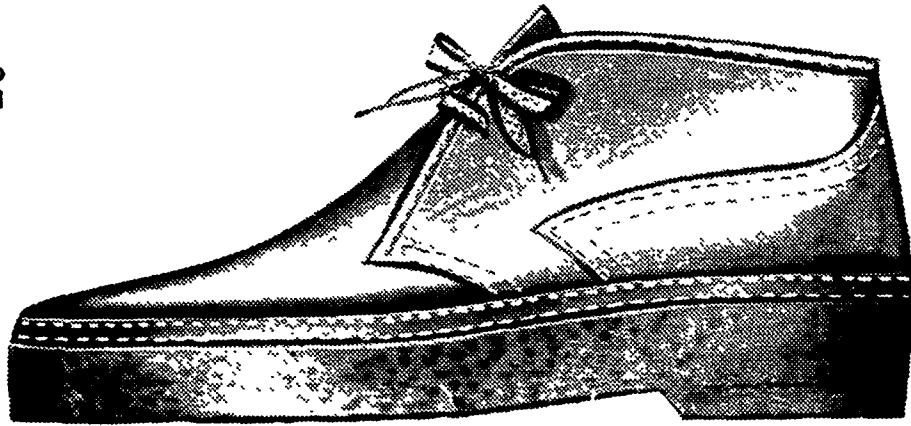


The SCHOLASTIC

MARCH 22, 1963





THE "FLOATER" FOR SPRING!

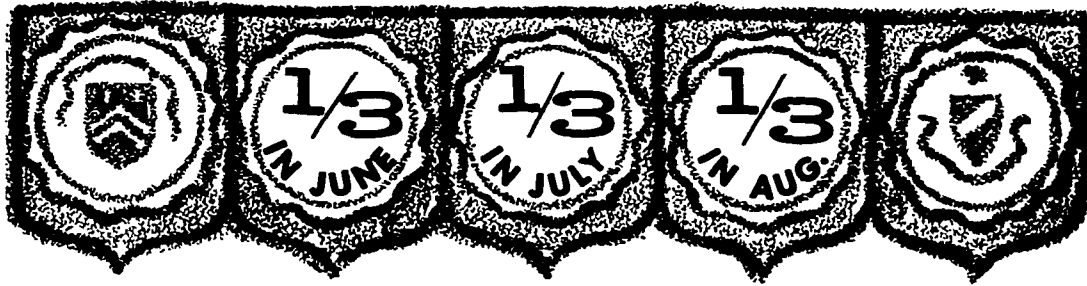
The "Floaters" are back at the Campus Shop! . . . and in three handsome, popular styles: the ankle-high boot, top, 12.95 . . . the slip on, center, 11.95 . . . and the oxford, below, 12.95. All come in genuine California saddle leather, tanned by a century old process. Deep-cushion soles will put spring in your step . . . so light that they'll actually float, and you'll feel that you're floating too. In saddletone, black or Spanish moss. See them soon!

One Man Tells Another

Mr. GILBERT'S

Campus Shop

CHARGE IT THE CAMPUS SHOP WAY



NO CARRYING CHARGE

Time to start selecting your new Easter wardrobe . . . and the Campus Shop is ready. Whether it's going to be a handsome new necktie . . . or the "works" . . . you'll find it here, by America's finest makers. Don't forget, you can always "Charge it the Campus Shop Way" . . . get what you need, when you need it and pay one-third in June, one-third in July, one-third in August. No interest nor carrying charge for this convenience! Come in soon!

ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST UNIVERSITY SHOPS

"One Man Tells Another"
the GILBERT'S
Campus Shop

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

Founded 1867

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AMONG MY KINFOLK

My favorite cousin, Mandolin Glebe, a sweet, unspoiled country boy, has just started college. Today I got a letter from him which I will reprint here because I know Mandolin's problems are so much like your own. Mandolin writes:

Dear Mandolin (he thinks my name is Mandolin too).

I see by the college paper that you are writing a column for Marlboro Cigarettes. I think Marlboros are jim-dandy cigarettes with real nice tobacco and a ginger-peachy filter, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I was walking across the campus, swinging my paper valise and singing traditional airs like *Blue Tail Fly* and *Death and Transfiguration*, when all of a sudden I ran into this here collegiate-looking fellow with a monogram on his breast pocket. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked me did I want to be a BMOC and the envy of all the *in* crowd. I said yes. He said the only way to make these keen things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card with him, so he pricked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.

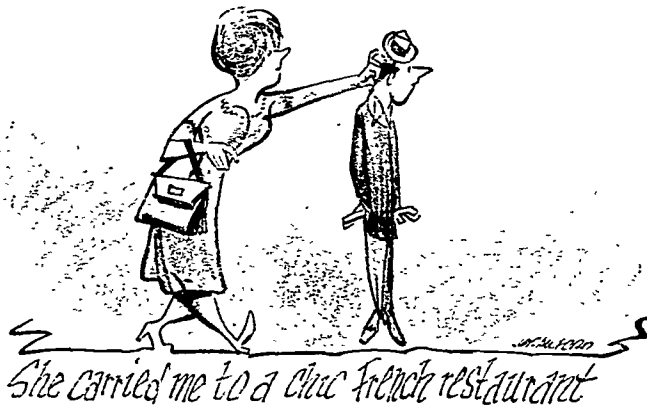
Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week to collect the dues, which are \$100, plus a \$10 fine for missing the weekly meeting, plus a \$5 assessment to buy a headstone for Spot, the late, beloved beagle who was the fraternity mascot.

I have never regretted joining the fraternity, because it is my dearest wish to be a BMOC and the envy of all the *in* crowd, but you can see that it is not cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept at the frat house, but you must agree that I can't sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have rented a room which is not only grotesquely expensive, but is not at all the kind of room I was looking for. I wanted someplace reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the shopping district, and San Francisco and New York. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a local costermonger which is dingy,

expensive, and uncomfortable—and I don't even get to use the bed till 7 a.m. when my landlord goes out to mong his costers.

Well anyhow, I got settled and the next thing I did, naturally, was to look for a girl. And I found her. Harriet, her name is, a beautiful creature standing just under seven feet high and weighing 385 pounds. I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effect. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a brawny arm, *seized my nape, and carried me to a chic French restaurant* called *Le Clippjoint* where she consumed, according to my calculations, her own



weight in chateaubriand.

After dinner she lapsed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with a fork, I pinched her great pendulous jowls, I rubbed the legs of my corduroy pants together. But nothing worked, and finally I slang her over my shoulder and carried her to the girls dorm, slipping several disks in the process.

Fortunately, medical care for students is provided free at the college infirmary. All I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anaesthesia, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, catgut, linen, towels, amortization, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, it is lack of funds, not lack of enthusiasm, that is keeping me from Marlboro Cigarettes—dear, good Marlboros with their fine blend of choice tobaccos and their pure white *Selectrate* filter and their soft pack and their flip top box.

Well, I must close now. My pencil is wore out and I can't afford another. Keep 'em flying.

Yr. cousin Mandolin Glebe

© 1963 Max Shulman

* * *

The hearts of the makers of Marlboro go out to poor Mandolin—and to poor anyone else who is missing out on our fine cigarettes—available in all 50 of these United States.

Hans Kung and Catholic University

"Oh freedom! Oh freedom!
Oh freedom, over me!
And before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave,
Go home to my Lord and be free."
NEGRO SPIRITUAL

HANS KÜNG WILL SPEAK at Notre Dame next Monday evening in the Stepan Center. Küng, of course, is the world-famous theologian whose book, *The Council, Reform and Reunion*, has been widely received. Father Küng is apparently the successor to Karl Adam as head of the Tübingen movement, a reform group in Germany which has attempted since the earlier part of this century to move the slow-moving Catholic Church ahead. Küng, like Adam before him, feels the Church must meet the responsibilities of the times, instead of always looking to the past. Küng apparently feels, as we do, that the Church has long suffered under the too-restrictive influence of the Council of Trent, that the Church has for too long a time taken an overly-protective stand not only on faith and morals, but also on matters which are mostly practical in nature. For instance, there seems to be grave opposition among the Roman Curia to any real proposal which would set up a world-wide information center for the Church.

In the academic realm, this overprotective attitude was evidenced this past year at Catholic University (see *On Other Campuses* this week for further information). Küng himself was involved. We commented on the Catholic situation in our February 22 issue, but some new facts have come to light which, perhaps, will make us at Notre Dame both appreciative of our own situation and more aware of the forces working against the liberal movement of the Church.

To review the situation: Earlier this year, Frs. Küng, Godfrey Diekmann, Gustave Weigel, and John Courtney Murray were rejected as speakers for Catholic University's Lenten Lecture Series. The reason given at that time by the rector of the University was to the effect that the proposed speakers were of a view that the University did not want to endorse. This judgment of the rector later made the national press and the Oklahoma *Courier*, the diocesan newspaper of the Oklahoma City-Tulsa diocese. In its February 22 issue, the *Courier* printed a history of similar repressions that had occurred at Catholic University over the last ten years.

The *Courier* listed five repressions. First, Fr. Edward Siegman, who has been called "one of the best New Testament scholars in the country," was

fired from the University for "reason of health." Fr. Siegman was fired, according to the *Courier*, before he had "an opportunity to submit medical certificates showing that his health would not be a handicap in teaching. The rector ignored an 18-2 vote of protest from the faculty of Sacred Theology. . . ." The rector also declined to transmit a protest from Fr. Siegman's religious superior, the Very Rev. John E. Byrne, who wanted to appeal to the executive committee to get Fr. Siegman reinstated. Second, the rector refused to send to the preparatory commission of the Vatican Council a series of recommendations made by the faculty. Third, the rector refused to support Fr. Raymond Potvin's, dean of Catholic University's School of Social Sciences, request to the Ford Foundation for funds to support a study concerning the family-size aspirations of Catholic girls in the United States. (Ford later gave Georgetown the money.) Fourth, the rector would not allow Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, noted historian, to attend the Tenth International Congress of Historical Science in Rome in 1955. Msgr. Ellis was to deliver a paper on "The Catholic Church and Church-State Relations." The rector's reasons? According to the *Courier*, the rector felt Msgr. Ellis would support a thesis "contrary to the views of Msgr. Joseph Clifford Fenton, the arch-conservative editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*." (Msgr. Fenton, we would like to note, recently supported, in an article in the *Review*, Cardinal Ottavani's views in the council. He said, in effect, that future historians would judge Cardinal Ottavani as the hero of the Second Vatican Council.) Finally, the rector refused to allow a symposium to be conducted at the University in 1959, a meeting which would commemorate the Darwinian centennial. The proposed discussions were to include the modern understanding of theology and Scripture with a particular emphasis on the evaluation of the evolution in Christian thought on *Genesis*. (Two other Catholic universities subsequently held the symposium.)

It must be said in Catholic U's favor that Fr. Weigel was allowed to speak before a theology class at the university. And the Lenten Lecture Series, finally approved, is not by any means, a bad one. (Paul Ricoeur, noted phenomenologist, Bishop John Wright, perhaps the most articulate American Catholic voice today, and Phillip Scharper, editor of Sheed and Ward, are all scheduled to speak.) But the issue remains. As Msgr. Ellis wrote in the *Courier*, complimenting the paper on its article: "Your editorial struck just the right note, for if tactics of this kind continue they ultimately destroy the very idea that universities were instituted to serve."

We agree with Msgr. Ellis — that universities must be a place of turmoil, a forum where great ideas, new and old, clash with one another on equal terms. More than that, the Catholic Church, which

has for so long reeled under the attacks of Protestantism, must both seriously consider valid Protestant criticism of the Church (and there is much valid criticism, as Küng notes) and take the offensive at the same time. The Church has a long tradition behind her, a tradition that has withstood the test of time, a tradition that offers the best for man, the most natural and happy life. But the Church must assert that tradition not only in terms of the past, but also in terms of the present — with a view toward the future.

However, the Church cannot take the offensive, cannot admit valid criticism, if she is to be dominated by those who would only look to the past. Her full potential will never be realized if the creative movements in the Church are not allowed to flower, to be considered, to live and die on their own merits. (St. Thomas was considered a dangerous radical in his own day.) Even if the conservatives in the Church will not consider new movements to be justified on a theoretical or historical level, they ought to at least consider that the Church, the influence of Christ in our own times, may be waning. For instance, the *New York Times* reported in early December that the Church in the last ten years, through its own bad politics, had not met the demands or needs of Christianity in Africa. If the Church does not act now, in the present and for the future, then Christian influence certainly won't be on the rise again.

Great ideas, great human movements that have brought good to mankind, have always been born in periods of turmoil. Hans Küng is a man who has caused turmoil in the Church and we think Küng is a man of the present as well as of the future. It is a credit to Notre Dame (which for the last twenty years has taken long strides toward achieving academic freedom) that Hans Küng will be here.

Fellowship Information Center

NOTRE DAME'S PAST SUCCESS in obtaining national fellowships has proven that her students can compete with top students from the best universities in the country. This year's total of twenty-eight national awards makes our record even more impressive. In the Rhodes competition (with 32 annual scholarships to Oxford awarded in the United States), Bob McNeil's selection this year raised the total of Notre Dame's winners to six, many more than any other Catholic college or university. With Woodrow Wilson Fellowships for nine students this year, Notre Dame's accumulation of 96 Wilsons places her in high ranking across the nation. Our sixteen National Science Foundation Fellowships surpass Notre Dame's record set last year when six fellowships (all in engineering) placed the University sixth and the Engineering College second in the nation. However, our most spectacular success has been in the lucrative and comparatively scarce Danforth Foundation grants: last year's first place tie with Harvard (each university raised its aggregate total to 15) remained this year, as Harvard matched our two winners.

This impressive record at a national level for

prestige fellowships should not, however, make us complacent; competition gets rougher each year as more and more better qualified students from other schools enter the sometimes grueling preliminaries. The present Notre Dame facilities for fellowship counseling are barely minimal, and are definitely not a strong asset to our students' possibilities. Most students are not notified of the requirements for even the prestige fellowships until the second semester of their junior year, when, for many, it is much too late: they haven't geared their courses, especially in mathematics and in language, to the specifications, and have not attempted to attain the necessary high grades. After this initial late announcement, those qualified and still interested must search for guidance from individual professors because of the inadequacy of the current counseling service; many students have remarked that they had a more thorough preparation for their College Board and National Merit examinations in high school than they have had at Notre Dame for the statements, interviews, and Graduate Record Exams required for fellowship awards. Finally, those students capable of graduate studies but unable to merit a prestige fellowship must, at the present time, follow the tortuous procedure of looking through catalogs scattered in offices all over the campus and of writing to as many graduate schools of which they have knowledge and for which they have time and perseverance. For a university of our size and academic acclaim, this situation is abominable.

What is needed is a centralized fellowship information center, professionally staffed, competent in coverage of graduate school and fellowship catalogs, readily accessible, and adequately publicized among the students. Such a facility would allow sophomores, juniors, and even freshmen, to be aware of existing problems and procedures that must be followed, and would provide seniors with an invaluable timesaving resource. Most importantly, this center could prepare Notre Dame students both factually and psychologically for the competition ahead.

Three Better Than One?

INCREASED ENROLLMENT AND the depersonalization of university life have widened the gulf separating the students from the faculty, and the faculty from the Administration. This fragmentation is particularly acute at Notre Dame where we are laboring under a too rigid definition of student and faculty areas of responsibility and capability. Since the growth of any university is dependent upon a united effort toward common goals, a resolution of this dilemma has long been sought. The most intelligent endeavor of this nature was conducted by Arts and Letters Senator, Tom O'Brien, when he contacted 116 colleges and universities in search of, among other things, the elemental conditions prerequisite to the establishment of a rapport among the institution's three components.

One of the more interesting findings of his inquiry was that in almost all instances of close cooperation

and communication, e.g., at Stanford, Cornell, Berkeley, Wayne State, and Manhattanville, among the three elements, there existed tripartite boards commissioned to discuss and enact university policy. Apparently by bringing these groups, particularly the faculty, into policy formulation a bond was established which tended to break down the barriers that made communication so difficult and superficial.

As an example of what is being done elsewhere in this field, Cornell University (New York) has formed a Faculty Committee on Student Affairs composed of sixteen representatives elected by and from the faculty, a number of administration personnel, and two students from the executive board of student government. Wayne State began a similar committee in 1955 after the President authorized a complete study of student life. Howard University includes "students as members of the most important committees of the University." Stanford students "serve on the actual policy-making committees of the President."

We believe Notre Dame should explore the potentialities of such a redistribution of power. A tripartite discipline board, a committee on student affairs, a study group to investigate problem areas in faculty and student affairs, and even student/faculty representatives on the Local Council would serve as initial steps to this ultimate structural and psychological change. When, and if, the present, long-standing attitude toward this type of University direction is favorably amended, a re-energized Notre Dame spirit might be in the making.

Constitutional Reform

The following is a guest editorial submitted by Junior Class President Bruce Tuthill.

THERE HAS BEEN considerable discussion on campus this semester about the recent "fall of student government," but I maintain that under the present constitution student government has not had the opportunity to accomplish one of its primary objectives, namely, representing the student body to the administration.

The basic flaw in the structure of student government is the role that the student body president plays. The SBP does not have time to concern himself with fulfilling the obligation of channeling student desires to the administration, but rather his time is wasted serving as President of the Student Senate, that vociferous group that sometimes meets on Monday nights to debate on legislation.

I am not saying that the Student Senate fails to perform a useful function on the campus, for somebody must enact legislation. However, there is no reason to combine the legislative and executive branches and expect progress to come pouring out of the amphitheater on Monday nights. The executive branch should not be held back by the political workings of the Senate. It should be set above the Senate

in a position where the SBP can lead the students and not merely the senators.

With this in mind, I advocate that the student government constitution be amended to allow the Vice-president to serve as President pro tempore of the Senate, giving the SBP time to concentrate on executive matters. With the burden of the legislative body finally lifted off the SBP's shoulders, he could spend more time representing the students to the administration and initiating changes that would benefit the student body and the University.

Under this new framework there would be a place for everyone in student government. The politicians and orators could continue their Monday night verbal clashes; the SBP, combined with a serious and sensitive body of advisors, would be free to face student government problems.

Is student government "Mickey Mouse"? Under present structure it tends to be so, but if the executive and legislative bodies are separated, at least the framework for progress would be present.

For a Better Calendar

AT THIS TIME Academic Affairs begins mulling over proposed changes in the 1964-1965 Academic Calendar. Dissatisfaction with this year's arrangement and a desire to keep in step with recent trends in educational theory have prompted considerable study into the possibilities of a revised Calendar which would combine the advantages of both the trimester and semester systems. A committee has been appointed to investigate the problems consequent upon major reform, and to report to the Academic Council on the merits of the various plans it considers. Unfortunately the time has passed when a new system could be effected for next year, but a beneficial change is still possible for the following year.

Though admittedly our knowledge of these matters is limited, one of these plans under consideration seems imminently practicable and, advantageous. Under it classes would begin on approximately Aug. 31, run for six weeks until midterms, and recess at the regular time for Thanksgiving vacation. Semester exams would be held the week before the Christmas break, that is from Dec. 13 to Dec. 20. On Jan. 4 the second semester would begin, recessed only for five days at Easter and slightly less than two weeks for Spring vacation. The regular school year would be completed by the first of May.

The benefits to be derived from such a plan are many. Early graduation means better summer employment; an early opening means more study before footballitis becomes acute; and early semester exams reduce to some extent the bad effects of the January and May lame-duck sessions just prior to finals.

Ultimately the decision rests on the shoulders of the Academic Council and Fr. Hesburgh. The choice of proposals, be it a continuation of the existing abortion or some alteration of the plan described above, will have a great effect on the student body as well as the faculty.

LETTERS

ANSWER TO TAMNEY AND HEGEL

Dear Editor:

In last week's SCHOLASTIC Prof. Tamney suggested that "The Future of Catholicism" is to be found in the Church's transformation into a camp follower of a profoundly vulgarized version of right-wing Hegelianism. He evidently intended to be quite daring. Under Louis XVIII he might have appeared liberal. Prior to the First World War his remarks would have been profoundly conservative. Between the wars they would have been reactionary. Since Hiroshima they can hardly be called even reactionary in spite of the insistence upon proceeding in terms of a turn-of-the-century world of popular theological discourse in resolute ignorance of recent serious theological writing.

However, I have assumed from the preposterous character of the title that it was meant as a joke. Indeed, I am prepared to regard the recent thunderstorm as a manifestation of the divine hilarity at such a fanciful bit of presumption. In that spirit I would like to add one practical suggestion.

The Church ought to inaugurate its new period of nondogmatic religion by one last dogmatic decree that would redefine the biblical canon. Henceforth, the New Testament would end after Matt. 17:4; Mk. 9:4; Lk. 9:33 (less, of course, the last three words of verse 33 in the vulgate

text). The purification of John would take a bit more chopping or, of course, his gospel could profitably be dropped altogether inasmuch as "repetition in proposition or symbol will turn away those interested in movement, in self-development." The great value of such a last act of dogmatic authority can easily be seen by "emerging man." As he peeks out of the past, he will be happy to note that the gospels now end at Mt. Tabor. No longer will the tragic scenes and words of Mt. Olivet and Mt. Calvary bar the way to "self-development." Henceforth, a transfigured Christ, Hegel, and Prof. Tamney will march forth, hand-in-hand, "to accept the emerging legacy of our past . . . [and] to discern the path of progress." One can already hear the faintly reminiscent strains of a *Te Hominem*.

— E. A. Goerner

THE NOTRE DAME IDIOT

Dear Editor:

Everyone has by now some news of last week end's Chicago trip. Damage was done to a hotel by students celebrating St. Patrick's Day and, I suppose, Friendly Week. Some of the people involved were drunk and some were not. There were persons of both sexes responsible. That business is, hopefully, over. But this afternoon I heard one person telling seven others that he had thrown "the fire extinguisher and an ash tray full of sand down the stairs." Everybody cheered. This was part of the joke — to cheer. One, they meant, ought not

to cheer for this conduct, but we will because when we get through cheering, we can laugh. And having cheered, they laughed. The person went on with his narrative. I think it is unnecessary to point out the dismal stupidity of this action and reaction; I would, however, like to call for something more heroic from our week-end criminals, if they need to smash things. Let's have stories of something worth the time to do it, if not to tell it. The goal of our heroes is evidently social prestige. One cannot imagine a person standing alone in an empty hotel in an empty city and throwing the ash tray and the fire extinguisher down the stairs. Think, you gentlemen, of the prestige to be generated by a few grenades for a few idiots . . . by a few idiots for Notre Dame. . . .

— W. McPhee

AID TO EDUCATION

Dear Editor:

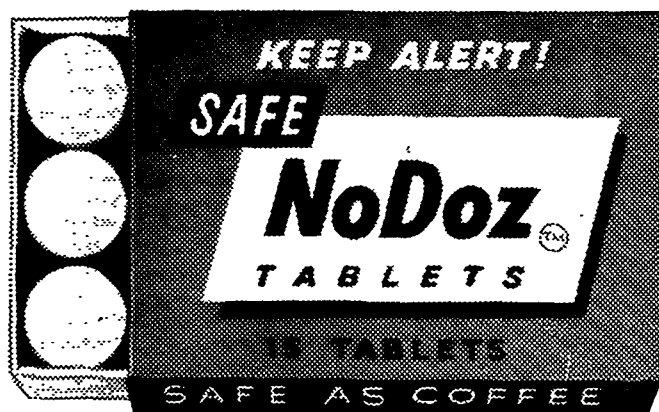
Your comment on the *New Republic's* belated and conditional recognition of the needs of children in independent schools and the constitutionality of fair share aid for them is curious and simplistic indeed.

Two years ago *Commonweal* tried TRB's line with considerably more sophistication, arguing that the common good in education could be defined as public school education and that increased anti-Catholic feeling was too high a price for a federal aid sop.

But anyone who has read the newspapers in the last few months is aware of the inadequacy of such argument. The recent Gallup poll, showing a dramatic shift of public opinion in favor of federal aid for all school children, is proof enough that the converse of an increase in anti-Catholic feeling has resulted from insistence by the independent sector that federal aid should be available to all.

And statements by Chancellor Hutchins, James Roosevelt, and others, as well as the notable shifts in position of virtually every church-related school group, AFL-CIO, *New Republic*, and a number of members of Congress, are pretty good indication that the constitutional question is insignificant to those who come to see that the common good in American education involves all American children. The National Education Association is very much on the defensive this year, and can only appeal to the already much discredited HEW Memorandum

(Continued on page 32)

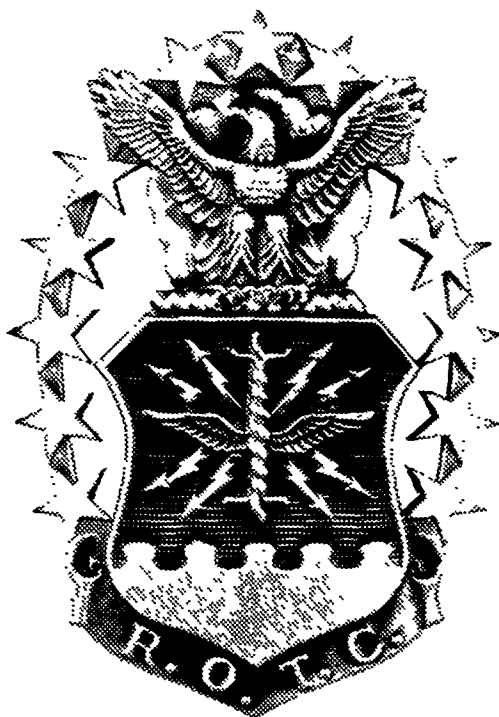


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We prefer our officers to start their training as freshmen, so we can commission them directly upon graduation. But right now we're accepting applications for another fine way to become an Air Force officer—OTS. We can't guarantee that this program will still

be open a year or so from now.

As an Air Force officer, you'll be a leader on the Aerospace Team, serving your country while you get a flying headstart on the technology of the future. The U.S. Air Force sponsors one of the world's most advanced research and development programs—and you can be part of it.

If you're within 210 days of graduation, get more information on OTS from the Professor of Air Science.

U.S. Air Force

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And while you're visiting, why not test-write our newest Parker—the Parker Arrow. This one loads quickly and cleanly with big Super Quink cartridges. It writes smooth as silk. The point is solid 14K gold—it should last you years, no matter how much you use it.

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CAMPUS AT A GLANCE

• Twenty-seven seniors have the next year or two planned out for them with expenses paid. They are the winners of Woodrow Wilson, Danforth, and National Science Foundation fellowships. Paying the expenses of at least the first year of graduate school, the scholarships allow graduating seniors the chance to pursue the studies that are of significant interest to them.

Notre Dame in the past years has graduated more Danforth Fellowship winners than any other university in the country. The Fellowship winners are determined not only on the basis of scholarship but also by the role religion takes in their lives.

Woodrow Wilson Fellowships are given to seniors who have shown high scholastic ability and are interested in pursuing their advanced degree with an aim to teaching in college. Usually 1000 are given each year, and Notre Dame ranks high among the universities that receive the large percentage of the fellowships.

National Science Foundation grants are given to seniors and graduate students in the science and engineering schools who intend to do graduate and research work in their specific fields.

Nine seniors were the winners of Woodrow Wilson Fellowships. They are: Jack Ahern, Kevin Cahill, Jerry Hewitt, John Hickey, Bob McGowan, Michael Murray, John Reishman, Tom Schlereth, and Bob Stepsis.

One of the largest groups ever, sixteen seniors and grad students received National Science Foundation grants, and are as follows: Richard Bajura, Carl Antonson, Theodore Barth, Barry Burke, Kevin Cahill, Thomas Farrell, Leonard Forys, Anthony Hughes, Harry Konen, Allen Korenjak, Arthur Lange, Richard Matzner, Joseph McBride, Sr. Mary Brendan Pierson, Robert Rowe, and Edward Siegfried.

Although two is not too large a number, Princeton was the only school to receive more Danforth fellowships than Notre Dame. Notre Dame's two recipients are John Reishman and Kevin Cahill.

• For a student to maintain a high degree of scholarship while actively participating in worthwhile campus organizations is a challenge few care to meet. Each class, however, has its leaders who meet the challenge, who contribute to the University both intellectually and in direct service. It is to honor these outstanding men that the *Dome Awards* are distributed each year.

The winners are chosen by a board of juniors representing the various

campus activities. Last year there were two such awards; this year four outstanding seniors have been selected:

Michael McCarthy, a Dean's List General Program major from Greenwich, Conn., is a member of the AB Advisory Board, Wranglers, Stay-Hall Committee, an associate editor of the *Juggler*, and a delegate to the International Conference on Atlantic Community;

Robert McNeill, a General Program major from Winnetka, Illinois, holds a 5.8 average (best in AB), and is former AB Senator. He is a recent recipient of a Rhodes scholarship.

Thomas Schlereth, a History major from Pittsburgh, is a member of Blue Circle, AB Advisory Board, CILA, a former Student Government Treasurer (junior year), contributing editor to *SCHOLASTIC*, and member of the soccer team.

John Walker, is a Math major and Science Senator, Blue Circle member, chairman of Science Open House, and advisor to Science Activities Council.

• Coming back last Saturday night from Mr. Sweeney's annual green-beer-fest we came upon something that was unusual, to say the least. Admittedly we weren't too steady, but

but tonight, for some insane reason, it landed us on the step of the Biology building. We tried to pound our way in, but when we couldn't make it, we hurried (now rather urgently) towards the Main Building. An understanding guard, there, tipped his brown beanie and told us tough luck, leaving us in a momentary state of panic.

But nature has a way of forcing her feelings and seven Irishmen have a gentle capacity for making a flying wedge keenly felt. With this unbeatable combination our group ran in and tramped and retramped each other up to the second floor.

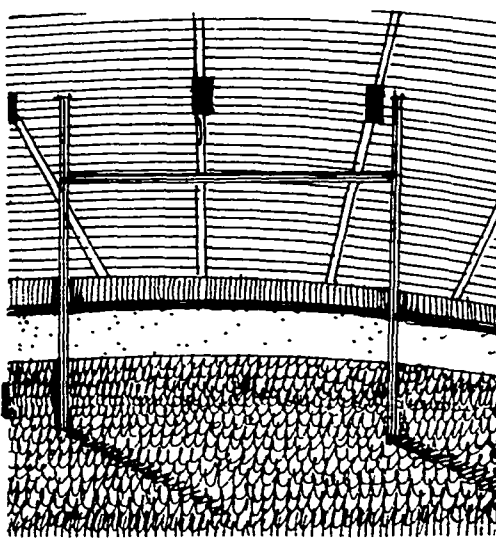
Much relieved and much clearer of mind, we thanked our guard and jokingly stole his hat, with the intention of letting Fr. Corby in on the fun.

We got over to the statue, half sorry that we didn't have anything more traditional than a campus cop's cap. We looked around for a stick or something to boost it on the old fellow's head, but the search proved fruitless. Some of us who were again becoming restless decided that we'd better hurry up, and volunteered to climb up his back.

But just then the moon came out from behind the clouds and outlined Father Corby in all his benign dignity. We were dumbfounded at what we saw. We had known the tradition behind old "Fair Catch"; how he and Fr. Sorin pulled this University out of the Indiana mire; how they fought to create fine gentlemen classically trained in the Christian tradition. And when we were Freshmen we listened silently as the old priests told us how Father Corby had put the Dome on the Main Building and almost single-handedly resurrected the campus from the disastrous fire of the 70's.

But our feelings for him now were more like those of Balboa as he stood on the threshold of the Pacific, or Lindbergh when he flew into Paris. For Father Corby, like all good Irishmen on St. Patrick's eve, was standing in the moonlight, painted green.

• Thruston Morton, Republican Senator from Kentucky and current Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was present on campus Monday afternoon for a brief talk and question and answer session in
(Continued on page 30)



we could distinguish between the ever lurking Mr. Hickey and a reeling son of Eire.

With this somewhat subdued confidence in hand we got off the bus and started to feel our way back to the hall on the silliest wavering road we ever travelled. It usually takes us right down to our hall by the Rock

ON OTHER CAMPUSES

• The faculties of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and of the School of Sacred Theology at Catholic University of America have voted to review the action of the administration in not allowing four noted Catholic theologians to speak on the campus. Fathers John Courtney Murray, Gustave Weigel, Hans Küng, and Godfrey Diekmann were to speak at a Lenten lecture series. These men have repeatedly urged the Church to modernize to keep pace with modern times. The ban was inflicted, according to the University's vice-rector, because the "uniqueness of the Catholic University in matters of policy" made the exclusion of these theologians necessary. After the original ban, Fr. Weigel was allowed to speak in a religion class, but not in the lecture series.

• Presently the idea of a Student Education Corps is before the administration of Michigan State University. The corps would work with children in economic and racial minorities. Although the plan was proposed only two weeks ago, schools from nearby cities have already requested about 80 workers, and other communities have inquired about the program. Student reaction has been enthusiastic, with many offers of volunteer work.

• "Graduate students ought to have some sense that anyone who has written in their field before is dead wrong, if not maliciously so," said Henry Graff, professor of History at Columbia, in a recent talk. This irreverence is necessary to maintain a critical quality of historical analysis. He also said that the resentment of graduate students at the presence of undergraduates in their classes is unwarranted. "In fact," he said, "in the graduate course, it is usually the undergraduate who is more prepared to assimilate the knowledge."

• A new sport thrives among the college set. In addition to telephone booth suffering, Ping-pong ball burning, tiddly-winking down the hall, and writing home for money, we now have Piano Reducing. The Reduction Study Group has been organized at Cal Tech to standardize rules. The idea is to attack a conventional upright piano with all the destructive powers of eight undergrads and hand tools no larger than five-pound sledges. The goal is to reduce the piano, in a minimum of time, into pieces small enough to fit through a twenty centimeter hole.

• Karen Nelson, winner of the Florida Chapter Sigma Chi Kissing Derby, was asked how it felt to win

such a contest. "The pleasure was all mine," she said. The boys' reaction was typified by chairman Rothwell: "We didn't realize that the girls would be so eager to win. It was quite an experience."

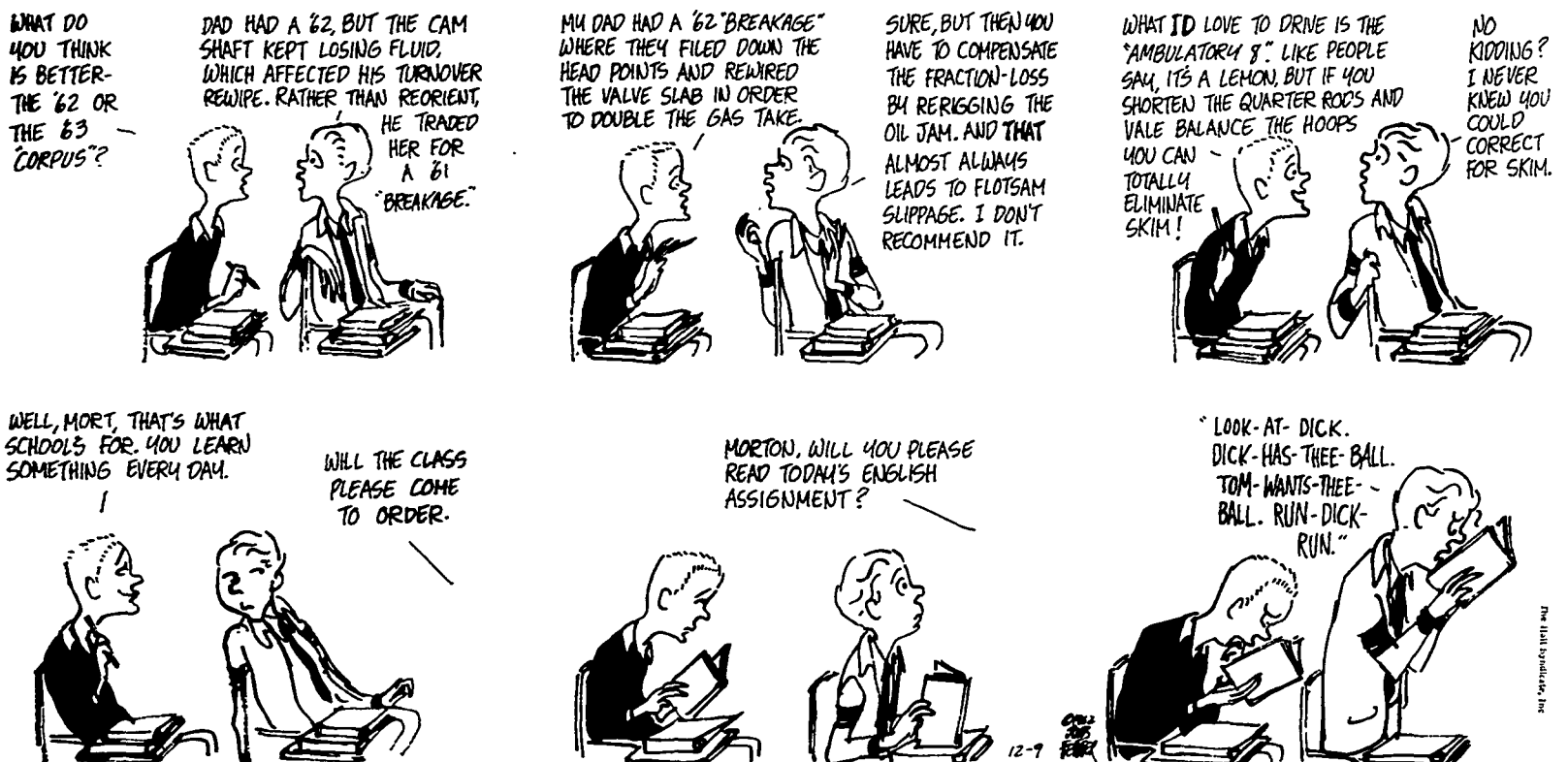
• Working under the slogan, "Decency Today Means Morality Tomorrow," G. Clifford Prout, Jr. toured the country, and also Greenwich Village, to recruit for SINA, the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals. Representatives of the society gave lectures declaring that all animals should wear clothing for the sake of decency. Pickets stalked around the White House for seven hours, pleading with Mrs. Kennedy to clothe her horses.

Time magazine, however, revealed the society as a hoax to promote a new comic record, "Inside SINA."

• The Student Council of St. John's University of New York has also turned to the question of what's with "Who's Who." Their student body president is calling for a revamping of a former loose policy and a clear statement of the number of candidates and determining means, academic requirements, and selection procedures.

• The Board of Trustees of Rochester Institute of Technology voted to allow a "damp" campus. The following are the results: alcoholic beverages will be allowed at approved functions; moral disaster as far as youngsters are concerned, growing up seeing naked animals," was the theme of warning.

FEIFFER



THERE WAS ONCE A TIME when all of Northern Indiana was an idyllic paradise. The local inhabitants (see illustration at right) lived a simple, arboreal existence, eating fruit from the many trees and basking in the warm sunshine. As J. J. McVicker's *Pictorial Souvenir of South Bend* states, "No fairer spot for a city could well be picked than the gently undulating banks of the St. Joseph River upon which South Bend is built."

However, some French voyageurs and hunters had carried news of this wonderland back to certain cave-dwellers in France. These cavemen were somewhat crowded in their caves since all the walls had been scribbled over.

In the middle of the last century, a small band of seven of these cavemen embarked for the New World paradise in Northern Indiana. Although they were enthralled by the beauty of this region, they were sorely disappointed at not finding a single cave in the area. Therefore, they immediately began carrying great stones to a beautiful spot beside the crystal-clear lake. With these stones they constructed an artificial cave. But this endeavor so exhausted them that they decided not to build any more caves. Instead, they chopped down all the trees, thereby forcing the local inhabitants to build Badin Cave, Administration Cave, Washington Cave, etc. Needless to say, these caves, being built out of Notre Dame brick, were less aesthetically pleasing than the original stone cave. Therefore, the original cave was set aside as a hallowed spot, the scene for the cavemen's religious exercises.

Even the cutting down of all the trees and the erecting of monstrous artificial caves were not sufficient to spoil the rustic beauty of Northern Indiana. Students from all the important Eastern and Southern colleges and universities soon began taking their spring vacations in Northern Indiana. Afraid that their recently converted local inhabitants would be corrupted by the evil college kids, the cavemen invented sin and a large number of rules for the prevention thereof. All the local inhabitants were restricted to the caves except for brief promenades allowed daily in the company of a caveman. To confound the outsiders, the cavemen designed a sign giving false directions which they erected near their community. It said, among other things, "West: Alumni Hall, Army-Air Science, Bookstore-Shopping Center, Laundry Bldg., Library Bldg.; North: Biology Bldg., Huddle, Maintenance Bldg.; East: Aeronautical Eng. Bldg., Drill Hall-

South Bend and Notre Dame

(Part 3.14159)

Navy, Lewis Bldg., Bus Stop, Sculpture Studio."

Even this deceptive tactic did not totally succeed in eliminating outsiders from the community. The cavemen then decided that this was a job for Super Slob — more powerful than a giant onion, faster than a rolling garbage can, able to leap tall women in a single bound. They forthwith sent a telegram to Super Slob urging him to visit Northern Indiana. Super Slob accepted the job readily and came disguised as a local inhabitant (see illustration at right). However, he had to wait seven years for A. G. Bell to invent the telephone booth before he could effect his transfiguration into Super Slob — every stitch of clothing wrinkled, three-day beard, mussed hair with greasy kid stuff.

Super Slob ran about Northern Indiana scaring away everyone. At one time he even stepped into the crystal-clear lake which immediately became infested with sea monsters, seaweed, algae, etc. The water was so repulsed by Super Slob that it divided before him. The cavemen wisely predicted that the news of a miracle might bring just as many people to Northern Indiana as had already been expelled by Super Slob. They immediately assessed a most grave penalty against Super Slob and banished him from their domain. They then forced the local inhabitants to shovel dirt into the area between the parted waters, thus forming two lakes.

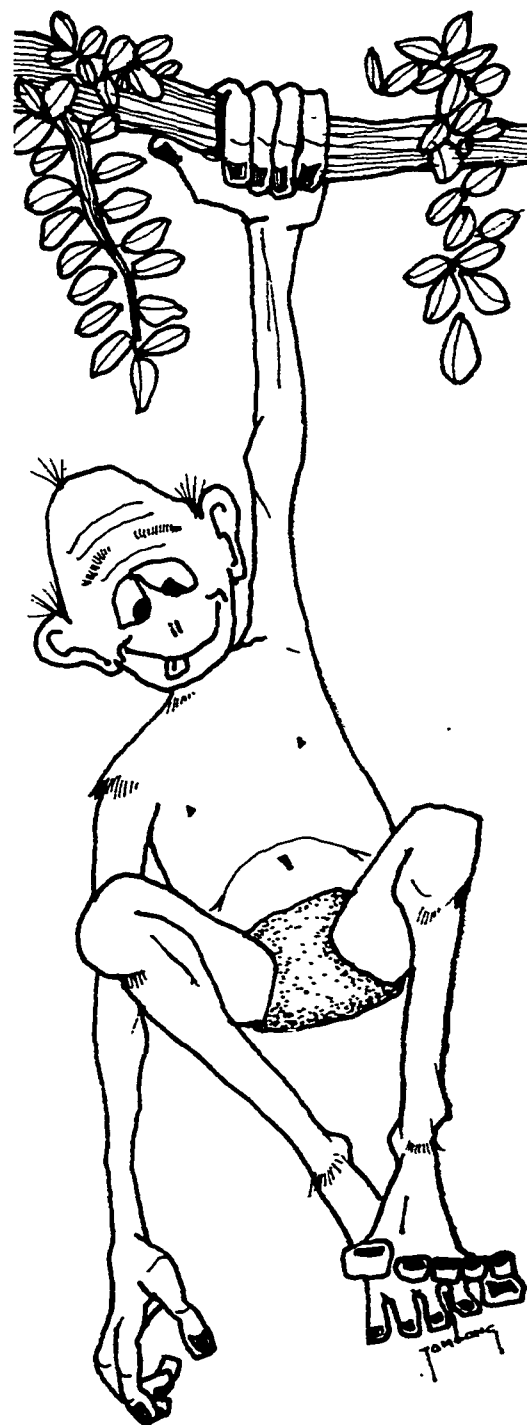
Super Slob, somewhat liking Northern Indiana, moved only a couple of miles away and founded South Bend. But Super Slob left such a stench in the area that the cavemen found it necessary to do continual rain dances to purge the air. It has been raining in the area ever since.

Since the deceptive direction sign had been embedded in concrete to keep it from being stolen by mischievous college kids, the cavemen decided that they must start a building program in order to erect edifices such as the Drill Hall-Navy.

Now even a century later, as a result of the continual rainfall, all of the cavemen's domain and South Bend itself are in danger of sinking

forever into the mud. Portents of this may be seen in the Student Parking Lot where two Volkswagens and a Kaiser have recently vanished into the mire. However, the descendents of the cavemen, detecting this, embarked on a tree-planting campaign last year in order that the local inhabitants can resume their arboreal life (see illustration below).

—J. J. POTTMYER



JAMES T. FARRELL:

THERE IS A SADNESS, a slowness, a sense of looking back in the writing of James T. Farrell; in his later works, these seem to deteriorate into a hopelessly sincere sentimentality. Men, or at least the type of men that Farrell can treat with real understanding and authenticity — his Studs Lonigans as opposed to his Danny O'Neills — have very little to say about where they are drifting. Studs, for instance, is caught in a great gray mist — he is only vaguely aware of life moving past him. And the mist is the real dirty fog of a rainy, depressing morning in the ugly depths of Chicago — his necessary plodding through the sodden streets brings on a fatal illness, and the novel ends on a deterministic and bitter note. The few rays of hope in the novel are only seen from a distance by the really important characters, the characters who Farrell really knows. They are unable to understand solutions found by other classes, other people. Another point worthy of notice, speaking once again of those works of Farrell which really come to life, is that his characters are never intellectual; except for the flashes of eternal things that must come to us all for just a moment in life, they see no poetry in things. And they certainly do not think critically and intellectually; they are concerned principally with material things.

I had found these characteristics in the works of Farrell; from them, I had formed an impression of what the writer himself should have been like. I had expected a heavy-set, slow-moving, sadly resigned man; a man who *felt* the sadness of humanity, more than a conscious social thinker. My first inkling that the person might not correspond to the artist came when I read some of his critical essays. They puzzled me; with their reasoned thought and rather dogmatic conclusions, they seemed somehow out of character; and too, there was something vaguely familiar about their at-

mosphere which I could not quite place.

But when Farrell actually stepped out on the Law Auditorium stage and began his lecture on March 13, I was at first completely dumbfounded. He seemed to have no relation whatsoever to my preconceived image. He spoke at tremendous speed, hurling thought after thought into the audience, seemingly heedless of connection. His body vibrated, shaking and twisting in violent contorted movements, giving emphasis to the force of his words. I could hardly keep up with him at all in taking notes; he developed a tremendous drive which seemed to carry the listener along on a crest of enthusiasm or shock, even without following the argument. He reminded me very much of one of the mad crusaders at which his own Studs once laughed in a park full of soapbox orators.

But after a while, I became accustomed to his headlong delivery, and I also perceived the same sense of something familiar, which I mentioned above when I spoke of his critical work. I listened more closely to what he was saying, and suddenly realized that he had everything well categorized and defined, in spite of his apparent rambling. He knew facts and figures; he had a highly academic knowledge and conception of the literary tradition, both critical and creative. And above all, he dealt with his material in a formal, critical method, using certain concepts, definitions and phrases that were old literary warhorses. Under this strange, wild facade, I realized that this was nothing but an old professor, lacking only a degree to be the epitome of a thirty-year veteran English teacher.

I must add that, as such, he was singularly unimpressive, at least to me. He talked much about censorship, about degradation of human beings, about the literary life, about Darwinism; and the whole lecture was shot through with the stale air of 1930

intellectualism. There was the constant statement of wrong in the social order and the need to destroy the evil in the world; but I found his presentation unconvincing, and in a way, just talk. This did not seem to be the man who had brought these things to a horrifyingly real life in *Studs Lonigan*. However, I made sure that I saw Farrell after his talk; he made an appointment with me to be interviewed at, of all times, 6 o'clock the next morning.

THERE IS A SAD DETERMINISM in Farrell's work; a large part of this comes from his tremendously vital realization of the materiality, frailty and susceptibility to change of the human body. This becomes the central, underlying principle in many of his novels. Studs Lonigan remains strong only so long as his body remains strong; after his heart goes bad, after he catches pneumonia walking the streets looking for a job, he can only crawl up the stairs of his home and fall weakly at his mother's feet, feebly moaning, "Mom, I'm sick. Put me to bed," like a small lost child. In the later novel, *This Man and This Woman*, the preoccupation of a man in his sixties with his failing body is seen. And in these characters we feel Farrell has captured a tremendous human truth — the fact of man's physical frailty. This is battered home in his novels with a terrible persuasiveness. I had often wondered what sort of man this artist was who could stand back and force such a realization of this mortality into his work.

At six a.m. Thursday, I presented myself at the Morris Inn to interview Farrell, as agreed. I asked the night clerk to ring his room, assuming that the author would be awake. After about a minute, a sleepy voice answered, and told me to come on up. As I got into the elevator, I wondered why a man should schedule an

The Frail Humanity

by Richard Marks

interview for such an ungodly hour if he were not planning to be already awake. I knocked at his door; a voice told me to come in.

I opened the door and stepped in. I was amazed at the disorder of the room as it was littered with cigarette packages, notebooks, and papers; an open fountain pen lay on the rug under a chair. Farrell's clothes lay heaped in disorder on a couch. When I looked at the man himself, I was shocked. I had noticed that he had not looked well at the lecture, in spite of his repeated assurances to the contrary. But the face I now saw was the face of one of his own characters, lined with age, weak at the mouth with sickness, toothless, broken with care. The body was ripening; the decay he had seen in life was in him too; he must have been fighting against the realization that what applied to the old couple in *This Man and This Woman* applied every bit as well to himself.

I began the interview, asking him a few questions which I had hoped would lead him to expand on his views, but he answered very briefly, and, I'm afraid, not very well. He warned me to wake him up if he should doze off while I was asking a question; once I paused to think something through more clearly, and he actually *did* fall asleep for a moment. His face relaxed into horrible lines, and his snoring frightened me. When he did answer my questions, he tossed and rolled spastically from side to side with strange, jerky movements, sticking a foot out from under the crumpled bedclothes. All in all, it seemed a very poor interview. I ran out of questions, and between my own sleepiness and uneasiness in view of the circumstances, I got very little accomplished. I left highly dissatisfied, with the impression that there was not much to James T. Farrell after all.

But later that day, I began to realize that I had been rash in my



judgment of the man and my condescending opinion. I found out that Farrell's personal life had been very, very hard; a story of broken marriages, deep dissatisfactions, a son born mentally deficient. It occurred to me that the condition of his clothing was perhaps not due purely to his eccentricity, for I discovered that he had several lawsuits pending against publishers who had defrauded him. Perhaps the lecture fee he received here was not merely extra pocket money. And I also recalled that he was in poor health; perhaps in pain.

All these things ran through my mind, flowing into and connecting

with that strange interview in the darkened room just at daybreak; the squalor, the wrongness of the scene. I thought once again of Farrell's characters, so vital, so feelingly portrayed for all their quiet sadness. And at last the realization struck me that Farrell was a character out of Dostoevsky — a truly suffering man — a suffering individual in the reality of a suffering world. Before such suffering, for all it meant and represented, both in terms of one tortured human being and the totality of all of us, there in that room in the silence of dawn, I know that I should have bowed my head.

Notre Dame

(Part One)

by Rita Petretti

IN HIS COLLEGIATE Gothic lair lurks the Notre Dame "gingerbread man" (c.f., SCHOLASTIC, March 8, 1963) — typical, atypical and archetypical. He is at once a boy, a man; a lover, a misogynist; a rebel, a conformist; a young gallant, a Super-Slob. His talents are many and unique, and yet too often repressed and stagnant from lack of initiative and from the oppressive atmosphere of a Catholic men's university.

When first approached by SCHOLASTIC for an article on the Notre Dame man I was taken aback and, in true womanly fashion, was somewhat baffled about my feelings. In my bewilderment, my inability to easily pin down my thoughts, I had probably come to the real essence of the problem in defining the Notre Dame man (and I use "man" advisedly, for

somehow "boy" doesn't seem to fit any male past sixteen; "fellow" is too offhand; "guy" too Runyonesque). It would be extremely presumptuous for any one girl, for any 1,000 girls, to attempt any full-scale analysis of the Notre Dame character. Rather I would seek to present a *general, representative opinion* of our neighboring male counterparts, based on two weeks of pointed conversations and interviews, and on personal observation. Whatever I say is the result of my own view of certain segments of the Notre Dame population, for there are unfortunately those who escape female contact for four years.

My comments here are not to be taken as a retaliation to Mr. Wyrsh's articles on Saint Mary's; they are rather intended as steppingstones to a more frank and candid dialogue between Saint Mary's and Notre Dame. While we are, of necessity, worlds apart in some respects, there are many areas in which we have much in common; we are both struggling for academic achievement, for release from the now-admitted Catholic "ghetto mentality," for academic freedom in the true sense of liberal education. As one senior remarked, "If we can't learn to get along with the boys across the road, how are we ever going to get along with the Protestants across the street or even our own Catholic neighbors?"

It would appear that the social barriers blocking better relations between the schools are trivial in the light of the more universal aspect of the problem facing Catholic education today. While the Saint Mary's girl-woman may fairly speak of the Notre Dame boy-man, this nominal fine point is important only insofar as it reflects the institution's ability to draw out or to strengthen one or the other characteristics. In my opinion, Notre Dame contributes much to the maturity of the male, but in its very essence as a university for men, encourages many of the qualities which make the man still a boy.

Any Saint Mary's woman worth her famous or infamous reputation sees "her hero" as a strangely ambivalent creature who, while screaming bloody murder for academic freedom, for challenge, fails to initiate himself the means toward any significant reform, or when asked to support any movements toward it, responds with a *laissez-faire* attitude. And this reaction is not entirely lacking here, either, but it is particularly disappointing in the male who is expected to lead, to initiate, to organize, to whom sitting back is unnatural.

After his ranting and raving, his subsequent failure in finding an ear

sympathetic to his rebellion, after being banged about the barroom floor, he turns for solace and compassion to the gentler sex. While being fondly patted on the top of his crew-cut head, he can revel in feminine understanding and happily encourage maternalism while debunking paternalism. There are desires not easily satisfied in the bastion of male supremacy. Some seek release in beer or bawdy-house while some, at the nadir of desperation, faintly search for a feminine complement at Saint Mary's. Men seek love, recognition, praise, and it is in this context that Mr. Wyrsh's quotation, "girls are thinking about marriage; men are thinking about love," is perhaps more understandable. He sees women approaching the male-female relationship from a long-term point of view, in other words, marriage. Men seek a momentary kind of love, one which satisfies their sporadic male instincts.

However, the SMC view of the Notre Dame man does not stop at the Ann Landers-lovelorn level but goes on to the Emily Post-genteel approach. It is a recognized fact that there exists at Notre Dame a rather predominant "barracks mentality." The equation male plus male plus male plus male, ad infinitum, seldom adds up to anything more than the lowest ebb of social consciousness.

For the collegiate male to emerge with a balanced perspective into mixed society from six days, six weeks, or six months seclusion within masculine territory requires conscious effort, an effort sometimes unsuccessful. Though SMC does appreciate the hearty male voice, the sturdy male step, the mingled odors of pipe, of Old Spice, of English Leather, there is also evident a certain rambunctious spirit that can overshadow these. "Animalistic" is not an entirely unfounded description of the Notre Dame man in his worst moments. Hotel managers can verify this aspect by describing ND's vivid holiday orgies. One might think that our Notre Dame "freethinker" had never heard of John Henry Newman's "Definition of a Gentleman" which states as follows: "The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast — all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. . . ." Unfortunately there is many an SMC woman who has been jarred and jolted into the realization that the Notre Dame man is not the golden-domed god she'd been expecting but rather a Huck Finn with a hellish type of *joie de vivre*.

This is the first of two articles on the Notre Dame man as St. Mary's sees him. In the second article, Miss Petretti will undertake an analysis of the character of the ND student and offer further thoughts on improved ND-SMC relations.

Balancing the exuberant aggression of a small percentage of the Notre Dame populace, the Saint Mary's woman finds on the other hand a strange lack of initiative in the majority, who display a defeatist attitude on the ungrounded grounds that "they haven't got a chance." Though these same men might excel in the classroom, in a student government position, in any leadership capacity, socially they are laggards. I think it is a fair assumption to say that the man who remains in his ivy-covered den, who chooses not to venture abroad in search of a companionship other than male, who rather than discover for himself whether the females across the road are "beauty or beast," instead swallows whole and undigested the pap of jaded, perhaps jilted, upperclassmen, lacks the adventuresome spirit one has come to expect in a college man. Are we justified in accusing the Notre Dame man of a laissez-faire attitude, of preserving the social status quo? One is inclined to think that the convenient and much-touted excuse of the "ratio" is merely an escape, a scapegoat. Notre Dame accepts the SMC stereotype without investigating its validity. One priest I spoke with probably stated the situation more succinctly when he said, "If we had 10,000 girls as near as Frankie's half the boys still wouldn't go there." You may disagree with his further characterization of the boys as "afraid of women" and harboring "repressed sexuality."

That a very artificial social atmosphere exists between St. Mary's and Notre Dame is undeniable. The separation of the sexes is artificial. It is foolish to think that simply throwing thousands of freshmen together in countless mixers will turn the trick. This kind of social activity perhaps does more harm than good. The Notre Dame freshman, often straight out of the confines of an all-boy high school, finds himself grasping for social straws and somewhat overcome by an apparent show of feminine snobbery. He looks, he listens, and then runs, most often not to return again.

Having myself crossed the midway bridge, I can see things in a different light. Reaching his junior and senior years, the male has withdrawn those youthful feelers and plunged rapidly ahead in the search for maturity far outdistancing in rate, at least, his female counterpart. Male progression is geometric; it goes in leaps and bounds. Female is arithmetic; it paces itself out slowly and methodically. By the time she reaches her junior and senior years, the St. Mary's woman has developed an increasing degree of respect and admiration for the Notre

SAMANTHA CAT

In her orange and amber corner curled
Samantha Cat avoids the world.
Samantha's white, stays in at night,
Deplores the alley cats that bite
One another's ears and fight
For reasons that are rarely right.
She gives this up on April first
And patters forth to join the worst
Alley caterwaulers she abhors
For hanky panky out of doors.
Some complex springtime hocus pocus —
Probably the tender crocus
Cast a spell on the bug that bit her —
At any rate, her yearly litter
Puts her out and makes her bitter.
She never seems to know what hit her.

—WALLACE MCPHEE

Dame man as he is viewed outside of strictly social gatherings. He is looked upon now, not simply as a possible date but as a friend, and advisor, a collaborator, a boon to work with. One senior I talked with said she had never been more impressed with the Notre Dame man than when she worked on a Mardi Gras committee. She described the prevailing spirit of rapport and camaraderie as "completely natural." "Working together, having a common purpose," she said, "provides a good, perhaps the best, basis for friendships." It is often at these times that both sides unwittingly drop their "fronts" and let down their hair.

That this realization, on both sides of the highway, comes so late is disappointing. The idea of meeting the opposite sex while at ease in a fa-

miliar situation, while being oneself and not worrying about an impression is a significant one in the consideration of future intercampus social and academic plans.

It is commonly agreed that Notre Dame is sheltering much hidden, much latent talent, either for lack of individual initiative or for lack of the proper channels to advance that talent. At the risk of being repetitious, I will still say that St. Mary's and Notre Dame have not as yet "found" one another, have not yet discovered what each can offer the other. However I see recent developments on both campuses tugging on the reins of convention, attempting to rise over the hump of petrified animosity that has been fostered for a century and is only now beginning a breakdown.

(To be continued.)



NOTRE DAME-SOUTH BEND

"Although South Bend residents observed at firsthand collegiate rowdyism and rioting by the Notre Dame students, they were not distracted from recognizing the essential value of a college education for the ambitious young man or woman."
— SOUTH BEND NEWS, June 15, 1917.

IN 1823, A CLEVER French trader, Alexis Coquillard, set up a trading post to intercept the Wabash Indians as they made their way north to sell their furs at St. Joseph, Michigan. Old Alexis knew that Indians have a tendency to be a bit wild, especially under the influence of firewater, but clever trader that he was, Alexis also knew that he would have to temper his expressions of disapproval lest he antagonize too many potential customers. In 1830 the settlement was christened "South Bend" by the post office department, and by 1963, South Bend still has not lost the Coquillard legacy of economic acumen. The situation is much the same as before, except that today the "Indians" are not of the Wabash, but the Notre Dame tribe.

This is, of course, a gross oversimplification of the present Notre Dame-South Bend relationship, but in it lies the essence of several weeks of interviews and research by five SCHOLASTIC reporters. Almost every-

one interviewed (especially businessmen) found the relations between Notre Dame and South Bend to be generally "good," ranging specifically from "not too bad" to "most excellent." They then launched into their favorite gripes about the actions of the "minority out there." Most had some complaint about Notre Dame students, but wished to ascribe the causes of these complaints to the actions of that "minority out there." There was manifested, however, a great awareness of the tremendous economic impact which Notre Dame makes upon South Bend: the annual fall influx of hundreds of thousands of ready-moneyed football fans; the large sums of money spent downtown by the students over a year; and the large number employed at the University (swelled the last few years by the heavy construction).

The economic bond between Notre Dame and South Bend is the primary bond and no one knows it more clearly than the South Bend businessman. With this in mind, many good tradesmen hesitate to become too strict with ND students or too vociferous in their complaints. As one of the more outspoken downtown businessmen said, everyone has his complaints, but "nobody is going to cross ND in this town." One downtown establishment, dealing in public services, is admittedly more lenient toward stu-

dents, another has no direct contact with the University but "tries to keep in mind the school's desires." Even the telephone company which last year lost \$1700 in "deliberate fraud" by Notre Dame students, and admitted that Notre Dame has acquired a "national name" in the Bell Telephone Security System, also admitted that it is more lenient toward students, withholding action in many cases which would have resulted in the prosecution of a member of the general public.

Few of the South Bend businessmen make any distinction between Notre Dame the institution, the administration, the faculty and the students. In general it is just a unit: "Notre Dame." There is manifested by many, however, a not-exactly-clear distinction between the University and the individual students. While the individual student is not taken to be "Notre Dame," nevertheless, his actions are instrumental in coloring the attitude toward the institutional Notre Dame. As a policeman on a beat downtown put it: "Whenever a Notre Dame student makes a horse's ass out of himself downtown, the people say 'There's Notre Dame again!'"

While most South Benders — businessmen and otherwise — professed a friendly attitude toward the Notre Dame student, virtually to a man they



have had at least some unhappy recollections of encounters with students.

The most frequent complaints stemmed from general rowdiness, hitchhiking, and drinking, and in almost every instance it was mentioned that the ND students in groups were the ones to watch. Individually, the Notre Dame man generally conducts himself as a man; in a group he tends to become a boy, and an unruly one at that.

One of the most frequent sources of regular student entertainment (South Bend's Chamber of Commerce admits it's the only source) is the movie. The State and the Granada theaters estimate jointly (same owner) about 2,000 to 3,000 ticket sales a week from Notre Dame patronage. At 90¢ a ticket, the manager was understandably less than willing to be too critical, but he admitted that the Notre Dame audience tends to be inconsiderate, especially in groups. Accent the "inconsiderate" and the "group" and you have isolated the two themes which run through every complaint about Notre Dame students.

The manager of one establishment (which draws a large volume of Notre Dame business), who has an admittedly low opinion of the student (sample comment: "You name it, you name anything you can think of and they've done it!"), nevertheless contends that his *main* gripe is that students do not show "common courtesy." From jaywalking to insulting the natives, and from the destruction of property to general boisterousness in the theaters, the South Benders attribute it to lack of consideration. To a South Bend citizen, the ideal student is one who comes into town, does his business quietly, and goes back to campus . . . quietly.

The South Bender likes the Notre Dame student and is proud of the school. At the same time, however, he

is to some extent wary of the student, not unmindful of the potential power of 7,000 bundles of "youthful exuberance." For the most part he seems to want to understand, comments like "I was young once too. . ." and "I've got (or had) boys of my own. . ." being common even from the people on Notre Dame Avenue, the most disaffected single area in town. There are, of course, extremes. To some people Notre Dame is anathema, to others it is "the greatest"; but in a town of 120,000 this is to be expected. The over-all tone is a guarded friendliness, which fluctuates with time and recent events.

Much of the Notre Dame gripe about South Bend centers around the police force and the *South Bend Tribune*. The SCHOLASTIC interviewed the Chief of Police Orson E. Harmon, and several officers on downtown beats. In a summary statement of policy, Chief Harmon said: "There seems to be a trend today among college students to get into groups and let loose. We policemen feel badly when we have to arrest Notre Dame students who do not realize the consequence of the actions which lead to their arrest. We give them breaks often when we could arrest them. We go rough on them when they annoy people. If they become belligerent, arrogant, and show disrespect for the police, we arrest them and once we arrest them we don't back off, because then the arrest would not mean anything. The fact that we will not and cannot delete an arrest from a student's record hurts his opportunities, as for instance an ROTC candidate, and we regret this."

At the same time, he listed underage drinking, hitchhiking, and malicious trespass as the legal violations most frequently causing the arrest of Notre Dame students. (Malicious trespass refers to vandalism of parked cars, invasion of lawns to steal furniture, etc.) Harmon also cited the ND administration for its close cooperation with his office. On the whole, the Chief himself seemed friendly toward the Notre Dame student, but, nevertheless, well aware of his own duties as South Bend's chief peacekeeper.

The policemen under Harmon's charge take a friendly but more firm attitude toward the University students in South Bend. They agreed Notre Dame students in general are a "nice bunch of guys" but indicated that the students lacked restraint. According to officers from the Chief on down, noisemaking, especially at night on the streets and in the theaters, was the most annoying thing to South Benders. The policemen on

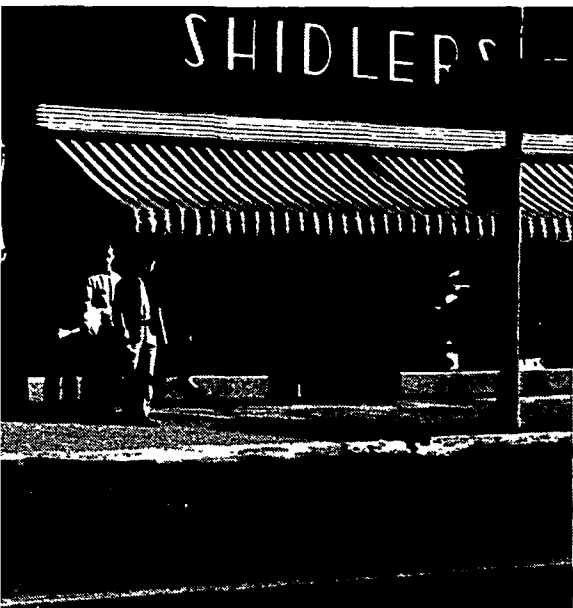
downtown beats are most troubled with trying to enforce city traffic ordinances.

"The people in South Bend are always for Notre Dame, but the students must wake up and learn how to get along with the people in South Bend," was the parting remark of one of "South Bend's Finest" as he wrote out a ticket for an overparked car with an ND student sticker on it.

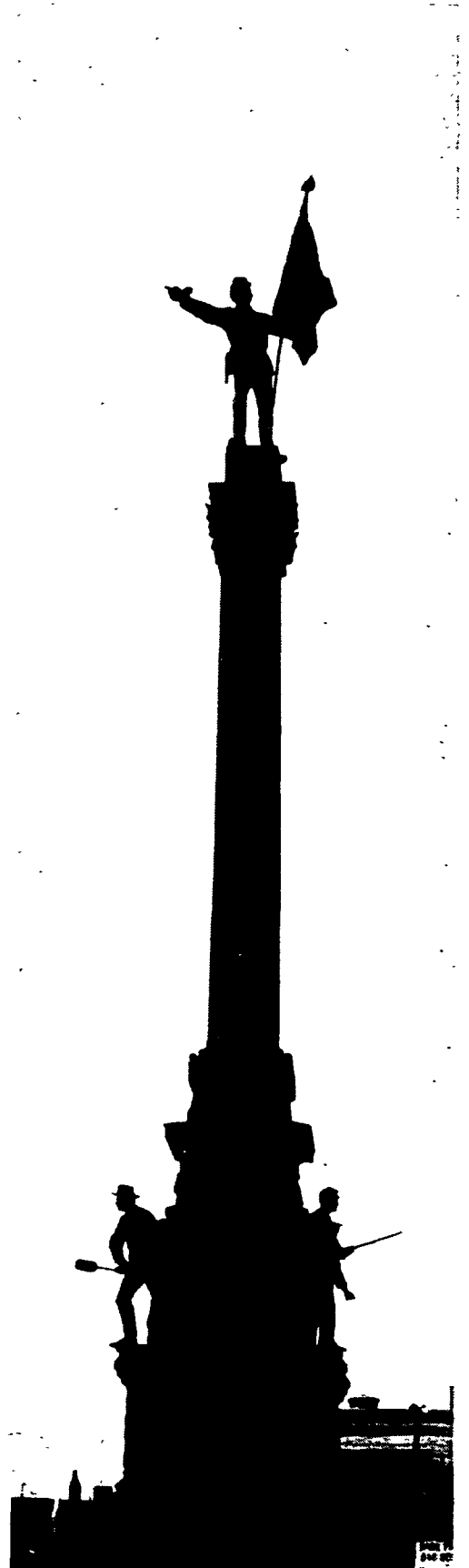
Quite a bit more controversial than the police department is the role of the *South Bend Tribune* in the relationship between Notre Dame and the community to the south.

—KEN ARNOLD

(to be continued)



March 22, 1963



The College of Science

by A. G. Hermida

Sense in Science

SCIENCE TODAY IS ONE of the important forces in our society. Never before in history had it occupied such a position, and never was the lay public so aware of the scientific activity occurring in its midst. Scientific considerations often decide issues of politics and of business. In spite of all this, however, the nonscientist often has only a hazy notion of what science really is.

A look at history would reveal that for many centuries the scientist and the philosopher were one and the same person. When Plato said, "This is the essence of philosophy: to wonder. For there is no other beginning to philosophy than this," he gave what could serve as a definition of science. By the seventeenth century, as a result of the general tendency towards division of labor and specialization, this identity between philosophy and science was dissolved. Perhaps this was, also, due to a betrayal of the spirit of wonder and free intellectual quest which took place in medieval philosophy (a betrayal which has since been remedied). Or it might be that as the complexity of both fields grew, it was impossible for a person to be professionally competent in both. What we do know is that the break did occur, and that today many an otherwise well-educated person holds a naive (if not downright mistaken) view of science.

We may well ask, then, what is science? Is it no more than the present effort to reach Mars or to explode

megaton bombs? No — it is much more. Science is an attitude, a way of looking at the world, even a way of life. It is a belief that there is an order to the universe, and an intense desire to discover that order. It is a never ending curiosity about God's creation. It is a commitment to a spirit of free inquiry, to a search for truth unhampered by preconceived dogma (*Magister dixit* was never a strong argument in science). It is a search for experimental data, for appeal to the facts of nature rather than the opinions of man. It is a passion for an understanding of the universe in terms of a theory which unifies these facts and makes them meaningful.

What about the scientist himself? And what about the place of science in education? A recent editorial in the *SCHOLASTIC* stated: "Our engineering and science graduates for the most part are simply not acquainted with the Western tradition of freedom and dignity. In many cases they have never experienced themselves as persons, only as engineers or scientists." I am not sure that one can "experience oneself" as an engineer — or as a *SCHOLASTIC* editor, for that matter, without experiencing oneself as a person at the same time. But this quote does reveal an attitude which denies the value of a scientific education in the development of the person.

The issue this negative attitude raises is, of course, the purpose of

education and the best means to achieve it. Some might claim that the purpose of education is to bring the student into contact with the thinkers of the past, and that *the* way of doing this is by the reading of "great books." To me this seems an unnecessarily narrow view.

If the purpose of education is, instead, to broaden intellectual horizons, to come to an awareness of the complexities and subtleties of living a truly human life, to whet the appetite for knowledge, then the scientific curriculum cannot be accused of "cheating" the student of the opportunity for education. For, as a *Science Quarterly* editorial (Feb., 1963) pointed out, neither is prolonged exposure to nontechnical disciplines a guarantee of education, nor does a scientific curriculum preclude an education in the liberal sense. When Mark Van Doren in *Liberal Education* writes of the present inadequacies of "liberal" studies, he remarks that science can be the key to renewed rigor in the liberal disciplines, for "in contemporary practice, it is actually mathematics and science that preserve in highest degree the *precision* (my italics) which all of the seven arts once conspired to promote."

In conclusion I might add that a commitment for life to a search for truth, for intelligibility in God's universe, cannot fail to develop, through a continually increasing love of wisdom, the individual's capacity for worship, his *capax Dei*.



Change in Curriculum

TO HAVE FIRST-RATE COLLEGES of science in Catholic universities is of great importance. Because of their technical knowledge, scientists are coming more and more into positions where they have to make moral decisions on issues which may affect all mankind, decisions which require all the combined sophistications of a theologian and a philosopher. Sensing this need, Notre Dame has sought ways to improve its College of Science.

Some of the results of this drive are highly visible, the newly completed buildings for Radiation Chemistry and the Computer Center being most prominent. The search for new professors has added to an already prestigious faculty many new men of national reputations in their respective fields. The research laboratories are daily contributing to the University's acclaim. Continued efforts are being made toward making the courses more interesting and meaningful. As further evidence of the increasing quality of the College one may point out the large number of National Science Foundation Fellow-

ships won by our students (30 per cent of these fellowships won by *all* Catholic colleges go to Notre Dame).

Nevertheless, some things need further improvement. The laboratories, particularly in physics, are not always what they should be. Often the required equipment is either unavailable, or adequate, or damaged beyond repair. Partly responsible for this situation is the high cost of good equipment. In general the laboratories have a tendency to foster "cook book" techniques.

The heavy blow that has recently fallen upon some departments of the College is the common Freshman Year. This program, which is in increasing disfavor nationally (Harvard, Brown, and Yale have all dropped it during the last two years), and to which a number of the physics and math faculty were strenuously opposed, may have very harmful effects on the College. By insisting that an extra LA course be taken in the Freshman year, it throws into disarray a whole *sequence* of courses in the sciences.

The rationale behind the program states that it will remove the difficulties caused by a student's changing colleges at the end of the year. But the common Freshman Year program doesn't solve this problem. The science intents still take a number of (necessarily watered down) courses in science, with a consequent lesser number of LA courses than the LA intent. Hence the student who transfers out of science, in particular physics and mathematics, is still at a disadvantage. And the student who remains is not as well prepared as he was before. In this light, the program is revealed as a capitulation to mediocrity. It would seem that a good counselling program could have better solved the ills the Freshman Year was meant to correct.

If the College's improvement is to be continued, two main changes must be made. First, the Freshman Year should be reconsidered; secondly, the individual departments should have the power to choose the students best capable of profiting from their program.

THE FATE OF PLEASURE:

IN A MOST DISTINGUISHED program sponsored by the University of Notre Dame English Department, Professor Lionel Trilling delivered a vitally challenging and intellectually stimulating lecture entitled "The Fate of Pleasure: Wordsworth to Dostoevsky," to an overflowing audience in the Law Auditorium last Thursday evening. Prof. Matthew A. Fitzsimons of the Notre Dame History Department and a former student of Prof. Trilling's at Columbia, gave an introduction in which he expressed his personal attitude toward Prof. Trilling in a way that seemed especially appropriate for an audience that was about to experience and appreciate a transfer of greatness from literature through the perception of a great thinker and critic.

By tracing the fate of pleasure in the short span of years between Wordsworth and Dostoevsky, Prof. Trilling did nothing less than reveal a new aspect of the dilemma of modern man. The dilemma is in the nature and meaning of pleasure; and if we tend to believe without doubt that pleasure has a definite, positive value in our way of life, Prof. Trilling suggests that our own modern literature proves contradictory. To follow the line as Prof. Trilling has traced it, we begin with Wordsworth's preface to *Lyrical Ballads*. If natural piety is the quality that dominates the poetry of Wordsworth, Prof. Trilling points out that the contrasting predominant quality in this prose essay is that of boldness — to the point of being shocking. Wordsworth writes about pleasure in a way that Freud later would write about a drive.

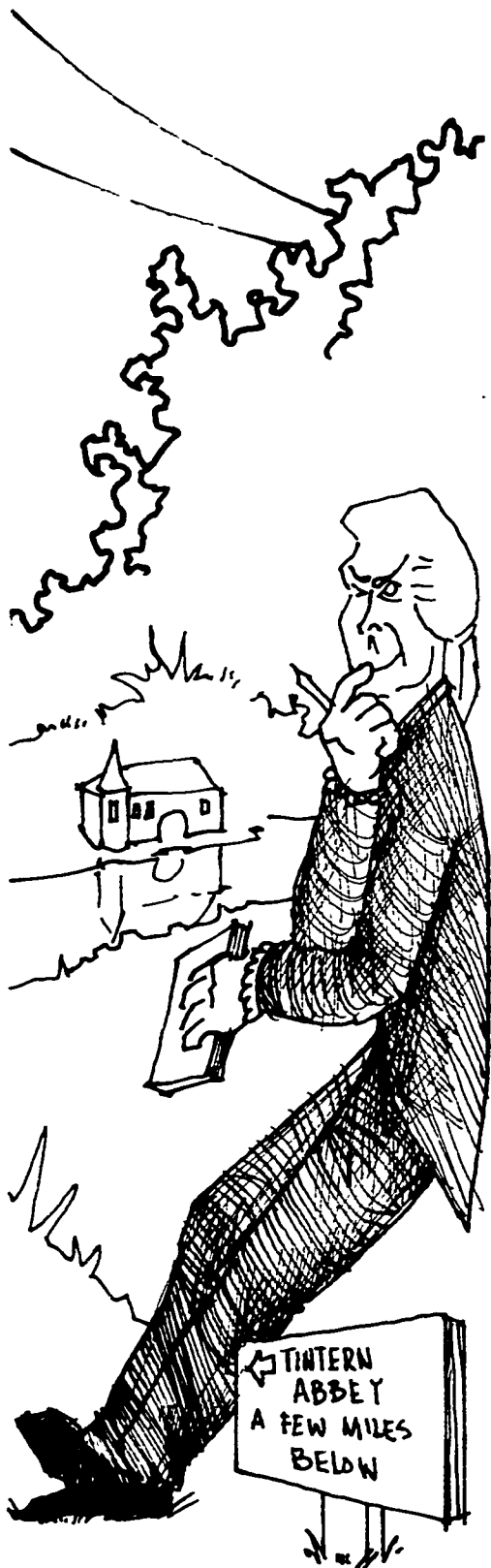
Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgement of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgement the more sincere because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is prop-

agated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone.

Pleasure, in all its varied meanings, seems to be described here as the basic force in life, and its connection with dignity makes it all the more basic. But Wordsworth qualifies the pleasure of poetry, saying it is not a "matter of amusement," nor a "degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation," but a promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement; the poet, in fact, in expressing his passion "will apply the principle . . . of selection; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion."

The word *pleasure* is used so frequently that it can be employed to describe anything from the comforts of domestic life, the musings of the imagination or a cultivated delicacy of the mind, to the fragrance of pipe tobacco and erotic sensual gratification. Besides the exalting sense of the word that Wordsworth points up, the Oxford dictionary defines a pejorative sense taking the form of strictly physical or sensual gratification, often personified as a female deity. Perhaps a hint of this duality is suggested by Wordsworth himself when he says, "However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a poet, it is obvious, that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering." These very words are to be re-echoed as we approach the other end of this line we are tracing to Dostoevsky.

While Wordsworth could see pleasure as the defining attribute of man, a feeling tending toward joy and teaching man more than the sages can, Byron exclaims, "Oh, pleasure, you are a pleasant thing, though one



Lionel Trilling

by Thomas De Angelis

must be damned for you." It is precisely this notion of being damned that gnaws away at the pleasure principle.

Keats does much more than agree with his master. His poetry explicitly exemplifies the lower side of pleasure that Wordsworth so subtly sublimates. Seizing on luxury as a key word, Prof. Trilling feels that Keats is on the verge of reviving the Middle English meaning of *luxurie*, lust or licentiousness, as Chaucer used it, and indeed, Keats does call women "all those soft luxuries." While Wordsworth remains on an abstract level, in Keats there is what Prof. Trilling terms a dialectic or a movement from the sensual to the transcendent and from pleasure to knowledge. For both poets pleasure is a principle of reality, but for Keats it is also a principle of illusion. Not only does pleasure seem denied in life's transitoriness and ending in death, but in its very act of fulfilling, it denies itself. Keats feels something perverse and self-negating in the erotic life — a force leading to destruction.

Prof. Trilling feels that today we are repelled by the comfortable luxuriousness of "consumer-directed" art; a work of art should baffle its beholder; it should possess us and we should not possess it. In reality our society maintains an antagonism to the principle of pleasure. In other words, there are in us some impulses which repudiate pleasure and seek (to use the word of Freud) "unpleasure." The historical explanation of this set forth by Prof. Trilling is given in terms of the breach between art and politics. While both art and politics were once directed toward man's pursuit of pleasure, the principle of pleasure is no longer the guide of art as it is of politics.

Dostoevsky is the man whose tremendous influence on our modern society has helped change the principle of pleasure in modern literature into a principle of salvation through pain and suffering. The emphasis in the ambivalence of pleasure has been shifted from the creative to the destructive force, but we must recognize that the ambivalence does still exist. In *Notes from the Underground*,

which is the memoir of a miserable clerk who has arranged his own misery so as to be free from enslavement to pleasure, Dostoevsky implies that status and dignity are the corruption of man, and has his anti-hero boast to the man representing the pleasure-principle, "I have more life than you." Both humanism and Christianity, which is a postponement of pleasure, are negated by the Underground Man. The 19th century affirmation of the freedom of the spiritual life is expressed by the Underground Man.

The climax of this thought comes in *The Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoevsky's last novel, in Ivan's "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." Contrasting Dostoevsky with Wordsworth, the fate of pleasure is thrown into relief. In the pathos or suffering, doubt, and despair, Dostoevsky finds the essence of man's identity. Suffering is the sole cause of consciousness. The underground man refuses to give in to pleasure because he does not want to assent to the "conditioned state of man" who lives under such a principle. Prof. Trilling borrows a phrase from Prof. Wallace Fowlie's book on Rimbaud and refers to the "specious good" which Prof. Fowlie (another recent Notre Dame visitor) says the poet or literary figure must destroy as the saint must destroy evil. This "specious good" Prof. Trilling explains is the habit, manners, and values of the bourgeois world which hamper the individual in his quest for spiritual freedom.

In speaking of the modern rejection of the pleasure-principle, Prof. Trilling points out that it is nearly impossible to repudiate all pleasure, especially in our life of today. Though the word *pleasure-principle* and its opposite *unpleasure* are borrowed from Freud, they are not used by Prof. Trilling in the same sense as they are by Freud when he says, "It seems that our entire psychical activity is bent upon *procuring pleasure* and *avoiding pain*, that it is *automatically regulated by the Pleasure Principle*." Recalling Wordsworth's and Keats' association of pleasure with knowledge, curiously enough Freud reaches the antithetical conclusion: "We may only venture to say

that pleasure *in some way* connected with lessening, lowering, or extinguishing the amount of stimulation present in the mental apparatus; and that pain involves a heightening of the latter." Further, Prof. Trilling means pleasure in its ordinary, low, vulgar, and creaturely sense when he speaks of the principle of pleasure.

He suggests that modern man should not continue in this principle of unpleasure, but return to a principle of pleasure. To state this in other words: The diminished state of the pleasure-principle should be revitalized or more resistance should be offered to the principle of unpleasure. This interaction between the two principles Prof. Trilling calls a dialectic even after considering that this word often is used as an intellectual escape hatch. Thus the breach between politics and art, though not deplorable in itself, could be conceivably removed.

Besides suggesting a good subject for some future novelist, Mr. Trilling's avowed purpose in this lecture is to start a theory which has been in a contingent state of thought toward establishment. He has generally maintained an objective and historical point of view, though not always.

The full implication of this thesis, which is based on the fate of pleasure from Wordsworth to Dostoevsky, can only be imagined. Perhaps ancient history affords an example in the rivalry of Athens and Sparta where opposing concepts of life and pleasure led to contrasting states of civilization and art. In medieval literature one may consider the *Clerk's Tale* of Chaucer as an example of an examination of the working of pleasure and pain and their relation to individual freedom. In modern literature a novel like *Lord of the Flies* is concerned with pleasure, pain, and fear and their moral significance, especially with regard to evil. The modern cinema is exploring similar themes. Finally, "with a view to life and literature," (to use the word of Prof. Fitzsimons' introduction) everyone can feel in himself after experiencing simple pleasure or comfort in a state of mental or physical exhaustion that ambivalence of feeling in the human animal.

Nuclear Weapons

A Discussion Continued

by Thomas Cassidy

THERE IS A NEW FACT which makes most of what we do today ridiculous, and which demands that we rest and consider it: Man is prepared to demolish himself. Technology seems to have escaped his control; the created is ready to destroy its creator. We yearn for world-unity, but at the same time we are moving with greatest speed toward absolute disunity in destruction. We are nearing the historical position, according to C. P. Snow, where "nuclear holocaust becomes a statistical certainty."

About this, some intelligent men are seriously optimistic. As each more terrible weapon is developed, they still go on arguing that we must build an ever-stronger "defense," using the latest nuclear weapons as a "deterrent force." They claim that our present arrangement of world nuclear power will not necessarily bring about total destruction, and even that "nuclear preparedness" will prevent a future war.

However, I feel that it is exactly this argument that has brought us to the edge of "nuclear holocaust" — that this sort of simple optimism is the dangerous thing. Technology has moved so quickly, and is moving so quickly now, that theories of defense and arms-use can no longer be based on the weapons in existence at the moment, but must attempt reading the future. If "nuclear holocaust" is to be prevented, much thought must be given to the movements of technology. We are guilty today of such a worship of technology that questioning the fitness of any invention is taken to be blasphemous. But unless it is stopped, this devil worship will result in the death and damnation of us all.

Technology, so wonderful in other ways, is leading us with wild speed toward the "discovery" of the "ultimate weapon." Creative intelligence has been moving through history as naturally toward the development of a final weapon as toward the develop-

ment of the greatest contemporary works of fine art. In a lecture delivered at The Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Laboratory in 1959, it was shown that:

Right now it would be possible to build a "doomsday machine" capable of literally blowing the earth into little pieces, at a cost between fifty and a hundred billion dollars. This machine — the ultimate deterrent — would be set to go off automatically in the event of an enemy attack. It will become even cheaper to make such machines, and small nations will have a particular incentive for building them, because this would enable them to blackmail larger nations.

Of course a "doomsday machine" at first seems ridiculous. But, sadly, it is probable. To see the probability, all that need be done is to carry the implications of the history of weapons to their conclusion: Possibly such a machine will exist in a year. . . . Possibly it exists somewhere right now.

Our present defense policy, based mainly on the principle of deterrent force, will lead logically and quickly to the "defensive" installation of the "doomsday machine." If even one country were armed with such a weapon, the danger would be unbelievable. And if many countries were so armed, the minimum requirement needed for the continued existence of the globe would be a perfectly harmonious world government. An impossibly perfect world political order would be the absolute need; unless philosophers were to "become kings in their countries," the world would quickly be "blown into little pieces."

Even if such perfection were possible, the most grandiose humanism still would admit that men are quite liable to make mistakes. A dangerous psychological tension has been shown to be the result of our present state of "nuclear preparedness": this tension will increase. The possibility of an accident touching off devastation is already feared: this possibility will

increase. And there will always exist in political leaders a tendency to make idiotic moves. Our condition right now is called "nuclear peace," but the term itself, "nuclear peace," shows that such a condition built on terrible tension cannot last for long. Man's psychological make-up cannot long contain such added strain. For example, during last fall's Cuban crisis we heard individuals mumbling, "Why don't they just get it over with?" Underneath is a strange pride that man now has power to destroy all creation.

Political thinkers have tried to understand how we have come to this dead end. Every negative modern trend seems to have aimed right toward it: Individualism, division, loss of moral agreement, brutality, increasing general ugliness and gracelessness. In the wars of the nineteenth century men began to lose control of their weapons and of their killing urge. Warfare became totally antihuman. World War I: Ten million killed. World War II: Obliteration bombing of Frankfurt, Coventry, Dresden, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki. Individuals compartmentalized themselves to avoid moral responsibility, as in the development of the first atom bomb:

Barely a dozen of the total number of some 150,000 persons eventually employed on the "Manhattan Project" were allowed an over-all view of the plan as a whole. In fact, only a small number of the staff knew that they were working on the bomb at all. (Robert Jungk, Brighter Than a Thousand Suns.)

There is seldom time available to reflect on the implications of actions. For instance, Winston Churchill remembers that at the Potsdam Conference "there was never a moment's discussion as to whether the atomic bomb should be used or not. . . . There was unanimous, automatic, unquestioned agreement." Our present situation is the result of many small

and isolated acts of many small and isolated persons.

Men have become accustomed to hideous methods of war. Laymen, priests, theologians, bishops, popes, those who should have been screaming against these terrors, have chosen to support them, to ignore them, or to issue a few quiet statements against them. "A vague, fluid, confused, and unprincipled opportunism substitutes for religion." (Thomas Merton) Weak gestures are made: "National Pray-For-Peace Day." And Christian thinkers still waste their time doing what Thomas Merton called "juggling with moral cliches," considering "The Justice of Nuclear War," when the word "war" has nearly lost all meaning, and when justice will be impossible.

And simple pragmatism can obviously not be forever successful. Dependence on "statesmen" has brought us into this most dangerous position. We need a political method which cannot fail, or else we need to remove the unnecessary dangers. But "disarmament" seems almost as frightening as the danger itself. Thus so many give up hope, having seen only two alternatives: "Red" or Dead.

We often hear that individual democratic responsibility must be accepted. But if the individual considers the problem, he quickly comes to feel powerless in relation to it, because he cannot picture a solution. So he determines to dismiss the problem, classifying it under "Death In General" — about which he always tries not to think. Some men will live trusting that "the President will take care of us," believing till the last day in the possibility of effective "civil defense," in the impossibility of mankind destroying itself, and in the necessarily eternal quality of the earth. Others plot dream-solutions to the problem, such as the transplanting of half the human race to a clean and uncomplicated new planet. Others retire into bomb shelters, or into the more absurd bomb shelter of private, selfish piety. And many are simply waiting for death "with a sneaking happiness." (Jean Genet, *The Blacks*.) Many secretly feel, in the words quoted of Hannah Arendt, that "it is all futile, that we are at the mercy of uncontrollable forces, that we must prepare to be the burnt offering in history's last holocaust."

But such surrender is inhuman. It contradicts all the greatest of the human strengths. It denies the heroic. Instead, the problem should be considered as a test — a test toward which all history seems to have been directed — the most terrible test that humanity has undergone. It must be

seen as a great trial of the centrally important Western ideal: that man can become free by means of rational political action.

I could attempt no total solution; but there are several minor actions which certainly must be begun. First, the word "disarmament" must be dropped from use in this matter. It is too frightening, and tends to immediately close the minds of most men. Two issues must be completely separated: (1) "disarmament," (2) prevention of further weapon enlargement. The first is less important, and probably impossible. But the second is absolutely necessary, and I hope possible. Too often both of these have been confused under the single term "disarmament," tending to make them sound equally impossible.

The absolute necessity is that man not give himself even more dangerous toys than he already has. For a while, let him keep his old toys; do not talk of "disarmament." No man wants to feel unprotected. While he plays with the old toys, while we pray that he won't hurt himself with those, try somehow to invent a system of safeguards that will divert his interest and in fact prevent him from discovering the "doomsday" toy. The "doomsday machine" does not yet, (as far as is known), exist. And it must not be allowed to come into existence.

We know the problems involved in attempting to set up inspections systems in other countries. These must be solved. Somehow the world must become open, so that technological

work will easily and automatically become a public matter.

But the center of the problem is whether man can control the new technology, whether the further "sophistication" of weapons can be stopped, whether the diabolic future of technology is inevitable or only apparently inevitable.

Some will immediately object that such "control" is contrary to the nature of science, since the freedom of science is so important in the modern history of the West. But on what grounds can weapon technology claim this right to freedom? Can it call itself "Science"? "Science" deserves to be called science, deserves protection and freedom, only when it exists for the sake of genuine freedom.

"Control" is not too frightening a word, at least not as frightening as "holocaust." And it is well known that every technologist, no matter how free he claims to be, already works under a variety of controls — psychological, spiritual, cultural, economical — *i.e.*, political controls. All that is needed is an adjustment of these controls. In other words, the technologist works in order to fulfill a demand. In this country and century that demand has been, no matter what we pretend to teach, for big, then bigger, then bigger weapons. The demand must be removed.

But first there must take place a great change in the attitude of United States citizens and government. The movement to prevent further enlargement of weapons must become a pow-

(Continued on page 34)



MOVIES

The Sky Above, The Mud Below

DOCUMENTARIES HAVE BEEN appearing in movie theaters as trailers for some time, in one or another form, and have come to suggest a kind of interlude of somewhat dull entertainment. What makes *The Sky Above — The Mud Below* especially interesting, which is to say unique, is its quasi-dramatic focus. The exploration of one of the thoroughly primitive areas of the world, Dutch New Guinea, proved, from the dramatic point of view, to be material for an exciting story. This story, as narrated by William Peacock (assuming the viewpoint of Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, the leader of the expedition), became a structure not dissimilar from that of a work of art. Of course, the movie is a work of art in any usual sense, but its pretension to factualness makes one interpret it in the same way as home movies are interpreted, that is, as a "documentary." It seems that distinction making often turns into mere playing with words, but the artifice of *The Sky Above — The Mud Below* obtains for the movie an essential uniqueness that is not to be eschewed by calling it a documentary.

The humor of an expedition into the land of the head-hunters is not hurried over by the narration. The narrator does take himself seriously, even "poetically" seriously, but the seriousness, and certainly the poetry, is tainted with irony. An irony must present itself, of course, in terms of contrast, and here there is surely a sharp contrast — between the matter-of-fact fear in the narrator's voice and the picture of native head-hunters with skulls hanging from their necks. If there is something somber about a young native becoming a man by appropriating the head of an enemy, there is also something quite humorous; and this sort of humor, relying as it does on the presence of a twentieth-century audience, is kept possible by the narrator constantly reminding the audience that such customs are foreign to the ethical system of modern society.

Several what might be called traditional themes are imposed on the con-

tent of the movie by the use of photography and music, as well as by their iteration. The profound notion that the expeditioners endured a kind of purgation in facing the wild and finally returned to the origin of man, in a sort of antiepic borrowed from Jungian psychology, was patent. And this origin, the primitive state, was transmuted in the course of the movie into something quite intriguing: the spirit, *Geist*, of "modern man" was equated with the spirit of the primitive — the belief in the supernatural, the emphasis on manhood, the desire for community being the same in both.

Nothing could be more unexpected than the representation of the startling intelligence of the primitive mind. Of course, this intelligence had to be demonstrated in order to show the basic similarity among all men. The intelligence came through mostly in the photography of the rituals and inventions of the tribes. The exacting symbolism of the Rebirth Ritual, in which adult natives of one tribe are reborn, as a token of peace, into another tribe. The ritual calls for a sort of forgetfulness on the part of the participants that must perplex the viewer, for none of the "reborn" natives remember their former world. The psychological demands of this rite are certainly ponderous, calling for a virtually essential change in the "reborn natives," or more exactly, calling for a denial of one whole world and way of being in that world in favor of another distinct if not altogether different one.

Just about the time that the Rebirth Ritual is presented a parallel circumstance seems to take hold of the expeditioners. The going gets more than rough; disease, insects, hunger, and pain plague them. Almost as though the ritual anticipated a rebirth of the expeditioners, they take flight or must end their journey, until only two are left to become "reborn," to arrive at the sea. Presumably, even if this parallelism was intended it was not meant to be overemphasized; but the fact that a structure can be seen lends the movie a unity beyond its simple content.

There are really two types of com-

munity adumbrated by the movie, the adventurers' and the natives'. But the former is so de-emphasized as to cause the movie to prescind from any idea of any form of twentieth-century community, leaving the perfectly ordered community of the head-hunters, in which the strange disinterest in sense experience and the ritualistic communal interest in the spiritual are seen as practically ideal conditions, *a la* Huxley, for civilization. The sensual merges with the spiritual, is spiritualized by it much as water merges with alcohol.

The movie is simply beautiful, inexplicable too, because it is so directly concerned with people, and thoroughly interesting. It conjures up stimulating ideas through a presentation that manages never to be bizarre and rarely melodramatic. The photography, needless to say, is expert, and the narration, while sometimes caught in its effort to be really real, seems always sincere. The entertainment is far greater than one would assume before seeing it. Thought, good sense, and good technique come together in the best way.

No Place Like Homicide

PLAYING WITH *The Sky Above — The Mud Below* at the Avon, *No Place Like Homicide!* after the first thirty minutes, managed to be horribly funny. The grotesquerie of the mansion with many secret passageways has very often been used as a device for horror and suspense, but rarely does a movie manage to create humor by the device, especially when the obsession of the movie is murder.

There is one beautiful girl, Shirley Eaton, and an Abbot and Costello pair, Sidney James and Ken Connor, plus a variety of weird people, most of whom are killed by the mystery murderer who goes about his passageways blowing poison darts at people through holes in portraits, etc.

Based on Frank King's book, *The Ghoul*, the movie takes advantage of the possibilities of farce drama to create a foreign sense of values and a melodramatic force field whose ultimate resolution brings the central characters back precisely to the starting point. The comic hero doesn't deserve, and doesn't win, the young lady in question, and all that has been done by the end of the picture has meaning only insofar as the viewer wants to remember it as a thoroughly funny picture. It is a typical British comedy about atypical circumstances.

— JAMES DEVLIN

The Scholastic

Bengal Finals Tonight

"The boys who keep punching from bell to bell can show you what boxing is like at its honest best. They have never lost sight of the fact that boxing, for all its seamy, nether side, is a great, basic, and undeniable competitive sport."

—Budd Schulberg

Sports Illustrated, April 4, 1955

A great, basic, and undeniable competitive sport—and an entertaining one. Budd Schulberg, I'm sure, couldn't have enjoyed himself more at the 1955 Bengal Bouts than the crowd which cheered, stamped, yelled—and occasionally booed a decision—Wednesday night at the semifinals of the 1963 Bouts.

The ten fights on tonight's final card will, if the semifinal bouts were any indication, be among the most exciting in the Bengals' 32-year history.

Bill Sanneman and Denny Keefe will answer the bell in the opener, for the 130-pound title. Sanneman, a senior who was runner-up last year, showed the results of experience in winning his first two matches: the ability to slip and parry punches well, good combinations, the knack of waiting for his opening. Keefe, only a sophomore, is quick and has a good jab; but he carries his left hand too low, and too often leads with a hook rather than a jab. Sanneman should win it on experience.

The 139-pound championship will be one of the card's best. Defending champion Sammy Van Ness showed a devastating jab, a good jab-hook combination, and a heavy punch in

scoring a TKO over Bill Tucker. The challenger, Nigerian sophomore Tom Echewa—who never boxed before February—is cat-quick, throws flurries of punches when he gets an opening, and picks off opponents' punches well from a "peek-a-boo" defense reminiscent of Floyd Patterson's. A real battle, but Van Ness is too strong and too experienced.

Two wild-swinging, aggressive fighters—John McDonald and Ed Hagen—will slug it out for the 147-pound crown. McDonald, who likes to jab and move inside, has the edge in strength.

At 155 pounds, Bill Meeker and Tom Hynes contest the title. Both are good boxers, but Hynes has an edge in experience and reach. His jab should keep Meeker off balance, making him vulnerable to Hynes's good right hook.

Classic boxer Tim Reardon meets bullish Ted Valenti in a clash of completely opposite styles that will decide the 160-pound championship. Reardon, winner of the Outstanding Boxer award for the past two years and in quest of his fourth title, has everything: strength, speed, defense, combinations. Valenti is strong and gutsy, likes to fight inside and body punch, but just can't match Reardon—one of Notre Dame's great fighters.

Defending 167-pound champion Jerry Houlihan should get a strong challenge from freshman Jude Lenahan, but his counterpunching and flurries will be too much.

Timmy Brennan, loser to Reardon in the semifinals, will get another chance, fighting Jim O'Rourke for the

170-pound crown. Brennan, if he even approaches the form he showed in the Reardon fight, is the better boxer.

Jack DeMarco, who has a good jab, is quick for a big man, and knows how to duck a punch, should lick defending champ Dan Manion for the 177-pound title. Manion has a good punch, but can't use his right hand.

Tony Carey, a vicious body puncher, ought to take the 187-pound title from Bob Moylan. Moylan has guts and a good jab, but will be in trouble if Carey gets inside.

A pair of giants trade bombs in the windup: 250-pounder John Slafkosky—last year's runner-up, and Jack Anton, who scales a mere 225. Slafkosky is bigger and stronger; Anton is meaner. I'll take Anton.

Then again, anything can happen in the Bengal Bouts.

—Terry Wolkerstorfer

Tonight's Card

130 pounds

Bill Sanneman, Floral Park, N.Y.

vs.

Denny Keefe, West Roxbury, Mass.

139 pounds

Sam Van Ness, Texas City, Texas

vs.

Tom Echewa, Nigeria

147 pounds

John McDonald, Braintree, Mass.

vs.

Ed Hagen, Chicago, Ill.

155 pounds

Bill Meeker, Arcadia, Calif.

vs.

Tom Hynes, Farmington, N.M.

160 pounds

Tim Reardon, San Francisco, Calif.

vs.

Ted Valenti, Troy, N.Y.

167 pounds

Jerry Houlihan, Cortland, N.Y.

vs.

Jude Lenahan, Nashville, Tenn.

170 pounds

Tim Brennan, Freeport, Illinois

vs.

Jim O'Rourke, Rock Hill, Mo.

177 pounds

Jack DeMarco, W. Palm Beach, Fla.

vs.

Dan Manion, South Bend, Ind.

187 pounds

Bob Moylan, Scranton, Pa

vs.

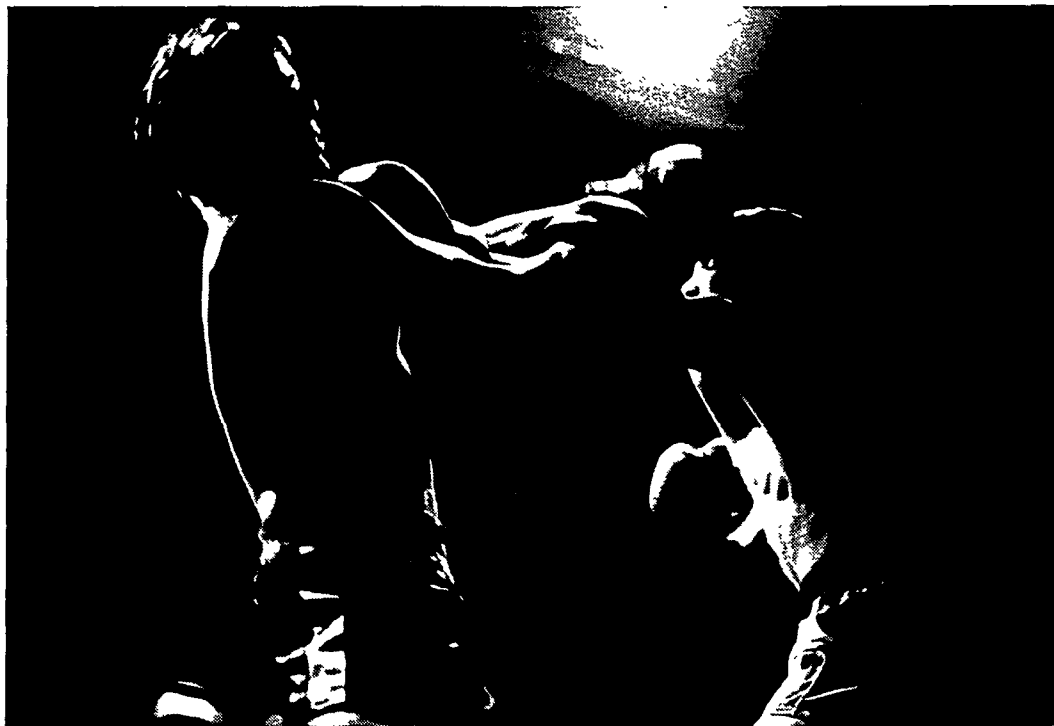
Tony Carey, Hinsdale, Ill.

Heavyweight

Jack Anton, St. Louis, Mo.

vs.

John Slafkosky, Bethlehem, Pa.



Kuharich:

The Nicer Guys Sometimes Lose

by John Bechtold

"A MONTH AGO, THE ODDS were 100 million to one against it," explained a relaxed Joe Kuharich of his decision to retire from coaching to accept a top administrative post in the National Football League.

This surprise move flooded the country's newspapers with speculation as to the reasons he left Notre Dame and analyses of his four turbulent years as Irish coach. As a constant critic of Kuharich during the past two years, I am compelled to comment on the action and its consequences.

It must be stated at the outset that the decision to quit Notre Dame and coaching was Kuharich's, regardless of opinions to the contrary. While both the coaching staff and the Administration have been under almost constant pressure from various areas recently, Kuharich was not "pushed" — as implied by the *Chicago Daily News*. These "inside facts" lose their validity if for no other reason than the timing. Coaches are not "pressured out" in the middle of March for this makes the hiring of a top-flight college coach almost impossible — witness the current makeshift solution.

A chance meeting with NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle prompted the action. In New York seeking recruits for next year's freshman squad,

Kuharich attended a track meet with Rozelle on February 22. At that time, Rozelle offered a far from enthusiastic Kuharich the job. However, after much thought with his family, Kuharich decided to accept the offer from his former publicity director at the University of San Francisco.

I feel any analysis of Kuharich's tenure at Notre Dame must be based on one inescapable fact: Joe Kuharich is a pro, both as a football coach and a man. He is returning to the environment in which he attained his greatest success — as coach of the Washington Redskins.

The major criticism I have always had of Kuharich was that he was a professional-oriented coach trying to impose his resulting philosophy on a group of collegians driven by different motivations.

As I commented over a year ago, "Kuharich is a pro coach who teaches pro football. Unfortunately, Notre Dame isn't and never hopes to be a pro team. Coaching a pro team and a college team are two different jobs. To have vast knowledge of the pro game does not insure success on the college gridiron. Until the type of football taught fits the given situation, all that can result is frustration."

Professional players realize that football is their livelihood and, there-

fore, devote their entire energies to it. Immature college sophomores cannot be expected to have reached this stage of responsibility as yet. However, Kuharich's methods were not changed radically when he entered the college ranks.

Therefore, the coach and his players were viewing the game from different planes: "Kuharich has not been able to establish means of communication with the team."

In this past season's *Football Review*, I mentioned that "Kuharich, being a professional, treats the team as a group of individuals whose dedication to the game is all-encompassing or professional. Therefore, the biggest single asset of Notre Dame is ignored in the internal development of the club: its unique spirit."

While I feel that the main reason Kuharich did not achieve the success predicted by many was his professional nature, any criticism of him must end with the results seen on Saturday afternoons. For as a man, he had many traits that more than cancelled out his apparent flaws as a *college* coach.

To put it simply, Kuharich had class. He never offered excuses for the team's poor showings, although many could be suggested. In his four years, he was handicapped by injuries, academic problems, and player



cliques, yet he never used any of these to analyze a dismal performance.

He also never blamed and criticized his individual players. Many times a dropped pass, a fumble, or careless rule infraction was the immediate cause of an Irish defeat. In postgame press gatherings, he always answered that "the best can drop 'em" or "I didn't see who made the clip." Kuharich always ducked questions pertaining to the sub-par performance of a certain individual, but was usually quite complimentary concerning an outstanding performance by an individual Irish player. The other team was "great" or "played flawlessly" and never were "just damn lucky to win." A great back's five touchdowns against Notre Dame in the past two seasons was the result of an "unbelievable performance" rather than caused by a team that was tired or had folded.

Kuharich never criticized, or "bitched" at, the quality of officiating in his tenure, although many examples of poor quality were apparent. The schedule was usually "very tough" but never impossible. While other coaches are being accused of underhanded methods, Kuharich remained above suspicion.

Therefore, Kuharich leaves with the worst record of any coach in the long history of Notre Dame. However, it isn't because he is a poor coach or, the commonly heard statement, that he is a victim of a system based on de-emphasizing. Kuharich was not a great success at Notre Dame because he failed to adjust his professional conception of the game to the college level.

Where does Notre Dame football go from here? Next year will not be the beginning of a new era in Irish football, but merely a transition period. As Father Joyce observed, "Football is a young man's game." Therefore, it is likely that the 52-year old Hugh Devore will be merely an "interim" coach.

I feel that while Notre Dame can never return to the position of domination that it once held, good and winning football teams can be regularly produced under the present system. High academic standards and material benefits at other schools hinder the developing of consistent winning teams. However, if the unique spirit that has separated Notre Dame from other schools is maintained and used as a basis for recruitment and subsequent development, the Irish can again be a national power. The prerequisite of this attainment is the hiring of a proven college coach.



Fencers Keep Winning

Louis Senac, early American fencing master, once remarked: "As a stimulant, a fencing bout is far more effective than the best tonic a physician could prescribe. So if you are the victim of any sort of depressing affliction, try the fencing cure."

Though the validity of Senac's prescription is debatable, fencing's effect on the Notre Dame athletic program is not; it has been an undeniable stimulant.

While Irish football and basketball fortunes have been erratic, Notre Dame fencers have won consistently for nearly a decade. From 1954 to 1961, the Walter Langford era, Irish fencing squads amassed an amazing 106 wins against only 15 losses.

Though they suffered a disastrous (7-8) season last year, the Irish rebounded impressively this season, whipping 14 opponents and suffering only two losses. Among the victims of the Notre Dame swordsmen were Illinois, Ohio State, Wisconsin, and Indiana; the only Irish losses were to Big Ten champion Michigan State and to the Air Force Academy, rated the number one team in the nation.

So proficient have Notre Dame's fencers been this year that the top man in each weapon will be chosen to compete in the NCAA championships at the Air Force Academy, March 30-31.

Coach Mike DeCicco, though happy over his team's success, is reluctant

to predict success in the tournament. "Considering last year's record, I think all the boys have done amazingly well. But team success in the NCAA will be tough. There'll be 35 schools competing, and we'll be up against the likes of Air Force, NYU, Columbia, and Navy — the nation's best fencing squads."

DeCicco, a mechanical engineering professor by trade, and his staff of assistants — all graduate students who did their fencing at Notre Dame — have done a remarkable job. They must teach almost all team members the very rudiments of the sport, and fencing demands extreme quickness and physical-mental coordination that can be acquired only with time.

Even more important, the Notre Dame fencing team has a unique spirit and tremendous dedication; its physical conditioning routine borders on the fanatical.

Only three men will represent Notre Dame in the national championships: ace foiler Tom Dwyer, who may compete despite a fractured left elbow; sabreman Ralph DeMatteis; and either Dick Marks or Steve Dreher in the épée. But the entire team — including starters John Wagner, Jack Joyce, Tom Longeway, Sam Crimone, Mike Connor, and John Ricci — deserves credit for preservation of the Langford tradition, the winning tradition.

— Gary Sabatte

(Continued from page 11)

the amphitheater of the Student Center.

Talking to a very heavily Republican audience, he concentrated chiefly on the practical politics of his position rather than the theoretical background of the party and spoke more about what is in fact likely to be advocated and accomplished on various current issues than about what he personally thought was advisable. Topics of discussion included Cuba, aid-to-education measures, religion in politics (he thinks that bloc voting is not a thing of the past but that it will never again have the importance it had in both directions in 1960), Nixon's future (Morton still believes he has one), and tax programs.

Generally what seems most notable about Sen. Morton was not his position, which can best be described as moderately moderate, but his attitude — to which the same description applies. He is clearly a good, hard-driving politician, anxious to garner votes, financial support, policy agreement, and a climate of harmony and vigor for the Republicans. Ideology is strictly secondary in his thinking as he presented it to the practical problems of organization im-

plied by the objectives listed above. But in no sense is his mind a crude map of the contemporary power structure; his views look thoughtful, well-reasoned, and held with conviction. His audience was responsive to his attitude and appreciative of his views but mostly interested in issues so local as to have little general interest ("our strength seems to be growing faster in Detroit than in country sections of Michigan, which isn't the typical Republican pattern. Do you know why?") or so general as nearly to defy definition ("Should we apply a general embargo to Cuba?")

• Our St. Mary's reporter has sent along the following information.

The Orchestra San Pietro of Naples will present a program at 8:00 tonight in O'Laughlin Auditorium. Student admission is \$2.00.

Tomorrow at 1:30, students from Lutheran Valparaiso University will come to St. Mary's for a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine-sponsored discussion on authority in the Church (the main point of difference between Catholics and Protestants). The discussion, as well as a dry Mass to be performed for the Lutherans, is open to the public.

Last Friday night, as a commemoration of St. Patrick's Day and a means

of preserving the idea of Friendly Week, some students painted huge green shamrocks and an ND emblem on St. Mary's water tower. The decorations were dedicated to Fr. Sorin, Sister Basil Anthony, and Mrs. Randall, the "receptionist" in Holy Cross Hall.

• The annual YCS Leo XIII Lectures open on Thursday, March 28. Mr. James M. Lee of the Education Department who will treat of the practical application of the personal apostolate in the student's life. Time spent working with Dorothy Day gives him a concrete background from which to speak. On April 2, Father Augustine Leonard, O.P., who has recently come to our campus from Europe, will treat of theology in the personal student life. In the past years, Father John C. Dunne, Professors O'Malley and Goerner have spoken well on topics of importance to aware students of today; this year's speakers will continue in this tradition. Both talks will begin at 7:30 in the Student Center Amphitheater.

• "Pray for the beatification of Blessed Oliver Plunkett," read the signs carried by the crowd of ND and SMC students marching behind the Notre Dame band in Chicago's St. Patrick's Day Parade. They waved back to the kind old ladies lining the street, and marched on past the Chicago river dyed green for the occasion.

After the parade ended, the crowd broke up, but many of them assembled again in the parties in the Pick-Congress. There they did much to ruin any good relations they had with the hotel. Among other things, a television set and venetian blinds were thrown out of a window, and many of the fire extinguishers in one wing were made inoperable. Soon the bus station might be the only place left for students on St. Pat's, or for that matter, any week end.

• The Science Open House will be held this Saturday and Sunday, March 23-4, from 1 to 5 p.m. Displays set up by the Science Department and those participating in the high-school science fair will illustrate several aspects of science. Dr. Rice of the Chemistry Dept. will lecture in 127 NSH Sunday at 4 p.m. on "Jupiter, Venus, and Mars" as part of the program. At that time, awards will be presented by Dean Rossini.

• The University Theater has received its third major presentation of the production rights to Eugene O'Neill's monumental *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. Acclaimed as



O'Neill's most autobiographical work, a play "of old sorrow, written in tears and blood," it remains a courageous act of forgiveness, pity and understanding on the part of its author to his own family.

Featured in the University's cast are Angela Schreiber as Mary Tyrone, James Cooney as her husband James, Hank Whittemore as their son Jamie, Richard Kavanaugh as his younger brother Edmund, and Gloria Whittemore as the maid Cathleen.

It is important to note that the production will run *one* week only, beginning Wednesday, March 27th and continuing nightly through Sunday the 31st. Curtain time for the long, uncut show will be promptly at 7:30 p.m., instead of the usual 8:30.

- Adam said Eve was the cause. Eve blamed the Serpent. Nobody ever got a quote from old Nick. But "I say it was the apple," said Mr. William G. Hundley as he led off the Notre Dame Law School Organized Crime Symposium last Saturday morning in the Law Auditorium.

The Crime Symposium featured seven papers by practicing criminal lawyers and criminal law scholars. The papers are to be published in a symposium edition of the *Notre Dame Lawyer* along with an article on organized crime written by Attorney General Robert Kennedy for the *Lawyer*.

Mr. Hundley is Chief of the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, Criminal Division, of the United States Department of Justice. He said that the causes of organized crime, usually divided into gambling and narcotics activities, lie deep in American society. The characteristic cause of organized crime, according to Hundley, is a public demand for the *services* which organized crime provides. First, the American citizen sees little difference between playing the numbers or the stock market; second, there is a growing demand for narcotics because of the personality disorders of young Americans.

American government is divided into state, county, and town or city governments, Hundley went on. State laws are enforced by county or local officials presently. Chief Hundley argues that the organized criminal takes this into consideration and through offers of money and votes, or threats of physical violence, can exploit local business interests, police chiefs, and people so that the local responsibility for enforcing state laws is shirked. Such shirking of responsibility leads to an island of lawlessness within a state.

Chief Hundley recommends that the

states centralize the ultimate responsibility for the enforcement of state laws. He would not replace the local officers but would make it possible to bypass a local official who won't enforce the laws of the state.

Legal action against organized crime is not easily effected, Hundley said. The criminal overlord is insulated from both the public and any illegal operations by many ranks of go-betweens. This insulation of the criminal overlord results in public indifference and ignorance, Hundley stated. The American public must become sophisticated enough to realize that, although making a \$2 or a \$.25 bet is not immoral, it is the chief source of the revenue of organized crime, which has been estimated at as high a total as 20 billion dollars a year.

"We'll get as good a job done as the public wants in fighting organized crime," Chief Hundley said. "So long as any segment of the American public wants to purchase the wares of the criminals we incarcerate, they will be replaced. Organized crime will not disappear until the American people are willing to stand up and be counted against organized crime."

- Registration in the Morris Inn this evening opens the Junior-Parents Week End. High lights of the two-day activity will be the Bengal Bout finals tonight, guided tours of the campus, and the President's dinner on Saturday night. A reception Saturday afternoon in the Student Center will give parents the opportunity to meet some of those nemeses that they hear about but never see. And Saturday afternoon parents will be allowed to eat a genuine dining hall meal in the South Dining Hall.

- Bob Urso, editor of *Brand X*, was recently notified that he was "undesirable" as a resident of Sorin Hall and that his further residence there would be intolerable. Consequently, Urso found himself and his baggage on the sidewalk in front of Sorin.

Brand X, a magazine which is neither funny nor in good taste, would have died its deserved death if there had been no interference. The action of making a DP of its editor can only lend to *Brand X* an undeserved dignity and glamour, and perhaps arouse renewed interest in it and sympathy for its persecuted founders.

DR. R.W. TURBOW
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Beginning March 24, the Notre Dame Foundation will start soliciting funds from the student body to establish a scholarship for a qualified student. With hopes of obtaining \$1000 in this manner and \$500 from the Ford arrangement, the Foundation is planning to make this an annual event, and any over-subscriptions to be placed in a fund to start a permanent scholarship to be awarded when possible.

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Letters

(Continued from page 8)

in support of its obviously selfish position.

Certainly Mr. Kennedy, concerned about his political future, is caught in the middle, committed, wittingly or no, to an increasingly unpopular and untenable position. But even though his judgment may be sound that aid to "Catholic schools" could not pass this year, it does not follow logically that those who insist on aid for all or for none should step aside so that aid to state schools only can be passed—doing more harm to the independent sector than good for the state sector.

It particularly does not follow in view of the speed with which the whole picture is changing. Two years ago SCHOLASTIC-style pessimists were talking in terms of 20 years to effect a change. Now, *they* talk of ten years. I suspect that if there is a real desire for federal aid to education, it will come, in some form, for all children within two or three years.

Since the sector in most dire need at the moment is the independent sector, I suspect state-sponsored elementary and secondary schools can wait that long. If they can't, they can always consent to all children sharing aid and have it any time they make that concession.

Meanwhile, SCHOLASTIC should do a little homework. The confusion, disinterest, and apathy of a generation of students who should be in the forefront of this civil rights fight, in the realization that without a fair share of public education benefits church-related schools and colleges of any quality may not be available to their children, is bad enough. SCHOLASTIC need not encourage it.

William Slavick
Chairman,
South Bend Citizens
for Education Freedom

Dear Editor:

Not only is the SCHOLASTIC this year the best in the past four, but more significantly it is now *good* by any relevant standards.

So long as there are students like you here, with the courage to search out the truth and the ability to present it with eloquence, there will be hope that this University will indeed become great.

Sincerely,
A. G. Hermida

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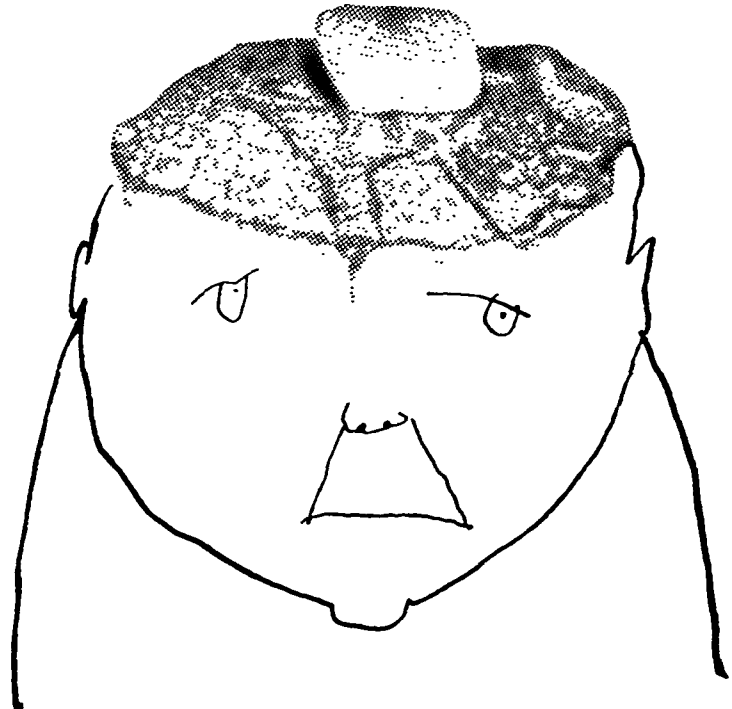
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Applications are now being accepted for the Bookman, the Campus literary discussion club. Letters, giving the student's academic average and describing topics in which he is interested, should be sent to Robert Stepsis, 309 Badin, by March 23rd.

SCOREBOARD

Basketball: John Andreoli led all Notre Dame scorers with 391 points in 25 regular season games and one NCAA tournament tilt; lanky sophomore Walt Sahm scored 372 points and averaged 17 rebounds per game, to finish among the nation's top five boardmen. Final statistics also show that sophomore guard Larry Sheffield, playing only in the first 16 games, averaged over 16 points per game to lead the team in that department.

Fencing: Notre Dame beat Wayne State, 17-10, and whopped Indiana Tech, 20-7, to close the season with a 14-2 record. Coach Mike DeCicco attributes the improvement over last year's 7-8 mark to graduate assistants John Donlon, Mike Bishko, and Ed Barton, saying "they've done wonders with the team."

Track: Notre Dame's shuttle hurdle relay team runs for revenge tomorrow at the Western Michigan Relays. Running without Pete Whitehouse, the Irish lost to the Broncs by only .2 second at the Michigan State Relays in December. Tomorrow Whitehouse gives his injured leg its first real test and, running with John Joe Mulrooney, Jerry O'Connor, and Lou Lucas, should beat Western without much trouble. Captain Carl Ludecke, winner of the shot put at the Chicago Track Club Invitational meet last Saturday, should repeat tomorrow.

Rugby: Bob Mier's Irish rugby team opens its 1963 season at home tomorrow against Indiana. With almost all starters returning from the team which finished 4-5-2 last year (including wins over the St. Louis Bombers, Columbia, and St. Louis University), Notre Dame could develop into a national power. On the schedule this spring are collegiate powers Fordham, Columbia, Army, and Michigan, among others. Game time tomorrow, on the rugby field south of the tennis courts, is 2:30 p.m.

SCORES

Fencing

Notre Dame 17.....Wayne State 10
Notre Dame 20.....Indiana Tech 7

SCHEDULE

Fencing

March 30-31, NCAA Championships
at Colorado Springs, Colorado

Track

March 23, Western Michigan Relays
at Kalamazoo

Rugby

March 23, Indiana at NOTRE DAME,
2:30 p.m.

March 22, 1963

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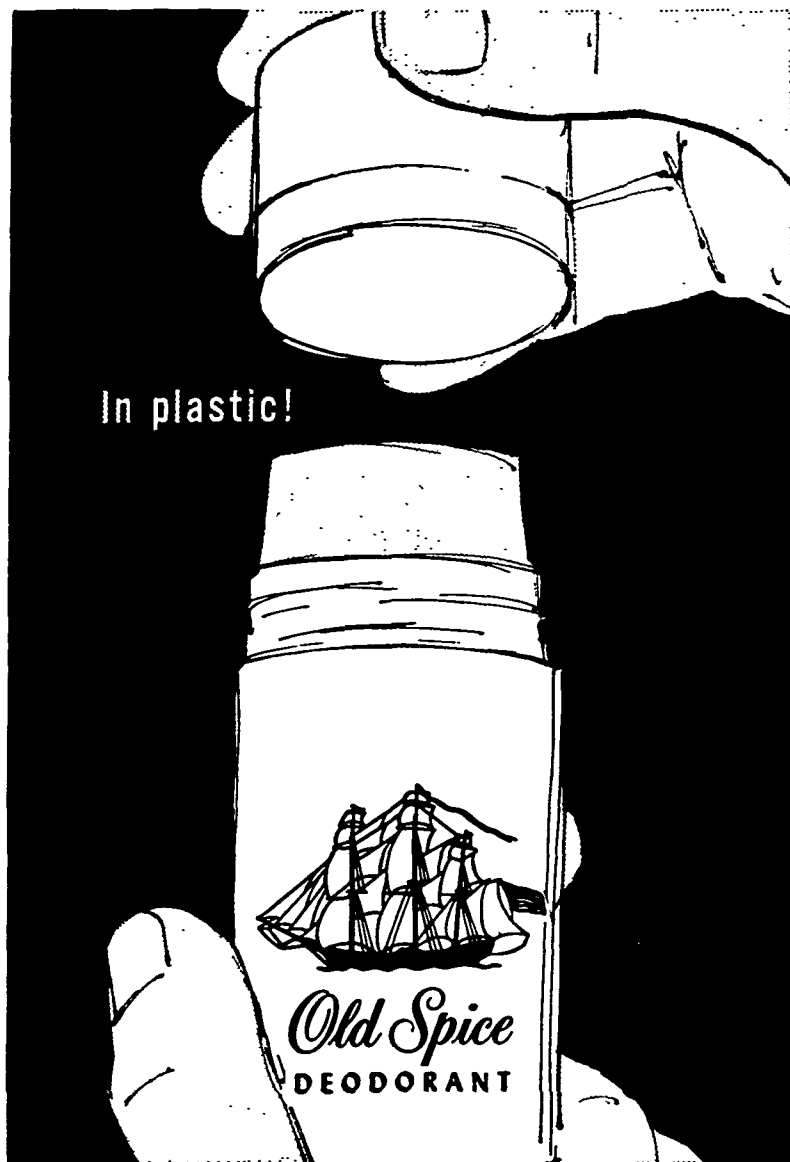
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Let it be known that that black and white creation out front is the product of South Bend's ingenuity, Pat Saxe, and an unknown photographer. For further clarification see the center spread.

Nuclear Weapons

(Continued from page 25)

erful one. Our Federal administrators speak as though they are attempting to solve this problem, but they act so slowly. The fact that our country is committed to such huge weapons-research programs makes the official talk of "disarmament" seem to be little more than propaganda.

Very little effort has been exerted on such considerations; the only authoritative published works are occasional short articles by guilt-ridden scientists writing in their spare time. If humanity's greatest test is in this issue, then there must somewhere be humanist heroes capable of leading us through it, capable of designing a method and system of control to prevent the creation of the "doomsday machine." But we seldom hear from them, I believe, because the demand has been lacking — no one officially requests their help. The power must come through public request. The demand must come through the citizens of the United States, and should ideally come through Congress. We should insist, for a first step, that an amount of next year's U.S. tax money be spent on the prevention of further weapon development at least *equal* to the amount that is spent on the actual development.

Again, the individual citizen must become excited about this in order to fulfill his particular responsibility. We cannot wait any longer for the Federal Administration to decide to "save" us; we must force it to work quickly. But, practically, what can an individual do? Peace demonstrations are often too confused and disunified. "Ban the Bomb" now sounds too vague. However, I think that one slogan, (and maybe slogans are required to counteract slogans), around which the energies and hopes of individuals could collectively crystallize would be *Equal Allotments For Prevention*. Here, I feel, could be a reasonable rallying center for national peace movements.

Somehow, and especially on our campus, each person must become immediately responsible for the future of men; and he must become involved through action. University students are always active, of course; but the issue of peace is of first importance. To it all our energies must be given. Otherwise the "doomsday machine" will simply provide the punch-line, and the following holocaust the exclamation point, for what they will have shown to be the great joke of History.

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