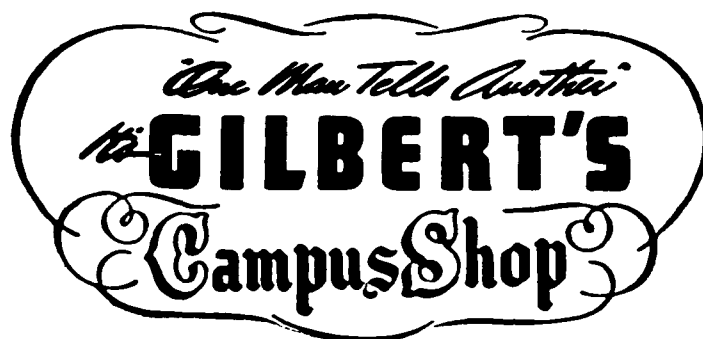


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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Base Over Basics

VOLUMES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN concerning the tragic loss of President Kennedy, both to the nation and to the world. As the *Christian Science Monitor* pointed out last December, one of the most tragic effects of the loss of this man, and all he symbolized, was that the election of 1964 is prevented from offering a mature and thoughtful political dialogue between the liberal and conservative positions. Through such a dialogue, the American people could have registered their approval of the course this country has pursued since the advent of the New Deal, or set in motion a great experiment with a shift in emphasis to a nation based on the conservative ethic of limited government and greater individual and local responsibility.

As the election campaign of 1964 evolves, it has become increasingly obvious that political philosophy has become a secondary issue in the campaign, and

that the decisive issues and considerations of the campaign are to be accusations of irresponsibility, bigotry, racism, warmongering, political hypocrisy, personal dishonesty, guilt by association, extremism, and the like.

These baser issues are tending to obscure what should be a meaningful choice, and are perverting it into a superficial, or at best emotional, choice between two controversial men, Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater. This emphasis makes it increasingly difficult for any intelligent voter to make a choice on the basis of political considerations, but rather forces him to choose between a sometime-conservative liberal ("the biggest faker in the United States") and a careless and impulsive, if sincere, conservative ("the stench of fascism is in the air"). It is a rather sordid choice between a political opportunist and an extreme conservative, rather than the sophisticated political choice it might have been in a Kennedy-Goldwater battle.

Essentially, it is the tone that is wrong this year. For some reason, both parties have lapsed into sometimes hysterical personal attacks on the candidates of the other party, and they are dragging themselves and the American electorate into a quagmire of negativism, charges and countercharges that help nothing, clarify nothing, and hurt all concerned.

This is not to say that the issue of political philosophy does not play a role, as it certainly does in the South, the Northeast, the Midwest and the West, but rather that it has been obscured by less sophisticated and relevant considerations. Thus the confusion which has taken all the flavor out of this election year and left only the husks of labels and hasty judgments. The voter to be pitied is the Northern Negro, laborite, or businessman who sincerely feels that the government is too big, that bureaucracy may lead to socialism, that unbalanced budgets are dangerous, or that more firmness must be shown in dealing with the communists. And what of the Southerner who has benefited by federal help in housing, establishing a small business, or educating his children? These voters dare not state their convictions, because in this election so many are voting emotionally and by blocs, and so few as intelligent individuals. — B. McD.

Mirth or Mold

IT IS THROUGH NO FAULT of our own, but we are the only Catholic campus in the country to have a humor magazine. Though it seems to go without saying that creative talent must be nourished in a university, we have sometimes been sadly lacking in this regard.

Witness the *Leprechaun*. A student, Timothy C. Wright, saw a need for humor on campus and founded the magazine. Mr. Wright has since graduated, and the *Leprechaun* should have, by all rights, disappeared. For the Notre Dame humor magazine is not sanctioned by the University — this means simply that it must operate under an administrative attitude that is less than encouraging to any creative attempt, and still finance its own endeavors. A group of students with somewhat the same ideas as Mr. Wright have continued with the *Leprechaun* since his departure. They, too, have seen the need and have dedi-

cated their creativity to a frustrating and sometimes sporadic product. Even under that discouraging attitude which sometimes seems almost distrustful, the *Leprechaun* has constantly improved. As good as it is now, one cannot help but think of how fine *Leprechaun* could be if it only had some little encouragement!

But there has been no encouragement; yet there is a certain, inevitable amount of control. The *Leprechaun* needs University approval if it is to be sold or distributed on campus. This is the same kind of control that is exercised (rightly enough) on the campus publications which the University *does* sanction. Again, it is not as though the *Leprechaun* has failed to prove itself; the last issue was good enough to be published from any campus in the country.

Whether the humor is of good quality or not, the time when a negative attitude toward creativity and constructive criticism could be regarded as sensible is long past. Our reputation, though, seems to imply opposition to our desired “progressive” image; one of the gentlemen who sold the *Leprechaun* last week reports that a freshman asked him: “Will *they* really let you write this kind of stuff?” Yes, they do. But if *we* are to escape such an uncomfortable reputation, positive action is our most sensible recourse.

And though no one can deny that we have to be dedicated to some very serious goals, this can also be overdone: our prided “image” is proving disconcerting. It is disconcerting for it draws back, horrified at student criticism. The kind of low-brow sarcasm that *Brand-X* manifested does *not* concern us — but tasteful satire is a traditionally valid vehicle for constructive criticism. The administrations of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and Stanford have sanctioned humor magazines, yet their “images” have not been punctured by them.

Dedication to an ideal is one thing, fanaticism another. A sense of humor is one of the more obvious things which determines the difference between dedication and fanaticism. It is an institution that can't see the light side of its own plight that inevitably stales. And if it truly wishes to be great, Notre Dame cannot afford to let a mold form on its own high ideals.

—J. W.

POINT OF ORDER . . .

by Frank Smith

*Idiotic . . . Criminal . . . Useless . . .
Choose one to describe the latest
Student Senate folly.*

ALTHOUGH IT CAN BECOME a bit tiresome to harp on the same issue in a column, it is necessary to drag out for inspection once again the Student Senate's latest absurdity, the Speaker's Policy. The renewal of comment on this question can be fairly easily justified since, outside of the few lonesome readers of this column, it is doubtful that the student body has been informed of this important policy by their "representatives" to the Senate. At any rate, regardless of the fact that no Student Government official bothered to inform his electorate of the issue at hand, the Senate did pass a Speaker's Policy at its meeting on last Monday night. The importance of the policy lies in the fact that it affects *every* organization or person on campus that wishes to invite a man to speak to the Notre Dame student body.

Let us examine in brief the provisions of this policy. Basically, it demands that all persons and organizations wishing to sponsor a lecture open to the student body must submit the speaker's name to a Senate Speaker Chairman appointed by the Student Body President. If the chairman has a question in his mind as to the worthiness of the speaker, he will turn the whole matter over to a Speaker Commission composed of himself, another senator, and the Vice-President in charge of Student Affairs. A simple majority of the Commission is sufficient to allow or prevent a speaker on campus but its decision is subject to be overruled by a majority of the Senate.

In order for any legislation to be beneficial, its provisions must be sound and reasonable, and it must be enforced by a body that is able to see to it that it is carried out in a fair and beneficial way. This policy fails in both respects. Let us first consider the body which will be mainly accountable for enforcing this policy, the Student Senate. It is important to remember that the Senate is supposed to represent the student body and act in its name. If such were the case, the Speaker's Policy might have a touch of reason as it would simply be a statement that the majority of the student body was opposed to a lecturer. But the case is that the men who comprise the Student Senate are notorious for the lack of contact they have with

their electorate as evidenced by the passage of the very policy under discussion. But yet this same body proposes to represent the student body's opinion in an issue arising over the desirability of a campus speaker. There are other objections to the qualifications of the Senate to sit in judgment over a dispute as to a lecturer's worthiness: first, one has to question the political maturity of a body that squabbles for close to an hour and a half over the time its meetings will start and the amount of reports it will have mimeographed. Secondly, it appears that the Senate is very susceptible to "power plays." In the passage of this Speaker's Policy, for example, only one man, Al Valkenaar, spoke out against the legislation even though at least three other members confided to me that they had reservations.

The above demonstrates that there is a serious question as to whether the Student Senate is sufficiently qualified to handle the burden it has taken on. The second qualification for good legislation, sound and reasonable provisions, is also flagrantly attacked by this policy. In the first place, the Senate sets itself up as the only group of students on campus responsible enough to use prudence in inviting

speakers. Secondly, although the Senate spent much of Monday's meeting patting its collective back on the power it was gaining, in reality this body is merely taking over the distasteful task of turning down a request to have a speaker, a heretofore headache of the Administration. The last appeal for speaker approval is now and will *always* be in the hands of the Administration, whose members are after all ultimately responsible for the image and good name of the University. As stated in this column last week, this speaker's policy can only eliminate speakers to which even our own Administration does not object and, as a result, *decrease our academic freedom.*

It was stated in the initial column of this series that it would be written with the conviction that there is no basic difference between the goal of the SCHOLASTIC and that of the Student Government. Both should be ultimately concerned with the welfare of the student body. But it appears that this latest legislation of our politicians is directly contrary to the welfare of the students and, hence, the SCHOLASTIC will continue to take a firm editorial stand opposing this policy and those who go on record as favoring it.

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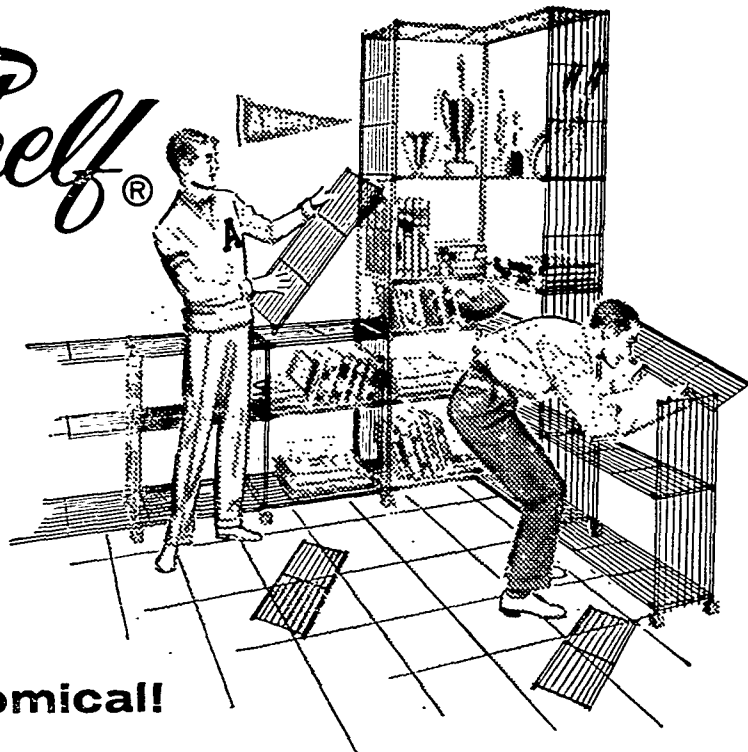
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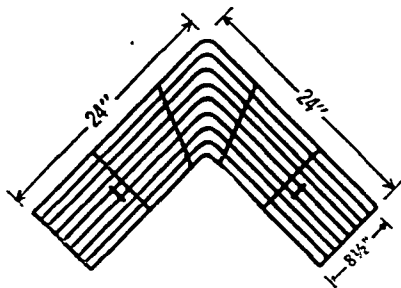
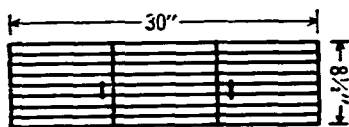
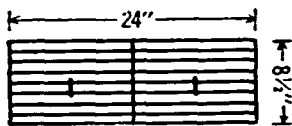
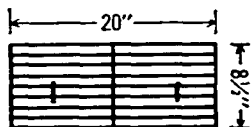
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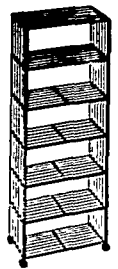
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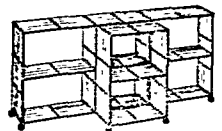
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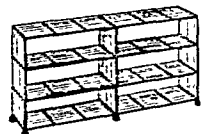
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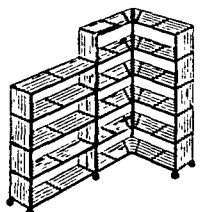
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News and Notes

• **THE REPUBLICAN** vice-presidential nominee, Representative William E. Miller of New York, will be on campus for approximately five hours this Saturday. He is a guest of the University by virtue of an official invitation extended by the President of the University, Father Hesburgh.

Coming from Chicago, Rep. Miller will be arriving at St. Joseph County Airport at 11:30 a.m. At the airport, there will be a reception held by local Republican party leaders. No ranking University officials, however, are scheduled to be present at his arrival. He is presently scheduled to reach campus approximately at noon.

While on campus, the candidate will lunch with University officials at the Morris Inn, be announced to the crowd during the Purdue game, and then cap his stay on campus with a 4:30 informal, "nonpolitical" speech from the steps of Sorin Hall.

According to a member of the campus Young Republican organization, there will also be a social reception Friday night after the pep rally for Congressman Miller's two daughters: Libby, 20; and Mary Karen, 17. The activity will begin at 8:30 p.m. at Robert's Supper Club. The two girls will not attend the game with their father due to a scheduled reception on Saturday in Pittsburgh.

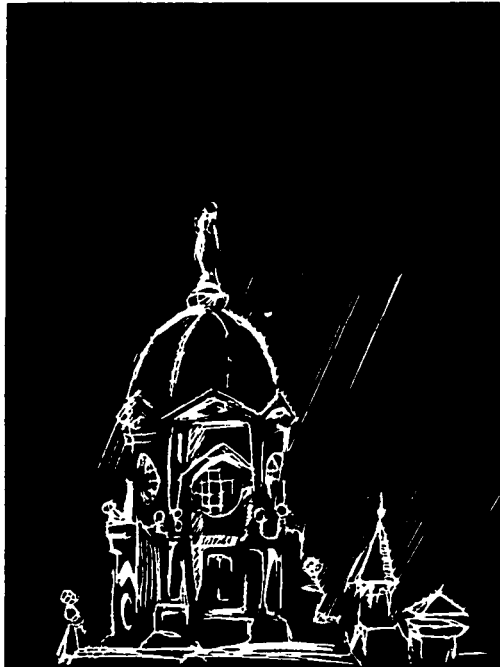
• **ACTIVITIES NIGHT 1964**, sponsored by the Blue Circle, was held Wednesday, September 23, in the Fieldhouse. The class of '68 responded enthusiastically as SMC Student Body President Helen Rieckert invited all new ND men to make themselves known to St. Mary's girls. ND President John Gearen insisted in his welcome to the freshmen that education is not bounded by studies and that Notre Dame students are in danger of "getting bogged down in academics." He suggested an escape from this academic quicksand would be participation in a well-founded campus activity.

The night's program also included presentation of the Orientation Weekend sports trophy to Stanford Hall and the first appearance of the new school year by the golden-toned Notre Dame Glee Club. The official program concluded, the freshmen were loosed in the Fieldhouse to look for that activity which in the future will provide them with many hours of recreational and intellectual construction or, perhaps, lead them down the road to financial and academic destruction.

• **THIS YEAR'S KICKOFF CONCERT** for the '65 Mardi Gras will bring to the campus a man making his first college tour in ten years. He will be accompanied by his own singing group, a new and exciting singer from Greece, and a harmonica and guitar folk duo. That man is Harry Belafonte.

The show at Notre Dame will be the first of the new tour, and as a result, Harry Belafonte's production will be new, his singing aimed at identifying with and capturing his audience. In singing works ranging from West Indies calypsos to American and Israeli folk songs, Mr. Belafonte will be backed up by the Belafonte Singers, a group that has been working with him for the past three years.

Miss Nana Mouskouri is the Greek songstress. New on the musical scene,



she has already pleased audiences in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, as well as in her homeland. The accompanying duo is composed of Sonny Terry, harmonica, and Brownie McGhee, guitar.

Johnny Moye, Publicity Chairman for this year's Mardi Gras, has announced the concert for 7:30 on the night of November 1, at the Stepan Center. There will be two reserved sections of seats, selling at \$4.50 and \$3.50 per seat, respectively. General admission seats will sell for \$3.00.

• **TONIGHT AT 7:30 P.M.** the Notre Dame Fieldhouse once again becomes the site of concentration for the energies, voices, and somewhat loud devotion of the football-minded student body. Suddenly confronted with a team ranked in the top ten by both the major wire services, UPI and

AP, the students will rally around the band at 6:45 as it makes its traditional march across the campus, playing the usual pre-rally musical incitement to action.

Once inside the Fieldhouse, this first of five scheduled rallies to be directed by Frank Gall of the Blue Circle will "formally" begin. Father Joyce will kick off the speaking for the season after the traditional verbal and often physical enthusiasms of the ND cheerleaders and the Rally Chairman. Talks by Coach Ara Parseghian and team captain Jim Carroll are then scheduled to round out the night.

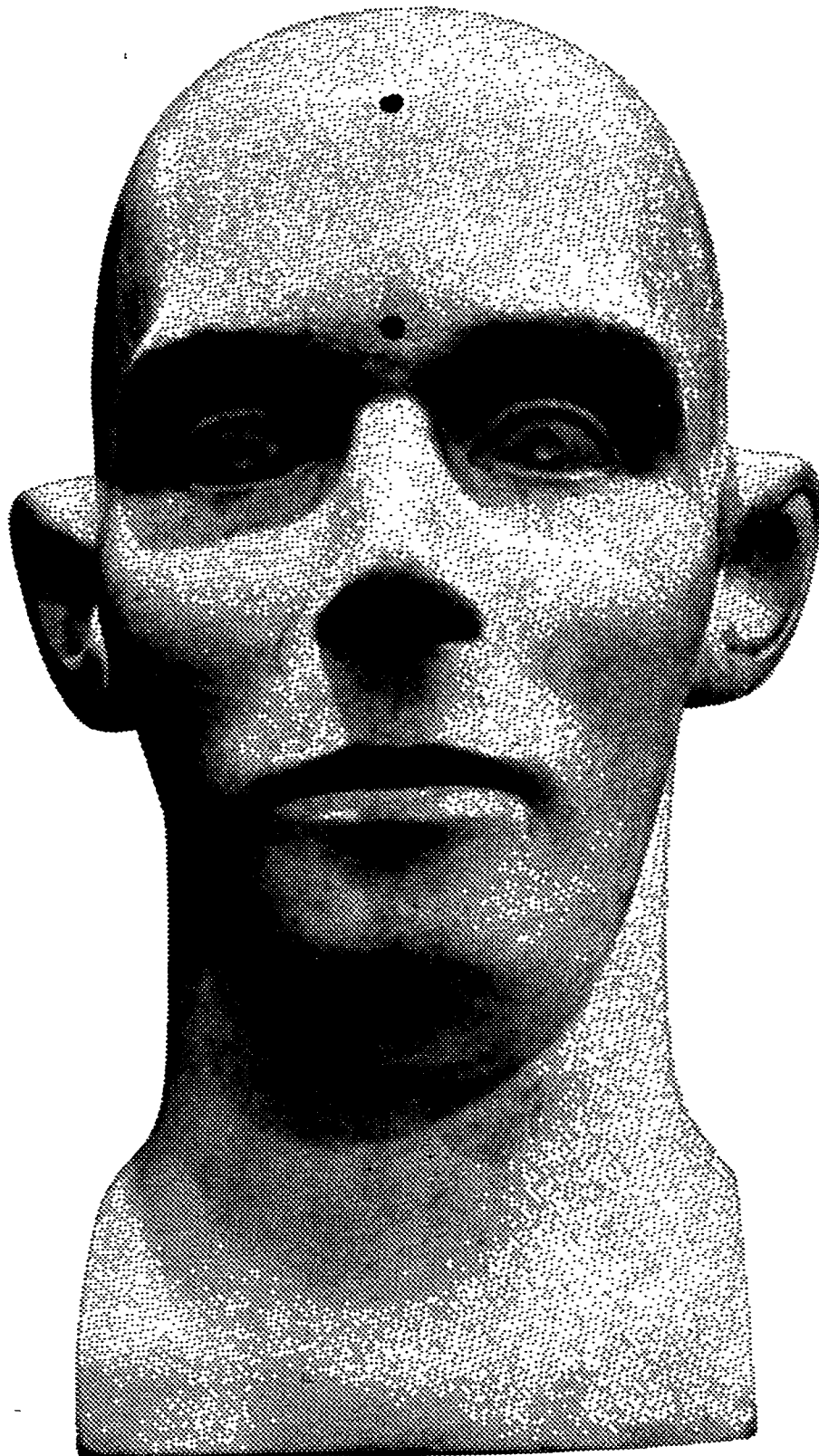
• **THE FORMAL OPENING** of Notre Dame's 123rd academic year was observed Sunday, September 27, with a Solemn High Mass at 11:00 in Sacred Heart Church. Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., President of the University, was the celebrant. The Mass was preceded by a procession of the entire Notre Dame faculty from the Administration Building to Sacred Heart Church, where the sermon was delivered by Father Chester A. Soleta, Vice-President for Academic Affairs.

In his sermon Father Soleta stressed the necessity in these changing times for the renewal of the basic ideals of a university. The individual as well as the university must renew his dedication to knowledge, and must work towards his vocation with this same dedication. He urged that the changes in the world not be overlooked but incorporated into the university and the individual. Father Soleta pointed out the obligation the university has to the world to preserve knowledge and to provide people qualified to meet today's world.

• **MIDNIGHT, OCTOBER 13, 1964**, is the closing deadline for enrollment in the student health insurance plan. Forms can be obtained from Phil Stenger, the Student Insurance Representative, at his office in the LaFortune Student Center.

The policy requires that all treatment for claims must be recommended by a member of the Health Service Staff of the Infirmary to fall within the terms of the policy. Claim forms are available at the Infirmary and the student representative will assist in the proper filing of a claim. All accidents and illnesses should be reported to the Infirmary unless they are an emergency or occur when the student is not in attendance at school.

The plan, besides providing normal hospitalization benefits, will pay up to \$35.00 for medicine if a student is confined to the Notre Dame Infirmary.



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campus at a glance

Quality Catharsis

The past paternalistic policies of the University spawned the traditional Saturday Night Movie at Washington Hall. Designed to eliminate the roaming of students through South Bend streets, the series created a problem of its own. The evolution of the series into a "Saturday Evening Horror Show" was largely due to the usual poor-quality films shown and the august need of Notre Dame's moviegoers to "blow off steam." Three years ago the first problem was solved when the University asked Dr. Costello, Chairman of the Student-Faculty Film Society, to choose the pictures for Washington Hall. The result was the presentation of many first-rate motion pictures at no cost to students, faculty members and their families. Unfortunately, the need to find emotional freedom still manifested itself on the part of the average Notre Dame undergraduate. The University, accordingly, sought to terminate the weekly "animal show" at the end of last year.

The Student-Faculty Film Society was asked to construct a Saturday Night series along the lines of their popular "Cinema" program. Though student reaction has been generally quiet, first-night ticket sales came to five hundred tickets. These tickets can and will be refunded, if neces-

sary, in keeping with the policy of managing Washington Hall as an orderly movie house, and "unruly" students will reportedly be removed by Washington Hall's own roving ushers. Bob Haller, Vice-President of the Film Society, explained that this removal will only be carried out if the individuals are flagrantly distracting those who wish to see the movie. For this reason Haller hopes that only those "who are at least interested in seeing the movie" will attend it. "Others we'll sell tickets to and turn them loose in the stadium at two A.M." The Society is apparently determined to keep order during the movies. Mr. Haller stated that, "if there is any continuous disturbance, we will turn on the lights and kick out fifty guys if we have to. We just want them to act like normal human beings." It is hoped that a more gentlemanly atmosphere will encourage the migration of the fairer sex to the campus and thereby open avenues for meetings which have not been utilized in recent years.

The quality of the movies to be shown is the new program's best drawing card, and the small charge involved is actually very small indeed in comparison to the quality of the entertainment to be had. Last Saturday night marked the first presentation of the new program inaugurated this year at Washington Hall,

and attendance figures show a general awareness of the series' quality. A total of 1,075 students attended the three showings of the first film. Higher quality flicks plus Father Harvey's rehearsal schedule necessitated a reduction in the number of films shown each semester, however. In the school year '62-'63 twenty-six movies were shown, and twenty-four were shown last year. Nine, possibly ten, movies are currently planned by the Society for this semester. In like manner, the quantity of students viewing the pictures will be sacrificed for a "quality" audience and one more tradition dear (more or less) to the hearts of upperclassmen will pass by the way.

ND-SB Cohesion

In two weeks, approximately 250 Notre Dame men, along with a large number of St. Mary's girls, will invade South Bend. But this time South Bend will be ready for them. As a matter of fact, the city of fair weather will welcome them with open arms. For this is not a pre-planned riot, but an organized invasion designed to slow the rate of high-school dropouts.

While South Bend is second only to Sacramento in sending high-school students to college, there still remains a numerically significant dropout problem. The aim of the Neighborhood Study Help Group is to reach these students on the junior-high level and to give them a new interest in education, as well as help in the subjects in which they are having trouble.

The program started last November with twelve very unsure tutors and an equal number of tutees in the basement of the A.M.E. Zion Church on Eddy Street. Through the efforts of ND men Bill O'Brien, Larry Mulligan, and John Schwartz, SMC'ers Ann Leiss, Donna Christian, and Mary Malooley, and South Benders Mr. Isaiah Jackson and Mrs. James Glaes the group had grown to 250 tutors in nine centers throughout South Bend. The results were so encouraging that NSHG has now become incorporated, and in two years will qualify officially as a charity. More important, it has captured the hearts of South Bend people and blossomed into one of the best Notre Dame-South Bend relations builders in recent years.

Last Monday the tutoring program officially started at Notre Dame with the registration of tutors in room 1B of the Student Center. Next week on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday a tutoring orientation spearheaded by a panel of South Bend educators

will be held for all tutors. As John Gearen pointed out on WSND last Sunday night, this program is one of the best ways for the ND man or SMC woman to go out, to grow in experience of community problems, and to make a positive contribution to the educational process outside the University.

Community Center

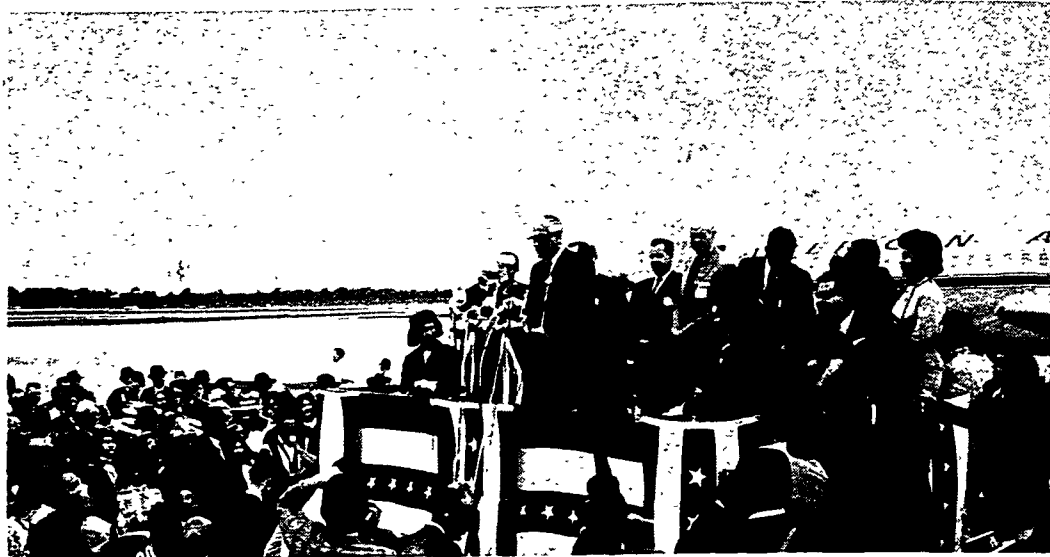
In the past few years an ever-growing problem has been facing the Notre Dame path of progress in a particularly important area. As the University's academic excellence becomes more widespread and well known, students from many foreign countries come yearly to pursue their education here. In a new country, joining a new life, they are faced with many problems that are unique to them. In the past, programs have been set up by several campus organizations to help these students adjust more fully to Notre Dame. Some of these programs, however, are often inexpertly run, due not to lack of effort on the part of those involved but rather to a lack of intergroup coordination.

In an effort to avert this problem in the future, Father Hesburgh this summer appointed Rev. Dan O'Neil, C.S.C., Assistant Vice President of Student Affairs, to a new office. To be known as the Foreign Student Advisor, Father O'Neil will serve in both offices concurrently. His new duties will include acting as coordinator and moderator of all international student organizations on the campus. Thus a center will be created through which will pass the directing of the social, the cultural, and the religious life of the foreign student.

In appointing Father O'Neil to his new office, Father Hesburgh stated: "What I am mainly interested in is that the work of coordination and organization be efficiently handled out of the Office of the Vice President of Student Affairs." It is hoped that the various problems that now face the foreign student will thus be given attention in a wider perspective.

Another step in the right direction has been the appointing of Rev. Bernard Troy to act as chaplain for Latin American students. Fr. Troy was recently assigned to Notre Dame from Chile. Still handling the technical aspects for the foreign students will be Rev. J. McGrath, C.S.C. It is his job to deal with matters pertaining to immigration, the procuring of visas, and like matters.

The continued effort of campus organization regarding foreign students, working through the new center that is now in operation, can hopefully provide the solutions to the problems



To the Right in South Bend

that are currently a major drawback in preventing them from becoming full members of the Notre Dame community.

Report from Elfland

The imminence of the upcoming presidential election came home to South Bend residents last Saturday when Republican candidate Barry Goldwater stopped to speak briefly at St. Joseph County Airport while on his way to Niles, Michigan, for a political address. Prior to his arrival at 9:30 a.m., some 75 ND and SMC students traveled by chartered bus to see and hear the Senator. The rest of the audience numbered about 4,000, but the intensity of the applause at times seemed to belie even that figure; for reaction was registered by only about 50% of the audience most of the time.

When the Senator left the plane to follow the cordon of police to the grandstand, and with the strains of the ND Victory March in the background, the crowd reaction became more pronounced. On the platform, Rev. Edward Keller, C.S.C., a Prefect in Walsh Hall, voiced the invocation that God might "bless Barry Goldwater and his efforts in this campaign." The introduction of local and state officials and Republican candidates, who had formed the reception committee, followed. Robert Miller, Republican candidate for Representative from Indiana, then introduced the representative of the Right.

Senator Goldwater began by referring to the fact that Mrs. Goldwater is from Indiana, his "second home," and he thanked Father Keller for his friendship over the years. He went on to ask support for the various office-seekers on the platform, and commended Mayor Lloyd Allen for changing the "hopeless situation of a few years ago into a very rosy one for South Bend."

Turning to national issues, Senator Goldwater attacked what he called "fairy tales" of the Democrats; he stated that peace is not yet a reality, that the fight against Communism has not abated, and that little value could be found in a "Great Society" which so obviously could not contain freedom. He declared the current Congress "no more than a rubber stamp," and stated that his intent in seeking the Presidency was to return presidential powers to the people by re-investing them in Congress.

Dropping the theme of various fairy tales, however, in a series of ending remarks, the Senator stated that the November election is a difficult one to win due to the "money and power" which the Republicans face. He cited as an example the postman in an Eastern state who refused to deliver campaign literature to the Goldwater headquarters.

It was his thanks in Spanish to a Latin supporter in the audience, however, that achieved the high point of the morning; at that point, and as he left, the audience reaction was greatest. But then the applause continued as he and his entourage left to drive through South Bend to Niles, and this reporter could only feel that he was watching a man who may manufacture some of his own "Grimm" productions in the months and years following November.

Notre Dame Away

During the summer, two national student organizations held their annual conferences, both attended by Notre Dame students.

At the first of these, held by the National Student Association, were Ohio-Indiana Regional Officer A Valkenaar, Notre Dame SBP John Gearen, Mike McCarthy, Minnie Lewis, and Pete Siefert. The more national in political scope of the two groups, the NSA, made plans this year

to form a voter-registration drive. Members are to form into small groups, and to go from house to house assisting people in their registration. They will carry with them the forms necessary for late registration, registration of new residents of a state or town, etc.

Also planned for this year is a study into the various tutoring projects now under direction on campuses throughout the country. Many are similar to the Blue Circle's efforts of recent years, but are in many cases more efficiently run. An example is the program that is being carried on at UCLA, in which some 7,000 students participate. The National Student Association hopes to act as a research and advisory center to which members may apply for assistance and to which they may offer suggestions. With this center in operation, many tutoring programs will be able to work with greater profit to the community.

Among other resolutions passed at the conference was one dealing with birth control and the migrant worker. It was resolved that birth-control information and devices should be supplied to these people. This posed a particular problem to the Catholic students in attendance, for speeches were handled in such a manner that it appeared that they approved the measure, whereas many were actually opposed to it but were denied the opportunity to speak.

Before the NSA had concluded its business, the National Federation of Catholic College Students opened their conference. Dan Morper and Nash Flores, co-chairmen of the Student Affairs Secretariat, one of four such Secretariats in the Federation, were scheduled to give speeches. The topic chosen by Morper was the honor system, that by Flores the general purpose of his particular Secretariat. Other Notre Dame members in attendance were Senior Delegate Jack Selzer, Junior Delegate Kevin McNeVins, North Central Regional Chairman John Gorden, Paul Creelan, and Pat Kenny.

Perhaps the highlight of the conference, however, were the words of John Gearen when invited to speak before the Student Affairs Secretariat. Leaving the NSA early, for it was rumored that the NFCCS was in danger of breaking up, and with the ineffectiveness of Catholic action on the birth-control resolution weighing on his mind, John's speech dealt with the new direction that he believes necessary in the evaluation of student government in Catholic education. He began by noting the laxity of Catholic students in keeping abreast

of student government on his own campus. The average student is now in a position of wanting academic freedom but of fearing to accept it because he does not want to bear the responsibilities and consequences. To merit freedom at all, students must accept responsibility by learning to think a problem through to an end that is satisfactory, and then take a stand on that end.

The initiative must be taken by the student. It is his duty to bring to the attention of the academic community, through constructive criticism, the points that prove unsatisfactory to him. Gearen closed by calling for true constructive purpose and a nerve to work toward that purpose, that freedom.

Freedom's Fight

For several days at the end of August, the attention of the Western Hemisphere was focused on the Presidential election which was taking place in Chile. From the point of view of the United States, the outcome of the election was seen as crucial to the interests of the free world, because one of the two major candidates was a Marxist. No country had ever chosen Marxism in a free election, and the United States fully appreciated the importance of this fact, and the propaganda value to Cuban and Russian assertions of the inevitability of Communist world domination should the Marxist candidate have been elected.

The outcome of the election greatly relieved the free nations of the world, as Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei received 56% of the votes cast. The United States considered its hope in the Alliance for Progress and its belief in the practicability of democracy for the peoples of South America vindicated. The choice to the people of Chile had been a clear one, and they had chosen the path of Christian Democracy rather than the path of Marxism.

In May of 1963, President Frei (then Senator) visited Notre Dame for a three-day conference on "Religion and Social Change in Latin America," sponsored coordinately by the Rockefeller Foundation, the International Commission of the Student Senate, and the University of Notre Dame. Joseph Wilson, currently Managing Editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*, interviewed the Senator and found him to be a dynamic, powerful, convincing speaker, as did the rest of the student body.

During his speech at Notre Dame he professed his goal and that of his party as being "the death of pa-



To the Left in Chile

ternalism and the birth of a civilization of work and solidarity with man as its center, and not the pursuit of monetary gain that has pervaded bourgeois society." He would seek success by "helping a new State to be born from innermost reaches, through a human process where majorities will feel that they are generating power, creating wealth, and sharing in its creation and distribution. The last resource of a people without hope is Communism."

Communism appears to be the all-encompassing answer to the poor, destitute peasants of Latin America. Because of their limited experience and education (if any) they cannot understand democracy, something they have never encountered. What they can understand is Frei's promises of step-by-step improvement, no matter how small, not the cure-all promise of the Marxists.

Frei's other nemesis is paternalism, which brings millions of dollars of U.S. aid to Latin America and in turn destroys the initiative of the people. Why should they work when the U.S. can and will support them? Frei wants the United States to sell its Chilean copper mines to Chile. Copper is their number-one natural resource, and Frei believes U.S. ownership is destroying Chile's spirit of independence. He finds it necessary to maintain stringent economic controls because of the impoverished conditions of his people.

Shortly after his election he said, "Christian Democracy believes that the modern world is in crisis, and that only a complete readjustment of society can save man from materialism and collectivism."

Those words echo the ones he spoke at Notre Dame just seventeen months ago. Now it remains to be seen just how well those words are put into meaningful action.

on other campuses

• IN TWO UNANIMOUS resolutions the Student Government of the University of Pittsburgh struck blows at the high cost of college education. The first was aimed at the five per cent sales tax on textbooks and school supplies in Pennsylvania. Noting that application of the tax to these items has come only within the last two years, one senator pointed out that while Pennsylvania's total annual revenue from sales tax is \$517 million, only \$1,059,000 comes from this source. The Senate then established a program to obtain 1500 signatures protesting the tax, as a prelude to lodging an official protest with Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton.

The second motion was directed against the University's athletic department, for charging a fee for athletic identification cards that enabled the department to profit \$3200 on them last year. The Senate recommended that any similar profit this year be returned to the Student Government for the benefit of the campus clubs, many of which operate on a very low budget.

• ERIC HASS, Socialist Labor candidate for president, called on the United States to scrap its outmoded form of government in a speech on the University of Colorado campus.

He said that the executive and legislative branches of government should be replaced by a "Socialist Industrial Union Congress"; its members would be elected by the workers much as they elect union leadership, with representation industrial rather than geographical.

Hass charged that the United States, though capable of producing an abundance for all, fails to do so because of the selfish motives of capitalism. He said further that "one class does the work for the benefit of a tiny minority that owns everything and performs no useful social function."

He claimed that socialism could cure such products of the capitalist system as unemployment and racial prejudice, and predicted eventual victory for the socialists because "history is on our side."

• ANOTHER SPEAKER on the University of Colorado campus leveled a long blast at the direction in which the university education system is headed. Harold Taylor, special consultant to Adlai Stevenson, said that the universities have fallen behind their best students to such a degree that they no longer can be excused.

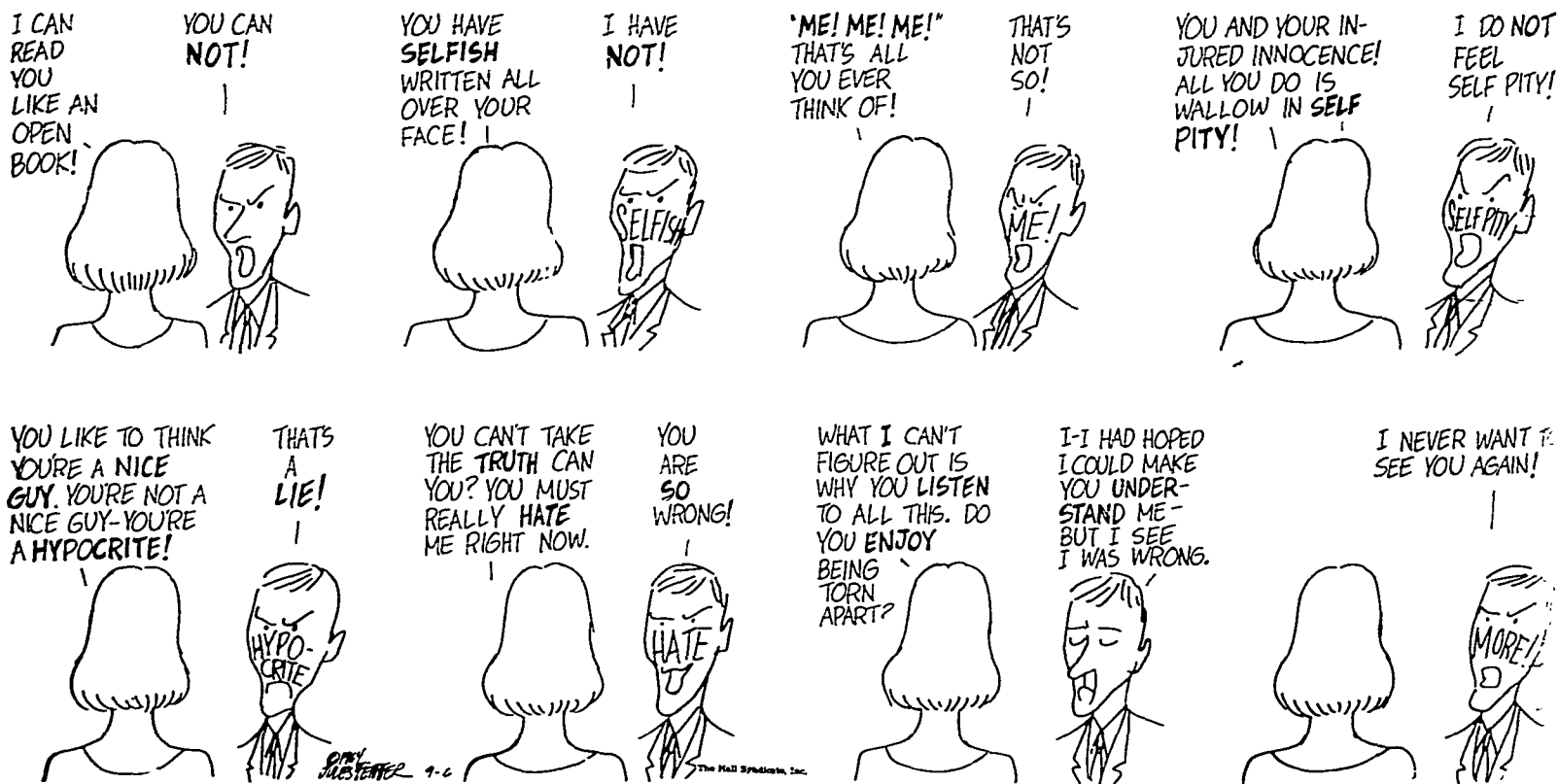
Taylor said that the educational system should develop the inner life of the individual, so that he can

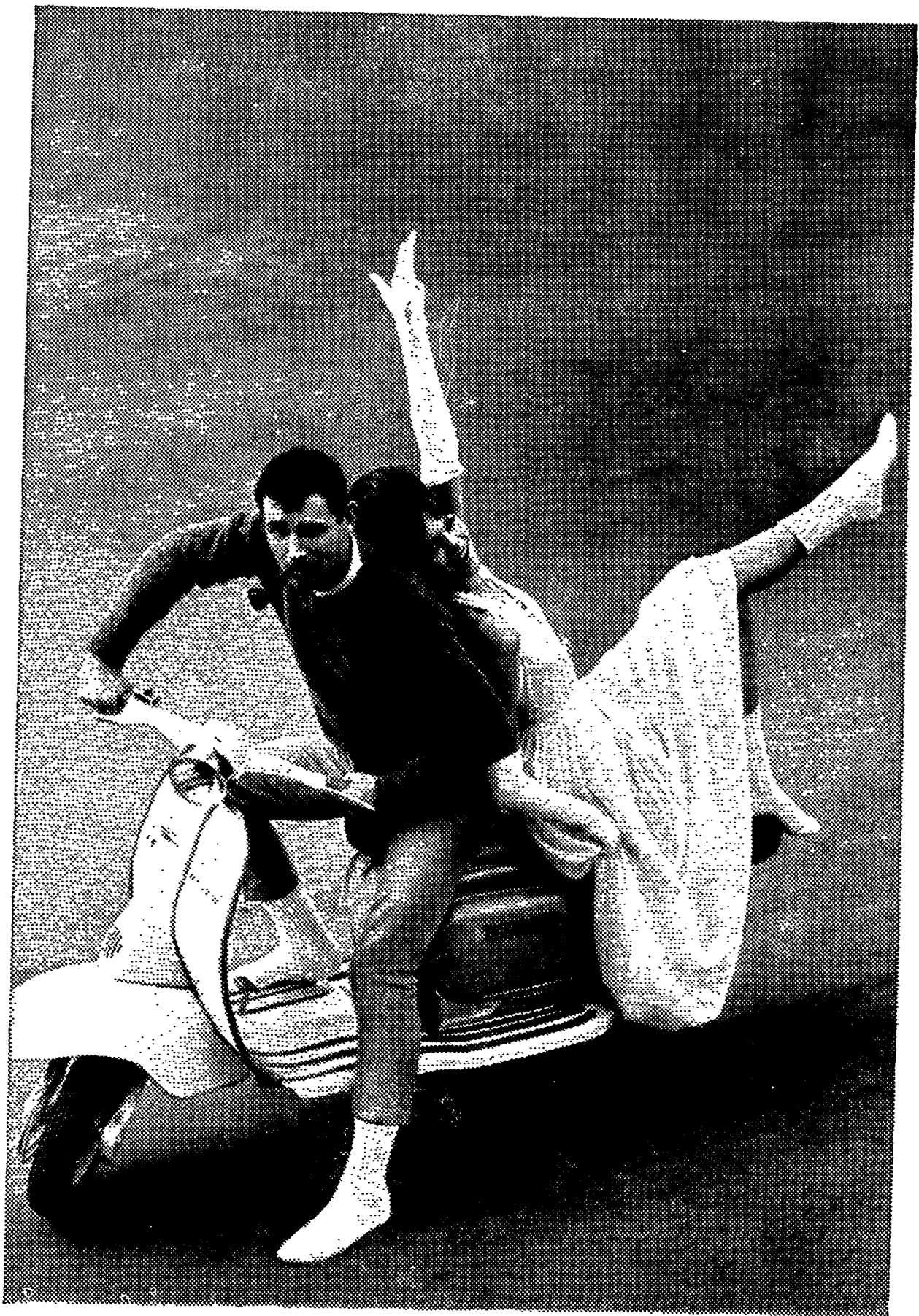
make a real contribution to society. Instead, he said, we are developing a system of impersonal education, with large classes and little or no contact between student and teacher. As results he mentioned the University of California, where enterprising students began selling lecture notes the day after each class to their lazier comrades, and the University of Minnesota, where 2700 people are taught psychology at once, and given a true-false examination to establish a grade.

Taylor said that too often college presidents are business administrators who know and care little about education. The purpose of education should be "to build young people whose minds are bursting with ideas." Too much emphasis, he said, is instead put on building the physical plant where the teaching is done. "Building contractors are prospering, and the theater is dying. University building projects are prospering, and education is dying."

He said that the solution must come from the students themselves, and added that some progress is being made. Calling the movement the "New Generation of Liberals," he cited an increase in interest among young people in writing short stories and poetry, and in the creative arts in general, and pointed to the work done in the South by students concerning the race, culture, political and social problems of the Negro.

feiffer





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IN THE HEARTS OF SCHOLARS

by Jack Rowe

Notre Dame faculty members have at times been criticized for confining their efforts to the purely intellectual world, to the neglect of events beyond the campus. A strong disclaimer to this charge might well be registered in this election year by two Notre Dame political science professors, Rev. Stanley Parry, C.S.C., and Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer. Both are actively engaged in the campaign of Republican presidential nominee, Sen. Barry Goldwater.

Dr. Niemeyer, long a Goldwater adviser, was named by the candidate to a council of ten distinguished academicians which will formulate foreign policy proposals to be espoused by the GOP national ticket. His own writings are extensively quoted by Sen. Goldwater in his book, *Why Not Victory?* In addition to meetings with the council of advisers, Dr. Niemeyer has prepared speech drafts and position papers on foreign affairs and communism.

Fr. Parry has served principally as a speech writer, particularly on civil rights, federalism, and "peace through preparedness." These speeches are generally not used as submitted, but are dissected and combined with the efforts of other contributors according to the designs of campaign strategists. In an interview, Fr. Parry explained the position of the scholar-adviser. "The men of action have no

time to read books. Instead, they pick our [the academicians'] brains for whatever they want." Both men expect to be called upon in this fashion throughout the remainder of the campaign.

Among their other comments:

Q: Why are you supporting Senator Goldwater? Are you essentially in agreement with his position as a whole?

Dr. Niemeyer: I am in complete agreement with his position as it really is, by which I mean, for example, that his vote against the civil rights bill must not be construed as condoning discrimination.

Fr. Parry: I support Sen. Goldwater not so much for what he says or might do, but because I feel his election would bring about conditions conducive to trends which accord with my theoretical convictions.

Q: Does your support center on Sen. Goldwater's opposition to the increasing size and centralization of government?

Fr. Parry: Yes, but also because I think current foreign policy is dangerously out of touch with reality.

Dr. Niemeyer: Rather because I oppose the present tendency to govern in disregard of the Constitutional framework.

Elaborating on this point, Dr. Niemeyer asserted that such disregard is characteristic of liberal statesmen.

Liberals, he explained, concern themselves only with whether a particular action is good of itself, while conservatives act in view of the need to preserve "the system" as well. This flaw stems from the fact that liberalism, like, e.g., communism, is an ideology, in the sense of a set of ideas elaborating a position previously arrived at. Hence the liberal is to view reality as it really is, his insight colored by this preconceived frame of reference. But the conservative, according to Dr. Niemeyer, has an undistorted view of reality, since he is not burdened with any particular preconceptions.

Asked whether he expected that the Goldwater-Miller ticket would be elected, Dr. Niemeyer predicted its success, given the impact of Goldwater's personality in taped television presentations. Fr. Parry did not expect a Republican victory, but hoped for a margin narrow enough to slow the trend toward big government. Whatever the outcome of the November 3 balloting, it is highly commendable that these two members of the faculty have left the shelter of the academic world to make an effective manifestation of their convictions. In the words of Fr. Parry, "Until recent years I was content to confine myself to academics. But it strikes me now that in this period of crisis I can no longer afford that luxury."



SAP Development

SAP is, of course, the initials designating the Senior Advisor Program. Ramon Murphy, the author, is a senior member of the Blue Circle. He is co-chairman of the Senior Advisor Program.

THE Senior Advisor Program was first conceived during the second semester of the 1962-'63 school year. It arose out of a recognition of the problems and the need for advice common to all freshmen entering a university environment. It was felt that the counsel of their more experienced fellows is one of the most effective means of dealing with this problem. There is at Notre Dame, however, a particular and demanding need for counsel because of the distinct nature of the student life found here.

At Notre Dame there is a unique atmosphere, an atmosphere of unity. There is a unity of purpose, that purpose being to develop oneself completely. During his four years here each member of the student body is given the opportunity to come to know himself and to decide the best possible means for the development of his potential. At the same time there is a unique spiritual atmosphere on this campus; the student is given every chance to enrich his spiritual life and to develop as a leader in his future life as an educated and aware Catholic.

The purpose of the Senior Advisors will be to inform the frosh of the academic, spiritual and social means through which he may develop his abilities and fulfill his duties as a student and a member of the Notre Dame community.

The Senior Advisor Program is now under the direction of the Blue Circle Honor Society. Last year, the first year that the program was used extensively, lack of organization hampered the effectiveness of the program. Sixty students were just not enough to give adequate coverage for the 1500 freshmen. Infrequent meetings and poor communication among the advisors were also at fault. This year it was decided that the forty-three members of the Blue Circle would provide the centralization and organization needed. Each junior and senior member of the Circle then chose three fellow students to be advisors, which brought the total number to 160. The members of the Circle will initiate the program during the orientation and continue it on a limited basis until the rest of the Advisors

return for registration. With eight upperclassmen on each freshman hall floor, and floor and hall chairmen, it is hoped that most of last year's problems will be solved, that there will be no trouble in coordinating the program's activities.

The nature of the counsel will not deal with specific academic questions; the Freshman Office was designed for this purpose. But rather this advice will deal with anything that is concerned with the freshman's adaptation to Notre Dame life. This will encompass anything from how to acquire good study habits and make use of the library, to the art of getting a date with a Saint Mary's girl. Also he will make the freshman aware of the many extracur-

ricular activities — the glee club, interhall athletics, CILA — that are available for his spare time. Most important, the class of '68 will be the first class to go through Notre Dame completely under the Honor System, it shall be the role of the Advisors to explain the Honor Code to the members of this class and its application at Notre Dame.

During orientation and the school year at Notre Dame there is no hazing of the freshmen or any traditional grudge rivalry among the four classes. Each student is an equal in the Notre Dame community. So it is not a question of Joe Senior or Ralph Junior doing a favor for Freddy Freshman, but rather an experienced student who is willing and happy to help an incoming student to adjust to Notre Dame life. The relationship that exists between the upperclassmen and the freshmen is not one that is limited to a strictly advisor-recipient basis, but rather it should develop into the friendship that results from students associating with one another.



Obligation in Balance

by Joseph Wilson

RIGHT NOW, and at least for the rest of today, there is a titanic struggle between the forces of Democracy and the Communists. All the trouble is being caused by something called the "balance of power," a phenomenon that results when you merely pit one power group against another power group, and they are fighting over something that will measurably increase their strength to a point where they believe victory will become possible. Life has been ruled by this conflict since at least the beginning of history, with each society regarding its own personal struggle as the ultimate. But the complicated is simplified. Both forces—the extremes—seem to modify themselves; even if one is victor, it is usually victorious only in a somewhat modified form. A curious phenomenon then occurs that has a new and extreme force rising out of the fused rubble of the old theories. This new force is violently opposed to the evil that "characterizes" the old system, and again there is a balance of power between a set of "good guys" and "bad guys" — which is "good," hindsight is not even entirely sure. Anyway, the whole result is called Progress.

It is true that if there were a total victory for either one side or the other, the loser would certainly be lost — his way of life and belief of the right would be destroyed. But there has never been a time when "total" victory was achieved by anyone — the conquered culture always has some effect on the conquerors either before or after the actual conflict. And it's an old axiom that there is a bit of the right in every commonly held idea (though from being propagandized with all sorts of theoretical drivel each side believes that it is entirely right). So it is implausible that either the Reds or the Capitalists will win, totally; in fact, each has already been forced to abandon the positions they have held before, narrowing the no-man's-land that separates them. Though the battlements on both sides may be manned by irreconcilable hate, neither side is eager to fight — "they" have nuclear muscles, too. The compromising for

one side started about 30 years ago when an individual initiative first was accounted for in the plans of the Communist State. The giving in still has further to go, like it or not.

What compromising? Well, they certainly wouldn't admit it, but the Russians are slowly being forced to redefine their ideals. The coordination and regimentation that characterized the goals of the Russian state in the twenties and later were experimental goals, ideals in their own funny way. Communism, as originally conceived, was an attempt to force men to the observance of a brotherly "love" that they did not actually feel — men were no longer to be exploited by one another for individual gains. So instead men were forced to be poor together, no one was rich and all were exploited by the state. Rationalizing, Communists looked forward to the time when there would be no more state, thus they could hope for the end of *that* exploitation. But realistic thinkers found the proverbial fly in the ointment; practical experience was leading them to recognize that all were going to stay poor, together. There never would be a time when all would be rich for there could be no one with the gumption to do the necessary work and take the risks. Their system of numerically "equal" returns provided no incentive to the individual. Brilliantly concluding that this tended to destroy initiative they originated a brand-new system of proportionate returns. Presto! The economy started to climb uphill a little and a minister was duly chastised when he pointed out the resemblance of the new system to Capitalism. And the capitalizing process has continued in Russia until, just recently, *Pravda* mentioned that capitalism does provide a more "wealthy" economy.

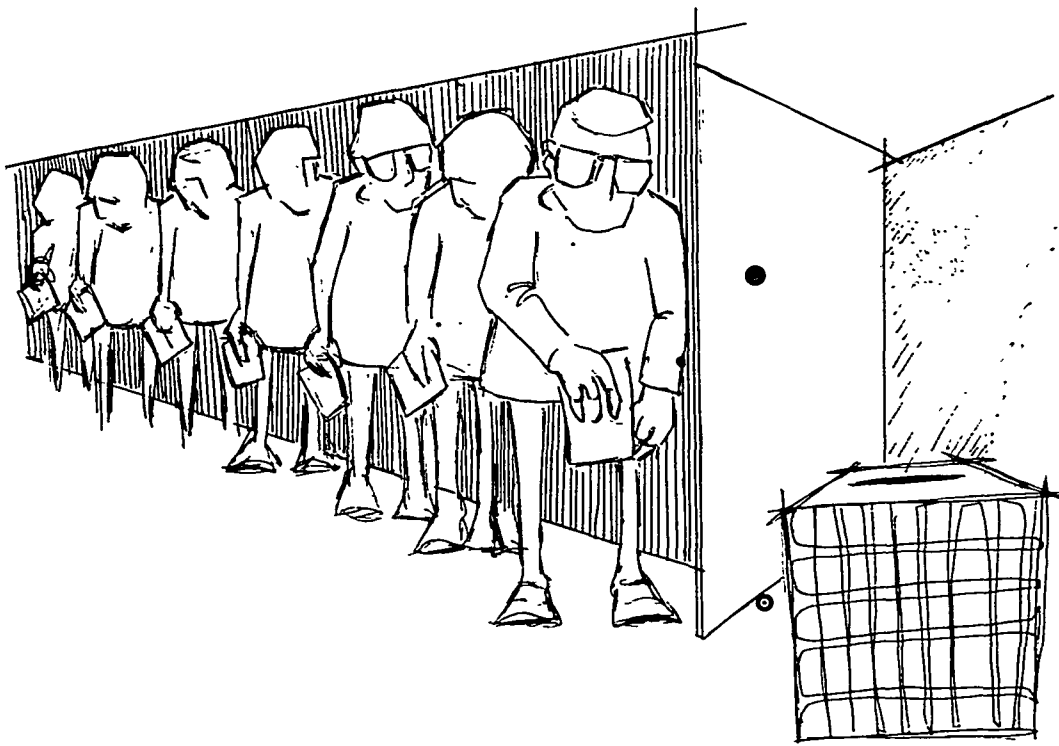
Rejoice! The day of victory (i.e., Justice) is coming! No, all this shows is that somebody convinced somebody that capitalism is more efficient if you have to run a country. But really, we aren't doing so well with our bloody virtue either.

For in the U.S. a movement has named FDR its standard-bearer and it

is not Communistic. And in the Scandinavian countries it has resulted in an almost complete socialism, and it is not Communist inspired. What does inspire the advance of "Big Government," or socialism, as the case may be, is the realization that the principles of "rugged individualism," the principles of Adam Smith and Herbert Spencer, are something less than fair to the common man. The results of their too "rugged" individualism have provided some of the catalyzing factors for the spread of Communism, great wealth and fantastic poverty.

Communism arose as a reaction to poverty (and held responsible both the industrial and caste societies of which it was a product), and as it gained strength the opposing governments (the "good guys") became aware of the dangers it offered. They found they needed the support of their followers; not support that bordered on revolt as it sometimes had under the monarchical regimes, but a support that was a commitment to the defensive effort against hungry Communism. Unlike any previous nationalism, this was not to be a fierce pride in one's history but a firm belief in sometimes misunderstood principles that had nebulous names; it was inevitably a frightened strength in the protection of the *homeland*.

This "patriotism" has of course been secured but it has been secured, and this is the remarkable thing, without the loss of even one part of a theory. Our principles never change: if you're right, you're right. But definitions are sometimes widened to accommodate new interpretations. Though we'd be horrified if we were told we aren't strictly democratic, in truth we do not live in a democracy but in a republican nation (N.B., small "r"). And it is a little amazing to note that farm subsidy, Social Security, and "Medicare" are all unshockingly compatible with Capitalism. What has happened is that we, too, have been forced from our extreme position toward the middle by forces from within, though ultimately, by the pressures of world competition.



But the balance of power in itself is much more complex than this. Various factors work hard to complicate things. Thus we have the neutral powers, and the allies of the U.S., the allies of Russia, obstinate allies on both sides (Red China, or France), and political factions in all different countries. And the influence of the "balance" makes itself felt even on a much more local level.

IN THE UNITED STATES, I suppose that there are really as many political parties and programs as there are people. But liberalism and conservatism have made themselves broad enough and meaningless enough to entertain the great majority of Americans. And it's a momentary curiosity of American politics that we are all backwards. What I'm referring to is the word "conservative." It implies that the bearer of said tag believes no change in the power structure is necessary, would even be out of order. But, for this moment at least, Conservatism is *out* of office and is the underdog of U.S. politics, while the liberals' great battle-goal is the retention of their present policies. The liberals, supposedly "striving for progress," wish no change in national policy, while it is the conservatives who want things changed. Which all goes to show that labels are really rather meaningless in political discussions.

The elections of the past have often been meaningless too, but this one of 1964 sure isn't. It looks like the whole thing has based itself, however

unconsciously, on a fight over a common need, resulting in a common goal: it is, for this election, opposed to individual fulfillment which comes from the conservative's values system. Liberals see a common enemy, Communism, and regard its defeat as our primary goal. Stated objectives are multiplied and rationalized, but one cannot help but feel that this is the basis of their actions. Their sense of values says that the disadvantages of Big Government (incurred in socialist programs) are necessary for the increased power we need in our attempt to dike up the Communist tide. Any disadvantages stemming from such a program, in the face of such danger, are irrelevant.

The Conservatives say that such all-out, all-level regimentation is not necessary and is doing more harm than good. On the level of national defense, and in things directly pertinent to it, we must present a united front, and present it aggressively enough so that people know we're boss and won't be pushed around. But things that can be left to smaller branches, or even to the individual, certainly should be left alone. By the conservative sense of values, bureaucratic wastage and massive centralization are unnecessary and should be avoided whenever possible; it is *more valuable* to the nation to develop personal responsibility and initiative, to retain the morality of the individual rather than destroy the morale of the country, to give the voters a closer relationship with the governing heads, than it is to pretend

to protect the country while merely protecting numerous Bobby Bakers.

These are the basic, sometimes subconscious, principles that the "war" is being waged on, and it is on these principles that the intelligent voter should cast his vote. Many claim they are disappointed in the Democrats, or that they have been disillusioned by the Republicans; but the fronts are drawn very clearly and one must decide. Both arguments have merits and neither can be discounted. By the "balance of power" to which both are subject, though neither is completely right, neither are they all wrong. Thus, the task of the independent voter, the man who has aligned himself with neither cause, becomes a little clearer. It is the independent who will spell victory in the coming election and it is necessary that one appraise the party programs to decide which man will best carry out a program that will offer the best of both the conservative and liberal principles. Which man would be the best president? This question really means: Which man will be able to best protect us from Communism, best be able to alleviate the poverty that still is with us, and *retain* (even develop) the maximum of individual voter responsibility for his programs? Under our present system it is the man who is the real progressive, it is he who is attempting perfection. Truth, as we may know it, is a synthesis of the two programs, and only by striving for a synthesis of radical socialism and the all-too-rugged individualism that may come from Conservatism will we provide the steppingstone to another balance in the power, a balance that is yet unknown and unrecognized.

As far as the theory is concerned, any other questions are irrelevant. It doesn't matter whether the candidate pulls his dog's ears, or has a Catholic for his running mate, or how he labels his own particular philosophy. These things certainly affect personal judgment and bias but Goldwater will be forced to the middle by liberal elements, and LBJ will continue to be all-things-to-all-men. Admittedly personal qualities will determine their individual successes, but it is their philosophical convictions that will determine the *emphasis* of their programs and the ultimate progress of history. And insofar as their convictions fall short of a progressive outlook—insofar as the international fight against Communism is relaxed—and insofar as the extremes of conservative and liberal philosophies are maintained to the detriment of their synthesis—so much is progress suppressed.

CILA

by Peter Collins and Cary Shaffer

The authors of this article spent their first summer in Latin America this year. Mr. Collins is a junior; he worked in Mexico. A senior, Cary Shaffer, spent his vacation in Peru.

THE COUNCIL for the International Lay Apostolate (CILA) was born on the Notre Dame campus in the spring semester of 1961. It is a student organization concerned with the role of Catholic university students in today's world. It wants to help its members understand some of the complexities of this world, some of their responsibilities, and some of their opportunities. It stands on the principles of two great encyclicals of Pope John XXIII: *Mater et Magistra*, and *Pacem in Terris*. CILA believes it can contribute to this end by a program of education, personal formation, and service. Some of its service projects are on the campus, some in South Bend, others in summer work in the United States, in Mexico and in Peru. This article concerns itself with CILA's Peru and Mexico projects of this last summer.

CILA sent seventeen students to Mexico and all of us lived in the same town, Tacámbaro, and worked on the same project. Tacámbaro is a rural town west of Mexico City in the mountains, more than a mile high. It has ten thousand people of all classes. We lived and ate most of our meals with Mexican middle-class families during the eight weeks that we were there. At Tacámbaro, the project was coordinated by a young Mexican priest, who earlier had selected the families for whom we were to build houses.

When we arrived in town, we were amazed by the friendliness of all the townspeople. We couldn't even pass someone on the street without saying "Buenos días" to them. If we didn't they would just repeat it until we did. With our problems of communication, people were very understanding, and this huge reserve of courtesy and friendliness never failed to touch us deeply.

We worked in a slum area in the town. The town rests on a shelf on the slope of a small mountain, and the slum was far down the slope. We planned and built three duplexes, dividing ourselves into small teams, all working within a hundred yards of each other. The houses were built on small lots that were steeply pitched. Often at the foot of these small lots was

The Scholastic



the refuse and dung of several years accumulation, a breeding place for disease. In most instances, miserable tar paper shacks had to be torn down. To these people who possessed so little, even the walls to these shacks were saved for later use. In fact, an old lady who sold mangos built her shack out of the empty lime and cement sacks that remained after each day of work.

There was no such thing as a typical workday for us. However, each day we started work at about nine o'clock, and knocked off for dinner at one-thirty. After dinner we worked from three until dusk, and there were times when the last of the mortar was virtually used by moonlight. We made stone foundations, and constructed the floors of concrete. The walls were of cinder block, made from the coarse volcanic sand of the area. The roof was a wooden beam and tar paper combination. We also put in a basin, a shower and toilet; and also provided a septic tank, running water and electricity.

But we had no typical day. When the people of the slum found out that one of the students was a pre-med major, he soon spent many of his afternoons looking after their ailments. Another day, an old woman wanted a bit of cement, which she didn't even know the word for, to put over the steep path to her hut. It is indeed difficult to say such sad words, "We can't," to such suffering people.

We were, however constantly exposed to the extremes of Mexico during our stay of eight weeks. On many weekends we went travelling, visiting other places off the beaten track. We went to a small village in which the people for the most part couldn't speak Spanish, and who had never seen electric lights. We also went to small provincial cities. We were impressed by the work of the government; the modern buses and new semis on the highways, and diesel trains. Mexico, we thought, is a country conscious of its progress. The extremes of wealth were best illustrated to me by the fact that the family I stayed with bought a new 1964 Chevrolet, worth \$6,000 in Mexico, while one of the families for whom we built a house was subsisting on next to nothing so that they could save \$14 for a school uniform for their daughter.

There was the day when we took the picture of our new homeowners—the father, mother, and a baby girl 14 months old. They got into their Sunday best for this picture, and yet how different was their world and the rich, easy one that we live in the United States! They, unlike us, would never escape the tar paper shacks

that formed the background to their picture.

When we left the new homeowners, they had only 5 pesos, or forty cents, and enough corn flour to last them until Monday, when the father could work in the fields. He made eighty cents a day. Such a grinding poverty is inconceivable until it is seen. Why was his daily life not our daily life? What inscrutable plan of God made us students, living in a wealthy country, not poor hired hands with lives of many heavy crosses? Is it not perhaps that our lives of many talents cannot remain jealously kept, but must be shared with others? We only hope that we were able to return a small part of all that was given us in Mexico this summer.

FOURTEEN OF US from the Notre Dame campus traveled to Peru this summer to work for seven weeks in the altiplano of the Andes Mountains. We lived wherever accommodations were available. Our work was so varied that it is impossible to detail it all here, but a typical day would begin at Mass in the parish church. Then there would be helping to prepare and distribute early morning breakfast of hot milk and hard rolls for the children, followed by physical education and recreation program "clinics" in the schools. After lunch came repairing, painting, putting in window glass, landscaping, electrical wiring, helping in the dispensary, packaging and distributing *viviendas*, the foodstuffs sent to Peru by the U.S. Government and Catholic Relief Services. Evenings were spent visiting

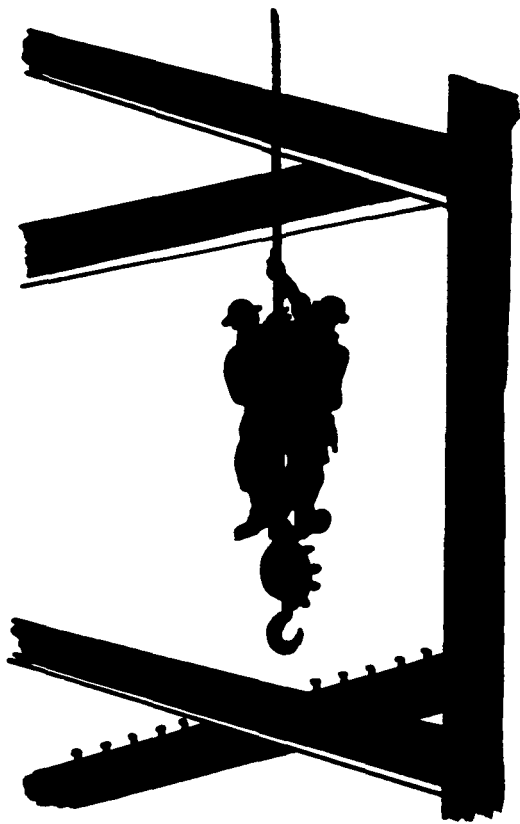
Peruvian homes, conducting English classes, supervising youth centers, discussion clubs, and the like. All of our work was done under the direction of the Carmelite and Maryknoll missionaries. Much emphasis was put on meeting the people, talking with them, exchanging ideas, learning about another culture.

There was time for travel and sight-seeing, too. After a plane flight over the rugged mountains, we landed at ancient Cuzco, once the capital of the great Inca empire. We made a trip northward from Cuzco through the Urubamba Valley to the incredible ruins of Machu Picchu, the famed "Lost City of the Incas." We explored the museum, churches, and markets of Lima, the modern and beautiful capital. We found also that Lima is now surrounded by *barriadas* or slums. We met and visited with Peruvian and foreign residents, with the Papal Nuncio, with the American ambassador, with students and businessmen.

Bob Lehmann, last year's football captain, writes: "The main job Tom Borders and I had was to help with the building of houses in a *barriada*. This was Padre Jose's "self-help" program, involving the parish co-ops and the credit union. We worked on seven houses, along with the Peace Corps. The people worked on the railroad all day, came home and worked on the houses in the evening. Sunday was a busy day: about twenty-five men would join to roof the three-room houses. It took a lot of manpower; a lot of concrete had to be mixed.

(Continued on page 37)





Finding

Pete

by Joseph Levatino

NO HAMMERS pounded and the hundred and fifty foot crane was shut down. There was only the clap of wood against wood, as the men descended on ladders from the seventh story of the half-finished apartment building. When they reached the ground, they gathered around the body of Pete, a onetime company labor foreman for Celibro Construction Company. Some men made the Sign of the Cross, others just stared, while the men responsible for Pete's "accidental" death dispersed themselves among the group, uttering false expressions of surprise and regret; thus capping a grotesque and highly unchallengeable crime.

Pete was considered the "company scab," as it was termed, the one who was squealing on the union and even company workers who were taking unfair advantage of company time and materials. It was the union members that disliked Pete's interest, and it cost him his life.

Jimmy stood over Pete's body, not seeing broken bones and blood, but seeing a man broken by hate, calamity, and heartless ambitions. From Pete's own veins flowed ambition, and the powers of hate, yet there was discretion, because Pete never gambled with another man's job. Jimmy couldn't help choking as he watched the ground soak up Pete's life, and become mud.

The other men had already left, because it was automatic that a job stopped for the rest of the day when a man was killed on the site. Jimmy angrily and silently watched the men leave, but stayed himself to see if he could do anything, and make sure Pete's body was taken care of properly.

Anger screamed through his head at the men that left. He knew them to be complainers, loafers, and inconsiderates, who, given enough time, would be making jokes about the way Pete died. Jimmy feared the men that executed Pete's death, and his own fear angered him. In desperation for something to do, he decided to get out, leave the job, and in some way crawl into himself to forget what happened to Pete.

A few minutes later, Jimmy walked off the job, leaving his work clothes and toolbox in a disorderly pile in front of the carpenter's shanty. A man yelled to him that his clothes and tools were out, but he didn't listen; he just slowly and sloppily walked towards his car. Before crossing the street to the next block, he watched a few kids playing handball against an old and condemned building. He stood watching them for about ten minutes, wondering whether the cam-

paign to get kids off the streets was such a good thing after all. His anxiety was so great that he almost asked the kids if he could play for a while, at least to relieve some of the anger and disgust he had for the decrepit situation behind him. The children suddenly stopped to watch the ambulance that was carrying Pete's body go screaming by. Jimmy crossed to the next corner, got in his car and drove towards home.

The traffic was light, so Jimmy's concentration was not directly on driving. He couldn't help watching the walking people shove each other around, trying to get to their destination first. As a personal reaction to this chaos, he slowed down, almost to a stop. When he realized that he was hardly moving, he quickly accelerated and rounded a corner. Seconds later a policeman pulled up beside him and motioned him over. Jimmy was surprised. The officer got out of his car and walked to Jimmy.

"Didn't you see that light?" asked the officer.

"I guess I didn't," answered Jimmy.

"May I please see your license and registration?" Jimmy reached for his wallet, but remembered he had left it home that morning.

"Well it's this way, officer," said Jimmy, "I left the house in a kind of hurry this morning, and in the rush I must have left it there."

"That's a problem, mister, because now I don't have any way of telling whether this car is stolen or not."

"Well, why don't you radio in and ask if there have been any reports of a stolen car meeting the description of this one?" The policeman went to his car and radioed in. He returned to Jimmy.

"No, there haven't, mister, bu . . ."

"Do you think you could trust me, then? Oh, but that's probably against your human nature . . . I suppose."

"Look, buddy, let's not get smart about this thing. You're on the bottom end of the stick by not having your license and registration, not me."

"You know, officer, you're right; laws don't have much in common with human nature, anymore."

"Look, I don't know what you're talking about, bu . . ."

"Neither do I," answered Jimmy, "so just forget it."

"Well, I'm sorry, buddy, but we'll have to impound your car and give you a summons for not carrying a license and registration. Will you get in the patrol car, and I'll have the other officer drive your car to headquarters."

"Yeh, I know, I know," muttered Jimmy under his breath.

(Continued on page 35)



The Quiet Voice of Frames

by Kelly Morris

THE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, in existence barely a decade and of significance for but a few years, continues to gather strength as an important thread in the fabric of University life. As Mr. John Howett, entering his fourth year as curator of the gallery, is quick to point out, the exhibition facilities and collection of any college have a special and self-consciously educative function. This means a broad attentive range and a historically sensitive orientation of values. The determinant criterion always is high quality, and it is this which organizes and characterizes the exhibitions of the fall semester.

Presently, and until October 25, the East Gallery features a double exhibition: the work of Stanley S. Sessler as well as recent acquisitions of the University Gallery. The Sessler showing is a quiet one, primarily of oil and pastel portraits and still lifes. The high number of floral studies includes a "Madonna" series, with the same statuette among magnolias, dahlias, and peonies. The soft coloration reflects the artist's interest in pastel hues, and the handling is everywhere highly professional and even meticulous, though never slick. This is true also of the abstract "Urban Galaxies." The same controlled and deliberate calm is seen in the portraiture, especially in the painting of the late Ivan Mestrovic and in a 1958 self-portrait. The latter is notable also for its treatment as a painted mirror, inverting the image, formalizing the depth of the construction, and grouping behind the artist his work and his life.

It is in two monochromatic oil sketches, however, one a nude and the other a portrait of a visiting artist, that there is a wider freedom of handling and response. Most of all, in two religious works, Sessler, who has been with the Notre Dame faculty since 1928, exposes powerful emotive images compacted in stylized and angular forms. "Los Doloros," employs a small range of rich solid colors, primarily black, fiery red-orange, and creamy light gray. "For A King A Crown" is also a work of the palette knife, and again shows the knowledge and potency with which Sessler can manage thick pigments.

The group of new additions to the University collection is necessarily eclectic. Probably the most significant work is John Marin's watercolor "White Mountains — Franconia Range." The drawings exhibited are excellent, particularly those by Guardi and Signac. There are several examples of African and Oriental art, including two impressive ancestral boards and a head of Buddha from Thailand. (Incidentally, it is to be regretted that the Gallery has not provided more information on the origin and dates of the new pieces, as the viewer is apt to be a bit mystified or at least unsatisfied by the cryptic labels.) Of special interest are an exquisite 4th-century terra-cotta painted cup, Echeverria's painting "El Pensante," and William Congdon's "Piazza San Marco," in which the paint is laid thickly on Masonite and then etched into with a pointed instrument.

On October 4, selections from one of the world's best collections of modern art will be on view in the West Gallery. The exhibition is from the collection of Joseph Shapiro, and will feature the work of such modern masters as Francis Bacon and the German expressionists.

The work of Donald Vogl, also a member of the Notre Dame Art Department, will be shown in the East Gallery during the month of November. The exhibition will feature paintings and lithographic art in a modern idiom. The West Gallery will present, beginning November 15, a show entitled "From the West," made up of contemporary art from the West Coast. This exhibition promises to be an exciting one, offering outstanding examples of abstract and pop art, as well as paintings in the new figural style which has recently developed.

On December 6, still another Notre Dame faculty member and one of America's most significant "kinetic" sculptors, Konstantin Milonadis, will be presented in the East Gallery. The showing will feature the artist's recent work, both kinetic and static welded pieces. Rounding out the semester, the West Gallery, on January 10, will open an exhibition of tapestries and textiles lent by the rightly famous French and Company of New York. The bulk of the show will be tapestries of the Renaissance, when the art form was far from the marginal medium it is today.

The University Art Gallery is in the southwest wing of O'Shaughnessy Hall, and is open from 1 to 5 daily.

An Ambiguity of Games

Mr. Robert Haller writes of the import of two of the recent movie characterizations of Richard Burton. Mr. Bill Krier, our feature editor, extends the study of Burton into an examination of his technique and his failings as seen in Hamlet.

by Robert Haller

HISTORY AND ART are chronicles of men's hopes — in gods, power, pleasure, conquest, society, compassion, destruction, and himself; man's tragedy has been his inability to firmly grasp more than a few of these at one time. In the same way, however, the conflicts thus engendered often give rise to qualities that cannot resolve our contradictions but do compensate for them. *Becket* and *The Night of the Iguana* hold such compensation, particularly in the characters portrayed by Richard Burton, and with the stirring excellence of both productions, either could become the best film of the year.

The enigma that surrounds Thomas Becket, Chancellor to England's King Henry II and martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, lies in the unknown forces that impelled him to shift his allegiance from State to Church. French playwright Jean Anouilh explained this significant change by casting his Thomas Becket in the mold of a modern man caught up by a fate that gave his life an essential purpose.

Prior to his elevation as Archbishop, Anouilh's Thomas is portrayed (as he was in fact) as the rakishly cynical confidant of his Norman king. Fearing neither God nor man and surrounded by the jealous feuding of stupid barons and hypocritical clergy, he had opted to serve Henry and live well. But where honor should be in him, "there is only a void," and lacking this personal sense of integrity he possesses an instability that will later prove fatal. To Thomas, educated on the Continent, the honor of the defeated Saxons has grown stale with the passage of a century. Collaboration does not offend him, but the aesthetic pleasure he derives from his service as Chancellor does not satisfy him either. Considering himself "a vain and shallow creature" he can let the King take a princess from him without regret; believing himself unworthy of "being loved" he will refuse to take her back; but when Henry orders his friend to personally occupy the vacant office of the Arch-



bishop he shatters Becket's equanimity.

I felt for the first time that I was being entrusted with something, that's all — there in that empty cathedral, somewhere in France, that day when you ordered me to take up this burden. I was a man without honor. And suddenly I found it — one I never imagined would ever become mine — the honor of God. A frail incomprehensible honor, vulnerable as a boy-King fleeing from danger.

Thomas is imbued with a Kierkegaardian faith in an inscrutable divine providence that has given him a role, an end, and a purpose for his life. Thus, after exile, he will return to Britain against the wishes of the Vatican, leaving the safety of a French monastery for almost certain death.

It has pleased You to make me Archbishop and to set me, like a solitary pawn, face to face with the King . . . I think it would be too

easy to buy You like this . . . so I shall take up the miter again, and the golden cope, and the great silver cross, and I shall go back and fight with the weapons it has pleased You to give me. As for the rest, Thy will be done.

The effects of all this upon King Henry are much greater than they are upon Becket. Henry had fought hard to have his Chancellor made Primate, and Becket's conversion to ecclesiastical interests leaves him alone as he has not been for years. With his best and only friend turned against him, he is thrown back in bitter incomprehension upon his despised family and witless barons.

Peter O'Toole plays the anguished man with a style and feeling that often impresses upon the audience his terrible fate — he must rule, alone, over a kingdom, knowing (as Thomas taught him) enough "to spoil the fun," and enough to suspect he can do nothing to change things. Burton's restrained performance, though, is more impressive in contrast to the

wretch who sits upon the throne and tries to assuage his loneliness with wenching, fighting, and fits of jealous temper. The Archbishop's fate of an individual confrontation with God and man is just as lonely, but enacted with an admirable self-control. Born to solitude and differently ordained, Henry and Becket must live their lives with the knowledge of each other's existence and the impossibility of their reconciliation.

In a futile attempt at the impossible the two meet on the wind-swept Channel coast. Both compromise, but it cannot be enough and Becket tells his prince that, "I'm afraid we must only do, absurdly, what it has been given us to do, right to the end."

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS APPROACHED the characters of his play *The Night of the Iguana* from a philosophical position very similar to that of Jean Anouilh, and as the cinematic interpreters of both plays were faithful to the original intentions of the playwrights, the film adaptations resemble each other in some ways. The remote God of the iguana is the same deity that presides over the life and death of Thomas Becket; none of the harried characters in either film are truly satisfied; and, accidentally, the priests of both films are played by Richard Burton. But in this last point there is also one of the great differences — Becket submits to God and becomes a saint while the Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon can find no one or nothing to believe in, and becomes an apostate (similar to Henry in *Becket* in some respects).

Film director John Huston and co-scenarist Anthony Veiler have only incidentally altered Williams' one night celebration of his players' repressed desires, indifferent humiliations, crippling illusions, and finally their mutual compassion in the face of God's "oblivious majesty." As was the case with *Becket*, a fine play has become an even better film.

Burton portrays a runaway minister fleeing from the vindictive hypocrisy of his congregation and the merciless pursuit of his dignity by a busload of lady schoolteachers whom he is conducting through Mexico. Bearing these seeds of destruction and empty hopes of returning to his vocation, he abducts the tourists who are trying to have him arrested for statutory rape (object: Sue Lyon) and drives them to an isolated hotel run by an American woman (Ava Gardner in the best role of her life) who is as tough as he would like to be. There, with several other bizarre refugees who have temporarily fled from the outside world, he collapses, at the end of his



rope, like the iguana tied to the sun porch.

In the lightning-raked night that follows he and his companions come to terms with their world and their dreams, finding that they can only depend upon each other and endure until God sets them free from a world that man has so irrevocably poisoned that the truth has no place on it. Rev. Shannon accepts the distant God of the dawn and thunder, sees his final separation from the church, and chooses to live in the dirty but real world,

[In] an intercourse not well designed
For beings of a golden kind
Whose native green must arch above
The earth's obscene, corrupting love.

In adapting *Becket* and *The Night of the Iguana* for the screen the respective movie directors did as much as they could to add visual facets to their stories. *Becket's* Peter Glenville was largely limited to physically constructing before his panavision cameras the scenery suggested by Anouilh's wide ranging play. Nevertheless, he was able to introduce strong cinematic elements like the two rings of Chancellor and Archbishop at Becket's consecration, the shadowy stillness and peace of Canterbury cathedral before and after Thomas' death, and the startling but graceful editing of his murder.

In *The Night of the Iguana* John Huston found many more such opportunities. By developing scenes obliquely referred to in Williams' play, Huston was able to describe his protagonists completely apart from the original story. Several sequences, es-

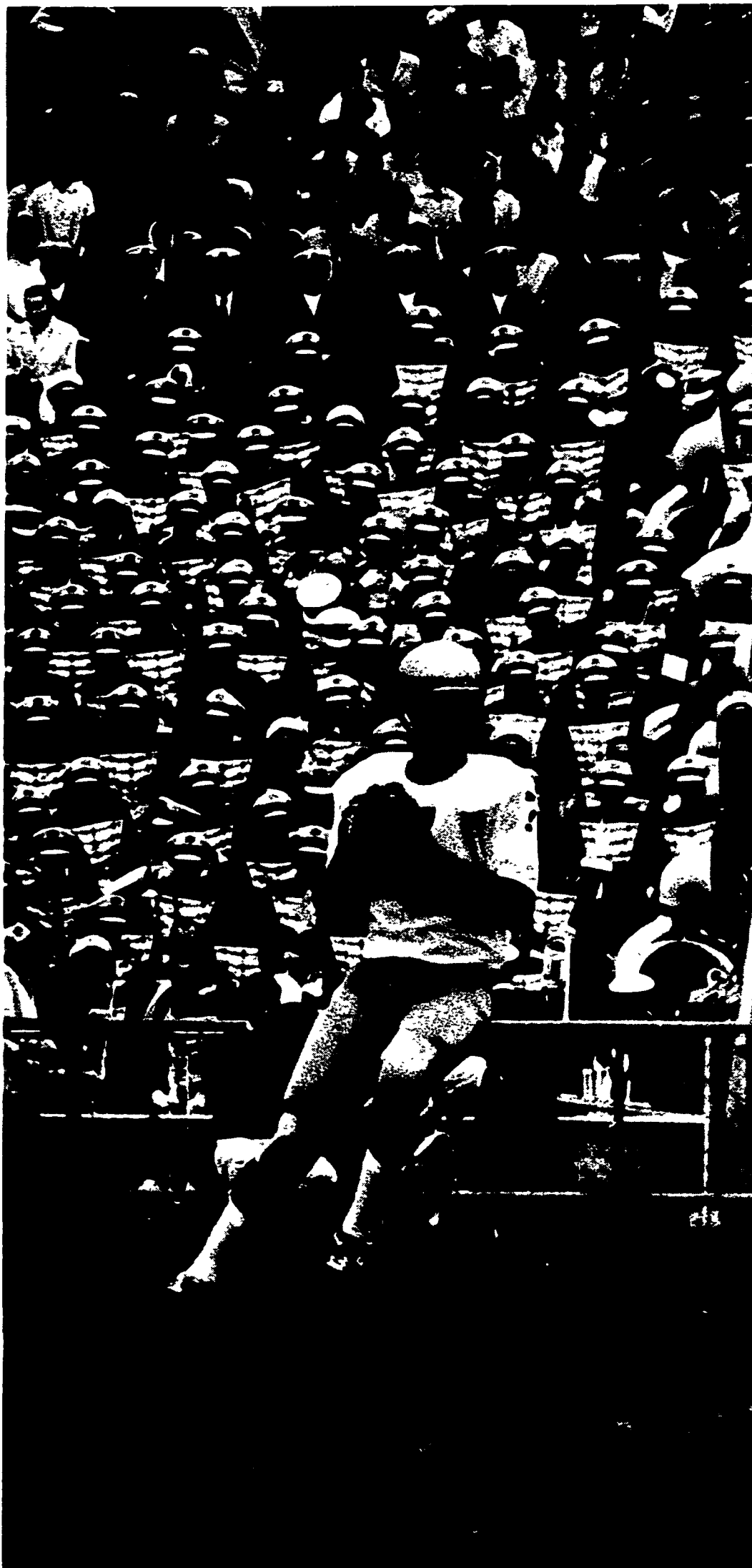
pecially the ones where Sue Lyon's guardian chases her and the swimming Burton but backs away from the tide that envelops them, where the perplexed Burton treads on glass trying to get away from Miss Lyon, and where Ava Gardner flees across the tide-darkened beach, characterize their perversions, panic, and terror.

Neither Glenville nor Huston was afraid to laugh at or with his actors, and this relief, whether it be Becket introducing the invention of the fork, or Shannon clutching his worn-out clerical collar to his neck, both balances and presses forward the development of the films. Burton's play with his collar is amusing, but at the end of *Iguana* he will have discarded it, like the rope around the iguana's neck, for the collar of a businessman and what he believes to be his true calling: life, instead of the perpetuation of illusions.

by Bill Krier

WHILE THE "restraint" of Richard Burton's presentation of Becket in one sense is necessary in any attempt to physically represent meditation, it is also typical of Burton's screen presentation of most any emotion. Burton is an actor of the stage where mobility and immobility are exaggerated to convey reality. An obvious example of stage-screen difference is the effect upon an audience of an eye movement seen on a screen close-up in comparison to the same movement seen from the thirty-first row left side of a theater.

In the recent Electronovisionized version of *Hamlet*, Burton is a forceful leader who dominates all stage actions and characters, except in his
(Continued on page 33)



“You’re

LAST WEEK against Wisconsin two relatively inexperienced players came into their own — John Huarte and Jack Snow.

Against the Badgers Huarte completed 15 of 24 passes for 270 yards. Four more of these should have been caught. The senior quarterback called 90% of the plays and consistently mounted a diverse attack. His passing complemented the rushes of Bill Wolski and Joe Kantor, who combined for 123 yards. Said Parseghian, “John passed well against Wisconsin, extremely well considering the bad weather. He called a good game and hit his receivers when it counted — third down and short yardage.”

Huarte’s first touchdown pass to Jack Snow exemplified his ability to take advantage of an opportunity. When Wisconsin safety and co-captain Ron Frain was injured, Badger coach Milt Bruhn sent in an inexperienced replacement. Huarte noticed this and on the next play utilized it. He sent three receivers into the safety’s zone. The result: six points for Notre Dame.

Why did Huarte perform so well against Wisconsin? The answer is the influence of Ara Parseghian. Parseghian is known for many things — his perfectionist attitude, his fanatical conditioning program, his excellent recruiting system — but in one area he has a unique talent: developing quarterbacks.

At Northwestern, Parseghian had two All-American quarterbacks, Dick Thornton and Tommy Myers. Both players had confidence and determination but lacked techniques that come with expert coaching and game ex-

my quarterback..."

perience. Parseghian taught them the necessary skills.

In the East-West Shrine game of 1962, Daryle Lamonica completed 20 of 28 passes and was voted the game's Most Valuable Player as the East won, 25-19. Lamonica's performance was indicative of Parseghian's influence. The week before the game, the present Irish coach watched Lamonica throw. He immediately found three or four faults in his style. The two then studied game films and worked on passing techniques. After the game Lamonica said, "I learned more about football from Ara Parseghian in one week, than in eight years under other coaches."

Parseghian now has another quarterback — John Huarte. However, he found a different way of bringing out his maximum performance. Huarte had frustrating years as a sophomore and junior; he made spotty performances and often was taken out of a game after a fumble or pass interception. He was tense, erratic, frustrated, without any confidence in himself.

But Huarte knew he would be Notre Dame's quarterback against Wisconsin. Parseghian had told him, "John, I don't care if you throw six interceptions against Wisconsin . . . you are my quarterback."

It was the confidence Parseghian gave him, more than the techniques he showed him, that helped Huarte perform as he did. Huarte knew he was the number one quarterback and he accepted the responsibility.

Another previously unexploited player is split-end Jack Snow. The burly Californian, a weight-lifting fanatic, caught more passes against

Wisconsin than in his two previous seasons combined. His 217 yards on nine receptions broke the school record for pass-receiving yardage, formerly held by Jim Morse.

Snow was spectacular simply because he has the talent to be spectacular. As Parseghian comments, "Jack has great overall speed and this speed plus his size enable him to consistently get open."

The Huarte-to-Snow combination was obviously Notre Dame's best offensive weapon. The Irish always had one fresh fullback (either Joe Kantor or Joe Farrell) and this greatly strengthened the rushing attack.

Against Purdue, however, Notre Dame will face a heavier and more experienced line. It includes six returnees that had over 200 minutes of playing time in 1963 and that limited opponents to an average of less than 100 yards rushing per game. Purdue's defensive backfield is also improved.

Purdue's defense will test the running attack but primarily it will challenge John Huarte. The experienced Boilermaker line will rush Huarte as Wisconsin could not; it will find out if he rattles under pressure, something he has often been accused of.

The Irish defense was erratic against Wisconsin — but excellent when it counted. Red-dogging linebackers Jim Carroll, Tom Kostelnik, Ken Maglicic and Jim Lynch put on a more than effective rush. Quarterback Hal Brandt spent nearly as much time looking at the bleak sky as he did at his receivers.

The secondary, according to defen-

sive backfield coach Paul Shoults, did an adequate job. "It was the first time our secondary played together in an actual game. And though Brandt completed 13 passes, a back was right there for the tackle. Only on their touchdown pass was a receiver completely open. And on that play Tom Longo rushed in thinking Brandt had crossed the line of scrimmage."

Against the Boilermakers, Notre Dame will face a team whose main strength is running, not passing. Purdue will challenge the Irish forward wall with the plunges of block-buster fullback, John Kuzniewski.

However, Purdue must replace quarterback Ron Di Gravio. First choice is sophomore Bob Griese, who completed 7 of 11 passes last week against Ohio. His number one receiver will be Bob Hadrack, third in pass receptions in the Big 10 last year.

Purdue will test the Irish defensive line. While Wisconsin's most effective offense was their passing attack, Purdue will rely on rushing.

Notre Dame will be without defensive end Harry Long who is out for the season but Paul Costa, out last week with a pulled muscle, will replace him. Don Gmitter will be the other defensive end.

The outcome of the game will probably hinge on whether the Irish defensive line can contain the Purdue running attack and whether Notre Dame can pass effectively against a solid defense.

In short, Purdue poses new and sterner problems for the hopeful Irish — a victory Saturday will be earned.

— REX LARDNER

Rugby: Three Years Later

PETE DAWKINS, former All-America halfback at Army and 1958 Heisman Trophy winner, became famous in England for his ability to play another sport — rugby. Rugby, which is the British brand of football, is similar and yet different from the American game.

The “Daddy of American Football” resembles it only in field dimensions and the fundamental objective — to score a try (touchdown) by crossing the opponents’ goal line.

However, differences exist between the two sports. In rugby, neither time-outs nor substituting is permitted in the two 40-minute halves; there is no blocking or forward passing; there are seven backs instead of four and eight linemen (forwards) instead of seven. The armor-plated armadillos of the gridiron are replaced by distinguishable human forms clad in a mere jersey, British walking shorts, and knee socks. A rabbit’s foot can also be worn for good luck.

There are four ways to score in rugby: a “try” is worth three points; a field goal, usually the result of a penalty is three points; a drop kick scores three points; and two points are awarded for a successful place-kick taken after a try is scored.

Today’s football player is usually a specialist; he may be only a punter, or a field-goal expert, or an offensive blocking back.

But every rugger must be skilled in the four fundamentals of the

game — tackling, lateral passing, running, and kicking. The ability to pass the rugby ball is the hardest to master. The rugby pass is a quick pitchout, resembling the option play in football where the quarterback laterals to his halfback, just before being tackled.

The two most basic formations are the line-out and scrum down. The line-out takes place after the ball has been thrown or kicked out of bounds. The ball is then thrown between two lines of opposing forwards. The forwards throw the ball to the backs lined up diagonally behind them. The backs then attempt to move the ball downfield in a series of movements employing the rugby pass.

The scrum down is usually a formation resulting from a penalty. The two sets of forwards form a type of huddle, locking arms with a teammate. The ball is then rolled between them. Both sides attempt to “heel” the ball out of the scrum and the backs then begin another lateral movement.

In addition to all these technical differences, Pete Dawkins describes a more fundamental difference between the two sports. “In spite of the apparent similarity between rugby and football, the two sports differ not only in technique but even more in the way they are approached . . . it is the relatively relaxed, casual approach of rugby which constitutes its fundamental appeal.”

It is this “relaxed, casual approach” coupled with a desire for a competitive, contact sport that constitutes rugby’s appeal at Notre Dame.

Three years ago, when the British sport was first introduced by Bob Mier and Club Moderator Ken Featherstone, a ragged team could only muster three wins in 11 contests. They improved the next year to 6-3-1. And last season, Notre Dame’s most successful, the Irish ruggers compiled an 11-2-4 record.

Corresponding to the team’s improving record, there has been an increase in club membership and interest. From a start of only 30 players, the team has grown to approximately 75. When the 1962 squad played in Virginia’s Commonwealth Cup, they lost to Yale and tied Virginia. This year the Irish ruggers won the cup, swamping both Princeton and Virginia.

Of Notre Dame’s 10 returning starters, six are backs. They include Nat Davis, Rex Lardner, John Reding, Al Byrne and Bob Mier, all of whom can do the 100 in 11 seconds.

Last season’s Most Valuable Player and this year’s Captain and Club President, Mike Murphy, spearheads a group of experienced forwards: Harry Steele, Dick Bell, Ben Beall, John Mauro, and Phil Grannan. Also returning are Jack Murphy, Gay Pang, Turk Murphy, Jamie Toohey, Phil Brady, Ted Valenti, Bob Moffitt, Pete Derrico, and Chuck Toennis-koeetter.

Against Wisconsin last Saturday, the Irish ruggers won their first game, 5-0. Dick Bell scored the only try of the game. Notre Dame was stopped four times on the Badger five-yard line.

Tonight, against Indiana, Notre Dame will play its only home game of the fall season. Indiana boasts a team that includes John Healy and Al Burnett — both All-Dublin ruggers. Bob Lawson, an international star from Liverpool, will referee the contest. The match will be played at Cartier Field after the pep rally. Last year the Irish won, 21-5.

Five games have tentatively been scheduled for the fall season including a tournament in Milwaukee on October 10-11. The last game is against Palmer College of Iowa on November 1.

— REX LARDNER

The Scholastic



THE CRAGG-MIRE PICKS OF THE WEEK

NAVY AT MICHIGAN: Roger Staubach and fleet will drop anchor in Ann Arbor, tie into their peers, and bump Eliot's Wolverines for their first loss in the Game of the Week.

ARMY AT TEXAS: As a rule, Texas hospitality is overrated, and Army will be overwhelmed by the royal treatment.

ILLINOIS AT NORTHWESTERN: With a wealth of talent and Rick Butkus besides, the Illini will beat a good but limited Wildcat team.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AT MICHIGAN STATE: USC unleashed a Trojan horse full of surprises against Oklahoma, and should maintain their winning momentum against the Spartans.

STANFORD AT UCLA: The Indians will be eagerly hunting for Bruin skins, but will wind up with a good pelting.

COLUMBIA AT PRINCETON: The Tigers and Cosmo Iacavazzi will out-stripe the shaggy mane of the Lions and Archie Roberts.

OTHER GAMES:

Auburn over Kentucky

Ohio State over Indiana

LSU over Florida

Oregon over Penn State

Rice over West Virginia

Washington over Iowa

—:—

Last week: 9-3-1, 75%.

Voice in the Crowd

IGNITED by the arrival of a dynamic new coach, a decisive win over Wisconsin and top-ten rankings in the wire service polls, an unrealistic optimism is spreading over the campus. Predictions of a 10-0 season and shouts of "We're number one" are in the air.

Prompted by the rampant optimism and opposing it is an equally unreasonable cynicism; it is neither as vociferous nor as widespread. It is confined largely to the seniors and its cause is a rugged three-year course in recent Notre Dame football history.

The "We're number one" chants began in 1961. Notre Dame had a magnificent football team, Joe Kuharich's "rebuilding" was over and the team won the first three games. The fourth game, against Michigan State, was called the "Game of the Year." Notre Dame lost a heart-breaking contest. After it, the team was mentally and physically beaten and managed only two more wins.

In 1962 the Irish began with an impressive upset over Oklahoma — spirits rose; possibly the loss of nine starters was not as crucial as we thought. Four consecutive losses showed it was. Then, in the sixth game, against Navy, Daryle Lamonica emerged as a consistent quarterback. Three victories followed and we were confident the team would upset Southern California to complete a winning season. Hopes were dashed.

Last year the season began with two hard-fought losses, then a spectacular upset of Southern California and an easy victory against UCLA. The Stanford game was in the bag and we figured "the momentum will carry us past Navy." Competent columnists even talked of a Rose Bowl bid. Stanford played their best game of the season. We lost the next four games.

However, in spite of all the times our optimistic expectations have gone unrealized, I don't feel that a cynical attitude is justifiable, although it is understandable. Because our high hopes have been crushed before is no reason why they must be again. Besides, maybe ours were unrealistic expectations. It is one thing to rejoice in an upset, another to demand it, to be satisfied with nothing less than a miracle. Unreasonable hopes can bring only disappointment, and consequently the Wisconsin game and the rest of the season must be viewed in a realistic light.

Notre Dame played Wisconsin with the advantage of an adequate scouting report. Wisconsin had none. Both by design and accident the Old-Timers game revealed little of the 1964 Notre Dame team. The Irish used neither the offense nor the defense which was planned for the fall and John Huarte was injured.

Against Purdue, and for the rest of the season, the element of surprise is lost. In a way it is unfortunate that Huarte and Snow played as well as they did. Now the cat is really out of the bag. From now on Snow will be double teamed; and Huarte will be rushed — hard.

Rain helps the passing attack (although the ball is slippery and harder to throw and catch, the poor footing allows the receiver to get open more easily), but Wisconsin could not utilize this opportunity for two reasons: their offensive line was weak and often did not give Brandt adequate protection, and Brandt either had a bad day or is not as good as he is supposed to be. Four of his slow, wobbly passes were intercepted. In short, Wisconsin is not the toughest team Notre Dame will face.

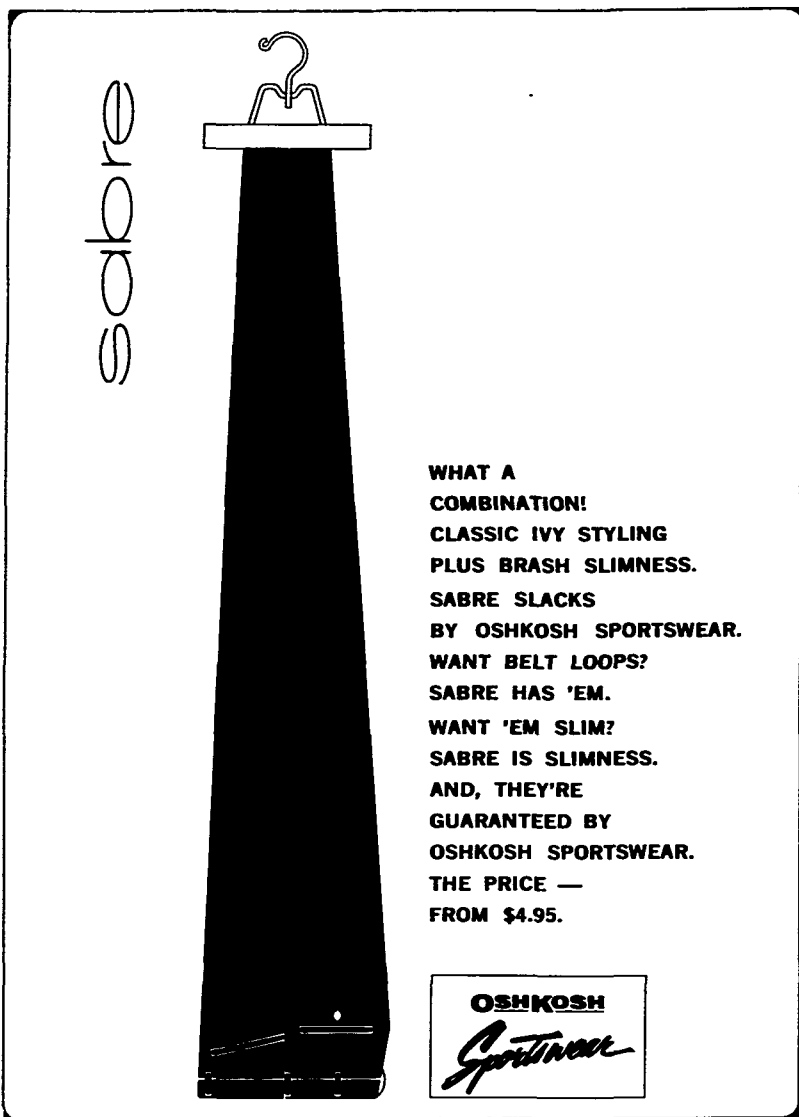
Unlike most other colleges, Notre Dame plays no consistently weak school. Any team in the schedule is capable of beating the Irish on a given day as Stanford proved last year.

Nearly two months of the season remain; nine games, each of which will take its toll. This brutal schedule more than anything else makes a 10-0 season an unrealistic demand.


If Notre Dame went 10-0, the team would be service academy champions (2-0), Big Six champions (3-0), and Big Ten champions (4-0). The offense could play the defense in the Rose Bowl.

Although a 10-0 season is a quixotic wish, the Irish won't lose many, and not to Purdue.

— JOHN WHELAN



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Die Wandernden Sohne

This is the second of periodic columns by sophomore John Meany, one of the Notre Dame students participating in the Austrian program held in Innsbruck.

ON SEPTEMBER 12, Father Engleton celebrated a Requiem High Mass for Mike Leahy in the village church of Siezenheim. Mike was killed while returning to Salzburg from Milan, where he and twenty-four others had bought motor scooters.

There was considerable activity at the Schloss Klessheim during the last weeks of September. A segment of the movie, "The Great Race," was being filmed there. It concerns an actual 1908 automobile race between New York and Paris. The cars raced from New York to San Francisco, and then crossed the Pacific by boat. The race to Paris resumed in Asia. The movie is directed by Blake Edwards, and stars Jack Lemmon, Natalie Wood, Joanne Woodward, and Keenan Wynn. This two and one-half hour spectacular is scheduled to be released next July.

After several weeks of staring at the outside of the huge yellow mansion a quarter-mile from our dorms, we were finally allowed to inspect the inside. During our last week of classes, two lectures were held in this Klessheim castle, followed by tours of the building. The Schloss Klessheim is owned by the province of Salzburg and is used for entertaining important visitors to Salzburg. It also serves as the residence of the Bundespresident when he visits the city.

Impromptu hootenannies have been held regularly during our stay in Salzburg. The stars of these hootenannies are usually Denny Herer with his guitar solos, and Bob "Der Kaiser" Lieberman with his rendition of "16 Tons." Diversion is also provided by our championship football games. Hank Topper aided this cause when he stopped at Innsbruck and picked up the football which had been shipped in his trunk.

Speaking of diversion, our existence here was livened up one recent Sunday by a chemical fire in the Klessheim agricultural school. Several fire trucks came from Salzburg and it took the firemen thirty minutes to get through the smoke to the source of the blaze.

These activities, however, are slowly subsiding, and most of the Innsbruck students will soon settle down to the study routine.

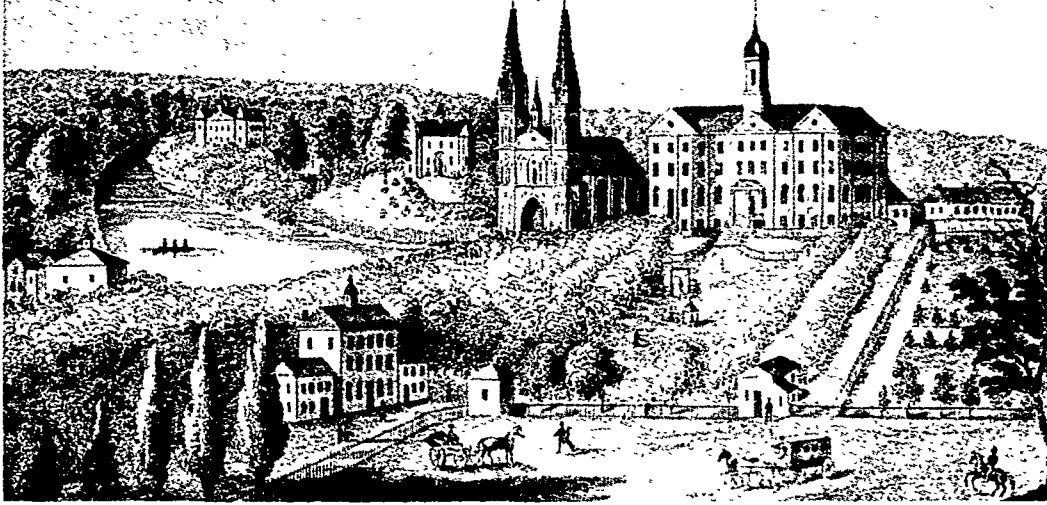
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IN THE BEGINNING . . .



IT HAS BEEN ALMOST habitual for the SCHOLASTIC to annually introduce a new column to its readers. The habit, good or bad, will not be broken in 1964. There will be a difference, however, in that this year we have an at least apparently good reason for continuing the trend. That reason is that the SCHOLASTIC, believe it or not, is in its 98th year of official publication. Approximately 70,000 pages are now covered with the sentiments of SCHOLASTIC writers. We thought it would be interesting to scrape away the cobwebs and review the history of Notre Dame 1867-1965 as seen through the eyes of our spry men of the pen. And if the writing should drag, please remain non-violent. Think of having to read 2,000 issues of the SCHOLASTIC. No, better not.

A general summary of the condition of the University circa 1867 might well aid in an understanding of the material written in the aged Dead Sea SCHOLASTICS. Following the stillness at Appomattox, Notre Dame students numbered 500. The signals were being called by Father William Corby, C.S.C., third president. Annual tuition and board expenses totaled a "steep" 300 dollars. If you wanted to use one of the University violins, however, an additional \$2.50 per year was required. The school year stretched from the first week of September to that of July. Located immediately west of the campus was to be found an institution for young Catholic women . . . St. Mary's Academy. Financial "terms per annum" were listed at 200 dollars. A road separated the two colleges.

Local writing talent was then nourished under the auspices of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society, the St. Edward Literary Society, and, of course, the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society. From the pens of members

of these groups came waves and waves of publishable material. Yet, the walls of men's washrooms had not achieved their present popularity as news media, so Father Sorin encouraged several students and a priest moderator to take the dive into the journalistic bucket.

During its first two years the new publication, known as *The Scholastic Year*, was merely a fly-leaf hanger-on to the University-sponsored religious periodical, the *Ave Maria*. In its first issue of September 7, 1867, the seven-page magazine emphatically stated its purpose as: "The reporting of the arrivals of students and friends at Notre Dame and St. Mary's; Honorable Mention of students, both in regard to conduct and studies; Articles from English classes; Bulletins of general health (did he fight for the Union or Confederacy?); notes of field sports, boating, etc.; and matters of general interest." To illustrate their apparent policy of avoiding the controversial, the first issue devoted half its space to the listing of the entire student body. Sensationalism was not one of its earlier problems.

In explaining its reason for existence, *The Scholastic Year* stated, "it has been undertaken to give parents frequent accounts of the institutions in which they have placed their children; institutions in which the parents' hearts must be, so long as their children remain, and of which all who have visited it retain, we hope, a pleasing remembrance." Rah.

Additional trivia included a promise to make *The Scholastic Year* a household word on the local scene. Highlighting the first issue, however, was the staff's apology for being unable to cover the opening of classes at St. Mary's. No doubt with a great weeping and gnashing of teeth they wrote: "We regret that we are

obliged to go to press before receiving the account of the opening of classes at St. Mary's. The young ladies who visited the college (ND) with their parents before settling down at the Academy and who charmed us with their playing on the Grand Piano in the college parlor, have given us an exalted notion of their attainments in the musical line."

Tune in next week for the opening of St. Mary's. — JOHN TWOHEY

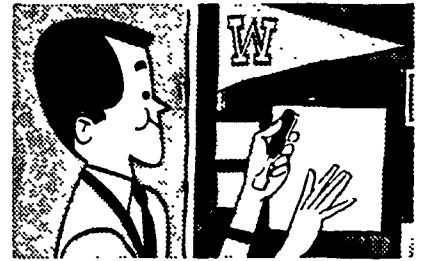
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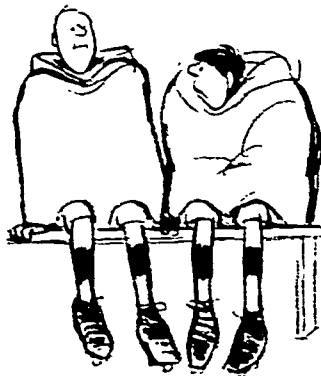
2. Right. And this year we have a big decision to make—who gets our vote for President.

I've already decided to vote for the candidate of my choice.



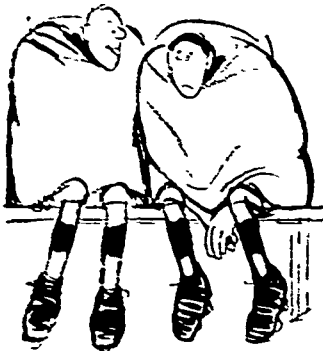
3. Your decision should be based on what the candidate stands for. For example, does your man's fiscal policy square with your philosophy on the matter?

I hope not. I never could handle money.



4. Then how do you expect to go out into the world, support a wife, raise children, and be a two-car family?

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An Ambiguity of Games

(Continued from page 25)

opening scene where he merely sits exaggeratedly immobile on a stool. Yet once the ghost has given him a justification for revenge, he is never daunted; Burton's Hamlet is not a victim of indecision, he is a man fully controlled by his desire for revenge. This phenomenon of a single, overwhelming motivation is often termed madness, yet it is a madness that has a purpose and he effects it. And this interpretation is not unlike Burton's presentation of Becket, who, according to Mr. Haller, is motivated by a Kierkegaardian faith in divine fate. In both cases there is a justification of the character's actions because of a supernatural source, whether it be God or a ghost.

Yet one is for the stage, the other for the screen, and there is little difference in Burton's technique. Hamlet seated on the stool is much the same as Becket standing behind Henry II at the council of barons and clergy early in the film. It would be interesting to note how few close-ups there are on Burton in the film *Becket*. But even more interesting would be to note in how few of those close-ups he is speaking.

For Burton's greatest attribute is his voice. When he is on stage in *Hamlet*, his voice is the overriding reality. This is a distinct advantage for Burton because in normal conversation we can interpret words by watching a speaker's eyes, whereas in the theater and in movie longshots we are left only with the emphasis of various words. Thus in *Becket*, the most striking scene is Becket's excommunication of Lord Gilbert in the darkness of the cathedral. It is photographed from a high angle and the reverberations caused by the stone walls present an

opportunity for Burton to use his voice to the fullest.

In the same way in *Hamlet*, he uses his voice to create a feeling of awe, yet this feeling is only because of his technique and does not present any new facet of Hamlet. I am told that in the actual stage production without the Electronovision speakers, he presents his "To be or not to be" soliloquy entirely in a stage whisper. This is a marvelous technical feat as is his range from scream to whisper in many of the soliloquies heard in the film; its finesse, however, leads us to no new vision or awareness.

The lack of opportunity to use his voice in *Becket* is not to his discredit, yet it seems a fundamental failing when he uses his voice in *Hamlet* to reach an audience, to lift it, but not to lead it. I am thinking specifically of his "to a nunnery" scene with Ophelia. He embraces her to indicate his love, her withdrawal causes him to step back and spy the king and

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Polonius from which his desire for revenge overrides his love for Ophelia. His initial outburst of mad anger at her is sufficient to indicate his overwhelming madness, yet the remainder of his scene shows us nothing more about him, and we would hope for an invitation or insight into that madness.

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'Finding Pete'

(Continued from page 22)

Jimmy accepted the ticket and began walking home. He stopped on the way for a cup of coffee; supper didn't appeal to him. An old lady sat across from him in the coffee shop, she touched her face and kept looking in her compact to make sure her make-up was on properly. Jimmy became so mad at her apparent ideas of attractiveness that he had to leave the shop. As he put on his coat, the ticket he received fell to the floor. The bold red letters spelling SUMMONS stared at him. This increased his anger, and as he left the shop he muttered to himself, "Screw the car."

A man was about to enter the coffee shop as Jimmy was leaving. Jimmy quickly opened the door and gave the man a hard blow with his lean

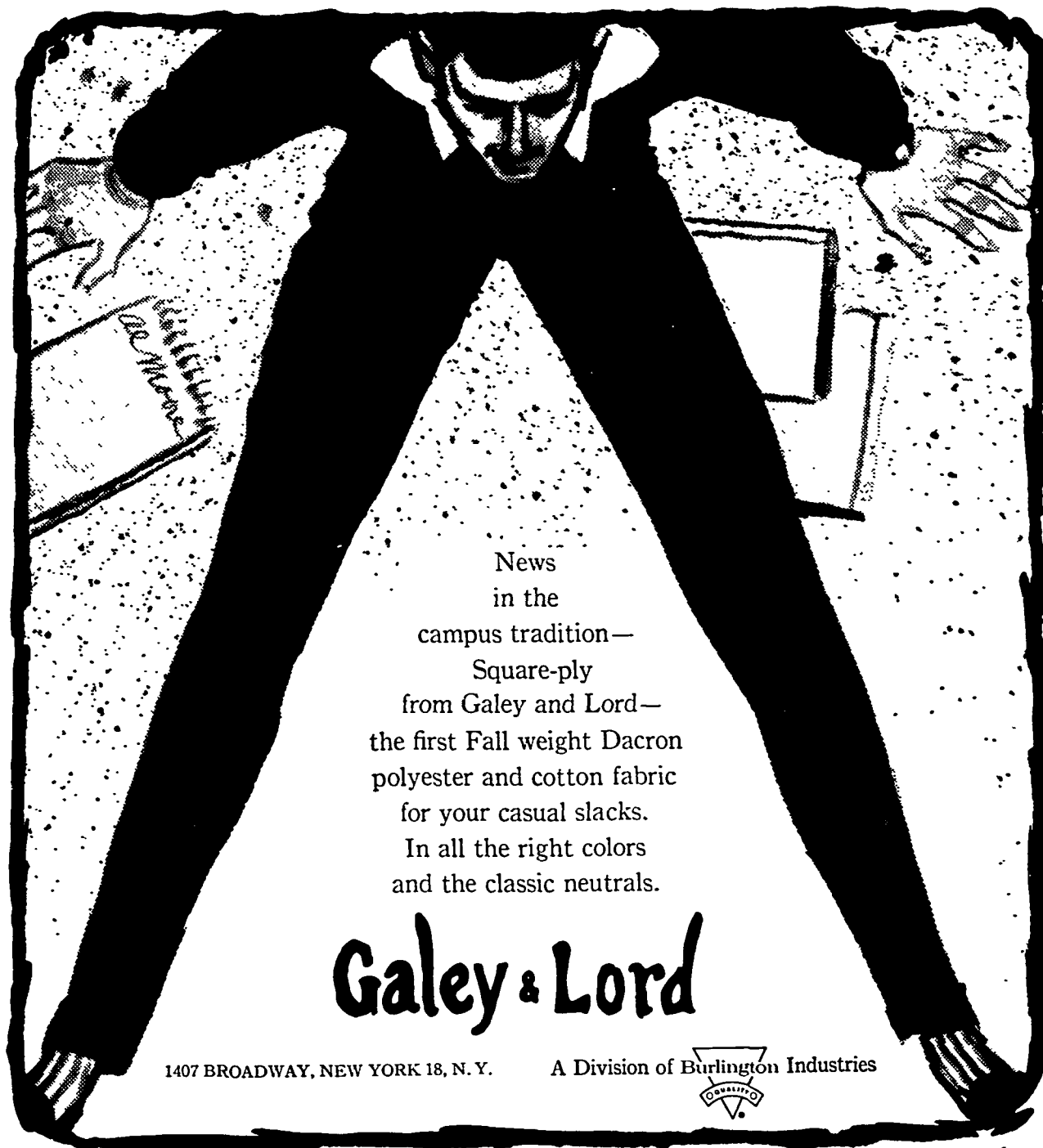
shoulder, and then turned around to wait and hear if the man had anything to say. The man's size stopped Jimmy's pursuit for a fight, so he turned around and headed for the street. He crossed the street in the middle of the block, thinking he had shrewdly outmaneuvered a group of people standing on the corner waiting for the light to change. When he got to the other side, he hailed a taxicab. Jimmy was tired of walking.

About nine o'clock the taxi pulled up to an old apartment house, and Jimmy got out, giving the driver the exact amount to cover the fare. He didn't go right up to the apartment, but sat on the front stoop and watched the people go by. There was an old lady that passed, that reminded him of the lady in the coffee shop, whom he wanted to hit. He looked critically at himself for feeling this way; he wanted to report himself to the police,

or anyone that could help him explain this madness he had with people.

When Jimmy finally went upstairs it was late. The light was out in the hallway, but he found his way without it. Because the stairs were dark, he went up slowly, counting the steps, one by one. He counted seventy altogether. Jimmy thought to himself, "If you put that into feet, it's the distance Pete fell this morning."


Jimmy walked quickly down the corridor and then into his room, locking the door behind himself. He immediately turned on the overhead lights and the other lights in the room on his way to the kitchen. There was a pot on the stove with water in it already, so Jimmy just turned on the gas to heat it. While the water was heating, he went into the living room and turned on the television set. He shut the windows to keep the "busy sounds" of the city out, and



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drew the shades to block the blinking advertising lights that were disturbing the constant illumination of the lights in the room. Other sounds that might disturb him were smothered by the loud television. It was so loud that Jimmy had no choice but to listen. After getting his coffee, he lay on the couch and watched the late Monday night movie.

Jimmy was awakened by the television announcer loudly reporting the morning news. Hostilely, he pulled the electrical cord out of the wall plug; it was easier than getting up and turning the set off. He leaned up on one elbow and punched at the wall switch. The room was completely dark now, except for a few beams of morning sunlight that shot between one side of the window molding and the drawn shade. Jimmy lay still as the dust suspended in those beams of sunlight.

The day passed with only the incessant ticking of the clock on the coffee table. Jimmy counted sixty seconds to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour, then hour after hour, until the clock ran itself out. With sheer boredom he began to stare at the newly painted ceiling. There were

spots that were missed and spots that were overpainted, leaving signs of negligence and irresponsibility that irritated Jimmy's anger more. "Why the hell don't people meet their obligations," thought Jimmy to himself. It was the same damn thing with Pete's death. "People should realize. . . eh . . . what the hell."

His boredom became less and less as he realized the faults of handicraft in the rest of the objects in the room. The armrests of the couch were not fitted properly to the part of the leg that extended up to support them. One strip of wallpaper did not mesh properly with the one next to it. "There should be someone that . . . eh, forget it, you're only paying rent, you don't own this rat hole. Let the landlord worry about it," thought Jimmy.

As Jimmy lay there, he felt nervous energy creep up on him. The empty, answerless silence provoked his anger. He got off the couch and went to the window, drawing the shade up to let all the sunlight in. When he opened the window, sounds and air spilled into the room, but the afternoon air wasn't fresh. It was thick. There was an elderly lady, who lived in the same

apartment building, sitting on the stoop.

"Mrs. Lumans," yelled Jimmy.

"Oh, good afternoon, Jimmy. What are you doing home, did you get fired already?"

"No, no, Mrs. Lumans, nothing like that. I just overslept that's all. Listen, if a taxi drives by, will you flag it down; I'll be right down."

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(Continued from page 21)

Everyone worked hard, and working with the people was a wonderful way for Tom and me to get to know them. We made many good friends . . . and felt very much a part of the community."

Frank Quinlivan and Dan Scott worked in Puon, 13,000 feet up in the Andes. Frank writes of his impressions of Lima: "The contrasts of Peru struck me from the night we landed at Lima International Airport. The land looked cold and desolate; it was dust. The slums swept past and out of the night a picture of the Sacred Heart flashed in and out of view. I felt lonely and a little afraid, but oddly I felt close to home. There are the contrasts of the capital city: the slums of Fray Martin, the great market, full of crowds and noises and strange smells. There was fish and meat and fruit, children playing, swarms of flies, the sounds and smells of poverty. And there was dinner in the Crillon Hotel's Sky Room, high above the city's lights, where violins played to us as we looked out over the city, with neon lights flashing below us."

I worked in a small, poorly equipped state hospital in the altiplano town of Sicuani. Sometimes I was given a ward to take care of, other times I "circulated," helping out where I could. The older patients were amazingly stoic and enduring, reconciled to their most often inescapable situation and incurable condition. The children in the hospital made the place happy. Dominga and Aurelio, Casiano and Carmencita, each full of fun.

Sophomore Jim Lynch, linebacker on this year's football team, tells about his orphan friends at Sicuani's hospital. "Not many kids in Sicuani ever get spoiled. They have to work too hard, and even very young ones have jobs to do. One exception was Aurelio. . . . He had just been dropped off one day at the hospital. Dominga had been there with big stripes on her back from beatings, and huge sores on her body from tuberculosis. She is a pretty girl, always happy."

Why did we go? What were we trying to do? The idea of an exchange, a dialogue, was a dominant reason. Of course the lure of travel and adventure was present also, but at the bottom was the understanding that our group came to Peru not as tourists, but to give ourselves and to be open to receive. We tried our best to exemplify the fundamental truths of the Christian life, as lived by young Catholic college students: ideas, ideals,

convictions, practice. In turn, we found that the Latin Americans had much to teach us.

When we left Peru in August, we hoped for two things. First, to be able to bring home what we had learned and begun to understand, in order to share this with others in our homes and communities, and on the Notre Dame campus. We believe our own lives have been deepened and enriched, and that we should be better Catholics, better neighbors, and better men. Second, we hope that some of those we met and lived with in Peru will be similarly affected, and will know that the "gringo" cares about

them. Whatever small material assistance we could give, we hope will be not only of some practical value, but also a sign and pledge that our efforts and interest will continue in future years. A common note runs through each of our reports: the discovery of friendship in a new country and in the middle of a strange culture, and the strong conviction that when the summer's work was over, we were the ones who were the most benefitted. For all members of this third Peru project, as for those who took part the first two years, the story is not ended. There are mountains still to climb.

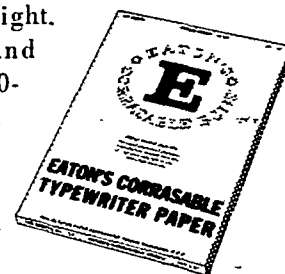
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Mel Noel...

The Last Word



THE MIDWEST HAS NEVER been exposed to the effects of hurricanes. However, there are several cities in this area that claim they would prefer the rough caress of a Gladys to the onslaught of Notre Dame students on a weekend trip. Some seniors who went to Madison as witnesses of the Irish revenge were startled to see a kind of revenge applied to themselves after the game. Madison still remembered the last time Notre Dame students came to town. After our invasion two years ago, fraternity houses suffered as much as \$4000 worth of damage and the townspeople were

reeling from two nights of disorder. The local paper ran editorials which, in effect, said: "If the Notre Dame animals are not yet housebroken, they should be kept locked up in South Bend." Chicago also has reacted to many years of ND flamboyance. There are only a few hotels in the city that will book a Notre Dame-sponsored dance or student trip.

As students who visited Madison last weekend know, Notre Dame's rowdy reputation has practical as well as moral implications. Those who were turned away from frat houses because of the ND on their jackets, or who were treated badly by Madison's merchants, know the results of childish behavior. And they can thank their fellow students of two years ago for our school's smeared reputation in Madison.

Plainly stated, the problem is that many Notre Dame students simply do not know how to act in circumstances where good times and freedom are allowed. But it is not difficult to see one reason for this problem's existence. The University of Wisconsin is notable for its excellent social facilities; the city of Madison is notable for its excellent college atmosphere and its many social opportunities. In comparison, the University of Notre Dame shows up as the Sahara of social activity, and the city of South Bend appears to be a Dogpatch of cultural opportunity. When faced with such a complete change of environment, the Notre Dame student is unable to adjust and goes wild.

Anyone who doubts the unhealthy nature of Notre Dame's social situation need only examine the facts of University life here. As Dr. Farnsworth of Harvard told the Administration last May, increasing tensions are to be expected at an increasingly competitive university. But what social outlets are open to our students? There is no place on campus that affords steady entertainment or even good food in a restaurant atmosphere. There are only a few restaurants in South Bend that offer good dining at reasonable prices, and most of these are beyond the reach of ND students. Of course, only a very few off-campus upperclassmen are allowed to have cars; the rest of us have no more mobility range than a ten-year-old on his two-wheel bicycle. The frustrating clincher of our plight is thoughtfully provided by the only Catholic girls' college in South Bend. Its small enrollment is protected by more senseless restrictions than could be contrived by any federal warden. Curfews of 8:30 p.m. for freshmen most of the week neatly rule out at-

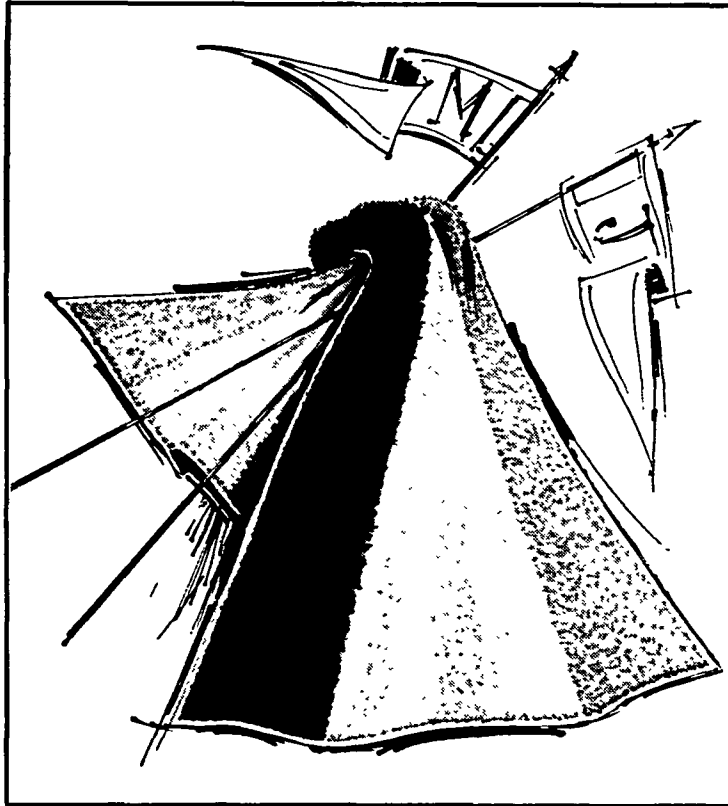
tendance at any Notre Dame social or cultural activities. Upperclass hours allow girls to attend about half of our midweek functions. Our Administration should be given credit for their sporadic attempts to bring students of the two schools closer together. But at times relations between Notre Dame and its female counterpart seem to be rapidly retrogressing.

Now that we have reviewed the sordid facts, we ask all those who were a part of the Wisconsin weekend to reflect. Notice any difference between our situation and that of Wisconsin or Marquette? Some people did notice the difference and thought it was dangerous enough to warrant a Red Barn, co-ed classes, and co-ed University clubs. Oops! We didn't mean to uncover any skeletons. But, of course, the Student Senate has more important matters to consider (see page 7).

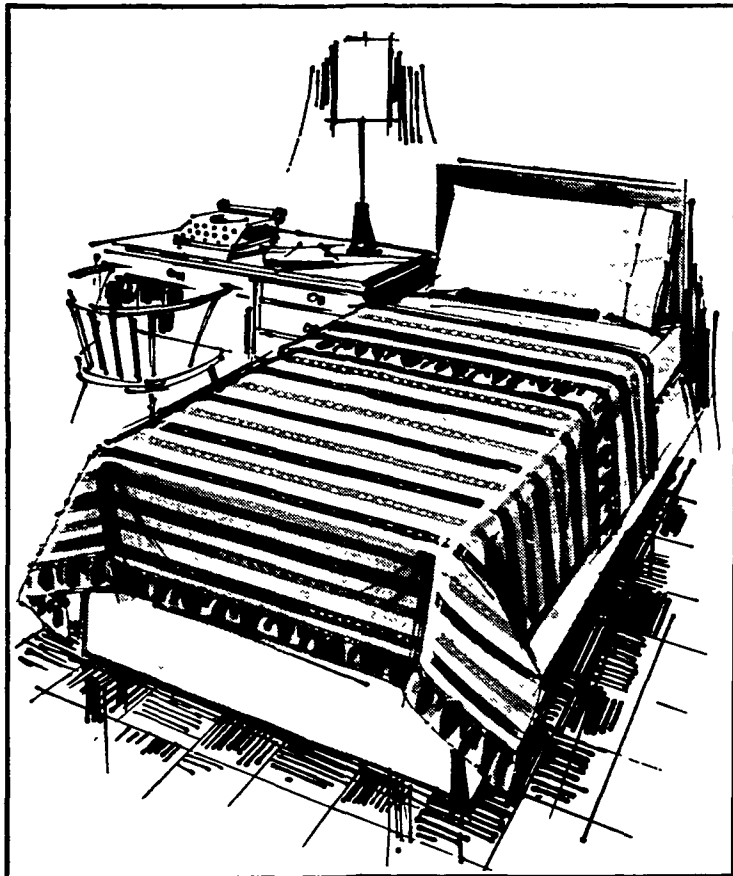
EVERY SO OFTEN the students of Notre Dame find themselves in a brush with the law, on the wrong side of the bar, of course (no pun intended). This time the issue is hitchhiking. Last Monday morning Fr. Collins met with Police Chief Irvin C. Hampton and Sheriff William J. Locks. The two police officials told Fr. Collins that a crackdown on hitchhikers would begin immediately. Their point was made clear by the fact that almost twenty Notre Dame students were arrested over the weekend for hitching; all were booked according to routine police procedure and forced to pay \$25 in fines and court costs.

The police action came after many complaints that Notre Dame hitchhikers were being obnoxious and performing dangerous antics in the roadway. We might agree with the officials that anyone stupid enough to stand five feet out in the street and literally throw himself at passing cars deserves to be arrested for his own protection. However, the ceremonial booking and fingerprinting of a student violator is more than a reprimand. It is a blot on his record that may hinder him in later life. Also the University allows only about half of the off-campus students to have cars, and hitching is the most obvious answer to such an unwelcome problem. We seriously doubt that hitchhikers deserve to be branded as criminals for the rest of their lives, and hope that all potential hitchers will read Fr. Collins' directive. He points out that the law defines hitchhiking violators as any person "who shall stand *in any roadway* for the purpose of soliciting a ride. . ." (Italics mine.) Obvious moral: don't stand in the road when looking for free transportation to campus.

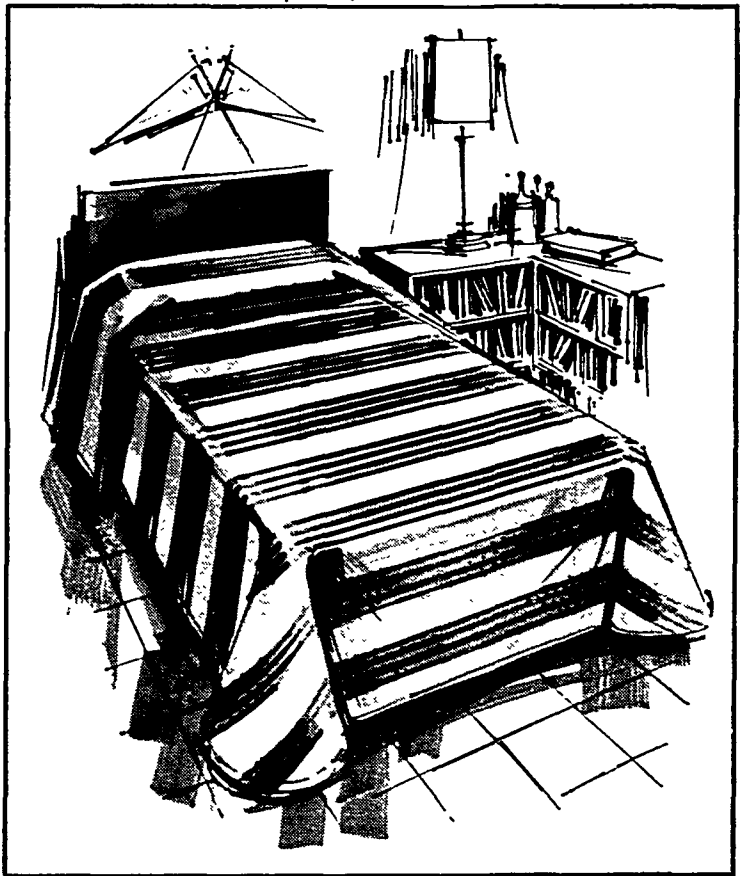
King-size, 25x50, bath towel, 2.98



"Insulaire"® thermal blanket, 10.00



Matelassé-textured bedspread, 10.95

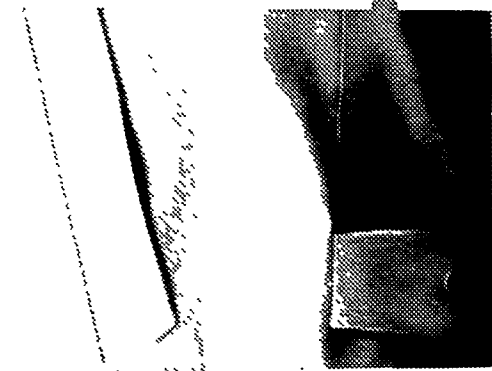


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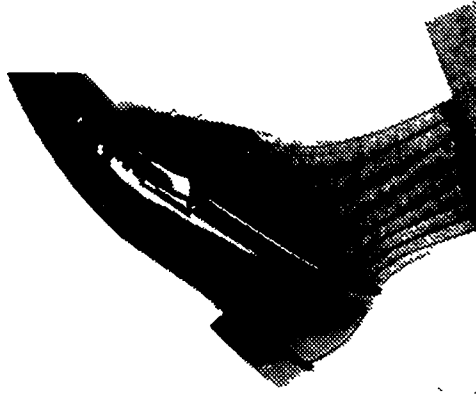
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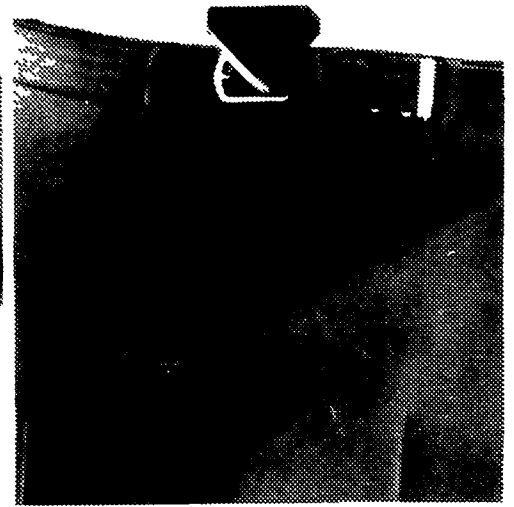
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Classic poplin raincoat:
 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% cotton



Slip-on moccasins: uppers of
 "Corfam"* poromeric



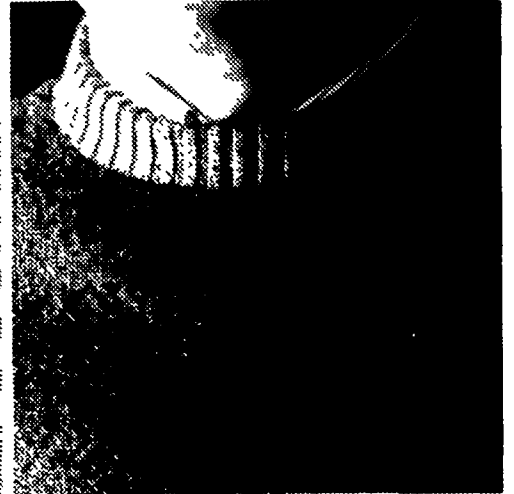
Tapered stretch slacks: "Dacron" polyester,
 worsted, "Lycra"* spandex



Natural-shoulder blazer:
 70% "Orlon"* acrylic, 30% wool



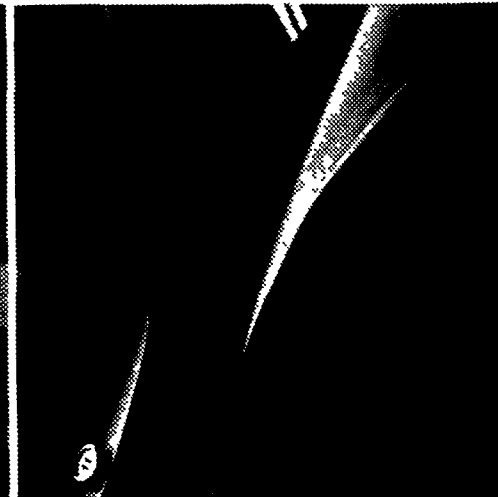
Striped Oxford button-down:
 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% cotton



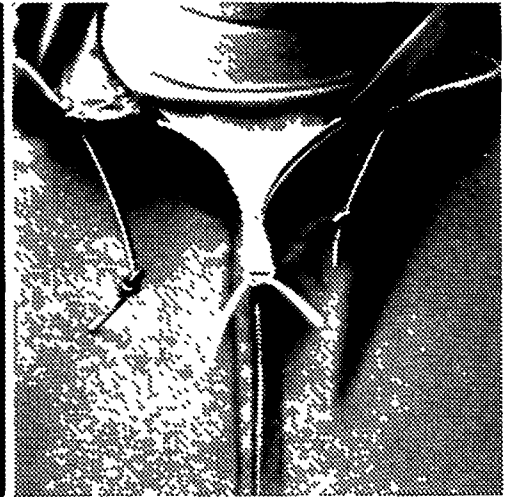
Brushed, crew-neck sweater:
 100% "Orlon" acrylic



Button-down plaid sport shirt:
 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% cotton



3-button suit with vest:
 55% "Dacron" polyester, 45% worsted



Zip-front ski parka with hood:
 100% Du Pont nylon

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL

Here are some of the clothes that rate with college men this fall. We know. Because we asked them. Campus leaders from all parts of the country gave us the word at the 3rd Annual Du Pont College Career Fashion Conference.

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stay in great shape through lots of hard wear. And easy care will *keep* them in great shape.

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