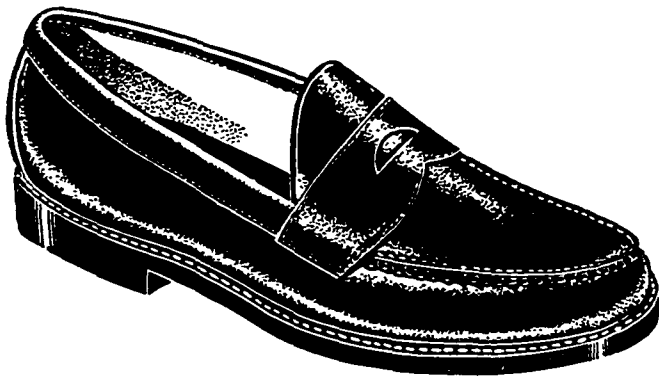




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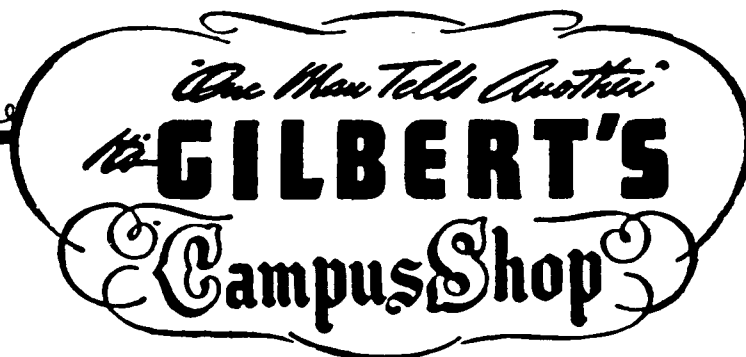
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DAILY

- 8:00 a.m. to 12 noon
1:00-5:00 p.m. DANTE CELEBRATION. Various editions of Dante, including incunabula and an elephantine edition of the *Divina Comedia* are on display in the Rare Book Room of the Memorial Library as part of the observance of the 700th anniversary of the birth of the celebrated Italian poet.
- 8:00 a.m. to midnight
Sun. 1:00 p.m. to midnight CENTENNIAL OF SCIENCE EVENT. An exhibit prepared by the geology department depicting "Research in Progress in Geology" is on display in the concourse of the Notre Dame Memorial Library.
- 12 to 5:00 p.m.
1:00-5:00 p.m. Sat. & Sun. EXHIBITS IN THE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY. "Circa 1300," 13th- and 14th-century Renaissance art from the Notre Dame collection and other galleries; paintings and designs for stained-glass windows by Professor Robert Leader of the Notre Dame art department; and "Notre Dame Alumni," paintings and sculpture by graduates of the Notre Dame art department. Also, starting November first, Don Vogl Exhibition sponsored by the Art Department.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

- 1:00-5:00 p.m. Peter, Paul, and Mary ticket sales available in the Social Commission Office.
- 5:00 p.m. Homecoming Parade starting at the Circle — Pep Rally — Record Hop in Student Center — Bonfire. The Mishawaka Pipe Band (bagpipes) will lead the parade.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30

- 1:30 p.m. Football — Navy at Notre Dame.
- 9:00 p.m. Homecoming Ball "Soirée d'Amour" in Stepan Center.
- 8:30 p.m. "A Dance" in Student Center.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31

- 11:00 a.m. Homecoming Mass and Communion Brunch, Sacred Heart Church and North Dining Hall. Mass sung by the Glee Club.
- 1:00 p.m. Bridge seminar and duplicate game at ND — room 2S.
- 1:30 p.m. old SCHOLASTIC office directly south of the Fiesta Lounge.
- 1:30 p.m. Cinema '66 presents "Sundays & Cybele," a French film. Will be shown at Little Theatre, SMC, and the Engineering Auditorium in the evening.
- and 7:30 p.m.
- 1:45 p.m. NFL football: Green Bay at Chicago. WSBT-TV, Channel 22.
- 2:30 p.m. Peter, Paul, and Mary Concert in Stepan Center.
- 7:30 p.m. ISO Halloween Party at SMC clubhouse. Members free. Non-members 50 cents. Dancing, refreshments, girls!

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1

- All Saints' Day — no classes.
- 8:00 p.m. Lecture: Professor Robert Schackenburg, "Faith in the Gospel of Saint John." Law Auditorium.
- 1:30 p.m. Cinema '66 presents "Sundays & Cybele," a French film. Will be shown at Little Theatre, SMC, and the Engineering Auditorium in the evening.
- and 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

- 5:30-6:30 p.m. November 13 Concert ticket sales in both dining halls — Roger Miller. Saint Joseph Valley Ski Club Show. Foreign Student Reception by Ladies of Notre Dame.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3

- 8:00 p.m. Lecture: Professor Robert Schackenburg, "Union with God According to Saint John." Law Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. Lecture: Professor Christopher Hollis, "Opposition in the British Political System." Library Auditorium.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

- 8:00 p.m. Lecture: Professor Robert Schackenburg, "The Meaning and Significance of the Apocalypse." Law Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. Lecture: Christopher Hollis, "The Work of George Orwell." Library Auditorium.
- 8:30 p.m. University Theatre Production, "A Man For All Seasons." Washington Hall. November 13 Concert tickets on sale in both dining halls. Roger Miller.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5

- 3:10 p.m. Lecture: Dr. M. E. Valkenburg, "Multiparameter Sensitivity in Network Design." Engineering Building.
- 8:30 p.m. University Theatre Production, "A Man For All Seasons." Washington Hall.

Compiled by MARK CREWSON and LOU SMITH

SCHOLASTIC

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Founded 1867

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CAMPUS INTERVIEWS

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“Why”-- Part II

“Why?” an editorial in the October 15 issue of the SCHOLASTIC recommended temporary suspension of student trips until such a time when the conditions presently causing problems on trips are solved. The editorial also attempted to raise the question of *why* this type of behavior occurs whenever ND students leave this campus in large groups.

Since the appearance of the editorial there seem to have arisen some misunderstandings as to what was proposed. Some have hastened to point out that no one at the University received a bill for damages from the hotel management in New York. This thinking can only be described as parallel to the attitude of children that anything goes as long as you don't get spanked. Others have come forth with suggestions that more trip controls be established. The point we wished to make was that no matter how many controls are established, groups of our students will still be *inclined* to act this way. They will still *tend* to get drunk, turn fire hoses on in hotel lobbies, act and look like deportees in company with adults, and perform like Visigoths at student trip mixers.

The editorial was not intended as a criticism of all student trip participants. Nor was it intended as a criticism of the Blue Circle committee that organized and efficiently ran the trip. These men and others did everything they could to avoid the troubles of years past. Yet their controls, like controls of others before them, proved inadequate. For controls are but shackles to keep damage and boorish conduct at a minimum. They are not attempts to eliminate such conduct. In fact, controls of such behavior are basically unhealthy, for they frustrate tendencies which will later find release elsewhere when the shackles are absent.

The question raised was: Is it not time for this University to ask itself *why* members of this community act like they do when away from this campus? Those who respond that this problem exists at other all-male campuses are taking the easy way out. Just because the problem exists elsewhere is no excuse to shirk the job of trying to solve it here.

Something is wrong at Notre Dame, just as something is wrong at every other university whose students act like barbarians when turned loose on the “outside world.” It's time we found out what.

— J. T.

The Rock

Dennis O'Toole, in his campaign for Walsh Hall's seat in the Student Senate, brought up what seems to be a significant issue, the inadequacy of the present hours of the Rockne Memorial Building. Over the past ten years, the increase in the demand for indoor athletic facilities has been far out of proportion to the increase in the availability of such facilities. Taking the participation in intramural basketball as a barometer for this, it has more than quadrupled in the past ten years. For a short time after its opening, Stepan Center was avail-

able to alleviate the situation, but this is no longer the case. Increased use of Stepan for meetings has made it impossible to schedule any regular hours for the use of its basketball courts. More significantly, the cement floor of Stepan makes competitive basketball inordinately hazardous. The fieldhouse is already open until midnight daily so that its hours cannot be extended. However, the only recent change in the hours at the Rockne Memorial was a half-hour extension two years ago. The “Rock” is now available for student use (outside gym class) from 3:00 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. on weekdays and from 1:00 p.m. until 5:00 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays.

Two factors make this particular time ripe for an extension of the hours of the Rockne Memorial. First, the demand for facilities for intramural basketball has more than quadrupled. Not only have the old leagues been growing, but each year has seen the addition of new leagues, e.g., Navy ROTC, Army ROTC, the campus clubs, the Joint Engineering Council, etc. Last year an entire league had to be dropped from the intramural program because there were no facilities available. This year Coach John Dee added the freshman tryout league, thus increasing the overload. Under the present system one court at the “Rock” is available for intramural use for three and a half hours, five nights a week.

The recent incidents on or around Notre Dame Avenue constitute a second reason for extending the hours of the “Rock,” especially over the weekend. If the reports of the recent incidents can be trusted, they were in part provoked by Notre Dame students letting off steam. The early closing hours on weekend evenings would seem to force many Notre Dame students to go into South Bend for recreation, thus increasing the likelihood of further incidents.

From talking to Professor John Scannell, the Director of the Rockne Memorial and the head of the physical education department, the SCHOLASTIC discovered that the physical education department and the athletic department are now trying to work out a practicable plan for extending the hours of the “Rock” and making its facilities more available for the use of the intramural program. The main difficulty seems to be staffing the building during the evening hours. This can hardly pose much of a problem since the Memorial Library has already solved much the same problem. In fact, this problem would seem to be a partial answer to another problem — how to increase student employment.

According to Professor Scannell, no new schedule will be worked out or announced until after the Thanksgiving holidays when all outdoor facilities will be completely unusable and the intramural season is upon us. In other words, nothing will be done until the athletic department has perhaps already been forced to cancel several intramural leagues and several more unnecessary incidents have occurred in the streets of South Bend. The situation seems to call for more immediate action.

— W. R.

Back to Normal

As of the May 14, 1965, issue of the SCHOLASTIC, Collie Leroy Wilkins had gone on trial for the murder of civil rights worker Viola Liuzzo and had met a hung jury. The trial was postponed until the fall of this year. An editorial in that issue of the SCHOLASTIC said:

... Optimism was guarded . . . when the decision was announced. Even before its exact nature was known people were saying that even one "guilty" vote would be a reason for judicious hope. And then when the details of the vote heavily weighed against Wilkins were made public, it seemed as though the South had perhaps grown up at last. No longer would Southern justice be determined only by racial considerations — but by the facts as well. And perhaps, too, this optimism was warranted.

Collie Leroy Wilkins has now been freed by an all-white, reportedly pro-segregation jury. It had deliberated for slightly more than an hour and a half. On the basis of this the SCHOLASTIC regretfully retracts its previous statements.

— R. B.

Paul Tillich

Paul Tillich succeeded as few have in dramatizing the challenge of Christ to our time. He challenged Christians from the pulpit and in countless seminars and discussions to discover and articulate that spark that is their faith. He challenged theologians to formulate in depth and in relevant idiom this generation's yearning for God. The message proclaimed from the pulpit, the word spoken by and through this humble man was unmistakable; the idiom, the conceptual apparatus employed by this prolific theologian was not always so crystal clear. One might even say that his theological contributions resist a single analysis, convinced as he was that no formulation of the revelation of God escape ambiguity. But those who were blessed with the opportunity to meet the man, and to hear him preach that revelation, discovered the interpretive key. For he was a man at home with the God revealed in Jesus — one could tell it by his own consummate humanity. For while he referred to the believer's faith as "ultimate concern," a phrase open to caricature by logical analysis, he himself knew and exhibited the truth first testified by Jesus: that the test of that faith, the direction of that concern is best reflected in the quality of our more proximate concerns. In the generous way he made himself available to students, in his total lack of pretension, he showed time and again something of the dimensions of a faith in God as our Father, a faith quite inconceivable without the assurance and testimony of Jesus. The most accurate interpreter of Paul Tillich's theology was Paul Tillich himself. We can only pray that God will bless His Church with others who can represent

Him to this generation in so unassuming and penetrating a manner as Paul Tillich did to those of the preceding generation. We are sad for those who had not the opportunity to meet him. We are overjoyed that he may now meet Him in whom he deeply believed and whom he struggled to make known. What words can but darkly and ambiguously encompass, vision may now embrace.

— David Burrell, C.S.C.

International Activity

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week students will be asked to sign up for the Little United Nations Assembly (LUNA). A goal of 1,500 Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students has been set by the LUNA committee. Over 400 Saint Mary's girls have already committed themselves to a project which hopes to promote a real awareness of international life as well as a familiarity with the workings of the United Nations. Aside from attending briefing sessions and lectures during the winter, students will have an opportunity to represent an adopted nation in a simulated United Nations on March 8, 9, and 10 of next spring.

The need for a project like LUNA at Notre Dame is all too obvious. There is a definite lack of any international atmosphere or spirit on the campus. LUNA provides an opportunity for the Notre Dame community to participate in a program that will engender in the participants a knowledge of the complexities of international relations, acquaint them with the organization and structure of the United Nations, and offer them an opportunity to participate with the Saint Mary's community in a program that combines both the social and academic life of both campuses.

Students participating in LUNA are able to gain a greater knowledge of current world problems, from the war in Viet Nam to world population control. Lectures will be conducted both before and during the Assembly to help acquaint the students with these problems. Speakers already committed include C. Maxwell Stanley, President of the United World Federalist Movement; Paul Hoffman, Director of the United Nations Special Fund; Louis Harris, Director of Harris Public Opinion Poll; and the Polish Ambassador to the United Nations. Other prospective speakers include Ralph Bunche, Under Secretary General for Political Affairs, Papal Observers to the United Nations, the Japanese Ambassador to the United Nations, and Chief Justice Earl Warren.

The Little United Nations Assembly, through its lectures, delegation briefings and assembly, helps students to remove themselves from the politics and culture of their own nation. Students view more understandingly the problems and people of other nations. In the sign-ups next week, students will have an opportunity to select the country of their choice (from the 117 member nations) and engage in a valuable social and academic venture.

—P. C.

Letters

EVE OF DESTRUCTION?

EDITOR:

For the past few years, the University and the Student-Faculty Film Society have cooperated in sponsoring the Washington Hall Film Series, bringing quality "adult" motion pictures to a supposedly mature student body. During last Saturday's presentation of *A Taste of Honey*, a few boorish students began heckling and snickering in a high-schoolish way. The crowd, for the most part, seemed to tolerate their antics. Finally, these reactions became so irritating that the film was stopped and William M. Donovan, the SCHOLASTIC film critic, was asked to quiet the crowd. He reminded certain elements that they had responsibilities both to the artist and to their neighbors who perhaps would rather watch a film than listen to their babble.

We ask that those only interested in gaining group identity in the darkness not come to Washington Hall — it is not the place for a pep rally. If there are disturbances at future showings, the students responsible will be ejected. If the ushers cannot handle the situation, the film will be stopped once until the crowd has quieted down. If this behavior continues after the film has begun again, the movie will be discontinued, the entire audience asked to leave, and no refunds given. This is a regrettable move, but one we feel is necessary in view of the situation.

There is, however, an alternative. The serious members of the community can take responsibility upon themselves for privately reminding the disruptive element of their primordial social state. We hope that, this solution will prevent the radical action outlined above.

Dan Morper
David Sauer
Geoff Bartz
345 Lyons

SEMANTICIZED

EDITOR:

I object to the description, in the interview between Professor Noonan and Father O'Brien (SCHOLASTIC, Oct. 15), of the Church's opposition to contraception as a "rule" — as if it were on a par with abstinence on Friday.

The Church does not have a rule against murder for Catholics; she asserts that murder is contrary to the law of God, and that anyone, Catholic or not, who murders is in danger of going to hell. And her position on

contraception (at least most forms) has been of the same character.

Let us call things by their right names; first for our self-respect, and then because outsiders will surely do so.

Ernest W. Thiele
Department of Chemical
Engineering

LIES AND STATISTICS

EDITOR:

Last week's SCHOLASTIC, in commenting on the recent senatorial elections stated that *apathetic* Fisher Hall settled for less than a 55 percent vote turnout. Unfortunately, they neglected to mention that 36 percent of the students living in Fisher are graduate students and as such are not eligible to vote in senatorial elections.

Actually 79 percent of the eligible students voted in this election. This was above the campus average of 73 percent.

Brian Redding
118 Fisher

FUROR — ITALIAN STYLE

EDITOR:

I usually ignore the bigoted naïveté of the Vestal Virgins but since they've gotten two pieces of propaganda into your magazine I decided to write my views, for what they're worth, as a balance. The moral furor caused by Vittorio de Sica's *Marriage—Italian Style* is rather assinine, to say the least. So Mr. Babst found it difficult "getting to sleep last night" did he? Isn't that too bad. . . . I cannot understand his virginal outrage. As is usual in cases such as his he is disgusted by *both* sinner and sin. This is wrong. There was no attempt to glorify prostitution, thievery, or immortality. These evils exist — the people who live in them are just as human as anyone else. No one becomes a monster because he has sinned. There are secrets in each person which only they alone and the Personal Vision of God understand.

Was Miss Loren, in the film, "happy" as a whore? Was Marcello Mastroianni contented? No. Neither could be "happy" because they were both lost, figuratively speaking, to beauty. Finally they found each other, after years of miserable incompleteness. Miss Loren's performance glowed with inner "goodness" (if you will) and was reminiscent of Fellini's *The Nights of Cabiria* and *La Strada*. De Sica looked beneath the surface — as some people could not, preoccupied as they were with righteous indignation. (Somehow, they managed to stay for the entire

performance. Good show, boys. That's the spirit — make your convictions flex their lily-white muscles!) I sincerely hope the Elect will not attend *A Taste of Honey*. Rita Tushingham is excellent in this film and I'd hate to see her performance and, indeed, a superb film, spoiled by the profaning myopia of "they who will not see."

John Dooley
405 Cavanaugh

NO SUPERMAN

EDITOR:

In a letter which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC of October 22, 1965, Mr. Joel Connelly mentions "superhuman McCarthyite efforts" which produced the appearance of Congressman William Bray. As the one who was responsible for his appearance at the seminar, I must take exception with these claims.

Congressman Bray was the keynote speaker at a Republican Practical Politics Workshop on October 16, 1965 — the same day as the South Viet Nam Seminar. His appearance at the workshop was the result of the efforts of the Indiana College Young Republicans.

As a member of the workshop committee as well as the chairman of the seminar from 3:30 p.m. to 6:00 p.m., I had occasion to speak with Congressman Bray. That morning I asked him if he was going to speak at the seminar. He said that he had been asked to the previous night in Indianapolis, but he thought he wouldn't because the whole thing was not quite clear to him. Later I mentioned to him again that an invitation had been extended to him to speak at 11:45 a.m. He accepted. Up to this point he had not made any promise to appear at the seminar.

I assure everyone that my efforts were not "superhuman." Mr. Connelly was in the same room when I asked the congressman. I then informed him that the congressman would speak at the appointed time.

I would like to say, however, that Mr. Bray's remarks were off the cuff. He did not have a prepared speech and thus his remarks were not as eloquent or moving as the other speakers. I might say, though, that his appearance was worthwhile and valuable.

With regards to the fact that Mr. Connelly was informed "that the speaker list would not be 50-50," one should not interpret this to mean that anti-government speakers were being favored purposely. On the contrary, pro-government speakers were sought eagerly. However, for various legitimate reasons, many of these people

were unable to appear. Many pro-government speakers also were afraid to appear for fear that the seminar was a leftist plot. This was the result of smear tactics by a few misinformed individuals.

I assure everyone that as one who supported Barry Goldwater in 1964 I could not have served as chairman in the late afternoon if I thought there were any communist or alien influences which might discredit this seminar.

I hope this letter sets a few facts straight and assures the doubtful that the seminar was a mature effort to discuss a very serious problem.

J. G. Blake
163 Dillon

ND-SMC HELICABS?

EDITOR:

In response to Messrs. Blaha, Calior, O'Brien and Kane concerning their proposed "Archway to Ecstasy(??)" over the Dixie Highway, we feel as members of the elite "off-campus" fraternity, we have a better solution to the problem of transportation to and from St. Mary's.

President Johnson, with his continual "war on wastage" is currently making available, at a bargain price to student and industrial groups, surplus helicopters, straight from the Viet Nam "front."

The purchase of a few of these aircraft could easily be financed by a token "Miscellaneous (Ecstasy??) Fee" of \$200 per student per semester. With these funds, we can have the beginnings of a small fleet of "helicabs" to and from St. Mary's.

Tactical training and scheduling could make this service available to both those on campus and the "forgotten" off-campus students, (after all, we have to get to St. Mary's also).

It is our hope that proper officials will consider this plan. These "Great Birds of Paradise" would not mar, as would the bridge, the natural beauty of the major artery leading to and from one of the thriving metropolises of the Midwest.

Mike Mooney
Frank Malley
Michael Houk
Tom Cassidy
Bob Sullivan
Vince Ebner
1102 N. Michigan Ave.
South Bend, Ind.

REGRETS

EDITOR:

I was certainly relieved to learn that the student exhibitions during half-time activities this past Saturday were not transmitted across the country. NBC had the discretion to

spend that portion of the telecast on something other than the poor taste of a small part of the student body. Innuendoes are one thing, but outright crassness and vulgarity are a completely different story. Is this attitude the main objective of our University? If this is the attitude on campus, fine, let it remain *here*. Certainly common sense, at least, dictates that we not broadcast it over the entire nation.

But, I seriously doubt that this is even the case. We do not really stand for this childish attitude, nor do we want to be equated with this level of mentality. For one, this doubt is supported by the incongruity between the Centennial of Science program well-

performed by the band and this "cleverness" on the field; and, for that matter, between the great performance of the team and this "exhibition." It is further dispelled by the constructive idea itself of having the student body even participating in the half-time ceremony. (Sorin's very professional "float" deserves special mention. Unfortunately, there were not more like it.)

But, again, where was our pride? For the person who does not consider this a question of pride, he must be pitied. He has just spent time in a university dedicated to high ideals—and has not profited in the least!

Peter E. Doris
218 Lyons

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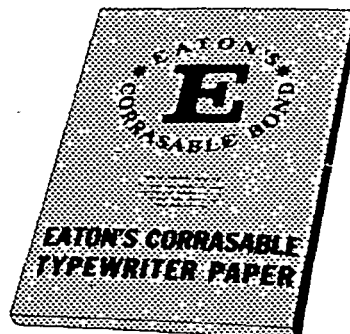
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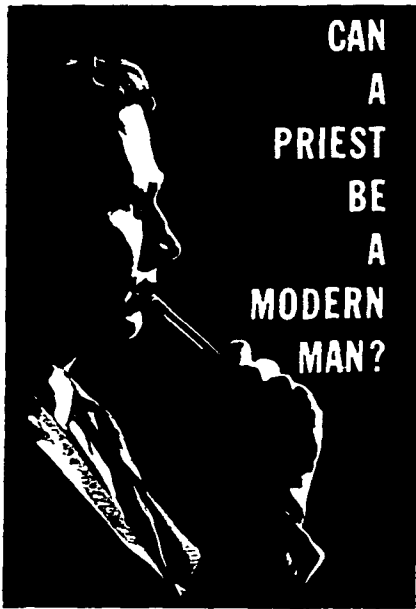
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I'm not feeling very folksy tonight.



2. You got those low-down, feelin' poorly, out-of-sorts blues?

I wouldn't get so poetic about it.



3. Why not sing out your woes? Let the world hear your troubles.

Look, singing has nothing to do with it. I've been thinking about the kind of work I want to do when I graduate.



4. Music of the people can provide a catharsis.

I don't need one.



5. Shout your story to the hills, the sands, the far-away seas. And listen for an answer from the winds.

I doubt if the winds will tell me where I can get a challenging job with good pay and plenty of opportunity to move up.



6. Oh, if that's what you're concerned about, why not get in touch with Equitable. They're looking for college men who have demonstrated a potential for above-average achievement. I'm sure you'd be happy in one of the special development programs because the work is fascinating, the salary excellent, and the opportunities unlimited.

Say, how about a medley of John Henry, Rock Island Line and Michael, Row the Boat Ashore.

For career opportunities at Equitable, see your Placement Officer, or write to Patrick Scollard, Manpower Development Division.

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news and notes

• THE FORTY-ODD MEMBERS of the campus security force, are slated to come under new supervision when Arthur N. Pears assumes the new post of University Director of Security on December 1. The Security Directorship is designed to augment rather than replace the office of the Campus Security Chief, now held by Elmer Sokol.

Pears, retiring Niles, Michigan, Police Chief, will initially re-evaluate Notre Dame's entire security system. With Sokol he will supervise the campus police force, develop and direct campus traffic and safety programs and investigate incidents or offenses brought to the attention of the Dean of Students office.

Students are advised that Security Director Pears is a graduate of the FBI Academy and did military intelligence work during World War II. Whether Pears will have intelligence problems in his dealings with the campus cops is open to question.

• SOUTH BEND seems cursed to be forever out of step with Notre Dame—this time it's the buses. The cry that went up after last year's 25 per cent fare increase is being equalled in intensity by complaints over service . . . the lack of it, that is. On all days except Saturday, buses leave every fifteen minutes (until midnight) from the campus and until 11:45 p.m. to the campus. On Saturdays the last stage returns to Notre Dame at 12:45 a.m. The trouble is that student hours have been extended, in the case of seniors until 2 a.m., without a parallel extension in bus service. This leaves the students who stay behind for one more for the road the option of hitchhiking (illegal) or walking along the brightly lighted boulevards of South Bend back to campus.

Defending his company's scheduling, Mr. Robert Anderson of the Northern Indiana Bus Company, points to previous attempts at late bus service which failed for lack of profit. Anderson claims that the buses can run at any time they are needed if sufficient notice is given by University administrators. In the meantime, walk swiftly and hope the other guy doesn't carry a big stick.

• ONE OF THE FIRST official acts of the new University Chaplain, Rev.

Joseph Hoffman, C.S.C., was to abolish Notre Dame's unofficial compendium of obituaries and "unmentionable sins," the *Religious Bulletin*. But this week both a resurrection and a transfiguration of the old *Bulletin* was effected by the student-edited religious bulletin, *The Canticle*. If nothing else, *Canticle's* editor, Gerry Rauch, has proven more responsive to student religious tastes, evidenced by a first issue appraisal of a lecture by Rev. John Dunne, C.S.C. Future issues, hopes the fledgling editor, will appear at ten-day intervals.

• ELECTION RETURNS have failed to take the head off the senatorial battle long brewing in the venerable halls of Saint Ed's. First Blue Circle reports indicated that Fran Crumb and Jay O'Donnell had been swept before the foamy tide of Gerry Burke. But



lo, elephants (pink ones, not Republican) danced before the beaten rivals' eyes. It appears that Mr. Burke, knowing he was having more than one (opponent), bolstered his cause with an eleventh-hour distribution of tokens good for one beer at a neighborhood establishment. Understandably, Burke carried the hall by nearly a two-to-one margin.

Just as understandably, Messrs. Crumb and O'Donnell were hopping

mad and began an immediate investigation. Their findings show that Mr. Burke's tactics were in the finest traditions of pragmatic politics: not always legal, but devastatingly effective. Beer tokens, according to Notre Dame Security Chief Elmer Sokol, are unethical at best and illegal at worst. Backed by Indiana Alcoholic Beverage Commission regulations, the losers fired off a letter to SBP Minch Lewis demanding the Senate election be voided.

For his part, Senator Burke gazed down from the heights of the Student Senate amphitheater with truly Olympian disdain. "In losing," said the winner, "a man shows himself for what he really is. I need comment no further." At week's end, it appeared Burke's triumph would be sustained, but with at least a few comments on the nature of the student as political man.

"In love, war, and politics," sighed Crumb philosophically if imprecisely, "it's who gets there fustest with the mostest."

• AMONG HIS VARIOUS and far-flung duties, Notre Dame's President advises both officially and unofficially the highest levels of American government. This week Father Hesburgh jetted off to the nation's capital for consultations with a special policy committee of the Department of State. Participants at the Wednesday meeting included present and past Secretaries of State. Their topic? Confidential.

• A RUSSIAN WAR ORPHAN, twelve years old, doing reconnaissance work behind the lines of Hitler's army—this is Ivan. And the story of what happens to the boy in him is the story told in *My Name Is Ivan*, the first of a series of Russian movies (with English subtitles) being sponsored by the Modern Languages Departments of Notre Dame and SMC and by the Notre Dame Soviet and East European Studies Program. The films are open to all students and faculty members without charge. The movies are all highly rated; *Ivan*, for example, won three awards at the Venice Film Festival.

Next movie in the series is *Peace To Him Who Enters*, to be shown at 7:30 p.m., November eleventh in the SMC Little Theater. The series continues with one movie a month, January through May; schedules are posted about both campuses. The sponsors hope the high caliber and broad appeal of the films will draw large audiences as the series progresses.



PETE TUCKER

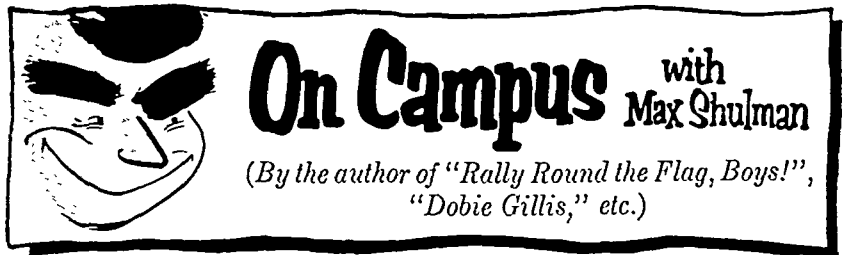
(Bus. Admin.) of the '62 Bethlehem "Loop" Course enjoys selling steel products in our Cleveland District. He's typical of young men on the move at Bethlehem Steel.

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TWELVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING

Today I begin my twelfth year of writing this column in your campus newspaper.

These dozen years have passed like a dozen minutes. In fact, I would not believe so much time has gone by except that I have my wife nearby as a handy reference. When I started this column, she was a mere slip of a girl—supple as a willow bough and fair as the morn. Today she is gnarled, lumpy, and given to biting the postman. Still, I count myself lucky. Most of my friends who were married at the same time have wives who chase cars all day. I myself have never had this trouble, and I attribute my good fortune to the fact that I have never struck my wife with my hand. I have always used a folded newspaper, even during the prolonged newspaper strike of 1961 in New York. During this journalless period I had the airmail edition of the *Manchester Guardian* flown in daily from England. I must admit, however, that it was not entirely satisfactory. The airmail edition of the *Guardian* is printed on paper so light and flimsy that it makes very little impression when one smacks one's wife. Mine, in fact, thought it was some kind of game and tore several pairs of my trousers.

But I digress. For twelve years, I say, I have been writing this column. That is a fact, and here is another: I shave every morning with Personna Stainless Steel Blades. I bring up Personna Stainless Steel Blades because this column is sponsored by the makers of Personna and they are inclined to brood if I omit to mention their products.

Not, let me hasten to state, that it is any chore for me to sing the praises of

Personna—as you will agree once you try this sharpest, smoothest-shaving, longest-lasting blade ever devised by the makers of Personna Blades—now available both in Double Edge and Injector style. Personna, always the most rewarding of blades, today offers even an extra reward—a chance to grab yourself a fistful of \$100 bills from a \$100,000 bowl! The Personna Stainless Steel Sweepstakes is off and running, and you're all eligible to enter. Visit your friendly Personna dealer soon to pick up an entry blank (void where prohibited by law).



"... only fleeting enthusiasm among the coaches."

Personna dealer soon to pick up an entry blank (void where prohibited by law).

And, by the way, while you're at your friendly Personna dealers, why don't you ask for a can of Burma Shave? It comes in Regular or Menthol; it soaks rings around any other lather, and it's made by the makers of Personna.

But I digress. For twelve years, I say, this column has been discussing, forthrightly and fearlessly, such burning campus questions as "Should students be allowed to attend first-hour classes in pajamas?" and "Should deans be retired at age 25?" and "Should foreign exchange students be held for ransom?"

Today, continuing the tradition, we take up the thorniest academic problem of all: the high cost of tuition. Let me tell you how one student, Lintel Sigafos by name, solved this problem.

Lintel, while still a boy in Straitened Circumstances, Idaho, had his heart set on college, but, alas, he couldn't afford the tuition. He applied for a Regents Scholarship but, alas, his reading speed was not very rapid—only two words an hour—and before he finished even the first page of his exam, the Regents had closed their briefcases crossly and gone home. Lintel then applied for an athletic scholarship, but he had, alas, only a single athletic skill—balancing an ice cream cone on his chin—and this, alas, aroused only fleeting enthusiasm among the coaches.

And then he found the answer: he would get a student loan! Of course, he would have to pay it back after graduation, but clever Lintel solved that, too: he kept changing his major, never accumulating enough credits to graduate until he was 65 years old. Then he repaid the loan out of his Social Security.

Where there's a will, there's a way.

* * *

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ASST. DEAN OF STUDENTS: EMPHASIS ON THE POSITIVE

Starting out in an overworked and understaffed office, Dr. Peter P. Grande, new Assistant Dean of Students, is in the forefront of the new effort to change the emphasis from the negative in the office of student discipline. The new emphasis is on individual responsibility on the part of the students. This was evidenced by the fact that the Administration allowed the student body to handle all negotiations during the recent threatened riots.

Dr. Grande is an educational psychologist, has been an associate professor in the University Guidance and Testing Department since 1955, and is the first lay person to hold his post. He deals with about seventy-five percent of the students brought before Father Simons and, pointing out that the undergraduate years are a period of difficult transition from young adulthood to mature adulthood, Father Simons says that Grande's work will be "both preventive and rehabilitative" in his dealings with individual students in disciplinary difficulty.

He and the two other psychologists in the Department of Guidance and Testing, Dr. Edward Quinn and Dr. Robert Glennen, are engaged primarily in personal counseling. This will play down the idea of punishment and will "stress the value of the positive, educative aspect of discipline."

Most major universities have psychologists in a position equivalent to the Assistant Dean of Students, and Fr. Simons hopes to develop and strengthen the office of discipline by following suit.

Dr. Grande is a graduate of Kutztown State College in Pennsylvania and holds master's and doctoral degrees from Notre Dame. During the past summer he attended a six-week Stanford University conference on Education and the Learning Process with the support of a grant from

the U.S. Office of Education.

All this is in Dr. Grande's hope that his department may eventually advance to prevention. Of course, this will be even more difficult by far than the change now being attempted.

NOTRE DAME PROFS IN SANE MARCH

No draft cards will be burned, no laws disobeyed, no troop trains halted, but after the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam, Americans will find it harder to avoid the moral contradictions of the war in Vietnam. Such is the feeling of the march's sponsor, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE) and two Notre Dame faculty participants, Mr. Joseph M. Duffy, Jr., professor of English, and Rev. Peter Riga, professor of Theology.

The faculty members joined a host of prominent individuals — among them Saul Bellow, James Farmer, and Drs. Erich Fromm and Benjamin Spock — last week in Washington for a special March Committee press conference. Committee members announced that the march, "completely peaceful and legal in execution, and creative and affirmative in tone" will step off November 27. (Ironically, a Senate resolution has asked President Johnson to set aside that same date as one of national honor for the men and women fighting in Vietnam.) The march will begin at eleven a.m. in front of the White House, culminating that afternoon in an outdoor meeting beneath the Washington Monument.

Mr. Duffy, when questioned about the march, emphasized several points. There is no connection, he noted, between the upcoming march and the International Days of Protest of two weeks ago. The SANE committee is strongly opposed to civil disobedience, and especially to the current rash of draft dodging and draft card burning.

The march is being organized to express dissatisfaction of a great

many Americans with the administration's foreign policy. The committee feels that both the Viet Cong and the United States share the guilt of the murder and destruction in Vietnam. There is no possibility for a victory on either side, but by refusing to admit this fact, both parties are subjecting the Vietnamese people to continued hunger and terror. Therefore, the committee contends, the need for negotiations is acute.

The purpose of the march is to open the eyes of the nation to these facts. The administration might then be forced to make more sincere efforts to re-establish peace — something Vietnam has not known for twenty-five years. Whether this is done directly or through international agencies is of no matter, although the committee especially endorses the latter course. In Professor Duffy's view, what is important is that the war be stopped before it completes its destruction of the land and people of Vietnam.

PEANUTS AND CHRISTIANITY

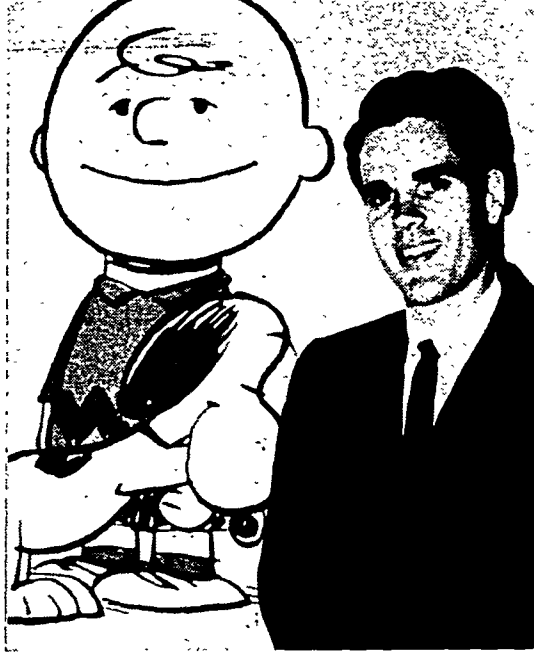
Good grief, Charlie Brown, how could anyone be Robert Short and not be happy? Short, writer of many articles relating to theology and the arts, and author of *The Gospel According To Peanuts*, a best seller in seven languages, gave the first of the senior class's Pope John XXIII Memorial Lecture Series in the Library Auditorium, October 21. Short claimed the Christian message is lost to many ears because it isn't spoken in a language to which people will listen. To reach these people, Short argues, one must appropriate a cultural language that they understand. In other words, the Christian must speak to them in parables.

One language understood by a great number of people in our society is the comic strip, Schultz's Peanuts in particular. Christianity in Peanuts? While reading the parable of the man who built his house on the sand, Short showed slides of a Peanuts



MIKE FORD

PROFESSOR DUFFY
For a SANE World



CHARLIE BROWN AND FRIENDS
Speaking in Parables



NEIL BOWDEN

MORTIMER ADLER
Civilizing the Dialogue

strip featuring Linus raising a huge sand castle. Then the rains came. As Short got to the end of the parable, Linus moaned, "There must be a lesson to be learned here somewhere."

Short went on to interpret some of the main themes of the strip in the light of the Christian view of man and the world. Charlie Brown, in his T-shirt of thorns, plays Everyman, tortured by naïve visions of fellowship and beauty which are somehow insufficient for negotiating life. Linus worships the false god, his blanket. Losing false gods is the hardest part of the overcoming of original sin, or laziness. Sometimes fear — of Lucy's fist — is the only thing that can convince us to do what we should — memorize our part in the Christmas play.

Throughout Christian literature, the tree has been a symbol of the cross. In Peanuts, trees forever crucify Charlie Brown and his kites. But grief is good, and our crosses can become our friends. Charlie can always lean against a tree for comfort.

The hound of heaven (guess who) swoops down like a thief in the night to rip our idols (blankets) away from us. Christ came into the world in out-of-the-way place, but the people there were awaiting someone more lordly, and he was rejected. When Linus awaits the great pumpkin in a small, out-of-the-way pumpkin patch, a slightly used dog is all that appears. If Snoopy, as Christ, is more than you can stomach, he still seems to be the one set apart from the world of Peanuts, the Christian. Is his amazing doghouse the Church?

Short emphasized that this interpretation of Peanuts is viable only if it is loosely applied. In other words, Schulz hasn't articulated a formal equivalence between the strip and the Christian message and then written the strip with that constantly in mind.

But, it is a valid critical technique to look for Christian meaning in the work of a Christian artist in any field.

GANG LEADER SPILLS

"We'd hold our meetings on the roofs . . . and if another gang was coming, we'd throw bricks down on them." This is Joe Cruz talking; five years ago he led a gang in the jungle that is East Harlem. Last Sunday, in a talk entitled "Youth Programs and Problems in the Puerto Rican Ghetto," Cruz, a young Puerto Rican born and raised in the "ghetto," gave his audience the true and appalling picture of the area around 100 Street in the Harlem district of Manhattan. It was not that the lecture material was so novel, but listening to an authority other than an academician or a social worker gave the theme a stark clarity.

Cruz pointed out that the highest rate of crime and the lowest income in New York City go hand in hand in an area where 75 percent of the people are Puerto Ricans and 20 percent are Negroes. Rents of \$60 are demanded by landlords from families that may only net that much weekly income. Even then, such items as heating and plumbing too often become merely fringe benefits. Narcotics flow freely, robbery is routine, and gangs are a necessity.

Most of his talk centered on the gangs of the 100 Street area. Cruz himself started a self-protection fighting gang, the Magistrates, that was able to claim from 96 St. to 106 St. as "their turf." The gang halted its expansion when it came in conflict with other large gangs such as the Dragons, Elegants, and Playboys. Cruz became disgruntled with the Magistrates over drinking, robbing, and narcotics, so he quit.

Then he started a social club for the "older boys," and with the help

of a Protestant minister he has been able to make it work reasonably well. It is called the "Conservative Club" and, not unlike other projects, is aimed at keeping the boys profitably occupied so there is a minimum of time for them to get into trouble. Cruz admitted, though, that some of the members have "pretty tight schedules." Such activities as baseball and basketball helped to keep some five hundred teen-agers occupied this summer.

In his efforts he noted the aid of President Johnson's Anti-Poverty Program in the form of eleven thousand dollars. Thirty-two teen-agers and eight advisors started programs such as remedial reading classes. He also told of his attempts to separate the teens into groups so that dope addicts would have as little influence as possible on the others. Cruz's talk ended on the somewhat pathetic note that the problem seemed to have "a beginning, a middle, but no end."

HOMECOMING QUEEN

Miss Anne Marie Roquer is the choice of the Notre Dame student body to become 1965's Homecoming Queen over five other comely rivals in close balloting. Miss Roquer, a sophomore at the University of Florida, will be escorted by Alejandro A. Sosa. Father Hesburgh will crown her in the waning hours of Saturday evening.

A final hitch in the queen's selection developed Monday when the original balloting was declared void by Social Commissioner Joe Sommers. Sommers discovered after the final tallies had been assembled that his Homecoming Queen Chairman ("my *ex* Homecoming Queen Chairman") had erred on two counts: the freshman quad had not been polled, and the men manning the ballot boxes in the South Dining Hall coincidentally happened to be the dates of the Queen contestants. An-



SMCers WITH "EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN"
JFK Helped 5½ Million . . .



ANNE MARIE ROQUER
Homecoming Queen, 1965

other ballot then next day corrected the mishaps and confirmed Miss Roquer's selection.

Sommers was characteristically affable and unperturbed by this last in a series of problems that have plagued Homecoming and promised a weekend that would more than make up for the inconvenience. The impressive array of activities and talent seemed to substantiate his pledge. Barring an unforeseen loss to the Midshipmen, already high spirits should be lifted even higher by the music of Jack Runyan at Homecoming I or the Lettermen at "A Dance." After an 11 a.m. Homecoming Mass and brunch on Sunday, Peter, Paul, and Mary will entertain in concert at the Stepan Center at 2:30 p.m.

THE EXCEPTIONAL CHILD

To help relieve the perennial shortage of help at the Northern Indiana Children's Hospital — to save money for the Indiana Department of Mental Health — and to perform a meaningful service to the community — a number of students from Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, and Moreau Seminary are involved in a volunteer program at Northern Indiana Children's Hospital. The volunteers are directed by Rich Herrington and John McFarland.

The students are trained by the hospital staff before they begin work with the children. At the end of the training program, volunteers are qualified to plan and supervise recreation. Each volunteer does approximately one and a half hours of work every week. With the other volunteers in hospitals throughout the state, they have saved the underfinanced Indiana Department of Mental Health about \$255,000 in salaries and helped to relieve the shortage of qualified staff. The Notre Dame program furnishes about 70 per cent of the volunteer personnel at the Children's Hospital.

The program was started in 1961 by the Young Christian Students of Stanford Hall. From its beginning with only twenty-five students, the activity has grown until it now involves forty volunteers. Students are now responsible for about one hundred of the one hundred and sixty children in the Hospital. However, more volunteers are needed to make the ideal one-to-one relationship between child and volunteer. Recently, the Hospital applied for a federal grant to begin a pre-educational training program for about thirty selected children. The grant, to become effective next July, would make the need for additional volunteers even greater.

To date, the program has accomplished much. According to Mr. Spradley, head of the Hospital's volunteer training program, the ND volunteers have worked out very well. Both hospital staff and student volunteers feel that the children respond well to their relationship with the workers.

Apart from special material and financial demands, aiding the "exceptional child" (a term preferred by retardation specialists) also taxes the educational and publicity talents of the volunteers. Not too many years ago retarded children were either shunted off to insane asylums or the darkest corners of their unfortunate homes. But breakthroughs in training, testing and understanding have achieved a new status for today's exceptional child. No longer is retardation regarded as a social or moral stigma, but is fast being recognized as a biological and psychological fact of life. What retardation workers seek is an even wider acceptance that will place an increasing number of exceptional children and adults in the working community.

The retardation educational campaign got its biggest boost with the inauguration of John Kennedy. The

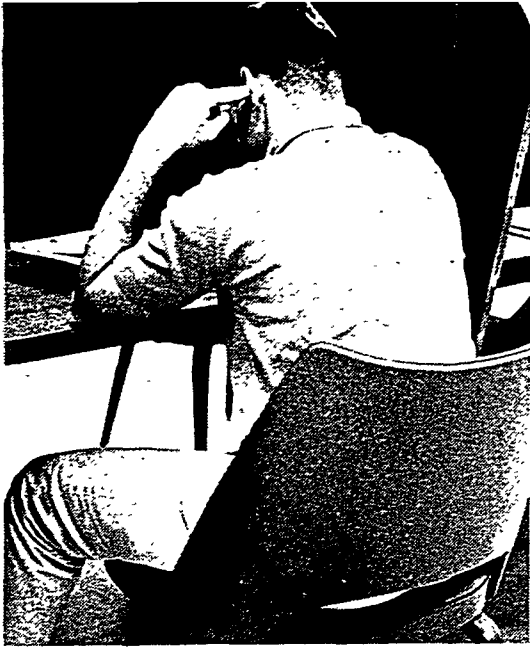
late President knew the problems of the exceptional child at first hand (one of his sisters is retarded and currently lives in a special hospital in Wisconsin) and initiated a small-scale war on retardation. One result of Kennedy's effort is bringing the grant to the Northern Indiana Children's Home.

According to Mr. Vincent Spradley, head of the hospital's volunteer program, the students have been quick to pick up the torch from the ex-President. Spradley says the students seem to have caught the import of the Advertising Council's message: "John F. Kennedy helped 5½ million retarded Americans. Have you helped even one of them?"

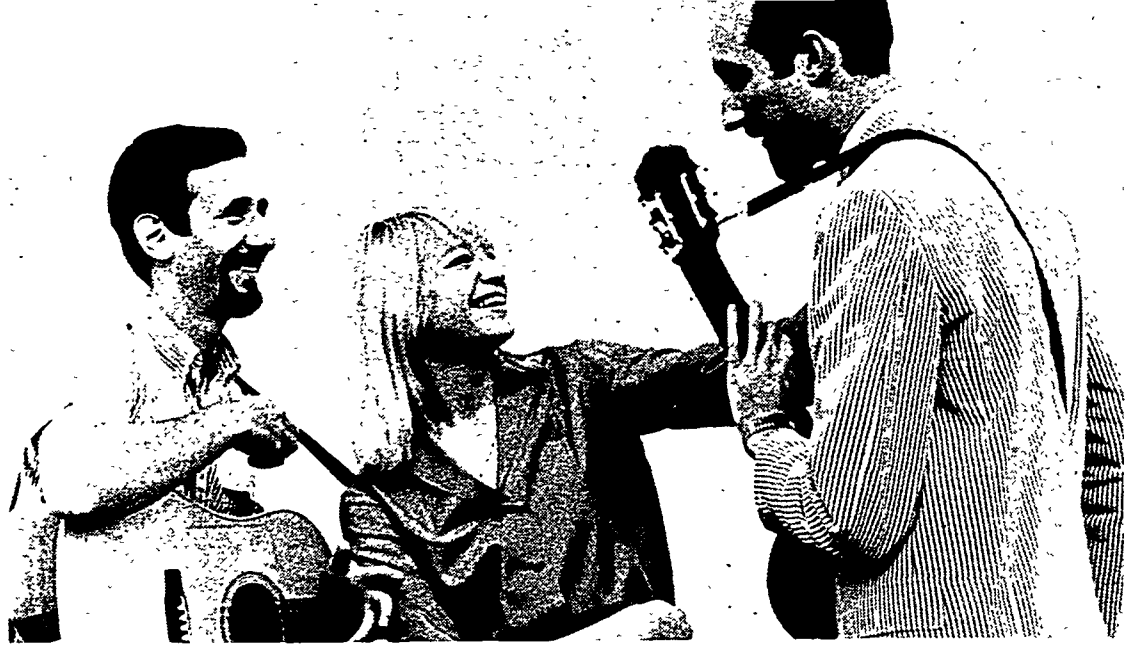
DIALOGUE OF THE WEST

Should Christ have committed His doctrine to writing? Why didn't Socrates write? Why did Plato write only dialogues? "As the most excellent of teachers (they) used the most excellent of means: the dialogue." The quote from St. Thomas Aquinas was elaborated on in a lecture given by Dr. Mortimer J. Adler on October 21 in the Memorial Library Auditorium. The talk, "Civilization of the Dialogue," was sponsored jointly by Notre Dame's Collegiate Seminar and General Programs. Dr. Adler was here in his capacity as director of the Institute for Philosophical Research in Chicago.

As a basis for his lecture on the importance of the dialogue, Dr. Adler made three preliminary points: First, there is only one cultural tradition, only one mode of discourse, in the West; there are three or four in the East. The unity of this culture is exhibited in the Great Books and this unity is dialectical not diatribal. Second, the West has two sources of culture: Greek (intellectual), and Hebrew (religious). Third, "The West is unique. There are no indigenous



GRIND GRINDING
This week's In Crowd



PETER, PAUL, AND MARY
If I Had My Way . . .

Eastern parallels to what is uniquely Western." And what is unique about the West? Three things according to Dr. Adler: politics, science, and the dialogue — all of Greek origin.

Politics was used by Dr. Adler in the sense of a republic, "some government of laws." The Greeks invented the idea of setting up a state as well as the idea of citizenship. "This (latter) notion contrasted with the ancient village community existence, which exists today in India and China. The West is political; the East is not."

Science (used in the sense of "all the diverse modes of inquiry") is the second contribution of the West, unique to it only. "The Greeks invented science generically (and) sharply differentiated (it) from religion." Again in the generic sense there are four kinds: empirical science, history, mathematics, and philosophy. There were some scientific discoveries in the East but "they weren't followed up" (e.g., gunpowder: discovered in the East, put to use in the West). "The West's attitude leads to technological achievement. The East is more concerned with humanism and the inner man. In the West philosophy is not a way of life, while in the East one cannot draw a line between philosophy and religion or way of life.

"The West is the civilization of the dialogue"; and the dialogue is the last and most important contribution of the West. "The Existentialists are opposed to this (and) not really a part of Western thought. They have no dialogue with themselves, much less with the West." The Greeks gave us the dialogue; modern times have added the ideas of progress and evolution. And America in Dr. Adler's opinion has further advanced the dialogue by adding political equality and the classless society. "These must become universal." Politics, science — and the

dialogue "will make the changes, and the world of the future."

Dr. Adler concluded that the dialogue is the most important thing even though "it exists poorly in the West, not at all in the East." Why didn't Christ or Socrates write? "The great teachers do not write. Socrates didn't need any texts in his teaching. The Great Books are a part of the great dialogue (and) reading of the book(s) is only an occasion for a dialogue. It will not do to let philosophical works pile up on shelves. If each of us could have Socrates as our tutor, we wouldn't need any books.

"Philosophy can't or shouldn't be expounded in books, rather it can't be taught by books. It must be talked. It must be discussed. It must be alive to question and answer. The dialogue is hard, good, rare."

GOOD TIMES, CHARLIE?

Sometimes a play, in spite of its many faults, can be saved by the spirit and excellent performances of a few of its participants. This is exactly what happened to the St. Mary's Department of Speech and Drama's production of "Good Times, Charlie" on Friday evening, October 22. The production did have many faults (ranging from a chorus that was often uncoordinated with its musical accompaniment to an amateur audition atmosphere); but the very fact that the players entered into it with the idea of having fun and providing enjoyment for their audience more than made up for these normally grievous errors.

In general the performance was hindered by the desire to get everyone involved with, or interested in the production, into the act; but the excellent performances of a number of the participants outweighed this fault. For even more important than the tremendous enjoyment it brought the audience, was the fact that there were

a good number of extremely talented members in the cast.

Foremost of these was Miss Eileen Fitzgerald whose two spirituals rang with the beauty of the bayou singers of the Deep South and whose "St. James Infirmary Blues" amply demonstrated an ability to project her magnificent and powerful voice over a wide spectrum of musical pieces. In addition, her excellent stage presence allowed her to dominate the final chorus of the first act, the "St. Louis Blues."

Also interesting for the talent they might add to future comedy productions were Tom Murphy and Terry Moriarty. Of the pair Mr. Murphy is probably the best, for several times during the evening his presence on the stage as a pantomime mimic was more than enough to save otherwise mediocre or poor numbers. In particular, his performance as the shadow in "Me and My Shadow" was conceivably the best male comic performance of the evening and more than likely the salvation of this rather mediocre skit.

Similarly, Terry Moriarty's performance in "Ping," in which he skillfully portrayed the humorous plight of an overhandsome male besieged by overanxious females, was so well done that one can almost believe that he actually has to face such a "horrible" fate every time he ventures onto the street. However, his later appearance in "Should Poise Permit" was overshadowed by the performance of Miss Denise Coakley. Miss Coakley's beautiful clear voice and her superb portrayal of a proper young lady tempted by love easily made hers one of the better performances of the evening.

Another of the high points of the evening was Miss Margaret Desmond's charming and hilarious tale of the perils of a girls' school education en-

(Continued on page 33)

on other campuses

• BRIAN SHERIDAN, a freshman at Le Moyne College, was, for a brief time, an outstanding figure in college athletics. Clad in T-shirt and shorts, he strode into the laundry room of his hall and announced to the gathered throng that he would attempt one hundred revolutions in the dryer.

After a brief squabble about who would pay the quarter, Brian leaped into the dryer and began his trip as a modern-day Leander. He did one hundred and twenty-five revolutions and emerged as the world champion. However, his triumph was short-lived, for the next day a Syracuse University student topped Brian by completing one hundred and forty-seven revolutions. This record will have to stand, according to Brian, because the University threatened him with a campus if he entered the dryer again. Once again a college administration has frustrated the attempt of a valiant individual who just wanted to be number one.

• NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY is aiming at the oneupsmanship title in the current college cinema race. Starting at midnight on October 9, the Playboy Theater, adjacent to the campus, showed the complete fifteen-serial Batman series. For five hours the crowd cheered while "uncut, uncensored, unbelievable perils" befell such figures as Robin, the Boy Wonder, in the Bat Cave. Rumor has it that they copied their idea from the Captain

Video shorts shown at a "prominent Midwestern university's" smokers.

• IN AN ATTEMPT to thwart the Frosh's initial snow, the Caltech editors explained why "Tech is a crock." They tell how Pasadena "offers no reason to leave campus," observe the scarcity of girls ("Techers spend more time thinking about getting it than they would spend getting it if there were any to be got") and comment on Techers in general (they "are the most egotistical, obnoxious, and boorish group of people in the world"). The gross isn't always greener . . .

• FRANCES ULLENBERG, received her "orders" along with a class schedule card at the University of Wisconsin this September. She was scheduled to report to ROTC orientation at 8:30 the following morning for her first class.

Undaunted, Miss Ullenberg, better known as "Frank" to her friends, donned a World War II Italian army cap borrowed from her father, adjusted her long brown locks, and marched off to drill.

• AS A STAND against the "evils inherent in the unlimited cut privilege" granted to Georgetown upperclassmen, Rev. L. McHugh, S.J., declared a one-man war on the system. In his senior classes this year, Fr. McHugh started his campaign by announcing daily roll call and the "unleashing of

sudden-death (pop) quizzes on the delinquents." He noted that "failure to attend classes (as noted by the roll call) could affect one's grade above and beyond performance on tests." Go, Fr. McHugh.

• THE STATE NEWS of Michigan State University served warning that all underage MSU students caught drinking alcohol (yes, alcohol!) in Clinton County would receive harsh treatment.

The police of Clinton, in a series of raids, stopped at a Delta Tau Delta-sponsored party at the Jack Pine Lodge and arrested four students for illegal possession of liquor.

It was at the height of this excitement that Clarence Spencer, President of the Lodge, collapsed of a heart attack. When he could not be revived, the party was halted. A spokesman said that the Jack Pine Lodge will probably not rent to university groups in the future.

• SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI STATE is trying to de-emphasize academic excellence. It has initiated a physical conditioning program among the faculty. Called "The Joggers," the faculty group is attempting to fight the "middle-age syndrome, the Battle of the Bulge." In order to enter this program, the professors must have a note from their doctors.

—GEORGE GRUMLEY
CLAYTON LEROUX

feiffer

TELL ME THE REASON FOR THE BAY OF PIGS.



KENNEDY BELIEVED THAT AFTER AN INVASION THERE'D BE A POPULAR UPRISING.



AND WHO ELSE BELIEVED THAT? ANYBODY YOU KNOW?



NOBODY.



NOW TELL ME THE REASON FOR SANTO DOMINGO.



JOHNSON BELIEVED THE COMMUNISTS WERE TAKING OVER.



AND WHO ELSE BELIEVED THAT? ANYBODY YOU KNOW?



NOBODY.



WHEN MCNAMARA GOT BACK FROM ALL HIS TRIPS TO VIET NAM, TELL ME, WHAT DID HE SAY?



HE SAID: WE ARE WINNING THE WAR AND WE WILL SOON BE OUT OF THERE.



AND WHO ELSE BELIEVED THAT? ANYBODY YOU KNOW?



NOBODY.



CAN WE TRUST AN ADMINISTRATION TO MAKE SERIOUS FOREIGN POLICY DECISIONS WHEN IT DOESN'T HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION EVERYBODY ELSE HAS?



10-10

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THE JILL BENDIS, INC.

ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL WITH JOHN LINDSAY

by John Twohey



THERE'S A MAN named Lindsay running for mayor of New York. John Vliet Lindsay, to be exact. He's 43, six feet, three inches tall, an Episcopalian, Yale-graduate, married, father of four children, and a Republican. He is a seven-year veteran of Congress via New York's sparkling 17th, or "Silk Stocking," Congressional District. And, as some political experts have claimed, he could be President of the United States some day.

So, in a way, his campaign for mayor of New York is perhaps also a presidential campaign. It is, at least, a testing ground for his ability to gather votes. He has many handicaps to overcome, not the least of which is his affiliation with the Republican party. Although known as a liberal and possessive of a Congressional record of supporting the legislative programs of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, he is still, by brand name, a Republican. In New York, that is a big handicap. For not only do registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans three to one, but there has not been a non-Democrat in Gracie Mansion since 1941. Lindsay, however, is the first "fusion ticket" candidate for mayor since Fiorello La Guardia pulled together that last successful non-Democrat ticket in the late 30's — and won.

The following are some of the reflections this writer gathered while following the Lindsay campaign from 7:45 p.m., Friday, October 8, to 1:30 p.m. the following afternoon.

LINDSAY'S CAMPAIGN headquarters occupies one of the wings of the Roosevelt Hotel on E. 45th street in downtown Manhattan. The green carpeting on the corridor floor is threadbare. There is a woman in her twenties answering five phones at a reception desk as you step off the elevator. Next to her desk is a stack of four-page tabloid newspapers — *The Lindsay Campaign Reporter*.

The corridors are lined with posters of the three Fusion candidates. Their messages are not varied: "If you care, vote for John Lindsay," "John Lindsay cares about you," and dozens of red, white and blue "Lindsay for Mayor" posters featuring JVL wearing a determined look, a dark suit, and a striped tie.

A home made sign in one of the offices reads, "You can't build a new city with an old Beame." The office is typical. It has several desks, most of them unusable because of stacks of press releases, mysterious boxes, and coffee pots. Each room has at least two phones and six posters on the walls. Volunteers are everywhere.

Lindsay campaign cars are scheduled to leave the hotel Friday evening at 7:45 p.m. When they pull away at 8:00, Lindsay is in the first pale-blue Ford station wagon. Like the other two that follow, it is equipped with a communications system linking it to the hotel headquarters, "Lindsay for Mayor" signs are on the hoods, doors and roofs of the cars.

It is raining as the three-car caravan arrives at 197 E. Broadway, the address of the New Era Club of The Educational Alliance. Lindsay steps out of the first car and helps his wife out onto the sidewalk. Three aids step out of the station wagon and lead the candidate inside. He is participating in the Israel Cummings Lecture-Forum. Buckley had been there two weeks earlier. Beame would follow in another week. It is 8:20. Lindsay strides onto the stage to scattered applause from the 200 or so members of the audience. The auditorium is not well lit. It has huge pillars located unstrategically throughout its floor area. The pink-gray paint on the walls and ceiling is beginning to peel. Lindsay and his wife sit down. Eleven children come up to the stage for autographs. Lindsay signs them. George Freedman, the Director of the Club steps forward to the microphone.

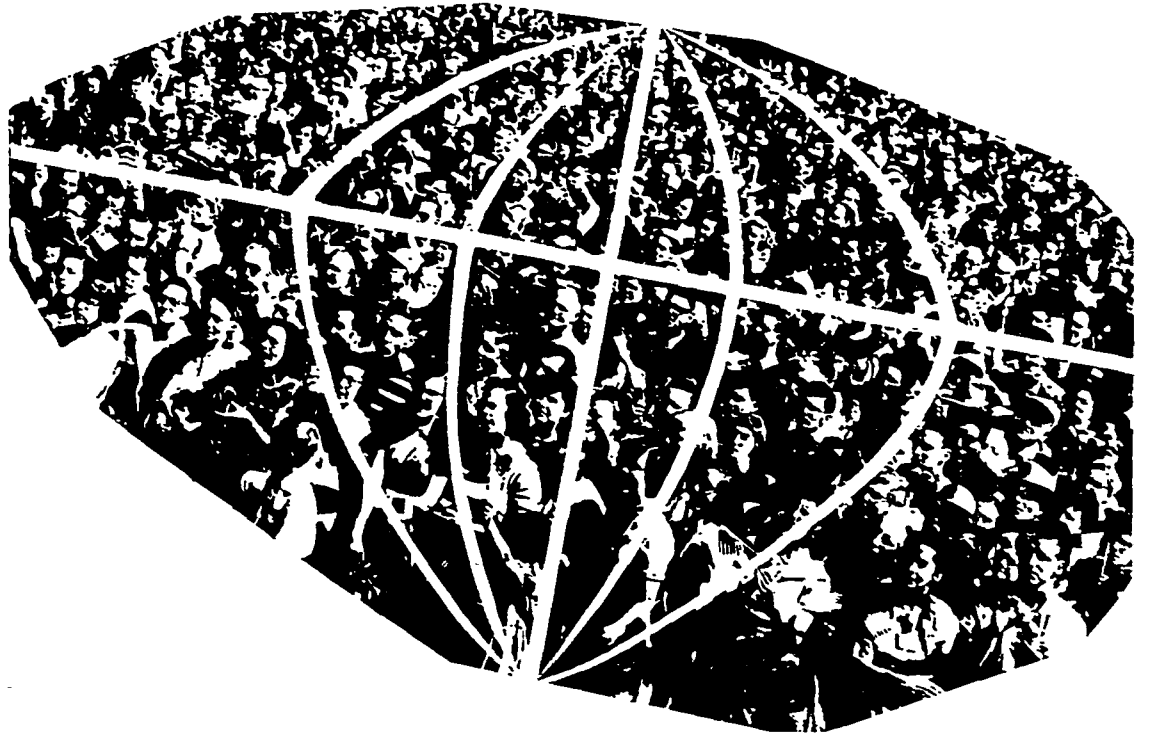
"There are two rules I would like to announce before we begin," Freedman says. "There is no smoking, and men may wear their hats in the auditorium for religious purposes." He then introduces Lindsay as "perhaps the next mayor of New York," shakes his hand, sits down.

Lindsay pulls out four three by five cards. Plays with his suit coat pockets. Begins: "I know it's hard to come out on a night such as this, when it's raining. And I appreciate your being here. I thought I'd provide this rain tonight as an indication of what I can do for thirsty New York." Laughter in the audience. Begins talking of his grandfather, "an immigrant like your grandfathers." Switches to the need for better education. Pledges opposition to an elevated thoroughfare structure over lower Manhattan. Talks about the crime rate: one murder every 14 hours; one rape every 6 hours, etc. Speaks of need for more street lights. Teen-age couple neck at far right in second row against. Lindsay speaks of doubling number of police cars and tripling motorcycles. Man in first row wearing brown shoes, blue pants and red sweater falls asleep. Heavy-set wife wakes him. Lindsay finishes, re-

(continued on page 35)

POPULATION EXPLOSION: A THREAT TO HUMAN CIVILIZATION

by Rev. John O'Brien,
*Research Professor of Theology,
University of Notre Dame*



ACCORDING TO THE BEST historical and archeological evidence about 800,000 to a million years were required for the human race to reach the 250 million mark by the beginning of the Christian era. From that date, due to pestilence, famine and war, the population increased but a tiny fraction of 1 per cent per year, so that more than 16 centuries were required to double its size and reach 500 million. In the next 250 years, however, the world population shot up to the 1 billion mark around 1850.

Then in a little more than a century, the population skyrocketed to its present 3 billion mark. In the next 35 years — a mere twinkling of an eye — it will more than double, according to the United Nations demographers, reaching 6.9 billion by the year 2000. In about half a lifetime the population increase will exceed the total achieved in almost a million years!

This means that about 3 births occur every second and about 2 million every week. Thus the world adds each year a population about the equivalent of Great Britain or France. With the present increase of approximately 2 per cent per year, the population will total 50 billion in less than a century and a half. Indeed, if the current rate of growth should continue for 650 years, every inhabitant would have but 1 square foot of land surface to stand on!

The Rockefeller Foundation has devoted much of its funds to research on the population problem. Surveying the results of that extensive research, one of its top officials recently remarked, "The world has cancer and that cancer cell is man."

Last July Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser declared that the world's explod-

ing population is just as serious as the danger of nuclear war. "The growth of world population during the next 25 years," warns the United Nations demographic commission, "is at the very heart of the problem of our existence."

The skyrocketing of world population is then an utterly new phenomenon, without precedent in history. It may fairly be called a "population explosion" not for scare propaganda but in an honest effort to portray its grim and awesome reality. A calm consideration of its bearing on the life and welfare of the race is not calculated to lull one to sleep but to spur one to action.

What increases enormously the acuteness of the problem is the fact that the greatest increases in population are occurring in the underdeveloped countries least able to sustain them. In India, Pakistan, China, Africa and Latin America, where poverty is rampant, the population has soared to new heights.

In India, where the people barely survive on an average daily diet of 1,700 calories — only two-thirds of subsistence level — the yearly growth is equal to the population of Texas. Uncounted thousands spend their whole lives in the streets, owning not a foot of ground — abject beggars from birth to death.

Few Americans can visualize the accumulated anguish, torment and degradation which lie behind such poverty. Families with from five to ten children in these underdeveloped countries live in a miserable hut of one or two rooms with a dirt floor. Riddled with disease, gnawed by hunger, devoid of hope, they eke out a miserable existence rarely free from

pain. Their entire life is a struggle simply to stay alive.

"We never really knew," remarked Mrs. John Kubish, wife of an American AID official, "how many millions of people suffer constantly the pangs of hunger, until we went to India and Ceylon. So undernourished are many of the people that they resemble walking skeletons.

"While in Ceylon we visited a school for the blind and deaf conducted by Belgian Sisters near Colombo. Imagine our surprise and horror when the Sister Superior told us that in every case the blindness of the child was due to semi-starvation. Misery, sickness and disease from undernourishment stalk the visitor everywhere."

Such is a picture of the living conditions of millions of families in the underdeveloped countries. In the last 40 years the population of Latin America doubled and is expected to reach the staggering total of 650 million by the year 2000. The annual per capita income averages but \$289, and the ratio of increased income against population growth is among the worst in the world — worse even than Africa. The annual increase of approximately three per cent in the population more than nullifies the mere one per cent increase of the economy.

From behind the mass of population statistics emerge a few simple but grim human facts: one-half of the world's population suffers from outright hunger. Two thirds suffer from undernourishment. Each day 150,000 people are added to the world's population and each year the total is increased by 50,000,000!

NEXT WEEK: *Father O'Brien discusses some of the solutions to the problems dealt with this week.* ■

PATRIOT OF THE YEAR AWARD

ELECTIONS WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27

On-Campus Seniors in your halls 5:30-7:00 p.m.

Off-Campus Seniors will receive postcard ballots to be filled out and returned immediately.

John Steinbeck: Born in Salinas, Calif., February 27, 1902; Pulitzer Prize for Literature for *Grapes of Wrath*, 1940; War Correspondent, 1943; Nobel Prize for Literature, 1962; Author of 20 books including *The Wayward Bus* and *The Winter of Our Discontent*.

Dr. Robert Gilruth: Born in Nashwauk, Minn., October 8, 1913; Flight Research Engineer at Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, 1937-45; Adviser to Department of Defense, 1947-58; Member of Science Advisory Board of USAF, 1950-58; Director of NASA Project Mercury, 1958-61; Director of NASA Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, 1961-present.

Robert McNamara: Born in San Francisco, June 6, 1916; A.B., Univ. of California, 1937; M.B.A. Harvard, 1939; LL.D., U. of Alabama, 1955; Assistant Professor of Business Administration, Harvard, 1940-43; Executive for Ford Motor Company, 1946-61, President 1960-61; Special Consultant to War Department, 1942; Lt. Colonel in U.S.A.F. 1943-46; U.S. Secretary of Defense, 1961-present; Member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Senator Everett Dirksen: Born in Pekin, Illinois, January 4, 1896; 2nd Lt. in American Expeditionary Forces from 1917-1919; Member of House of Representatives, 1932-1946; Member of U.S. Senate, 1950-present; Minority Whip, 1957-59; Minority Leader, 1959-present.

Walter Reuther: Born in Wheeling, West Virginia, September 1, 1907; Organized United Auto Workers, 1935; Vice President of International Union of United Auto, Aircraft and Agricultural Workers of America, 1935-46; President since 1946; President of C.I.O., 1952-55; President of C.I.O. Division of AFL-CIO, 1955-present; Vice President of AFL-CIO; Member of War Manpower Commission, Labor Production Division, and Mobilization Advisory Board; Member of Board of Trustees of Roosevelt College.



William Mauldin: Born in Mountain Park, New Mexico, October 29, 1921; Attended Chicago Academy of Fine Arts; Served with U.S. Army from 1940-1945; Worked on Division Newspaper and Mediterranean edition of *Stars and Stripes*; Creator of "Willie and Joe"; Participated in campaigns in Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany, and received Purple Heart and Legion of Merit; Returned to Korea and South Viet Nam as war correspondent; Pulitzer Prize for cartoons in 1944, for satiric comment on plight of Boris Pasternak in 1958; Political cartoonist, *Chicago Sun-Times*.



Ambassador Arthur Goldberg: Born in Chicago, August 8, 1908; B.S.L. Northwestern University, 1929; Served in O.S.S., 1942-43 and U.S. Army, 1943-44; General Counsel of C.I.O., 1948-55; United Steelworkers of America, 1948-61; Industrial Union Department of AFL-CIO; Special Counsel of AFL-CIO; Secretary of Labor, 1961-62; Member of U.S. Supreme Court, 1962-65; Ambassador to the U.N., 1965-present.



Senator J. William Fulbright: Born in Sumner, Missouri, April 9, 1905; A.B. Univ. of Arkansas, 1925; Rhodes Scholar, M.A. Oxford University, 1931; LL.B. George Washington University, 1934; Special Attorney for the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice, 1934-35; Instructor of Law at Geo. Washington University, 1935-36; President of University of Arkansas, 1939-41; Member of House of Representatives, 1943-45; Member of U.S. Senate, 1945-present; Chairman of Banking and Currency Committee, 1955-59 and of Foreign Relations, 1959-present.



Gen. Maxwell Taylor: Born in Keytesville, Missouri, August 26, 1901; B.S., U.S. Military Academy, 1922; Chief of Staff and Division Commander of 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, 1942-45; Chief of Staff for American Forces in Europe, 1949; Commander of 8th Army in Korea, 1953; Commander of U.S. Army Forces in Far East, 1954; Commander of U.S. and U.N. Forces in Far East, 1955; Chief of Staff U.S. Army, 1955-59; President, Lincoln Center for Performing Arts, 1961; Military Assistant to the President, 1961-62; Chief of Staff U.S. Army and Chairman of Joint Chiefs, 1962-64; Ambassador to South Viet Nam, 1962-64.



Walter Lippmann: Born in New York City, September 23, 1889; A.B. Harvard, 1910; Associate editor of *The New Republic*; Editor of *New York World* until 1931; Presently special writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*; Assistant to Secretary of War, 1917; Captain in U.S. Army Military Intelligence attached to General Staff of American Expeditionary Forces and American Commission to Negotiate Peace; Member of Board of Overseers of Harvard, 1933-39; Recipient of Pulitzer Prize.

WINE WORLD PHOTOS

I FIRST WENT to Donny's Inferno down on East LaSalle Avenue one night this past summer. There had been a sign in the window announcing a Kipling reading all of that week. And so I went.

It was a hot night to celebrate Kipling's centennial, and it was no cooler inside of Donny's. A lonely fan above the bar churned humidity across the pool table, over the dim, clammy booths, and past the paintings which hung from the black wall. Down in the basement — "The Catacombs" — air hung heavy while Rob-

do, you can picture him in no other context than the Inferno. He has a beard, subject of much joking, and an easy-going friendliness that won't allow him to forget a face. These are the things one notices; the rest must be learned from knowing him.

This summer a funny thing happened to the Inferno. There was a fine summer stock theater group working in Benton Harbor, Michigan. Graduate and undergraduate drama students from as far away as California and New York made up the group.

One of the members of the group had heard of Donny and they headed for South Bend. Here, they were able to use The Catacombs. They lived upstairs, above the Inferno, for free. And Donny cooked their food for them.

The group, Actors' Stage, lasted two weeks, fighting an uphill battle against South Bend apathy and established, commercialized summer groups in the area, putting on excellent drama with an extremely small budget.

Meanwhile, South Bend was preparing its own little drama for the actors and Donny.

Curtain rises. 4:00 p.m. Enter stage right to the bar: assistant police chief, fire chief, city engineer, photographers, all costumed as storm troopers.

Donny: (a bit amazed) May I help you, gentlemen?

Fire Chief: This is a routine inspection, nothing more, only a routine inspection. We've had complaints that this is a firetrap.

Donny: Well . . .

Assistant Police Chief: May I see your bar license?

Man Sitting at Bar: Gimme a beer willya. (Pause. Sound of beer opening.) Thanks. Put it on my tab.

Assistant Police Chief: Selling liquor on credit? AhhhhHA.

Fire Chief (screaming): I'll testify to that! I'll testify! I'll testify to that!!!

Donny: The gentleman always has us record his purchases. Then he pays before he leaves. That is not called credit.

Enforcers (in unison): Oh.

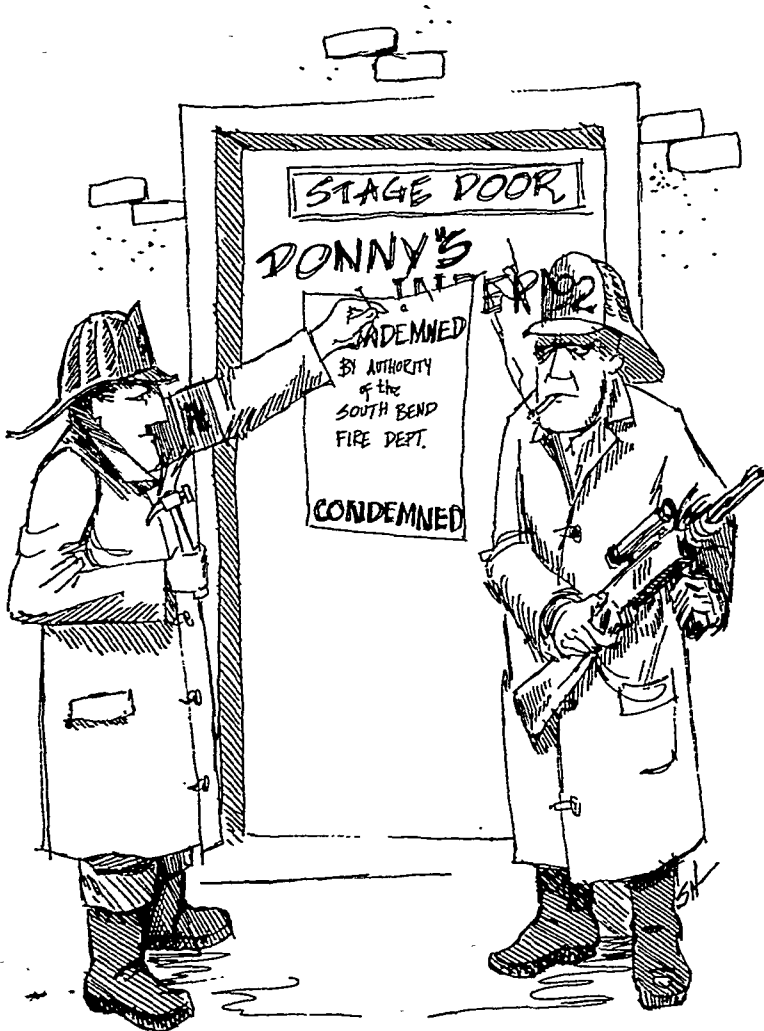
Fire Chief: We'd best continue with our investigation.

(Photographers begin wildly snapping pictures. Exit all. Sound of elephants rampaging down stairs into basement. Lights flicker and dim as wires are clipped. After a few moments of silence, broken only by the sound of gleeful exclamations as The Enforcers think of some new viola-

(Continued on page 34)

A PLACE CALLED HELL

by Joseph Wilson



ert Marquis read and sweated beneath the stagelights. The only draft of cool air came down the coal chute along with sounds from the trucks and delinquents on LaSalle and the trains in the South Shore yard across the street.

Every town has some place where you can be stationary. The world goes by at its own spastic pace outside, but you are inside and you can watch it and wonder. Donny has given South Bend such a place. If you learn to know him, an easy thing to

"COME ONS" FOR ALL YE FAITHFUL

by Bill Roach and Dave Malone

Anxious about your wedding night? Searching for a tonic recommended by U.S. Presidents? Discouraged because all the old ladies hustle you at bingo? In the market for a bell tower for a loved one's grave? Longing to own a watch that calls you to prayer every hour on the hour? The SCHOLASTIC takes a not-so-serious look at some advertisements in Catholic publications which claim to make available the solutions to these and other problems even more vital.

ONE SUNDAY, while perusing our issue of *Our Sunday Visitor* (Fort Wayne-South Bend Diocesan Edition), we chanced to notice several wondrous and amazing advertisements, which prompted us to initiate a search leading to some very fruitful findings. There exists a veritable "treasure chest" of services, medicants, and spiritual advice available through the pages of a portion of the national Catholic press. We concern ourselves here primarily with those offers which require a "donation," only because those "religious" materials which can be obtained merely for the asking are not as stimulating. A few examples to whet your appetite?

Catholic marriages that end in failure or get off to "shaky" starts or begin with "wedding night fiascos" are frequently the result of no information — and worse, mis-information.

. . . A frank book which discusses the technique and art of sexual love in detail. Subjects discussed include: the first act of sexual intercourse; sexual discoveries in marriage quite natural to the act of love; variations in the act of love; causes (and correction) of sexual discord; man's and woman's "sexual tempo" and levels of sexual enjoyment; when impregnation can, and cannot, take place; the Ogino method; use of "Temperature curve" to determine fertility; hundreds of topics essential for a happy marriage. . . .

*Were sex understood and practiced as indicated in this book, there would be few . . . cases of sexual maladjustment. All this and more for only \$4.95, plus shipping, on approval. For those interested persons, this offer appears on the inside cover of the September, 1965, issue of *Catholic Digest*.*

Now making the jump from sex to health (though the two oftentimes seem inseparable), we were confronted with a multitude of restoratives, cor-

rectives, cure-alls, and potions, guaranteed to do everything. And so, to the truss-and-corset page.

Low cost rupture appliance, to bring guaranteed heavenly comfort and security. . . . Rejoice, ye Ruptured. (Our Sunday Visitor, Feb. 21, 1965.) Unless it hurts when you laugh.

Again from that ever-helpful *Sunday Visitor*, October 10, 1965.

Two hundred years ago Jesuit colonizers of South America cultivated an amazing herbal leaf of delicious flavor and health-promoting properties. Millions now drink this "Jesuit Tea," better known at Yerba Maté. Builds energy, soothes nerves, aids digestion, creates a feeling of physical and mental well being. U.S. Presidents and physicians everywhere have recommended "nature's wonderful food." Enclose \$1 and receive . . . a generous supply in tea bags.

In *Extension* for October, 1965, a benevolent Father John peers out at the readers, and recommends "Father John's Medicine, for soothing relief of coughs due to colds, 100 years in use." We are prone to believe that the bottle may be used as a cure for insomnia if it is correctly and judiciously applied to the temporal lobe of that howling stray cat on the back fence.

The above represent that group of medicinal advertisements which are directed specifically toward the religious sentiments of the readers. But, there are numerous others, more intimate, giving attention to very personal and very physical problems, which ads our readers might like to examine in place of their weekly excursion into Poe or deSade.

Making a second jump, this time from health to the more purely spiritual realm, we find the effort quite rewarding.

Extension Magazine carries the offer of a 2- by 3-inch cross decal which proclaims, once applied to your car's window, that it is a Catholic who drives this heap. In blue and gold, it says that you are a Catholic and would someone please, please call a priest in an emergency? (Fifty cents—three for one dollar.) In case the wreck of your car is discovered by an illiterate (a likely event in South Bend), you may wish to purchase the book *Do Not Weep*, which contains "a message of moral hope and comfort

(Continued on page 36)



WHEN I WAS first admitted into the Blue Circle near the end of my freshman year, a graduating member, as is customary, came to my room to tell me of my "good fortune." At the time I was in class, and my roommate was not exactly ecstatic over being disturbed early in the morning. The senior said he had a message for me from the Circle. My roommate sarcastically inquired, "What Circle?" The reply was a cold, "Blue."

The relationship between the Circle and the student body hopefully has warmed somewhat since then. Yet we would be fooling ourselves to say that the Circle has won complete acceptance from Notre Dame students.

If for no other reason, the Circle is in a difficult position because it has a limited membership. This restriction seems necessary to keep the group close together rather than having it become large and impersonal. But restriction means rejections, and rejections are not likely to lead to friendships. Furthermore, a limited membership lessens the Circle's contact with the student body.

John Chesire, the Circle chairman, says members "are painfully aware of this problem." It would be no exaggeration to term it the biggest problem the Circle presently confronts. I would be pessimistic about its possible solution were it not for the fact that the 1965 Circle is facing the difficulty squarely, making its resolution the keynote of the year's activities.

The Blue Circle conceives its task to be nothing short of total responsiveness to Notre Dame students. Because of the difficulty inherent in limited membership, the Blue Circle cannot be satisfied to meet the student halfway. Every Circle activity must be geared with the student in mind.

Thus, before the start of classes this semester, the Circle was host at a get-together of the leaders of 50 campus organizations for several days at a camp on Lake Michigan. The idea behind the meeting was to open channels of communication between the campus groups with the hope that during the year the spirit of cooperation and common purpose would continue. Discussions at the camp centered on grounding of groups in the student body rather than apart from it.

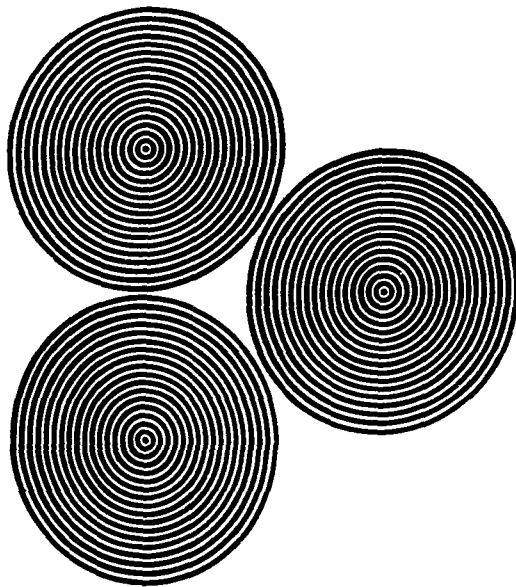
To maintain this spirit through the year, the Circle chairman is visiting various organizations and is encouraging other campus leaders to do the same. He hopes to meet as many students as possible so that the Cir-

cle itself will maintain a firm root within the student body.

The Circle has set up a committee devoted exclusively toward channeling all the resources the Circle can bring to bear into the development of viable hall communities. For instance, pep rallies will feature increased participation on the hall level. Christmas carolling and parties for the underprivileged will be organized through the residence halls. An attempt will be made to have student-faculty get-togethers become an integral part of hall life. The Blue Circle is also sup-

DESCRIBING THE CIRCLE

by Dan Murray



porting plans for discussions within the residence halls between students and administration members, including Father Hesburgh.

Realizing that the University's deficient social life is one of the most serious problems plaguing the Notre Dame student, the Circle is likewise trying to order its activities so as to bring increased contact between Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Here again a committee has been established for the sole purpose of studying all possibilities. Tutoring was the first program which saw large-scale participation by ND and SMC students together. The Circle is now encouraging St. Mary's students to participate in informal discussions being held in the freshman residence halls. It is also inviting SMC students to attend the student-faculty coffee hours in the Library and other student-faculty get-togethers.

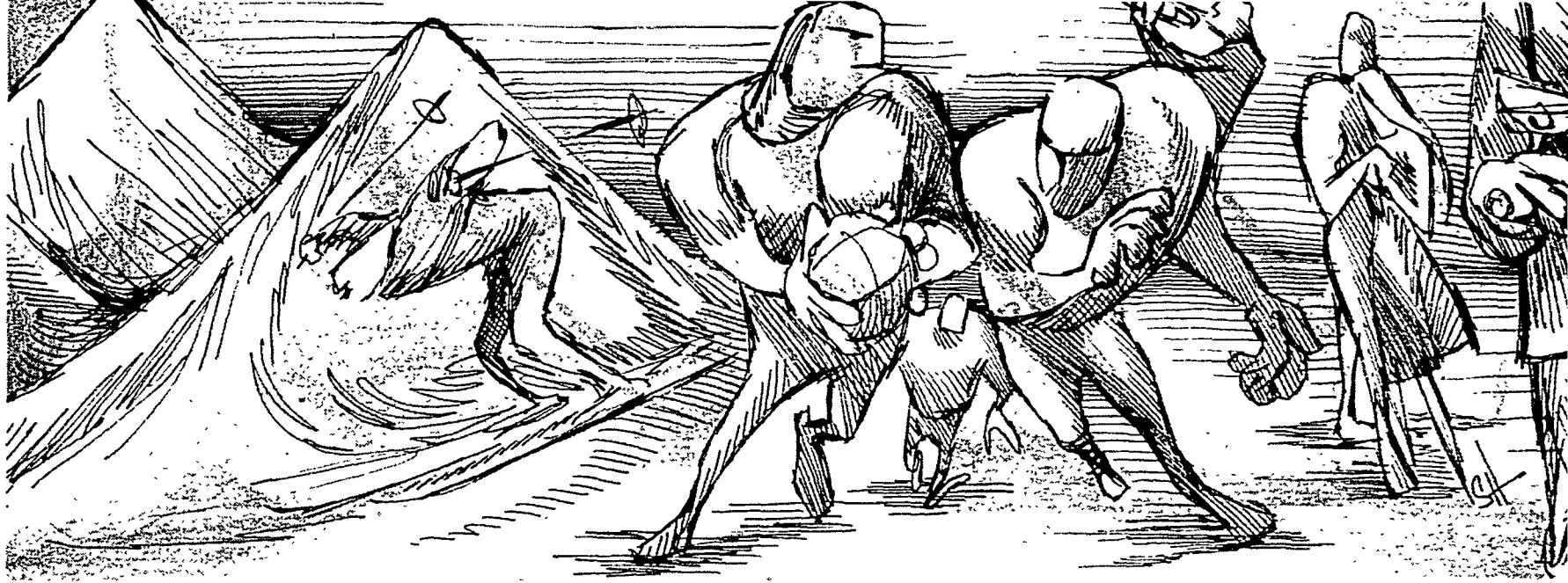
The student trip is probably the chief contribution of the Blue Circle to the University's social year. The New York trip this fall had as its

goal to give as many students as possible the opportunity to have a weekend of fun away from the campus. By and large, the trip was a success. However, because of unpleasant incidents caused by a few, the Circle chairman, together with the student body president and the SCHOLASTIC editor, has invited discussion by the student body as to whether the trip should be continued. Here again is another instance where the Circle hopes to be totally sensitive to the needs and feelings of the Notre Dame student body.

Limitation in membership, therefore, does not necessarily mean limitation of involvement. All the activities I have mentioned and many others are examples of how the Circle can be of use to the student body. But this is not a one-way street. Students often contribute invaluable to Circle activities to the point where one could question validly whether the Circle still has anything to do with the activities. The freshman seminar program has only two Circle participants out of 20. The Blue Circle Student-Faculty Committee last year got much of its impetus from the college senators, YCS, and Father David Burrell. A significant portion of the pep-rally committee's work is now being assumed by the Monogram Club. Non-Circle help even reaches the point where the program becomes independent of the Circle. Tutoring, originally run by a one-man Circle "committee," Bill O'Brien, now is on its own with a budget bigger than Blue Circle and student government combined.

If all of these plans and accomplishments indicate a new direction and outlook for the Circle, I do not want to give the impression that all looks rosy. The Circle is doing everything possible to make its membership selection as fair as possible, and radical changes are in the works. But there is still a number limitation. No matter how much the Circle contributes to the community, that number limitation will be a source of uneasiness between the Circle and the student body.

The students here at Notre Dame are great. The Circle misses so much by cutting itself off from them. Even if it can't open its membership for fear of losing all meaningful bonds within the group, it can still hope to involve itself with Notre Dame students, helping them, being helped by them, learning from them, knowing them, and being enriched by them. If the Blue Circle fails to realize this hope, there is no reason for continuing its existence. ■



INNSBRUCK 1965

by Vincent Marsicano

THERE WAS rain. People wearing Notre Dame sweatshirts, levis, and sneakers stumble, slide through the mud, get up . . . kick. Their Austrian opponents, just as wet, smelling of soaked wool, pass the soccer ball to each other, work patterns, see less mud. They know soccer, through their school — across the field from ours — they know too how a cow digests food, how soil is irrigated, and how a triangle is bisected. Behind the field is their land. The Untersberg's Peak hides beneath the low cloud bank. Around the field are the yellow, moldy walls of Klessheim Palace and the farmer's flower garden . . .

There was Saturday night at 10:15 — 25 people in a 14' x 18' room; a radio, smoke, static and . . . "Due to the Pakistan-India war the Armed Forces Network is unable to broadcast the last quarter of the game from Berkeley. . . ."

And there were other Saturday nights in Salzburg . . . the puppet theater . . . in Hohensalzburg with cameras . . . and in the Festspiele . . . But it all started on a Tuesday night in New York to the sound of a public address system: "17 August. Air France 022. New York to Paris, boarding at 10:10 p.m. . . ." The fifty students, their directors, Rev. Thomas Engleton, C.S.C., Dr. Robert Lordi, Mrs. Lordi, and their two small children, known officially as the second "Innsbruck Program," did indeed board the plane, confused and laden with suitcases, German dictionaries, guitars, and cameras. We landed in Paris at 10:00 a.m., boarded a train that night, and were received Thursday in Klessheim by the staff of the Salzburg Summer School. On September 22, we graduated, received 900 schillings (\$36.00), were told to

be in Innsbruck by October 1. But a lot happened before then.

First, Paris happened — for ten hours. *Oui, oui*, francs, Citroens and centimes eventually convinced us that we were not still in Indiana, New Jersey, or Colorado. The Metro and the hordes of tourists and Frenchmen overwhelmed us. We saw the madras-jacketed, white-levied, Japanese-cameraed, button-down-shirted American tourists with their wash-and-wear families trailing behind them . . . watched the French carry their thirty-inch loaves of bread under their armpits . . . and suddenly it was over.

The train was the Arlberg Express — an overnight through Switzerland that left us at Salzburg the next day — tired, cramped, and covered with crumbs from eating 118 loaves of French bread. . . .

Then, to Klessheim — the Renaissance palace of an archbishop, a bus stop one and a half miles from Salzburg, and also a summer school for German, administered by the Austro-American Society. The prospectus in the brochure warned, "The accommodations are simple, but the language instruction is of the highest quality." Both claims were true. We were divided into five groups, each taught by a university professor and assisted by an instructor or instructor. Our days became three hours of morning classroom instruction from Tuesday to Saturday, followed in the afternoon by two-hour lectures in German and hour-long conversation periods — then language labs at night. Constant contact with the faculty on an informal basis increased not only our facility in German, but also furthered our understanding of the basic similarity of people previously ignorant of each other's existence.

The second aim of the summer school — to introduce us to Austrian culture — was accomplished through the afternoon lectures and through contact with Salzburg, a city in which all the aspects of Germanic culture are crystallized. The lectures varied from introductions to Austrian history, customs, and dialects, to an explanation of European traffic rules. To complement the lectures, we attended some of the events of the Salzburg Festival — including the morality play, *Jedermann*, chamber music concerts, and marionette-opera performances.

In addition, the Austro-American Society sponsored a tour through the Mozarteum, a famous music academy, receptions by the governor of the province of Salzburg and by the Austrian minister of education, and an excursion through the Salzkammergut region to a lakeside resort.

Each of us gained a great deal from his six weeks in Salzburg. Generally, our facility with the German language has increased greatly, but further improvement will be more difficult, since the intensive language program is over and each individual will be left largely to his own pursuits as he improves his linguistic ability.

Each of us has gambled a year of his life in a leap from a secure and perhaps successful sophomore year at Notre Dame into the unknown of a European experience. We have left an American society which is mobile, urban, and directed toward the future. We are now confronted with an Austrian society which is stable, rural, conscious of class structure, and built solidly on the past. Our difficulties in acclimating ourselves will be many, for the gap between the societies is large. But it is with optimism that we look toward the coming year. ■

reviews

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

by William M. Donovan



What you have haunted me for is not my actions but the thoughts of my heart. It is a long road you have opened. For first men will disclaim their hearts and presently they will have no hearts.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE, on November 4, opens its season with Rev. Arthur S. Harvey, C.S.C., directing Robert Bolt's *A Man For All Seasons*. For audience attraction the choice is a good one. The play is a history play, and everyone knows the story of Thomas More, the close friend of Henry VIII as well as Lord Chancellor of England; a man who chose dishonor and death rather than betray his immortal soul and his God through the taking of an oath of allegiance which would have replaced Christ's vicar on earth with Henry. Through this martyred heroism, More became a saint of the Catholic Church. At first glance, this story would seem to have no relevance to the modern theater in the light of the prevailing acceptance of the impossibility of



THE PAWNBROKER

by Geof Bartz

THE PAWNBROKER, Sidney Lumet's adaptation of Edward Lewis Wallant's novel, opened at the Avon yesterday, dragging with it a mixture of critical praise and rejection along with a fair amount of moral renunciation. Some critics (commercial and otherwise) have suggested that the picture is "gimmicky" while the Legion of Decency has placed it on its flourishing list of "Condemned" motion pictures. The Legion's objections, as I understand them, appear to be totally senseless; the nude sequences are functional; and without discussing them directly, I hope this critique will give the individual viewer a basis for judging why.

To label the picture "gimmicky" seems to ignore its intention: the hypnotic and destructive power of memory. The word implies that the rapid (at times almost subliminal) flashbacks which merge with a flurry of images from Sol Nazerman's more recent past are used with something less than a touch of subtlety. (The word also suggests a peculiar nervousness about American directors attempting "avant-garde" techniques.)

But subtlety is hardly the point. *The Pawnbroker* is structured by

The Scholastic

man achieving any sort of heroic stature in a world that is not comprehensible. A man as large as Thomas More should belong in history and not in the theater that presents the futility of Aston, wishing to "build his shed out in the garden," as more than one individual's fate. The climate, in which Willy Loman represents the tragic man, and in which Vladimir and Estragon must forever wait for Godot, makes a man who can resist insuperable forces pressing him down to unhappiness seem larger than life, and, therefore, an unreal figure whose claim to credibility rests on nothing more substantial than Superman's Krypton.

In two previous plays, *Flowering Cherry*, and *Tiger and the Horse*, Bolt attempted to portray contemporary men who possessed the moral stamina of a More, and did not quite convince his audience. In this play, he has presented a man, More, for whom, in Bolt's words: "the English Kingdom, his immediate society, was subservient to the larger society of the Church of Christ, founded by Christ, extending over Past and Future, ruled from Heaven. There are still some for whom that is perfectly simple, but for most it can only be a metaphor. I took it as a metaphor for that larger context which we all inhabit, the ter-

rifying cosmos. Terrifying because no laws, no sanctions, no mores obtain there; it is either empty or occupied by God and Devil nakedly at war. The sensible man will seek to live his life without dealings with this larger environment, treating it as a fine spectacle on a clear night, or a subject for innocent curiosity. At the most he will allow himself an agreeable frisson when he contemplates his own relation to the cosmos, but he will not try to live it; he will gratefully accept the shelter of his society. This was certainly More's intention."

Because the hero's predicament can be felt today as akin to the modern man's feeling, that his society has completely stifled opportunity to retain his conception of individual selfhood, the play's positive note of heroic possibility becomes very real, dramatically. Robert Corrigan, the founder and former editor of the *Tulane Drama Review*, feels that, precisely because the play does not date More (or treat him as a "saint"), Thomas can be accepted as a man for *all* seasons:

"Bolt sees all too clearly the effects collectivism has had upon the individual. In his preface he describes how in our time we have lost all conception of ourselves as individual men, and as a result we have increasingly

come to see ourselves in the third person. As this happens we are less and less able to deal with life's psychic, social, and spiritual collisions. Thomas More does not see himself in this way; he is 'a man with an adamant sense of his own self. He knew where he began and left off,' and the action of the play is best described as a series of collisions between More and a group of powerful and able men who would have him deny his selfhood to serve the wishes of his king."

The thematic treatment of More is not the only reason for the play's success. Through the pragmatic humor of his Common Man, who acts as a very comic ringmaster for the play, Bolt lets the audience laugh at the foolhardiness of More's course of action. Perhaps this humor which tinges the whole play (even More is aware that his position is an unlikely one) is the main reason for its tremendous support. But Bolt tricks us; for at the end of the play, the Common Man's sardonic undercutting of More's serious stand has become surprisingly connected to our society's attitude.

The actual production promises to be of very sound quality, boasting such experience as Terry Franke (More), David Garrick (Cromwell), and Al Dunn (Norfolk). ■

dramatic progressions on two levels. The first is the past of Sol Nazerman (brilliantly acted by Rod Steiger), a Jewish intellectual whose entire family was destroyed in a Nazi concentration camp during World War II and who is, as a result, absolutely emotionally barren. The second level is the present, which is passed in the filth of Harlem where Nazerman simply exists — a machine who distributes pawnshop tokens while he awaits a death which he will not even give the dignity of affirmation through suicide. However, the past is not introduced as one lump of time to which director Lumet dissolves at some appropriate moment. Rather it is presented in intervals and thus in conflict with the action of the present. This method serves to heighten the tension between a past, which Nazerman battles to submerge, and the present, by reflecting it cinematically. The film itself becomes Nazerman's tortured mind.

Moreover, Lumet's direction reveals a startling sensitivity for peripheral sounds and minute decaying surfaces which combine to form a setting of incredible force. So much power, in fact, is generated that the location itself gradually becomes a metaphor

for Nazerman's internal condition as he fights to suppress the horror of his past. Lumet directs time cuts to rushing subways and films Steiger's final conversation with a social worker of Christian intentions on a balcony amid a maze of identical high-rise apartments where he appears floating and lost. The most effective use of these correlatives occurs when Nazerman wanders forlornly past a batch of glaring theater marquees.

Nevertheless, I feel the film is not without its faults. The picture is at its weakest at the pawnshop itself. For some reason Lumet introduced a wide variety of customer characters whose very number forced them to assume immediately recognizable types: such as the crippled intellectual, the young addict in search of a fix, and the disillusioned newlywed ("You mean it's glass? He told me the ring was diamond" — atrocious!) At times they have the same beautiful despicableness as the location, and the contrast of their hollow beliefs with Nazerman's total emptiness is occasionally interesting. But gradually they become downright absurd and threaten to reduce the pawnshop to the focal point of an allegory of modern corruption.

The conclusion of the film is as powerful as it is confusing. After his death is postponed, when his assistant leaps in front of a gangster's gun, Nazerman impales his hand on a paper spike. How is this gesture of exquisite masochism to be interpreted? Certainly the assistant (named Jesus) has not saved or redeemed Nazerman; he has simply prolonged the agony of his existence. Yet, his act was one of genuine compassion — the only vital instance of selfless love Nazerman has experienced in the course of the film. Thus, it conceivably leads to a purgation through self-inflicted pain, the only experience of which he is capable. The torture allows Nazerman to break with his past — perhaps only briefly — while the rapid series of images reflect this catharsis. With all the force of Bunuel's eyeball slicing, Lumet conveys the horror of this moment; the audience curls its collective palm as Nazerman quickly slides his bleeding hand from the spike.

Finally Nazerman leaves the pawnshop, and Lumet's documentary camera (located atop some building) catches him as he is swallowed by the crowd. Sol Nazerman has returned to the womb of chaos and despair. ■



movies

AVON: *The Pawnbroker* is controversial and possibly a classic. See the review on page 26 of this issue for the details. (*Pawnbroker*, 7:00, 9:00.)

COLFAX: Arthur Penn made *Mickey One* in Chicago more than a year ago and the wonder of the picture is not that it is good (it is copping raves all around the country) but that he could keep it under his hat so long. Pursued by the racketeers, Warren Beatty stars in the "in" picture of the year. (*Mickey*, 1:15, 3:15, 5:10, 7:10, 9:10.)

GRANADA: *Ship Of Fools* fails and Stanley Kramer, to his everlasting shame, is responsible. Oskar Werner and Simone Signoret act their way into Academy Award competition and Lee Marvin mugs with magnificence, but the rest of the cast is soap operatic. Typical is the treatment afforded to Michael Dunn who is turned into Snow White's eighth dwarf and set to puttering around like a walking-talking explanatory subtitle. Preachment and pretension aside, and minus Werner, Signoret, and Marvin, this boat is a null—zero. (*Fools*, 1:05, 3:40, 6:20, 9:00.)

STATE: *The Ipcress File* (nothing to do with watercress) leans to the tradition of Humphrey Bogart, away from the fantasy of James Bond, but it keeps all the glittering class that makes 007 so palatable. This is no small achievement and neither is this picture's impact on the audience as it ranks as one of the ten best of the year. (*Ipcress*, 1:05, 3:05, 5:10, 7:10, 9:10.)

CINEMA '66: *Sundays and Cybele* is a captivating exercise in visual style and arrested emotion; if it is weak in any way it is due to its extreme austerity, to the dedication of director Serge Bourguignon and actors Patricia Gozzi and Hardy Kruger. *The Pianist*, a short film made by Kelly Morris and Geof Bartz and starring David Clennon will also be shown. For subscribers only in the Engineering Auditorium. (*Cybele*, 2:00, and 8:00 on Sunday and Monday.)

—R. A. HALLER

magazine rack

The Critic, an excellent bimonthly, features an article on existentialism by Thomas Merton. The article argues for the validity of existentialism in the Church, after giving us something of an answer to the now-famous question "What is existentialism?" Happily Merton fails to fall into the manner of the Sartre-in-summary type articles that are recently rather common. He has a grasp of existentialism as a whole and can present us the basic ideas and differences among the many authors in philosophy, theology and literature who are labeled existentialists. Merton does not present the part for the whole but attempts to give the ideas of existentialism that are most immediately relevant to Christian living. He succeeds rather well. One could hope for further examination on some points, notably his conclusion that the existentialist is weak in his sense of Christian communion and the Church, but on the whole Merton's view of the relation of existentialism and Christianity is one which deals fairly with both.

A two-part report entitled *De Colores* is, on the whole, critical of the Cursillo movement. The first article describes in detail a Cursillo made at Notre Dame, while the second voices the criticisms of a priest-social psychologist. The first article, although interesting, doesn't present the movement as a whole but concentrates solely on the actual weekend of the Cursillo itself. The second article points out some very undesirable effects in the mishandling of technique as evidenced in some parts of the movement. For the report to be complete, however, it would be good to see a critique of Cursillo theology. It would also be good for the Cursillo to have a chance to respond to its critics.

* * * * *

Commonweal examines Christian Democracy in Latin America and Schema 13 of Vatican II. Both articles conclude very optimistically.

U.S. News, *Newsweek*, and *Life* all examine campus demonstrations about Viet Nam and the draft. The tone of all three is very definitely against the demonstrations. All three get caught, to varying degrees, criticizing the bearded, sandaled and dungareed stereotyped objectors. Though the criticisms leveled have some validity, they represent a superficial reply to superficial demonstrators. Unfortunately none of the deeper reasons and issues of both the pro- and the con-Viet Nam are examined. The fault could lie with the great majority of student demonstrators or with the great majority of their opponents; both seem to present surface emotional appeals. It seems to be the duty of colleges and the press to re-examine the protests and the objections. The best attempt to at least raise the question appears in *Life's* article by John K. Jessup. Jessup raises intelligent questions, and we hope that this will leave open some room for intelligent discussion.

Life also views Hugh Hefner, creator of *Playboy* and the Bunny in "An Empire Built On Sex." *Life* tells us the cost of Hefner's mansion (\$800,000), the length of his working hours ("Hefner selects nude pictures for an issue of *Playboy*, a job which can take up to twelve hours"), and the money his empire makes (\$28 million gross).

The recent issue of the *Harvard Lampoon* has a very *Timely* look about it, especially when treating of "The Search for Saigon."

—JOHN LAHEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

NEBRASKA AT MISSOURI: The Cornhuskers' victims this season couldn't beat their mothers. Missouri hasn't been that bad, but Nebraska shouldn't have too much trouble getting ready for their "one" game of the season.

LOUISIANA STATE AT MISSISSIPPI: Confucius once said, "Don't bet against Old Miss when they're playing at home." The Rebels may be lean and hungry, but L.S.U. didn't get fat on fortune cookies. Disregard Confucius.

DUKE AT GEORGIA TECH: The tea leaves told of a bright future for Tech's Kim King. Kim's honorable ancestors will not be disappointed as the Yellow Jackets swarm all over the field to pull in his passes.

PITTSBURGH AT SYRACUSE: In a battle of consistently inconsistent teams, Pitt's Kenny Lucas outshines Syracuse's Floyd Little.

GEORGIA AT NORTH CAROLINA: Father Time is catching up on Georgia, but North Carolina, with a host of sophomores, has just begun to mature. The talented Tarheels will come of age on Saturday.

MINNESOTA AT OHIO STATE: There's more than one way to skin a gopher, but only one way to win the Big Ten — beat the Buckeyes. Minnesota's Golden Gophers will leave the field slightly tarnished.

PURDUE AT ILLINOIS: The last words anybody heard Jack Mollenkopf say were, "We're not out of it yet." Bob Griese will warm the air with his passing, but Jack should save his breath for next year.

WEST VIRGINIA AT KENTUCKY: If this was a match between the bearded inhabitants of these two states, West Virginia would be the choice. But football is a more civilized game, and defense seems to have been discovered by Kentucky first.

ALABAMA AT MISSISSIPPI STATE: Those pictures of the "Bryant Hilton" might lure a lot of good players to the lair of the Bear, but the stars didn't fall on Alabama this year. State will win a close one.

OTHER GAMES

Florida over Auburn
Virginia over North Carolina State
Michigan over Wisconsin
Arkansas over Texas A&M
Texas over Southern Methodist
Penn State over California
Oregon State over Washington State
Stanford over Washington
Michigan State over Northwestern
Last week: 12-6
To date: 57-30-2



HOCKEY GOES BIG TIME

Two years ago, the Notre Dame hockey team was established as a club and put on the usual year of probation before being approved as a minor sport. A winless season made it necessary to withhold recognition for another year of probation. After last season, hockey was added to the official list of Notre Dame sports.

This year the hockey team has been expanded to far greater proportions than before. The team is presently planning on a 23-game schedule including five home games and a Christmas tournament.

With the cooperation of the management of Howard Park, the home schedule will include two matches with Air Force and individual matches against Northwestern and Toledo. The fifth is still undetermined.

The Christmas tour will include matches against Holy Cross, Boston State and a tournament at Worcester, Mass., with Holy Cross, Pennsylvania and Nichols College.

The expansion of the schedule is bound to give the young team more experience and guide it to a place of prominence among Notre Dame's winter sports.

The team begins workouts Nov. 2. Anyone interested in joining the team should contact Stan Colligan in 354 Alumni or Leo Collins in 222 Badin.

BEST SINCE '56

Notre Dame's Bowling team dropped its opener of the Midwest Intercollegiate Bowling Conference to De Paul, 6-5, but the day was not without its glory. Senior Bugg Ackerman bowled the best conference 5-game series since 1956, racking up a 1124 score. His game card read: 207, 209, 215, 269 and 224.

The Irish were conference champions last year.

INTERHALL

Scores:

Breen-Phillips 0, Cavanaugh 0
Farley-Stanford 2, Keenan 0
Off-Campus (2) 0, Alumni 0
Howard-St. Ed's 0, Zahm 0
Off-Campus (1) 12, Dillon 0
Lyons 8, Sorin-Walsh-Morrissey 0

Schedule, October 21:

1:00

Keenan vs. Cavanaugh
Farley Stanford vs. B.P.

2:15

Howard-St. Ed's vs. Off-Campus (2)
Sorin-Walsh-Morrissey vs. Dillon

3:30

Alumni vs. Zahm
Off-Campus (1) vs. Lyons

FOR THE RECORD

SOCCER (2-3):

Notre Dame 2, Dayton 1 (overtime)
Iowa State 7, Notre Dame 1

LACROSSE:

Notre Dame 8, Michigan 1
(played Oct. 16)

BOWLING (0-1):

De Paul 6, Notre Dame 5

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 29

Rugby: WISCONSIN (8:00 p.m., Cartier Field)

OCTOBER 31

Soccer: PURDUE (10:30 a.m.)

NOVEMBER 3

Basketball: 2nd Annual Clinic (7:30, fieldhouse)



“Many Thanks for Many Favors Over Many Years”

by Tom Bettag

THE WIRE SERVICE release began with the terse, businesslike phrases that ran something like this:

At this time the Miami Dolphins of the American Football league are announcing my acceptance of the position of publicity director of their team. I now announce my resignation as sports publicity director at the University of Notre Dame. I will begin with the Dolphins Jan. 15.

Then came the words:

Many thanks, for many favors, over many years.

(signed) CHARLES M. CALLAHAN

Charlie Callahan was resigning after 20 years. To us students who have worked for him, the news that came last Friday evening was a shock.

You knew it was a big move for Charlie, and you couldn't help but feel happy for him, but you also felt a great loss.

Charlie Callahan had a special bond with every student who came into contact with him. Red Smith might be on the phone, but Charlie Callahan never stopped thinking about the boys in his office. No one really worked *for* Charlie Callahan. Instead, he made you feel that you were working *with* him to keep news channels aware of the Notre Dame sports scene.

But that is just you and your personal feelings. When the offices open on Monday you see the effects of the announcement still visible on the faces of those in the athletic department from Moose Krause down. Newspaper, radio and television men flood the publicity office with letters and telephone calls. You hear sports-writers say, "I don't know what I'm going to do without Charlie."

You read *Chicago's American* sports columnist Bill Gleason's description of his reaction when Callahan told him of his decision:

He had to say it a second time and then a third time. If he'd said that Father Theodore Hesburgh, the president, or Fr. Edmund Joyce, a vice-president, was leaving, well, that the way the canonical ball bounced.

But Notre Dame without Callahan? That's like painting the Golden Dome orange.

You hear Joe Doyle, *South Bend Tribune* sports editor, one of those who works closest with Callahan, say "Charlie's move surprised me completely. Notre Dame is always first and foremost in his mind. I hadn't given it a thought."

You try to find out more about Charlie Callahan and his story, and

you come to realize that he is one of those rare individuals who become legend in their own time. His contribution to the school is immeasurable, his love of Notre Dame, classical, and his personality, one that marks him as a "most unforgettable character."

There are few students who haven't heard the name Charlie Callahan and seen some of his work. But the nature of his work was directed to those away from the campus. In the next few months there will be many references to Charlie Callahan. Tributes have already started coming in. None of us knows as much about Charlie Callahan as we would like, but everyone should be aware of the man and his legend.

Charlie Callahan is a lanky, sleepy-eyed man with a warm face and a soft voice. He has that serious manner that reminds you of your father, but every once in a while, when he smiles, he gets a twinkle in his Irish eyes that makes him seem like your friend from childhood.

The clothes that hang from his thin frame are chosen on the grounds of comfort and sentiment. A crumpled hat, a tweed sports jacket, baggy, wrinkled pants.

His office in Breen-Phillips Hall is stacked from floor to ceiling with old programs, pictures and press releases. His desk, a pile of football previews, papers and letters. Covering the walls are dusty pictures of almost every football player who stepped onto Notre Dame soil, each with a warm message of friendship penned upon it.

Charlie can tell you how many yards any one of those players gained on any given Saturday and how he scored his touchdowns. He can also tell you exactly where everything is in his office, but you'd never know it by looking.

"Charlie is the complete antithesis of what you would expect of a public relations man," said Jim Butz, former student assistant to Callahan and now international representative for the Brunswick Corporation. "You'd normally expect an aggressive high-speed, well-dressed man who perhaps strikes you as a little unscrupulous. Yet Charlie, in his conscientious, thorough, totally honest approach has

won the high regard of every sportswriter in the country."

This Callahan has done. Says Paul Neville, former sports editor of the *South Bend Tribune* and now managing editor of the *Buffalo (N.Y.) Evening News*: "Charlie Callahan is, without a doubt, the college sports publicity director in the country. Moreover, he is the greatest personal sports publicist there is. By that I mean he knows more people connected with sports on a first-name basis than any other publicist.

"Charlie is one of the most honest persons I know. Writers know that he will always level with them, that they can trust his word. He never quits working on his job. Every second of the day he keeps his mind producing ideas that will get Notre Dame the publicity it deserves."

Jim Mullin, executive sports editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times* says much the same thing: "Charlie has never been anything but fair. He pays as much time to the man from the little Cedar Rapids paper as he does to the writer on the large Chicago paper. He knows every sportswriter in the nation and treats everyone with all the interest he has."

Most of all, through, Charlie Callahan is a Notre Dame man. Outside of a few years of publicity work in New York immediately after graduation from Notre Dame in 1938 and a stint in the Air Force during the war, he has dedicated his life to this one job.

Jim Mullin says, "Charlie has always been proud of Notre Dame. He came when Leahy was just starting his great era. But most of the time was spent in those lean years. At that time he kept the press interested in the school because he himself believed it was possible to have good academics and still have a good football team. He never quit believing that Notre Dame athletes were special, that the school attracted dedicated, clean-cut, intelligent kids."

The stories about Callahan's love for Notre Dame's students and athletes are endless. Paul Neville tells how he was sharing a hotel suite with Callahan in Los Angeles when the two were there for a Southern California game. Callahan was still working on

some press releases when Neville went to bed. Neville awoke during the night and looked over to Charlie's bed only to see some stranger in it. This was not unusual, for Charlie had often been known to give his bed to some Notre Dame grad who didn't have a place to stay. He walked into the adjoining parlor expecting to see Callahan asleep on the couch, but the parlor was filled with students and graduated athletes. But no Callahan. Finally he walked into the bathroom, and there was Charlie, asleep on a rug placed in the bathtub.

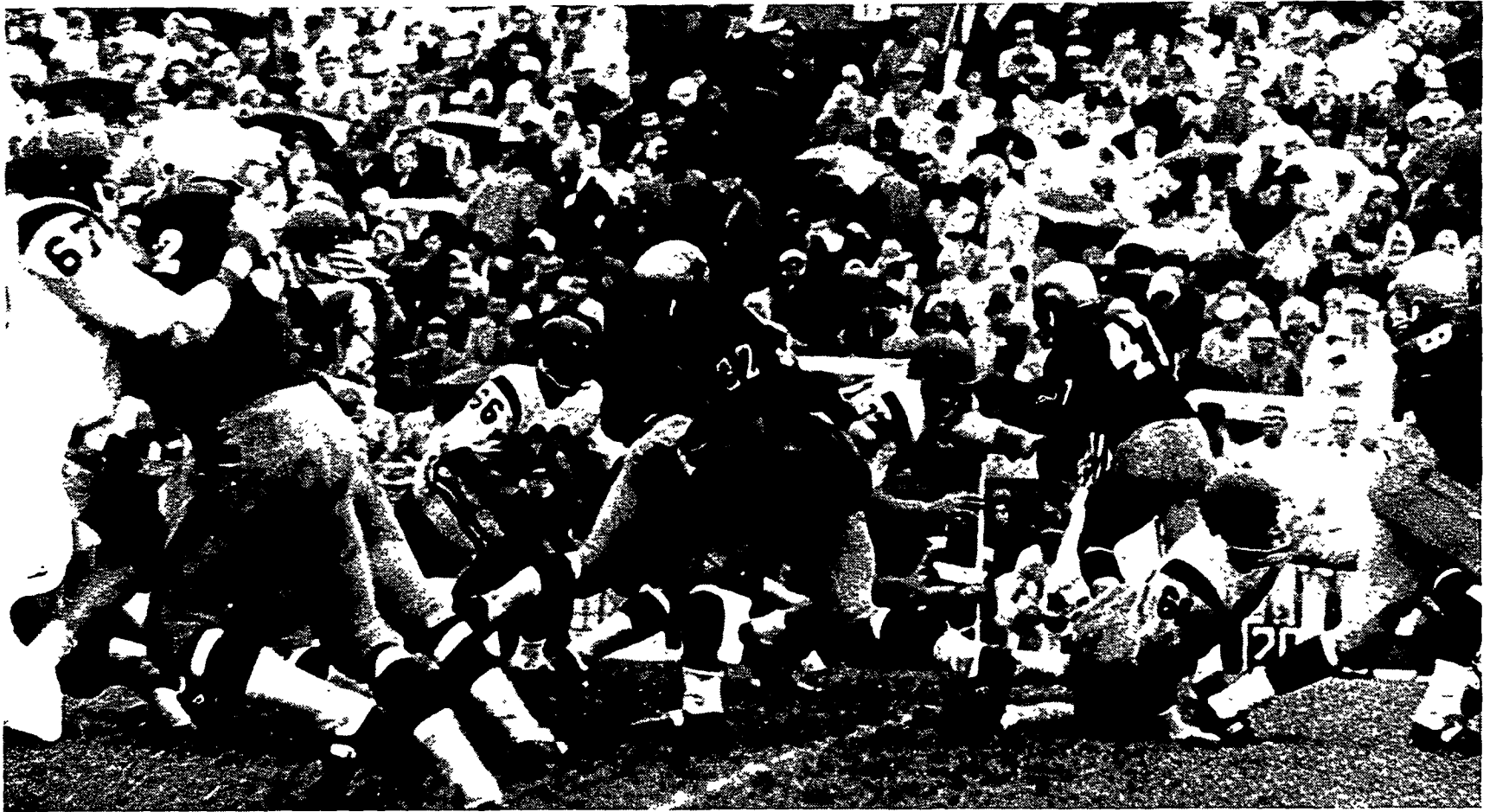
Another old story tells how Charlie was just starting to come out from the anesthesia of an operation. Several people were there trying to bring him to. "Charlie, wake up," they called, but no movement. "Charlie, your secretary is here." Not a sign of waking. "Charlie, your wife is here." Still no motion. In desperation they said, "Charlie, Johnny Lujack is here." Charlie sat up immediately.

Charlie Callahan lives Notre Dame sports. He has been a warm friend of the school's athletes and students. Something of Charlie rubs off on everyone who works with him. Three of his student assistants have gone on to prominent positions. Tom Bates is publicity director of Gannon College in Erie, Pa. Another, Joe Bride, is presently a member of the *Life* magazine staff working out of Los Angeles. Jim Butz was associated with the Big Ten offices before moving on to the Brunswick Corporation.

Charlie Callahan will receive many tributes between now and the time he leaves, but in his humble quiet way he will do everything he can to avoid it. Besides, he will be too busy thinking of ways that he can get Notre Dame's 1965 football season across to the country to think about such trivial things as the praise he is getting.

When asked on a television interview last Friday night about his plans, it was typical of Charlie Callahan when he answered, "I hate to think of leaving Notre Dame, and Miami is going to be a big challenge, but right now, I'm most concerned over the Southern California game."

Southern Cal is past. Tomorrow it's Navy. Next week it's Pitt. Then comes . . . January 15 is a long way off. ■



SATISFACTION

by Mike Bradley

IT TOOK 329 days of "try to remember" before a possessed bunch of Irishmen got their satisfaction, but the way they knocked the beachboys off their cloud was something else. They fell with a resounding thud. While John McKay was gasping "Help!" and his once-notorious half-back was asking himself, "How does it feel to be on your own?" the Trojan offensive and defensive lines were posing the ultimate question, "Do you believe in magic?"

It wasn't magic. The man who directed the destruction put his finger on it. Raising the game ball above his head, he shouted, "We put it to 'em, boys. You played a whale of a game, a great game." His assistant, Tom Pagna, was so overcome he even slapped defensive players on the back. Johnny Ray in his usual gruff voice issued his highest compliment, "Good job." Later he demanded the statistics on Mike Garret, and when he learned that his charges had held the half-

back to less than 50 yards, he elevated his statement to "great job."

Meanwhile the big guy with the shiny head who had uprooted S. C.'s middle linebacker all afternoon, was giving his less profound explanation in the shower. His version, to the tune of "Old Acquaintance," went something like, "We won because we won because they lost because they lost."

The five-starred defensive safety kept running around yelling, "We stuck 'em. We stuck 'em." Now they wouldn't be asking him what happened at Southern Cal last year anymore.

Then there was Pete Duranko. He stood in front of his locker, his nose still bleeding slightly, and felt the stitches above his right eye. At first he had feared this first quarter injury would prevent him from getting another shot at Mr. Garret, but as Bob Meeker said later, "Nothing was going to keep Pete out of this game."

The only player with any lingering memories was Harry Long and he quickly erased them by tearing down the bulletin board remnants of a beaten team.

Bill Zloch, one of four Irish backs who gained more yards than Southern Cal's candidate for the Heisman Trophy, had looked up at the stadium clock late in the fourth quarter and remembered something. Now he spelled it out on the blackboard, "With 1:33 to go, Notre Dame 28-S. C. 7."

It was a celebration worth remembering. The celebration of a team which had a debt to pay. "Remember the locker room last year," was all their coach had told them before they went on the field. At the first half Tony Carey had reminded them again of last year's halftime lead. His desire was theirs, "I want to come back to the locker room a winner." They came back a winner all right, and then some.

"Campus"

(Continued from page 16)

titled "There Are Two." As good as Miss Desmond's performance and stage presence were, it was disappointing that the obvious operatic quality of her voice was not put to the test of a more challenging song.

The audience was later treated to a match of Miss Coakley's clarity and Miss Desmond's power in a skit called "Love or Money," in which they argued in song over the question of why a man marries. Miss Desmond ("Money") was excellent but Miss Coakley ("Love") was more than an adequate balance for Miss Desmond's talent.

A change of pace was offered by Sue Schemenauer in "The Devil is a Woman." Miss Schemenauer's low-voiced torch singing and the red-lit dancers behind her combined to create an atmosphere seldom found at St.

Mary's or Notre Dame.

The show closed with a delightful (if only for its measured spontaneity) musical version of the old story of "The Perils of Pauline" from the days of silent film melodramas. Although the performances of Miss Sue Dickey as the innocent "Child of the Valley," Miss Alis Rennie as the "fiendish villain," and Miss Kathy Walsh as the "heroic blacksmith" were excellent, the outstanding features of the number had to be the wildly dressed "St. Mary's Alumnae" chorus and the very fact that the performances were so deliberately slipshod that they were hilarious.

In lieu of a curtain call the entire cast joined in chasing the villain of the "Pauline" piece until everyone and everything, including Bob Farmer and his piano, had been rushed back and forth across the stage in a hilarious mixture of planned action and a "happening." ■

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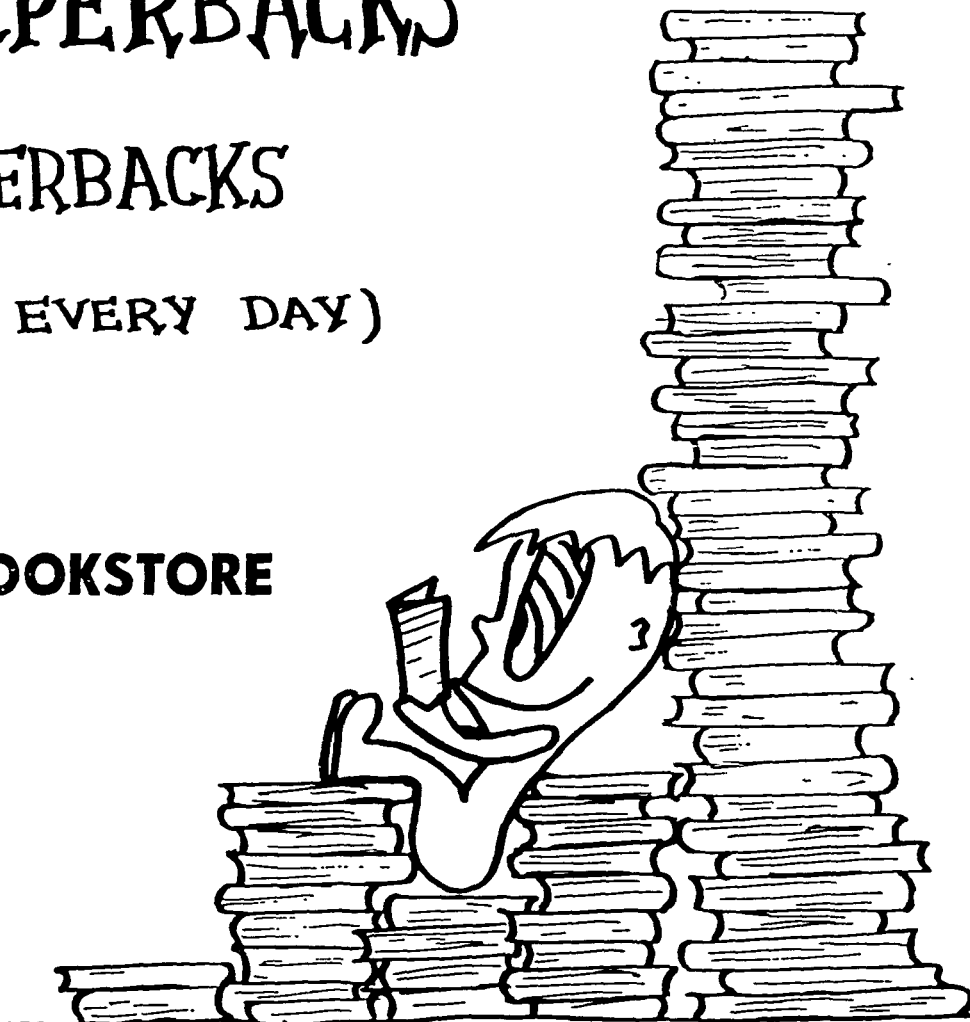
PAPERBACKS

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NOTRE DAME BOOKSTORE



Del. Bieman &

Inferno

(Continued from page 22)

tion, the triumphant crew returns to the stage, a perplexed Donny following.)

Fire Chief: I'm sorry, but these routine inspections sometimes do uncover things. Your many violations will have to be rectified. *Tua maxima culpa*. Until then, we can't allow any more productions in the basement. Good day.

Curtain falls.

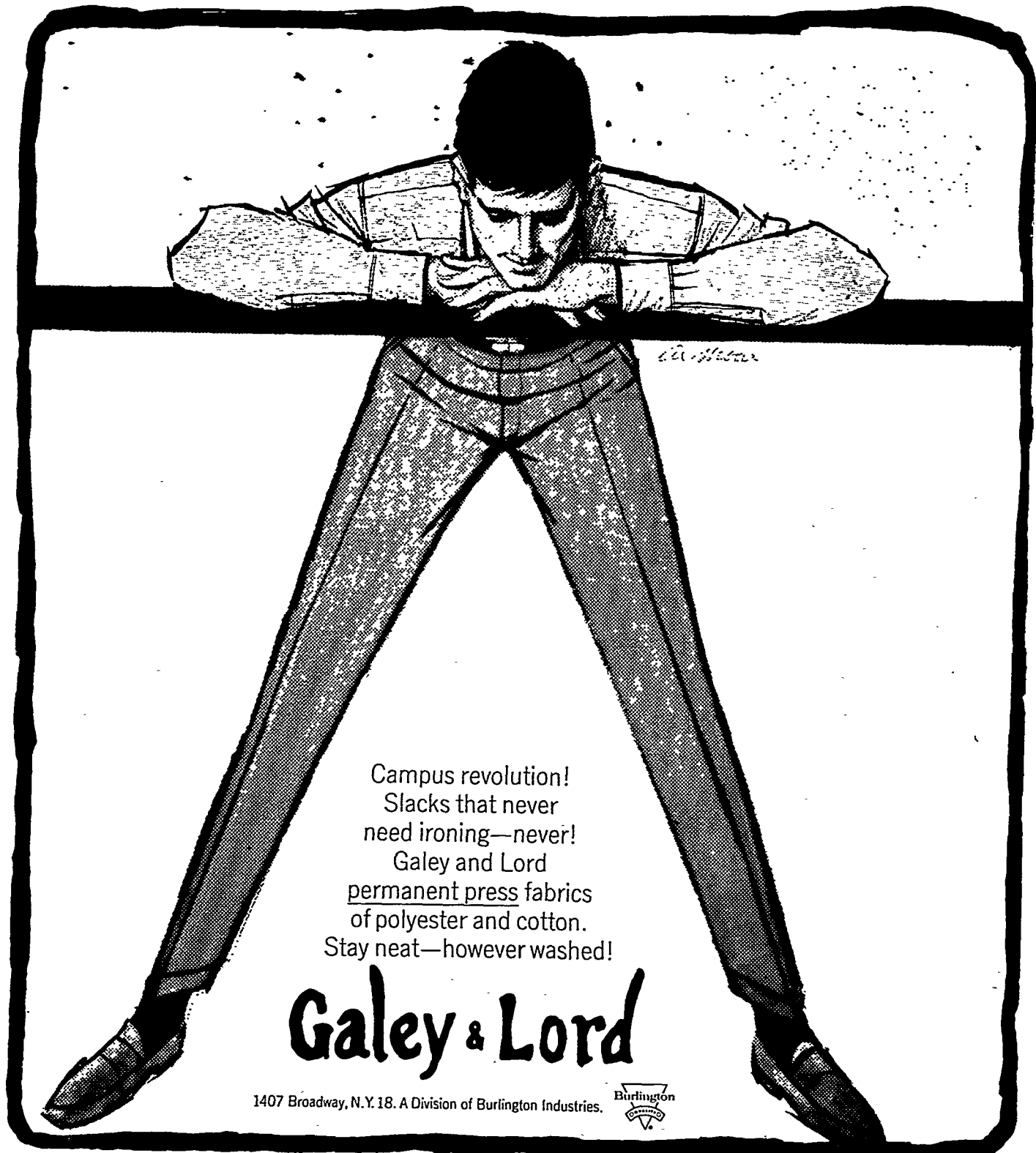
It's unfortunate I didn't make a tape of the actual ambush. The dialogue then was almost as stupid as that above. I don't remember exactly what was said at the time, but I do remember what Donny said afterward:

"Sure, there were violations here, and I'll admit some of them were pretty bad. They'll have to be fixed, I guess. I don't mind having to put up conduit wiring or putting up fireproofing. What bothers me is the way it all happened. No warning. No leeway. They came in here like the Gestapo. Routine inspection? Forget it. They didn't even let me have a warning and a list of the violations so I could try to get it fixed up. They just shut us down. And I still can't see why they insist on *asbestos* stage curtains — we've never *had* stage curtains! It probably wouldn't do any good to mention that there are a hundred places in South Bend in just as bad shape. It probably would be different if we didn't have a 'bunch of sissy actors' here. They looked at

us like we were homosexuals or something."


Actors' Stage left the Inferno that week. And since nothing is happening in The Catacombs, it isn't quite the same. It might be different if the basement could be fixed, but it would cost almost two thousand dollars. . . .

But the Inferno is still there, and so is Donny. It's still a place where you can feel at home, where you can have an intelligent conversation without some pseudo trying to make you feel stupid, where you can drink coffee if you don't want beer or wine, where you can relax and watch a sometimes-sick world go by. You can watch the world go by, but don't you dare feel superior. Orlo might be tending the bar, and he wouldn't be impressed. ■



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Lindsay

(continued from page 18)

turns to seat with wife. Audience applauds. Lindsay smiles. Time to go. Lindsay rises, shakes hands with Freedman. Waves to crowd, exits stage left. 9:05.

Back in station wagons. On way to Queens College for political rally in school auditorium. Still raining. Lindsay talks to campaign manager, Bob Price, waves to several passing cars. Arrives at Queens College.

Buckley and Beame also scheduled to speak. Buckley is just leaving as Lindsay caravan arrives. Lindsay chauffeurs drive to other entrance. Lindsay enters building with wife. Queens College radio station and newspaper editors want interview. Candidate's campaign manager agrees. Finishes interview. Walks to rear of stage. Waits for introduction. Band plays some Dixieland, Battle Hymn of Republic, Hello Dolly. Introduction. Lindsay strides onto stage. Big stage. Audience in Frenzy. Front three quarters of auditorium is filled with Buckley fans, waving Buckley signs. Chanting "We want Buckley." All wearing Buckley buttons. Lindsay unperturbed. Forewarned that Buckley people had purchased three quarters of seats early in September.

Lindsay waves to audience. Smiles. Signs autographs. Band plays "Dixie." Audience still chanting "We want Buckley." Lindsay sits down next to wife. Student chairman of rally tries to stop disorder. No luck. Ten minutes pass. Chanting continues. Lindsay is introduced over noise of Buckleyites. Candidate walks to podium. Fight breaks out in audience. Ushers separate combatants, one carrying a Buckley sign, the other wearing a Lindsay button. Crowd sits down and prepares to listen. Lindsay begins. Hecklers, most high school students, none of voting age, start up again. Lindsay smiles, waits patiently. Noise subsides. Speech proceeds. Speaks of "city in crisis," free tuition for city colleges. Applause. Also: "Double pad lock has become the new symbol of New York." Closes with, "You may never have another opportunity to choose in favor of a fresh start again." Steps away from podium. Buckleyites boo. Lindsayites cheer wildly. Lindsay signs more autographs. Leaves stage. Out of building, heads for car.

Short, heavy man with wrinkled tan raincoat is passing out Buckley leaflets on sidewalk. Lindsay approaches. Buckleyites begin shouting. Man in tan raincoat has electric megaphone. Speaks in low voice: "If you really want to help conservatism and

William Buckley, please do *not* make a scene. Let's see how quiet we can be." They remain quiet as Lindsay passes by and slips into waiting station wagon.

Caravan speeds to Harlem. Stops at dark, gray, ugly, 7-story building. Headquarters of Harlem Liberal Party. Fund raising dance going on. Sixth floor. Lindsay enters building, steps into elevator. Looks tired. Still smiling. Elevator stops. Ballroom almost dark. Band playing cha-cha music. Two American flags hanging from ceiling. Lindsay greeted by three local Puerto Rican politicians, seated at table. Couples are mostly Puerto Ricans. Some Negroes. Much conversation in Spanish. Men dressed in finest. Women in low-cut party dresses. All guests in twenties or thirties. Lindsay is introduced. Walks to microphone. Scattered applause. Half the couples listen; other half walk to bar or talk at tables. Candidate speaks in Spanish. Then presents Marcellino Castro with award for "distinguished service to this community." Castro, squat pointed-shoed, hair glistening, accepts, red faced. Band plays. Lindsay shakes his hand, smiles at crowd. Scattered applause. Walks through tables, shaking hands with those who want to. Gets back on elevator.

Midnight. One of assistants suggests one more stop. Similar rally nearby. Thousand Spanish-Harlemites there. "Only take a few minutes," aid says. Mrs. Lindsay, upset, vetoes suggestion: "Nobody else will say no, so I will. We've got to be on the street for that walking tour at 8:30 in the morning. It's now after twelve. You want him for mayor. I want him for a husband."

Picking up steam: "You can't see a thousand people in a few minutes!"

Husband nods head, smiles at aids, gets off elevator.

Rain has stopped. Lindsay gets into pale green Cadillac. Ride back to suite at Roosevelt Hotel. Candidate meets briefly with top aides. Talks over next day's schedule. Retires.

Up at 7:30 next morning. Breakfasts with aids. Into station wagon by 8:15. Drives into Brooklyn for slum clearance program. Helps rake debris and rubbish. Several rats dart in and out of garbage heaps. Moves to vacant lot. Throws some football passes to N.Y. Republican Senator Jacob Javits who is along for the morning. Passes are not too good. Better than Javits, though. Neighborhood kids get in on act. Lindsay's passes to them better than Lindsay to Javits combination. Still no Huarte to Snow team.

Javits and Lindsay climb back into cars. Off to slums in Harlem. Begins

walking tour with Javits at Grand Concourse and E. 141st street. Crisp October morning. Sun out. Crowds enthusiastic. Walks past Rodriguez's Grocery. Kaplan's Produce Market, Gussie's Clothing for the Entire Family Store, Jacob's Bargain Center. Young Puerto Rican in front of Lindsay with megaphone: "Here comes John Lindsay, folks, the next mayor of New York. Here he is! It's Lindsay, Lindsay, Lindsay!" Shouts something in next block in Spanish. Lindsay and Javits walk past Rudy's Fruit Market. Rudy hands Lindsay a handful of grapes. Candidate eats several, hands rest to Negro boy next to him.

Squat, heavy-set Negro woman across the street: "My, what a handsome man!" People in undershirts wave from windows of tenements overhead. Candidate walks into Bernie's Fish Market. Shakes hands with Bernie. Back onto sidewalk. A Negro man, middle aged: "Rockefeller said he wouldn't raise taxes either. And look what he did." Agreement from another: "Those Republicans are all alike. To hell with 'em." Lindsay still smiling. Towers above crowd following him. Reaches end of street. Climbs onto fender of staff car. Is handed microphone. "I intend to set up local offices in each neighborhood of this city. And if you have a complaint about your landlord or about someone pushing narcotics here, you come in and say so. I'll hear about it and do something about it." Applause. Says same thing in Spanish. Waves clenched fist. More on education, crime in the streets, air and water pollution. Steps down. Back into car for trip to Roosevelt Hotel and lunch.

Following lunch, over to the Biltmore Hotel for an address to the New York Chapter of the Americans for Democratic Action. Delivers address after their luncheon. Fields some tricky questions, probably from Beame plants in audience. Leaves. Receives their endorsement later in the afternoon.

THIS IS HOW the Lindsay campaign went in just one 20-hour span, which included six hours for sleep. Running for mayor of New York is no great pleasure, although John Lindsay gives you the impression he is enjoying it. He wants very much to be mayor.

The New York City newspaper polls showed the race tightened up this week. Most feel it is now a toss-up. If Lindsay wins, it will be by no more of a margin than 150,000 votes, they say. If he loses, it will be by less. New York City will decide on Tuesday. ■

Come Ons

(Continued from page 23)

for hearts aching because of the death of a loved one. . . ." If this three-dollar book may seem inadequate, you might wish to recommend to your relatives that they purchase a Schulmerich bell tower. "Each call to Mass . . . each Angelus, Remembers your Loved One!"

Extension from August, 1965, apprises the reader of the availability of "The Lord's Supper Banquet Quality Tablecloth in six glorious life colors. Provides a Setting of Splendor for those Special Occasions." We would call special notice to the fact that it is guaranteed washable and colorfast.

Turning to the *Visitor* once more, we were overwhelmed. For your doorway, a symbol of your faith, by Lumadorn. Add a traditional touch of pride to your doorway with this delicately formed symbol made of indestructible, tarnish-proof plastic. Gives off a gentle glow at night. . . . *Ideal Gift.*

Lord's Prayer Cross, 1½" long, silver plated, with necklace, \$1 post-paid. Complete prayer clearly legible in magnifying center stone. Satisfaction guaranteed.

In *The Wanderer*, September 23, 1965, there is an appeal made both to our patriotism and our religiousness. One may order a *One Nation Under God* embossed metal license tag, 4" x 12", blue-on-

white, slotted top and bottom, \$1.50 apiece (less if purchased in quantity).

What would Madeleine Murray think?

The Time and Eternity Watch. Corresponding to the numerals on the dial are twelve meditation points for each hour of the day and night . . . the round dial (circle) represents eternity. Priced from \$55 to \$150.

Those things which ultimately concern us most are in the functions of the Church. Bingo. *Extension*, October, 1965:

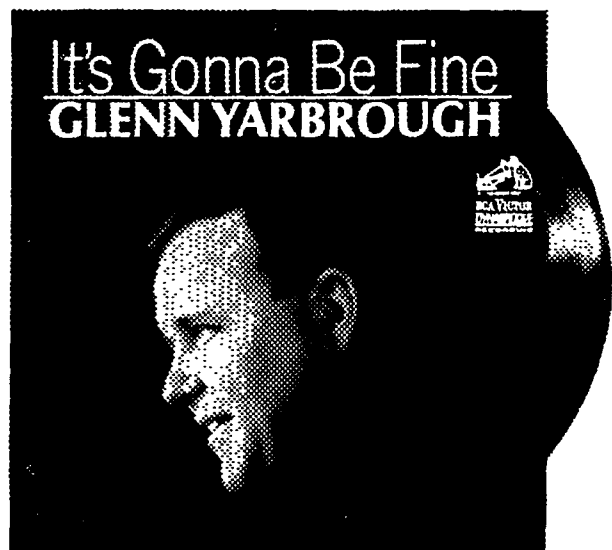
Now!! A simple new method shows you. . . . "HOW TO WIN AT BINGO." Based on Mathematical Probabilities. . . . hitting it big and walking away a winner is most thrilling. And, when one is winning, it means glory. . . . ■

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opinion

THIS WEEK the SCHOLASTIC's opinion poll turns its attention to questions topical to both the campus and the international scene. The following is a sampling of opinions taken from students in the South Dining Hall.

QUESTION: DO YOU THINK THE HALL SENATORIAL CAMPAIGNS AND ELECTIONS WERE MORE FIRMLY BASED ON THE ISSUES THIS YEAR THAN IN PREVIOUS YEARS?

YES, 11; NO, 32; UNDECIDED, 7. STATEMENTS:

- No, I didn't even know that we'd already had the elections.
- Yes, I think that the turnouts for the elections was so large that the students were definitely voting for something more than personalities.
- No, I think the students just voted for the guys that they knew without worrying about what he said he would do for them.
- Yes, the campaigns and elections were more meaningful this year, as is shown by the large number of students who cast their votes in every hall.
- No, I think the absence this year of the college senators greatly detracts from the value of any legislation passed, regardless of how many issues were brought up in the campaigns.

QUESTION: DO YOU FEEL THAT IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE UNITED STATES TO WELCOME ALL THE CUBAN REFUGEES?

YES, 36; NO, 12; UNDECIDED, 2. STATEMENTS:

- Yes, without a doubt; we're against Castro and what he represents and it is therefore obvious that we should welcome them all.
- No, the responsibility of assuming the Cuban refugees into the free Western Hemisphere should be handled by the Organization of American States, not directly by the United States.
- Hell, no! Let them stay where they are. We didn't get them into that mess and we have absolutely no obligation to get them out.
- Yes, of course we have an obligation, and anyone who says that we don't is a bigot and a racist and probably a Nazi.
- Yes, we have a moral responsibility to aid oppressed peoples, whether Cuban or anything else.
- Yes, we should assimilate as many as possible into our society, until it develops into a social problem of where to place them or how to educate them.

John Twohey

The Last Word



A FRIEND of ours came up to the SCHOLASTIC office last Friday evening to comment on the absence of the "Last Word" in last week's issue. Said he got half way through the Ford Motor Company ad on this page before realizing it wasn't the column. We think he's got a great sense of humor.

Someone else thought perhaps we'd been intimidated by the letter we printed last week from an irate freshman, who termed the column, well, read it again if you like. But the most exciting rumor, by far, was the one concerning administration censorship of the column. In the versions we heard, no one was quite sure why the column had been struck from these pages, but all were on our side. It is with great reluctance that we put that rumor to rest. Although it makes a good story, no one prevented this column from being written last week. No one but the writer. He decided to give the public a rest and study for his mid-term exams. There wasn't much to say either. And if you don't have anything to say, well . . . We're sorry to bring the curtain down so soon on Act One of what could have been an interesting comedy or tragedy, but the truth must prevail.

APOLOGIES ARE IN order to our 1656 off-campus readers, or ex-readers. None of them have received any copies of this magazine this semester. Fortunately, we have a fairly good excuse: the university tabulating department, which compiles an IBM list of all off-campus students, did not make the list available to our circulation department until last week. It's great to have a scapegoat handy.

All the back copies of the SCHOLASTIC will be mailed out this week. Thank you all for your patience.

WE AT NOTRE Dame have become accustomed, at least in the past two years, to winning football. Other campuses are not as fortunate. Take Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, for instance, whose aggregate of football players lost 43 games in a row. RPI was definitely on the football skids. That is, until last Saturday. Yes! Last Saturday RPI, downed Middlebury 28-14 in what one sportswriter called "the biggest upset since the fall of Rome." Upstate New York went wild.

The United Press International named RPI coach Dick Riendeau Coach of the Week. Riendeau then ran a mile with his team, as he promised if they ever came through for him. Riendeau says his boys are working hard to shake the victory

habit and they may be back in the groove by tomorrow, when they tangle with Worcester Poly. Riendeau, swamped with congratulations, seemed happy to taste that single victory, if only for a week. Although coach at RPI for only 16 of those 43 straight losses, he was previously assistant coach at St. Lawrence. There his teams lost 23 in a row.

WHEN WE WERE asked last May how we would like to move our offices to new quarters on the third floor of the student center, we were at first reluctant. We were, after all, happy where we were. After some persuasion, however, we agreed to the relocation. We would have, we were told, the same floor space plus a better view of Nieuwland Science Hall and a brighter color of paint on the walls. We could not resist.

The renovation of the third floor took place over the summer, so when we arrived in early September to begin work on the first issue, we immediately trotted up to our new headquarters to see what surprises awaited us. They were: A) no phones had been installed B) there were no locks on the doors C) no typewriters had been returned from the repair shop D) several windows were neatly painted shut and E) four of our eight windows were without screens.

Since then we have obtained, through a considerable amount of shouting, one of the two phones we need, a temporary lock ("This lock cost \$60," we were told, "so you oughta be happy with it."), and all our typewriters. Almost two months after the opening of school we are still awaiting the second phone, the remaining two locks needed for doors within the office, and four screens (killing flies is great sport, but like all other fun games, it too pales in time).

But we really must take second place in such weepings and look to our neighbors who have fared even worse. Of the six student organizations occupying offices on the third floor, only two—The SCHOLASTIC and *Dome*—are gifted with locks. The quarters of the *Voice*, Social Commission, Honor Council, and *Juggler* and *Science Quarterly* stand completely open, save for free-swinging doors. No locks guard whatever of value they would like to keep there.

Renovation of the third floor for these offices began in May. It is now almost November. That would seem to be enough time for the Maintenance Department to get locks on six doors. Or at least to send us a new fly swatter.

Ford Motor Company is:

challenge



*Dale Anderson
B.A., Wittenberg University*

At many companies the opportunity to work on challenging projects comes after many years of apprenticeship and a few grey hairs. Not so at Ford Motor Company where your twenties can be a stimulating period. There are opportunities to prove your worth early in your career. Dale Anderson's experience is a case in point.

After receiving his B.A. in Physics in June, 1962, Dale joined our College Graduate Program and was assigned to our Research Laboratories. Recently he was given the responsibility for correcting cab vibration occurring on a particular type of truck. His studies showed that tire eccentricity was the cause of the trouble. Since little change could be effected in tire compliance, his solution lay in redesigning the suspension system. Tests of this experimental system show the problem to be reduced to an insignificant level.

That's typical of the kind of meaningful assignments given to employees while still in the College Graduate Program—regardless of their career interest. No "make work" superficial jobs. And, besides offering the opportunity to work on important problems demanding fresh solutions, we offer good salaries, a highly professional atmosphere and the proximity to leading universities.

Discover the rewarding opportunity Ford Motor Company may have for you. How? Simply schedule an interview with our representative when he visits your campus. Let your twenties be a challenging and rewarding time.



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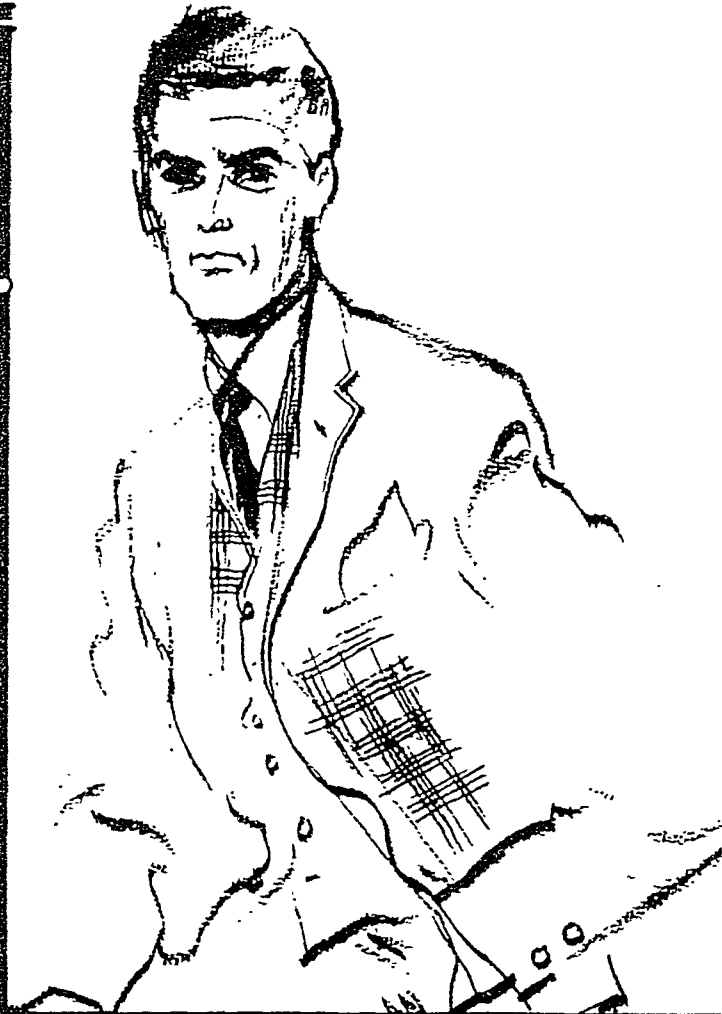
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