often utilized by folk singers trying to establish reputations. As a matter of fact, their style, according to the trio, emphasizes the pure quality and "integrity" of folk music.

As a consequence of having to please a great number of listeners, though, Peter, Paul, and Mary are not "pure" folk singers in the sense that the great Weavers are. In fact, they are so commercialized that the *Journal of American Folklore* will not review their works. It must be noted, however, that the *Journal* is highly critical of Joan Baez. What they do sing suffers less distortion of its original spirit than the folk songs sung by the majority of other big-name trios, e.g., The Kingston Trio.

The group was organized to make big money, something not totally unfamiliar to baritone Paul Stookey who, as a comic, was the highest paid entertainer in Greenwich Village before joining the trio. Peter Yarrow, the tenor of the group, abandoned a career connected with psychology, which he studied at Cornell, because "Folk music is a satisfying field." Mary Allin Travers, whose voice and appearance both are described by the adjective "willowy," "went to a lot of New York progressive schools where there's plenty of art and music and the like." Later she studied for a year at the Art Institute of N.Y.

The trio almost didn't make it to Notre Dame. The Social Commission first contracted Peter, Paul, and Mary in the last week in November for the three-week period between Christmas vacation and semester break. The only available date given at that time was Friday, the 18th, to which the social commission agreed. The contract was signed a month before Peter, Paul, and Mary were scheduled to appear.

The day after returning from the Christmas vacation, the agent for Peter, Paul, and Mary called the Social Commission, notifying them of President Kennedy's invitation inviting Peter, Paul, and Mary to appear at the 2nd Anniversary of the Inaugural Ball. The Social Commission explained that tickets had already been sold and because there was an apparent demand, that they did not wish to release Peter, Paul, and Mary from their contract. Possible dates given by the agent for an alternate appearance during the second semes-

ter were unacceptable because they fell on Junior-Parent week end, and the week end of the Collegiate Jazz Festival. The agent therefore said that Peter, Paul, and Mary would appear on the 18th.

The next day, Howard Crem of United Artists, who is running the Presidential Extravaganza, offered the Social Commission \$1000 plus a prerelease movie if they would relinquish the contract. The same day the agent called again, offering Peter Nero and the Highwaymen as a substitute for Peter, Paul, and Mary. In both instances, the Social Commission explained they could not accept these proposals.

Mr. Raymond Miller of the White House staff later called Fr. McCarragher, explaining that Vice-President Lyndon Johnson, and certain other members of the Kennedy family, had previously seen Peter, Paul, and Mary at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington and had requested their appearance. Fr. McCarragher explained the situation here, and Mr. Miller agreed with the

out-of-court settlement or an appearance Saturday afternoon.

After discussion among themselves, the Social Commission decided that, because of the number of tickets sold and student demand, they would accept the Saturday appearance. As a result, Peter, Paul, and Mary will appear on Saturday, via the "Lady Bird," Vice-President Johnson's personal plane.

The personal desire of Peter, Paul, and Mary to appear in front of the President of the United States rather than Notre Dame students is understandable in light of the trio's future career. Pressure from the White House, however, left a bad taste in the Social Commission's collective mouth.

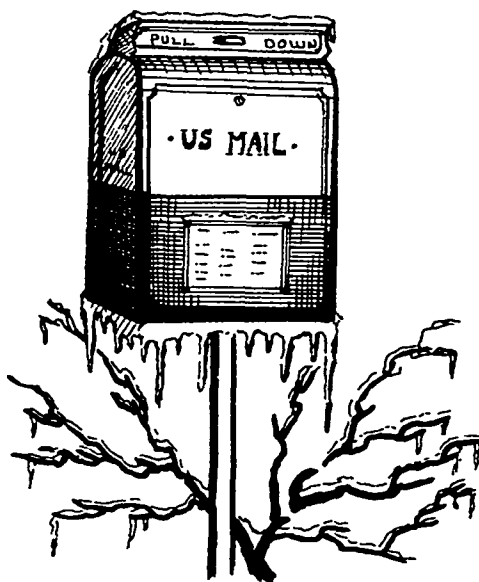
• Before the White House special overruns the campus tomorrow, Bela Szilagi, a pianist of no mean value, will slip unobtrusively into Washington Hall, play selections and an encore before a scattered audience, and leave. That an artist of Szilagi's repute will be so received is lamentable.

Tonight at 8:15 Szilagi will play, in Washington Hall, selections of Bach, Brahms, and Moussorgsky. Admission is \$1.00.

• Emerging, finally, from the word-scarred chambers of the Who's Who Selection Committee is this year's listing of the most prominent seniors on campus. Feeling they were being ramrodded by the Blue Circle (13 Blue Circle members made the list), this year's Who's Who Committee attempted to clarify the ambiguous concept of Who is Who. In the attempt at clarity no agreement was reached and, but for the Blue Circle's swift moving forces, the Committee would have banned Who's Who from campus.

The list: John Ahern, Dan Baldino, Edmund Barton, Thomas Bishop, Kevin Cahill, Edmond Collins, Douglas DiBianco, Edgar Eck, Leonard Forys, Gerard Gray, Tim Haidinger, Patrick Harkins, Kevin Hart, and Thomas Harvey. Also included were Gerald Hewitt, Jr., Richard Kavanaugh, David Kennedy, Alfred Kililea, Allen Korenjak, Paul Lehner, John Macleod, James Malling, Joseph Maxwell, John McCabe, Michael McCarthy, Dennis McMahon, Charles Murphy, Thomas O'Connor, John Ohala, John Reishman, Thomas Schlereth, Joseph Simoni, John Walker, Jr., and Patrick Williams.

(Continued on page 34)



Social Commission's position. It was apparent by this time that considerable pressure was being applied not only through Peter, Paul, and Mary, but also from the Vice-President of the United States.

On Tuesday, the 8th, Peter, Paul, and Mary's agent called the Social Commission notifying them that the Vice-President had sent a personal telegram to N.D. asking them to allow Peter, Paul, and Mary to appear in Washington as a personal favor. The agent also notified the Social Commission for the first time that Peter, Paul, and Mary would not appear on the 18th. He offered a \$3000

On Other Campuses

• The United States National Student Association, in co-operation with the federal government, will sponsor a nationwide student conference on the proposed "Domestic Peace Corps" at American University in Washington on the week end of February 15-17.

The domestic corps is a definite project of the Kennedy administration and is the subject of study for a special cabinet task force, headed by Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

The organization would be similar to the Peace Corps, but designed to work among the "32,000,000 persons now living at a lower level than America is capable of providing for its citizens," in Indian reservations, depressed areas, and urban slums. It is expected that the new organization will be used to train badly needed social workers as well.

The USNSA played a significant role in the formation of the Peace Corps. Several National Student Congresses had recommended such a program and USNSA threw full support behind the President when he became interested in it.

The Peace Corps itself is now beginning to shift its main accent to South America, in keeping with the President's Alliance for Progress with Latin America. Previously, many Corps members had been sent to the

newly emerging nations in Africa. At present, there are approximately 3,500 Corps members, with another 1,000 in training.

In addition, Director Sargent Shriver has announced that the Peace Corps is planning to go international. Richard Goodwin, of the State Department, will head a special task force for international co-ordination of national peace corps groups. The interest in this arose last October in a 46-nation conference in Puerto Rico to study better utilization of manpower in the developing countries. Fifteen countries are already developing their own versions of the Corps.

• Two more results of the furor at Colorado University, caused by the student newspaper's attacks on Barry Goldwater, are the resignation of President Quigg Newton, and the probation of the ex-managing editor of the paper.

It is thought that Democrat Newton's actions surrounding the firing of the editor of the *Colorado Daily* damaged his party in the state, contributing to a general Republican sweep of Colorado's elections. A newly elected member of the University's board of regents is a right-wing Republican publicly committed to getting rid of Newton.

In his six-year term, terminating in September, Newton has, in the

opinion of many faculty members, raised Colorado to one of the West's leading institutions. A few criticized him, though, for bringing the school into the political arena.

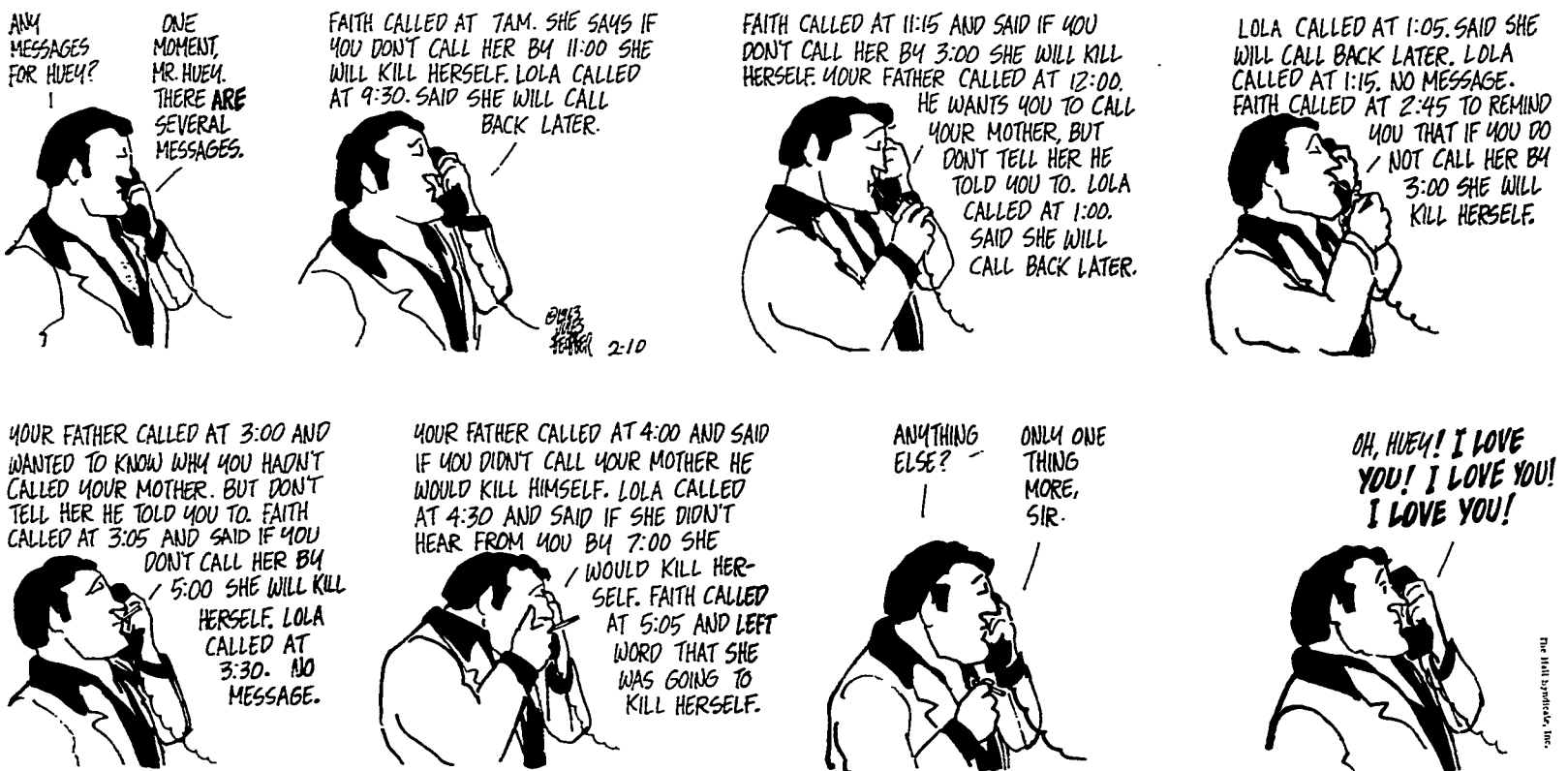
Terry Marshall, who quit his post as managing editor of the *Daily* after the editor was fired, was put on administrative probation by the University of Colorado as a result of a strongly critical letter he wrote to a Republican candidate for the university board of regents. He took him to task for a number of statements about the *Daily* and the university.

• There is a bright spot in the segregation issue. A federal district judge ruled that New Orleans' Tulane University, as a private school, could not be restrained from desegregation by state law, so the Tulane Board of Administrators decided to integrate the school.

• Of course Sen. James Eastland (D-Miss.) had something further to say about segregation. In reaction to the action of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools placing the University of Mississippi and all other Mississippi colleges on strict probation for bowing to political interference in the Meredith issue, Eastland charged that the Association was "covering up Marxism in the colleges."

"I don't think," he said, "the states can protect those groups that are lined with reds. I think the states, through their legislatures and officials, should get together and put a stop to this accreditation business."

Feiffer



BIOLOGICAL PROGRESS

by William Staudenheimer

IN RECENT MONTHS, scientists have been intensely studying a chemical compound, for brevity called DNA, which is suspected of having a close relationship with the very origins of life — the thin line between highly complex molecules and the most primitive of living cells. While investigating the possible philosophical consequences, I discovered an article, which appeared in *La Revue de Paris* for September, 1962, by the noted French biologist, Jean Rostand. He raises, but does not propose to answer, and neither shall I, some of the implications of progress in this field.

Down through the ages, a person has been distinctly individual. This has been made possible by the immense variability of the combinations of genes within chromosomes, which determine the characteristics of an individual. "In the lottery of conception, the same number never turns up twice." But in the face of more or less imminent scientific control of mutation as well as organic grafting, what will become of the person, meaning the specific, distinct individual? If each person in our philosophy has an individual soul, are specific physical distinguishing characteristics required, and if so, how many?

Rostand indicates that already, by the use of hormones, some characteristics of the opposite sex can be introduced; others can increase the height of a man beyond that which his genetic make-up determined earlier in his life. Investigation of the chemical DNA shows that it is possible to use that substance, extracted from dead cell matter, to determine characteristics of a new living thing: terrifying possibilities exist.

Consider those which lie in the realm of the mind. Chemical or biological changes within the skull, controlled by forces other than "nature," might work either good or ill on a human being. One's first reaction could be that this is tampering with forbidden material. Crude and inhumane experiments of any kind, even when perpetrated for the supposed good of mankind, as has been the world's past experience, are never permitted in the name of true science. But there are frightening powers being developed in this area; who or what is to determine their regulation? Rostand, as does Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*, fears that as the margin of individual variability decreases, the concept of person is going to diminish or be altered.

Concerning reproduction, Rostand envisages a point in which physical and mental standards of offspring could

be kept above a certain minimum. This is taking part of the quality determination out of the hands of the parents. Would it be safe to compare this to, say, setting the minimum standards of education in this country? Should the former be feared or hoped for?

Already, certain tissues are capable of being sustained at will in the laboratory, apart from their original source. When this type of living has been elevated to the level of material resembling the human, could this be a human if allowed to develop — does it have a soul like that of humans, even if in immature form? Would the life formed by means of DNA, or by laboratory union of sperm and ovum, be truly human life or merely that of an animal not having the rational soul of man?

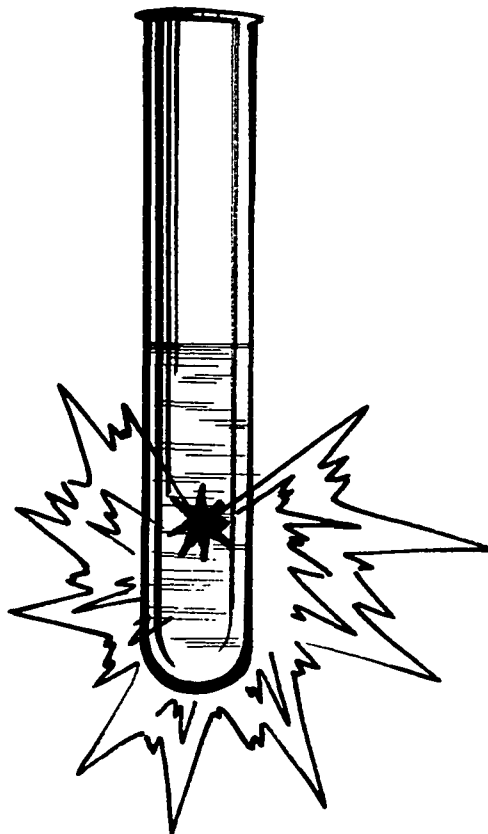
This comes to the question of what in a soul determines that it is a human one, and secondly, when is this quality imposed? Does the embryo have to develop to a certain animal stage before the human characteristic is "added"?

Dependent on this is also a possible reinterpretation of birth control. Could the natural embryo, or fetus, be considered a human only when it could support life by itself — not spoon feeding itself but capable of living externally, with at least full potential for all normal functions. Thus the growth prevented might be only a growth with potential for being a human in a way similar to the potential for a tree to be a door. Could not the seed of a resolution of the problem exist here?

Returning to Rostand, he presents the idea of the preservation of a character by stored sexual cells. This is a highly debatable point from the viewpoint of morality as well as philosophy. We hold that our soul is natural and immortal. Does *natural* require the direct action of man and woman?

Physical love is a means to a love on a greater plane between husband and wife, as well as presently a means of procreation. Would it right to remove this incentive, this aid to greater love and mutual aid to gain the Beatific Vision? It was once observed that physical love and all the mental disturbance accompanying courtship and marriage existed for good reason. Otherwise how could two people ever be talked into embarking on a life of many years together.

These thoughts are certainly as yet still beyond the realm of the absolutely practicable. But on the other hand, they are not so far projected that their discussion is without value for the concepts we presently hold.



Two Views on Birth Control:

1. A. Dudley Ward

2. Frederick Crosson

Mr. Ward is the author of *A Protestant Views Catholic Social Action*. The following is an excerpt from this work.

1. THE PROTESTANT POSITION on the other hand is quite different. Protestants will disclaim, as *Mater et Magistra* seems to indicate, that their support of mechanical population control is based upon "utterly materialistic conception of man and of human life." (Paragraph 191 — *Mater et Magistra*) Protestant assumptions are very similar to those that underly Catholic teaching. For example, the supreme sacredness of human personality and human life. Marriage is based upon the Biblical assertion that husband and wife become one flesh. (*Genesis* 2:24; *Mark* 10:8; *Ephesians* 5:31) Marriage is not only for the mutual sanctification and perfection of individuals but of the family group. This emphasis upon the spiritual character of marriage was elaborated in a pronouncement by the General Board of the National Council of Churches on "Responsible Parenthood," (February 23, 1961) and is as follows: "(1) Parenthood is a divinely ordained purpose of marriage for the embodiment and completion of the 'one flesh' union, for the care and nurture of children, . . . (2) Mutual love and companionship, rooted in the need of husband and wife for each other (*Gen.* 2:18), have also been ordained of God for the welfare and perfection of the 'one flesh' union. . . . (3) Vocation, or the service of the couple in society, is another high purpose through which 'the two become one.' . . ." The pronouncement states further that "Responsible Parenthood, in the first instance, means to weigh the claims of procreation in relation to the total purposes of the marriage and the situation of the family in society." The responsibility for decision in the use

of methods to avoid conception should be exercised in prayer and within the range of the Christian conscience.

Family planning within the purposes of marriage which was ordained by God must take into consideration such points as were enumerated by the General Board, and these are four:

- "(1) The right of the child to be wanted, loved, cared for, educated, and trained in the 'discipline and instruction of the Lord' (*Eph.* 6:4). The rights of existing children to parental care have a proper claim.
- "(2) The prospects for health of a future child, if medical and eugenic

evidence seem negatively conclusive.

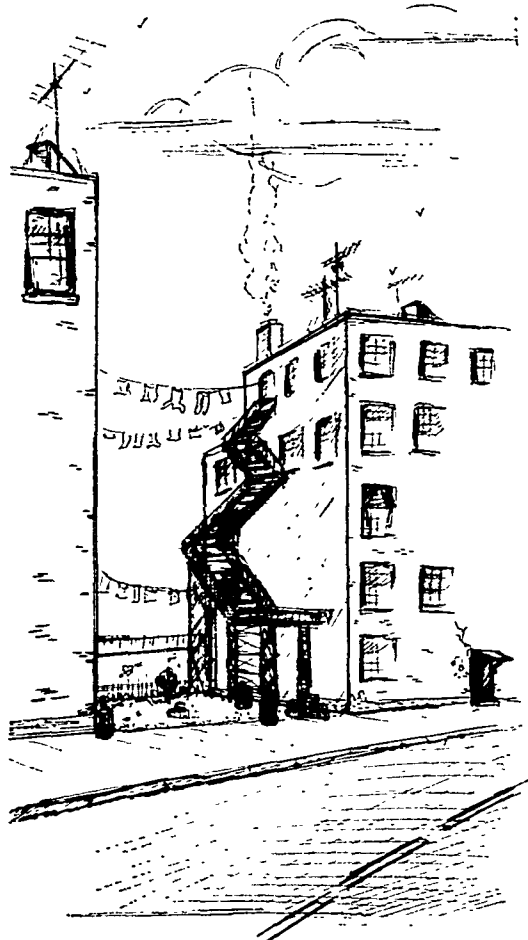
"(3) The health and welfare of the mother-wife, and the need for the spacing of children to safeguard them.

"(4) The social situation, when rapid population growth places dangerous pressures on the means of livelihood and endangers the social order."

The question of methods of family planning is the point at which there is the deepest divergency between Roman Catholic and Protestant positions. "Most of the Protestant churches hold contraception and periodic continence to be morally right when the motives are right. . . . Periodic continence (the Rhythm Method) is suitable for some couples, but is not inherently superior from a moral point of view." The general Protestant conviction is that *motives* rather than *methods* are central to the moral issue.

"Protestant Christians are agreed in condemning abortion or any method which destroys life except when the health or life of the mother is at stake. The destruction of life already begun cannot be condoned as a method of family limitation." Protestant churches point out the "hazards" in sterilization, and stress the possibility of its use only after the most thoughtful consideration of all the facts involved. Additional study of the scientific factors and the moral issues involved in both sterilization and abortion is needed.

The task of society is to provide appropriate and sound information and counsel. "Legal prohibitions against impartation of such information and counsel violate the civil and religious liberties of all citizens including Protestants." This is a widely held conviction in Protestant circles.



2. THE TENSION between religious and public standards reaches its maximum where these impact on the formulation of laws and policy guidelines for the political community. There is every indication that this tension is going to increase in the near future in this country, in such areas as education, prayer in public schools, morality and the arts, and the set of problems which cluster around the issues of life and death: abortion, sterilization, euthanasia, birth control. The political function of this tension is to motivate a discussion in which opposing positions are stated and clarified for their adherents as well as their opponents.

With most Protestant bodies, Catholics share the belief that parenthood is a Christian privilege and responsibility: that responsible parenthood is a norm for marriage. Responsible parenthood implies that the sexual privileges of the married couple, like all rights, involve duties if they are to be responsibly exercised. As Msgr. Luigi Ligutti, official Vatican observer to the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization puts it: "The Church doesn't say breed, breed, breed. The Church endorses celibacy, abstinence, continence and the so-called rhythm method as means of controlling births. Actually the Church is the greatest leader in birth control. . . . If everyone observed what the Church says on sex and control there would be a lot less population."

There are two facets of this problem which ought to be clearly distinguished, namely the question of legal enactments and that of moral evaluation. While it is not only the right but the duty of the Church, through its members, to express its moral position on legislation and on the formulation of policy, as a matter of principle it is prudent — in the best sense of that misused term — not to impose moral demands on the majority which the latter do not impose on themselves. This is not only an American principle, it is a traditional maxim in Catholic teaching (Aquinas, S.T. I-II, 96, 2). Conversely, the minimum requirement of the Church vis-a-vis the state is simply that its members not be bound by law to act contrary to their Christian conscience. (This position is analogous to the theoretical relations between theology and philosophy.) But if it is prudent to exercise restraint in the legal enactment of moral demands, this is not a counsel of *laissez faire*. There can be no

Lady Watching

Out in the wind the children play.
Snow perils on the roofs of high houses
Three storeys and four,
Snow loaves on brick ledges.
Cold glass, warm curtains, whiter at the seams.
All at once
Out of the east and south and north and west
The world collapses.
Children, why play your games in the snow
Where the wind is cold
And where beneath your scarves and leggings
You'll be wet?
Wait till the snow stops.
It isn't really warm—that's only you,
You and that tickly wetness
Underneath your shoulders.
Don't bury Martha in the blank snowbank.
What if some rare being tunneling up the other way
Should find her in his snow and capture her?
Or if it melts,
And Martha crawls out wet and sneezing?

Childhood true, on the minstrel plays,
Hurdy-gurdy in the snowwhere.
Out in the wind the children play
In a soundless way.

—JOHN PESTA

doubt that the development of man's moral consciousness has always been stimulated by the insistence of a minority that certain things were moral (or immoral), and their forming of the public conscience through persuasion and legislation. Decisions of the Supreme Court have often recognized that what was tolerated at one time has later become essential to correct or suppress — but always, this supposes that a consensus has been reached.

The second aspect of the question concerns the dialogue proper, and the grounds for the moral evaluations. Once the differences of evaluation are clear, as they are here, the problem is that of finding out precisely where and why we begin to disagree. For example, a recent Methodist writer has stated that "responsibility for decision in the use of methods to avoid conception should be exercised in prayer and within the range of the Christian conscience." This statement, which echoes the language of the Lambeth Conference of the Anglican bishops in 1958, is typical of the Protestant approach to morality since the time of Luther and Calvin. This approach — excellently characterized in contrast to the Catholic approach in Tawney's *Religion*

and the Rise of Capitalism — seems above all to respect the freedom and integrity of the individual situation. Consequently, it tends to avoid an objective stipulation of what is moral, since mere conformity with a rule does not constitute moral action. As the quote above implies, the couple must decide what is moral for them.

But of course the matter cannot be left there. Even granting that the "Christian Conscience" must be formed, informed — that it is not enough simply to "put on Christ" — is it not possible to say that some means are simply illegitimate? The Methodist writer quoted above does in fact go on later to comment in passing that "Protestant Christians are agreed that abortion or any method which destroys life . . . cannot be condoned as a method of family limitation." There is here agreement with the Catholic position that the question of methods, and not merely that of motives, is relevant. Here, it seems, is a common premise, where we can begin to disagree.

The Church has traditionally taught that certain elements are essential to the integrity of the marital act — without one or more of these elements, the act changes its nature.

(Continued on page 33)

from the Underground

by John Marlow

"There was a cunning practice at Notre Dame in those days (the 1920's) whereby sophomores, drifting through freshmen halls at night . . . during the first hazy week of the school year, would initiate new men to the perils of their new life. A couple of sophomores, one carrying a big pipe wrench, and the other a hammer, would knock at a freshman's door; entering, they would explain with courtesy that they'd come to take out the radiator. They'd go over and bang it a few times, connect the wrench, and then pause patiently to listen to the freshman's protest. What he always said was that this was his room and that was his radiator. What they always said was that, yes, but last year this had been the room of the man with the wrench, and this was *his* radiator. Only we are gentlemen, they said, full of sympathy and understanding, and it is after all a great nuisance to lug away a radiator. . . . A great many freshmen bought radiators belonging to Notre Dame" — so says Richard Sullivan in his book, *Notre Dame; Reminiscences of an Era*. Practical jokes are common on college campuses. Notre Dame is no exception. The *Thursday Throwback* of 1955-1956, a three-page dittographed publication, played a nine-month joke on the University of Notre Dame, and no one got caught. But this joke had a practical purpose.

The *Thursday Throwback* was one of the many underground publications that have appeared on the Notre Dame campus. In 1930 there was a single-page letter to the students, slipped under doors at night that was geared to stir spirit before football games. The sender signed himself "Bearclaw," and there was speculation at the time that it was Rockne himself, playing author instead of coach. All the secret publications haven't been that harmless. In the early 1950's a sheet was passed out by a group called the "Advocates of Our Lady," followers of the ex-Jesuit heretic, Father Feeney. The

result: the two student distributors were caught and immediately expelled, and reaction was stirred as far as Rome and Pope Pius XII. The *Thursday Throwback* was neither a pep talk nor a slander sheet. It attempted, in its own words, to "cause some controversy." It succeeded. The first issue of the *Throwback*, Sept. 29, 1955, set its purpose

There are many things that need saying on the campus of Notre Dame du Lac, that need to be said plainly and publicly. Praise is needed where praise is due, and scorn, also, is often needed to make a good thing better. . . . We are, of course, unregulated, and being so we can print things the other student voices are not allowed to, or are ignorant of. Regulation is fine until it regulates the truth.

In spite of its serious opening commentary, the *Throwback's* criticism was usually geared to produce results with a smile. One noted Notre Dame English professor, who was sent copies, said of the *Throwback*: "It was decent. It wasn't crude; it wasn't coarse. It was, rather, a line of constructive criticisms, tempered with humor." The article, "Heck," in the Oct. 6, 1955, issue, spoofed logic (a required freshman course at Notre Dame) and the SCHOLASTIC, in six simple lines

"It is better to sit at Notre Dame and think of hell than to sit in hell and think of Notre Dame."

—The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC
In other words, if you can't go to Notre Dame, go to hell.

The *Throwback* varied its criticisms, with the exception of those aimed at SCHOLASTIC. ("Unfortunately, we don't have a letters-to-the-editor section. . . . Why don't you send your letter to the SCHOLASTIC. The SCHOLASTIC will print anything, n'est pas" —*Thursday Throwback*, Oct. 6, 1955).

One short comparison called, "The Wrong Idea" achieved its purpose without a word from "James Squire,"

the assumed name of the *Throwback's* editor-in-chief, or any of his staff.

—from Cardinal Newman, *The Idea of the University*

"I say a university, taken in its bare idea . . . has this object and this mission: it contemplates neither moral impression nor mechanical production; it professes to exercise the mind neither in art nor in duty; its function is intellectual culture. . . ."

—from the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

"The University has announced that it has received a gift of \$5,000 to stimulate interest in bridge and golf among undergraduate students. . . . The newly established fund will be used to underwrite bridge and golf instruction and tournaments on the campus."

The criticism contained none of the traditional Notre Dame complaints, such as lights out, morning checks, or cafeteria food. In fact, these words were not mentioned in the entire 1955-1956 volume.

Subject matter for the *Throwback* ranged from campus play reviews to comments on the Religious Bulletin. ("We cannot stand to see [Notre Dame's] religious power watered down in the *Religious Bulletin*" — *Thursday Throwback*, May 24, 1956); it ranged from football to the religious articles sold in the Notre Dame Bookstore. (*Thursday Throwback*, Nov. 17, 1955: title, "Yippie-yi-o Blessed Virgin"; text, "One of the swell new items offered by the Bookstore, 'Miraculous Lariat Tie.' These, we suppose, are for Catholic cowboys.") And when Father Hesburgh, the President of Notre Dame, was quoted in *Time Magazine* as wanting "Cadillac quality" in his students, and was pictured holding his fingers in the Churchill "V," the *Thursday Throwback* promptly entered its only cartoon of the year — the Dome, with a shining Cadillac V instead of Our Lady.

Some called the *Throwback* merely the voice of malcontents; an undermining factor in the University. A chief complaint was that the writers were anonymous, and that criticism couldn't be countered without recognizing the "underground publication." The *Throwback* answered

We would like very much to come into the open and publish with our own names, but we think that this service of ours ought not to be stopped, and we are aware of at least one gentleman on the administrative end who would be delighted to discover our identities
(Continued on page 26)

Another Man's

WHO'S WHO

by J. J. Pottmyer

THIS PAST WEEK, announcement was made of the selection of Notre Dame's nominees to the *Who's Who among Employees of American Colleges and Universities* (not a publication of A. N. Marquiss & Co. or the publication known as *Who's Who in America*). This select group will have their names included, with appropriate biographical material, in the handsome, gunnysack-bound, newsprint edition which is sold to members of the group for \$10 or to libraries for 51 cents.

The selection committee at Notre Dame is made up of members from various influential organizations on campus. Officials of the local plumbers' union, faculty members, and the Hungarian consul are just a few members of this committee. Although criticism is sometimes leveled at the committee for favoritism, there is widespread agreement that this year's selection of nominees is the best representative group ever chosen.

The obvious candidate this year was Helen Hlovatkvorskiwicz. Students eating in the West Dining Hall are all familiar with the fine job of serving done by Helen. Mrs. Hlovatkvorskiwicz this year broke all Dining Hall records (and surprisingly few dishes, considering) in mashed potato slinging. She set the phenomenal record time of 0.9 seconds while working in W line last October. She also gained the mashed potato record for a counter-lockwise circulating line when she succeeded in slapping down a perfectly spherical glob of potatoes in a mere 1.1 seconds. Helen, always humble as to her great achievements, thinks lightly of the many trophies she has won in Dining Hall competition, saying, "The smile of appreciation the boys give me when they really move through the line quickly is the only thanks I want."

Mashed potato slinging isn't the only event in which Helen excels. She came in second in the Dining Hall

Decathlon last year in which point scores in each of ten events (mashed potato slinging, Brussels sprout rolling, gravy ladling, meat spearing, chicken plucking, soup slurping, pea pushing, French fry distribution, coffee mixing, and hog slopping) are added together. Helen credits her success to the excellent teamwork of the other girls. Each group in the Dining Hall works as a team, each member having to serve each item at least once every two weeks. However, you can always tell when Helen is on mashed potatoes and her partner Minnie is on gravy ladling; the line really moves.

For the first time in five years, a husband and wife team has been nominated from Notre Dame. Helen's husband, Karl Hlovatkvorskiwicz, a University electrician, was also unanimously elected to *Who's Who*. Karl is no alien to record setting, having set what will probably be the all-time record in his department. Karl recently took three days to install a light switch. He was able to utilize one entire day to estimate the job. The second day he used all the time from eight o'clock until noon to unload his truck, took an hour off for lunch, and then reloaded all his tools from one o'clock until five. The third day he forgot to bring any wire with him. After returning to the shop for this, he took four hours to do a fifteen-minute job, succeeding, though, in making it possible to turn off the lights on the third floor of the Main Building and room 317 Nieuwland with a flip of the switch.

In spite of the usual protests that the faculty can't properly be considered as employees of the University, the committee felt that Dr. Percival Platypus of the English Department achieved academic distinction to such an extent that it would be unfair to eliminate him from *Who's Who* on any grounds whatever. Dr. Platypus, the world's foremost authority on *Little Black Sambo*, recently had a paper published on his favorite subject. In this scholarly work he discussed the significance of the number of pancakes eaten by Sambo, his mother Mumbo, and his father Jumbo. As you undoubtedly remember, the very last paragraph of the book relates that Mumbo ate twenty-seven pancakes, Jumbo ate fifty-five pancakes, and Little Black Sambo ate one hundred sixty-nine pancakes. After discussing the significance of writing these figures in

Roman numerals, Dr. Platypus then assigned Hebrew and Greek letter equivalents to these numbers using well-proven cabalistic techniques. Probably the best part of the work was the attempt to interpret the prime factors of each of these numbers. 27 is factored to $3 \times 3 \times 3$. 55 is factored to 5×11 ; and 169 is factored to 13×13 . It is easily seen that Black Sambo inherits two 3's from his mother and the two 1's from his father. However, it can be noted that there is a 5 which is not inherited from the father and a 3 which is not inherited from the mother. Rejecting at once the hypothesis that this illustrates a type of evolutionary degradation, Professor Platypus interprets this to mean that there are areas of Sambo's personality which are not yet fully developed. The numeral 5 is taken as a symbol of the male logical capacity (as opposed to female intuition), since 5, being the number of human fingers, is associated with counting or mathematical ability.

In spite of the presence of both masculine and feminine elements in Sambo, Professor Percy Platypus rejects the modern hypothesis, based on a merely superficial examination of the number of pancakes eaten by Sambo, that Sambo was a pervert.

Dr. Platypus' other works on Little Black Sambo include one on "Conservation of Mass" in which he proves that four tigers contain just enough matter to make butter sufficient for 251 pancakes and another paper on "Matriarchal Society in India" in which he points out that Mumbo is always mentioned before Jumbo and finally his first paper "Grandiosity in *Little Black Sambo*."

The only candidate for *Who's Who* who aroused much of the controversy this year was the traditional member of the group, Francis Joseph Hapsburgh. It may be remembered that Hapsburgh has been elected to *Who's Who* for the last ten years by the traditional vote of 29 to 3. However, there was a large group on the selection committee this year which felt Hapsburgh had not made his traditional number of flights around the world. Upon learning of this, Francis Joseph immediately made a trip to Antarctica where, in a scant half-hour, he circled the globe ten times which more than satisfied the selection committee. Therefore, they elected him by the traditional vote of 29 to 3.

Mister Duffy

by Bill Metz

THE SCHOLASTIC would like to do an article on you, Mr. Duffy."

"There's nothing to say."

"We would like to get a little biographical background on you."

"What for? Who is a person? I'm anonymous."

"Could we make an engagement to talk then?"

"Yes, I suppose. But one doesn't look forward to these things, you know. It's like having a photograph made. One doesn't like the exposure."

After saying this, Mr. Joseph M. Duffy (he actually has a doctoral degree, but says, "Everyone is Mister") looked away, picked up his brown carrying case with the crumpled *Air France* baggage ticket still tied to the handle, and walked down the corridor of O'Shaughnessy to the elevator. He left Room 108 which was empty of the small group of freshman English students who had rushed to lunch.

In September the freshmen in Room 108 had wondered — as many other classes have — if this were really the man who had such a fine reputation on campus. As he made his first dignified entrance into class three minutes after the bell, the students saw a tall man with meticulously groomed hair, sepulcher-white hands, and a noticeable paunch protruding through the coat of a conservative suit. They raised eyebrows at his insistence that the windows and shades be arranged symmetrically, and at his horror upon finding dust on the instructor's desk. The freshmen exchanged puzzled glances when he bounced on tiptoe with his hands folded across his chest and bemoaned the condescension one must endure from South Bend cab drivers, and the inner turmoil one must suffer in deciding when to sell Studebaker stock. They were truly amazed when he tore at the very foundation stones of the University by boldly criticizing venerable establishments ranging from the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas to the prices of "Those Irish Jews in the bookstore."

Several classes later the fellows in Room 108 were momentarily stunned when he said that their second paper should be a little longer than the first

(one page), but "not more than ten thousand words."

At other times Mr. Duffy's vagueness rather than his surprises perplexed his students. At what seemed to be the crux of a story that Mr. Duffy had taught many times and read many more times, his head sank low over his desk until his lips touched the tips of his fingers, the tilt of his glasses hid his eyes, and he said sadly, "I don't know. I don't understand it."

But as the semester progresses, the students of Mr. Duffy's class begin to perceive underlying greatness in his teaching. When he is belittling a taxi driver or worrying unceasingly about the stock market, students learn that he is actually forcing them to evaluate personally these social establishments. His undue emphases beguile the students into taking new and imaginative looks at the human creature, and the observations usually end in a healthy laugh at the incongruities that everyone treasures. The students eventually learn that Mr. Duffy is not always giving his own impressions in his anecdotes at the beginning of each class; he is actually giving a small performance to set the stage for the rest of his class period. As soon as they allow him this touch of artistic freedom, they find his anecdotes and his classes truly enjoyable.

As the weeks pass in the classroom, an atmosphere unique to Mr. Duffy's class develops. It is an atmosphere of penetrating curiosity about the human community at all levels: inquiry into the obsession of a class member with the word "stereotyped," the position of classical languages in the Notre Dame curriculum, the political scene of South Bend, the speaking voices of American women. It is an atmosphere of eager analysis of both the insights of literature and personal observations such as those just mentioned. And it is an atmosphere of intellectual keenness where banality is the unforgivable offense. Mr. Duffy establishes this atmosphere at the beginning of each class with his anecdotes, he sustains it by the sparring of wits throughout the class, and he utilizes the atmosphere to en-

able him to communicate deep and delicate thoughts with real earnestness. When Mr. Duffy ponders aloud passages of literature, you feel you gain more than a surface insight. Speaking of Portia in *Death of the Heart*, he said:

That is real courage. Not the heroism of dynamic action nor of public staunchness, but the heroism of the little things. The courage to open a door, to walk across a room filled with staring eyes.

Yet Mr. Duffy never ties his thoughts into neat conclusions. This is the final beauty of his teaching, that he can say, "I don't understand it" at the end of a novel with such a blend of tact and sincerity that everyone in the room immediately wants to read the entire book again. The over-all effect of what Mr. Duffy calls a "shaping of the class" is that the students learn, are stimulated to learn more, and love it. At mid-semester, one freshman commented, "This is the only class I have that I really look forward to." Many other students in other classes of Mr. Duffy have expressed the same thoughts in respect for the same outstanding qualities of the man as a teacher, qualities which he has devoted his life to developing.

As a grammar school boy in Westchester, New York, Mr. Duffy decided he wanted to teach. At Regis High School in New York City ("Jesuit, of course") and at Columbia College he studied the humanities, especially the classical languages. Then from Columbia he went to Harvard for graduate work. But graduate work at Harvard was not what he expected, so he left after a year for the business world of New York. Yet the life of the businessman was not appealing either, and it lasted only until the day that an elderly friend of his father approached him during lunch at the Union League in New York City. As Mr. Duffy recalls:

He grasped my hand and would not let go of it. Then he traced out all the lines on my palm with the tip of his finger, and concluded, "Impractical." I wanted to jerk my hand away. After that I knew it (the business world) was not for me. It is fine



for others, but not for me.

So he went to his first teaching position at the University of Idaho.

The time he spent in Idaho was most significant because it was there that he found the field which was to become his first love, the novel. Then, as he says, "I knew what I wanted to do, and I wanted to get it over with." After four years of work, three spent at the University of Chicago and one in England, he completed and defended his doctoral dissertation on "Jane Austen and Nineteenth Century Critics of Fiction." At the same time in the summer of 1954 Father Soleta, the Vice-President of Academic Affairs, telegraphed him an offer for a position on the Notre Dame faculty. Before that day, Mr. Duffy says, "South Bend was only the place where United Airline pilots announced 'We have reached cruising altitude,' when flying east from Chicago or announced 'We have reached cruising altitude,' when flying west to Chicago." In spite of never having seen the city, he accepted the position, and he is now an Associate Professor of the English Department.

The life of a teacher is apparently hard for many people to comprehend. As Mr. Duffy lives it, it might be even more difficult to comprehend. He is a bachelor who lives alone in a South Bend apartment, and has few other activities than his teaching and reading. Yet he very emphatically defends the calling of a teacher.

People are condescending to teachers. Either they idolize them or they pity them. But they shouldn't. Teaching is a good life. And underline the good. It is good to know that one has possibly added something to a life, or left an appreciation of a novel with a few persons.

After saying this he looks down, fumbles with his hands for most of a minute, and then without looking up again he mutters something very quietly which seems to answer any lingering doubts a person might have.

*The life of the mind
is a glorious endeavour.
It is not the only thing,
but it is a beautiful thing.*

A TRIP TO PANAMA

by Carl Adler

TODAY most of man's attention is focused on what is called "the frontiers of space." At an earlier period, the various jungles of the world were the frontiers that challenged civilization. As time passed, the jungles shrank away from the encroachment of mechanization and commerce, until, at present, few still actively resist civilization. One of the most notable is the Darien Region of lower Panama, a jungle that has defeated all who have come to conquer it: from the early Spanish colonists to the present-day builders of the Pan-American highway.

Our crossing had a significant historical precedent. In 1513 Balboa crossed the Darien and discovered the Pacific. Since then few people have tried and even fewer have succeeded. As in most primitive areas, death is the penalty for a mistake; for a careful person, however, I felt that the Darien offered a unique opportunity to explore an environment that has challenged men for centuries. In a word it offered adventure.

In 1960 I convinced two of my friends at Notre Dame, Joseph Bellina and James Wirth, that such a trip was possible if it were planned with care. After discussing the problems involved and reading what material was available on the region, we agreed to attempt to cross the Darien from the Pacific to the Caribbean after our

graduation in 1961. In the meantime, we contacted another Notre Dame student, Aristides Fernandez, from Colon, Panama. It was largely through his and his family's help that the trip was successful.

The streets of Panama City that run down to the harbor literally go from bad to worse. The harbor contains a fleet of shrimp boats and a few banana boats; its surface is covered with a flotsam of garbage and debris. On the buildings crowding the water's edge, roost large black vultures, lending their eerie presence to an already eerie scene.

Here we boarded the trading vessel *Pirre*, a rundown, double-decked boat whose engine was a loud two-cylinder motor, and whose only sanitary convenience was a roost suspended over the water. The crew was of Spanish, Negroid, and Indian origins. The food served to those aboard was a barely palatable diet of rice and meat. The meat was so tough that it had to be first set in the sun until it started to decompose.

The *Pirre* carried us down the Pacific shore of Panama to the Bay of San Miguel, from there up the Chucunaque River and finally to Yaviza, the last point of civilization in the Darien. With a letter of introduction from Aristides Fernandez, Sr., we sought a local merchant, Raoilio Ley, to whom we explained our plans.

We had previously decided to camp in the interior of the Darien, and then to cross the San Blas Mountains to the Caribbean Coast. Ley told us that such a trip was possible only with the permission and help of a native leader by the name of Chaua. He lived in the interior, on the Rio Tuquesa, a tributary of the Rio Chucunaque, and could only be reached by *piraqua* (dugout canoe).

The next morning, supplied with a pot of rice and a great deal of enthusiasm, we boarded a large *piraqua* and started up the Chucunaque River, headed for the Tuquesa. The river was enclosed on both sides by green jungle walls, and at each bend there were great white-trunked trees, towering two hundred feet above us. As we progressed into the jungle, our enthusiasm was replaced by respect and awe at being in a place so removed from civilization.

Towards evening we reached the Tuquesa and began making our way upstream against both the current and the approaching night. When the river became too difficult to negotiate, we left the boat and set off across the jungle. After a couple of hours of jungle travel, we came to an Indian settlement into which our guides disappeared. The settlement was unusual, since it was inhabited by both Indians and Negroes. This strange condition was created by the nearby



During the summer of 1961, three Notre Dame students made a rare expedition across the Isthmus of Panama. Carl Adler, '61, presently a graduate student in Theoretical Physics, has written an account of his trip for the Scholastic. The accompanying photographs were taken by Joseph Bellina.

presence of the only trading post in the region.

When our guides returned, they told us that the trading post was owned by Chaua, but he was on a trip further up the river. This news brought our plans to a temporary halt. While waiting for Chaua's return, we used the time hunting in the surrounding jungle. During one of the hunting trips we came across a Fer-de-Lance, a deadly South American snake of the Pit Viper family. On another occasion, we made friends with an old man named Kintana, who lived in a small hut on the edge of the main clearing; he seemed to know the jungle well, and we were told he had crossed the Darien approximately ten years before. This was important to us as we had not previously known anyone who had made the trip, and we knew that no man lived in the rugged San Blas Mountain region.

Early on the morning of the third day, we were awakened by shouts telling us to prepare to leave immediately; Chaua was nearby and if we hurried we could reach him. All that morning was spent working our way by *piraqua* up the Tuquesa, until early afternoon when the Indians suddenly pulled the boats to the shore and told us that we had at last reached Chaua. Actually we had arrived at the home of a Choco Indian family.

When we arrived, Chaua and the

rest of the men were in the jungle. He returned two hours later and we were able to make the necessary arrangements. It was agreed that the three of us would go ahead and set up camp by a creek named Vanau. We would remain there a week and would then be joined by Kintana and a weight-bearer named Carlos, who was to help us carry our heavy equipment.

The camp at Vanau was a success despite a disastrous beginning. We arrived at Vanau late at night, tired and sore; we rigged up a hasty camp and collapsed from near exhaustion. That night the rains came with such intensity they soaked through the tent, wiped out the fire, and soaked all our clothing and gear. The next day it continued to rain, but we worked from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m., cutting trees and building a semipermanent shelter, raised above the ground on stilts, so that we could have the basic necessities of life: a place to keep dry and a fire to cook upon. This task completed, we spent an enjoyable week hunting, fishing, and exploring. Wildlife was plentiful though difficult to see. We regularly found the tracks of herds of peccary near the camp, and on one occasion we spotted jaguar tracks.

A frequent visitor to our camp was a giant jungle otter who didn't seem to mind our presence. A less frequent visitor was the tyra, a five-foot weasel. As the time for our departure drew

close, we began to appreciate the comparatively easy life at Vanau and were apprehensive about the coming trip.

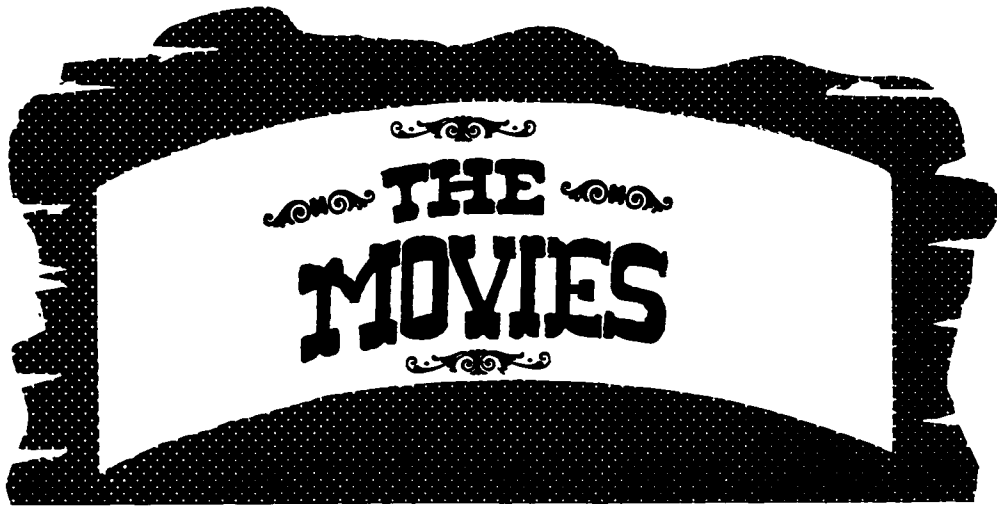
The first day of the trip to the mountains indicated what was to come. As the diary of the trip records it: "Jim carried about 45 pounds, Joe and I about 35 pounds, our weight carrier, Carlos, about 55 pounds, and Kintana his own burden. We left camp at 9 a.m. and finally reached an attractive spot at the edge of the mountains at 5 p.m. where we set up camp for the night. Today as usual we traveled along the river, making twenty-one fords and covering about fifteen miles."

The next day we found we had camped in a truly beautiful place, on a stony beach at the junction of three rivers. Since the river we were following was running high due to rains in the mountains, we left late the next day. Travel was difficult as the river was now flowing from the high jungles above in a series of cascades and rapids. Thus we were continually making difficult ascents and extremely hazardous crossings of the rapids, made more dangerous by the dead weight strapped on our backs. That day we didn't reach the mountain pass or the divide as we had hoped.

The next day's entry in the diary reads: "This was a difficult day. Again we were frustrated in not finding the

(Continued on page 28)





Ingmar Bergman

Frank McConnell's review of Virgin Spring and Through a Glass, Darkly (SCHOLASTIC, Dec. 15) was pejorative and it probably shouldn't have been. But some good theoretical points were raised. There is a way in which the symbolic reference of much of Bergman's art is abstruse and a way in which it naively presupposes too broad a reader acceptance. Most of Bergman's symbols are ethical; but because they are involved in the creative sensibility, they might be incomprehensible and even offensive to the critical mind — particularly one directed to an esthetic ideal, art for enjoyment. Given a certain undemanding receptiveness, however, Virgin Spring can be appreciated on its own terms, and Through a Glass can be rewarding and memorable.

Ingmar Bergman's *Through a Glass, Darkly* is not his best film, certainly; neither the best structured nor the best acted. But it is one of his clearest — abstruse only when translation and dubbing are inadequate. The story concerns one day in the lives of four people alone on a Baltic island during the summer. It centers about the only woman character, Karin (Harriet Andersson), who suffers from a disease that is reducing her to an animal and forcing her mind deeper into chronic schizophrenia, which is symbolized by the mermaid figure — half human, half fish — hung on the side of the house.

The first part of the movie locates the characters in relation to one another, defines the situation out of

which the later drama moves, and places the dramatic and thematic control with the father, David (Gunnar Bjornstrand); as his name might suggest, he is the efflorescing religious-artist: it is he, ultimately, who sees "through a glass darkly." Karin dominates the screen, the action, and the audience sensibility: this alone would cause her to seem to be the messenger, so to speak, the "seer." But there is more to support this appearance. We know that she is susceptible to psychic trances which seem to have a mystic motif; that she denies her husband, Martin (Max Von Sydow), sexual gratification; and that she believes she is about to see God. The very style of her action, brought forth very well by Miss Andersson, is designed to strengthen the illusion that she is a kind of mystic. All of this heightens the intensity of the climactic moment, when she meets, not God, but a spider. The irony is overwhelmingly powerful — too powerful, in fact, for the characters themselves to resolve. And the disappointing final scene between her father and her brother, Minus (Lars Passgard), which is an attempt at resolution, testifies to this fact.

The movie would yield to an exclusively psychological interpretation: Karin's psychic problem would be a combination of her physical illness and a mammoth Elektra Complex; Minus would be seen as an over-sexed adolescent searching for a mother symbol; Martin would be a manic depressive, possibly, frustrated beyond all measure and too weak to rebel; David might be described solely in terms of guilt, or as a masochist who punishes himself by writing stories about a bad past. Not to deny a certain value to this approach, one must insist on more, must approach the movie on its own terms and take at least some of what the characters say at face value. If we listen, in this manner, we immediately perceive an

intention quite patent in the movie — to dramatize an abstract relationship, "God is love." All that must be allowed is that the love *aspect* of the relationships between each of the male characters and Karin is sufficiently realized. Perhaps it isn't; perhaps, also, something of its power was lost in the translation of the dialogue. Yet it is *stated* by each of the characters in question: in answer to Karin's assertion that he would rather have a young, beautiful, and willing wife, Martin, admittedly in inner turmoil, quietly says: "No. I love you." — Karin's father, who admits perversely to studying her disintegration in order to satisfy his curiosity and get material for a book, states his love for her at least six times, and obviously feels something of her pain himself; and her brother, to whom she is a temptress representing all that is mysterious and alluring about the female sex, and with whom she, in a storm of insanity, consummates an incestuous tragedy (the crisis of the drama), is openly able to speak of loving her. One point the movie makes is the distinction between love and sex — uniting sex, ultimately, with a spider and false gods, and love with humaneness and, perhaps, a true God.

What is being propounded by the film is love — love your neighbor — so that no one can say, as Karin under the guise of the Queen of Valencia, in the play within the play, says: "Stark oblivion shall conquer me, and only death will be my reward." Hence, though her father uses her, her brother covets her, and her husband is constantly fighting the temptation to wish her dead, she is loved. What is being deprecated by the film is solipsism, "the tomb of illusion." This is brought out by the room metaphor. Minus wonders whether everyone in the world is utterly alone in his own corner of the room; in the next scene Karin im-

PLICITLY answers this question by saying that in her trance she is in a big room where everyone is walking about in expectation, waiting for God to enter. Yet neither is correct: Minus is shown to be wrong by his father and his sister; Karin is implicitly wrong because her vision comes to a dead end, to a spider, to dementia. The resolution must come from David, the religious-artist, who speaks of the fault of most people: "we draw a magic circle around ourselves excluding everything that doesn't agree with our little games." But these circles explode; one must face things as they are.

The climax of the movie is precisely such an explosion. Karin is in a trance, expecting God to walk in the door any moment. She excludes her husband and her father from her ritual, but then tries to make them agree with her "game" of awaiting God. What comes to meet her are two things in one—a spider and a helicopter. The spider is an obvious phallic symbol; the helicopter resembles a spider, and it contains doctors who are about to take her to a hospital. Her circle explodes, and she is left in despair. *But she is loved*, and the helicopter is not all bad any more than her family around her; it carries her away, into the sunlight, over the sea. And this leaves father and son alone. David has supposedly come to an inner resolution through the climactic tragedy; when he speaks about God his son asks: "Then, is God love?" And the answer is somehow positive, somehow negative. The God that Karin was looking for, waiting for, is not really God. She had God all along; she had the love of those around her—people who were not pure, really: people who were people. "Love is a longing and a denial, a distrust as well as a trust; emptiness and disillusion turn into wealth and hope." Minus is left to mature in a world which he can see with the eyes his father has made perceptive; David has attained his goal; Martin is left with his love wherein he can find wealth and hope; and Karin is saved.

The Avon theater manages to show the worst, most boring and disappointing films of the world; but intermittently it comes up with the finest of motion pictures. In January it will present *Phaedra*, the notably controversial film starring Mercurtio Mercuri. This is a fine movie, intelligent, stimulating, and enjoyable.

—James Devlin

Hiroshima, Mon Amour

IN THE LAST ISSUE of the *SCHOLASTIC*, I criticized a pair of films by Ingmar Bergman; the criticism was harsh, because I had thought it possible to make a motion picture into a wholly honest and self-contained work of art, and I was measuring Bergman's failure against a hypothesis, an ideal and fully artistic film. I am now sure that the really artistic film is more than hypothetical—it is chimerical. Whatever are the psychological and aesthetic factors which give the motion picture its generic independence, they seem also to make it impossible for the motion picture ever to be really valid art.

The case in point, of course, is Alain Renais' *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, which was shown last week by Cinema '63. The film is perhaps the best of the art films now in circulation in the United States, and, indeed, is a painfully honest attempt at poetry. But it fails. Or rather, it breaks down, overburdened, it appears, by the simple weight of its attempt at lyricism. There are many good, and a few fine things about *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*; all that is lacking is intelligent unity, form, the good correlation of many good things which makes a series of poignancies a work of art.

The film has been called Proustian by its well-read admirers. It is hardly possible, however, to conceive of two works more disparate in unity than *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*. Both are about time and memory, to be sure—but then the movie might as well be compared to Four Quartets, or to the Wife of Bath's Prologue. The difference between the motion picture and the French novel, as a matter of fact, is simply that *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* is "about" time and memory, while *A la Recherche* uses concepts of time and memory to speak about something more important, about itself and its own form. The movie never gets past the theoretical concept, which, after all, is only an adjunct to the necessary poetic concept.

The disunity of the film is immediately obvious in the first long sequence. Alternating with impressionistic shots of the French heroine and her Japanese lover in bed together is a series of realistic and unnecessarily grisly photographs of the aftermath of the atomic bomb ex-

plosion. Time and memory are there, to be sure: rather crudely so, since the lovers are simply remembering Hiroshima, and somewhat improbably so, since they are making love at the time, but, at least, thematically so, and with a vengeance. The problem is that, as the film develops, one begins to see that the time-memory theme has mainly to do with the French girl's faithfulness to her former lover, killed during the liberation of France, and nothing whatsoever to do with atomic bombs. Why, then, is her second lover found in Hiroshima, of all the improbable places for a French girl to be, let alone find a lover? And why is he Japanese at all? The fact that the girl is an actress on location for a film is simply an amateurish device for getting her uselessly into Japan in the first place, and the lover's nationality, consequently, seems to have little to do with the movement of the film, except for the urchinish shock effect which also makes directors include one alcoholic star in every other show business epic and one butler who really did do it in every tenth thriller. After the first sequences, furthermore, the film becomes more and more involved in the basic theoretical concept of memory, until, in the last scenes, it is almost impossible to see the artistic aspirations for the phenomenological shrubbery, which sprouts anew at almost every line of the dialogue.

There are, as I have said, great moments in the film. The photography is beautifully conceived, and the dialogue, not really effectively translated in the subtitles, is often of a power much more Biblical than Proustian. But so much of the film is gratuitous, when criticized from an honestly traditional attitude; the theory does not justify itself in artistic form, and at least half of the basic story elements make no sense in conjunction with the theory.

A character in one of the Bergman films I reviewed earlier claims to have seen God, and found Him ugly; being not quite as possessed with Bergmania, I feel that at least after *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, I can claim to have seen perhaps the most honest of motion picture attempts at honest, profound art—and must judge the task impossible.

—Frank McConnell

Irish Cagers Bid for Tourney Berth

by Terry Wolkerstorfer

Notre Dame's 1963 basketball squad, with an 11-3 record in its first fourteen games, has already won four more games than the 1962 team did during its entire season and looks like a cinch to finish at least 20-5, with a resulting bid to the NCAA and/or NIT tournament at season's end. Several facts justify so optimistic an outlook: this team is perhaps the most talented in Irish history, has gained some much-needed experience, has de-

John Andreoli: cool head, hot hand.



sire, and — most important — has the toughest part of its schedule behind it.

Seldom, if ever, has a Notre Dame team had such uniformly good personnel; although the Irish have occasionally had a superstar like Tom Hawkins or Dick Rosenthal, almost never have all five starters been in double figures as is the case at the present time.

Larry Sheffield, who plays with surprising aplomb for a sophomore, leads the team in scoring with a 17.2 average and is shooting just under 49 per cent from the field. John Andreoli, one of two seniors who were major factors in the rapid maturing of the four sophomore stars, has a 14.8 average; Ron Reed is close on his heels with a 14.1 mark. Walt Sahm, 6-9 sophomore center, has averaged 12.9 points per game and has also snared 16.2 rebounds per contest to rank among the nation's top ten rebounders.

John Matthews, the team's other senior and point man in the 1-3-1 attack, has an 88 per cent mark at the free throw line — one of the country's best — and has potted from outside for 11.6 points per game. The team's sixth — more recently fifth — man, Jay Miller, played only briefly early in the season but has scored so well lately that he has almost broken into double figures. Said Matthews: "Jay rebounds with authority."

Inexperience is a natural problem for any predominantly sophomore team, but Coach John Jordan tailor-made this year's schedule for this year's team, and Matthews and Andreoli steadied the team through early games with St. Joseph's, Michigan State, St. Francis, Valparaiso, and Western Michigan. The sophomores had enough confidence and experience at that point to dispose of Creighton easily. Though the Irish then dropped late December contests to Butler and Kentucky, they came from far behind to whip Illinois, 90-88, and Indiana, 73-70. In the heart of the schedule's three toughest weeks, Notre Dame also lost an overtime battle to an exceptionally competent, poised, and well-coached North Carolina five, but then came back to beat DePaul, Detroit, and Butler in succession and by convincing margins.

Andreoli, who has made a major contribution to the team's success with a cool head and a hot hand, commented: "We corrected our defensive lapses, and our offense is smoother since we learned to play well together; it's little things, like not passing up a good shot when you have it. Everybody is doing his part: Larry is hitting well from outside, Ronnie is our best man on the offensive boards, Jay is strong under the basket, Walt is our best rebounder, and Matty does an exceptionally good job of setting up the forwards. He realizes that in our offense the point man must think primarily of giving the shot to the forwards or center, and only secondarily of taking the jump shot himself. Any time the point man scores more than ten points, it's a great performance."

Andreoli's casualness on the court belies his desire, but that is perhaps typical of this team. It is a team which doesn't yell "We've got desire." Rather, they work hard and let the record speak for itself. By March second, it should have a good deal to say.

The Scholastic

Lamonica: East-West Star

by Bob Scheffing

Hefty Daryle Lamonica, the sometimes brilliant quarterback of the last three Notre Dame elevens, put on an amazing offensive display in the last East-West Shrine game at San Francisco. Playing with outstanding college seniors like All-American George Saines, Jack Cvercko, and other stars including Tom Hutchinson, John Mackey, Paul Flatley, Larry Ferguson, Dave Behrman, and Boston College's Art Graham, Lamonica led the East to an upset win over the West at Kezar Stadium. Sixty thousand people watched as the native Californian unleashed twenty-eight passes, completing twenty, for 349 yards and three touchdowns.

Lamonica, who was elected offensive captain by his teammates, shattered the Shrine Game records for yards gained passing and for touchdown tosses. Yet it took a last-minute touchdown drive to win the game. He had to lead the East from their own fifteen-yard line with only three minutes remaining to break a 19-19 tie and give the East a six point triumph.

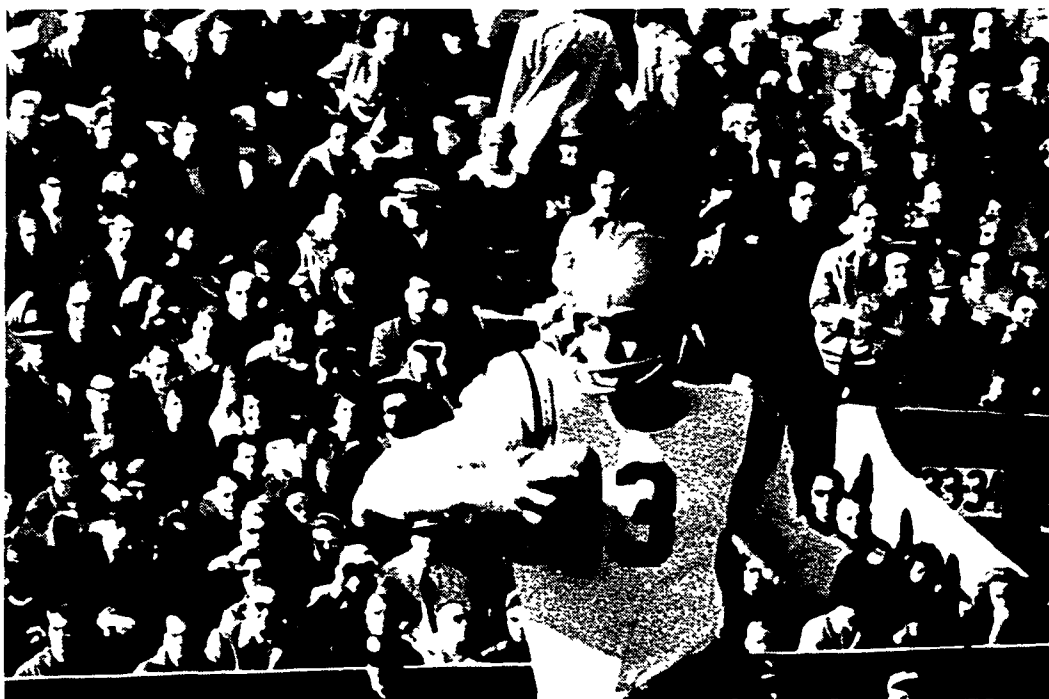
Lamonica was unanimously named the game's Most Valuable Player and he deserved it. All week long the San Francisco newspapers had been saying that the West would win because of its superiority in the air. While quarterback Sonny Gibbs and receiver Hugh Campbell were brilliant in defeat, the fact remains that

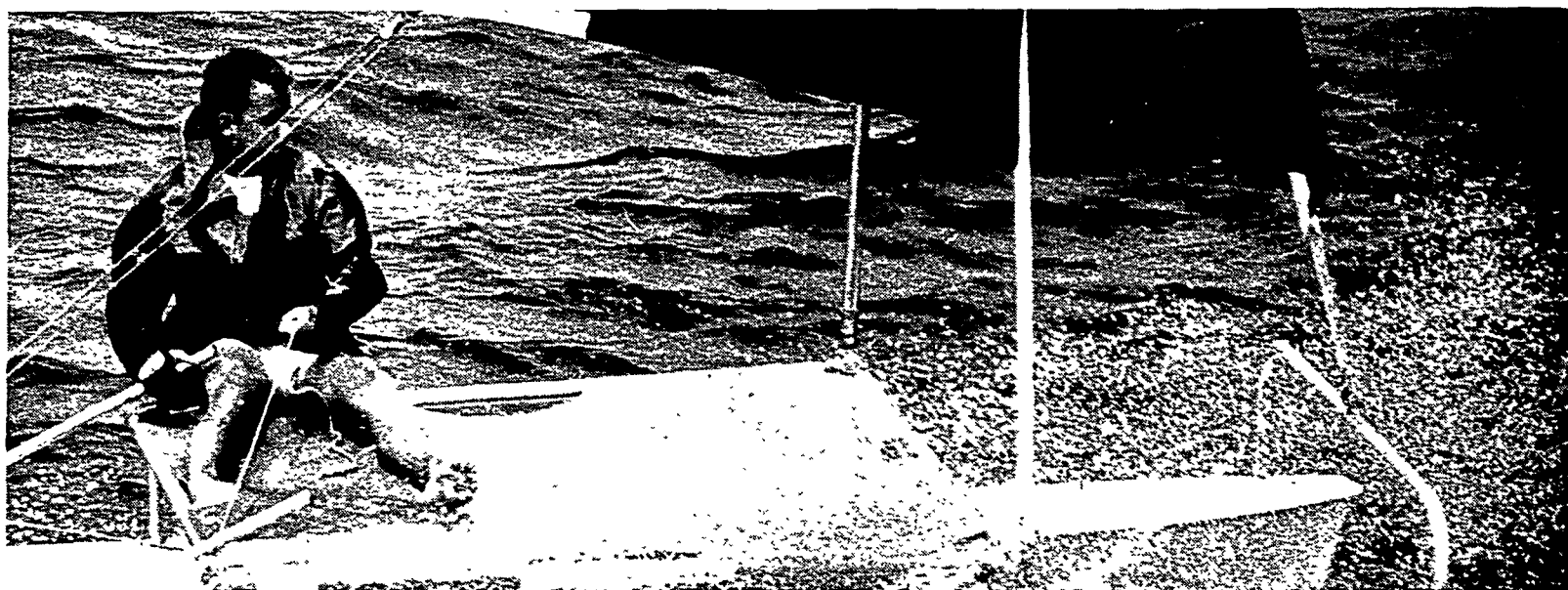
Lamonica clearly outpassed the much heralded Gibbs. He credits his eye-popping performance to two things. "The line gave me fine protection, I had plenty of time to hit my receivers. And Art Graham, Paul Flatley, Saines and Hutchinson were really great. They were top receivers all the way." He praised his teammates, saying that the East squad "was dedicated during the whole week and a half of double practice sessions and during the game itself."

While some were surprised at Lamonica's fine performance, many were not. At Notre Dame Lamonica was noted as an excellent field general, a good ball handler, and a competent passer. His passing improved greatly through each of his three seasons. Last year, Lamonica completed half of the 128 passes thrown for 821 yards and six touchdowns. In the Pittsburgh game he equaled a Notre Dame record set by Angelo Bertelli by hurling four touchdown passes. In the Oklahoma game he completed all five passes thrown, and against Iowa he gained 144 yards passing and eighty-five yards on the ground.

Lamonica was drafted by the Green Bay Packers and by the Buffalo Bills of the American Football League. He decided to play for the Bills because "they gave me the contract that I wanted." Lamonica also said that "I thought I would have a better chance playing for Buffalo than for Green Bay. The Packers will have Bart Starr around for some time and I'm not the kind of ball player to sit on the bench." After the Shrine game Lamonica received a telegram from the Bill's end coach Lou Saban encouraging him to report for drills and saying that they were counting on him. The Bills also signed Ed Hoerster and several other seniors this year including Jim Dunaway, George Saines, and Dave Behrman.

Lamonica will be married on June 15 to Miss Sharon Tukua of Chester, Iowa, and will make his home on the West Coast. He lives in Fresno, California, and has had several offers to go into business, but hasn't made up his mind yet what phase of business he wishes to pursue.





Sailors Among Nation's Best

Ironically, one of Notre Dame's most successful teams—and a team which does more for the noncompetitive participants in its sport than any other—is among the least known on the campus. The team: the Notre Dame sailing club, whose racing skippers in 1962 won the Midwest championship and finished seventh among all the collegiate teams in North America.

In its dual role as club and team, the sailing club permits both the "Sunday sailor" and the top skipper to take advantage of its facilities. The new member, after passing a basic safety test, is able to sail one of the club's six Flying Dutchman Juniors at his leisure.

The nonracing sailor is also invited to compete for the Intra-Club Regatta and Race Series trophies (for which racing team skippers are ineligible), and is eligible for the Yachtsman of the Year award, given annually to the member who "contributed the most to the benefit of the club."

To promote the growing sport on campus, the club also stages each February an instructional seminar on sailing techniques. Last year over 100 hopeful and actual sailors enrolled in three sections: beginning (basic sail-

ing procedures), intermediate (racing rules), and advanced (racing tactics).

Because it can offer both relaxation and adventure, members feel, pleasure sailing has almost universal appeal: the couple sailing in a small boat at sunset on a summer evening finds it romantic, while the skipper handling a sailboat in a 25-knot wind—waves breaking across the deck and spray driven in his face—engages in a personal and elemental struggle with nature.

Pleasure sailors, however, often develop into racing skippers, and it is from within its membership that the club draws members for its team. Of the 65 club members, the top six comprise the racing team. These skippers face a tough schedule; there are 20 regattas (a regatta is a two-day series of races) to attend, 12 in the fall and eight in the spring. Although team members must pay all their travel expenses, the 12,000-mile, coast-to-coast schedule faced by the sailors is the most extensive attempted by any Notre Dame team.

Although the racing team spends 45 class days each year from the campus, practices for countless hours on St. Joe Lake, and gives up considerable vacation time, the sacrifice paid off in 1962.

Last May, Notre Dame won the championship of the Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association, one of five regional organizations into which the hundreds of collegiate teams in North America are divided. The Irish thus won the right to represent the 24 Midwest clubs in the North American Championship races in Newport Harbor, Cal. After 40 races, the Coast Guard Academy finished first, Notre Dame seventh.

Though they hitchhike to regattas and sail in snowstorms, the sailors do reap some benefits. The team is recognized and respected in yachting circles across the nation; the best clubs—Detroit, Houston, Newport Harbor, Chicago, and Milwaukee to name a few—give Notre Dame sailors red carpet treatment. In addition, the sailing club receives requests each year for experienced men to take summer jobs as sailing instructors for private clubs, sailing everything from speedy catamarans to 60-foot schooners.

The Notre Dame sailing club thus fulfills a dual purpose: it offers recreational opportunities for the casual sailor while its self-supported team represents the school more than creditably.

—Bob Singewald

The Scholastic

SCOREBOARD

Swimming: Bob Lieb, Chuck Blanchard, and Tim Kristl set records in their events to pace the swimmers to a 2-1 record in early season action.

Fencing: Tom Dwyer, Ralph DeMatteis, and Dick Marks—plus excellent over-all strength in the épée—were enough to get the fencers off to a 3-0 start.

Wrestling: Fred Morelli took second in the 137-pound division of the Indiana College Tournament, and led the team to a victory over Western Michigan in its first dual meet.

SCORES

Basketball:

Notre Dame 87, St. Joseph's 73
Notre Dame 92, Michigan State 85
Notre Dame 101, St. Francis 70
Notre Dame 102, Valparaiso 90
Notre Dame 82, West. Michigan 68
Notre Dame 74, Creighton 48
Notre Dame 59, Butler 66
Notre Dame 70, Kentucky 78
Notre Dame 90, Illinois 88
Notre Dame 73, Indiana 70
Notre Dame 68, North Carolina 76
Notre Dame 82, DePaul 62
Notre Dame 105, Detroit 70
Notre Dame 80, Butler 54

Swimming:

Notre Dame 71, Wayne State 24
Notre Dame 38, Wisconsin 57
Notre Dame 63, Ohio University 32

Fencing:

Notre Dame 15, Oberlin 12
Notre Dame 17, Fenn 10
Notre Dame 21, Case Tech 6

Wrestling:

Notre Dame 17, Western Michigan 14

SCHEDULE

Basketball:

Jan 16, DePaul at Chicago
Jan 21, Purdue at Fort Wayne
Feb 7, Boston College at Boston
Feb 9, St. John's, Jamaica, L.I., N.Y.
Feb 13, Gannon College at Notre Dame

Swimming:

Feb 2, Northwestern at Evanston
Feb 8, West. Ontario at Notre Dame
Feb 9, West. Michigan at Notre Dame
Feb 12, Bowling Green at Bowl. Green

Fencing:

Feb 2, Iowa and Indiana at N.D.
Feb 9, Chicago and Detroit at N.D.

Wrestling:

Feb 1, Illinois Navy Pier at Chicago
Feb 9, Bowling Green at Bowl. Green
Feb 13, University of Chicago at N.D.

Indoor Track:

Feb 9, Michigan State Relays
at East Lansing

Voice in the Crowd

About the only disadvantage of having a successful and colorful basketball team was exemplified at the North Carolina game two week ends ago. A record crowd produced many disgruntled students, a harassed ticket department, and a near riot. This has led to much discussion, and subsequent disgust, over the Fieldhouse situation.

Under the existing circumstances, the current Fieldhouse ticket policy, as outlined by Ticket Manager Bob Cahill and Business Manager Herb Jones, can certainly not be criticized. Seats are distributed in the following manner: season ticket holders, complimentary passes to athletic department workers and clergy, individual game tickets, opposing team tickets (usually only used by a few schools, such as DePaul and Detroit, and — the vast majority — to the student body. In theory, and usually in practice, this allotment causes few problems.

THE PROBLEM

This was not the case, however, for the North Carolina game. Two good basketball teams, a dearth of other activities, no television coverage, the fact that the inhabitants had not wandered back to the institution across the road yet, and the lack of enthusiasm to start studying for finals caused an unusually large number of students to go to the game.

Twenty minutes before the game, the Fieldhouse was jammed to capacity. Unfortunately, there were still many students trying to get in at this time. Already one of the western world's great firetraps, this overflow crowd made it impossible to fit any more students into the Fieldhouse without risking possible disaster. Calls of "We've got our rights" and "Let's storm the place" caused a near riot. The fact that, at one point, a season ticket holder was admitted didn't quiet the crowd any, especially a freshman who stated (sixty years too late), "We paid for and built this place!"

TEMPORARY SOLUTION

Measures have been taken to insure that no more incidents of this type occur. Individual game tickets will not be sold for any games that appear to be sellout contests and students will continue to be given priority in games to which these are sold. A future solution being contemplated now is that the student body be broken into two groups: the first group being able to attend even-number games, with the second attending the odd-number games. This method is used by Ohio State, Purdue, and many other schools with the same basic problem.

However, all of these are merely stopgap measures overshadowing the basic solution — a new fieldhouse. The present structure is a public disgrace and, perhaps, the worst home court of any major university. As Bob Hope so aptly put it last year, "When do the cattle come in?"

NEW FIELDHOUSE?

Present building plans call for a new fieldhouse "in the near future." This "target-date" symbolizes the place that this new arena enjoys in "the greater scheme of things." While certain other additions must have priority, it seems that the building of a new fieldhouse could be started this year. Most of the University's buildings were started before all of the funds needed were collected. Many alumni can remember the Fieldhouse from their undergraduate days as being outmoded. Tangible evidence of a start on a new fieldhouse could certainly be a fund-raising asset. Until that time, we will continue to enjoy the "old-world charm" of the present "herding area."

— John Bechtold

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Underground

(Continued from page 14)

and get them removed from campus. So we feel it our duty to remain anonymous. If we are occasionally unfair, we offer our anonymous apology.

—May 24, 1956

Father Hesburgh said that he wouldn't read anything published on the campus unsigned. And a directive was passed to the other members of the Administration advising them to do the same — ignore the *Thursday Throwback*. This added to the *Throwback's* joke because at least one Administrative Department not only read the *Thursday Throwback*, but studied it well. The Office of Discipline tried hard to find the source of the *Throwback*, whose writers "would have to answer a lot of questions," as one member of the office stated. The search was thorough, but in vain. No one could find "James Squire" and his crew. One library official was certain that the *Throwback* was printed in Morrissey Hall. The SCHOLASTIC got into the act when, as reprinted in the *Thursday Throwback*, Oct. 20, 1955, the editor was overheard to say: "I know where that *Thursday Throwback* is printed anyway. It's in the basement of Sorin. Did you know that they have a mailing list of two hundred? You just watch. It'll fold after the second issue." The *Throwback's* comment, "Certainly." This was in the third of seven issues.

While the dean of men was conducting his search, the *Throwback* added to its practical joke by not only printing on campus, but by printing with Notre Dame supplying the paper, dittograph machine, folding machine, and envelopes — everything but the stamps. And Notre Dame even paid for them, indirectly; the *Throwback* staff was getting paid 75c an hour working for the University, and printing on its time.

The staff consisted of one student, although there were five names listed in the heading; he compiled and published the *Throwback* alone. (The final issue may have had more contributors, one source says.) The staff is still known as "James Squire" today, and those who know his real identity require the solemn oath before revealing it. "Squire" himself mentioned in a letter to Mr. Victor Schaefer, director of the library, (date, May 31, 1956), "The identity of its editors was doubtless the best-kept secret on campus — anyone with any intelligence at all was accused

at least once." The spirit of secrecy still lives with the *Thursday Throwback*. A close friend of "Squire's" supplied much of this article's information, only under strict promise that no names would be revealed.

The *Throwback* distributed only 30 or 40 copies of each issue, but they were well placed. The President and his vice-presidents received copies, as did the deans and various faculty members. The *SCHOLASTIC* received a copy, and the rest were filtered to the student body by a random choice of box numbers.

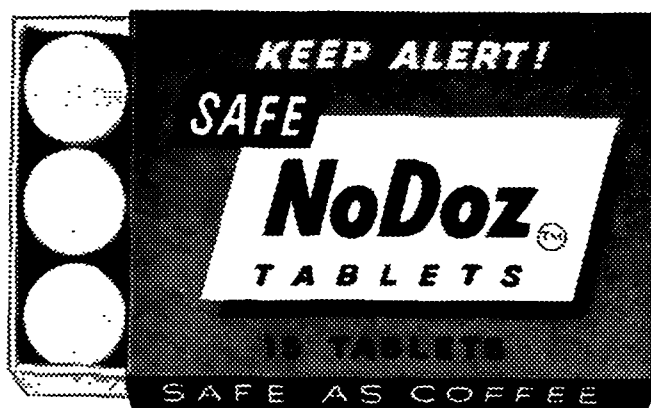
Speaking for the present, Father Joseph Hoffman, who works with student publications, at Notre Dame today, says, "There is a valid place for the student's point of view and the student's voice. The *Throwback* was doing something that I wish we could revive, in a sense. It presented the direct Notre Dame student feeling, but by being anonymous, none of the overdramatic articles and inaccuracies could have been checked. And certain limits do have to be applied." Father Hoffman continued, "For example, how can the 'student voice' call for the resignation of a coach or faculty member, as the *Throwback* did, and expect results? Where would it stop? The University has a right and a duty to ask loyalty of its employees, and to protect those who give it."

A volume of the 1955-56 *Thursday Throwback* is on file in the library's Notre Dame Collection. Attempts, as in 1957, to revive the *Throwback* have failed. As Mr. Schaefer said, "It was strange and unusual that a student would send a volume to us." But, as was noted earlier, there was practicality in the *Thursday Throwback's* joke. To again quote "Squire's" letter

Why, you may ask, should the library keep these copies? There are two answers: first of all, the Throwback has historical interest in that some of the best student minds on campus have used it as a media for their criticism. Perhaps in the future the Throwback will have great interest. Secondly, the Throwback has without a doubt been the most controversial local publication within the last year. . . . All in all, the Thursday Throwback created quite a storm.

A storm comparable to the one created that day when "James Squire" allegedly crowned his joke, by remarking when receiving his diploma from Father Hesburgh, "Thank you, Father; I wrote the *Thursday Throwback*."

January 18, 1963

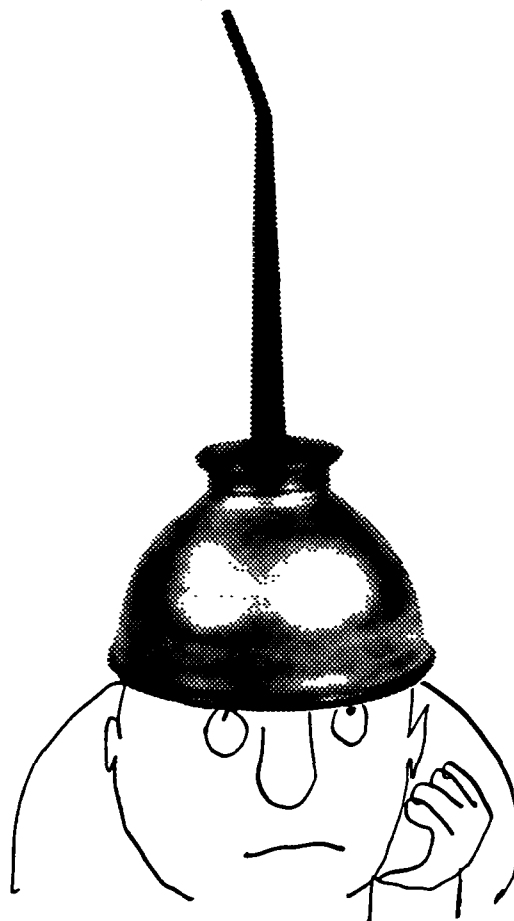


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COVER

Peter, Paul and Mary, one of many folk-singing groups that turn up on college campuses as frequently as mononucleosis, will sing here tomorrow. Peter and Paul are the ones with the beards.

Panama Trip

(Continued from page 19)

divide. However, we will arrive tomorrow." This was followed by a similar entry for the following day. "Ha! We climbed and walked all day through impossible and beautiful country, but still did not reach the divide. We must cross the mountains tomorrow." The situation was getting dangerous; we had eaten the last of our provisions that night, and due to severe cases of jungle rot and fatigue we were incapable of hunting in the high mountain jungles.

The only camping spot we could find this evening was on a rocky ledge about twenty feet above the river.

Across the river from our camp was a large stone rising the same distance above the river. On this stone rested a log, apparently placed there by a flash flood coming down from the mountains. Nature repeated its past performance that night. "At about 1:00 a.m. the rains started and continued with great intensity until at 2:30 a.m. we heard Carlos cry out, 'You in the tent get out. The river comes.' The flood missed the tent by a matter of inches as it roared by, claiming all the gear in front of the tent. We moved what we could salvage to higher ground, and spent the rest of the night huddled in our panchos, cold and discouraged."

If the night had been terrifying, the

next day was torturous. "We finally crossed the mountains today after eight hours of the most treacherous climbing and walking imaginable."

By the next day conditions had worsened considerably. We had been without food for 1½ days, and our feet were swollen and infected with jungle rot. Although we did know that the Rio Pito flowed into the Caribbean, we had no idea of how far it was or, for that matter, how far we could travel. After many hours of walking, the river led into a swampy region and then finally into the Caribbean.

Our joy at reaching our goal was mitigated by our unfortunate circumstances. For a camp site we could only find a sandbar with the ocean on one side and the swamp on the other. Since we had no idea of the state of the tide, we feared the high tide might come during the night and force us back into the swamp. Later that night we made a sobering discovery. While in the jungle we had been on the lookout for crocodiles and caymans, and now when we were in a near helpless state, they were everywhere. One had only to shine his flashlight at the swamp ten feet away to see their eyes as they moved closer to the sandbar. We later learned that the larger crocodiles frequently raided the Indian villages at night, looking for dogs and other domestic animals.

The next day was the hardest day of all, and thankfully, was the last before we reached some measure of civilization. We discovered that the sandbar extended in both directions for a great distance, and then gradually turned into a beach. We knew from our maps that there was a town, Puerto Obaldia, located just above the Colombian border, about twelve miles south of our present camp. Thus, half-starved and dazed, we started down the beach towards Colombia.

After fourteen hours, the ordeal ended; we crossed a hill and sighted Puerto Obaldia. That night we ate for the first time in three days and slept on the floor of the local jail. After a rest of several days, we made our way up the coast by sailboat to a Cuna Indian Village on the island of Mula-tupu, across the bay from where Balboa was beheaded in 1517. Here among these strange Indians we found a Baptist missionary and his American wife; through his kind hospitality we were able to recuperate.

Finally, we were able to contact, by means of a short-wave radio owned by the missionary, a bush pilot who landed on a nearby island and flew us back to Panama City. After three weeks of strenuous hiking to cross the Darien, we flew across it in a few hours.

Federal Housing

The following is an excerpt from a speech delivered by Robert Weaver, Administrator of the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency, in South Bend on January 10.

The most important role of Fair Housing Committees, however, is in using what diplomats call "good offices" — which is another term for influence — to help members of minority groups to find a place in communities from which they had once been excluded. It is interesting, to me, that most of the Fair Housing Committees that have been organized in the country have been in formerly all-white or all-Christian communities.

In many cases these groups were organized to list homes available for sale to non-whites or non-Christians. And they began this activity because the members of local real estate boards refused to list such homes.

The citizens who undertook to break through the barriers imposed by real estate boards did so because they believed — as I am sure most Americans do — that a truly democratic community must be a heterogeneous community.

They did not want their children attending schools where everyone was the same color, with the same religious affiliation and the same political beliefs. And they did not want to live among neighbors so bland that one could not be distinguished from the other.

They were against segregation, against discrimination, and against injustice. But — more important — they were in favor of a way of life they believed would be better for themselves, their families, and their communities. And they banded together to take action to achieve that way of life.

It will not be easy. You will be accused of being hostile to your neighbors — if they are the kind of neighbors who want to live in a world closed to any but their own kind. You will be accused of destroying property values — by those who choose to wrap their social prejudices in economic terms.

In such a community neighbors can be good neighbors — relaxed neighbors, rather than neighbors constantly afraid of what those next door will do to them.

In such a community property values can prosper, for they will be freed of the pressures which come from block-busting and panic selling.

In such a community every citizen can take pride. And from such a community every citizen will benefit.

As we extend democratic patterns to the sphere of housing, we are strengthening our way of life at home and demonstrating its sincerity abroad. These are worthy objectives for all Americans.

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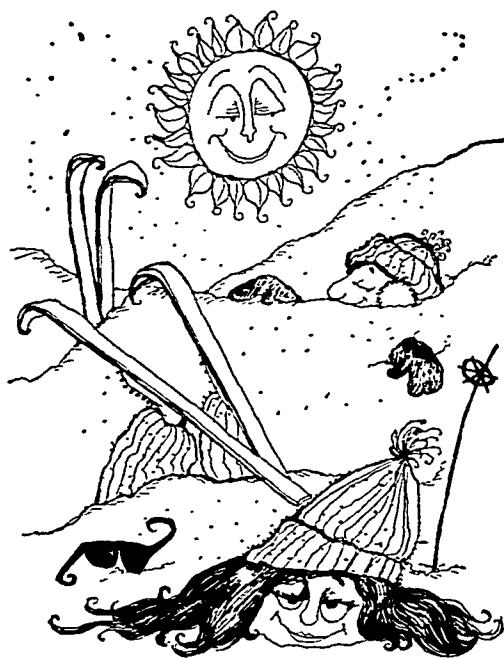
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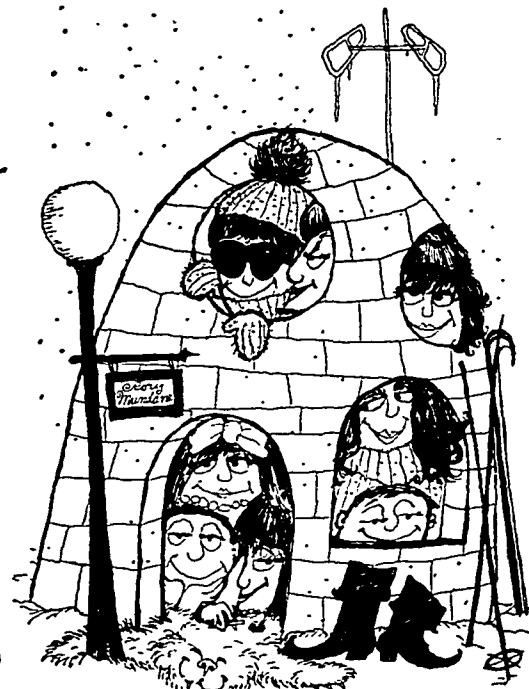
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FM Guide

Friday, January 18

Broadway Cavalcade	5:00
Invitation to Music	6:00
The Modern Sound	7:00
News	8:00-8:15
Copland, A Lincoln Portrait	
Haydn, Symphony No. 100 in G (Military)	
Prokofiev Classical Symphony	
Reicha, Quintet in Eb Major	9:00
Lalo, Namouna: suite No. 1	
Verdi, Aida: prelude and ballet music	
Bach, JS Fantasia and Fugue in G minor "the Great"	10:00
Bach, Fugue in A minor	
Poulenc, Gloria in G major for soprano, chorus, and orchestra	
Rossini, Signor Bruschino Overture	
Mozart, Concerto No. 18 in Bb, K. 456	11:00
Beethoven Piano concerto No. 2 in Bb, op. 19	

Saturday, January 19

Broadway Cavalcade	5:00
Continental Concert	7:00
Marris, Symphony 1933	7:30
Hindemith, Mathis der Mahler	
Gilbert and Sullivan. Orchestral selections from Iolanthe	
News	8:50
Mozart, Seranta no. 10 in Bb major	9:00
Mozart, Divertimento no. 8 in f major	
Tchaikovsky, Marche Slav	10:00
Addensell, Warsaw Concerto	
Tchaikovsky, Symphony no. 4	
Villa-lobos, Erosion — the origin of the Amazon River	
Rossini-Respighi, La Boutique Fantastique	

Sunday, January 20

The Request Show	5:00
Masterworks from France	6:30
Crosscurrents	7:00
News	8:00
Opera on the Air	8:15

Monday, January 21

Broadway Cavalcade	5:00
Invitation to Music	6:00
The Modern Sound	7:00
News	8:00
Haydn, Quartet in Eb Major	8:15
Rachmaninoff, Symphonic Dances	
Glazounov, Concerto for Violin in A minor	9:00
Rousse 1, Bacchus et Ariadne	
Luigini, Ballet Egyptian	
Beethoven, Fur Elise	10:00
Beethoven, Symphony no. 2	
Beethoven, Sonata no. 14 in C Minor	
Bach, Adagio	11:00
Bach, Magnificat in G	
Bach, Sonata no. 1 in G minor for solo violin	

Tuesday, January 22

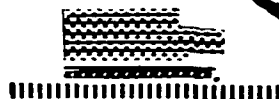
Broadway Cavalcade	5:00
Invitation to Music	6:00
Music America	7:00
News	8:00
Moore, The Pageant of P. T. Barnum	8:15
Schoenberg, Verklarte Nacht	
Beethoven, Quartet no. 15 in A Minor	9:00
Barber, Summer Music	
Sibelius, Karelia Suite	10:00
Bennett, Suite of Old American Dances	
Schoenherr, Suite of Austrian Music	
Chopin, Etude no. 12 in C minor	
Orff, Carmina Burana	11:00

Wednesday, January 23

Broadway Cavalcade	5:00
Invitation to Music	6:00
The Modern Sound	7:00
News	8:00
Mozart, Sonata no. 12 in F major	8:15
Mozart, Sonata no. 13 in Bb major	
Mozart, Trio no. 4 in C	
Schumann, Concerto for Piano and Orch. in A Min.	9:00
Schumann, Symphony in d, no. 14	
Schubert, 3 Songs	
Berlioz, Symphony Fantastique	10:00
Bartok, Sonata for Solo violin	11:00
Bartok, Deux Portraits	
Bartok, Mikrokosmos: Bource	
Bartok, Hungarian Sketches	

January 18, 1963

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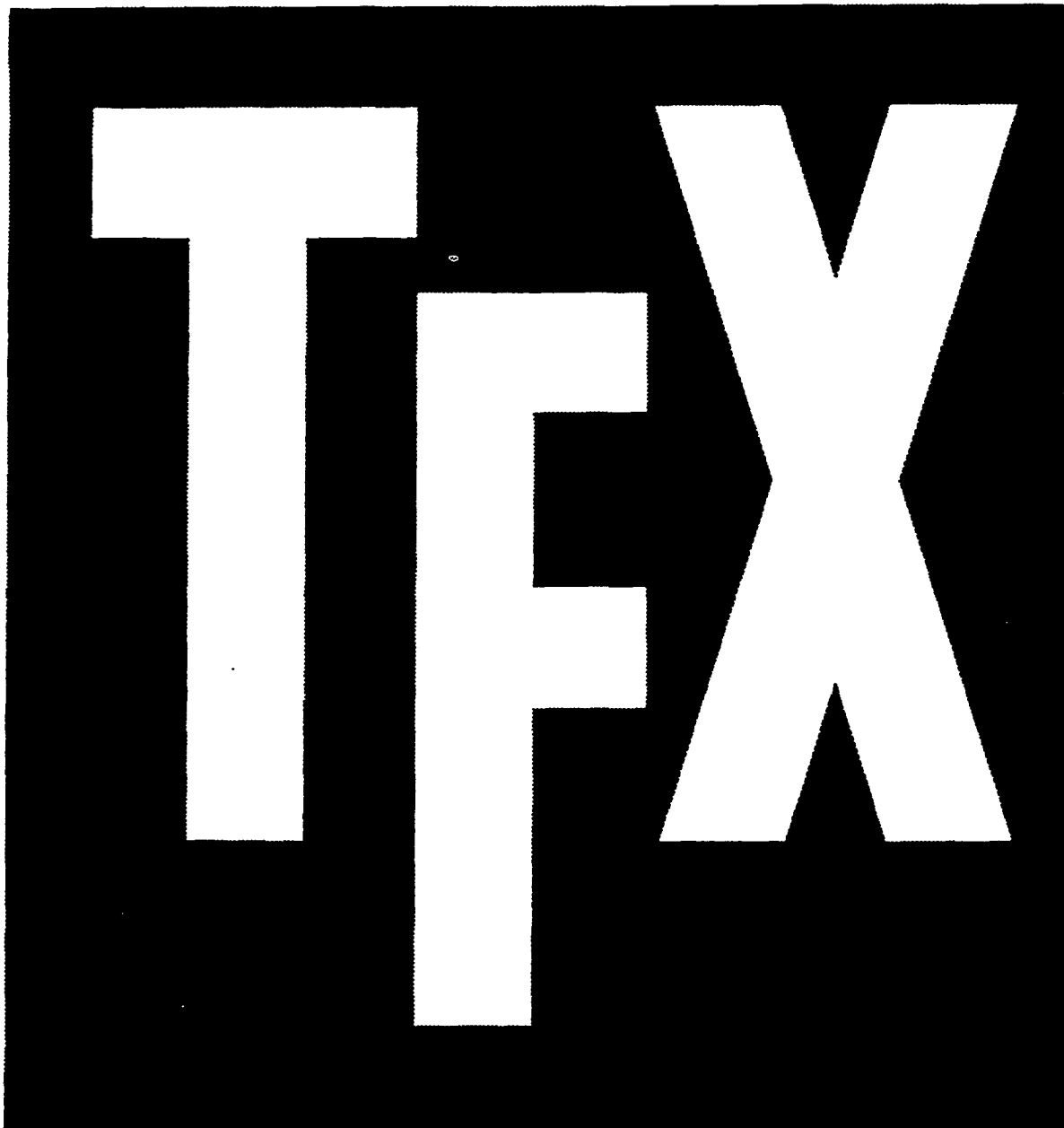


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Birth Control

(Continued from page 13)

For example, some kind of hearing is essential to the act of justly punishing, whether children or bank robbers. Without that hearing, the act changes its nature, it can no longer be justified. The familiar terms used to make this distinction here are "natural" and "artificial." The general use and scope of these terms is well known enough that they need not be reviewed here.

What needs to be recognized is that these terms are not easy to delimit with precision. They are one form of expression for a distinction which goes back to the Greeks, to Plato and beyond, the distinction between *physis* and *nomos*, nature and convention. It should be noted, however, that they are opposed only abstractly, and that concretely nature is never encountered outside a particular conventional form. "Nature loves to hide."

The sense of the terms changes as other terms change. For example, it seems clear that "nature" acquires an additional sense with the advent of the natural sciences of the modern period, and a sign of this is the absence of the term "supernatural" in Aquinas. Consequently it is difficult to apply the term, as Aquinas uses it, in the modern world.

Difficult, but not impossible, indeed necessary. But the point is that we must rethink the classical arguments with their modern additions, and find out whether the latter are consistent with the premises of epistemology of natural law, one which takes into account both the relevance and irrelevance of anthropology and sociology, both the relevance and irrelevance of philosophical deductions, both the relevance and irrelevance of objective verifiability. At the present time, we do not have this. Without it, religious pluralism is going to continue to imply moral pluralism, *de facto* if not *de jure*.

But the political arena is not the only region in which this question is important: there are also the principalities and powers. In this respect, it seems to me, the Church's position is rooted in — not founded on — the awareness that there is a dimension of love which is symbolized by Eros and by Dionysius: an undertow in man, an opening onto a dark abyss into which he can be drawn and lost, just as much as the Apollonian dominating and rational love can betray him. Human love is neither angelic nor bestial, nor a simple oscillation between the two. It is the love of a human person.

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(Continued from page 9)

• In a conversation last week, Fr. Hesburgh had this to say about the new library: "The mural will be the largest of its kind."

However, the whole project will be more expensive than planned. In addition to the \$8 million for the structure itself, another \$2½ million will be needed for the furnishings, and another \$1 million for the "grounds." Fr. Hesburgh added, "Up to the last war the library held 400,000 volumes; since then we have added 300,000 volumes, and within the next 15 to 20 years should approach the two million volume capacity."

It has been reported that a \$200,000 donation, to be applied as partial payment of the mural, has been received. At present interest rates this money could return \$10,000 annually — enough to fill several empty book shelves.

• St. Mary's girls are, by college rules, supposed to have their knees covered at all times, or, at least, quasi-covered, e.g., a skirt dangling over the knee. Our St. Mary's correspondent tells us that, unfortunately, one girl apparently did not have her knee covered last Saturday night, when the wind rose to 40 miles an hour and the temperature dropped to five degrees below zero.

June Miller, a sophomore living in Holy Cross, suffered a bloody knee from the strong wind while walking to St. Mary's from Notre Dame.

• Acting on a tip that a story lay in the departure of Prof. Milton Fisk of the Philosophy Department from the Notre Dame faculty, the SCHOLASTIC last week sent a reporter to interview the young assistant professor. Concerned over the recent loss of several promising young professors, the SCHOLASTIC sought the particular reasons behind the departure.

Although perfectly cordial, Prof. Fisk was somewhat less than enlightening, preferring only to say "I do not want to go any further than (saying) I feel ripe for a change; a good opportunity came and I took it, and my reasons for feeling ripe for a change do not differ substantially from those of any other young man who feels himself ready for a change."

Whatever the reasons, Prof. Milton Fisk, a six-year faculty member, who received his B.S. degree in chemistry at Notre Dame in 1953 and, after spending 1956-57 at the University of Fribourg (Switzerland), his Ph.D. in philosophy at Yale in 1958, will soon become another ex-Notre Dame professor.



1. My theory on looking for a job is—Play it big! Shoot for the top! Go straight to the prez for your interview.

I don't know any presidents.



2. Use your head, man. Have your dad set up appointments with some of the big shots he knows.

He's a veterinarian.



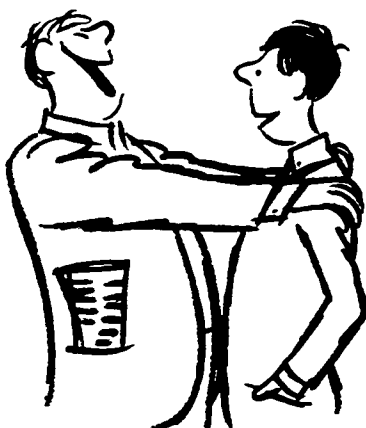
3. Beautiful! All you have to do is find a president who likes dogs. You'll have him eating out of your hand in no time.

I don't know an Elkhound from an Elk.



4. Frankly, I don't know what else to tell you. You've got a problem.

It's not as bad as it seems. My idea is to find out the name of the employment manager at the company I'm interested in. Write him a letter telling him my qualifications. Spell out my interests, marks. Simple as that.



5. A letter to the employment manager! Ho ho ho! You've a lot to learn.

Then how come I landed a great job at Equitable—an executive training spot that's interesting, pays a good salary and has a lot of promise for the future.



6. Say, could you set something up for me at Equitable?

I'm not the president, but I'll try.

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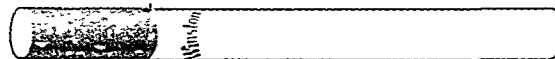
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