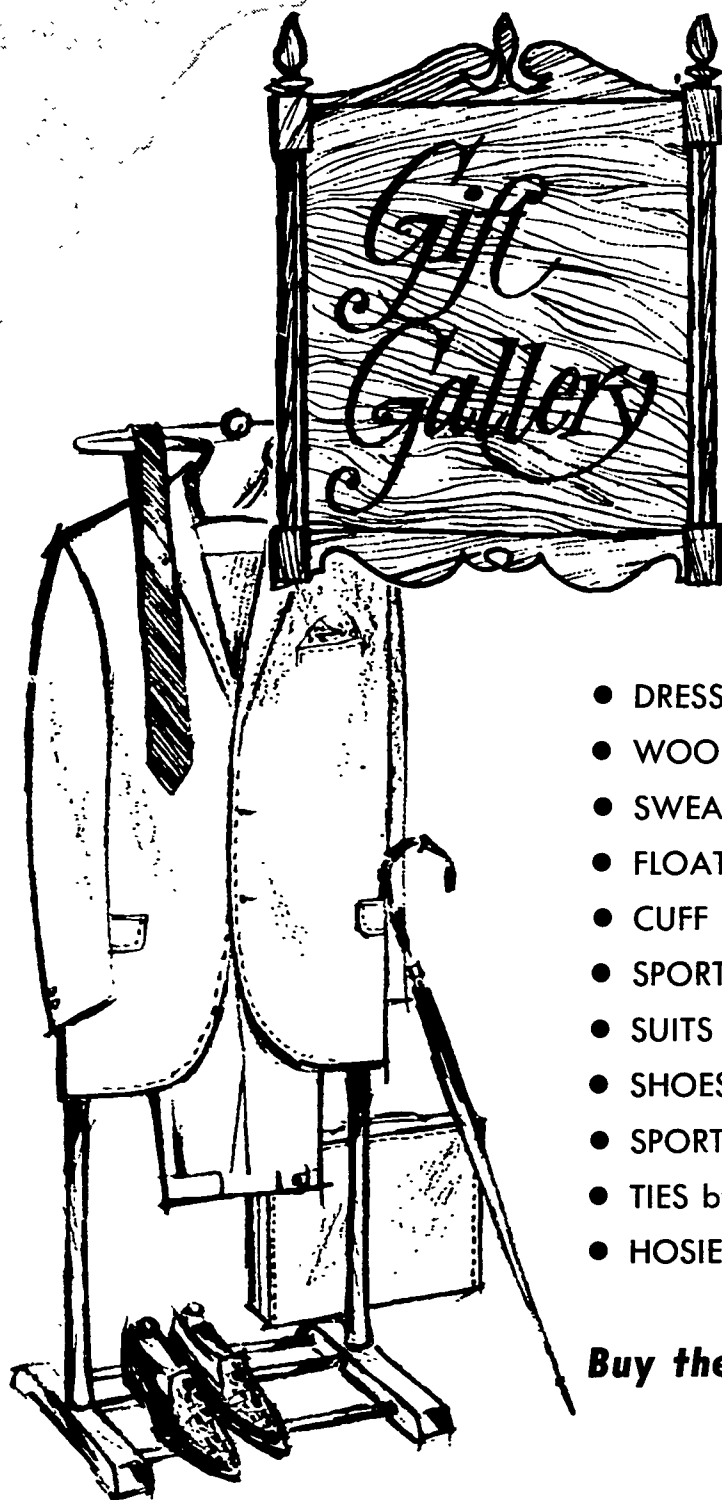


SCHOLASTIC

DECEMBER 11, 1964

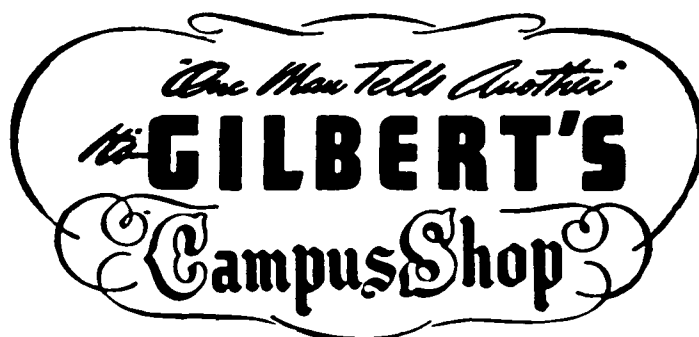




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The California Sun

THE NATION'S HEADLINE MAKERS have given top-notch value to the recent student "political action," "free speech" demonstrations at the University of California. Administration, students, and "outside sources" have all been to blame, depending on the time and source.

Like all sane men, the officials of the Berkeley campus are a little wary of having their names linked with every fringe-group cause that comes along. The recent events on their campus show, not that the administration is un-American, but that they felt some need to hesitate. We all know that the more rabid political activists have sometimes acted imprudently: it isn't surprising to find usually liberal minds, the effectiveness of their good names at stake, backing off from some holy cause to avoid association with the lunatic fringe. Perhaps, if the movement could have kept a higher tone, or had the students at Berkeley known how far in tact (not in justice) they could go, the fearful administration of the university would have allowed them some precedential foothold. Some claim that it was the presence of outside rabble-rousing elements that disgraced the plea but all admit that about sixty per cent of the demonstrators were students.

The students are not to be condemned; but they

should not be praised, though their characteristic lack of prudence is understandable. One important thing, their interest, their positive dedication, is wonderfully refreshing — especially when you look back to our own quiet campus. Everyone likes to think of Notre Dame as an "intellectual community" but it seems more like the Dead Sea of universities. It's not that the brilliants of the campus *can't* get involved, but that they choose to dredge up misdirected passions. We're very talented when it comes to cheers thrown against opposing schools, or at showing our talent in offensive maneuvers on property along Notre Dame Avenue. The idea of the ND student body getting excited over anything as mystical as human rights seems vaguely contradictory to an image that has been built up in decades of feats little more spectacular than hotel wrecking.

Opposed to the tension-tapping hysteria are our between-party doldrums. It's useless to lecture about "apathetic response" — there is usually *no* response. It may be true that the Student Senate is not quite up to its Washington counterpart, but you would think people would get involved in the problems that concern them. The campus situation is disgusting, and frightening. Notre Dame students are ranked among the top twenty per cent of American college students — the world's oldest teen-agers are to be the nation's leaders!

We do have an attitude of "Who gives a damn," but we also have some of the top students in the country. "Extracurriculars" are not the end all, but neither is academic excellence. In fact, that famed phrase is as much a hindrance as a pat on the back. Everyone has a full slate of courses based on competition and hopes for the future; add to this our liberalized, but still paternalistic, regulations which discourage any real personal responsibility — no wonder hell is raised at every chance. But other schools, ranked above us, are not nearly as plagued by our problems of apathy and explosion. Perhaps, though, other places put less emphasis on the Almighty Grade and admit the value of responsible, noncredit activities, or perhaps they have something more engrossing than a beer-and-movie environment, and perhaps they have rules which rely more on simple integrity than on a father-forgive-me attitude.

Until given a chance the Notre Dame student will continue to prove himself a self-centered cynic, an overworked skeptic, an underdeveloped and inactive would-be leader, an "immortal ass, the average man."

— J. W.

Havoc in Africa

SINCE WORLD WAR II, the United States has been one of the leaders in the drive to end colonialism and foster the independence of the nations of Africa. Basing its policies on idealism and morality, this country has used its influence to assure self-government wherever it seemed that a nation was ready for it. The resulting emergence of the independent nations on the African continent has been, at best, a mixed blessing.

As *U.S. News and World Report* pointed out this week, the new nations of Africa are founded on the shakiest possible of social bases. Since there is no substantial middle class, and no substantial intelligentsia to replace the European bureaucrats, these nations cannot be expected to establish workable democracies. Rather, the drive to bring these new nations into the modern world as responsible and prosperous states has been undertaken by strong leaders, who claim a kind of African socialism. In this form of government, the country is ruled by the educated and skilled classes, who form a highly centralized bureaucracy which must assume control over all aspects of the nation's social, political, and economic life. The educated classes who wish to make a contribution to their country's growth find the only avenue open to them to be that of government service, and the gulf between these classes and the masses is so great that it gives these bureaucrats an almost unlimited license to impose such institutions

and policies as they think will be most conducive to raising the economic and social levels of their respective countries.

The results of this process can sometimes be encouraging, but for the most part the problems facing these new nations seem almost too much for them to bear. The multiplicity of languages, traditions, and interests, and the lack of a common bond of unity provide an ideal breeding ground for civil disorder and even civil war. When this happens, the United States has a twofold difficulty. While it would like to support the most democratic and stabilizing elements among the warring factions, it fears meddling in the internal affairs of these nations, because the rebels it opposes one day may be the leaders of the next. While the Communists, most recently the Chinese, stir up as much discord as they possibly can, the United States does not dare to take any action for fear of violating African notions of national sovereignty.

All of these influences were present recently in the Congo. The U.S. was tacitly supporting Tshombe as a stabilizing influence, while the Communists were actively supporting Gbenye and his terrorist Simbas in their rebellion against the central government. When the United States took the most limited humanitarian action to protect its nationals trapped in Stanleyville, whom the rebels were slaughtering like savages, the cry went up from all the African nations that this was a new instance of American imperialism. Not a word was said about Chinese imperialism — perhaps because tyranny is not as fearful to them as a new colonialism — and as a matter of fact the Communists successfully distorted the air drop to make it appear that the acts of aggression and barbarism were perpetrated by the imperialists.

This type of occurrence is a depressing commentary on the fundamentally unrealistic policy which the United States is pursuing towards Africa. The greatest country in the world fears using its power in the defense of its most basic and legitimate interests, but rather allows itself to be made the subject of distorted propaganda attacks and embassy riots throughout the world. The time has come for the United States to receive a respect commensurate with its power, for it to fight distortions with truth, and Communist subversion with all the economic, political, and psychological weaponry in its arsenal. Only then will it be able to hold up its head in the community of nations.

— B. McD.

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OUR COVER:

This week's untrite Christmas message was effected by senior Fine Arts major, Timothy Maloney. Queries as to the meaning of this cover will be met by our joyous silence.

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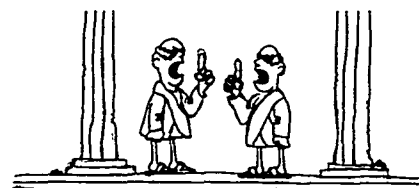
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POINT OF ORDER . . .

by Frank Smith



APPARENTLY ENVISIONING a Student Center burning party, the Senate subcommittee formulating stay-hall policy has knuckled under widespread student opposition to the four-year plan and has come up with a greatly modified substitute. The idea of instituting the stay-hall system for all four classes has had a short but turbulent history. A plan along these lines has been a pet project of SBP John Gearen and, as a matter of fact, constituted one of the major planks of his platform during his unopposed campaign for office last spring. In addition, Chairman Nick Sordi and the majority of his stay-hall committee seem to have bent over backwards to put the idea into practice. But in spite of the attitude of our idealistic student leaders, just the mention of a four-year system causes the average student to react as though he had been asked about the desirability of Notre Dame dropping football. As a result, the Senate committee has proposed initiating the four-year system on a limited experimental basis.

ACCORDING TO THE present proposal, Alumni, Dillon, and Farley halls will house members of all four classes during the next academic year. Each class will have approximately the same number of residents in each hall. It is hoped that the experimental plan can be implemented on some kind of a volunteer basis, but it is hard to visualize 78 seniors hanging on the doors of Farley Hall in order to be admitted into the rooms set aside for them.

IN ADDITION to this experiment in three halls, the committee further recommended that a quota system be established for all the present upper-class halls. This would mean that approximately one-half of the rooms in the upperclass halls would be occupied by sophomores with the other half being divided almost equally between juniors and seniors. The committee is still working on this system and, as yet, has not come up with the obvious solutions to the thorny problems which an imposition of quotas can bring about.

THERE IS A COMMITTEE in the Senate known formally as the Notre Dame-South Bend Relations Committee. After such incidents as last spring's gang attacks on our students on Notre Dame Avenue, the recent

banning of our students from local motels and hotels, and the mass arrests of our students for hitchhiking, the Student Government apparently suspected that something was awry in the relationship between the school and the local community. As a result, the committee under discussion came into existence. Headed by Paul Knipper, the president of Lyons Hall, this committee has accomplished some of the Senate's finest work this year in trying to solve a practical difficulty. The committee has been primarily working in three areas — the alleviation of the hitchhiking problem, increasing personal contact between students and the residents of South Bend, and the improvement of relations with local motel and hotel owners. A plan to create certain "hitchhiking points" marked by blue and gold posts throughout the city is already well under way. The personal contact desired has been partly achieved through a program whereby students live in the homes of interested local residents. But perhaps the most important advances have been in the area of developing cooperation between the students and local motel and hotel owners.

IN A LUNCHEON at the Town Towers about three weeks ago, representatives of five of these establishments met with Knipper, Gearen, and Mel Noel. At that time the owners made their complaints clear, with one of them relating an incident in which one of his rooms was *totally* demolished by a group of ND students.

Knipper's committee has proposed three basic restrictions for students seeking to rent the facilities of the local establishments. If the sanctions are approved by the Senate, students in the future will be required to leave an ID card with the manager, fill out a student government form in advance and possibly present an advance damage deposit.

UPON HEARING THESE proposals, representatives of the LaSalle and Pick Oliver Hotels and the Holiday Inn and Howard Johnson Motels agreed to make their facilities available. The Travel Lodge has declined to commit itself at this time and wants a chance to see how the plan operates. Knipper now plans to send questionnaires to other motels and hotels, asking what requirements they might have for renting to students. Those who have already agreed to the plan have allowed their names to be used in support of much wider cooperation, and Mayor Allen has offered a letter of support for the entire program.

Along with the stay-hall plan, SBP Gearen has seen another of his pet projects bite the dust. Because of student opposition and the inherent difficulties in such a program, the idea to debate international and national issues in the Senate has been dropped. May we be among the first to offer our condolences to the gentlemen in Washington who will now be forced to make their crucial decisions without the help and advice of our Senate.

THE INFERNO

A READING AND COMMENTARY BY
PROFESSOR RUFUS RAUCH

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13

1:30 P.M.

WSND

Letters . . .

VINTAGE PAST

EDITOR:

Over the past few weeks there has been more and more talk of a new "stay-hall" plan which would affect every member of every class at Notre Dame. I hope that this new plan would never come to a vote but if it should, I would like to speak out against it now.

This new approach to student life implies the beginning of a definite fraternal living — like the fraternities in most state and many private institutions. At Notre Dame, in the next few years, there would be 17 fraternities ranging in size from 200 to 450 members. (Very few fraternities at other universities have more than 150 active members.) The "fraternity" here would be a break from the frustration of promoting particular class activity and unity. The class as a social unit would most likely die a slow death with class parties and other activities being replaced by hall parties and activities. The idea of a reunion every five years will soon be meaningless since only 20 per cent, or so, of the graduates we really knew will be there.

When I was a freshman I was "sold" on the idea of our present "stay-hall" plan by promises of bigger and better rooms and more unity in something I still can't figure out. Regretfully, now, I voted for that idea. Now, after four years, I have found myself removed from the people I knew at first and most I have met since then.

The new plan will not allow the new freshmen to adjust to college life in the traditional manner. The present plan does not foster much class spirit either competitively or intellectually. The new plan would be even more frustrated than the present one because certain large halls could never organize hall activities to have a meaningful "hall spirit" — whatever "hall spirit" could possibly mean.

As a senior I recommend that these new plans be tabled and plans for the return to the old class system of the division of halls be drawn up.

Thomas DeCoursey
422 Zahm

UNMITIGATED DISPLAY

EDITOR:

My principal reason for this letter is because of my marked concern over the conduct of the Notre Dame student body during and after the MSU game. Just this morning, I have been reading the wire service stories announcing that the University has officially apologized to Michigan State

because of the physical attacks on its band members following the game and outside the stadium. Since I went to Ara's press conference, I knew nothing of these attacks previously.

However, long before this unfortunate occurrence, I had been watching the conduct of the Notre Dame cheering section. It was bad enough to hear the vociferous booing to which the students subjected the visiting team when it appeared for the pre-game warmup, and when it returned to the dressing room. I am sure you and I both appreciate good sportsmanship, but when the MSU band played the Spartan alma mater and requested the crowd to remain standing for it, the entire throng did just that EXCEPT for the Notre Dame student section.

With the exception of four or five boys who realized what a bad image of Notre Dame this was presenting to the public eye, the students deliberately remained seated. This was a churlish and poor-mannered exhibition, as I am certain you will agree. Going over to Lansing and painting their Spartan statue and some of their buildings with Notre Dame colors was a prankish sort of thing that frequently happens and is taken more or less for granted where rivalries are heated.

But I feel the students, at the game, went far beyond that phase and gave an unmitigated display of rudeness. As you know, I have spent a long adult lifetime covering sports, and major college football is my favorite. How many times have I exulted at the fine performances of Notre Dame teams! And how many times have I been favorably impressed through interviews with Notre Dame stars!

But I think the wonderful football team which now graces the University must itself have been ashamed at some of the student body actions. I would like to have that feeling transmitted to the students so that they might realize how much they have embarrassed the University.

In other words, here is one veteran sports writer, in love with college football, who believes some publication or some official voice should take the students to task for the regrettable events of last Saturday.

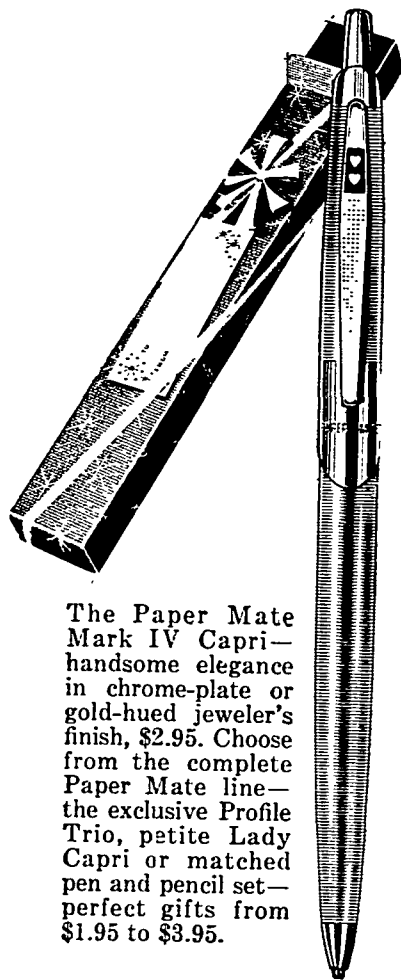
I truly hope you will agree with these sentiments.

Jack Clowser, Sports Department,
The Cleveland Press

(Due to a lack of space we were able to print only one of the twenty letters we received on this incident. We are not trying to ignore boorishness, but this statement seemed the most apt.—ED.)

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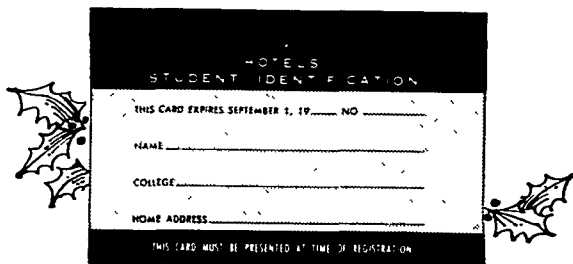
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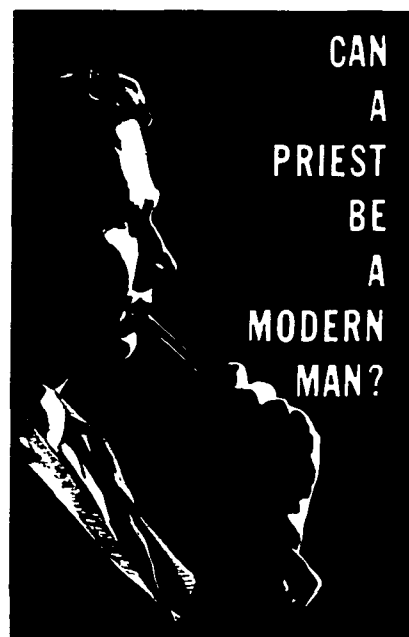
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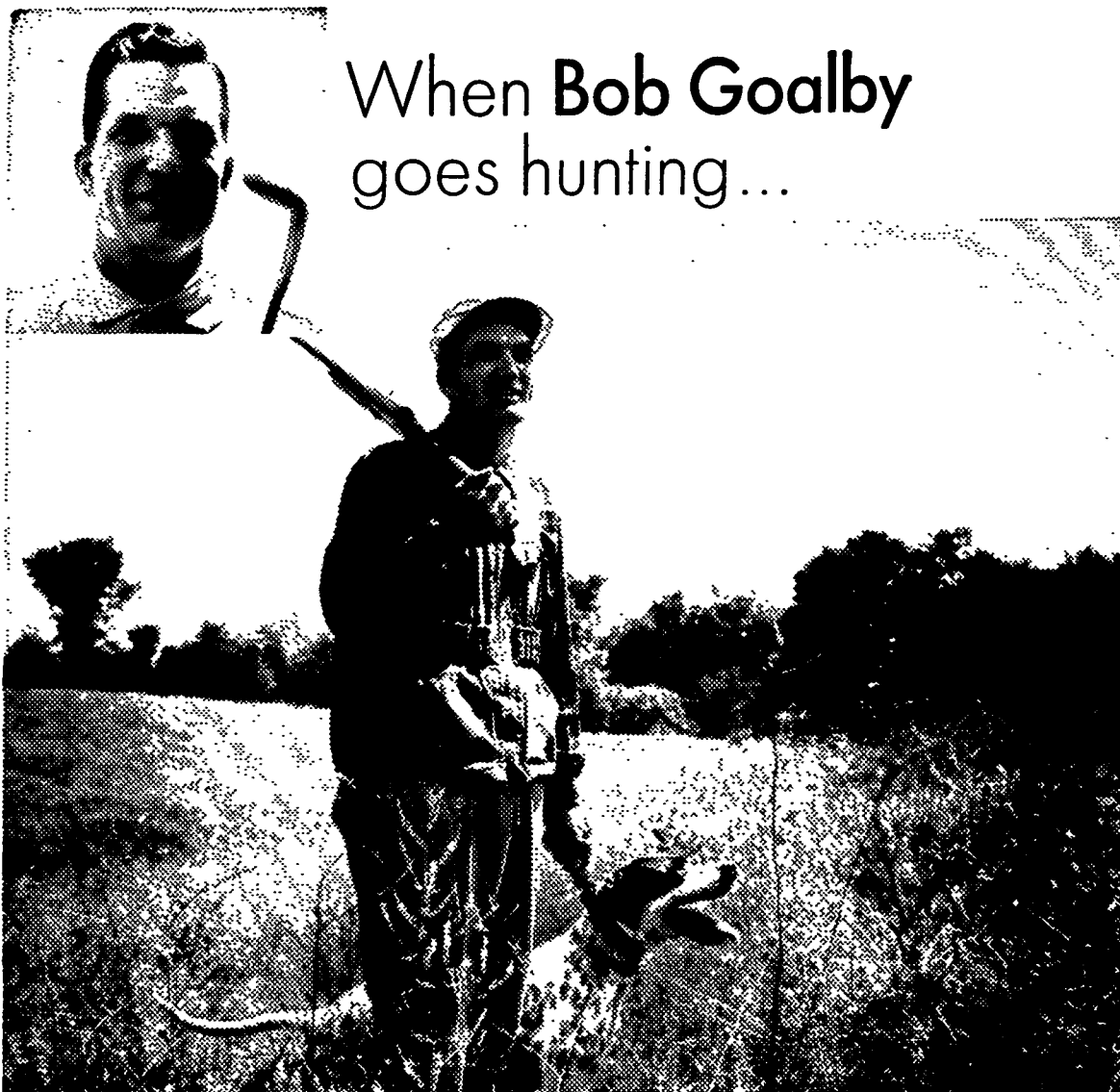
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News and Notes

• **THE NEW MASS** which started on the First Sunday of Advent is called the Mass Interim by Father Teske, the University Chaplain. He feels that during the next seven to eight years we shall see other changes in the Mass. Although many things have been changed already, there are still more to be changed next year.

Effective on March 7, the First Sunday of Lent, Psalm 42 in the preparatory prayers said by the priest and server at the foot of the altar will be dropped. The Last Gospel and prayers after Mass will be entirely eliminated. Mass will end with the priest's blessing. More participation by the people will be promoted by the addition of "Prayers of the People" as a part of the Mass. These consist of a series of invocations said or sung at the completion of the service of God's Word (readings, homily, and creed) just after the priest says, "Let us pray." "Prayers over the offerings" will be said or sung aloud, and those who receive Holy Communion at the Easter Vigil Mass or at Christmas Midnight Mass will be permitted to do so again the next morning.

• **THE BOARD OF LAY TRUSTEES**, the Alumnae Association, and the Administration of St. Mary's College have initiated the Sister Mary Madeleva Memorial Fund. The fund was set up in response to the many friends and former students of Sister Madeleva who expressed the desire to in some way create a meaningful memorial to the late poet, scholar, and president. The Sister Madeleva Memorial Classroom Building will be this memorial. As one alumna has said, "A classroom building is the most fitting to dedicate to Sister — it's what she most wanted after the O'Laughlin Fine Arts Center. The classroom, being in a sense the very core of academic life, is where Sister would most want to be remembered." The Sister Madeleva Building will include classrooms, audio-visual rooms, language laboratories, a lecture hall, an educational library, seminar and conference rooms, faculty offices, and facilities for nonresident students.

The Alumnae Association has asked that all fund-giving for the year be incorporated in the Sister Madeleva Memorial, and the sisters at St. Mary's College, also, have requested that all gifts usually sent to them at Christmas be given to the fund. The building will cost one and a half million dollars, and will be situated east of Lake Marian and the library.

• **LETTERS OF INVITATION** from Father Hesburgh are being mailed to the parents of Juniors for the Thirteenth Annual Junior Parents-Son Weekend on February 12, 13 and 14, 1965. Father indicates that the purpose of the weekend is to convey the essence of Notre Dame to the parents through the experience of being here at a time when they are the centers of attention. Reply cards listing accommodation preferences have been included in the mailing and the actual IBM assignments will be posted in January. The activities include the college receptions, with their exhibits and informal get-togethers, and are climaxed by the President's Dinner. Joseph King, General Chairman, has announced ticket sales for February.

Originally scheduled for March 5-7, the weekend was changed last Wednesday because Father Hesburgh will be absent from campus then.



• **THE RECENTLY** circulated WSND programming questionnaire has resulted in several changes in the sound of campus radio. The most obvious innovation is a new religious reading which comes on each day at 8 a.m., 12 noon, 9 p.m., and 12 midnight with a special message for that day. Another change in programming is the airing of "That Time of Day," a program of quiet popular music for study, each week night from 9:15 to 10:00. A change which will appear in many programs is an effort to increase the number of "commercial" folk songs, getting away from the strictly ethnic approach to folk music. A final alteration will be the lessening of the number of news shows and the lengthening of those that remain.

• **AN AUTO SHOW** at Notre Dame! Ironic, yes. Ridiculous, no. The biggest in the state, with displays valued at around two million dollars, the Notre Dame Sports Car Spectacular took place for the first time last year and operated under the auspices of the campus Detroit Club. This April 24 and 25, the Stepan Center, for a few unusual hours, will house the Ford Caravan, numbers from the GM styling departments, the STP Special, the Lotus Ford, and sports cars ranging from Porche 907's and Ferrari's to Singer's and Sunbeam's offerings. Industry and racing interest movies, door prizes, and elaborate programs will be available at the Spectacular.

Instead of channeling the profit into student scholarships, the money from this year's event will be given as a student effort in the Challenge II drive. Many positions for assistants are open. Anyone interested should get in touch with Gary Kohs, 327 Fisher Hall.

• **DURING THE WEEK** of November 30-December 5, the stage production of *King Lear* was taped by WNDU for future viewing. Rev. Arthur S. Harvey and Dr. Terrence Spencer of Catholic University combined their efforts in editing and redirecting the play for television. Dr. Spencer was brought here from Catholic University for the special task of selecting specific camera shots to be shown. Two years ago he performed the same function for the University production of *Hamlet*. The showing of *King Lear* is scheduled for the night of Monday, January 18.

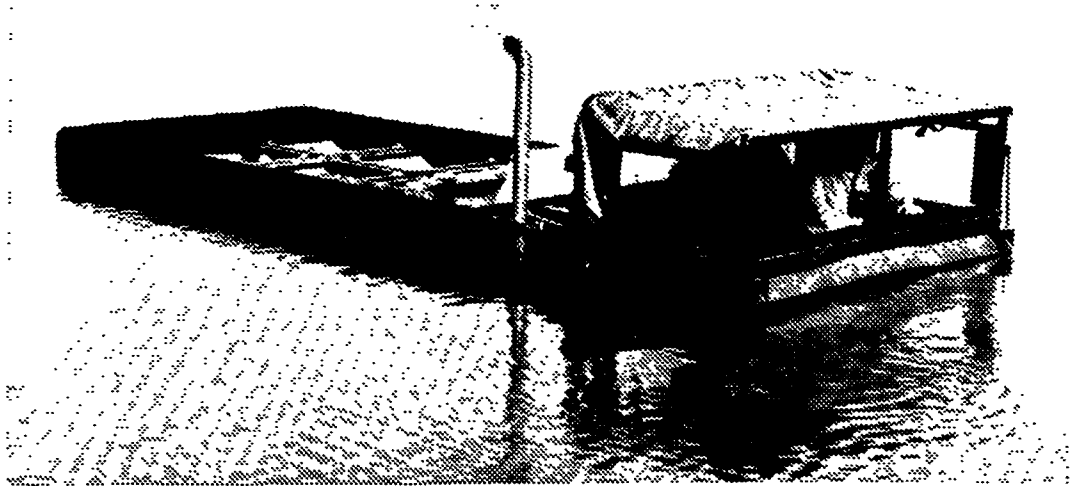
• **PROF. M. A. FITZSIMONS**, Professor of History and Editor of the *Review of Politics*, and Prof. James A. Corbett, Professor of History, are currently engaged in the writing of a new world history textbook. When finished it will be unlike any other text in its field.

Whereas all other world history texts use a Western-centered outlook on the world's history, this book will treat history in a truly scholarly manner avoiding any particular orientation toward a specific civilization. Realizing that Americans will have to co-operate with all peoples of the world in the future to a degree which we have never known, the authors are attempting to prepare students for this by giving them an understanding of all civilizations of the world. This new approach is being put into the classroom here at Notre Dame in the Freshman World History course which Prof. Fitzsimons teaches.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY BUILDS A **TOUGH** ONE

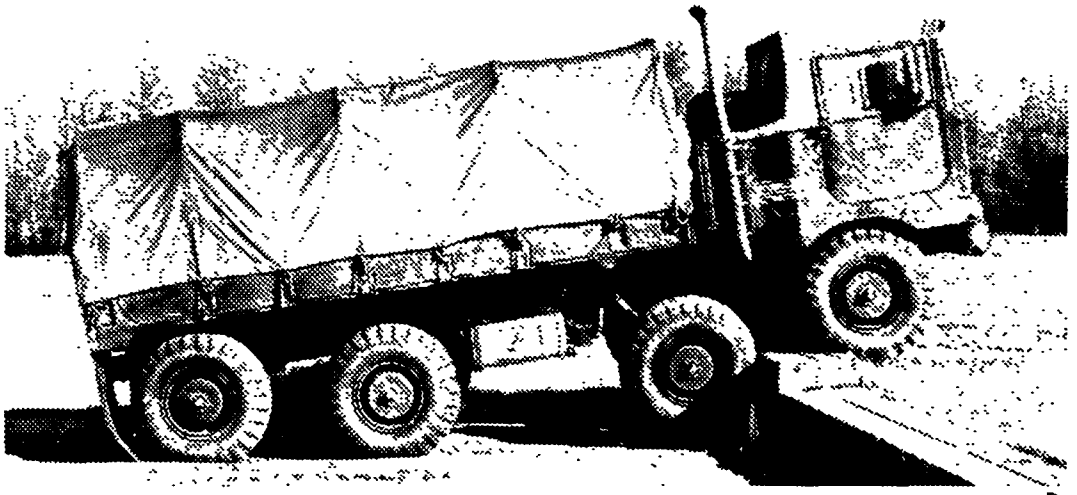
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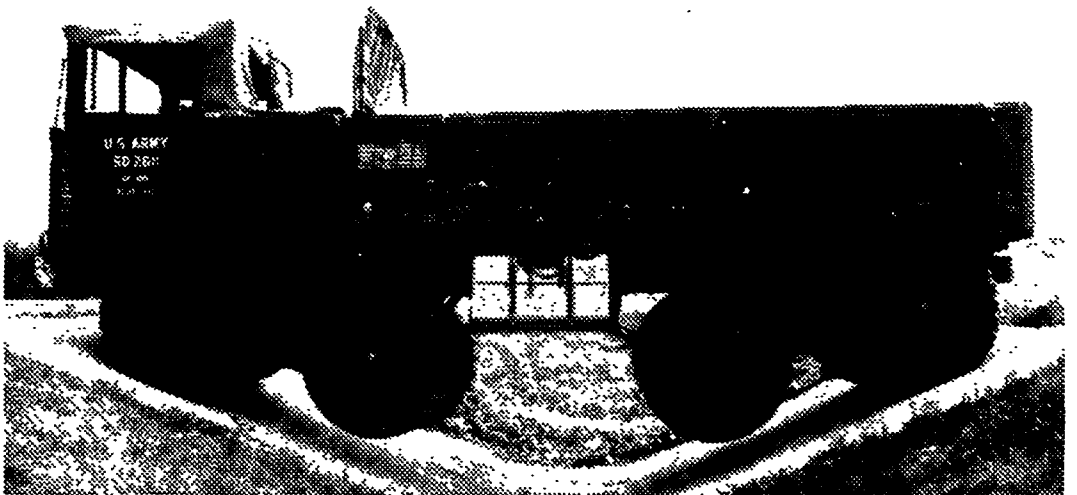
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Climbing over a 27-inch high step or negotiating a 60% grade when fully loaded is no problem for this Ford vehicle. Proof that it can go over rough cross-country terrain.



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GOES ALMOST ANYWHERE



Early in 1963, Ford Motor Company received a contract from the U.S. Army to design and develop a 5-ton cargo truck for use in tactical military operations. Before the end of that year, the first test unit had been designed and built.

This new vehicle, called the XM656 cargo truck, was sent to the Aberdeen Proving Ground for 40,000 miles of testing—twice that required for military acceptance. The vehicle was tested against road conditions that might be found anywhere in the world: swamps . . . loose sand . . . hilly back-country . . . and highways. During the test, the truck carried

a 10,000-lb. payload and, half the time, towed a 13,000-lb. load.

Outstanding characteristics of the truck's design are its floatability, improved cross-country mobility, light weight, reduced need for maintenance and a multi-fuel power plant that will run on anything from diesel oil to gasoline.

This is only one of many exciting new developments at Ford Motor Company. From manufacturing to marketing, we are finding better ways to do things. Career opportunities at Ford Motor Company have never been better. Schedule an interview with our representative to find one just right for you.

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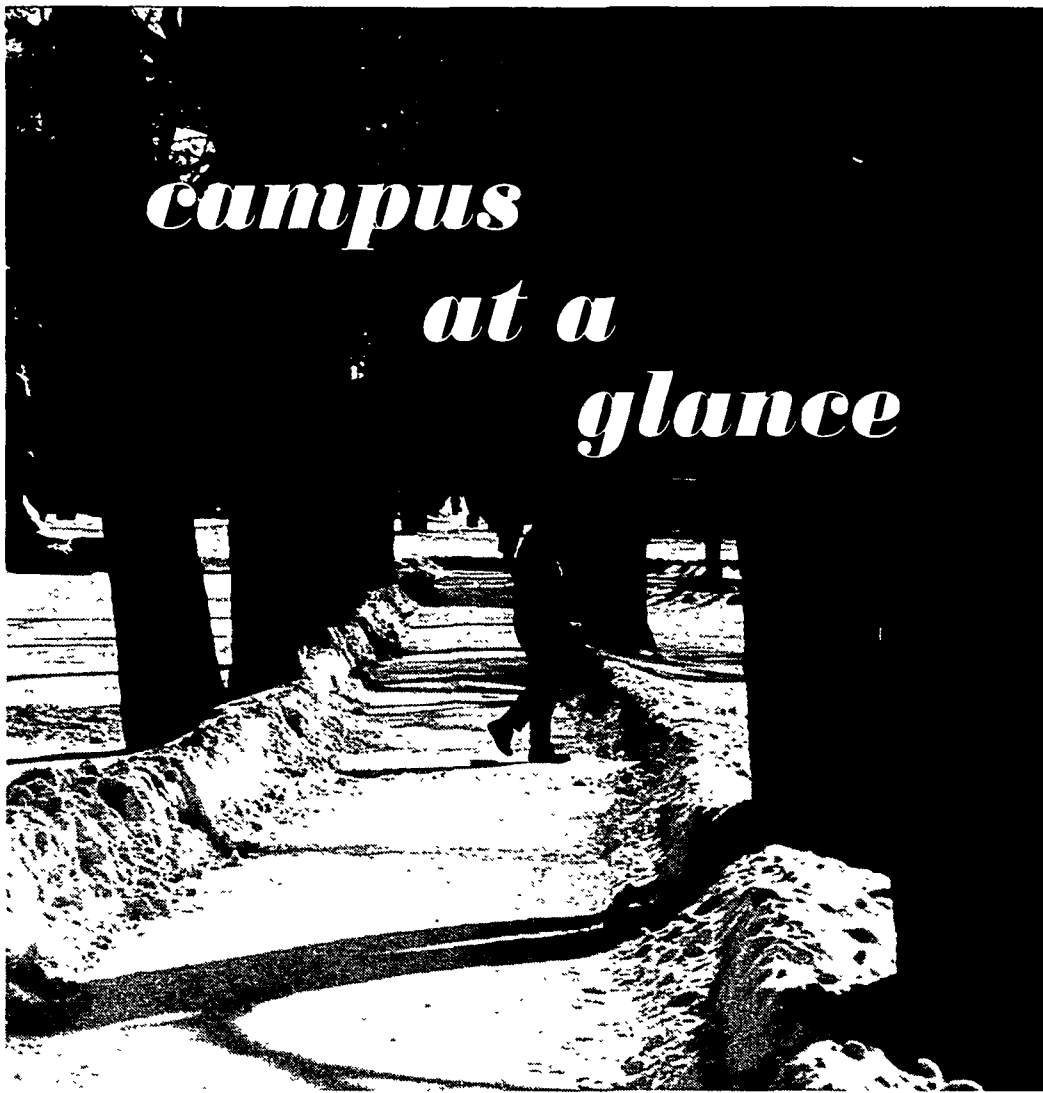


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campus at a glance



Kennedy: A Tribute

On Tuesday afternoon a group of students and faculty gathered in the Law Auditorium to hear a tribute to John Kennedy delivered by Professor Frank O'Malley. Mr. O'Malley feels that in the welter of eulogies since the assassination, a central aspect of the man who was President Kennedy has been submerged. The subtitle of his address, "President Kennedy: An American in Search of Civilization," expresses that in Mr. Kennedy which gave him his greatness and value.

In the decades since the middle of the nineteenth century, the world has seen two social revolutions and is presently undergoing a third. Never since the dawn of history has there been such rapid material progress. But the realization of proper human relationships, on which depends the creative handling of economic and social issues, has lagged. This problem was very real to John Kennedy. He saw that somehow the people of the world must come to live together in something approaching decent human friendship. He further saw that this requires the emergence, from the confusion and anarchy of the contemporary world, of common ideals and hopes more tender than those of the past.

He was a wise young man and he saw that the struggle for civilization is the quest for wisdom. Though he was not a philosopher, his question was the eternal question of philosophy: Are there principles that men and women everywhere can accept as *necessary* to keep them in bounds?

He realized the value of art and poetry in this search for a humane world culture. He feared the vulgarity, mediocrity, and ordinariness pervasive in even the most advanced cultures today. In an age when we have largely lost our powers to communicate and to love, we drag ourselves down; often we drag our leaders with us. But President Kennedy withstood.

He possessed and inspired a dynamic dedication to quality exemplified in the Peace Corps and the civil rights movement. His concept of the "Great Society" was not merely a political catchword; it was a valid and viable vision of a society in which sameness and mediocrity are surpassed, a society safe not only for democracy but also for diversity and personal distinction.

He was disesteemed by some as a Utopian, but that he was not. He was simply an American and a Christian seeking to serve the world in, through, and for civilization. His task was

God's, and in this task he was humble. He saw in Scripture the standards which, if universally assented to, could save the conscience of the world, the principles capable of directing all races and creeds to a commitment to something higher than themselves.

Can honor become Christianized and restored to the world? Can love replace force as the arbiter of human destiny? We can't answer these questions; we can only try to achieve the answer. This is what President Kennedy attempted. Tragically, he could not witness the fulfillment of his desires. But his contribution lies in his vision and in his ability to inspire the nation he so briefly led and the individuals in it to seek the solution.

At the conclusion of the address, Father David Burrell, C.S.C., invited the audience to carry its spirit with them to a memorial Mass in Sacred Heart Church. A recording of Mr. O'Malley's tribute will be sent to Mrs. Kennedy.

Lomax on Racism

Last Monday evening at 8:30 p.m. in the Law Auditorium, a few hundred students listened to one of the most explosive and revealing analyses of the race problems which plague the modern world. Mr. Louis Lomax, Negro leader, author, and intellectual, frankly described the dilemma as he saw it, a dilemma which we should all have encountered, not only in our sociological experiences, but in our religious and ethical training. His topic: "The Negro Revolt: Christianity in Crisis."

Mr. Lomax first considered the race problem on an international level, demonstrating how true Christianity, because of the evil pride, selfishness, and corruption of its standard bearers, the Western white man, had failed to capture the nonwhite races of the world, the vast majority of those to whom Christ referred when he commanded the Apostles to "go out and teach all nations." The audience sat dumbfounded and horrified as he related how the white Christians of the Belgian Congo, back in the days when colonialism flourished, punished the African natives suspected of lying by cutting out their tongues, and chopped off the arms of those under suspicion for stealing. This type of unjust, inhumane, and non-Christian action is the reason for the problems in the Congo today, the problems which make the headlines of our newspapers and cause us to shudder, the massacres and rapings which are so "barbaric and uncivilized."

Mr. Lomax proceeded to bring the problem home by explaining how the



The "Greatest of Leaders" in Fieldhouse Drama

Negro Revolt in the United States had slashed through the hypocritical farce and pretension of the white American, laying bare to all the wrongdoings and widespread corruption of a people who had always pointed to the principles of Christianity as the guide and basis for their actions, but only after they had twisted and distorted those principles for their own selfish reasons.

He began with the days of slavery when the Negro slave, still possessing a predominantly African pagan culture, had "a god for every mountain, a god for every hill, a god for the thunder and the lightning, and a god for the rain." He pointed out how the white man, driven by his insatiable desire for power, for complete control, for absolute dominance of the life of the black man, could not let him worship in "his own" native manner and thus inculcated the principles of Christianity into his mind and heart. And when the Negro slave went to church on Sunday and was packed into the pews at the "rear" of God's house along with his fellow slaves, he wondered why. For this type of treatment certainly did not coincide with the doctrines of Christianity.

But the white ministers worked on the problem and came up with a solution, or should I say a distortion? For

the tale of Ham, son of Noah, who one night found his father drunk and naked and laughed at him, and was consequently cursed by his father and cast out of the ark to henceforth be "a drawer of water and a hewer of wood," and the Adam of the black race, is nothing but a crude, gross distortion of a Biblical tale. But nevertheless, it was the "Christian principle" pointed to as justification for racial segregation and discrimination and the explanation of the indelible mark of inferiority with which every black man was supposedly born.

But as time rolled on and political necessity demanded the emancipation of the slave and the establishment and enforcement of more and more of his rights as an equal individual, the white Christian American with his erroneous and fabricated doctrines lost ground, and the American Negro began to rise up, asserting his equality and exposing the mass corruption which lay hidden beneath the false veil of so-called "Christian principles." The American Negro made known to the eyes of the world the murders and the lynchings, the bombings and the burnings, the segregated schools, and the all-white housing developments, the Little Rock incidences and the James Meredith cases. He demonstrated to the world that, "if he was

intellectually deficient, it was because the white man was morally deficient. He showed the world that if he needed remedial reading, the white man needed remedial morality."

Finally he told the white Christian American that "segregation and discrimination were on their deathbed; the only question was how expensive the funeral would be." As Mr. Lomax phrased it in his book *The Negro Revolt*,

"And so the hydrogen thing ticks. It may go off; then again it may not. I hope and pray it will not. But in either case man will survive; in either case provincialism is doomed. And if it is the lot of surviving man to carry on, he will know that America was once here. And if surviving man studies the evidence well, taking pains to blow away the dust of time, he will know that a disturbed, lonely, yet inspired American black people once walked this way."

Applause and Cheers

The 1964 football season was over, all but the shouting. And the shouting, which had begun ten weeks before, made a final grand appearance Monday, November 30, at a rally to honor the returning team. The Fieldhouse began filling before 8:00, and by the time the team arrived at 8:45 it was packed with grateful students and fans come to pay tribute to the fantastic Fighting Irish. Despite a heavy snowfall, the team was greeted by several hundred fans at St. Joseph County Airport and escorted by motorcade to the Fieldhouse.

The atmosphere at the Fieldhouse before the team's arrival was unusually sober. Of course there were the usual attempts at pyramids, which had the usual degree of success, but for the most part, things seemed different. Even the arrival of the band seemed more subdued. It was as if everyone realized that this rally was not meant to be a screaming, chanting mob scene, that it was to convey something deeper than enthusiasm. Everyone present had felt the loss to Southern Cal in some way, and for the student body, the feeling had been like a physical blow. Everyone present also realized how much worse the feeling had been for the team. But the overwhelming emotion that Monday night was no longer sadness; it was pride, pride in the tremendous effort of fellow Notre Dame men during the preceding weeks.

Although pandemonium followed the team's arrival, it was orderly pandemonium. There was little of the usual white decorations, and few interruptions of speakers, except for

applause and cheers. The chant and individual yells of earlier rallies were held down, and the pyramids dissolved before the speakers began.

After what seemed like 20 minutes of "We're Number 1," Ara Parseghian was able to start. "We cannot thank you enough," he said, and the applause began again. Holding the audience in his hands, Ara told of his feelings on the occasion. He said that he had seen our reaction to winning, and now he was seeing how students here feel after a loss. "I appreciate it most sincerely," he added. "I don't give a damn how they feel in Alabama, but I do care how Notre Dame students feel," he said. At this the crowd went wild.

Following Mayor Allen's brief words and the introduction of the coaching staff, Parseghian introduced "the greatest of leaders," 1964 Captain Jim Carroll. Carroll told of his pride at being part of Notre Dame, and the crowd echoed his sentiments. He also expressed the sense of unity among the players in these words, "We were like brothers." He ended by introducing the senior members of the gridiron family.

Classical Enjoyment

The six-to-one odds of Notre Dame men to SMC girls will be reversed tonight through Tuesday night on the stage of the Little Theater at St. Mary's. There Sean Griffin, in the role of Henry VIII, in Herman Griekeser's *Royal Gambit*, will deal with

six women singlehandedly as they enact the story of Henry VIII's life. The tragicomedy is a revelation of Henry's character through his involvement with six successive wives, and his schism with the Catholic Church after he had defied papal authority. At the same time, the play reveals the personality of each of the women in Henry's life. It begins with Henry's first wife, Katherine of Aragon, played by Marilyn Petroff, at the time when he is beginning to be attracted by Anne Boleyn, portrayed by Doris Wilke. The play then progresses through the king's subsequent relations with Jane Seymour, after Anne Boleyn is beheaded at the king's command. Pam Gallagher is Jane, who dies in childbirth, and Pat Harvey is her successor, the Lutheran Anne of Cleves, whom Henry divorces after six months of wedded bliss, leaving her an estate in the country. Kathryn Howard, played by Marcella Lyniak, is the monarch's next wife, and meets a fate similar to that of Anne Boleyn. Lynn O'Donnell takes the part of Kate Parr, the wife who succeeds in outliving Henry.

Mr. Dennis Hayes, technical director for the play, came to the Speech and Drama Department at St. Mary's this year as its new head. He is now trying to rebuild the department standing by presenting drama which is classical, but which "gives a good show for an audience." In accordance with this idea, the appeal is made to a representative audience, rather

than to a "closeted" audience of "know-it-alls." The first production under the direction of Mr. Hayes, *Trojan Women*, was considered successful in this regard.

Using classical drama, according to Mr. Hayes, does have some problems—there are many badly written plays. However, this type of drama is best suited to a school the size of St. Mary's. One of the bigger problems is finding plays that are good for women's parts, because, as Mr. Hayes points out, most plays are written for men's roles. The hope is that a gradual rebuilding of the Drama Department at St. Mary's will merit the respect of more people, and thus interest more students in acting in the plays. This will give the department a greater range in selecting plays for the future.

After *Royal Gambit*, the Drama Workshop is the next project for the St. Mary's Speech and Drama Department. To be held in February, the workshop will be attended by numerous colleges from the Midwest.

Tradition Restored

On Wednesday night, December 2, the Metropolitan Club of Notre Dame sponsored the "First Annual Knute Rockne Memorial Student Football Banquet" held at Robert's Supper Club. Several hundred students were there to hear Chairman Pete Derrico's background history of the banquet. Until Rockne's death, the affair was held every year to cement a closer tie between the team and the student body. Then for some reason it was discontinued.

The guests at this renewal included Rev. Charles I. McCarragher, C.S.C., Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, C.S.C., "Moose" Krause, Hugh Devore, and Jim Carroll. After a few words by Mr. Krause, the Captain of the 1964 "Fighting Irish" introduced the team and said that the rally Monday night for the team really made him proud to be a Notre Dame man. Ken Maglicic said the evening was one of his happiest, and thanked the guys in the end zone for the big lift their cheering gave the team. Norm Nicola, the "forgotten man" of the Irish, brought laughs by giving some of the pet names of the players: "Apache" Atamian, "Roscoe" Page, "Jeep" Wolski, and "Horsehead" Carroll.

Several of the players spoke. Nick Rassas talked about his year on the "hotdog squad," and his chance under Ara. Page and Wolski thanked everyone for the support given to the team and the "delicious" meal.

After the jokes were over, Hugh Devore gave the trophy named in his

(Continued on page 32)



The Lead is the "Greatest" in SMC Play

on other campuses

• **THE FUN-LOVING**, freedom-loving students of the University of California at Berkeley engage in other activities besides the Free Speech Movement (see SCHOLASTIC editorial). It seems that Berkeley has many ghost students with unusual names. When enrolling for courses, the students are required to key punch control cards on one of the 60 to 70 IBM machines. This year some zesty students decided to test the computer's ability to distinguish between real and fictitious names. Well, the students won, for when the class lists were posted, under "E" was "English 1A Is No Good," under "G" was "Goldwater for President," under "V" was "Vote Yes on Proposition 15." Some hilarious (?) students even punched cards with strings of obscenities. "The lists of new students in various classes just can *not* be read in mixed company," said one newspaper columnist.

• **SINCE 1896** the University of Detroit has produced varsity football teams. Now the university has cancelled its 1965 football schedule and has announced it will completely drop varsity football. The reason for

this decision was given as "mounting financial losses." In the 1964 season alone the team lost more than \$65,000. From 1961 to 1964 net revenues per season decreased from \$125,108 to \$91,500. At the same time, the average home game attendance dropped from 15,000 in 1961 to 11,000 in 1964. Earlier talk of firing Coach John Ikzih after this season brought a 3-7 record. In Ikzih's three years, he has had an unimpressive record of 6-21-1. Since 1896 the Titans boast a 305-200-25 record.

• **MORE EDITORS** fired. . . . One of the 200 surviving copies of the November 16 issue of the *Torch*, Roosevelt University's weekly newspaper, has reached the SCHOLASTIC. All but these 200 copies on the mailing list were confiscated and destroyed by Roosevelt's President Pitchell because of the false reporting that "Pitchell has unofficially been fired." Actually the *Torch* editors were 180° off for they were finally the ones out of jobs. Bordered in black and headed in bold type, "Bulletin — Pitchell fired," the article reported that he "now has no administrative power as a result of action taken at a recent meeting

of the Board of Trustees. . . . It is reported that Pitchell was asked to leave after he failed to bring funds to the university. . . . Roosevelt is now reported \$700,000 in debt. Funds have been borrowed to pay faculty salaries for December and January."

The final paragraph, though, contained the knockout punch: "*Torch* sources believe that the university may cease to exist within the next two years. . . . Conflicts with Pitchell and fears of the university's demise have sent many faculty members and top officials looking for jobs this year."

• **8,000 UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA** male students rioted after a football victory over the LSU Bayou Bengals and a basketball triumph over the Stetson Hatters last weekend. Running and screaming wildly the Floridians made their warm climate a little warmer by setting fire to the bleachers, trees and automobiles. As a result, police closed bars and parties . . . except the annual Policeman's Ball. Egged on by coeds standing in their dormitory windows waving panties, brassieres and slips, and shouts of "come and get 'em," the boys romped for two hours before police finally brought order to the heated campus. At least one student and two policemen were injured and another sixteen students were arrested for disorderly conduct.

feiffer

GENTLEMEN, TOO LONG HAS CHRISTMAS BEEN CHEAPENED BY COMMERCIALIZATION. IT'S TIME WE IN THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY FACED UP TO OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.



HOW ABOUT A NATION-WIDE RETURN-CHRISTMAS-TO-THE-FAMILY CAMPAIGN, CHIEF?

VERY SWEET. BUT HOW DO WE SELL IT?



HOW'S THIS, CHIEF? A NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING-CHRISTMAS-A FATHER, STAGGERING, DRUNK, HANDING HIS CRYING CHILD A LARGE, BERRIBBONED BOX. THE CHILD SPEAKS: "I DIDN'T WANT THAT. I WANTED YOU, DADDY!"

VERY SWEET. BUT SOMEHOW WE HAVE TO GET ACROSS THE IDEA THAT THE CHILD DOES WANT THAT- AND HE WANTS DADDY, TOO.



HOW'S THIS, CHIEF? A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL FROM BING CROSBY IN A SANTA CLAUS SUIT: "IF YOU'RE ALONE LISTEN TO MY RECORDS. IF YOU'RE A FAMILY SING THE SONGS YOURSELF."

VERY SWEET. BUT WE DON'T WANT TO THROW OUT THE BUSINESS WITH THE BATH WATER.



HOW'S THIS, CHIEF? A MOVING SPIRITUAL GESTURE FROM THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY-THE LAST TWO WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS NONE OF THE STORES ADVERTISE!

GENTLEMEN, I'M ASKING FOR UPLIFT AND YOU GIVE ME BETRAYAL.



WE'RE SORRY, CHIEF.

YOU SHOULD BE. IS NOTHING SACRED?



Misunderstanding in Foreign Policy

by Mike McInerney



BY AND LARGE the American people have done a remarkable job in estimating Soviet policy. This is the thesis of Professor Robert F. Byrnes who has been a member of several government agencies since World War II dealing with Russian foreign policy, travelled widely in Russia and the satellite countries, and has been a close observer of Russia for the past twenty years. Professor Byrnes, director of the Soviet and East European Studies Institute at Indiana University, lectured in the Memorial Library Auditorium December 4. His topic: "Evaluating the Soviet Union: American Trials and Errors."

We have accomplished much since 1947. "Our policy has been remarkably sound over the past 18 years." One important development was the discovery that the "scrappy collection of statistics on Russia compiled by U.S. economists before 1955," when that country was closed to scholars and economists, "turned out to be remarkably accurate." Byrnes believes that our statistics before and after '55 indicate that "they may be getting the first downs; but we are winning the ball game."

But if we've achieved much, we've also made four big mistakes. The first began in 1940 and continues today. "Our evaluation of Russia during the war was very faulty. The academic, government, and public attitude was that Russia was going democratic." This was completely false. "Roosevelt was wrong in thinking that charming the Russians with lend-lease would get them on our side in the end." This is why we blundered at Yalta and Potsdam. FDR wasn't the only one who made that mistake. "All kinds of people during that period from the far left to the far right" felt the same way. And

we are still making that mistake today. "Many Americans assume that in the long run everybody is going to evolve into our type of government." Professor Byrnes believes we are wrong in that assumption.

Our second big mistake is that "we have completely misunderstood or tend to forget the threat the Communist world presents. We emphasize the military threat." Byrnes thinks this was and is a big mistake. He believes the Russians "are not basically aggressive." They "will pick up real estate when opportunity knocks but are basically conservative and are first concerned with domestic problems. We have grossly exaggerated their power. They are much more scared of us than we are of them." The missile-gap scare of 1961 was a false alarm. There was a gap all right but "it was in our favor. We kept fumbling the ball on the two-yard line" because "we don't know how to use power." When our embassies are stoned and our ambassadors injured, we never retaliate. We, the strongest nation in the world, always let them get away with it.

The Professor took apart the "liberal and conservative myths" which exist today. The liberal myth: "The Russians are really good guys. They are just going through a phase and will eventually come around to our way of doing things." The conservative myth: "Tomorrow morning at 6:47 the Russians are going to bomb us and overthrow the world. We must arm to the teeth to protect ourselves." Both are just myths.

Our third mistake was that the majority of Americans believed that "all hope was gone for the satellite countries." All hope was not gone as was proven by the Hungarian and

Polish revolutions in the '50's and the current rupture of the Soviet bloc as typified by Rumania.

"Our failure to understand the Sino-Soviet split" proved to be our fourth major mistake. "Everyone assumed that the Communist world would never and could never split while actually they have split as dramatically as Humpty Dumpty falling off the wall — they can never be put together again."

There are reasons for these errors. We made good use of the information we had but we didn't have enough. "What little we did know in the '30's and '40's came from the great Russian literature of the 19th century: *War and Peace*, *Crime and Punishment*, etc." Another reason for our errors was the "isolation from which we are just emerging. We are freshmen in the world of politics." Our schools have been seriously lacking in the instruction of Soviet politics and history. "At the heart of our problems is that we fail to realize that other people are not always sensible. We didn't stop Hitler in 1939 because we didn't believe him when he said he was going to exterminate the Jews." We believe we act sensibly and cannot understand why everyone doesn't. Thus we fail to comprehend the Jewish massacre of WW II and the Congo massacre of 1964.

Professor Byrnes closed his talk by pointing to the need for qualified, intelligent people in politics today. The widely held concept that all politics are crooked keeps good people out of public service. "One of the great tragedies of the death of John Kennedy was that he was beginning to get across to the American people that politics could be a dignified profession."

Witness to the 20th Century

by Robert Haller

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS found the title and theme of his last book, *Cold Friday* (Random House, \$5.95), in the farthest and most inaccessible field of his Maryland farm. He did not know why or who had given this name to the land, but in its remote fastness, high ground encircled by steep hillsides and thickly stifling woods, he metaphorically reached the vantage point from which he could analyze his life and the history of this century.

What Chambers saw from the heights was death: his own in the recurring heart attacks that finally cut him down when this book was still incomplete, and the impending fall of the civilization we loosely describe as the West. The latter, he concluded, was inevitable, and in this book he reflects upon his life and the movements of history that made him one who had "stood alone in No Man's Land at night and seen what fragments cling to the barbed wire."

What has ultimately caused the crises of the last fifty years is not, former communist Chambers maintains, communism. The Red star in the east is only a symptom of a deeper crisis in the West involving mankind's loss of an effective faith in a transcendent being. This factor, modern technology, and the revolutionary nature of Western capitalism — the conditions leading to the conviction that man can do anything — have led to moral chaos in the individual and a paralysis of the will in democratic governments. In light of this paralysis weaker but willful nations have been able to assert themselves. Characteristically these are near or total tyrannies, and quite frequently destructive ones, as that is how one gets to the top in the Kremlin.

Such tyrants and their regimes may formally appeal to the same materialistic goals as the West, but a transcending racial, class, or national idea unites them with a bond few Western political alliances (inter- or intranational) can challenge. "Democracy" failed miserably at Munich, the Bay of Pigs, and in

Korea; national appeals to *America* and *France* would work in time of war, but in the protracted hostilities of today they appear absurd.

The Soviet Union, Chambers argues, has been able to challenge the disorganized supremacy of the West not only because of its dictatorship of the proletariat, but also because of traditions native to Russia—the extremes of heat and cold, sudden wealth and deep privation, autocracy, obedience, and raging rebellion. Out of the horror and flashes of beauty in Siberia and the Caucasus, on the shores of the Caspian and the Arctic, the flowing desert and the steppe, there has sprung a consciousness and attitude equally expressed at Stalin-grad, in the purges and trials of the 1930's, and in the doubting faith of Dostoyevsky. And welded to this enduring power is a messianic vision first expressed in the Third Rome and now in socialism and the classless society.

Decades before Ivan the Terrible united European Russia, the concept of Moscow as the Third Rome had been born; final heir to the spiritual magnificence given to Constantinople when Papal hegemony corrupted Italy's capital (and lost in the



Turkish conquest), Moscow, capital of holy Russia, had a mission of redeeming the world and keeping pure the Orthodox faith. The day would come when the Tsar would be replaced by the Central Committee and the priest by the commissar, but Moscow and its redemptive tradition lived on; and with their eyes on the edges of the world, with the Ural hardly a ripple on the land and Europe only an alien outpost separating it from the sea, Russia reached for the world.

Ironically, Russia seems to be failing in this enterprise, and for the same reason that communism spun off from capitalism. The tyranny of Russia bred the desire for liberty in the satellites in 1956 just as Western intellectual chaos built the environment in which communism could come to fruition, both antitheses to generally intolerable conditions. But the synthesis that will be born in Europe and is coming in America is only moderately desirable, for "what I have said is that the philosophy of optimism and perfectibility of man, acting under his own power, are delusions and lead to disasters."

The crisis remains within the West. It still sees itself as its ultimate end, and this is why "it is idle to talk about preventing the wreck of Western civilization. It is already a wreck from within."

When Whittaker Chambers died in 1961, *Cold Friday* was an amorphous collection of essays, notes, diary entries, and fragments. Of these, editor Duncan Norton-Taylor tried to balance the impression they gave with selections from Chambers' diary and letters to his children. Thus the book begins with "June 10/52—Not to give way to hopelessness," and ends with a letter to his daughter Ellen. The last letter he would write, it expresses only a slight trace of the fatigue and wry resignation that finally characterized his writing.

As it has in the past, the Left, indicated by Chambers, will coolly dismiss this book as the illogical ramblings of a bitter Rightist. The *New Republic* has already begun this, and even *Time*, for which Chambers was an immensely perceptive World War II Foreign Affairs editor, has chosen to include in its review of *Cold Friday* a perceptible note of apology. But just as Chambers sought no apology in his life, and endured with Richard Nixon and others the slander and vilification that followed his exposure of Alger Hiss, the attacks and innuendoes that will come today cannot hurt him. Chambers wrote for something larger than his contemporary audience.



AT CHRISTMAS

Let the Christbrand burst!
Let the Christbrand blazon!
Dartle whitely under the hearth-fire,
Unwind the wind, turn the thunderer,
And never, never thinning,
Forfend fear.
Flare up smartly, fix, flex, bless, inspire,
Instar the time, sear the sorcerer,
And never, never sparing,
Save all year.
Let the Christbrand burst!
Let the Christbrand blazon!

Frank O'Malley



THE MAN LEANED against the kid's shoulder as the elevated pulled away from the stop. With a hum-buzz, fans began circulating air through the car, blowing a shock of blond hair into the kid's eyes. He continued to support the man with his side until the train reached its next stop, then slid down the long seat a few feet. Except for two sleepers, bent head in hands, their car was empty. It was 3:30, on a mild autumn morning.

"I'm looking for action. They've got good action, huh?"

"Great. Like I told you before," the kid said, "they play table stakes."

"Five and seven stud?"

"No, dealer's choice. Five and seven stud, sometimes draw games, sometimes wild card games. It's dealer's choice."

Again the man began to lean but caught himself. There was no support this time.

"What about the deal?" the man asked.

"It rotates," the kid replied softly, studying the man's reflection in the night darkened glass across the aisle. This was the first time that he had really seen the man since they met at the station fifteen minutes before. He was of medium height, like the kid, but stockier and with prematurely gray hair, the color of his suit. He smelled like pickle brine. The man had been drinking beer for a long time.

"You sure there's no mechanic in this game?" the man asked, once more catching himself as the el went into a curve.

"I don't think so. But I've only played there a few times," the kid said.

"Do you know what a 'mechanic' is, buddy?"

"I think so, but I'm not sure. A hustler?" In the quarter hour since they first began discussing the game, the man had defined "mechanic" twice. But the kid listened again, perhaps it was the silent town which made conversation seem good.

"Yeah, a hustler, a card sharp. Some mechanics double deal, some use 'shiners,' polished rings. There's none of that, is there?"

"Somebody tried to ante short once," the kid said, "but the guy on my

INTERMISSION

BY GEOFF BARTZ

right caught him and started cursing. As far as I know, there's nobody dealing from the bottom."

The man smiled, his straight thin lips curling at each end.

"How far are you going?" he asked, turning and staring at the kid.

"All the way to the end. You'll have to get off a couple of stops ahead, won't you, to change to the other line?"

"That's right. I guess we might as well catch that drink I offered there, huh?" the man replied. "It's convenient for both of us."

"Sounds good," the kid half-whispered. "I'll give you the address then. We can ask the bartender for a pencil."

"Sure." The man turned away. "You can give me the address at the bar. I'll buy you a drink."

"Sounds good," the kid repeated, and began watching his own reflection in the glass. A few hairs were still between his eyes where a thin nose began. He swept them back and set his mouth in a smile he liked to wear. He was nineteen years old, but looked younger.

THE KID LEANED FORWARD on the bar stool as he printed the address on the back of an empty order blank. He folded it in two and handed it to the man.

"Do you know where that is?"

"Yeah, I've been around there a few times."

"They play on Thursday nights," the kid said.

The bar was trite. Only a few yellow lamps illuminated the counter, leaving the corners dark. The room looked as if it had been hollowed out of the trunk of an old oak, the walls sooted black-brown by the smoke of an eternity of cigarettes. At the far end of the counter, four men sat huddled around a radio listening to a ball game from the West Coast that had gone into extra innings ("... fouled just off the tip of the bat, so the count remains two-two on the batter"). The announcer was in agony.

The man sipped his beer slowly. The kid had already finished his first glass.

"You know, buddy, a fifteen-percent house cut is steep, real steep. I don't believe in playing for more than five.

That guy is asking for a lot of your money."

"Yeah, I guess so." There had always been plenty to drink there and a free pack of cigarettes on the table. "But what are you going to do?" the kid said. "There's usually eight or ten guys who are willing to play, big cut or no."

The man looked up from his glass and forced a slow grin. "You sure you aren't a stirrer?" he asked. "A stirrer? You know what that is?"

"No."

"He's like a mechanic only he doesn't play. He goes around drumming up guys for sucker games. You're not a stirrer, are you, buddy?"

"Me? Hell no. Hell, I'm no sitter."

"Stirrer."

"... stirrer. I'm just ..."

"... a rich college kid having a ball. That's right, isn't it?"

"Sort of," said the kid quietly. "I've only played at this guy's place three times, won once, lost twice. But I like to go there. There's a lot of interesting people there. It's a good game. One night I met this real character from the French circus and these two actors with the ..."

"You're a little green behind the ears, buddy. That's good. Nobody does any stirring with Vinnie ... nobody. I learned the odds at poker when I was fifteen." The man's eyes rolled to the right, catching the glare from one of the yellow lamps. "Poker and craps. I don't know much about roulette or gin rummy or women. Or people. But you can be damn sure I know how to play poker. I make those bastards I play with bleed. They think I'm stupid, so I lose a few hands at the start. Let them think what they want, that's their business. Then, when I've got them locked, I start raising until they can't drop out and I win, win, win. There are no friends at a poker game, buddy, you make all of them bleed. They had better understand that when they sit down or not bother coming to play with me. Believe me, you can't give anyone a break. I gave a guy a break playing pool once. This jerk was nothing. I mean *nothing*. But I lent the bastard my cue 'cause his was a little warped and he beat me. So I said never again and I haven't. I keep raising until they don't know what's happening to

them and I win and I win and I win." The man's voice had been growing louder but now softened to a confidential whisper. "That's the only way you can do it, buddy, the only way. A gambler doesn't worry about his friends. He just doesn't have any."

The kid ground a half-smoked cigarette into an empty ash tray and began sliding his fingertips back and forth over the shiny bar top.

"Yeah, I'm sort of the same way," he said. "I try to beat them, I try hard, only I don't always seem to have the luck."

"It's not a matter of luck, it's a matter of knowing the odds. Like, you tell me, what are your chances of filling a flush with two in the hole and three showing round the table?"

"I'm not sure," the kid said. "Let's see, with thirteen cards to a suit ..."

"You've got to know the odds. Those jerks I play with are stupid — they think they can just 'feel' it. They think they 'know' when they're going to win."

"I learned the odds, buddy, from books. I've studied hundreds of books on poker and craps. Look, a man has an idea or something and passes it along like with any literature. If you're smart you read him—give him a hearing sort of. 'Cause who knows, maybe you can use his idea. Sometimes all that reading gets a little confusing; you know, what with one guy saying one thing and then some other joker coming along and saying just the opposite. But if you're smart it's the only way."

The ball game that had been on the radio was now over. Church music played softly through the static in the background ("He lit every star that makes our darkness bright, and He keeps watch all through each long and lonely night").

"I've done a lot of reading." The man's voice was steady now. "I've studied Shakespeare inside out; he was terrific. That man knew — he knew. And Balzac. And Hemingway. I read a lot. And I've studied art too, Cézanne and Van Gogh. Van Gogh was the greatest and you know why? Because he painted from right here."

The man punched himself somewhere around the navel.

(Continued on page 29)

NEW MIRRORS

by David K. Sauer

"Take note, then, that a being endowed with any poetic sense is sensitive to the supernatural. It is around us; it is in us. Have you come across your image already present in an old mirror?"

— DE GHELDERODE

IN KEEPING with the Impersonal Pronoun Players' tradition of presenting plays which otherwise would not be available to the University audience (i.e., mildly esoteric), three plays by Michael de Ghelderode were presented Wednesday, the second. As a child de Ghelderode was fascinated by marionettes, and his characters still reflect that fascination. As he grew less and less dependent on his characters as mere puppets, his plays became progressively better and less obscure. The Impersonal Pronoun program was arranged in descending order of thematic obscurity.

Other Impersonal Pronoun tradi-

(Carolyn Sugg, Estelle Ford, and John Lanzone) as a "confession for Piet because he cannot speak." He is accused of kicking his daughter-in-law when she was pregnant, resulting in the death of the woman and blindness of the girl (Denise Glastetter). The mock confession is derided by a demented ragpicker (J. Strahs) who proposes to tell the truth, but he is interrupted immediately by the death of Piet. As he dies, the daughter rises and faces the ensemble — she is no longer blind.

This was dramaturgically the weakest and most obscure play, because of the lacuna between the death

them of the danger of the flooded, stagnant marshes, and he offers to guide them to safety. But they scorn him and leave — immediately falling into the ditch and drowning. Lamprido laments their demise most ironically. This play, like the first, was directed by Mr. Morris, and again emphasized the grotesque humor of the play — the blind leading the blind, refusing the assistance of one who can see.

The third play, *Escorial*, capped the progression of thematic clarity. It was the most moving and difficult of the three because of reversals of character between the two main players. A king (John Sheehan) affects pleasure at the dying of his young queen, but is inwardly tortured and calls for Folial (Professor John Meagher), his fool. Through a farce originated by Folial, the king becomes a fool, and the fool becomes a king in thought and action. The reason for this reversal slowly evolves: the fool has been the queen's lover; the king has never been her lover. Thus the fool is worthy to be king — the king is only a fool. In the end, when the characters have even exchanged costumes, a monk (R. F. Campolucci) enters with the news that the queen is dead. The fool, dazed with grief, ceases his struggle for the now-meaningless crown, and the king takes the crown. Uros, the executioner (Robert Leggat), enters and kills the fool.

The most remarkable facet of this play, as with the others, was the grasp of character by the actors. John Sheehan, a freshman, rose to the brilliant level of believability which Professor Meagher reached. They did not affect external action, but completely surrendered self to the character, thus becoming eminently real. The director, Mr. Strahs, utilized every inch of available space in staging, and the actors transformed the auditorium into a real, yet symbolic, palace. It was the most dynamically moving play that this reviewer has ever seen on any campus.

The real triumph of the evening, however, was the attempt itself — a completely student directed and produced program, using only the materials at hand and transforming them through imagination into all the materials necessary for a superb production!



tions were also observed. As usual, there was a great rapport between audience and actors (the production was held in a bare biology amphitheater, with the audience seated on the descending stone tiers). There was no admission charge, and there was a standing room crowd of about two hundred.

The first play presented was *Piet Bouteille*. Briefly, it is the story of an old man, Piet (Kelly Morris), who goes into a death trance and the reaction of his son (Tom Cullen), wife (Alice Gerstein), and his pastor (R. F. Campolucci) who holds a public testimony among several townspeople

and the miracle of vision. It was played very well, with full emphasis on the humor of several satirically defined characters.

The second play was the thematically less obscure *The Blind Men*. It was based on the painting *The Parable of the Blind Men* by Breughel the Elder. It concerned three blind men (Geof Bartz, Kelly Morris, and R. F. Campolucci) who are making a pilgrimage to Rome. They meet a one-eyed man, Lamprido, king of the Ditch Country (Mike Davies), who tells them that they are not near Rome, as they suspect, but still in Flanders where they began. He warns

ASSUME "THAT" KIND of mood with your best shades, lid, and turtle neck sweater, pack your wallet with plenty of skins and enter the crepe-paper shell (sometimes known as the Stepan Center) for the fabulous Notre Dame Mardi Gras, 1964. Although not in direct competition with Las Vegas, Monte Carlo and the rest of those gay dice-loaded retreats, the February 24-March 1 ND splurge looks to be a most profitable venture. The Notre Dame Mardi Gras is rated the third largest college weekend in the nation, ranked only behind the Dartmouth "Winter Carnival" and the Army-Navy football game.

Festivities will be put into motion with the Carnival in the Stepan Center which runs February 24, 25, 27, and March 1. Campus clubs and organizations coordinated by Carnival Chairman John Munson, will take on the pseudo-sophisticated air of serious casino men as they sponsor all sorts of gamery designed to entice you into "breaking the bank." Even the Univac 1107 will ante-up with a programmed method of blackjack.

The social high point of Mardi Gras will take place in the North Dining Hall on February 26, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. The Mardi Gras Ball will feature a traditional "Roaring 20's" motif with the not quite so traditional sounds of Peter Palmer's orchestral and vocal combination; it is the only travelling dance band of this type. Ball Chairman Dave Rosbrook has made sure everything is geared to a "real Ball" even down to the favors.

"The morning after," when you crawl out of bed, head swimming and stomach growling, you and your date can drive leisurely to a 10:30 a.m. Champagne Brunch at Robert's Supper Club. Headaches and yawns will soon disappear amidst a delicious brunch served with sparkling "golden" champagne and a soothing musical backdrop.

That afternoon the Mardi Gras Committee will present the Oscar Peterson Trio and the Serendipity Singers at the Morris Civic Auditorium. The Oscar Peterson Trio, consisting of Oscar on piano, Ray Brown on bass, and Ed Thigpen on drums, won the 1962 *Downbeat* Award for the best small jazz group. The trio has its own inimitable sound of flowing rhythm led by the eloquent piano of Peterson. Of course, the Serendipity Singers (*see photo*) are not new to the college scene. They need little introduction. Although similar to the New Christy Minstrels, the Serendipity Singers stay away from the sometimes overworked repertoire of folk songs, and perform songs mostly their own or songs written

especially for them. Famous for their "Crooked Little Man," "Beans in My Ears," and "Same Old Reason," the Serendipities' carefree style is sure to give you the impression that you're almost a part of them. Although the music will be widely diversified (i.e., jazz vs. folk singing), you will easily be able to notice a strong similarity between the Oscar Peterson Trio and the Serendipity Singers—both find unending enjoyment in the music they work with.

The next morning, Sunday morning,

for each Grand Prize book you sell, include two fully equipped 1965 Ford Mustangs and a trip to Bermuda for two. The Bermuda trip will include plane fare to and from your one-week paradise, hotel accommodations, one meal a day, and a special sight-seeing tour. There will also be the customary 25 per cent commission on what you sell, as well as free bids to the Mardi Gras Ball for ten-book sellers. The raffle drawing for the Thunderbird, one Mustang, and the Bermuda trip will be held at the Carnival on Febru-



MARDI GRAS

by John Noel

there will be a 9:00 a.m. Mardi Gras Mass where you Notre Dame men and your dates have the opportunity to receive Communion together. Following the Mass there will be a Communion Breakfast in the North Dining Hall.

Of course, one of the main purposes of Mardi Gras is to raise money. This is accomplished by means of a raffle. The goal of this year's raffle, \$30,000, will provide undergraduate scholarships to aid in bringing Notre Dame the finest students, contribute to fulfilling the charitable responsibilities of Notre Dame, and help support our social activities and the Student Center on campus. The raffle will offer more than \$10,000 in prizes for you and for those to whom you sell chances. The Grand Prize is a 1965 Thunderbird. The Student Prizes, on which you will receive one free chance

ary 27. The other Mustang will go at the Carnival on March 1.

Incidentally, in case you were wondering about Dolly and Doberman—they'll be there. Actually, these two characters are to be typical of an ND man and his date, placed in the "roaring 20's." A number of St. Mary's girls will even be "Dolly" for the weekend, and one couple, dressed as their namesakes, will portray Dolly and Doberman hosting the events.

Under the direction of Dick McCarthy, General Chairman; Karl King, Business Manager; Rick Devlin, Public Relations Director; Joe Schlosser, Special Arrangements Director; Dan Morello, Executive Secretary; Dick Ragone, Raffle Chairman; and John Moye, Publicity Chairman, this year's Notre Dame Mardi Gras and Carnival is expected to easily surpass the average attendance of 10,000.

Jasjit Singh

Travel, Tennis, Titles



Jasjit Singh's superb tennis game has enabled him to become a world traveler and a national tennis champion though he is barely seventeen years old.

AMIDST THE ANXIETIES and excitement of the Thanksgiving holidays over the possibility of winning a National Championship, another championship was being decided in the relatively serene city of St. Louis—the National Indoor Boys Singles Tennis title. Of the 64 entries, one stood out noticeably in two respects: his manner of dress and more important, his ability to play tennis. His name was Jasjit Singh (pronounced JUSJEET SING). In straight sets, 6-4, 6-2, he upset top-seeded Stanley Pasarell of Puerto Rico to become the second Notre Dame student in 38 years of competition to win a national title. The other is Gary Rieser, a sophomore, who won the Junior championship last year. Former national winners include Rod Laver and Fred Stolle of Australia, and Chuck McKinley of the United States, attesting to the fact that the National Indoor is a very significant step toward tennis greatness. It is especially meaningful to Jasjit Singh as it increases his chances of winning a berth on the India Davis Cup team in the future.

At present he is the second-ranked Junior in India. He has won numerous trophies in his native city, New Delhi, and throughout the country, since he first picked up a racket seven years ago. His father and mother, both excellent tennis players, introduced him to the game when he was nine. Through their early interest and guidance both Jasjit and his older brother Inderjit developed rapidly. Last year Inderjit Singh received his master's degree in Civil Engineering from Toledo University while on a tennis scholarship. His most recent achievement on the tennis court was a win in the Virginia Open Tournament this past summer. Jasjit first gained international recognition two years ago when he won eight games in two sets against Australian Davis Cupper Fred Stolle. (To win a set a player must win at least six games, and be ahead by two games.)

Last June Singh toured Europe, playing in the Queen's Cup matches in England, tournaments in Switzerland, France, and Holland.

But the chance to get such an opportunity had to be earned. Singh began playing tennis when he was nine and it wasn't until five years later than he began earning recognition.

The marvelous performance of a fourteen-year-old against Fred Stolle was a start, then he won three state championships. However, this alone did not qualify him for such a trip. Besides, the All-India Lawn Tennis

Association had never sent a junior team to tour Europe.

The next year, for the first time, it was decided that a junior team would be selected; nine players vied for two positions. The training was rigorous and the selection was careful: one and a half hours were devoted to calisthenics, and three and a half miles were run cross-country each day. Singh was chosen over players some of whom were as much as six years older than he.

This came as no surprise to India's finest tennis player, Ramanathan Krishnan, who called Singh "the most promising (junior)" and said he wouldn't be surprised if he shoots to the top in the near future.

Krishnan's prophecy was soon fulfilled; at Busum, Holland, he won the Boys Singles in the International Youth Tournament, defeating a field of 128. In late July, Jasjit arrived in the United States, and immediately distinguished himself as a top-flight player in this country by placing high in the first two tournaments he entered, the National Juniors in Kalamazoo, and the International Jaycee's in Minneapolis. After adjusting to the American courts and style of play, Jasjit went on to win the boys titles in the Hinsdale Invitational, and the Illinois Junior. On August 31, he captured both the Junior and Boys titles along with the Junior doubles in the Northern Illinois Lawn Tennis tournament. At this time he decided to enter Notre Dame. His brother introduced him to Coach Fallon and he was awarded a tennis scholarship.

According to his religious sect, the Sikhs, Singh must leave his hair uncut for life, and wear a turban when in public. But on the tennis court he ties his hair in a traditional knot, and covers it with a handkerchief to keep it in place.

Coach Fallon describes his game as "well-rounded in every phase: serve, ground strokes, and net game." His determination to improve is evidenced by his weekly practice schedule; many hours of wind sprints, sit-ups, and jumping rope to improve his stamina, plus the daily practice sessions on the basketball court to keep his serve and volley sharp during the winter months.

Singh hopes that all this winter practice will be immediately useful as he wants to compete in the Sugar Bowl and Orange Bowl tournaments over the Christmas vacation.

An industrial management major, "Sing," as he is called by his friends on campus, holds one other distinction of which he is proud, he is the unofficial table tennis champion of Farley Hall.

—MIKE BRADLEY

The Scholastic

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN the games played against Ball State by Michigan and Notre Dame is notable. Michigan has what might be considered a "dream team"—two All-Americans (Bill Buntin and Cazzie Russell), size: the starting five averages about 6'6", 220 lbs., and their sixth man is 6'10". However, they were leading Ball State at halftime by only 40-33. Notre Dame had rolled up a huge 66-35 lead at halftime. With 10 minutes left the scoreboard read: Michigan 61, Ball State, 49. Notre Dame hardly worked up a sweat stretching the lead to 91-52 at the same point in the game.

Other game statistics are also quite revealing. Michigan outrebounded Ball State by the decisive margin of 65-45. However, Notre Dame pulled down 82 rebounds to Ball State's 40—a feat even more fantastic than their 82-47 margin against Lewis.

The rebounding statistics are especially significant for the Ball State game. Ball State is a fast-break team and executed well against Michigan. Against Notre Dame they barely touched the ball, much less started fast breaks. In a very real sense, the best defense, against a fast-breaking offense, is a good offense, no rebound means no fast break.

But why the immense difference in rebound totals in the two games? Michigan is one of the few teams bigger than Notre Dame this year; they should have done better. There are two answers. The first concerns the ability of the players. Though Walt Sahm is not a good jumper, he has something more important for rebounding: the knack of getting good position. And when a 6'9", 225-pounder gets position, he comes close to being Newton's mythical immovable object. Jay Miller's tremendous spring—especially from a standing position—is his most valuable asset. Ron Reed, with a combination of good spring, determination, and long limbs, is potentially the best rebounder on the team.

These physical assets, more than anything else, account for Notre Dame's rebounding strength. But almost as important is what Coach Johnny Dee has taught the team about defensive rebounding. Each player makes certain that he is between his opponent and the basket after every shot. Coach Dee calls this "checking out" and thus far it has worked remarkably. In fact, a couple of times this season it has worked so well that there has been no one close enough to the basket to retrieve a rebound. The ball has bounded unmolested into a waiting circle of Notre Dame men

formed about 10 feet from the basket—a rare perfection.

Ball State seemed to be running the same game plan against Notre Dame as they did against Michigan: work the ball outside and draw Michigan away from the boards. It worked somewhat against Michigan, but Dee's extensive drills on "checking out" paid off: Ball State didn't get near the boards.

The performance of Jay Miller (*see cut*) in the Ball State game was not surprising to anyone who has closely followed his fortunes at Notre Dame. Against Ball State last Friday, Miller was amazingly effective from in close. Ten of his 15 baskets were from within five feet. Miller has a smooth motion. He seems to just glide around his defenders when he's near the basket. And once in the air, he displays a tremendous sense of balance also evident on defense.

The most crucial part of the season is played over the Christmas holidays. A good record over Christmas generally means a good season. But to survive the holidays with a winning record against Evansville, St. John's, Indiana, Kentucky, Bradley, and Western Michigan will be difficult.

Evansville has little All-American Jerry Sloan back, and the team looks like it again might live up to its long-standing title of "best small college team in the nation."

Coach Joe Lapchick of St. John's, in his last season, will be trying to finish with a flourish. The McIntyre brothers certainly reinforce his hopes.

Indiana looks like it might have learned a little defense. There was never any doubt about the offense. Any team with the Van Arsdales will score a lot of points.

Adolph Rupp is a basketball wizard. Like the Boston Celtics or the New York Yankees, anyone who dons a Kentucky Wildcat uniform immediately gets a little better. Both Cotton Nash and Ted Deeken are gone. But it doesn't really matter.

Bradley seems to have an attraction for lightning-fast, high-jumping, aggressive basketball players. But as the Bradley brochure this year admits: "In pre-season forecasts the Braves have been selected to finish in the top 20 in the country. . . . On the other hand, Dewey was supposed to have been elected President in 1948."

Last year Western Michigan had Manny Newsome and little else, this year they don't even have him.

If the rebounds keep coming and the defense keeps improving this will be the merriest Christmas in years for the basketball team.

—VINCE BECKMAN

'Tis the Season to be Wary



Voice in the Crowd

NOTRE DAME'S 1963-64 complete sports record was one of the most successful in Irish history — Notre Dame teams won 93 times, lost 58, and tied once. Last year in the fall, the football and cross-country teams combined for a mediocre 8-9 record. This year, however, the two sports combined for 17 victories and 2 defeats. Thus, with excellent performances in both winter and spring sports, Notre Dame's class of '65 will be able to brag that this was the finest year for Notre Dame sports ever.

In 1957-58, Notre Dame's composite athletic record was 107-24-1 — tops in Irish history. That year the football team finished 7-3 and the cross-country team compiled a .500 season; however, Notre Dame's winter teams compiled superb records. The most outstanding was basketball.

But that was six years ago. This winter an abundance of lettermen return in each of Notre Dame's five winter sports — fencing, swimming, indoor track, wrestling, and basketball. Barring injuries, it is likely that Notre Dame will complete its finest athletic record in 123 years.

Part of the success this fall has been a result of coaches, Parseghian and Wilson, but just as important was the dedication and caliber of the players.

The caliber of Notre Dame football can be measured by the pro football draft and the number of players selected to play in post-season games. Ten players were drafted for pro ball and six have already signed a contract: Jack Snow (Los Angeles Rams); John Meyer (St. Louis Cardinals); Norm Nicola and Paul Costa (Buffalo Bills); Jim Snowden (Washington Redskins); and Jim Carroll (New York Giants).

Heisman Trophy winner John Huarte was a second round pick of the New York Jets and a sixth round selection of the Philadelphia Eagles. Huarte hasn't as yet signed a contract. Tony Carey, Tom Longo, and Dick Arrington were drafted as "futures."

Six Notre Dame seniors — Carroll, Huarte, Nicola, Snow, Ken Maglicic and Tom Kostelnik — will play for the North and Ara Parseghian in the North-South game.

Like Coach Parseghian, Cross-Country Coach Alex Wilson is a firm believer in conditioning. Coach Wilson helped produce six outstanding runners — Bill Clark, Ed Dean, Mike Coffey, Bob Walsh, Bill Welch, and Larry Dirnberger — two of them, Clark and Coffey, were All-Americans.

The cross-country team finished the fall season with a 7-1 record. It included victories over the Chicago Track Club, DePaul, Western Michigan, Bowling Green, Michigan State, Indiana, and Indiana State. In championship meets, Notre Dame took first place in the Central Collegiate Conference Meet, second in the IC4A meet, and fourth in the NCAA Championships.

The loss to the Air Force Academy was more a result of thin air and injuries than the superiority of the Falcon team. Coach Wilson, for almost three-fourths of the season, was without two experienced veterans — Welch and Dean.

Dean recovered late in the season. His strong showing in the championship meets helped the Irish psychologically as well as physically. Welch, however, was not able to compete. After a long recovery period following a car accident, Welch sprained an ankle in the Indiana meet. Consequently, he lost valuable time in the vigorous phases of cross-country training.

At the CCC meet, Bill Clark ran a fantastic 18:45.8 over the Washington Park course and the Irish beat Western Michigan for the title. In Van Courtland Park for the IC4A's, Clark finished third, Mike Coffey seventh, Ed Dean eighth, and Bob Walsh thirteenth. At East Lansing for the NCAA finals, Notre Dame was fourth and Bill Clark placed second. The Irish senior finished 50 yards behind Elmore Benton of Ohio University.

Notre Dame is off to an excellent start for its finest sports record. Because basketball plays the most games, it is the most significant sport in a composite sports record. Coach Dee, however, is prepared to do his part — he has already reserved a hotel in Portland for the NCAA finals.

—REX LARDNER

SCOREBOARD

BASKETBALL: The Irish opened the 1964-65 season auspiciously with impressive victories over Lewis College and Ball State. Larry Sheffield was high man against Lewis with 26 points. Jumping Jay Miller played the finest game of his Irish career against Ball State, scoring 32 points in 32 minutes.

BENGAL BOUTS: The finals of the 1964 Novice Bouts were held last November 23. In hall points, Zahm led with 47, followed by Dillon 32, and Off-Campus 30. Alumni had 22, Cavanaugh 17, Breen-Phillips, Keenan, and Pangborn each had 12, and Morrissey finished with 4 points. The individual winners:

135 lb. John McGrath (B-P)

145 lb. Jim Loverde (Cav)

155 lb. Joe Orloff (Dillon)

167 lb. Buck Hunter (Pang)

175 lb. John McGee (Keenan)

185 lb. Pat O'Reilly (Zahm)

Heavyweight Phil Williams (Alum)

SCORES

BASKETBALL: Notre Dame 99, Lewis 87; Notre Dame 116, Ball State 82.

SCHEDULES

BASKETBALL: Notre Dame at Evansville, December 12; Notre Dame at St. John's (Jamaica, Long Island), December 19; Notre Dame at Indiana, December 21; Notre Dame at Kentucky, December 28; Notre Dame at Bradley (Chicago Stadium), December 31; Western Michigan at Notre Dame, January 4; Notre Dame at Houston, January 9; Notre Dame at St. Louis, January 11; Butler at Notre Dame, January 16.

SWIMMING: Notre Dame at Wisconsin, December 12; Notre Dame at Northwestern, January 16.

WRESTLING: Notre Dame at Valparaiso, December 12; Notre Dame at Illinois (Chicago), December 15.

FENCING: Notre Dame at Oberlin (Cleveland, Ohio), January 16.

ICE HOCKEY: Notre Dame at No. Illinois (Elmhurst, Ill.), January 9.

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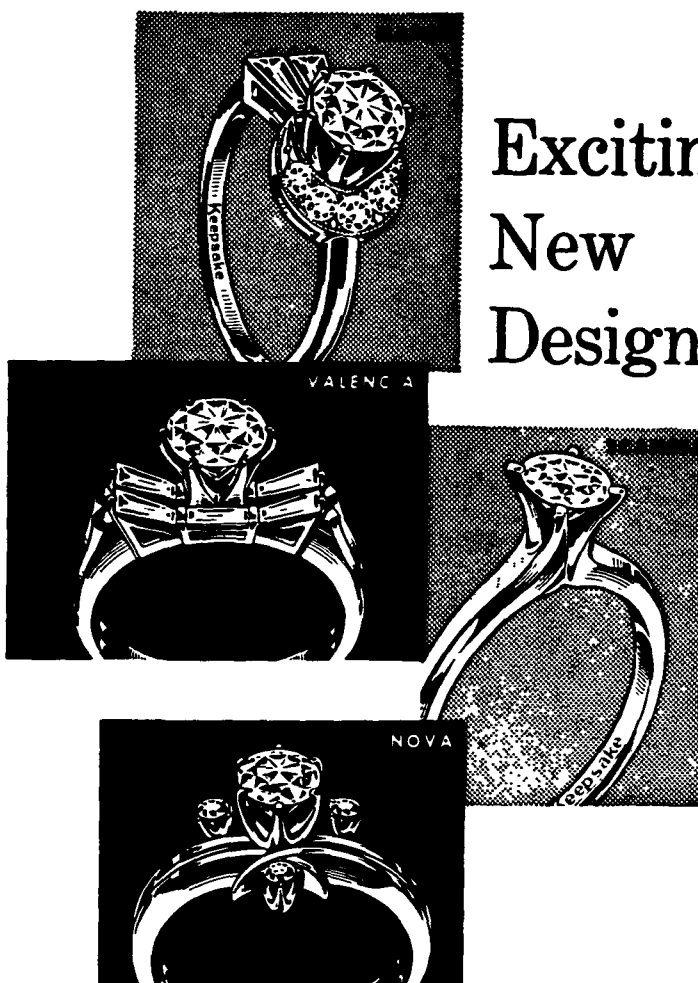
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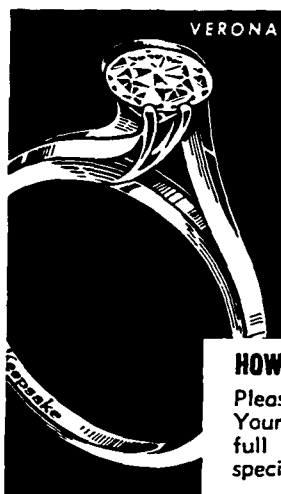


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Die Wandernden Sohne



Under the Olympic Torch at Innsbruck.

THE PENSION's government of "non-government" successfully ended its one-month trial period. When the entire group met to decide what to do next about the government situation in the Pension, three proposals were set forth. The first of these was to modify the form of government into one with set committees but no overall head of government; the second was for a continuation of the "non-government"; the third was for a government with an elected head. After much debate, the "non-government" policy was reaffirmed.

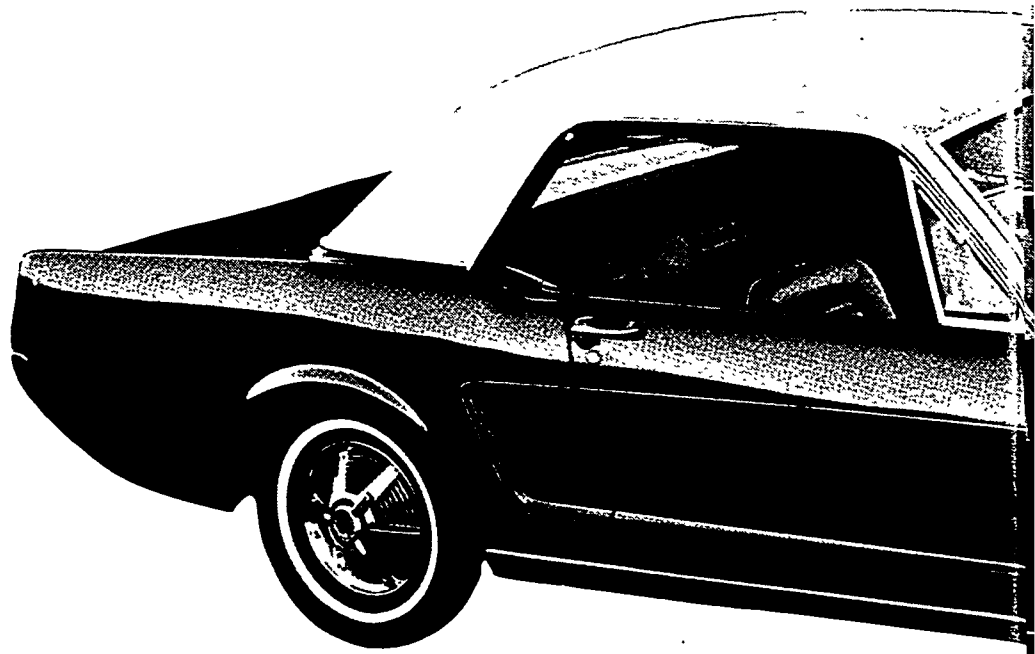
The athletic situation in the Pension was off to a bad start. A touch football team coached by Jack Radey lost to a group of American seminarians who are studying at the University by the score of 18-2. The Pension has also entered two teams in a basketball tournament at the University. Although the first team is handicapped by lack of height, Coach Bernie McAra is still somewhat optimistic about the team's chances.

In order to prove his point that nineteen-year-olds will go anywhere if the price is right, Fr. Engleton bet that he could find at least three students who would be willing to fly to Sao Paulo, Brazil, for Christmas with him in an Air Force transport plane for only \$50. After some students started to cancel Christmas vacation plans, Fr. Engleton let everyone in on the joke.

On Thanksgiving Day the Pension enjoyed a nice switch from its normal diet of Austrian food. After enjoying a large American breakfast of ham and eggs, we skipped lunch and then settled down to a huge spaghetti dinner which Fr. Engleton had spent the day preparing. — J. MEANY

MARDI GRAS ST

THIS YEAR: TWO



The 1965 Mustang was a car that no one ever expected from Detroit. The beautiful lines hardly detract from the equally unexpected performance of this year's Mustang, and the two Gras prizes display the outstanding qualities of the newest

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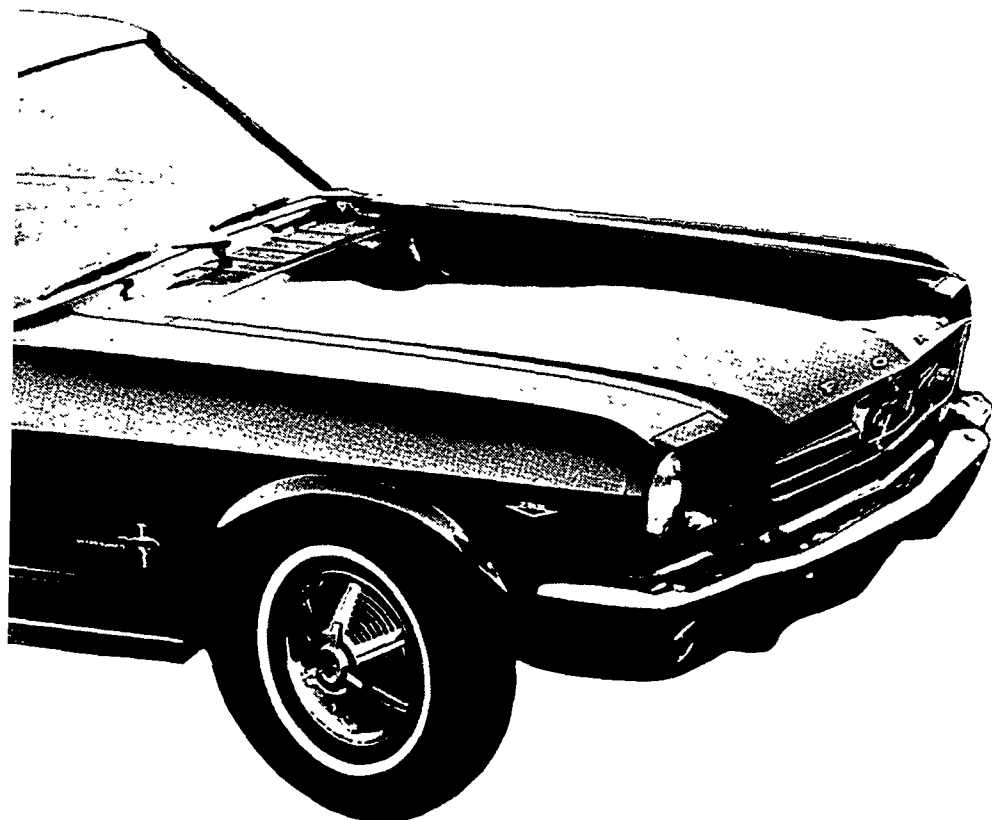
You'll leave New York City and fly nonstop to beautiful Bermuda, with special personalized attention on arrival, and all the important courtesies afforded you and your guest in the true Bermudan style. Your hotel room will be waiting for you, as will a week of fun in the sun during the top collegiate season.

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Whether you've been visualizing yourself behind the wheel of a new 1965 Mustang (hardtop or convertible), or basking in the Bermuda sunshine, Mardi Gras offers a chance to make your dreams come true! This year for the first time, the Mardi Gras student raffle will include **TWO** brand new Mustangs, as well as a fabulous fun-filled vacation for two in Bermuda. You receive one chance on these prizes **ABSOLUTELY FREE** for every ten chances that you sell on the Grand Prize!!!

Intermission

(Continued from page 21)

"The heart. He didn't use his eyes, he painted an expression of his heart. Expressionist? Right? But Monet's my favorite — soft and light."

The kid turned his head and smiled. The man's eyes were following a fly as it made its way around the rim of an empty glass.

"Do you know who my favorite writer is?" the man asked.

"I haven't any idea. Samuel Pepys?"

"Hell no. It's Poe — Edgar Allan Poe. That man knew what writing was all about. Emotion. If you study them closely, like I have, you'll find that all writers build on an emotion. Most use sex. That guy who wrote *Fanny Hill*, what the hell was his name?"

"Let me think." The kid put on an expression of deep intellectual inquiry.

"Cleveland," the man said.

"Right."

"Sex and sex. But he knew how to use it. It's the same way with Poe; he builds on the emotion of horror. Am I correct?"

"It's a legitimate emotion," the kid agreed. "I remember my father reading *The Pit and the Pendulum* to me. With that big pit — I mean pendulum — coming closer and closer and closer." The kid made a pendulum out of his hand and started swinging it toward his nose.

The man's eyes appeared to flash as they caught the light from another lamp. He looked straight at the kid and smiled.

"I bet you didn't think I was smart. I mean that I had done that much reading or studied art. Well, most people don't. I let them take me for a shmuck because it's better for me that way. Don't let them know you know too much about what's really going on. Go ahead, let them keep their impression that you have never thought about much of anything in your life. That way you can blast them," the man's glass came down hard on the bar top, "and they'll never know what hit them — or even why."

Filled with beer, the kid's stomach contracted tightly and he belched.

"Damn beer!" the kid said.

"You shouldn't drink it so fast."

The kid covered his mouth with a napkin and belched again.

"You know, buddy, you and me, we're a couple of intellectuals . . . intellectuals," the man said swirling his beer.

"Pardon me?" The last belch had momentarily deafened the kid.

(Continued on page 30)

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Intermission

(Continued from page 29)

"We think things out all the way, until we've thought everything to the limit. And find there's nothing left. We read and read storing it all up here. Then, we sit alone trying to find some order, maybe just a little would be enough. But our storage is like a dusty attic — and we can't."

"I think I understand," the kid said, blowing his nose in the napkin. "A long time ago I loved someone and for no reason she left and — blahghg — God damn this beer."

"Slowly, buddy, drink slowly. That stuff is full of a lot of carbon dioxide." The man began watching the bartender clearing glasses. "I think he's going to be asking us to leave," he told the kid and pointed down the bar. "It'll be hard to keep this place open on only two lousy beers. Have you got a place to sleep tonight?"

"Yeah, why, haven't you?"

"Yeah, I've got a place," the man said. "How about you and me getting a hotel room tonight?"

"That's silly," the kid said. "If you've got a place and I've got one, why spend the money?"

"I'll pay for it. You're not scared, are you?"

"No. Of course it's not that. Only I don't see why." The kid felt gassy.

"Let's say because it's late and we're a long way from either place," the man said, "besides we can talk some more."

"Okay. Sure, we can talk some more. Let's see, I think I've got five — no, six dollars."

"I'll take care of it," the man said.

"No, you shouldn't have to spend all the money," answered the kid.

"You forget, buddy, I'm a gambler who knows the odds. I've got plenty of money."

The owner began switching off the yellow lamps, radio static swelled louder and darkness grew from the corners.

A NARROW ALLEY SEPARATED the hotel from the red brick building next door. Half-sitting, half-leaning, the kid could look out the side window and down the long passageway leading to the street. Music was coming from a restaurant on the corner. The street glowed yellow-white from fluorescent lamps while infrequent cars moved toward deserted buildings or sleeping homes, disappearing in the yellow blinking night.

The kid leaned back against the window ledge and closed his eyes.

"Aren't you coming to sleep?" the man asked. Dressed only in his shorts, he lay diagonally across the bed.

"Yes, in just a minute." The kid

The Scholastic

opened his eyes. "I want to — there's something I want to see."

He began watching two women talking on the corner. Each of their silent sentences was punctuated by the flapping gestures of a whooping crane deploring its extinction. Their pantomime concluded, the heavier woman waved good night and entered the restaurant. At the intersection a few cars waited for a light.

"Buddy, are you planning on sitting there all night?"

"No. It's just that I'm not tired."

"Well, you'll be dead tired tomorrow if you don't get some sleep."

The kid asked the man to move over and he lay chest down beside him.

"You know, I think she robbed you," he said in a tired voice. "Ten dollars is a lot to pay for a room without a john."

"Don't let it worry you," said the man.

Turning his head to shove the pillow under his chin, the kid noticed a billboard anchored on the side of a filling station. In large red and gold letters across the top was written: FOR A BRIGHT SPARKLING LIFT WHEN YOU'RE DOWN IN THE DUMPS DRINK BRUSTON'S. Beneath the lettering was a picture of a man sitting in a dump drinking a bottle of pop.

The kid turned on his side and closed his eyes.

The kid rolled his head to the side and looked at the man, who smiled.

"My name's Alex," the kid said, and fell back on his chest away from the man.

Beneath the front window, a car was stalled at the curb. The starter let out a piercing grind as the engine turned over a few times then died. "Jesus Alonzo Christ!" a voice screamed. A door slammed shut and feet made aimless clomping sounds that were finally lost around a corner.

The man reached for a package of cigarettes lying on the night stand. He was lighting one when he heard the thud.

"Son of a bitch! I fell out of bed," the kid said rolling off his stomach.

"Yeah. What are you doing down there?" the man asked. He had to lean over the far side of the bed to see the kid.

"I don't know. I just sort of slid over and there was nothing there. Funny feeling. Hell, I think I cut my ankle" — the kid began rubbing his shin — "I had better go to the public john and have a look at it."

The man lay back on the bed in silence as the kid limped over to a chair and picked up his jacket.

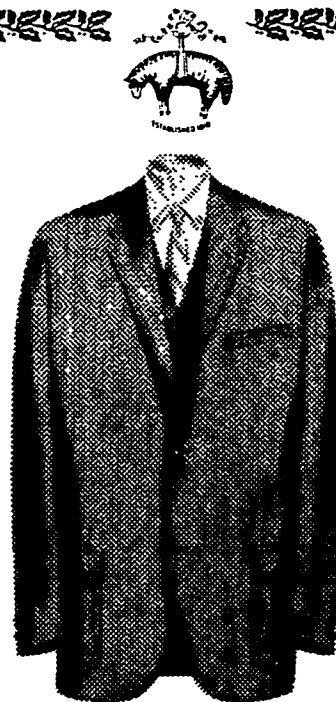
"Damn, I hope it doesn't get in-

fect," he said, "you know Calvin Coolidge's son died from a blister or something on his foot."

The man tucked his arm behind his head and stared at the kid. He remained silent, his thin lips straight and firm.

"I'll just run a little water over it and wash away all the blood," the kid continued. "Maybe the landlady has a band-aid and some iodine."

The man took a deep drag and exhaled through his nose. "What is it
(Continued on page 32)



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Intermission

(Continued from page 31)

you're afraid of?" he asked. "These?" The kid watched as the man shoved his leg into the light coming from the side window. A cockroach ran across the man's toes and down the sole of his foot. "Are you afraid of bugs, buddy?"

"No, I'm not afraid of roaches. Roaches never bothered me."

The kid remained a few moments by the door, watching the roach make its way up the man's leg. The short brown body scurried over a mesh of black hairs and paused on the man's kneecap. Behind the insect's eyes, antennae were wildly flapping the air — a characteristic of the many harmless little bugs that stop and flail feelers in all directions, sensing they are lost but fearing the slapping destruction that accompanies their slow search into the night.

"Campus"

(Continued from page 15)

honor "to the player on the team from the N.Y. Metropolitan area who made the most distinguished contribution to the team" — Phil Sheridan. Then Father Brennan gave his trophy to Jim Carroll, the "senior member of the team who best exemplifies the Notre Dame spirit." Father then expressed his wish that the banquets would always continue, and people slowly filed out while films of the past season flickered on the screen.

Stepan Symposium

Last weekend the Stepan Center was the site of the 1964 Advent Symposium considering "Birth Control, Its Implications for the Contemporary Catholic." The Symposium was sponsored by the National Federation of Catholic College Students and the Academic Commission

of Student Government.

The purpose of the Symposium was to re-examine the issue of birth control from several different aspects and attitudes, trying not so much to gain a common consensus of opinion as to explore the wide range of opinion concerning the subject. It was also intended, perhaps indirectly, to give the audience some idea of the nature and complexity of the problems involved.

The four main speakers were Dr. Louis Dupre, Professor of Theology at Georgetown University; Dr. John Higgins, Professor of Clinical Psychiatry, St. Louis University; Dr. Ralph Kenck, Obstetrician from Chicago; and Dr. Donald Barrett, Professor of Sociology at Notre Dame. Rev. David Burrell, C.S.C., Department of Philosophy, served as the general chairman of the Symposium.

The first speaker, Dr. Barrett, spoke of the sociological implications of

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birth control, especially in relationship to and in light of the serious danger of general overpopulation in the future. Dr. Kenck concerned himself mainly with the clinical aspects of birth control, particularly concerning the effective use of the rhythm method. There are, he pointed out, several types of rhythm, some more successful than others, and due to a general lack of knowledge concerning the more successful types, the failings of the less successful ones are indiscriminately ascribed to the overall use of the method. Dr. Kenck stated that in most cases the failure of rhythm was due to a human or technical failure, rather than a physiological one.

The third conference was by Dr. John Higgins, speaking on the psychological implications of birth control. One of the most interesting points of his talk, and of the Symposium, was the possibility of neurosis development in practitioners of birth control. Dr. Higgins pointed out that the free expression of love between the two partners in the marital act ideally develops a psychological as well as biological intimacy between the two people. There can develop, however, in cases where knowledge exists that the act cannot lead to conception because some means of birth control is being practiced, an opposite effect, that is a psychological if not also biological isolation of the individual. It is this isolation which can produce neurosis.

Dr. Dupre, in the concluding speech of the Symposium, called upon the Church for a re-examination of the birth control issue. He pointed out that the alternatives to the rhythm method—conception or abstinence—are simply no longer sufficient. He pointed out that procreation, once a general good in almost every case when the earth was still underpopulated, is not now, with the danger of overpopulation, a complete good. Dr. Dupre pointed out that all the teachings of the Church are based on the post-Augustine era and in light of the previous underpopulation of the earth; the Church must now re-examine the situation in light of the new developments and reapply (not change) the natural moral principles in view of the problems of the new situation.

The end of the fourth conference by Dr. Dupre was followed by a short panel discussion conducted by Fr. Burrell, in which the main points of each of the four talks were reconsidered with additional points and questions. The Symposium was concluded with a Communion Breakfast the next day at the Pick-Oliver.

IN THE BEGINNING . . .



WITH THE CIVIL rights movement grabbing almost as many headlines these days as the ND-USC game, it is interesting to turn back and investigate the history of integration at Notre Dame. Priding ourselves today on being open-minded crusaders in the cause of equality, we may be surprised to discover that our school wasn't always that way. Matter of fact, an editorial in the 1868 SCHOLASTIC rings more of George Wallace than Martin Luther King. While devoting itself to the plight of the homeless American Indian, the editorial has this to say about the newly freed Negro: "Our representatives in Congress have, for the last year, endeavored to elevate the Negro servant (news flash, men: Lincoln freed the slaves three years ago) above the white man, while during the same time doing all in their power to exterminate the poor Indian. Oh, how can human beings become so corrupt as to extend over the Indian, whom they have deceived, the hand of extermination, while at the same time they are extending to a being who is evidently inferior to the Indian the hand of love and protection!" Little wonder how South Bend could have been one of the most thriving outposts of the KKK in the North.

Uniforms, those harbingers of submission, were once (shudder) obligatory at this institution. No, they were not of the black and white striped variety. They were, however, black suits and black ties. The complete list of required items for the costume are not listed but imagination can fill in the blanks: top hats, handlebar mustaches, Abe Lincoln-type shawls, trousers worn as knickers, plaid socks, blue suede shoes. If nothing else the black-clad masses were ready for funerals. An 1868 editorial enumerates the gargantuan advantages of the required outfit.

"It has been asked often by the students whether the Uniform should be continued next year or whether it should be allowed to pass out of use. The reasons we desire to have students here wear the Uniform are numerous. No fashion can compete with the tasty Uniform now being worn. In the point of cleanliness it is all that can be desired. It costs less than any other suit (wonder why?). It reminds one of preserving everywhere a military decorum, and it forces the body to take such an attitude or bearing as is natural to a trained and well-disciplined soldier." Quite an overpowering list of reasons.

This brings up the thought of what a modern uniform would look like. Starting at the top, we have the canvas rain hat (brim pulled down); sweat shirt turned inside out over gray tee shirt; "Hate Ball State" button on chest (of sweat shirt, not body); jeans (no belt); white sweat socks (in warm months); no socks (in winter); white tennis shoes torn across toes (adhesive tape covering tears, optional). No fashion can compete with a tasty uniform.

The following observations on the situation at SMC appeared in the SCHOLASTIC following Christmas, 1868: "St. Mary's halls have now resumed their usual air of active and innocent gayety. The daily returns of students keep up an agreeable excitement. The newcomers for the second semester, though at first timid and homesick, are soon made to feel at ease. And the natural buoyancy of their age, combined with their cheerful routine soon dispels all shadows from their brows and homesickness is forgotten in the general struggle for scholastic honors." Struggle generously for scholastic honors, someday it will dispel all shadows from your brows.

—JOHN TWOHEY

Mel Noel...

The Last Word



JAMES THURBER in *The Thirteen Clocks* wrote: "... I hope this is true; I make things up, you know." These lines were chosen by William P. Blatty to introduce his novel, *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*. When Blatty used Thurber's words, he could not have known that the truth of his own strange fiction would eventually be tested in court. But last Monday Notre Dame filed suit in New York City to prevent the distribution of the novel and its movie version. Altogether, three companies are involved in the suit. Fawcett Publications Inc. (paperback distributors) and Doubleday & Co. are enjoined along with Twentieth Century-Fox. Notre Dame's legal action is being conducted by a firm with the unlikely name of Sullivan and Cromwell. If prestige personalities mean anything to the success of a case, Sullivan and Cromwell have a good start — Arthur

Dean (U.S. disarmament negotiator) belongs to the firm, and John Foster Dulles was a member at one time.

Blatty's story features John Goldfarb, a Jewish boy from the Bronx, who seems never to do anything well and has earned the nickname of "Wrong-Way." The poor soul, a former football player himself, tries many occupations unsuccessfully and finally ends up working for the CIA as a U-2 pilot. Once again Goldfarb has trouble with directions and finds himself crash-landing over Arabia rather than the Soviet Union. Arabian King Fawz, feeling that his son had been insulted by Notre Dame, wants desperately to field a football team which will beat the Fighting Irish. The eccentric king decides to black-mail the unfortunate Goldfarb into coaching an Arabian team composed of Bedouins, eunuchs, and eventually a harem girl. Of course, the sensitive U.S. State Department wants Notre Dame to play King Fawz's team for the sake of good international relations, but, as Fr. Hesburgh says, "we don't play bowl games." In the end though, patriotism wins out and the Irish football players find themselves awaiting the big game in King Fawz's palace, one part of which has "a familiar golden dome." It is already clear that the Notre Dame coach is an animal, and during the orgy scene in the king's harem, team members prove themselves his equal. The players "are depicted as undisciplined gluttons and drunks," and in the game the following day, "dressed in the uniforms of the University, led by a violent and vulgar coach, befuddled by the previous evening's revelry and in the grip of nausea," they are defeated.

The text is really not aimed at any one person or institution, and treats everything with a thorough irreverence. Shiny new state universities, professors, students, state department officials, society folk, etc., are all derided along with Notre Dame. Just the names of characters alone convey satire: President Overreach of Subliminal U., Secretary of State Deems Sarajevo, and the Immam of Doom. But the only actual university used in the farce is ND, and the only actual personality is Fr. Hesburgh.

Twentieth Century-Fox's movie version is probably more offensive in that it plays up the eroticism that is only secondary in the content of the book. Shirley MacLaine in one of her famous "almost nude" costumes does much more to dress up King Fawz's harem than does the same character in the black print of the book. We know that Hollywood movie-makers seldom miss a chance to broaden the

appeal of their products by adding liberal amounts of burlesque. Sneak previews of *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home* have produced unfavorable reviews and have earned such adjectives as "crude" and "bawdy." However, the movie is still scheduled for release in late December in cities across the country.

Press treatment of Notre Dame's suit to stop the movie and book has been sometimes facetious and sometimes serious. The *Chicago Tribune* bawled in its headline "Notre Dame Wants Team Out of Harem." Chicago's *Sun-Times* warned in a sub-head "No Comedy in Suit." Both stories quoted from Fr. Hesburgh's affidavit (as we did in description above). But neither article mentioned that this legal action, or at least the section against the movie, is without precedent. If the New York courts do prevent the movie from release because of possible damage to our school's reputation, they will have created a new front in American civil law. Several other institutions are awaiting the outcome of Notre Dame's action before considering similar suits of their own. Among these are Vassar College and Columbia University.

Naturally, the defendants do not intend to lose and are hoping that our suit will be welcome publicity for their products. Their case will be based on a statement by Twentieth Century-Fox: "The film is obviously a good-natured lampoon of contemporary American life and international affairs. . . . It was produced in the long tradition of American comedy which enables us to laugh at ourselves." But including John Goldfarb in the distinguished tradition of American comedy may be a bit presumptuous — it might well belong to another category of entertainment. Then, too, we hope that the Hollywood people will not lose the ability "to laugh at ourselves" if they are left holding an illegal \$4 million film.

BEST WISHES for the Christmas holidays are offered to our faculty advisor Mr. O'Malley, who favored us with a Yuletide poem on page 19, and to Pat Vanek in the Bookstore who makes book-buying bearable. Greetings also to Tom Hoobler and Fr. McCarragher who will contribute \$2.00 apiece to the SCHOLASTIC Christmas party. And in this season of joy, how could we forget the maintenance people who have allowed the mouse under our floor to decompose for three weeks (come on, boys). Finally, merry Christmas to roommate Tom Hanley who reviews rock 'n' roll concerts for the SCHOLASTIC.

Orange Blossom

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