

Notre Dame Examination

RULES

1

Arrange all your work carefully on these sheets. No other paper may be brought into the class-room during examination time.

2

Write the questions on page one. Put down the number of the question and the answer to it on the succeeding pages. Begin each answer or subject as a new paragraph.

3

Do not fold this paper.

FILL OUT BLANK

NAME _____

CLASS _____

COURSE _____

DATE _____

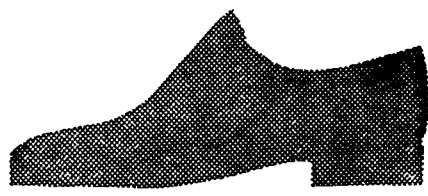


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FRIDAY, JANUARY 21

Exams: N.D. Study Day
 6:00 p.m. Classes which meet on 4:10 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday or Friday
 8:15 p.m. Classes which meet at 3:10 p.m. on Monday

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22

Exams:
 8:00 a.m. Classes which meet at 8:30 a.m. on Tuesday
 10:30 a.m. Classes which meet at 11:30 a.m. on Tuesday
 2:00 p.m. Physics 15; Engr. Sci. 26, 31, 33, 34; Modern Lang. 11, 21F, 21G;
 Government II; History 11, 13; Sociology 11
 6:00 p.m. Classes which meet at 2:10 on Monday
 8:15 p.m. Finance 31

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23

Exams:
 2:00 p.m. Physics 21, 25, 26, 27; ROTC (FY only)
 6:00 p.m. Classes which meet at 2:10 on Tuesday
 8:15 p.m. BOM 31, 134; Acct. 61

MONDAY, JANUARY 24

Exams
 8:00 a.m. Classes which meet at 8:30 a.m. on Monday
 10:30 a.m. Classes which meet at 11:30 a.m. on Monday
 2:00 p.m. Math 11, 13, 15, 19, 21; Mktg. 31
 6:00 p.m. Classes which meet at 1:10 p.m. on Tuesday
 8:15 p.m. Acct. 21; Fin. 163

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25

Exams
 8:00 a.m. Classes which meet at 10:30 a.m. on Tuesday
 10:30 a.m. Classes which meet at 9:30 a.m. on Tuesday
 2:00 p.m. Phil. 11A, 11B; Theo. 10, 20, 22, 24, 32, 33, 34, 35, 41
 6:00 p.m. Classes which meet at 1:10 p.m. on Monday
 8:15 p.m. Computing Sci. 23

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26

Exams
 8:00 a.m. Classes which meet at 10:30 a.m. on Monday
 10:30 a.m. Classes which meet at 9:30 a.m. on Monday
 2:00 p.m. Chemistry 11, 15; Biology 11; Geology 11; Physics 11, 13; Architecture 11, 12; Mech. Engr. 33, 34

— Compiled by MARK CREWSON and LEW SMITH

SCHOLASTIC

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 University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

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Letters

BLOODLESS COO

EDITOR:

Notre Dame students numbering 3,100 signed a petition last November supporting American policy in Viet Nam. Last Wednesday, January 13, 105 Notre Dame men turned up at Stepan Center to donate blood for Americans fighting in Viet Nam. The low turnout of blood donors has been attributed to poor publicity and "The snow, cold, and distance of Stepan Center from the halls."

I do not know whether or not these excuses are valid, but I do know that Stepan Center looked pretty pathetic Wednesday with fifty nurses and doctors serving two and three Notre Dame students at a time. One could dig a little deeper and suggest that some of those who signed that petition supporting American policy in Viet Nam were more skillful with their pens than at rolling up their sleeves.

Michael Daher
316 Howard

Others feel the poor turnout to be the result of poor publicity and the difficulties involved in getting parental consent for those under 21. —Ed.

ELECTRIC EYE LASHES

EDITOR:

I was just sitting and thinking about various things and it came to my attention that our poor over-worked Brothers who so diligently guard our Student Center from vandals and pocketbook snatchers are in need of a bit of help. I can just see one of them trying desperately to fill out a report on the suspects in the latest wallet theft while having to run up and down those many stairs and long hallways to the Fiesta Lounge where a couple is sitting who he has reason to believe are necking.

We are all aware that the clergy has been stationed in the Student Center for the benefit of those individuals who are in need of help, and it does seem a shame that they must protect the good name of this university from the atrocities of the sexual revolution which are so outstandingly manifest in the actions of those couples who incessantly flood into the Fiesta Lounge. The Fiesta Lounge is the last refuge for these people who insist that physical expression is a necessary element of a male-female relationship, and I think we would all agree that this should be swept out of our Student Center. However, in all fairness to those who run our Student Center, it is obvious that the presence

of our scrutinizing clergy will surely force this sort of thing back into the hotel and motel rooms where it belongs.

But returning to Brother's plight, can't you just imagine the jukebox being hijacked while he is upstairs throwing out a couple whom he had caught kissing? Well, if Notre Dame men can't carry on honorably with their dates, then either we should not allow girls in the Student Center or we should give poor Brother some assistance. In researching this problem I have found that the electric eye television scanners like those used in the Women's Detention House on E. 8th St. in New York City can be operated at low cost. This would be beneficial on those Sunday afternoons when Brother must take all those stolen purse complaints and cannot take the time to run up to the Lounge to see that honor is upheld. Also, an elevator could be installed for those late evening treks upstairs after a long day. Yes, and that's another thing. Are we keeping these men up too late by keeping LaFortune open as late as 11:00 P.M.? This should be looked into. But I have noticed that they do get a break on those off nights when they can ask those few people who are there to leave, and close early. After all, should five or six students be allowed to keep the Student Center open?

But if the cost of automation is too high, then perhaps an additional person, preferably a member of the clergy knowing a student cannot deal with this problem, could be stationed in the Lounge at all times. Whatever the solution, the need is evident. Let's get together and see that these men are given some assistance. It's very clear that when you've got to replace the Student Manager with a Brother, the very least the students can do is to help him out.

Name Withheld

ON THE CHASM

EDITOR:

For nearly two decades I have read the annually republished complaint of students that there is a chasm between faculty and studentry.

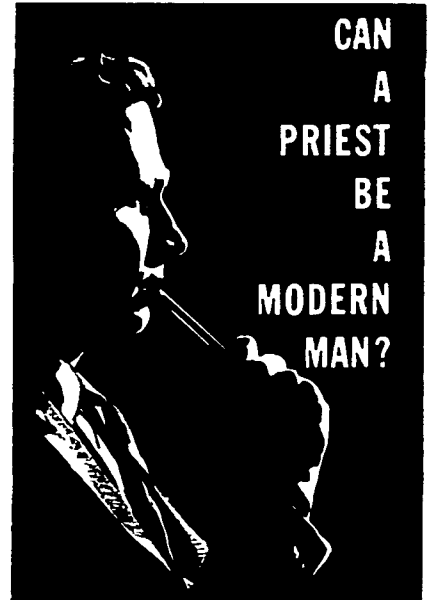
A most respected Dean recently addressed his Class of 1969, and touched on this point: "The Faculty will not be paying as much attention to you as you are used to, and as you may like. . . . You can get next to Faculty people, but you have to work at it, and you will find the best way to do it is to join the Faculty in being interested in and intelligent about an intellectual discipline. . . ."

Marshall Smelser
Professor of History

MR. SMART-ALEC, MR. TIGHT-PANTS
EDITOR:

In regard to Reagan Burkholder's editorial, "One Year Later," in the January 14 issue: has not his intellect ever been stirred by the thought that, perhaps, had it not been for our strong military assistance, *seventy* per cent of South Viet Nam's population could very well be under the Viet Cong grip?

Vern Roden
305 Alumni



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**NATIONAL VOCATIONS DIRECTOR
PAULIST FATHERS
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The State of the Union — Action for 1966

"This nation is mighty enough — its society healthy enough — its people strong enough — to pursue our goals in the rest of the world while building a great society at home." — Lyndon B. Johnson.

In proposing both guns and butter, President Johnson aims for social justice and democratic principles both at home and abroad. The task is great and his call to action impressive. Yet there were some disturbing elements in Johnson's State of the Union address — both what was said and what was left unsaid.

With Viet Nam throwing emphasis on United States' foreign policy, the President attempted to present a comprehensive outline of the foreign policy principles that our nation has and continues to follow. The first principle is one of strength and the United States is indeed strong. The second principle of policy is the "effort to control, and reduce and ultimately eliminate modern engines of destruction."

Perhaps the first two principles seem contradictory, and in a way they are. Defense will consume at least \$58.3 billion and a tremendous amount of physical effort to be strong. Yet the initiative to control that strength, both nationally and internationally falters and stagnates.

Support for the idea of associations of nations is the third principle. But if that support is contingent upon the absolute sovereignty of the United States in an association, then our efforts are due to fail, and our aims for international co-operation can, at best, be limited to technical goals.

The fourth principle calls for the improvement of the life of mankind. Johnson calls for a "new and daring direction to our foreign aid program," but the only newness is population control aid. The problem of filtering foreign aid down to the people, not the governments, of underdeveloped countries can be solved only through departure from the unimaginative policies that have plagued past administrations.

The fifth principle supports the independence of nations, "the right of all peoples to govern themselves and shape their own institutions." But applications often fall short of theories, and the U.S. continually finds itself enmeshed in the internal policy of other nations. Instead of working "to build a hemisphere of democracy and social justice," past administrations have supported dictatorships and used Communism as a pretext for intervention — as in the Dominican Republic.

VIET NAM

No aspect of the State of the Union message was more important than the strong indication that the peace offensive will continue, that the door to negotiations, and an honorable settlement, remains open. If anything, the President seems more willing to enter into the unconditional negotiations that he has spoken of so often in the past.

Negotiations are no longer limited to governments; the President stated that the United States will consider the views of "any group" involved in the struggle. There is a new recognition that the Viet Cong are both a military and a political force that will have to be considered in any election arrangements.

The war is a stalemate, and political observers will even more strongly debate the needed action for 1966. But it seems clear that it is in the interests of all political factions, and for the sake of the people in Viet Nam, that the confrontation be transferred to the conference table as soon as is feasible.

DOMESTIC POLICY

Though foreign problems remain the most acute, President Johnson has placed equal priority on the serious domestic needs of the country. LBJ's programs will attack poverty, slums, polluted rivers, inadequate schools and racial injustice. Much criticism will be laid at individual measures and cries of socialism will be hurled by conservatives at policy makers, yet the country should profit by responsible legislation in these areas.

The President has struck for a vigorous reformation of our political institutions. Campaigning expenditures, long in need of reform, may have some new regulations to control their misuse. The four-year House term proposal, home rule for the District of Columbia, and the new Cabinet position proposed for transportation are all worthy measures that should be considered.

The economy is strong, and will continue in 1966 to be affected by Keynesian expansionist policies that have made the 60's a period of unprecedented economic growth. Johnson will continue, and probably with some effect, to keep price and wage standards at a noninflationary level.

Truly the nation is healthy, its goals great, its principles admirable. But 1966 must be a year of action as well as words, and there is much to be done.

— J.E.K.

Discrimination Hits Home: Failure and the Transfer of Power

Throughout the 1964 presidential campaign the Republican candidate repeatedly stressed that it was in the best interest of justice and the survival of our constitutional system that the passage and enforcement of anti-discrimination legislation be left to the state and local governments. To those who still hold this view the recent failure of state and local agencies to take effective action on a case involving a flagrant violation of both the Indiana Civil Rights Act and the federal Civil Rights Act of 1964 should be a rude awakening.

Twice this semester the SCHOLASTIC has reported on the progress of a case of racial discrimination involving a member of the Notre Dame faculty, Dr. David Lewis of the department of history (SCHOLASTIC, Oct. 8 and 22). Both times we suggested that prompt action through the normal legal channels should be sufficient to bring about a proper and just settlement of the issue. Unfortunately, it appears this has not been the case.

To date the under-staffed and extra-hesitant Indiana Civil Rights Commission has taken no action upon the affidavits submitted to it, and the action of the South Bend City Council Committee on Housing (recently merged with the South Bend Human Relations and Fair Employment Practices Committee) can be termed nothing

short of completely unsatisfactory. This committee, in a hearing on Friday, December 18, not only refused to authorize publication of its findings, but also exhibited total confusion as to the extent of its authority and its unwillingness to take any proper action to enforce its judgements. The Committee, after hearing the realtor involved admit the facts contained in the affidavits were correct, limited its penalty to a recommendation that the realtor submit a letter to the Committee admitting his guilt and pledging not to violate the anti-discrimination acts in the future.

This week Dr. Lewis received a copy of that letter. It states that the realtor *had not and would not* violate the sections of the civil rights acts pertaining to the sale or rental of housing. The spectacle of an official body charged with the enforcement of anti-discrimination legislation accepting, as the proper fulfillment of its responsibilities, a formal denial of guilt in violation of testimony is indeed both disgusting and saddening to anyone concerned with the implementation of state and local authority in the field of civil rights.

Perhaps Goldwater was right. Any further failures by local authorities to fulfill their responsibilities under both state and federal laws can only lead to the very thing he feared—the transfer of local power and responsibility to the only body seemingly capable or willing to act in the interests of justice—the federal government.

— E. B. G.

The Man Who Stayed Behind

One by one the Kennedy men began to drift away after November of 1963. There was a difference in emphasis, approach, maybe *style* in the new President's administration and predictions had it that by year's end the Schlesingers, the Sorensens, the O'Briens, Bobby, and Sarge Shriver would all fade from the President's inner circle. And with a few notable exceptions—Larry O'Brien, McGeorge Bundy, and Sarge Shriver—they did. Even O'Brien, the new Postmaster General, and Bundy, the soon-to-be head of the Ford Foundation, are in different slots today. This week the most durable, and the most incongruous of the Johnson team, Sarge Shriver, stepped down from the Peace Corps to devote full time to the War on Poverty.

Shriver's accomplishments in the Peace Corps were many: today there are 10,000 men and women serving in three-score nations—but perhaps too many. Heady with the success the Corps was enjoying (even against government agencies, the CIA in particular), Shriver took control of a far larger, and in the long run more important, government post, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity when the Poverty War became law in August of 1964. Almost from the day he assumed the dual role, Shriver has been under attack from Congress, particularly Republicans, to give up one of the two major posts.

Shriver's resignation from the Peace Corps would seem to confirm what those critics have contended for two years—that the double responsibility was too crushing and that he could not fulfill either function adequately.

In the past three months Shriver is reported to have asked the President three times to relieve him, but each time meeting with a Presidential rebuff. Now, with the Left contending the Warriors are playing politics at the expense of the poor, and the Right charging that the nation cannot afford a second war to compete with Viet Nam, the President has wisely acceded to Mr. Shriver's request.

In accepting Shriver's resignation from the Corps, the President praised him as "one of few men in the life of the nation who have ever held such broad responsibilities and at the same time discharged them so well." He went on to note that Shriver would "be working double-time now, as he always has, but on one rather than two jobs."

There is little doubt that the President's estimation of the Poverty directorship as a job that demands double-time is correct—the Job Corps riots and the blatant politics of the Chicago poverty project need only be reviewed. But in investing Shriver with fuller responsibility, he has also exposed him to the critical barrages, both political and military, in the months ahead. For Notre Dame's Patriot of the Year, 1965, the man who stayed behind, the challenge will be tiresome and unrewarding—and undoubtedly met.

— R. S. A.

The Great 'Steal' Crisis

Another little-publicized news item from SCHOLASTIC wires:

It was disclosed just this morning at a news conference held in Pittsburgh that the controversy between the Jerusalem Steel Corporation and a major automobile manufacturer has finally come to an end after several weeks of intensive negotiations. The announcement was made by Douglas MacMann, speaking for fiery steel company president Mike Feather who is still in the hospital, and John Linseed, spokesman for the auto manufacturer.

About two weeks ago the steelmaker announced it was raising its prices, demanding a 25 per cent increase in the basic price per ton. The auto company, calling the whopping increase "ridiculous and beyond question," refused to pay the price. Jerusalem, refusing to relent, halted steel shipments to the company. Linseed, who took over as president of the auto company on the eve of the crisis, could do nothing, apparently because of personal opposition within the steel negotiators' ranks.

It was at about this time that the President said that he felt the steel company's demands should not be met, but that he could do nothing unless he was asked by Linseed.

Through round-the-clock negotiations, the agreement was reached at 6:05 a.m. this morning. It brought with it a concession by the steel company, which agreed to lower its price boost to what MacMann termed a "barely adequate" 15 per cent, instead of the originally announced 25 per cent.

The President called a news conference later in the morning, at which he said that he found the settlement unsatisfactory. He claims that the move taken by the steel company was highly inflationary, and that he will look into it in greater detail after returning from a week-end at the LBJ ranch on the banks of the murky Pendernales.

— R. B.

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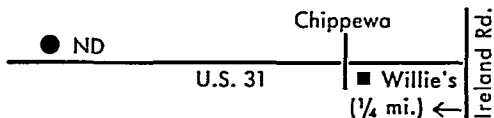
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news and notes

• BERNARD FALL, French political scientist and leading authority on Indochina, will speak at 8 p.m., Thursday, February 3, in the Law Auditorium. Fall is unique in that he is both a State Department consultant on Viet Nam and a frequent critic of American policy in Southeast Asia. A personal acquaintance of Ho Chi Minh, Fall is the author of *Two Viet Nams*, which is the standard work on Viet Nam.

• GIRLS IN THE NOTRE DAME undergraduate colleges? Maybe. Girls in the Notre Dame Law School? Never. Until next semester. Then, yes. *Two* of them. One, from Dayton University. The other, a Negro girl from Alabama. Two of them. Two, at the Notre Dame Law School. Never? Next semester.

• ZAHM HALL FIRE . . . destruction . . . billowing smoke. Here is the capsule description of the sensational Zahm holocaust. The third floor Zahmbies were the first to notice the blaze when smoke began seething out of the garbage chute. Quick-thinking students began walking aimlessly up and down the hall. Finally, some of them decided it would be a good idea to attack the source of the fire instead of opening and closing the garbage chute door creating a James Bond smoke-screen effect. When they reached the basement they were astounded to find some ND firemen there who professionally doused the blaze with a fire extinguisher. Damage? \$0.00 . . . A welcome diversion.

• THE AUTHOR of *Robert Jay Misch's Foreign Dining Dictionary*, the weekly syndicated column, "Eat, Drink and Be Merry," and a consultant of the Wine Institute will be on campus on Sunday, February 6. Yes he will. Mr. Misch will lecture to a discriminative and discriminating audience of students and faculty members on the subject of wines. The lecture will be followed by a tasting session.

The whole musky occasion is the brainchild of sophomore Chris Murphy who saw Misch at Harvard and Amherst and sought administration permission to bring him here. Lyons Hall is sponsoring the fete. All will be in the best of taste. Semi-formal attire is required. For students, too.

Misch is a *magna cum laude* graduate of Dartmouth and has lectured extensively on the East Coast.

• RICHARD B. OGILVIE, sheriff and sole Republican official of Cook County (Chicago), Illinois, will speak in the Library Auditorium at 8:15 p.m., Thursday, February 3. Sponsored here by the Young Republicans, Sheriff Ogilvie has been instrumental in the establishment of a civil-service type employment procedure in the county and the creation of new county courts.

• BILL FRAVEL, A CAVANAUGH freshman, was savoring his chicken soup at lunch last week when a slight irregularity caught his eye. He stirred around in the bowl for several seconds, and, before several reputable witnesses, plucked a feather from the soup. Fravel, who does not like the taste of feathers, did not finish his soup. He specifies that the tiny plume



was distinctly black. Despite some unauthoritative speculation, it seems unlikely that the incident has any connection with the occurrences at the South Dining Hall several weeks back. The chicken soup incident is not as serious as it may seem, for, after all, it was only a small feather. Nevertheless, the color of the feather has let some to believe that the donor was a crow. Investigations are now being conducted to determine how the dining hall was given the bird.

• REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH C.S.C. and ecumenical luminaries (among them: Yves Congar, Arthur C. McGill, Dean Howard Root and Joseph Sittler) met last month at Bellagio, Lake Como, Italy, and established the Academic Council of an ecumenical institute for advanced theological studies. Father Hesburgh chairs the body which has its head-

quarters in Jerusalem. The Council was set up in response to an invitation from the International Federation of Catholic Universities (of which Hesburgh is president), which had been entrusted by the Pope with responsibility for initiating the project. This new ecumenical institute will concentrate on a program of common theological research, with special emphasis on the current interpretation of the redemption. Members of the Academic Council were chosen on the basis of their ecumenical experience as well as their academic qualifications.

• THE EIGHTH ANNUAL Finance Forum, sponsored by the Finance Club, will take on national overtones when it commences on February 8. Eight speakers representing business enterprises from coast to coast will be on hand for lectures concerning their respective fields. Keynote speaker will be Mr. Norman Strunk, Vice President of the United States Savings and Loan League, who will begin the schedule of conferences at a banquet in the Morris Inn Tuesday evening. Seven talks will follow on Wednesday and Thursday, February 9 and 10.

Tickets for both the banquet and the conferences will be available in the lobby of the Commerce Building, in the dining halls, and from Finance Club members. Cancelled cuts will be granted to all students attending the conferences.

• TWO HUNDRED RESIDENTS of Saint Joseph Valley will be on the receiving end of a free, noncredit course in computer programming beginning February 3. The fifteen-week course will be offered at the Computer Center on Thursday evenings.

• BEWARE, EVILDOERS! Batman is everywhere. Starting at the same time as the Batman TV game, the ND-Detroit basketball show was momentarily interrupted by America's greatest crime-fighter. Batman (Tom Weir) and Boy Wonder Robin (John Hughes) made their entrances camouflaged in the traditional detectives' raincoats. Then, noticing an evildoer, at the proper instant they threw off their raincoats (Zap!), ran around the court up into the stands and followed their suspect out into the cold (Curses!). The crowd gave them a warm reaction and were elated over their efforts to further the American Way. In a candid interview with Batman, he counseled us to warn any campus bad-guys to be on their guard because Batman may strike out at any moment.



campus at a glance

"FRATS" CLASH

So as not to confuse the reader, the following is not a recount of the Liston-Clay fight nor is it the usual run of the mill slash-by-slash description of a Notre Dame-South Bend tussle. It is, however, a story of the "great fraternity"—the fellows who link hands at a pep rally, lounge at the Rathskeller, and drink at Kubiak's.

The scene: the Eagle's Lodge, about as glamorous as the alleged crime. The function: the monthly YCA (Young Christian Adults) dance. The crime: assault by a Notre Dame student on two other Notre Dame students.

At approximately nine p.m., last Friday, the two victims, sophomores Dave Graves and John Molinelli paid the \$1.50 admission charge and proceeded to do what most people do at a YCA dance — frug, jerk, etc.

Two and a half hours later their evening of relaxation turned into one of rage, but rage without resistance.

According to South Bend police, at 11:30 p.m. Molinelli was talking to a young lady when he was struck in the face by a man. The crime report listed injuries as a cut right eye and a fractured nose.

The police said the suspect is approximately 6-feet-3-inches tall and believed to be a freshman at Notre Dame. The special policeman at the dance did not see the attack but upon noticing the aftermath walked over and asked the students if they wanted to press charges. But the charges were not made until Molinelli was admitted to St. Joseph's Hospital.

Molinelli revealed later that he was not the only one to get punched and that his friend Graves also caught a clip. "Dave was dancing with a girl," he said, "and this guy came up and asked if he could cut in. The girl said no and Dave continued to dance. Then the guy hit him in the mouth and he fell to the floor.

"I started to move to help him up when I got hit. I didn't even see the punch." Neither Graves nor Molinelli landed a punch in the episode.

At about the same time, junior Edward Malik was walking in the 500 block of North Michigan Street when he was approached by a young man who began to badger him. Shortly after, six more youths piled out of two parked autos and attacked him. Malik was treated at Memorial Hospital for a cut chin, broken nose and a concussion.

EXCELLENCE AND WAR

Within the squat, faceless nerve center of the United States military establishment, the Pentagon, there exists an institution dedicated to the refinement and sophistication of the art of war. While it isn't a degree-granting, cut-counting outpost of academia, it is referred to as a "college" — the National War College.

Last week, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., became one of four new members to the Board of Consultants at the National War College. Father Hesburgh joins new appointees Thomas S. Gates, Chairman of the Morgan Guarantee Trust; Ralph L. Powell, Professor of Far East Studies at The American University; and Richard Amberg, the publisher of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Among those on the nine-man Board who were not appointed this year are Admiral Arleigh Burke, USN retired, former Chief of Naval Operations; General Nathan Twining, USAF retired, former Air Force Chief of Staff; and Melville Grosvenor, editor and President of the National Geographic Society.

The National War College is located in Washington and serves "an exclusive role in the United States military and diplomatic structure." It offers a 42-week course of studies to a select group of 130 Army, Air Force, and Marine colonels, Navy

captains, and top civilians from such agencies as the CIA, State and Defense Departments.

Students average about forty years of age, and three of four military graduates usually have a star within ten years upon leaving the College. The faculty numbers approximately 30 men, but only three or four are civilians, one civilian faculty member in 1958-59 was Dr. Gerhard Niemeyer, now of the Notre Dame Political Science Department, who conducted a three-week course on the Soviet Bloc at the War College.

The primary purpose of the college, Dr. Niemeyer feels, is to instill a spirit of camaraderie among the men from the various services and agencies, "so that when these men do become leaders in their respective organizations, they will know and trust each other and will be able to work well together." Secondly, relates Dr. Niemeyer, this period of study gives the men nearly a year off from work (even the military students wear civilian dress) and gives them time to think and form educated opinions. Only thirdly, then, is the purpose of the College to be a traditional informational institution.

Colonel Michael J. Orlando, Public Information Officer at the War College, says appointees to the Board of Consultants represent a cross section of American public life. As educator and college president, as well as for his wide national and international experience (U. S. Commission on Civil Rights; National Science Board; U. S. Advisory Commission on International, Educational, and Cultural Affairs, papal representative to International Atomic Energy Agency), Father Hesburgh was chosen this year. The Board meets once a year to review the policy and organization of the College and is responsible to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Father Hesburgh is not the first priest to serve on the Board. One



DICK GREGORY
Sellin' the Book



ALONG THE ROAD TO SAINT MARY'S
What's Alleged and What's Attempted

of the men he replaces is Rev. Edward Bunn, S.J., President of Georgetown University. In addition, Fr. Hesburgh has held a similar position at one of the United States service academies.

DICK GREGORY: CALL HIM NIGGER

"Me — I'm a born pessimist. The minute I stop looking on the black side of things, I'm out of a job." The man behind those words is Dick Gregory, sometime civil rights marcher and *Playboy* aficionado and full-time comedian. Gregory will be in South Bend February 20 for a benefit performance for the Notre Dame Civil Rights Commission. Proceeds of the performance will go to establishing a second Negro scholarship fund.

Jay Cooper, Notre Dame Human Affairs Commissioner, contracted for Gregory's appearance to dramatize an awakening of new racial attitudes on the campus. Perhaps the most significant of Notre Dame's interracial activities to date has been a drive by CONE, the Committee on Negro Enrollment, to encourage talented Negro high-schoolers to attend Notre Dame. Over the Christmas holidays, 80 students extolled the virtues of a Notre Dame education to over 1500 Negro high school students, of whom about 20 per cent are expected to apply for admission.

The first Negro scholarship was established last year by a judge in Wilmington, Delaware. Next semester, as part of the activity of the Notre Dame Civil Rights Commission, John R. Donahue, a Notre Dame sophomore from Detroit will study at Xavier University, a predominantly Negro school in New Orleans. In his place will be Reginald Woods, a junior pre-medical student from New

Orleans. Both students will be in place and studying by the date of the Gregory concert at the Morris Civic Auditorium. Joining Gregory for the benefit will be singer Nina Simone.

Self-admittedly, Gregory's rise to fame as a stand-up comedian is due in part to racial discord in the United States. Not a few times has he been charged by whites and Negroes for cashing in on the misfortune of his race. But Gregory, especially of late, has been anything but defensive about his race, noting in the preface to his autobiography, *Nigger*, "Mama, don't be mad when you hear somebody say nigger—they're just advertising my book." Racial demonstrations have taken Gregory from the night club circuit and onto the picket line, where he has been particularly vocal about "de-facto" segregation in the North. Last August during the rebellion in the Negro ghetto of Watts, Gregory was wounded attempting to aid law officers quell the riot.

OFFICIALS DIFFER ON SMC "ATTACK"

An alleged attack and attempted assault on a St. Mary's student has thickened the mystery which grew out of two such attacks in the western side of South Bend before Christmas. Although there have been a few reports of suspicious drivers following and propositioning students in past months, this is the first incident to warrant police attention.

Sheriff William "Billy" Locks' office confirmed the Saint Mary's attack but had no comment other than "we're working on it, but we have not stepped up sheriff's patrols on the campus." There was an official "no comment" on a possible link between the West Side assaults and the Saint Mary's attack.

Despite confirmation of the attack

by the Sheriff's office and a number of Saint Mary's students, Sister Basil Anthony, Saint Mary's Dean of Students, denied that the alleged attack had ever taken place. Sister claimed that the directive from Pam Smith asking girls not to travel alone or in small groups was instituted under her OK as "simple common sense for any girls who walk the streets."

Last week's incident follows on the heels of two incidents that occurred last month when one woman was attacked in her backyard December 9, another in her home on the 23rd. Although the identity of the phantom criminal is completely unknown, Police Chief Irvin Hampton revealed that it is probably a younger man. The two South Bend cases prompted several of the men in the neighborhood which was the site of the attacks to arm themselves with shotguns. The west-end vigilantes hoped to scare off the man.

Chief Hampton reports that calls tipping off the police about prowlers and "peeping-toms" have been frequent since then; but he added, "This is nothing new. We get similar calls every night of the year."

Actually, this is not the first time South Bend has been shadowed by an at-large attacker. In the fall of 1964, Hill Street was the scene of similar crimes. Eventually, the offender was caught. He's now serving an indeterminate sentence at the Institution for the Criminally Insane at Westville. "Detectives have been especially assigned to crack the case, and we have reason to believe that the man will be apprehended," Chief Hampton said this week.

"Even though there has been no confirmation of the St. Mary's attack with my office, the statement I released earlier is just as true. I urge all women to avoid walking alone, which is a good rule any time."



CABERFAE'S BASE CAMP
Where the Boys and the Girls Are

LANGUAGE DORMS

International aspirations on campus reached a new high this week. The Committee on Language Residences, established by several faculty members and students interested in creating foreign language dorms and houses, submitted a questionnaire to the student body surveying student opinion. Strong support may enable the program to be initiated next September.

The dorms and houses would be divided according to language — French, German, Spanish, Russian—and would be somewhat selective in their residents. Halls would be open only to juniors. The off-campus houses would admit only seniors. Both halls and houses would be staffed by a limited number of returned Innsbruck students, native South Americans, those who have traveled in Russia and have a good Russian proficiency, and, in the future, returnees from the French program at Angers. Participants in the language dorm experiment would not have to be language majors. Indeed, non-language majors are the primary target of the project. Hopefully, and most probably, professors of the four languages would live on the floors of the hall and in the various houses where their respective languages are spoken.

In order to fan enthusiasm for the project, a Committee on language residences has been formed. University notables include Dr. George Shuster, Assistant to the President; Dr. Robert Nuner, modern language department head; Arthur Evans, French professor; Walter Langford, Spanish professor and chief Peace Corps officer on campus; Albert Wimmer, German professor, and Joseph Gatto, professor of Russian. Three student members of the committee are juniors Tom Timmons and Tom Malone and senior Jerry Kohl.

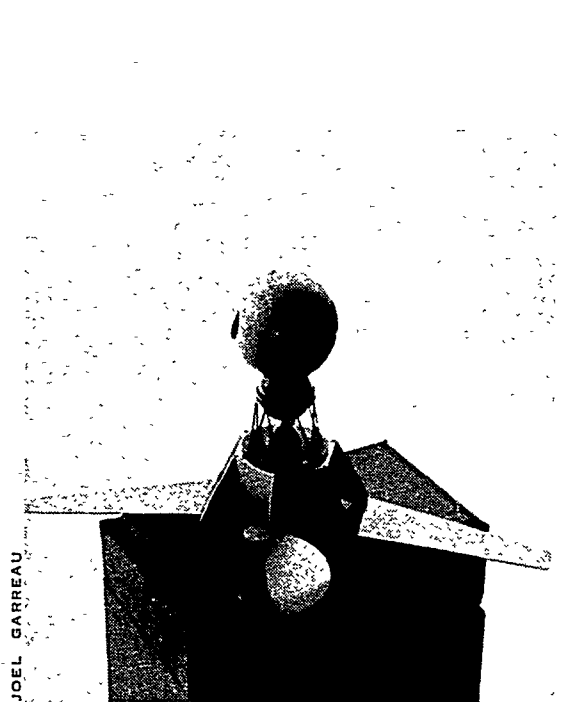
The plan's backers stress that every effort would be made to maintain a serious atmosphere and avoid what might be termed a "ghetto." The juniors and seniors would constantly speak the foreign language of their hall and in this way would slowly acquire that language. Because of this, only limited classroom training will be required.

YOUTH CENTER FACES ROCKY FINANCIAL ROAD

The East Side Youth Center, an ambitious project of Notre Dame's Civil Rights and South Bend Relations Commissions will stumble through more financial difficulties before it is completed. That's the word from John McCuen, South Bend Relations Chairman, who admitted postponement of the scheduled opening this month and at the same time launched an intensified fund drive.

Original plans for the Center involved renting a house or vacant store in the area near the intersection of Corby and Eddy streets. Not one of over twenty prospective landlords contacted by McCuen would rent the property for the intended use. Upon advisement of three local realtors, McCuen negotiated for a land contract on a house, store, and garage located at 1146-48 South Bend Avenue. This decision raised the budget for the Center substantially, so much that funds would have to be solicited on a formal basis. Two area alumni, Dick Rosenthal, President of the St. Joseph Bank and Trust Company, and John Powers, Managing Editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, agreed to help in the fund raising.

When the need of a salaried director became apparent from consultation with professionals in social work,



CAPSULE MODEL
"Within the Decade . . ."

the budget for the first year operation pushed past \$15,000. After Rosenthal and Powers found a severe lack of enthusiasm for contributions from ordinarily generous residents, they decided that the United Community Services, the administrators of United Fund contributions in the area, would be the next most promising source of funds.

McCuen and Buck McFadden, Chairman of the Civil Rights Commission, submitted their proposal to Al Cooper, Director of UCS, and discovered that no less than a three month investigation would be required before a decision could be made on the availability of funds. Valjean Dickinson, Director of Action Inc., the administrator of the War on Poverty funds for South Bend, was consulted on the possibility of federal aid but admitted that new appropriations come about very slowly, and as much as a year might be needed before approval could be granted.

Dr. Roland Chamblee, head of the NAACP of South Bend, has suggested that funds might be available for the Center from churches and other organizations in the neighborhood the proposed Center would serve. Contact with a member of the Hering House Board of Trustees, a wing of the South Bend Urban League, has made possible a formal request for funds from the sale of property once used for a similar center, the Hering House, which was closed four years ago as a fire hazard. Both potential sources are being sounded by McCuen, with the aid of the YMCA and UCS. Appropriations from Mardi Gras funds for the Center will be determined by the Student Senate in meetings scheduled next month.

With such reluctance and delay in funds required for the "sophisticated" version of the Center, McCuen has



JANUARY 21, 1966: 14° AND 14"
Where the former is but the latter isn't

once again attempted to rent property. Preliminary discussion with the owner has resulted in a tentative agreement to rent the vacant store at 1148 South Bend Ave. If \$500 can be raised before June the teen-age youth of the East Side may finally have a center.

Once established, the Center will be operated and staffed by Notre Dame students. Summer months will be handled by South Bend college students, volunteers from National Students Association-affiliated colleges, and Notre Dame volunteers. To avoid having to pay a full-time director, negotiations with Sam Winston of UCS have been carried on to share the services of the director of the established West Side Youth Center, an agency supported by United Fund money.

NASA CONTRACT PENDING

There's a great many "ifs" at this stage, but it may not be too long before the "beep-beeps" from a lunar space satellite could have a special sound for Notre Dame's department of aerospace engineering. Today, that dream of Notre Dame's own space satellite rests in quiet and scaled-down repose as a plastic model on the windowsill of Dr. John Nicolaides, chairman of the aerospace department. But *if* the Notre Dame project receives the approval of NASA and *if* an industrial concern, say, Northrop Aviation or Radio Corporation of America is willing to finance it, a Notre Dame capsule mounted on a Ranger-Mariner bus could lift off atop an Atlas-Agena rocket within the next decade.

Professor Nicolaides is currently writing up his proposal for presentation—and hopefully, preliminary approval—to the government space agency. If and when the capsule is

successfully launched, the satellite would enter a roughly elliptical orbit around the moon. The capsule would transmit data back to earth only as it passes the earth side of the moon. One of the project's prime objectives would be to discover exactly how far the moon is from the center of gravity of the earth, a precondition to calculating the lunar gravitational field.

Notre Dame's imaginative and admittedly futuristic scheme has captured the attention of another neighboring institution, the University of Michigan. That university's Extraterrestrial Research Center is interested in Notre Dame's gravity work as it relates to their Apollo Applications program. Michigan's "AA" with the possible aid of the Notre Dame satellite, is intended to act as a technological bridge to more sophisticated manned space flights in the 1970's and 80's.

Nicolaides first suggested the use of a lunar capsule to measure the moon's gravitational field in a chapter entitled "Lunar and Planet Navigation" that appeared in 1963 in *Advances in Space Science and Technology*. But in the years that followed that article, the aerospace department's energies have not concentrated exclusively on things ethereal. Undergraduate enrollment and faculty have doubled since last year while the number of graduate students was increasing fivefold. A new wing has sprouted from the original aerospace building, enabling the older structure to be converted to lab research. At the same time as the physical plant was being expanded, contract dollars began to pour in from the Army, Navy, Air Force, NASA, the Atomic Energy Commission and civilian industry. Total value of these contracts has jumped from \$10,000 a year ago to a figure over \$100,000 today.

ALUMNI CONFAB

In an attempt "to try and translate the University's programs to the alumni through the Association and transfer back the alumni's thoughts, reactions, and suggestions" the Board of the Alumni Association of the University of Notre Dame will hold their first meeting of 1966 at the Morris Inn this weekend.

The meeting will begin Thursday night with an address by Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., Executive Vice-President of the University, entitled "Notre Dame Looks Ahead" to a dinner for members of the Board and administration officials.

Friday, the Board's meeting will begin with a faculty panel presentation and then break down into committees dealing with various aspects of the University's operations. Friday night the Board will host the Athletic Department at a dinner and presentation of the "highlights of 1965."

Saturday, the Board will again break down into committees for meetings with University officials and department heads. At a luncheon on Saturday the board will play host to Student Body President Minch Lewis, SCHOLASTIC Editor John Twohey, Senior Class President, John Buck, and John Chesire, Chairman of the Blue Circle Honor Society, who will present reports on the activities and viewpoints of their organizations.

Saturday afternoon the Board will again break down into committees to finish its operations and reports. At Saturday night's dinner Rev. Joseph Hoffman, C.S.C., University Chaplain, Gerald Rauch, editor of the *Canticle*, and Rev. Albert Schlitzer, C.S.C., chairman of the March Symposium on Vatican II, will present a discussion of "Religion at Notre Dame." The Board will close its meeting with a private Mass in the chapel of Alumni Hall on Sunday morning. ■

on other campuses

• WHAT APPEARS BELOW is excerpted from the January 3 edition of the *Wall Street Journal* (. . . really).

"The oceanography professor," says one of his students, "fits his own description of an abyssal plain — dull, flat, monotonous, and covered with sediments."

This harsh judgment is an excerpt from *Course Critique*, a 362-page book published last fall by the student body of the University of Washington. Already a best seller (7,000 copies sold at \$1 apiece), the book turns the tables on the university's faculty, grading almost 400 teachers from A (excellent) to E (deplorable).

Like it or not, the academic community at the University of Washington and at many other schools had better steel themselves to the innovation. Public criticism by students of professorial performance in the classroom is spreading, along with student activism in general.

There is organized public grading of teachers by students at a minimum of twenty schools now, according to the National Students Association, a Washington, D.C., group representing more than a million collegians. Such programs blossomed for the first time this fall at a number of campuses, including the University of Washington, the University of Minnesota, Oberlin College in Ohio, and the City College in New York.

In some cases, their elders are giv-

ing the students encouragement and support. At CCNY, school officials are even financing a student-proposed evaluation program. Faculty and administration committees at Yale and Cornell Universities have recommended that students have a voice in grading teachers.

Student ratings, however, are reducing some professors to sputtering indignation. The United Federation of College Teachers, a local of the American Federation of Teachers, acidly charges that the program at CCNY "builds the values of the TV pollster into the academic situation."

At Harvard University, one of the few schools where published student evaluations are a matter of long standing, the faculty long ago learned to live with the *Confidential Guide* to selected courses, published by the editors of the *Crimson*, Harvard's student newspaper.

In the most recent *Guide*, the 40th annual edition, Music I is rated as "the best survey course Harvard has to offer" and Professor E. Wooworth, who teaches it, is highly praised. But the handbook has slight tolerance with "gut" courses, dismissing Humanities II as an "instant culture" exercise, "one of the most generally educational cocktail party courses around."

The *Guide* has teeth as well and bares them in describing Economics 108 as "a rather aimless safari through the wasteland of economic

development and underdevelopment." Humanities 121 is described as a haven for "satiated English majors, esoteric psych majors and folksy gut-seekers."

Course Critique, at Washington, offered all 25,000 students at the school a chance to have their say. 6,000 responded to a questionnaire which was processed last summer by a team of statisticians; each teacher included in the critique was rated by 16½ per cent of all the students taking the course he was graded for. Care was taken to prevent the *Critique* from becoming a sounding board for the gripes of poor students; among those who did the rating, A and B students outnumbered those getting D or E by more than five to one.

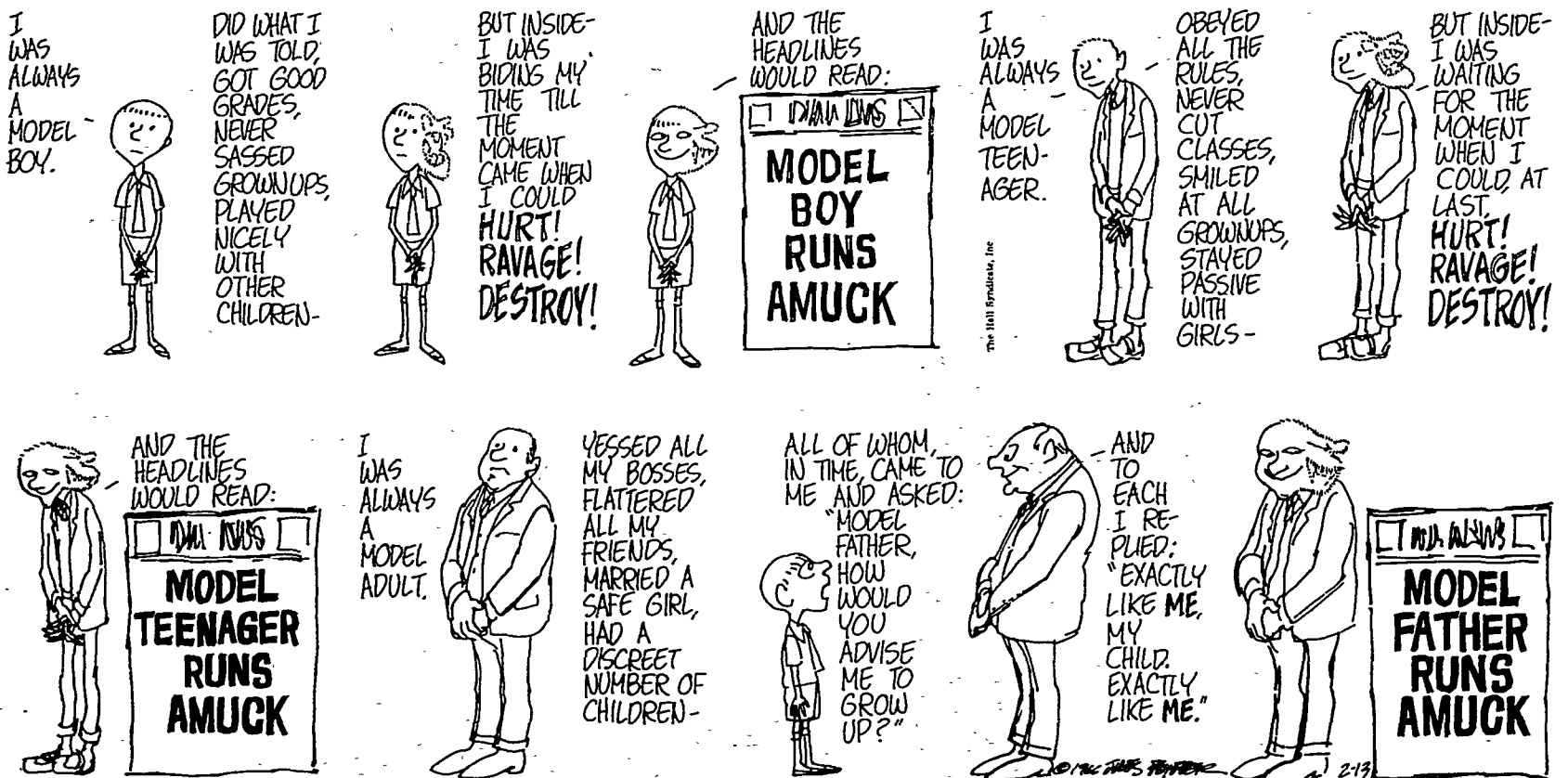
Comments from the *Critique*:

Librarianship 100: "I got an A in the course and didn't crack a book all semester or learn a thing. I could have learned more in a cave." Political Science 201: "(Not a text) but a divine revelation from the mouth of FDR, sitting on the right hand of God."

From the professors: "The appraisals frequently and needlessly are lacking in tact — to put it mildly." "(The *Critique*) is by the cretins, of the cretins, and for the cretins."

— CLAYTON LEROUX
— GEORGE GRUMLEY

feiffer



A QUESTION OF HONOR

BY DAN MURRAY

THE OBLIVION INTO WHICH the issue of the Honor Code has sunk is curious. Very little is said about it except for sporadic announcements from the Honor Council that are largely ignored. Nearing the end of the third semester of the Code, we find that it has encountered only unpublicized opposition with support of it generally expressed on the level of pious platitudes.

We could be pessimistic. Last year there were 46 self-reports of honor violations and seventeen reports by instructors. Two trials were held. This semester only six students have turned themselves in voluntarily. One other student was turned in by a professor, and there is a case pending, making a total of eight reports thus far this semester. During the two years of the Code's operation, in only two cases were students prompted to turn themselves in voluntarily after a warning by another student. The obvious conclusion is that if a person wishes to cheat he is not in danger of being reported by another student, and he need only fear action by the teacher who leaves the classroom under Code provisions.

The situation is worsened by the fact that some teachers are now disregarding the Code completely and handling cheating themselves. One priest-professor remarked that he looks "until I get a headache" because he feels that he has a responsibility to students in his class to prevent cheating. He first became suspicious when he received an anonymous note complaining of cheating on tests and found identical answers on several tests. The priest now believes cheating is more prevalent after the introduction of the honor system. "When cheating is obvious to me, then I lower the boom" — without any notification to the Honor Council. Some students learn from their mistakes, he feels, while others are more recalcitrant; the latter are reported to the dean. Such incidents are recorded and may become a crucial factor in graduate, law, and medical school recommendations, according to the professor.

Also working against the success of the honor system is the indifference to the Code which exists among certain groups in the University. Many business administration professors are

reported to be unsympathetic to the Honor Code, and there are persistent rumors that several football players have been involved in Honor Code violations. The net result of these rumors, whether true or false, is to undermine confidence in the Code.

The Honor Council chairman, Greg Hobbs, gives three signs that would indicate an erosion of the spirit of honor at Notre Dame, and, therefore, would require a return to the proctor system. The first sign would be that teachers took the matter of proctoring into their own hands rather than leaving the problem of honor exclusively to the students. A second sign of honor erosion would be anonymous letters being received by teachers and the Honor Council to the effect that cheating was taking place. The third sign would be widespread student apathy toward a spirit of honor, possibly even spreading to the Honor Council itself. Hobbs does not believe this is happening at the present time.

However, the Honor Council chairman is aware of the magnitude of the difficulties. He is particularly concerned about the matter of teachers proctoring tests themselves and handling honor violations outside of the

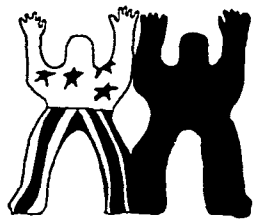
Honor Council. The Council has "theoretical control over all honor violations," according to Hobbs. But he admits a teacher could fail a student through his right to distribute grades as he pleases, thus penalizing a student for cheating without recourse to the Honor Council.

But Hobbs warns, "If teachers try to take matters into their own hands, we have an erosion of the Honor Code. If a faculty member proceeds to take action on his own for an alleged honor violation, the student should appeal to the Honor Council so that even if we have to, we can talk first of all through the Honor Council faculty advisor. If there are still problems, it could be worked through the administration."

To the complaint of some professors that working through the Honor Council involves too much bureaucracy, the Council chairman replies that a certain amount of procedure is necessary to protect the rights of the students involved. He notes that last year at least three students were found not guilty who might have been penalized under the old system. The advantage of the present system is to let an independent body judge the facts rather than a teacher who might be prejudiced, since he is involved in the case from the outset. A case involving a plea of guilty normally takes only four days, while a case where a student pleads not guilty on the average runs to a week and a half.

(Continued on page 32)





REACTION AIRINGS

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES were received by the SCHOLASTIC in answer to "Turn Left To Promised Land," a series of articles presented on these pages last week by members of the Notre Dame Chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society. The SCHOLASTIC's aim in providing a forum for the SDS, that is, the stimulation of discussion on the New Left, has evidently been accomplished.

The pages of the SCHOLASTIC will remain open to any student wishing to express intelligent and provocative views of interest to the community.

PREJUDICIAL TO THE EFFECTIVENESS of any argument is impassioned rhetoric, sustained and grandified by metaphor and symbol.

I respect Mr. Joyce for his efforts and his dedication to the cause of human rights. I agree in sentiment and substance with the greater portion of his article. So much the more, then, is it disturbing that he should finally lash out with his pompous invective, setting himself up as the arbiter of perhaps 3000 consciences—flailing at the faith of "Notre Dame men, generally."

To say that the spirit of Christianity, professed at the altar, does not seem to be reflected in action toward our colored brothers is not to say that our faith has no more meaning than pre-Christian cultish practice. To accuse us, generally, with superstitious consciences, raw with guilt over prurient pursuits is marvellously self-righteous.

Mr. Joyce's denunciation, conceived in bad taste, rises like an imprecation to Baal and drowns the voices of Negroes and conscientious whites alike.

TOM VOLINI
275 Lyons

YOUR JANUARY 14 FEATURE "Turn Left to the Promised Land" represents an indeed rare glimpse of the literate phase of the Leftist movement.

The articles reflected rather accurately other subtle characteristics of the movement — witness the lack of concrete, constructive suggestions. Mr. O'Mara bids us "live responsibly and honestly." Mr. Kirchner wants us to demand our rightful "freedom and responsibility." Mr. Joyce declares that the tutorial program is "not enough." The only action even remotely suggested by Mr. Faust is the ignition of our draft cards.

That each of these writers sought to unsettle us, yet provided no direction for us to take once inertia is overcome, is not surprising. SDS is characterized by a spirit of *mea culpa*, a sort of apology to the world that we are its strongest and richest people. Lacking the imagination and the patience to utilize this position for the betterment of underdeveloped peoples, they take solace in denouncing their God-given advantages and behaving like the oppressed. Those who participate in such obviously point-

less and frustrated activities as sit-ins and draft card burning are more to be pitied than censured.

SDS is remarkably accurate in its diagnosis of the global struggle for equality, but it doesn't seem to know what to do about it. In my opinion, it is up to the middle-class, conservative student to provide this leadership. While SDS is outside burning their draft cards, let's get in the library and figure out how to aid the Vietnamese and others without weakening their domestic economy. While they fast in the chapel, let's go to the lab and prepare to meet the food and clothing problems of the world's population. While they march around the Capitol, let us study the political problems of the world we will soon lead.

The equality for which SDS is frustratedly searching will come someday. Whether it comes as a violent, disorganized revolution from which no one stands to gain, or a sudden, remarkable rise in the living standard of the world, depends on who takes the leadership—SDS or ND. The Promised Land can already be seen by the Left, but let us pray it lies in the center.

JIM FULLIN
131 Breen-Phillips

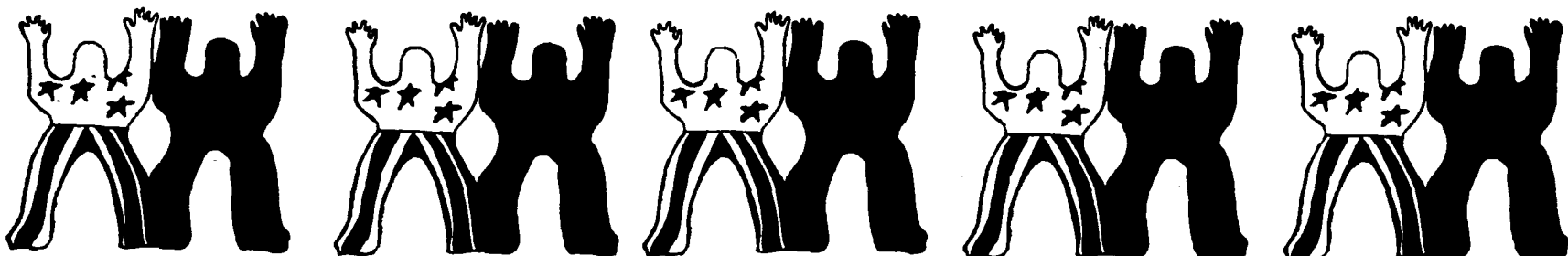
AT THE RISK OF BEING identified with the anti's—America, Viet Nam War, draft card, and so forth—I must protest!

MR. O'MARA:

If this is the "most dangerous nation" in the world, I feel certain you won't have to worry long about your safety. As soon as Washington reads your article, you should quite quickly be deported from our country. Can't you give more than one example of "a thousand forms of social injustice?" You write, "Some ask for evidence, which is quite reasonable." Yet you speak with vehement condemnations in a most general, unauthentic, and unreasonable manner. Again, are you sure the present junior, seniors, and first-year grads came to the school "with the football team?" 1960-63! Record, 12-25! Look around you a bit and see the changes on campus which do reflect themselves nationwide—CILA, Peace Corps volunteers, YCS and the new liturgy, the tutoring program, Big Brothers in South Bend. How blind are you?

NOW TOM:

Doesn't it seem reasonable that when five thousand plus undergrads joyfully and willingly rush to the stadium on football Saturdays that, although several, maybe five or six, find their *dissenting* strength unable to open the library doors, unity and distinction do uniquely exist at Notre Dame? Besides, I've often seen Fr. Hesburgh smile with glee as our boys scored six points. As for the



Christian community, at least 35 men attended 11:30 Mass in Alumni Thursday. Such a few, you say, but what did Christ's Twelve accomplish among millions? Radical, biased thought such as your caricature of "the Notre Dame student" shouldn't be tolerated when the evidence of many fine men—Miller, Dooley, Scanlon, Guerin, Lynch—find you guilty of malicious slander.

LENNY, SIR:

Go ahead! Accuse the Notre Dame student of at least a "great degree of latent prejudice" in a sweeping, incriminating statement; it shows your ability to peruse five thousand young men carefully, to make a situation black and white, to accomplish nothing but more disdain for your society's level-headed thinking. I am not against greater Negro enrollment but, if I were Dean of Admissions, I would fear the just reprisal of irate alumni if the academic standards were lowered for some, or if an exorbitant number of scholarships were offered to those who would help make Notre Dame un-lily white. Racial prejudice does act in more than one direction.

MR. FAUST:

You seem unable to realize that the "little piece of paper" has, let us say, a value beyond its intrinsic worth as wood pulp. You call its burning "dissent"; others, who far outnumber you, call it a form of treason. For to be a citizen of any country does entail some responsibilities. One of these is military service and defense of that very country you supposedly love. When legitimate authority makes a law, you have no right to disobey. If you don't love this country, if the government restricts you with its power, if you really admire the Viet Cong—go, leave us alone! Most of us Americans want to keep our freedom even if, paradoxically, we have to defend it eight thousand miles from home.

VERNON RODEN
305 Alumni

WE JUST POSSIBLY MIGHT be "the most dangerous" nation on earth, but let us not lose sight of the fact we also have the most productive society in the history of mankind. Mr. O'Mara, "Valediction to Prep School," is a dissenter, and he will always be one because that is his nature. I would like to point out to him the words of Thomas Jefferson: "I would rather bear occasional infidelities than relinquish my general confidence in the honesty of man." Having read Mr. O'Mara's article, everyone would agree that such is not the case with him. His cynical attitude is downright depressing. Mr. O'Mara seems to be one of those sad individuals who wishes to live life the hard way.

I wonder if he has ever taken a look at the fabulous amounts of money spent on foreign aid by the American people yearly. He cites Peru as one of his instances where such aid has gone awry, and this is probably just one of the many instances he can point out. But his particulars will never add up to the whole picture, because he is not looking at the ultimate reality of the whole situation. If he did, his dissention would fall about his ears.

Mr. O'Mara's stereotype of "the native-born white well-educated Americans" is an example of the degradation

that he thinks this particular group of society has undergone. He seems to think that this group wants everything for itself and to hell with everything and everyone else. I would suggest that Mr. O'Mara take a look at the world again. I am not disappointed to inform him that there are many people in this particular category who are ready, willing and quite able to share the wealth of their understanding with anyone who wishes to receive it.

Like most cynics, Mr. O'Mara refuses to dig for the real reasons for all that is wrong with the world. He has just glided over the surface and he doesn't like what he has seen. It is perfectly true that we are not living under the most stable conditions, nor do I think we ever will be. But this is part of reality, and we must accept it as such because we are human. Today, Free Man is in an epic struggle to keep his freedom, and make no mistake that this struggle is not worthwhile. We are going to need all the power, ingenuity and foresight that we have at our command. So if Mr. O'Mara could find it in his heart to forgive us for our human faults, there is still time for him to join our side.

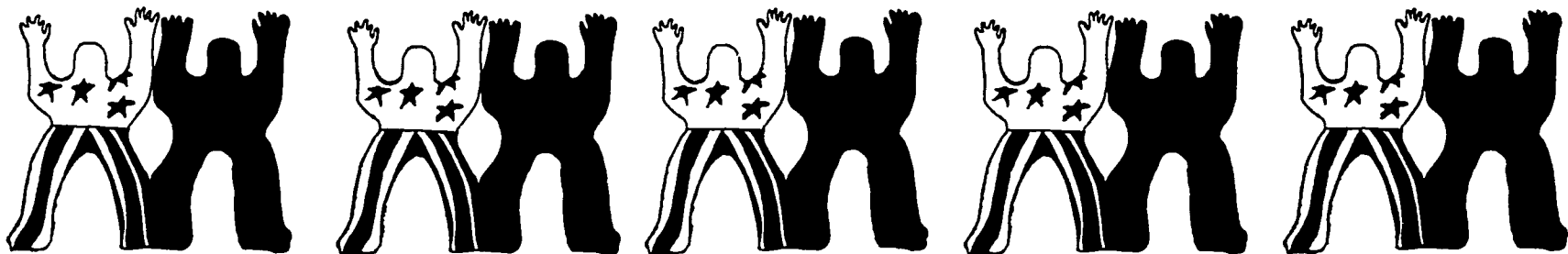
RONALD BATKIEWICZ
141 Pangborn

PERHAPS WE MAY BE considered conforming patriots in this defense of the democracy *protected* not affronted by the "Sedition Act of 1965," but we believe it necessary to present a few thoughts on Boyd Faust's recent canonade on Sumter in the January 14 issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

According to the Faust article, the newly implemented Sedition Act is an "irrational law of an irrational Congress." It seems to us, however, that this same law is merely protecting the established republican democracy which at least allows dissension, although restricting the destruction, in the words of Faust, of that "little piece of paper," the draft card. The shame is not that Congress *did* pass the law but that it *had* to.

We fail to see the parallel Faust draws between the postrevolutionary "Alien and Sedition Act" and the present sedition law. We must assume that this is what he is trying to do. We concur with Mr. Faust that the Act was wisely repealed after the inception of the American government. However, Faust's parallel falters when he fails to consider the circumstances demanding a sedition law in both instances. The original law was drawn up to allow ample time for the new government to establish itself. The author points out that this Act was finally repealed but, it is important to note that only when the emergency phase of development had passed was the governmental safeguard removed. Congress, of late, had believed it necessary to formulate a new law for a far different situation. We are now at war, a fact which Mr. Faust seems to overlook. The government has the responsibility to maintain order within the country during crises. This insures that our political order, which permits dissension (under the First Amendment), will survive to guarantee Mr. Faust's right to disagree.

Further flaws in Mr. Faust's argument are his inability to document his statements and reluctance to refer to specifics. His generalizations on the power of the dissenters are admittedly quite impressive. However,



such methods could only arouse awe in uneducated persons clutching at violent arguments. Perhaps, in less serious times, if Mr. Faust cleared up his logic and refrained from punctuating his sentences with "it is clear . . ." and "obviously" — such unargumentative terms — his article might be a decent treatment on the use of government power.

Faust also possesses that novel American attitude — dissenter's conceit. Perhaps a synthesis of his statement against "the draft card law" would be dissent, dissent, dissent — for dissent's sake. His implication is that the country is "divided" over the war issue. Hardly. Giving the VDC, FSM, WSP, SANE, COUP, NCC, and the NLF the benefit of an exaggerated total population percentage of 2%, it would be difficult to express Mr. Faust's *opinion* that these dissenters have "exposed" the American government. Because these people have received much notoriety is no indication they reflect the opinions of the majority. We shall refrain from suggesting that possibly their only significant contribution has been to comfort the enemy and prolong the war.

We have listened to those like Mr. Faust who have been making derogations about our country for so long. We wonder why they do not just expatriate themselves to their "brave new world." May we suggest Peking or Hanoi where some dissension is needed? Youths like these have been deferred from the draft and practice unprecedented individual freedom — and now they come crying about their right to dissent.

GEORGE K. CAPPS
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ROBERT P. J. BOOHER
359 Alumni

I WOULD LIKE TO take this opportunity to accept the SCHOLASTIC's invitation to submit a political viewpoint differing from those expressed by the members of SDS in the January 14 issue.

I have come to the conclusion that the charge of apathy leveled at myself and many others like myself by the so-called radical minority is unjustified. Granted I have not participated in a protest march or a fast, or burned my draft card. I happen to disapprove of these actions. Is it necessary for me to march in favor of the Viet Nam War, to publicly worship my draft card, to stand out on the quad and proclaim to the campus at large my approval of government policy in Viet Nam to avoid being labeled "noncommitted"? I believe the radicals would be very surprised if they knew the number of students who do care about such matters, but who do not choose to make a public display of themselves to affirm their beliefs. Many students do read newspapers and magazines, discuss issues with roommates and friends, and hold firm convictions on the prominent topics of the day. Yet, because they do not believe in or approve of dramatic, public professions of their beliefs they are branded as shallow, immature, sheepish followers.

I do not condemn the New Left. While I personally disagree with many of their opinions, I am willing to believe they are sincere and honest in their beliefs. I will tolerate them, although I disagree, because this country is based on tolerance. Why, therefore, should

they not grant me the same sincerity? They claim to be the liberal, open-minded group, yet they must insult my intelligence by falsely assuming I don't care, merely because I do not employ their methods. I do not condemn them, but will say I think they are mistaken in some of their views. They will not even admit that I have a valid argument or even care about the topics because I do not publicly protest. To my mind, the mature student is one who may disagree, but who will still grant that the other fellow may have some value, rather than those who employ overly dramatic measures to convince the world that all those who do not subscribe to their doctrines are inert, senseless beings.

I am compelled to state my views lest my argument have no basis in fact. I believe in and support our policy in Viet Nam. I feel it is necessary to protect this nation against atheistic communism. I find it difficult to place the welfare of a few peasants above the welfare of the whole American People and Ethic. I believe this country is worth preserving. Granted, we have not the best system of government. But I fear the radicals are blind to the virtues this country possesses. Perhaps, in a sense, the conservatives may be labelled apathetic for not championing America's strong points as vigorously as the radicals champion her defects.

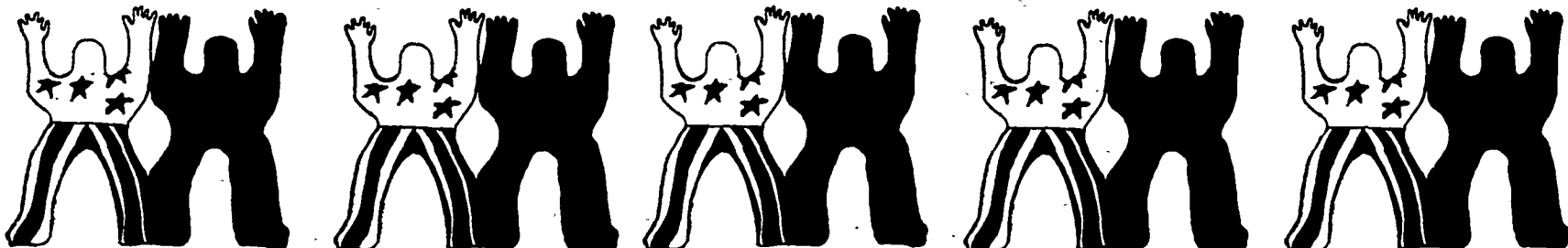
There is one saving grace that America possesses that outweighs all the flaws; if one feels that a wrong is being done, he has access to numerous legal and social channels of correction. The New Left could not even survive in a country less tolerant than America. If one does not like things the way they are, change them. If all else fails, he is free to go where conditions suit him better.

No one, however, is free to violate our laws. That is why I have no sympathy for draft-card burners. Socrates, in his Apology, defined the doctrine that one implicitly agrees to the laws of a country when he agrees to live there. Wrong laws should be changed by legal methods, not by disobeying them. Two wrongs make both parties in error. I do not say that the draft laws are not illegal or unconstitutional, but I demand they be obeyed unless lawfully repealed.

I realize the New Left is sincere. No one would bother trying to correct evils in the state unless they thought the state was worth preserving. Some of the evils they combat I hold to be not evil at all. Some of their aims (certain civil rights actions, for example) I am in complete sympathy with.

The thing I will not and cannot tolerate is being called apathetic because I do not exhibit my conviction in dramatic, radical actions. I realize it is the prerogative of youth to protest, to be different. But I would offer this one thought to those who espouse the protest cause; all improvements, all good things come about through change, but not all changes are improvements. Change for the sake of change alone, protest for the sake of protest, is valueless. I would like the New Left to admit that I can disagree with their aims and methods without being unfeeling. No meaningful confrontation can occur if one party does not admit the sincerity and dedication of the other.

DAN BEHLES
312 LYONS



SUNDAY! SUNDAAAY! SUNDAAAY!

BY JOHN GORMAN AND BILL ROACH

SUNDAY! SUNDAY! SUNDAY! All the Notre Dame Rathskeller high-coolness capital of Michiana!

All these people milling around in the semidarkness. "I can't get no. . . . I can't get no. . . ." They're everywhere, Saint Mary's girls, townies with peroxide bouffants, Barat sophisticates, girls with long blonde hair, boys with long blond hair, smoke, heat, laughter, the beautiful enveloping din of five hundred attempted conversations, and the music "I was watchin' my TV and a man comes on and tells me. . . ." And you circle around the whole perimeter of the dance floor and all in the same direction. I mean you *can't* go in the other direction, all these people. Out in the center of the room there's motion, the real motion. The frug, the slop, the monkey, "Let's hang on to what we've got. . . ." Guys throwing their bodies around, girls with their hair flying. Eyes glazed, mouths set, sweat, arms moving, synchronized, feet control, control.

"Mary Ellen."

"Got a lot of love between us. . . ."

"Mary Ellen!"

"Jerry!"

"Where are you now, at the Woods?"

"Yeah, do you know Frank?"

"Oh, hi. . . ."

Keep moving around. Around. The crowd. Four girls in formation like a circled wagon train. Talking, straining. Have to keep your poise. "God, don't they ever just come up and ask you?" Balancing cigarettes, checking hairdos, holding their posture, holding their breath, waiting. The roar of the voices, the beat of the music, *The Sounds of Silence*, eight times in one hour. Yes, that's it. Alienation, isolation, the drama of modern youth.

Keep the beat, keep your cool. All the sounds are there to soothe you, cast a spell, keep moving around and around, don't break it. Anonymous forms line the walls, forms like you, like the stream around you. The same sweaters, levis, weejuns, tennis shoes. Eyes looking out from under quasi-Beatle cuts — intense. Faces neutral, waiting, pure perception, abandonment to total experience, the noise, the beat, the girls in red knit stockings, all as one. Unity! Catharsis! Nirvana.

Early Sunday and already it's



starting. A busload of girls leaves a Chicago high school. Fluffed and sprayed, fuzzy sweaters, plaid skirts. Those cigarette cases they got for Christmas with the lighter inside. Oh yes, and casual. I mean it's no big *thing*.

After twelve o'clock Mass. After the roast beef and chocolate nut sundaes. Back to Keenan Hall. "Hey Pete! What you doin' this afternoon?"

"Library, man."

"No, let's hit the Rathskeller. Nancy might be in from Rosary."

"Yeah? Her roommate comin'?"

"Yeh, if they come."

Out of your suit. Into your faded levis, suede boots, Gilbert's sweater. Navy blue. One man tells another. English Leather, shave all right? Hair combed? Over your eyes, into your eyes. Now. . . this is tricky, *up* and around. Oh Baby! Will they resist! *Can* they resist! Get serious!

And so they come. 168,000 girls? Who knows? This may be the week. The girls come and enter from the north side. Down the stairs, ditch the coats, and straight into the powder room. Check your hair and make-up, steady your nerves, not that you're *nervous* or anything, I mean.

"Ya ready?"

"Yeah, ya ready?"

"Yeah, well, wanna go in?"

"Yeah, well. . . ."

"Yeah."

Down the hall, around the corner, and in. Noise, people, eyes, music, eyes. O dear, more yes. "Well, let's not just *stand* here." Oh thank God, there's Alice and she's *talking* to someone. He has *friends*. Whoopee. Let's go. But cool. Poise — Poise — Poise. "Oh! How do you do?"

Turmoil: thousands of guys, where the hell are the girls? I can't waste myself like this. Where the *hell* are the girls?

"I got trouble wo-ooo-oh. I got worries wo-oo-oh. . . ." Walk around and around. Something's *got* to happen. Guys with beards, guys with ROTC clips; girls with guys. . . . Conversations. Slices of life! Hones'-tagod, I'm gettin' scared, you know there's tests goin' on." . . . *Wontcha come over an' dance with me an' be my girl?* . . . "My landlady's sweet, she's sixty-two but you oughta see her go."

Hey look, there's Spider McDivitt.

"Hey, Spider! What happened to you last Sunday? I saw you at Kube's Saturday night, but what happened to you Sunday?"

Spider doesn't answer. He's not about to lose his cool shouting across a room to anyone as uncool as Ed Railer. Ed doesn't even have a madras shirt (I mean when a madras shirt *meant* something). Besides Spider has other things on his mind. He's busy frugging with Beverly. Beverly's a townie — she's a sophomore at Washington. Spider's a junior and he could be dancing with anybody. That's why it's so cool when he dances with Beverly. Beverly senses this, in her primitive townie way, but she isn't even looking at Spider. The form's the thing, to do it right you have to *concentrate*. Look serious. Otherwise you lose your cool and guys like Spider won't come up and ask you to dance.

There's a group of girls sitting on the couch in the southwest corner. Spider's older brother, John (how can you be cool with a name like John?) says the girls have been sitting there since the days of Bill Haley and the Comets and Little Richard and, well, you know, all *those*

(Continued on page 32)

FUNCTIONAL FACT OR FICTION? OTHER DIMENSIONS

BY DAVE MALONE AND BOB HALLER

Last week this series began with a discussion of the Dean Drive, a theoretically inoperable device that is demonstrably operable. This week we are venturing into what we have called "other dimensions," which would still imply the vagaries with which we will deal.

TO BEGIN, IT MIGHT be best to remind the reader of the limitations imposed upon his perceptions by his environment. A prime example is the moebius strip. It can be constructed by taking a long, narrow strip of paper and twisting it one-half turn, then fastening the ends with tape. The length is now unlimited (as is the case with a circle), but more spectacularly, the strip has lost its two-dimensional properties, and has become an entirely one-dimensional surface. It has only one side and only one edge. To demonstrate this, ask a friend to draw a line down the middle of the strip, making sure to stay on only one side of the paper. He will find it impossible. Without crossing the edges or lifting his pen, he will find that the line has been drawn on both sides (though of course there is only one). Next, ask him to cut along the line with a pair of scissors (round-nose safety scissors). Instead of the two strips or

rings that were expected, the result is one larger ring with two full twists in it. Strange properties are those of the moebius strip. In effect, what you have done with the strip of paper is taken a two-dimensional surface and, by raising it to the third dimension in twisting it, reduced it to a one-dimensional object.

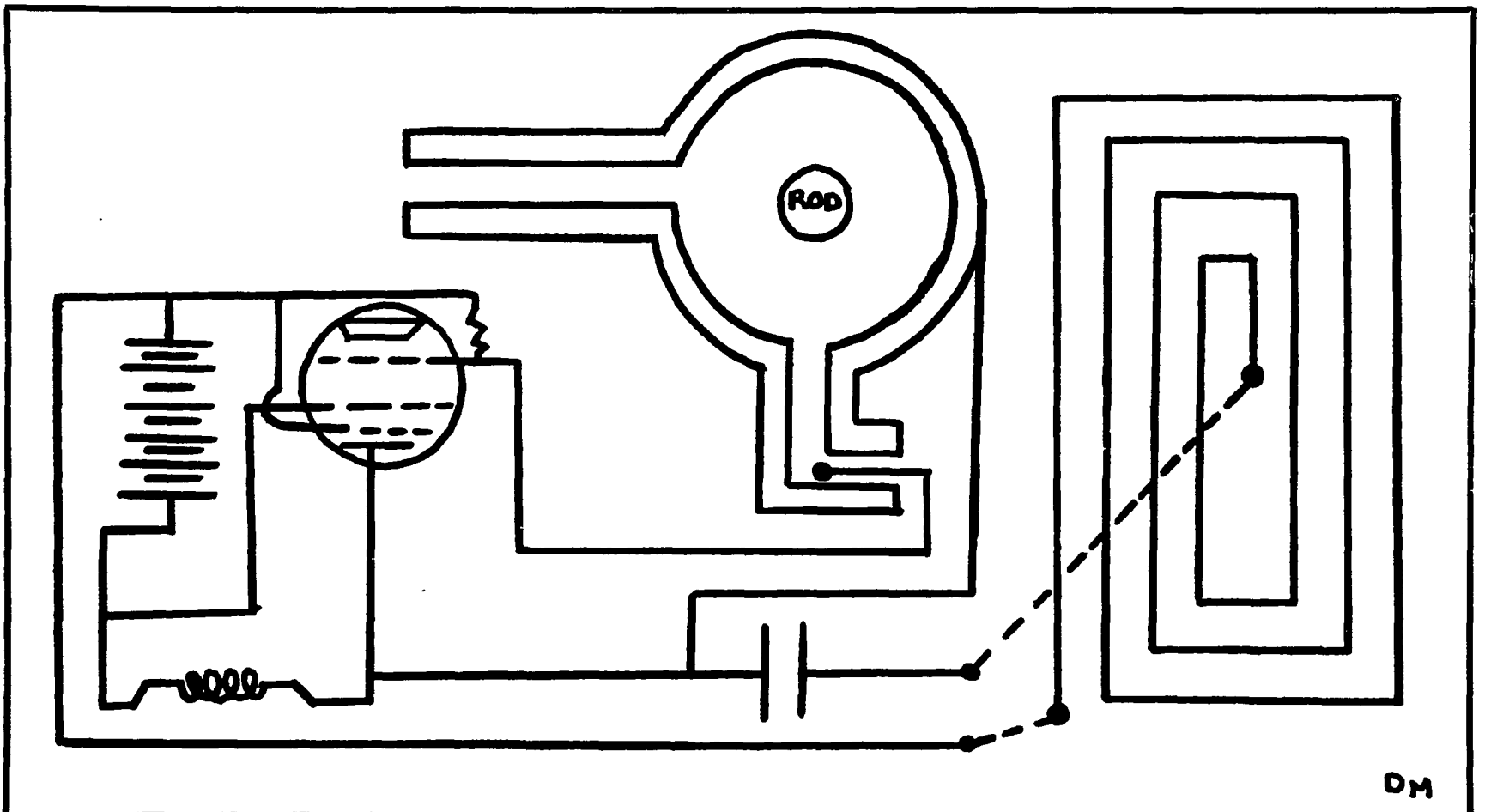
Even more interesting is the three-dimensional analogue of the moebius strip, called the Klein bottle, whose construction we can only imperfectly imagine. The properties of this "bottle" are these: although it exists in three dimensions, it has only two — length and breadth; there is no depth, with the result that there is no volume; there is neither an inside nor an outside to it, or, if you'd prefer, its inside is its outside. Therefore, anything that you put in the bottle would be out of the bottle and anything out of the bottle will be in the bottle. But then everything that is out will be in, so you won't put anything in because then it would be in and therefore be out, which would result in its being in, with the effect that it would be out. See?

A valid question to raise (and someone is bound to raise it, we suppose) is this: if the moebius strip goes from a two-dimensional system into a three-dimensional system and

collapses to a one-dimensional system; and if the Klein bottle (perhaps, for it has yet to be constructed) goes from a three-dimensional system to a four-dimensional system and thereby collapses to a two-dimensional one; isn't it possible that there exist four-dimensional objects which have been transfigured by being passed through the fifth dimension so that the result is a three-dimensional object? And how would they be different from other three-dimensional objects, such as a desk, a basketball, or you? Of course, such conjecture hypothesizes the existence of the fourth and fifth dimensions, but we're not going to deny that existence, not us, not now, just in case.

Often classed with extradimensional phenomena is the subject of extrasensory perception, or ESP. To this day one of the murkiest subjects on the borders of science, the question of ESP has now reached the stage at which many scientists will concede its existence, though they hesitate at going further than that. What troubles researchers is the utter unpredictability of the talent of ESP sensitives. Reputable study or understanding of this gift seems to demand that it be summoned with assurance and be more than a statistical ir-

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QUILL

WHATEVER THE CITY of New York does, it does it big: power failures, population, crime, and now, strikes. It is history that the several newspaper strikes of recent years blindfolded the city for long periods of time. Today, in 1966, the paralysis of the transit workers' strike put New York in a wheelchair.

Michael Quill — founder and president of the Transit Workers Union — has traditionally set aside every other December for bemoaning the state of his workers. So, as the old year drew to a close, few people heeded his threats that a strike would coincide with the inauguration of John Lindsay as New York's mayor. One of the few who did, however, was outgoing Mayor Wagner, who must have smiled as he thought of Mr. Lindsay perspiring unseasonably behind an unfamiliar desk. For in past years, as the strike threat hovered over the city, the Transit Authority regularly had announced that agreement had just been reached.

But this year it was a different situation. The change in the office of mayor was also a change in party, and Mr. Wagner was not anxious to help a rival. So negotiations had been ignored, and the new year brought with it the most devastating strike in the history of the metropolis. The atmosphere was hardly made more pleasant by Mike Quill's personal animosity for Mayor Lindsay, who found that he must direct negotiations while handcuffed. He struggled as best he could to keep the city from complete panic, and succeeded to an unexpected degree. Nevertheless, he could do little to speed up progress in the negotiations, and nothing to force the strike's end. Finally, a semblance of realism appeared at the arbitration table, and a solution was found — but only after the city's merchants had lost over one-and-a-half billion dollars.

The city government had been helpless; there was utterly nothing it could do. As Mr. Quill demonstrated, court injunctions can be ignored, even if the certain result is fine and imprisonment. Legal action of any kind would have been ignored; police could hardly have incarcerated the thirty-five thousand transit workers. If they had, chances are that the workers would have followed the example of their leader: "Personally, I don't care if I rot in jail!" Calling out the National Guard would have been meaningless. Workers could still have refused to report for work, and the Guard could hardly have run the subways — a job that requires 280 hours of training. Arm twisting would have been impractical, and it is doubtful that it would have been applied by

men who needed to be reelected. Besides, it could only be effective on the federal level, and President Johnson refused to take any stronger action than to dispatch trouble-shooting Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, who only issued the gloomiest of reports on the negotiations' progress. So the only alternative was to continue to bargain with the name-calling Quill and his assistants.

Lindsay's — and New York's — situation was unique only in scope. The city's helplessness in the face of the strike is a perfect example of urban problems outgrowing the possibility of urban control. The rise of the multi-city metropolis has not been accompanied by a proportionate growth of city power to deal with new problems and the older but expanding urban ills. Such a situation encourages — and makes possible — an irresponsible show of force on the part of nongovernmental agencies and organizations. When a single union can disrupt the lives of several million people and cause them a loss of well over a billion dollars, it would seem the urban power structure is drastically out of balance. (Especially so when one realizes that the Transit Workers Union probably could have held out for a much larger package, even if it had cost the city several times as much.)

Yet, perhaps, it is not simply a question of imbalance on the urban level, but also of the disproportionate power of labor *vis-a-vis* the public interest in particular and government in general. The strike shows not only this, but also the low regard in which unions hold the processes of law. Quill burned a summons on television and was later jailed for defying a court injunction. Upon this breach of the law, other labor leaders reversed their stand on the strike. Formerly, they had frowned on convulsing the lives of millions of people, but now that a governmental body had dared to act against a union and its leader, they quickly about-faced. Harry Van Arsdale, president of New York Central Labor Council, and thirteen other union officials came out in support of Quill and denounced the court's action.

This problem of a powerful labor bloc is not new; but it is a reality that has yet to be faced. Simply stated, the question is, "What is being and what can be done?" There are several possibilities. Perhaps the creation of an Urban Affairs post in the presidential cabinet will be part of the answer. By providing administrative apparatus and thereby an official influence on the federal level,

(Continued on page 32)

A STREET- CAR NAMED DISASTER

BY KEN BLACK

RESPECTABLE VOYEURISM

BY WILLIAM M. DONOVAN

FROM A HALF-CROUCHED POSITION, fingers tensed into claws, two women circle each other. Sweat drips down bare thighs, glistens on pulsating breasts, as spasmodic panting hisses from between clenched teeth. Suddenly the smaller of the two, her cheek bleeding freely from three nail-claw wounds, pivots on one foot and kicks a leg deep into the other girl's belly. Gasping and nearly vomiting, the larger girl doubles over, allowing her attacker to snap a knee into her face, laying her out, defenseless, upon the ground.

This contest is served up as a little after-dinner entertainment, by some gypsies in *From Russia With Love*. Enjoying this complement to a perfectly blended drink, is the most proficient secret agent ever to engage the vicious elements of humanity, James Bond — 007. The attitude which Mr. Bond adopts toward this graphic display of human bestiality has become one of the trademarks of the Bond character. The public calls it his "suaveness," and it is shown by his evident feeling of being aloof from the conflict before him. From his vantage point behind the table the two writhing bodies represent nothing more than a curious phenomenon, a bit of local color. This is not to say that Bond is effete, that he is a bored victim of satiation who has seen and experienced all possible pleasures. Rather, he knows that he is superior to such passionate conflict not because he is drained of feeling, but because he is completely capable of mastering either of these fleshy female fighters. This human cockfight is his environment and he can control it. It is this attitude towards the environment that constitutes the uniqueness of Bond, not his ability to conquer. Bond does not merely survive, he commands.

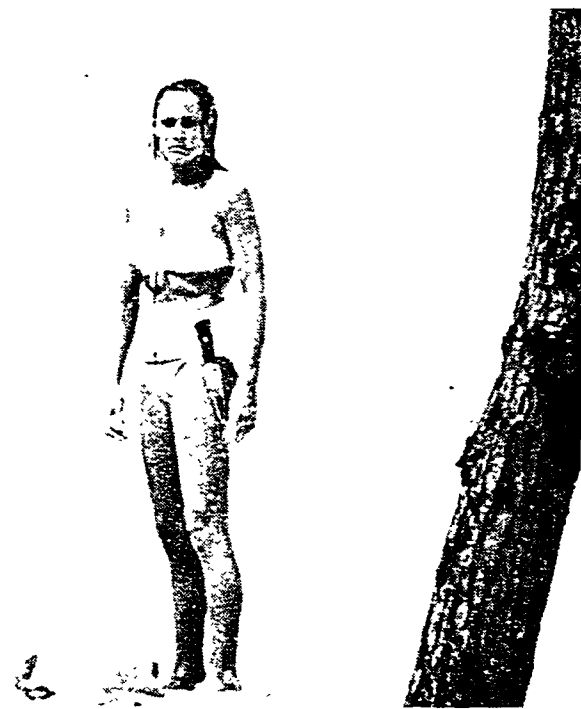
The audience watching this beautifully exciting blend of sex and violence, then, does not feel it is peeping through a window at something dirty. A sophisticated reference point has been placed in front of the titillation. If we cannot feel superior, we can at least be matter-of-fact. Bond considers this an object of passing interest, so do we. In a very real sense, Bond gives us a reason for feeling clean as we indulge in a voyeuristic gratification. The adulation of a man who "does not lose his cool" salves any mental needlings that, perhaps, we might be degrading



ourselves to the level of these women rolling in the dust.

The emphasis on sexy sadism and intense violence was first accepted on a mass scale when Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer became a success on the bookstands. Hammer was the ugly brute with the .45 automatic who had the physical power necessary to hold sway over the creatures of his city-jungle. He was the cruelest of the cruel and survived because he *relished* smashing teeth with cold steel, exploding the bellies of his antagonists (be they male or female) and watching their guts seep onto the floor. The explicitness of Spillane's verbal description was as powerful as Terence Young's visual depiction of 007's world. But Spillane provided no palliative to his excesses; one read of Hammer's adventures and indulged in an identification with the ultimate brute.

The Bond movies represent, then, the application of a veneer of respectability to amoral brutality. The fact



that Bond murders and maims for the side of the "good" world is irrelevant to the effect of the movies. Just as the plot of a Spillane novel provides the excuse for violence, that of a Bond film gives a green light for glorious fighting, spectacular disrobing. The difference is that the Bond films ask the audience to laugh at the foolishness of involved plots, tense situations. In *Thunderball*, this tendency has progressed to such an extent that only cursory attention is given to portraying the emotional overtones of imminent annihilation. (Vargas patiently waits for Bond to shoot a spear through him. He does not become a potential destroyer of Bond.) At least in *From Russia With Love* and *Goldfinger*, such sequences as the helicopter chase and Oddjob's attacks on Bond in the vault had an element of indeterminateness about them. In *Thunderball*, Bond waltzes past his enemies with almost sublime indifference.

The center of attention is not on

the possibility of Bond getting shot by a revolver protruding out of a backdrop behind the dance floor of a Nassau night club, but rather on the humor that will arise when Bond's partner in the dance is shot. The focus is on a curious type of sick humor. Instead of immersing the audience in violence, we are asked to laugh in a very grotesque way. We become partakers in the cruelty that James Bond represents.

Precisely because we are not involved emotionally, this "self-spoof" makes the texture of a Bond movie especially vicious. Bond feels no compunction for this girl's death, he has triumphed over an adversary with ludicrous ease. He is amused at his ability to win, at the swiftness with which life was snuffed out. He is saying: "Come with me into regions of depravity, enter into the filth, and enjoy the exhilaration of triumph."

The manner in which Ian Fleming snuffs out a human life is the same as the sensibility behind Bond's per-

functory puncturing of a woman's body. His "conquests" is the correct description. He approaches women as objects to be won for his pleasure and satisfaction, and he is supremely confident that he will gain each object. Consequently, the Bondian conception of love of a woman is: I desire her body more than I desire others. (It is said that in a book by Fleming not yet turned into filmic epic, Bond falls in love with a beautiful creature who is destroyed by the opposition. His reaction can only be one of loss. The man who blandly accepts the death of Paula, in *Thunderball*, can be capable of nothing else.)

This aspect of desire is, finally, the crux to the Bondian issue. The masses identify with Bond because he is so consistently capable of attaining what he wishes. This is evident. It is more than ironic that the Bond films have succeeded in destroying these boobs' awareness of what they desire. ■

REMARKABLE UNDERSTATEMENT

by Mr. Dennis Hayes

Mr. Dennis Hayes is the head of the Speech and Drama department at Saint Mary's College. He received his M.F.A. in Theater Arts from Catholic University in 1962, and did advanced work in playwriting at the State University of Iowa.

THE NATIONAL PLAYERS, associated with Catholic University, tour the country each year for nine months with a road show. Each year, for the past seventeen years, they have visited Notre Dame. Last year they presented *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*. On the 15th and 16th of January, they again set up their scenery and lights

on the stage of Washington Hall. They gave two performances, one each of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and Molière's *The Miser*, to most receptive audiences. (Player Richard Bauer, of *Miser* fame, thought the audiences the best he has encountered in South Bend in his three years of touring.) Common to both productions was the sense of ensemble playing, of working together for the good of the playwright and the enjoyment of the audience. The results of daily vocal and physical training were also most evident in the performances. (The "Players" spend a period of time prior to each performance in vocal and physical exercise. It pays off.) Joe Lewis' costumes were, as usual, beautiful in design and execution and added to the pleasure afforded by the productions. The *Miser* and *Romeo* sets by Jim Waring were eminently workable. The *Miser* set was most pleasing, visually, and the *Romeo* set could have been more so with the addition of some color other than dusty-road brown.

The production seen Saturday night of *Romeo and Juliet* was remarkable in its understatement of a most familiar theme, and the underplaying by the actors of most familiar ma-

Love Makes the Air Light, Raymond Roseliep. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York, 1965. Cloth, \$4.50; Paper, \$1.95.

LOVE MAKES THE AIR LIGHT

by Mr. Dennis Hayes

THIS IS THE THIRD COLLECTION of Raymond Roseliep's verse since 1961. The previous volumes, *The Linen Bands* and *The Small Rain*, introduced this poet as a lover of mankind who wrought his songs in praise of God and man, in a tight, controlled style, yet one lavish and knowledgeable in the use of the word. In *Love Makes the Air Light* Roseliep again reveals his careful use of the word, and of our English language, and avoids completely the preciousness that marred his other volumes.

The title is a line taken from the first chapter of John Updike's novel, *Rabbit, Run*, and indicates truly the subject matter of every work included in the book. That is, love; love of every kind, light of every intensity and hue — not only sensible light, but also the light thrown by love on the complexities of the human condition.

This is not, repeat, is not a gathering together of metaphysical and theological ruminations on "Love" by some doddering or otherwise incapacitated scholastic cleric — though Roseliep is a cleric, and holds a Ph.D. in English from the University of

Notre Dame. No, the reader is in for a pleasant surprise in discovering the virility, the strength and honesty that are in this poetry.

There is a variety of "love poetry" — love for his father, his dead brother, his students, for Barbara (age 7) — but most striking are the works which have as their subject love for a woman. These are clearly the honest work of a man bound by "linen bands," but still capable of wanting or perhaps missing the love of a good, beautiful woman.

Though I never rest my hand
on the goldsun of your flesh,
I drain desire from my wish
only when I have wakened;
then I name you plainly friend,
make it clear that my eyes' touch
on your bright mouth is no breach
of the promises I made.

And

When your arms ring my waist
in their tendril
manner, casting a spell
of dark fruit
and rain damp flesh,
keener than sickle
cut or grapefall
on a dry faith:

terial. The course of the play was given a most masculine direction under the aegis of James D. Waring (the same) — no foppery here. The vulgar and bawdy elements of the play (unfamiliar until that night to the lady sitting next to me) were present and were handled with such a lack of self-consciousness that their humor was appreciated but never intrusive or detracting to the course of action. Chris Sarandon and Halo Wines, as the lovers, were physically and vocally beautiful, as they should be. One of the most moving moments of the production was at the ball, early in the play, when Juliet sees Romeo for the first time; Miss Wines' beautiful and most expressive face was a text unto itself as it exposed Juliet's sudden love for Romeo. Chris Sarandon's Romeo was truly adolescent in his impulsiveness and quick resolve. Outstanding also were Pat Hecht as the Nurse, Michael Murdock as friendly Friar Laurence, and Ken Kimmins as Lord Capulet, father of Juliet. Actually, the whole company must be praised for the smooth handling of a difficult play under the difficult circumstances and limitations of the touring situation. There were flaws, to be sure. Some members of

the company were "acting," without being believable, and others had bad light in applying their makeup, for it was laid on heavily. A technical criticism is in order regarding the origin of the "light that thru yonder window breaks." In this production, a light was directed on the balcony, and poor Juliet had to step into it — rather than carrying a candle or lantern as a motivating light source, or having such a device in her "room." Final plaudits to the fencing master of the production who designed and rehearsed the swordplay.

Mr. Kempe joined the troupe Sunday night, in the person of Richard Bauer. Bauer held the stage (and the audience) for a brief two or three hours as Molière's Harpagon in *The Miser*. I think Bauer, after Sunday night, could play South Bend a long time. With perfect control of an impressive vocal range, with perfect control of a truly astounding body and face, he led the audience to what probably was a comic catharsis. Bauer is an actor of great seriousness. He trusts nothing to chance — every movement is blocked, down to the tiniest flick of a finger, and little if anything is left to impulse or on the spot improvisation. The same is true of his

interpretation of the lines. When he takes the stage, there is no doubt that it is his — but as a good actor, he can give stage, too, when the scene belongs to someone else. His Harpagon was truly a memorable performance. The farcical element was in strong evidence — horseplay, pratfalls, sight gags, etc. — and I understand that some were disturbed at this, that it obscured the meaning and significance of the play. Well, friends, that's how this whole comedy business got started, what with obscenity, vulgarity, and horseplay. And the significant stuff didn't come till after printing made it profitable for bad playwrights to palm off their stuff to people who made, and still make, their living at discovering how significant it was. Mock not what you do not understand or cannot do.

The rest of the cast were excellent — Chris Sarandon and Halo Wines again, and again as lovers; Phillip LeStrange and Con Roach — I could go on and on. It was a truly excellent production, under the direction of Leo Brady, and if you missed it you missed *something*.

NOTE: Richard Bauer and Halo Wines were married in December last. She's taken, sorry! ■

Then I become aware
and a running vein
in the live
old wineskin
of myself and your
approaching love.

Roseliep's handling of erotic imagery is neither self-conscious, as is so often the case, nor thick and cloying. For example, some verses from "Epithalamion: for Charlotte at the altar:"

Your black forest
eyes carry
the sweet male body
light as candlepoint.

Or

His vineyard
spins
wet rubies for
your hands.

And he combines the erotic with the comic to great effect, as in the haiku verse, "Lover:"

Innocent as ice
cream, his hand on the oval
of your white belly.

He handles the theme of love for a

child both humorously and genuinely, with no hint of the usual triteness or sweetness associated with such poems, in what may be called the "Barbara series."

The taste
of your
holly berry lips
sets a fire-
work off
in an old
hive
of my head.

For all your seven
christmases,
I am given
to your lit eyes
that trust
my trust.

Or see his "Note, With Glove," or "For Barbara, Eight." In the latter the poet addresses Barbara, who is holding a horned toad in her hands, and finishes with an observation on his vow of chastity:

You are the fearless jailer
of my growing child day fear
that I should never revel
in the adventure of thorn.

But fear not — Roseliep remains

chaste, and Barbara and all his other friends intact. He really is not a sex maniac, just a word and form maniac. Of particular interest is Roseliep's progress in using the Americanized haiku form. He has been experimenting with this form for some years, and his practices show in economy of style and precise word choice. In this volume there are two major collections of his haiku, "Upon Cherry-Stones" and "A Scale of Haiku." He brings the University of Notre Dame into his writings:

A boy on his knees
by the Virgin's grotto feels
snowfall and a crow.

As in past volumes the reader will find the signs of a certain loneliness revealing itself again and again. And, as in past volumes, Roseliep writes of his boyhood without a father, of his priesthood, and, of course, of the students he loves so well. (The book is dedicated "for my students/past/present/and to come.")

This is a book to be perused, carried about, read again and again — used for reading poetry to lady friends, children, wives — especially for reading aloud. And this is his mark, the mark of a good poet — the poems *sound* good. ■



movies

AVON: Sliding back into obscurity, *Red Lanterns* takes after *Never On Sunday* and predictably goes nowhere. *Of Flesh And Blood* is corporeal. (*Lanterns*, 6:15, 9:30; *Blood*, 8:00.)

COLFAX: *The Loved One* is by Tony Richardson, a British director of no mean achievement. Prior to 1964 he made his reputation on a series of artificial but well-mounted dramas about English proletarians: *Look Back In Anger*, *A Taste Of Honey*, and *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner*. Then he delivered a sorry verision of *Tom Jones*, a film that, in the solitary opinion of this reviewer, ranks as one of the most unfunny ever made. Now Tony has redeemed himself with an equally tasteless but most amusing farce about the funeral practices of our Great Society. Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters head the cast of a film that is so artificial it would show were it not for the dizzying pace from grave to grave, from Liberace in his sarcophagus to Mr. Joyboy in the mortuary. (*Loved One*, 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00.)

GRANADA: *Thunderball* continues, collecting no moss and making much money. If you haven't see it yet, go now to gaze in awe at the playboy of the Western world. (*Thunderball*, 1:30, 4:00, 6:30, 9:00.)

STATE: *My Fair Lady* continues but it won't be around much longer. *TMMITFMOHIFFP TLITFHATM* will fly in with the February snow. Sir Laurence Olivier's *Othello* is coming, too, on February 9 and 10, and promises much. (*Lady*, 1:15, 4:45, 8:15.)

WASHINGTON HALL: *Black Sunday* is a famous horror film that will have Batman devotees hanging from the rafters in ecstasy. Barbara Steele wakes up after 200 years and looking pretty bad (mildew and worms have got to her) yearns for a fresh young body. The flick has its moments (see picture above). (*Sunday*, on Saturday, at 3:00, 6:50, and 9:15.)

— R. A. HALLER

magazine rack

As we go to press, the current issue of the *New Republic* features an article on New York's new mayor and suggests that John Lindsay might well be a hero not unlike Batman. Fine, just so there isn't a sidekick like Robin. *New Republic* also has some "Thoughts of Young Radicals" by Tom Hayden, one of the authors of the SDS Port Huron statement. Hayden recently returned from an illegal visit with North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh.

The January issue of *Jubilee* has some reflections by Rabbi Abraham Herschel. Dr. Herschel is a professor of Jewish studies at the Union Theological Seminary. His insights into the ordinarily banal problems of human dignity and alienation from God are worth reading. In the same issue there are reviews of Harvey Cox's *The Secular City*, the thought of Simone Weil, and the development of underground movies.

Commonweal features an analysis of Vatican II by German theologian Hans Küng. Most interesting are Fr. Küng's speculations on what may develop from Vatican II: specifically the development of ecumenism, reforms in the institutions of the Church, etc. Under the title "Comeback of the Year," *Commonweal* associate editor John Leo comments on the return of Father Gommar De Pauw, leader of the Catholic "Traditionalist" movement. Protestant theologian Robert McAfee Brown discusses the results of Paul Tillich's work on contemporary theology. And, finally, the magazine comments on an ad in a Syracuse N.Y. newspaper which urged readers to buy "a most timely gift"—confetti that was thrown on Pope Paul in New York.

Cross Currents provides an unusual article by Rev. R. H. Stuhlmüller on books about the New Testament, the question of married priests, and to fill out the issue, a biologist writes about birth control.

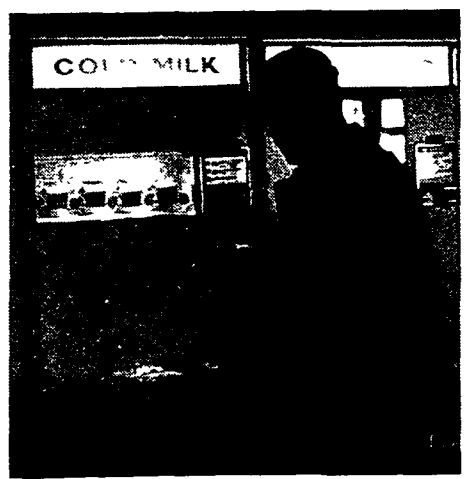
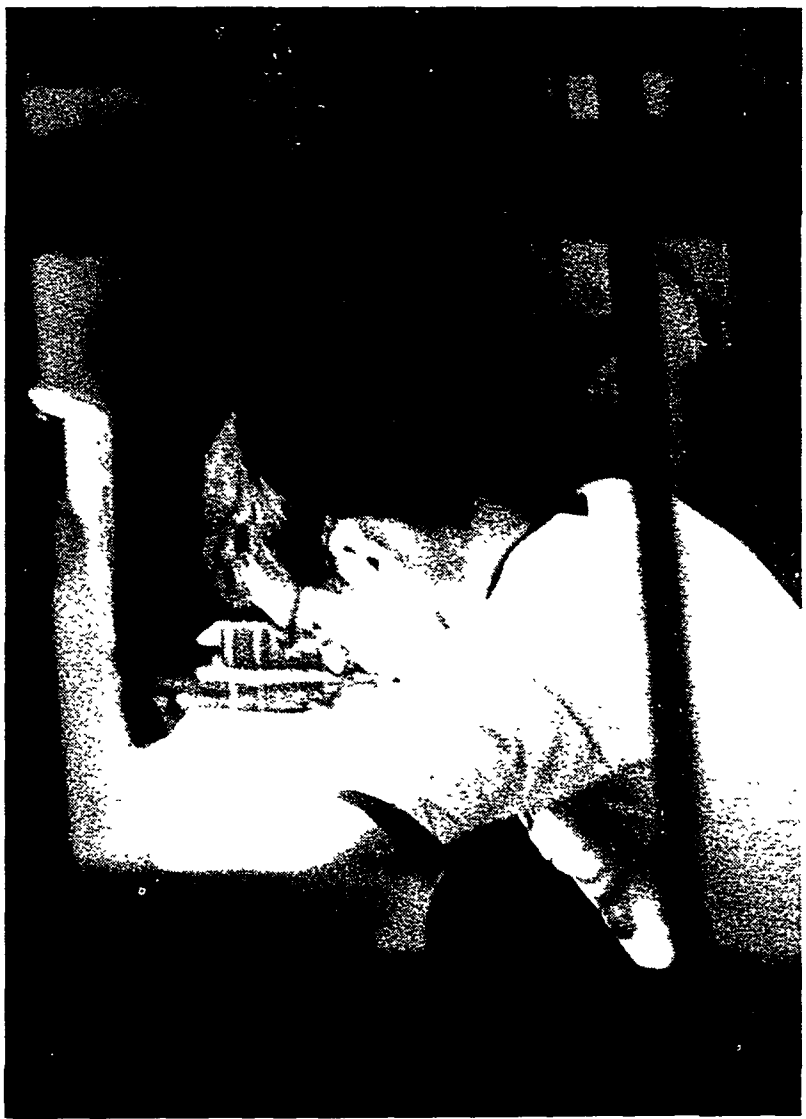
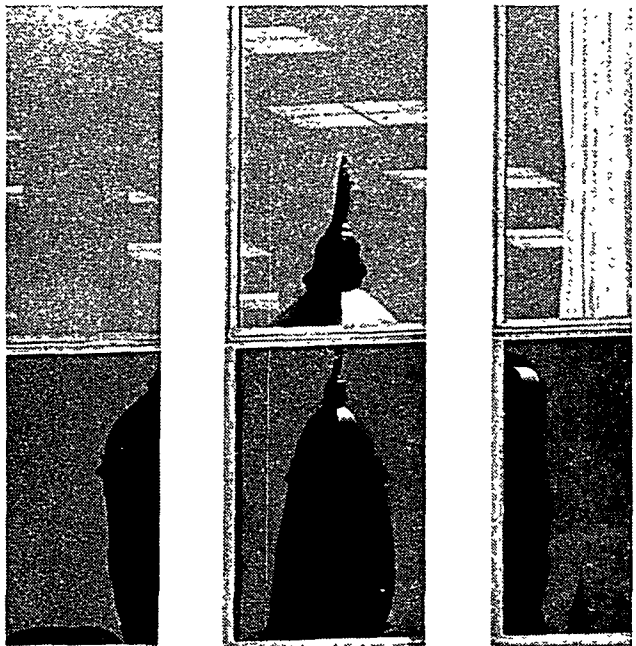
For those who aren't in and want to be the SCHOLASTIC offers some handy camp for your Hall cook-out: *Batman*, *Superman*, *Superboy*, and *Plastic Man*.

* * *

The year's newest best seller is *Pitstop*, the thrice-yearly journal of fact and opinion of the United Gopher Watchers of America.

Based upon the reports of 274 "gopher ganders" who keep hourly watch over 274 gopher pits strategically located across the face of North America, *Pitstop* is beginning its "countdown *au printemps*." Circulation has been rising every year for this burgeoning little magazine and we recommend it highly. Most interesting, beside the exhaustive statistics on "emergus interruptis," are the comments appearing in the letters and obituaries. One reader describes how they trapped and caught their gopher neighbor and stuffed him. Labeling him the Golden Gopher of Wisconsin, they sent him to the Museum of Science and Industry.

—JOHN LAHEY



finals

If I must someday take final examinations, what can I do to satisfy my desire to achieve a passing grade?
— almost John Dunne, C.S.C.
City of the Gods

TO PLAY FOR NOTRE DAME

BY NICK RASSAS
WITH SKIP MYSLENSKY

IT ALL STARTED back in the fall of '61 when he reported as a virtually unheralded freshman back. It came to an end five years later in front of a locker in the Orange Bowl. It ended with him just sitting there, not wanting to take off his uniform.

He came without buildup, without pressure, without a scholarship. All he had was guts, determination, and a truckload of desire to play football for Notre Dame. He leaves as a unanimous All-American, a second round draft pick, a top pro prospect.

He is our sometimes cheerleader, our eternal sophomore, our oftentimes man-of-the-hour. He epitomizes the perfect hero — effervescent and irrepressible, cocky and determined, gracious and indulgent, dedicated and sincere.

He's played his last game in an Irish uniform. That night in Miami, when he just sat in front of the locker, ended his dream. He has only one regret — "That I don't have four more years to play at Notre Dame."

But he's up in the big leagues now. Up with the play-for-pay boys where they intercept passes so they can shave on TV and score touchdowns so they don't have to use that greasy kid stuff. Where the fans are more subdued, the band is from a neighboring high school and the only rallies around are for the revival and salvation of the soul.

Yet, he's always going to be remembered — remembered as the poor boy who made good, the Horatio Alger success story. As the guy who promised we'd "shut down" Mike Garrett and talked about "hell on wheels." The guy who threw the first football into the stands and received the most hugs from the coaching staff. The guy who went back in single safety, tossed a blade of grass in the air, crossed himself, and ran the kick back for a touchdown.

He looks back now. Over his years on the hamburger squad. His years with Red's Raiders and the Cosa Nostra, playing blocking and tackling dummy for the first string. His opportunity to play for Notre Dame, to start in Yankee Stadium. His days under Ara.

He loves the game of football, the challenge, the fans, the glory. But most of all, he loves Notre Dame, its students, its spirit, its band. From Nick Rassas, graduating at the end of this semester, come these words of farewell:



I CAME as a gung-ho rookie and I guess I've always been that way. My whole family is closely associated with the school and I was raised with the Notre Dame spirit.

The first time I ever really personally experienced it was during the days of Kuharich and my time on the shock troops. Everything was going bad and we all had to pull together to survive.

The spirit was always present in the students also. I could feel it was there at the rallies. But there was something missing — and that one thing was that we weren't winning.

In 1963 in Yankee Stadium my lifelong dream was fulfilled when I started for Notre Dame. And the spirit was right there with the students and the band.

Those first three years were my most valuable ones and I learned the lesson of life — that anything worthwhile getting takes a lot of hard work and determination.

Nothing really changed when Ara came. Everybody just seemed to develop a killer instinct. We had to win every game; we felt we couldn't lose.

Remember the Wisconsin game when they came out after the half and scored right off? The next time they got the ball they started to drive again. Then Jim Carroll looked at us as he was calling the signals and said, "Just think of all those summer practices. Remember, we want this more than they do." We really gave it to them on the next play. It was a pressure point and we broke them.

I've never played on a Notre Dame team that's broke like that. We've always had that pride and comradeship that won't let it happen.

After the Southern Cal game I didn't feel too bad; we had gone further than anyone expected. I felt like a



national champion and anyone that saw the game knew we were.

The greatest thing I've ever experienced was walking into the Fieldhouse that Monday. The students almost blew the roof off. It was a true show of the real Notre Dame spirit.

At the beginning of this year I knew that I was a senior and that every game was the last against that particular opponent. So I pushed a little more. All I have ever wanted to do was play for Notre Dame — seeing this fade, I just worked harder.

The Southern Cal game came and in it I saw the greatest display of team effort ever — from the starter to the guy on the bench. There wasn't one guy that ever let up.

After the Miami game I just sat in the locker room and didn't want to get out of my uniform. I had played for Notre Dame and made All-American for Notre Dame. I feel this is the greatest accomplishment I can ever have and that nothing will top that feeling I had in that locker room after the game.

There is something that this school has, that is unique. Nobody, and I mean nobody, can come close to having what we have.

And that spirit is realized by our opponents. Mike Garrett said to me, "You go into that stadium and there is something you can feel that's against you." And Clinton Jones, after tackling me on a punt return, looked at me and remarked that "You ain't goin' nowhere." I just gave him a big grin and walked away because I knew I had something he'd give his right arm for and never get — the chance to play in a Notre Dame uniform.

There are many reasons for my success. I would never have made All-American if it weren't for Coach Devore who in my mind is a perfect example of Notre Dame tradition and spirit. He gave me the opportunity to play for Notre Dame and, in this way, started me on my career. I will always be deeply indebted to him.

Secondly, I made All-American because I was taught all the skills of my position by, in my mind, and I'm sure in the minds of Tony Carey and Tom Longo, the finest defensive backfield coach in all of America, bar none — Paul Shoults.

Thirdly, I made All-American because I was taught to play with pride in myself, in my team, and in my school by John Ray and Ara Parseghian.

And last but not least, the real reason I made All-American was because of the fantastic efforts on the part of every individual on the team, especially my defensive cohorts who gave me the blocks and the room to run.

To the student body and the marching band, I'd like to say thanks for the support given me in all my years here at school. For without it, I think I would have hung 'em up when things were dark those first three years. Never doubt the importance of Notre Dame spirit. Speaking as one who knows, it helped put me where I am now.

In closing, I'd like to say that I've always believed that it takes more than one man to score a touchdown, and it takes more than one person to make an All-American.

I'm a rookie again. This time up with the big boys. And I promise that whenever I play, I will represent my school in the finest way I can. Thanks so very much. Nick Rassas, Number 27. ■

THAT KIND OF GAME

BY MIKE BRADLEY

LAST SUNDAY WAS a bruising, frustrating day for Bill Clinkunbrommer of Northwestern. First he engaged in an opening period verbal battle with a very pro-Notre Dame heckler in which he very bluntly promised to punch the spectator in the face at game's end, and then in the second period, crossed sticks with an Irish wingman, incurring a two-minute penalty and more gibes from the agitator.

With less than a minute remaining in the final period and the score tied, "Clink" had one last chance to redeem himself when he managed to slip past Notre Dame's last defender, with only the goalie, Leo Collins, standing between Clink and redemption. But Collins, not the stand-around type, moved out of the cage, dropped to one knee, and deflected Clink's rifle shot straight down. Undaunted, Clink pressed forward after the loose puck, but in doing so, lost his advantage as attacker, when Collins, only five feet away, suddenly fell lengthwise across the ice, smothered the puck and tripped the onrushing Clink all in one instant. It was doubly unfortunate for Clink because he came to a stop directly in front of his archrival, the heckler, who spared no words.

It was that kind of game: rough, aggressive and frustrating as only a 4-4 tie can be. Northwestern entered the game undefeated, fresh from an upset victory over Ohio State. Notre Dame, not exactly fresh after a five-game losing streak, came into the game without their leading scorer, Eric Norri, out for three weeks with a strained ankle tendon, and another defensive man, Dean Daigler. This forced Captain Frank Manning and Paul Belliveau to make the switch from the front line to defense, creating more problems than it solved. In the second period, with Notre Dame leading 2 to 1 on goals by Dan Locke and Pat Cody, a poor defensive pass was deflected into the Irish net, tying the score. Later in the period, Belliveau, attempting to ward off a Wildcat power play, unknowingly backed into the goalie, Collins, knocking him off balance long enough for the puck to slide by.

Hockey is a pressure game, a game in which the team that controls the puck, keeps the momentum in their favor, and slings that black blur at the opposing goalie until he sees double, usually wins. Notre Dame goes one step further in building up the tension. They hit. And when a team

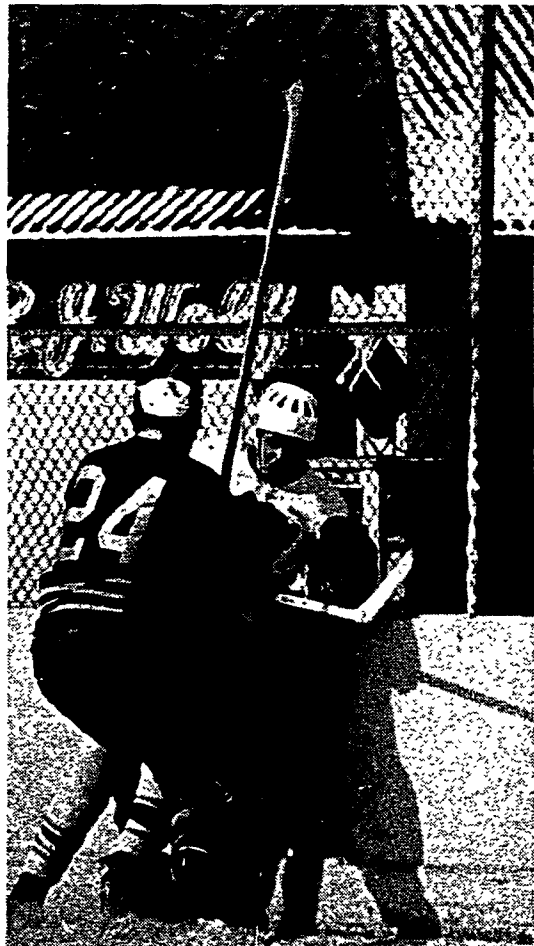
that weighs an average of 185 pounds hits, it usually has fifteen pounds per man more "hitting" power behind it.

Tom Heiden, center on the Minnesota-bred "speed" line, explained his team's strategy. "We may lose a few minutes in the penalty box, but we pick up a lot of loose pucks doing it." In the Northwestern game Notre Dame controlled the corners and sent one Wildcat to the hospital after he was checked into and over the boards, but wasted 16 minutes serving time as a result of their overaggressiveness.

Coach "Winnipeg," Vince Marrese, and head coach "Ottawa," Jerry Paquette, cringe every time a penalty leaves them shorthanded, and for good reason. Northwestern scored twice while Irish skaters were being penalized for illegal checking. But while they stress position and precision hockey, both coaches realize the value of aggressive checking compensating for lack of finesse.

Sunday's results were encouraging in two respects: first, the team needed a good performance to rid it of that lingering "skated out" feeling which developed after five straight losses in six days during their eastern trip; secondly, the crowd which braved the sixteen-degree temperature was the largest and most receptive of the year, attesting to the growing spectator interest in the sport.

Another crowd pleaser will be the Air Force game, Saturday, February 5, a contest expected to include more than the usual amount of contact since the Falcons also play an aggressive brand of hockey. But probably the biggest "blood bath" in Notre Dame's short history occurred last year at Champaign against Illinois. It seems the refs were "homers," that is, they didn't appreciate Notre Dame's "style," and neither did the fans, who kept yelling, "Kill 14!" Number 14 happened to be Mrs. Heiden's son, Tom. The Heidens had journeyed up from St. Louis just to see their son play, and Mrs. Heiden soon became so ill at the thought of violence that she had to leave early. It came in the third period, after the second disputed goal in a row against the Irish. As is the procedure in large-scale ice brawls, members of both teams thoughtfully relieved themselves of both gloves and sticks, and then settled down to business. Someone grabbed Leo Collins from behind, and Leo, not wanting to be curtailed, bent down and flipped his attacker over his head and flat on his back. It was the ref. ■



MIKE FORD

Voice in the Crowd

Losing is rotten.

You roll into Chicago on a Saturday night to play DePaul. You've lost eight straight, but you keep telling yourself this is going to be the night you are going to win the game you're not supposed to. Sure DePaul is one more powerhouse. But the time and the place is right for the big upset.

You're playing in Chicago before a crowd of people who have come out to see Notre Dame. The game is being televised to be viewed by the city that is Notre Dame's second home. You've got your reputation on the line against another Catholic school that would like nothing better than to say that they beat Notre Dame in basketball.

You played good basketball against Creighton. You came close to upsetting Detroit. You've been on the verge of victory a number of times.

You have every reason to believe in your team. Never has anyone tried to make excuses for a loss. Never has anyone quit trying. No team could have a better attitude in the same circumstances.

But most of all, when you have done everything you possibly can and still lose, yet resort to those phrases you have heard all your life.

"Victory goes to the team who wants it the most." God knows how desperately you want to win.

So you dare to think that this is the night, the one night when you get back into the winning column.

Then after ten minutes you find yourself down 32-6 without having scored a field goal. You eventually get that field goal, but by that time you have suffered the humiliation of having DePaul putting in their second string and pulling out of a full court press out of sheer mercy. The game might as well be over. Nine losses in a row and the worst losing streak in Notre Dame history.

You come home, and now you finally can hope that a win is in sight. For once you are not playing Duke or Kentucky but little Loyola of Los Angeles bearing a 4-9 record. You have your heart set on a win.

You play even ball with Loyola the first half and go into the locker room down one. It seems certain that you will pick up the slack in the second half. Then a Loyola forward hits three baskets in a row and you are down seven. You fight back, but are never able to get back even. Somehow, you have lost almost before the game should be started. Ten losses in succession. Where it will all end, you haven't the slightest idea.

This year is by all means one of the most dismal in Notre Dame's long basketball history. A 3-12 record.

Losing is rotten. If team members were snapping at each other. If teamwork were now a thing of the past. If complaints circulated freely among team members. All this could happen, and, given the present situation, it would all be quite understandable.

What is unbelievable is that one team has been able to withstand so many bitter disappointments. That any player would have the courage to keep believing that he can win. That this team could still play with all its heart.

The only thing this team has to hang to are the words Johnny Dee spoke as the team left Chicago after the DePaul loss: "Right now we are at low ebb. But we'll be back here in Chicago, and we'll win. And then one of these days we'll have the whole ball of wax."

For such words to come from a coach with a 3-12 record might seem highly optimistic. But there is no doubt that Dee's team believes in the future of basketball at Notre Dame. They prove that belief every time they step out onto a court with the guets they have shown.

And one of these days, when Johnny Dee does bring Notre Dame the basketball this team believes he will, there will be man ingredients this team does not have. Height. Talent. Super-stars. Experience. But the one single, most important thing, the thing hardest to learn, determination to never give up, will come from the group of guys that lost to DePaul and Loyola of Los Angeles.

— TOM BETTAG

SIDELINES

INTERHALL BASKETBALL STANDINGS

League I

Dillon A	3-0
Pangborn A	2-1
Zahm A	2-1
Howard A	2-2
Cavanaugh A	1-2
Lyons A	0-3

League II

Walsh	3-0
Sorin A	2-1
Morrissey A	2-1
St. Ed's A	1-2
Breen-Phillips	1-2
Keenan A	0-3

League III

Howard B	3-0
Lyons B	2-1
Morrissey B	2-1
Dillon B	1-1
Pangborn B	0-2
Cavanaugh B	0-3

League IV

Pangborn C	2-0
Cavanaugh C	2-0
St. Ed's B	1-1
Howard C	1-1
Pangborn C	2-0

League V

Dillon C	2-0
Howard F	1-0
Howard D	1-1
Morrissey C	0-1
Howard E	0-2

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL (3-10)

DePaul 97, Notre Dame 62

SWIMMING (1-1)

Notre Dame over Kent State

Bowling Green over Notre Dame

HOCKEY (3-5-2)

Notre Dame 4, Northwestern 4

BOWLING (4-1)

Notre Dame 9, Loras College 2

THIS WEEK

JANUARY 21

Swimming: MIAMI

JANUARY 28

Basketball: Illinois at Chicago Stadium

Fencing: AIR FORCE, NYU, WISCONSIN

Swimming: Wayne State and Illinois at Detroit

(continued from page 18)

local governments should be reinforced. The existence of such a department would give the federal government a definite stake in the solution of metropolitan difficulties.

But a simpler and probably more effective method could be applied at the state and local levels. For one, legislation forbidding strikes in public service could either be enacted or realistically evaluated. New York State has such a law, but its provisions are so stringent as to be punitive rather than remedial. The general dictum of the majority of these laws on the books of the states is to fire all strikers and/or imprison strike leaders. A more realistic approach could include impounding union funds and benefits to make any attempt at disrupting public service both unwise and, more importantly, costly. The ultimate sanction, of course, is to ban the existence of unions from the public-service area, which, after the debilitating transit strike may seem immediately appealing, but in the long run serves only to complicate the urban morass.

Legislation is fine — but from whence does it spring? From politicians keenly aware of the alleged power of the unions at the polls and the necessity of their moral and financial support in future elections? Hardly. Most officeholders are not likely to bite the hand that feeds their coffers and their vote count.

On the national level, where labor is not quite so powerful, legislators are more likely to take action. While the chances of passage of a bill restricting labor are not good, two other questions affecting both labor and urban problems are likely to be resolved soon. The show of force by the Transit Workers Union should speed the approval of a Department of Urban Affairs and might also ensure the retention of Section 14-B of the Taft-Hartley Law, which allows states to forbid the establishment of the closed shop.

Until some strong action is taken — and such action is unlikely — the only thing the public can do is to try to revise city charters, giving the mayor's office a club it can wield in defense of urban interests. It can hope that that office will be used to its fullest — a hope that can only be fulfilled by the election of strong officials of the caliber of John Lindsay. Only the new breed of dynamic urban leaders is capable of averting and, if necessary, remedying the economic disasters that can spring from a lapse in civic-mindedness. ■

(Continued from page 19)

people. Anyway, all these girls sit there waiting for someone cool to ask them to dance. If someone uncool asks them to dance they say no and laugh. Some of them never dance at all, but that's all right. Mostly they sit around and look serious, just like they do when they're dancing. When one of their friends is asked to dance, they can talk about her, but mostly they just sit and look serious and watch the boys go by.

The boys outnumber the girls at least two to one, but that doesn't really mean anything because most of the girls aren't dancing anyway. The girls that aren't dancing aren't cool though, so how can you ask them to dance? So the crowd of boys circles the Rathskeller in a counterclockwise direction. Spider conjectures that in the Southern Hemisphere the boys would circle in a clockwise direction. Spider is cool because he says things like that. He's also bored, which is the ultimate in cool. Spider is from New York and he used to hang around down in the Village, I mean Greenwich Village at MacDougal and Bleeker even. Well, Spider wasn't the king there because *everyone* is cool there. Like, they've all been standing around in the Village for years, even as pre-teens, and they're so gloriously bored. I mean if you weren't cool or something you couldn't be bored at the Rathskeller, however cool it might be. But Spider is bored, and everyone else tries to be. "If something doesn't happen soon, I'm going back to bed or something." That's how you can tell the difference between Spider and Ed and the rest of the Rathskeller people. Spider is bored; he's been doing this route for three years now. It's not like he was a second stringer, like a townie here for the first time or a high-school girl up from Chicago for the day. I mean he's *seen* it all, he's really *bored*.

Now Spider's talking to a tall, long-haired blonde. Few of the regulars know her. Last year she passed on to the ultimate in cool. You see, she's so bored that she doesn't even bother to come here any more. That's a far cry from the bouffant baby she was when she first twisted in the Rathskeller. Now her hair is long, and she looks like a folk singer because she doesn't wash or use makeup or anything. She's not a folk singer though because it's a bore and a drag and pretty much on the way out now and well, *you know*, just *nobody* would think she was cool. She's gone now. She's got a headache and taking to Spider is such a bore. He's just not as cool as

the fellows who used to hang around here.

She leaves and soon Spider will leave (no one cool could actually stay till the *end*). But for now there's the crowd, the motion, the noise, the beat. And everybody, the cool and the uncool, the dancers, the circlers, the silent watchers are One. The new mystical experience. Folk worship for a Sunday afternoon. The Beat . . .

"People talking without *speaking*. People hearing without *lis-tening* . . ."

Nirvana! ■

Question of Honor

(Continued from page 15)

Hobbs emphasized that the teacher can ask a student to report himself to the Honor Council or the teacher can report the violation directly but "in no case can a teacher handle the violation separately from the Honor Council. If the trust isn't there, we've got a reversion to the old system. According to a Columbia University study, there is fifty per cent less cheating in schools with an honor code, but the report shows a code is much less effective in schools where the code is not fully student administered."

Hobbs says the honor concept is embodied in two lines: each student accepts responsibility for his own work and he accepts responsibility for the integrity of the academic community of which he is a part. The Honor Council will work for a recognition of this concept by henceforth placing on application blanks to the University this statement of the honor concept and requiring the applicant to sign a pledge to the statement. A booklet will be published for all students next fall containing the Honor Code and an explanation by each of the colleges as to how the Code is to be applied in their subject areas.

Hobbs feels that although student society will likely reflect the general society in which it finds itself and that present society has a double standard of honor, nevertheless, what Notre Dame is attempting to do is to transcend that standard.

If the optimism of Hobbs and the pessimism of the professor-priest leave the outside observer somewhat puzzled as to how the Code is actually working, possibly more enlightening is the case of a specific class. The class, Dr. Emil T. Hofman's freshman chemistry, is unusual because it contains 800 students taught in two sections in consecutive hours. Dr. Hofman gives a quiz every Friday.

In pre-honor system days, he em-

ployed ten proctors for each section and made up four different tests for each week — two tests to be distributed in alternat rows to each section. "Of course, there was cheating," Dr. Hofman admits, "but we made it very difficult. The students told me it was more difficult to cheat in that class than in any other." Dr. Hofman's class voluntarily adopted the Honor Code a semester earlier than the rest of the University although a number of students were opposed to the idea. It was generally conceded, even by opponents within the class, that it worked.

Now Dr. Hofman gives the same test to all students in both sections of the class. He remains in the room for informational purposes and also to determine how long the quiz should run. "What has happened?" Dr. Hofman asks. "There has not been one report of cheating. Do I take this to mean that there is no cheating? I really don't know. What do the freshmen think of the Honor Code? I'm not certain they appreciate what it is. If you have to sell it, lecture upon it, etc., you're missing the point. Is the responsibility of the Honor Code properly impressed on the students? Freshmen have to get the message."

Dr. Hofman would prefer to speak not in terms of an honor code but rather in terms of a spirit of honor. "A spirit of honor should permeate student life completely. I certainly do not think it does now. We have a long way to go, but it's a road worth traveling.

"The University of Notre Dame is at a stage where we now take great pride in the accomplishment of all members of the family. Years ago it was just football. Now it is every area — science, humanities, law school, and so on. We take great pride in everything. But pride and honor go hand in hand. We all also suffer great pains when one or two per cent of the students do something that is detrimental to the University. We all share in those pains; it becomes a responsibility of the group."

Possibly Dr. Hofman strikes at the very root of the problem. One can become very muddled in procedural questions about the Honor Code and questions of detail. But the important and overriding consideration must be the spirit of honor. He is leading to the question that must inevitably be asked and which transcends any problem of a particular code: has the modern student lost all concept of honor? "But pride and honor go hand in hand." It's a question of pride, as well. At Notre Dame, individually and collectively, we are in the process of writing an answer. ■

Other Dimensions

(Continued from page 20)

regularity. Evidence for the statistical quirk attitude is abundant, but for predictable extrasensory perception, it is scarce. (See J. B. Rhine's *Extrasensory Perception*, \$2.75.

Means are being found, however, to regularize this ESP talent. One such device is the Hieronymous Psionic machine, developed by T. G. Hieronymous, and patented by him (U.S. Patent Office No. 2,482,773). In the patent it is described as measuring the "eloptic" radiations which different minerals supposedly emit. The machine which the circuit in this article would compose is so constructed as to give a feedback to the sample mineral being used. Although this sounds like the essence of quackery, there have been interested groups of investigators who feel that it is likely that the Hieronymous machine is inadvertently tapping ESP powers or some other capacity of the ninety per cent of our brains which apparently go unused throughout our life-spans.

In order to make the machine, cut out the drawing (p. 20), and trace over the lines with ink, being especially sure to draw unbroken lines. Do not draw over the dotted lines. Connect the dotted lines with thread held on by glue. That brings the antenna into the circuit. Now punch a hole where indicated and pass through it a rod connected on the bottom side to a dial-indicator of the type found on your roommate's electric iron (ink in your own dial with at least 12 numbers), and on the circuit side to a triangle of plastic which you can cut from a thin plastic ruler (your roommate's again; 1" x 1" x $\sqrt{2}$ " will be just fine). Turn it over, and it is ready for operation.

The operation is very simple: holding a solid piece of metal firmly in your hand (like the bedpost cap), ask your roommate to turn the dial, out of your range of vision. When you feel a tingling or some slight sensation in the metal, tell your roommate, and have him mark down the number.

The trials that we made were remarkably successful: the same number was called three out of four times, against statistical odds of 1009 to 15. Like all other ESP phenomena, this reaction is purely subjective, i.e., it cannot be measured by voltmeters, etc. It does work more frequently with some people than with others, and more frequently with more people than does card guessing. In this respect the machine is something of a crutch, or amplifier, useful in entering an area as yet unknown. ■

opinion

BACK HOME AGAIN, in (Notre Dame) Indiana. Following the brief excursion into the land-across-the-road, we return to campus this week to ask two questions which are currently of the greatest interest to all students. Frequenters of the West wing of the South Dining Hall provided this week's Opinion:

QUESTION: DO YOU THINK THAT THE APPEARANCE OF AN SDS CHAPTER ON CAMPUS IS A HEALTHY SIGN?

YES, 28; NO, 22.

COMMENTS:

- Yes, it is a healthy sign: independent thinking of any kind would be welcome on this campus.
- No, organizations such as that are prone to go too far, to be too far out.
- No, I don't think that the members of the SDS are sincere.
- Yes, it is healthy; furthermore, everyone has a duty to participate in one way or another. (This student, however, said that he didn't have the time.)
- No, I think that they're just a bunch of malcontents.
- Yes, providing, of course, that they don't want to marry my sisters.
- SD—who?

QUESTION: DO YOU THINK THAT PREREGISTRATION WAS HANDLED BETTER THIS SEMESTER THAN ANY PREVIOUS SEMESTER?

YES, 24; NO, 26.

COMMENTS:

- No, I had to wait in line for four hours — I don't think it's improved.
- No — SNAFU: Situation Normal — All Fouled Up.
- Yes, it worked fine for me. Who cares about anybody else?
- No, but I can't really express in words the way I feel about it.
- No, there was too much running around from building to building to building to building to . . .
- No, I've seen shorter lines at the premiere of "Cleopatra."
- Yes, for a change I got all the courses I wanted.

— DAVE MALONE

John Twohey

The Last Word



AT A PRESS CONFERENCE on Wednesday, Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, announced some news of interest to all those tempted to relax and coast through exams. Within the next week Hershey plans to reach a decision on the question of the eligibility of college men for the draft. It is possible, added the general, that his department will return to its policies followed during the height of the Korean War.

Which means that to maintain one's status as an exempt, full-time college student a man will likely have to either pass a Selective Service scholastic test or rank "in the higher part of his class." Rumors have been circulating for some time in Washington that a college harvest was imminent and Hershey's news indicates that the moment of truth is at hand.

At present the monthly draft of 30,000 is the maximum total that U.S. military training facilities can handle. These facilities, however, are being improved, their capacities enlarged. Hershey has already announced that once these facility changes are made, and if the war continues on its present course, the monthly call may go as high as 80,000. This total would equal the figure drafted at the peak of the Korean conflict.

If college men are to be selected, Hershey revealed the first tests will be given and judgments made in late spring in preparation for induction of collegians in September of 1966.

SOME THOUGHTS APPEARED in this column last week on the possibility of Notre Dame obtaining a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, the national fraternity for the colleges of Arts and Letters and Science. Several readers commented that the article seemed to hint that ND will likely not receive a tap from the magic wand of this group. This is not the case. On the contrary, several changes have been made in the last six years that bode well for admission. The small capacity of the old library and the anemic philosophy and theology departments of 1959 contributed heavily to the last failure. Since improvements have been made in these areas, ND's chances are now considerably better.

What we wished to express last week was the fact that it would be a shame to lose what is really no more than some icing on the cake because of a "football factory image" based on myth. Announcement of the qualification committee's decision is expected sometime during the second semester.

YALE HISTORY PROFESSOR Staughton Lynd, a recent tourist in Hanoi, revealed Monday evening in New Haven that he is considering quitting the university faculty. Addressing an overflow crowd at Woolsey Hall on campus, the 36-year-old Lynd acknowledged that "alumni and others" were aggravated by his recent illegal junket to North Vietnam in the company of a founder of the SDS and a long-time member of the American Communist Party. Implied in Lynd's remarks was the feeling that he was undergoing great discomfort as a result of the trip. "I have asked myself if I should resign," he intoned. "I haven't decided."

What may now develop is a period of soul-searching during which Lynd emerges as a tormented crusader torn

between two loves: preaching pacifism and sympathy for the Viet Cong at Yale or in the streets. While he decides the nation holds its breath. Martyr-in-the-making, anyone?

SELDOM HAS ANY book been the object of so much advance attention as *In Cold Blood*, a "non-fictional novel" by Truman Capote released this month by Random House. Six years in the writing, the book deals with the murder of a wealthy Kansas farmer and his family by two ex-convict thieves. Panned by Stanley Kauffmann in the *New Republic* and praised by *Newsweek* in its January 24 cover story, the book has galloped onto the literary scene amidst a fantastic flurry of free publicity. First publicized in serial form in the *New Yorker* and later glorified in a *Life* feature article, the tale is billed as the most significant of recent contributions to that literary form called "journalistic fiction."

Best known as the author of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and some routine short stories, Capote is suddenly about to become the hottest piece of merchandise on the book market. Instant immortality is his. But for those wishing to see the man walk on water for themselves, the opportunity is available at the Notre Dame bookstore for \$5.95. (Note: exhibiting less than great foresight, the bookstore put in an initial order for five copies which were sold within one week. A second order was placed this week, this one for a mere *ten* copies, which should be available by Monday. And probably gone by Tuesday.)

SINCE THE NEXT ISSUE of the SCHOLASTIC will not appear until February 11, we'd like to mention the approach of several noteworthy events scheduled for early February.

The only Notre Dame graduate to be ordained a Jewish Rabbi will return to the campus Tuesday, February 8, to deliver a lecture in the Pope John XXIII Lecture Series. Rabbi Albert Plotkin, a 1942 *magna cum laude* graduate, will speak on "The Ecumenical Movement: Can It Be Strictly Christocentric?" at 8 p.m., in the Law Auditorium. Rabbi Plotkin is spiritual leader of Temple Beth Israel in Phoenix, a resident lecturer in Judaism at Arizona State College, and a potential guest on "What's My Line?"

Senior Class Academic Commissioner Harry McDonagh has also secured a commitment from Fr. Hesburgh to address the senior class at 8 p.m., Thursday, February 10, in the Library Auditorium.



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Ford Motor Company is:

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College graduates, new to Ford Motor Company, often comment on the comparative youth of many of our top executives. The example of these men in key positions is evidence that being young is no handicap at Ford to those who possess ability and ambition. In fact, new employees can expect challenging assignments while still participating in our College Graduate Program. This means an opportunity to demonstrate special skills and initiative while still learning the practical, day-to-day aspects of the business. Consider the experience of Jim Weston, who has been with Ford Motor Company for three years.

Jim came to Ford in February, 1963. His first assignment was in marketing analysis where his principal job was evaluating present and potential dealer locations. For a time, he also gained experience in the actual purchasing of dealer locations. Later, an assignment forecasting sales and market potential with Ford Division's Truck Sales Programming Department gave him the background he needed to qualify for his present position. His job today? Only three years out of college, Jim is now a senior financial analyst in Ford Division's Business Management Department.

Jim Weston's experience is not unusual. At Ford Motor Company, your twenties can be challenging and rewarding years. Like to learn more about it? Talk to our representative when he visits your campus.



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