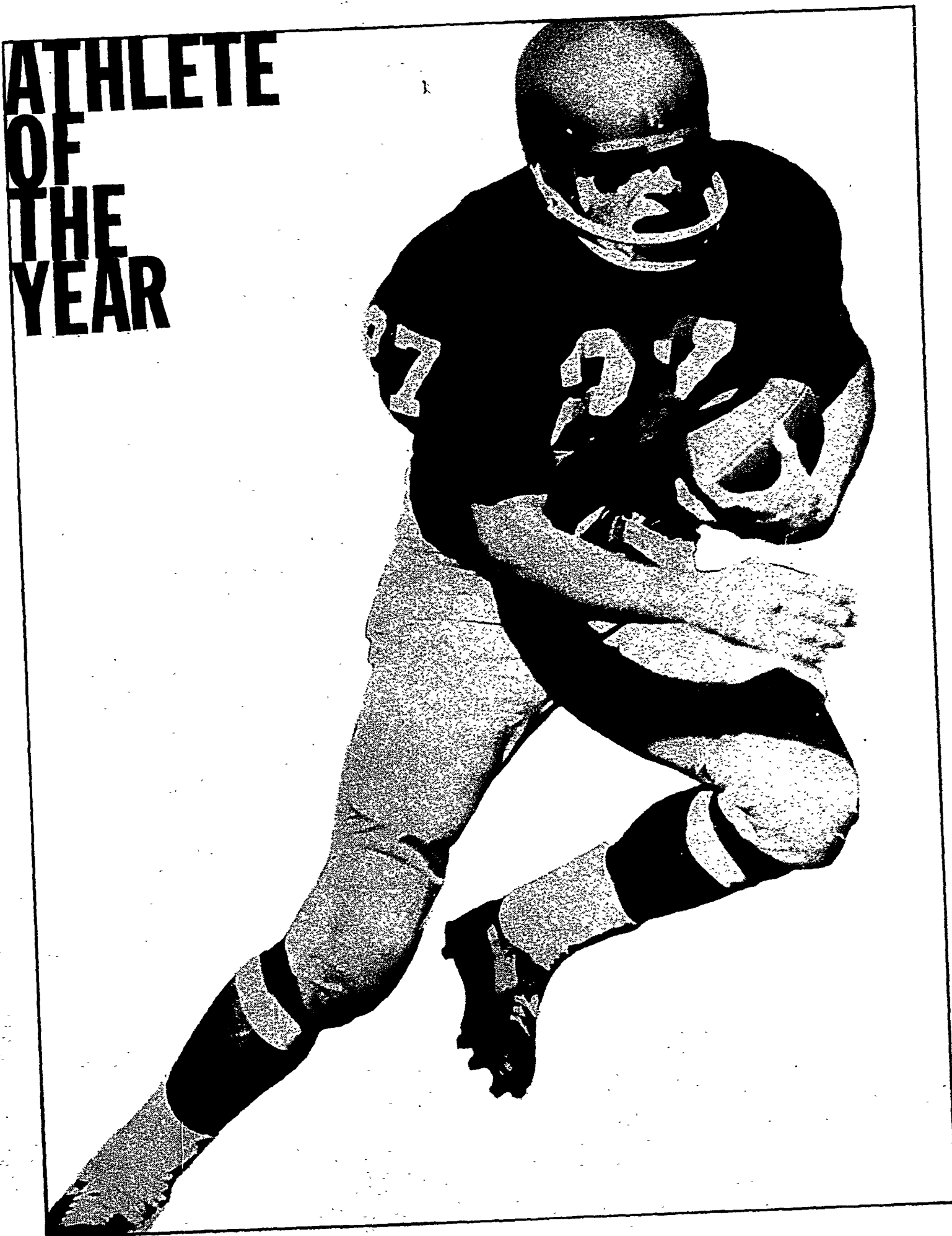


MAY 13, 1966 SCHOLASTIC

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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

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DAILY

SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

Vol. 107 May 13, 1966 No. 22

8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. An exhibit of the works of Mr. J. F. Gabriel and Mr. Peter Zerweck of the Notre Dame Architecture Department, an exhibit by Perkins and Will Partnership, Washington, D.C., and an exhibit of student architectural work in the lobby of the Architecture Building.

12:00 to 5:00 p.m. Exhibits in the University Art Gallery: paintings by Richard Baringer; shows by graduating Notre Dame seniors.

Sat. and Sun.

FRIDAY, MAY 13

4:00 p.m. International Coffee Hour in the International Room of the Student Center.

8:00 p.m. Date party at the Laurel Club sponsored by Washington, Maryland, Virginia and Cleveland Clubs.

8:30 p.m. Folk Music Society "Skiffle" in Frankie's basement.

8:45 p.m. University Theatre Production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* in Washington Hall.

10:00 p.m. Senior Prom, "Softly As I Leave You," in the Stepan Center.

Editor-in-Chief: Dan Murray.

Managing Editor: Carl Magel.

Business Manager: Ken Socha.

Associate Editors: Robert Anson, Anton Finelli, Jamie McKenna.

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SATURDAY, MAY 14

9:00 a.m. Rugby; 1966 Irish Challenge Cup.

10:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. Buses leave Circle for the Dunes.

1:30 p.m. Notre Dame Bridge Club duplicate bridge in SMC Social Center.

8:45 p.m. University Theatre Production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* in Washington Hall.

SUNDAY, MAY 15

11:00 a.m. Bus leaves Circle for the Dunes.

2:00 p.m. Rugby, 1966 Irish Challenge Cup.

7:30 p.m. Blue Circle Symposium on Hall Life—Fr. James C. Buckley (Farley Rector) and Minch Lewis will speak on "The Role of the Rector in the Hall" in the Memorial Library Auditorium.

8:00 p.m. SMC Glee Club Concert in O'Laughlin Auditorium.

MONDAY, MAY 16

12:30 and 6:30 p.m. Film, *The Air Force Story*, in Room 125 of the Military Science Building.

7:00 p.m. Dr. Frederick Rossini will speak on "How the College of Science Is Answering Challenges in Science" in the Center for Continuing Education.

TUESDAY, MAY 17

4:30 p.m. Dr. James L. Vial of the Biology Department, Western Michigan University, will speak on "Patterns of Reproduction in the Plethodontid Salamanders" in the Auditorium of the Biology Building; public invited.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18

3:10 p.m. Mr. Erich E. Soehngen of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base will speak on "Magnetically Induced Flow Phenomena in Electric Arc Discharges" in Room 303 of the Engineering Building; public invited.

4:00 p.m. ROTC Presidential Review on practice field next to Stadium.

THURSDAY, MAY 19

Ascension Thursday—No classes.

3:00 p.m. Bishop Sebastian Vayalil, Kerala, India, Bishop of Palai, will speak on "The Christian Witness in a Non-Christian Land Plagued by Communism" in the Memorial Library Auditorium.

3:00, 6:50, and 9:15 p.m. Movie, *Cool World*, in Washington Hall.

7:30 p.m. Blue Circle Symposium on Hall Life—Fr. Joseph Simons and Robert L. Hassenger will speak on "The Responsibility and Discipline of the Student in the Hall" in the Memorial Library Auditorium.

FRIDAY, MAY 20

Northern Indiana Chapter American Institute of Architecture in Center for Continuing Education and Morris Inn; continues through Saturday.

3:10 p.m. Professor James M. Ham of the University of Toronto will conduct a seminar on "Parameter Invariant Systems" in Room 303 of the Engineering Building; public invited.

4:00 p.m. International Coffee Hour in the International Room of the Student Center.

8:30 p.m. Folk Music Society "Skiffle" in Frankie's basement.

Compiled by BILL MCCULLY



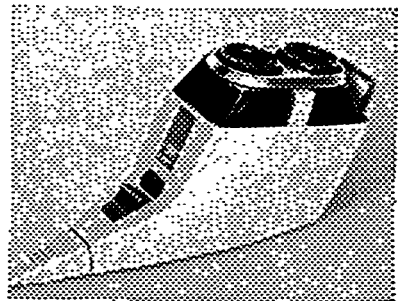
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1. Talking to yourself?

Rehearsing a speech.
I'm running for
President of the
Student Council.



2. Angela's idea?

She says it will help
me develop a sense
of responsibility.



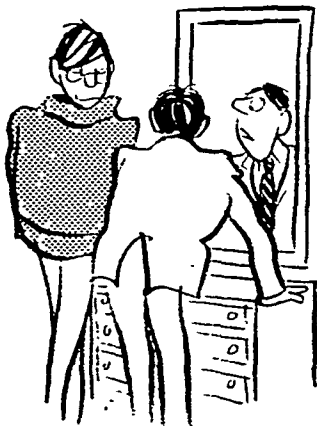
3. What's your platform?

Do I need one?



4. You have to give people a
reason for voting for you.

How about "A chicken
in every pot"?



5. Already been used.

"Tippecanoe and
Tyler too?"



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Now those are the important things. Of less consequence, especially to a college student about to be deferred from military service and possible Viet Nam duty, is that the concept of deferring certain classes for innate abilities runs counter to the democratic impulse. And the United States bills itself a democracy — like South Viet Nam — for the preamble to the Constitution provides "for the *common* defense": no qualifiers, no specifications, no exemptions. "Common," period. According to theory, at least, the obligation to bear arms in the defense of one's country is a collective responsibility, which would seem to dictate that the needs of the draft ought to be filled on the basis of a national lottery, with college students taking their chances with their non-educated peers. But it is offered, usually by students themselves, that somehow or other their presence in (or merely *at*) a university satisfies the wartime obligation, an argument in the best traditions of American self-interest. Certainly the unwillingness of students to interrupt or postpone their educational plans is understandable, but no more understandable than the reluctance of the young drill press operator or filling station attendant to leave their careers and their families behind.

Education in this country is a big, important business; too big and too important to be left to the educators, or so says the U.S. Commissioner of Education. It isn't left to the educators and it isn't confined to the campuses, rather the influence of the educated classes constitutes a silently awesome lobby, one to be catered, curried, courted and coveted, and hopefully voted for by. In a word, they *count*. So it is that those who don't automatically become more strategically and politically expendable in the fighting war effort; witness the fact that nearly one in

five servicemen in Viet Nam is a Negro. As one prelaw Yale man put it: "Students are the brains of the country's machine. The machine needs its brains. Let the jocks and dumbheads be the heroes." Such a judgment rankles the student who sorts out his emotional and intellectual convictions with more sophistication, but it shouldn't: in both instances the educated are calling for pure, old-fashioned class-privilege. It used to be that the spear-shy nobleman could hire someone to go in his place or pay the king a suitably sizeable deferment. Today that's called tuition.

Even within the educational establishment there are gradings of desirability, and to make crystal clear who is not Who, the deferment test, first used during the Korean conflict, has been exhumed. In moments it isn't inquiring about the cost of apples and pencils, the test — as proven 15 years ago — works to the disadvantage of economically and culturally impoverished students, or in other words, against the non-white, non-middle or upper-class groupings. Yet the test has been clothed in semiofficial academic responsibility: the application forms are available from campus counselors, the test itself is administered on college campuses, and in the most perverse turn of fate, it can be avoided on the basis of class rank. The regulations for draft deferment, particularly on the basis of class and academic standing, effectively suck the professors (and education itself) into the machinations of the Selective Service System. What they are being asked to do in reporting grades to the government, is to become junior draft registrars, regardless of their opinion of conscription or the war in Viet Nam. At least one educator, the president of the University of Chicago, refuses to become party to the shabby proceedings and is withholding grades from Selective Service without the specific permission of the professor involved. Here at Notre Dame, a few professors have suggested the University call a moratorium on any grades this year, but to come to pass that wish needed the support of a vigorously united faculty community. Quite mysteriously, leadership has been forfeited, even by those who might naturally have exerted it.

Tomorrow, the Government enters education and it's playing for keeps. No ribbons will be cut, no bills will be signed, no protesters will be arrested, and after it's all over, very few will be drafted. And that's what's important, isn't it.

—R. S. A.

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VAN HEUSEN

"417"

Letters

HELP!

EDITOR:

Anyone (R.S.A.) who believes that the only meaningful norm is change *should* promote the provision of psychiatric help at the University because he needs it most himself.

Dick Hronick
403 Fisher

CLINICAL CIRCUMVENTION

EDITOR:

I feel that perhaps we are conveniently circumventing our personal responsibility regarding the "psychological" situation at Notre Dame by pressing for a clinic.

How often when a person is depressed about "schoolwork" and "girl-friends" would his problems be made more bearable or perhaps even solved if someone he knew took a personal interest in him?

The use of the word "personal" with regard to community interaction on an individual basis has been used so much that we have perhaps lost its meaning. Or is it that we have never become involved in a truly generous concern for another to know what it means?

Before we shift the responsibility to a few professionals, I think that each individual should become more aware of his fellows for the human beings they are. If our supposedly Christian community cannot do that, then I don't think even a clinic will be able to help a person readjust to it.

Ronald S. LeFors
446 Keenan

CLARIFICATION

EDITOR:

Please allow me to clarify a few points in the article which appeared in your last issue in regard to the controversy which grew out of the election for my successor as President of the Hall Presidents' Council.

It appears that the candidate who lost was somewhat remiss in what Etonians would call "fair play." The election was conducted by secret ballot. The totals were 12 for Schwartz and 6 for Thornton. There were 23 eligible voters.

The election date, April 26, was settled prior to Easter holiday and both of the candidates were informed. The secretary, Chuck Ryan, was also informed, although he seems to have a very short memory since he failed to appear for the meeting or to send out postcards, even after having been reminded three times during the prior week.

I really don't mind being referred

to as an "Engineer" since it is far from the worst aspersion I have suffered here, but I do consider the lack of fact in the article a planned undermining of the administration of my successor, Jay Schwartz, by the partisan interests of the defeated candidate, Jim Thornton.

Barry T. McNamara
41 Sorin Hall

YCS IN CRISIS

EDITOR:

As is the fashion nowadays, YCS at Notre Dame is undergoing an identity crisis of sorts. Ours has two aspects: internal and external. In an effort to avert an increase of confusion as to what YCS is, both on the part of the members and non-members, I would like to clarify a few points which were mentioned last week in "Campus."

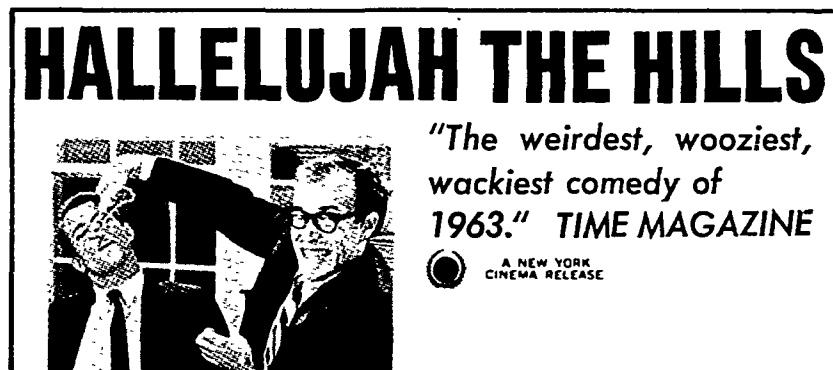
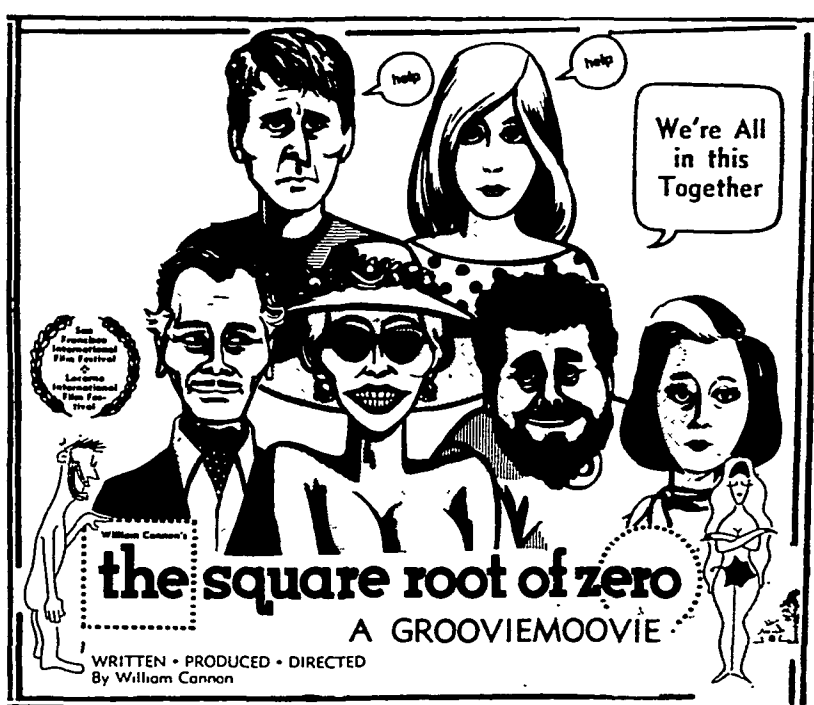
The article contained the quote: "Students do not join the organization to do outstanding work for the community. They join the organization for . . . group and personal development." This is a bit of a distortion, for essentially YCS is a lay apostolate movement in the student milieu; this movement concerns itself with involvement in the student milieu. As a

result of this involvement the students in YCS respond to the human needs of their fellows and act to make the essence of Christ felt in every realm of student life. This action, though, is looked upon as formative action based on a reflective process. We do not concern ourselves so much with social action as to neglect "group and personal development."

This is the basic point I wished to make. But I would also like to suggest a revision of the statement that YCS at IU extension "would provide an outlet for those who need to do something for society."

For myself, I would prefer that one described YCS as a movement which would provide an individual with one method to respond to what he feels is his obligation to "do something for society." This methodology is based upon the theory of *review of life*, which calls upon the student to reflect upon and examine his community; to evaluate the extent to which the demands of human justice and Christian principles are being met; and to act as best he can in whatever way is required, to correct the situations he feels necessary.

Bill Reishman
YCS



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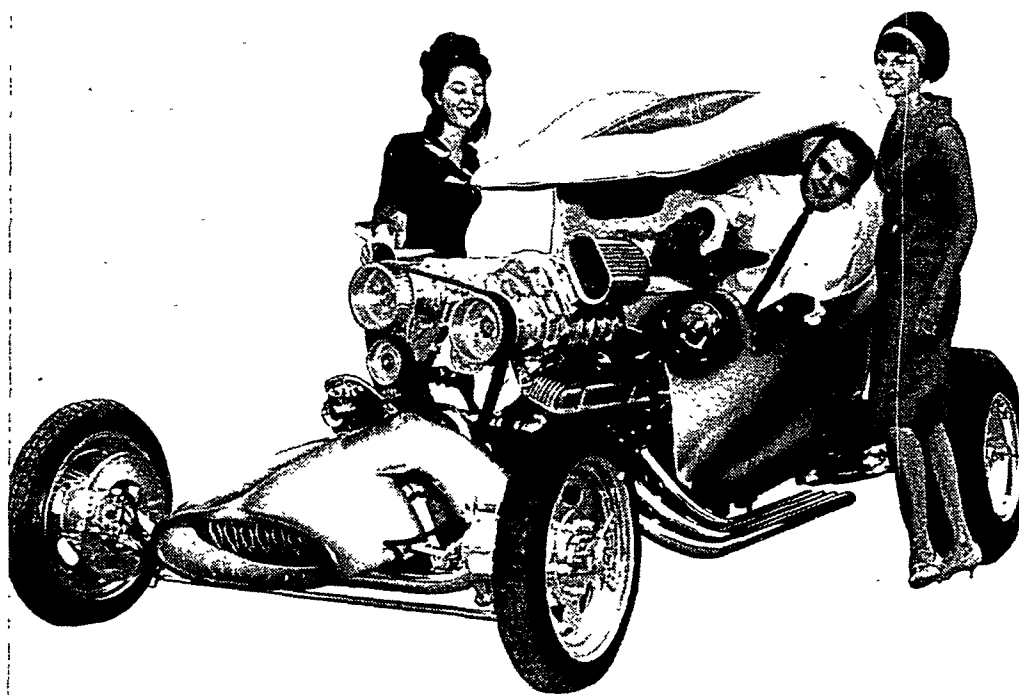


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news and notes

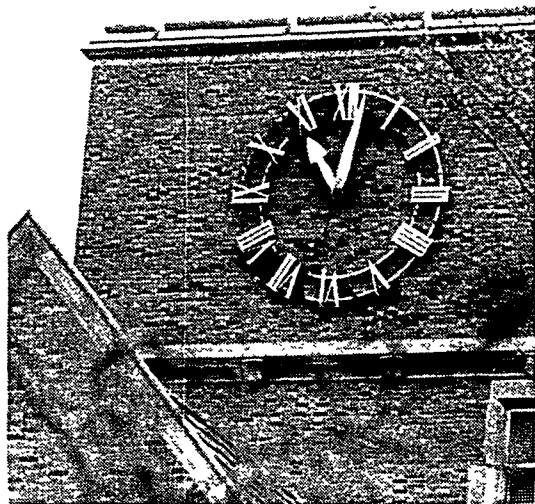
People around O'Shaughnessy can't give you the TIME of day — at least they can't give you the right time of day. For the past two months the clock in the O'Shaughnessy tower has been stalled at 11:02. The Director of Maintenance had no information on the clock. He suggested the Director of Interior Maintenance, who had the right time but knew nothing of

tion between students, faculty and administration in areas of mutual concern."

"There will be one hundred more STUDENTS ON CAMPUS next year," according to Emerit E. Moore, head of Student Accounts. The drastic increase is made possible by the opening of Dujarie Hall, formerly a residence for Brothers. But students who plan to live in Dujarie will not be provided with interhall food service. Off-campus will remain the largest residence unit. "I'll be commuting from Indianapolis," said one disgruntled freshman. Reservations made through hall rectorors prior to class registrations were cancelled by room accounts. Moore refused to comment on the situation and would only say that "the rectorors involved were corrected."

Appearing on the nation's newsstands this week is an editorial in the magazine *Film Heritage* that attacks the censorship policies of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. What makes the editorial of special interest is that in scoring the organization once known as the LEGION OF DECENCY, the editors quote the Notre Dame Student-Faculty Film Society: "The Legion is primarily directed toward the average man who approaches motion pictures with the sole intention of being entertained. At this University we do

not think we are dealing with the average man, nor are we solely interested in entertainment. So what the Legion says has no relevance to us." Asked if he knew anybody who considered himself "average," Film Society Vice-president Bob Haller admitted he didn't. Within the past year the Film Society has shown many condemned films on campus, among them *Joan of the Angels*, *Jules and Jim*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *My Life To Live*, and *The Girl With the Golden Eyes*.



THE STOPPED CLOCK
Neither tick nor tock

a clogged clock. Finally Bro. Roger, C.S.C., Director of Building Maintenance, was contacted. He also claimed no knowledge of the broken clock. But Bro. Roger has assured the students that he will do his best to restore the tick-tock to the O'Shaughnessy clock.

After more than a week of grueling interviews, leaders from Student Government and the major campus organizations selected thirty-nine men from the three upper classes to serve as members of the 1966-67 HONOR COUNCIL. The new membership, representing each of the four undergraduate colleges, poses a fourteen-man increase over the first two years of the Council's existence. After successfully revamping its entire approach and firmly establishing itself as a facet of University life, the Council can turn itself next year to promoting the honor concept throughout the entire community. In the words of newly elected Council Chairman Jack Balinsky, a history major from Fayetteville, New York, "For the first time we can become concerned especially with establishing direct contact with faculty and students while working towards such long-range goals as the extension of student integrity and personal responsibility and effecting closer coopera-



"SATAN"
The fall of the wings

Those generally serious men and their flying machines were at it again last week. John Gies and Mike Maas of Badin could be seen flying the "LITTLE SATAN," their latest configuration of balsa wood and bailing wire, around the main quad with only a tiny gasoline engine and guidance strings between it and destruction. "Little Satan" is the ninth in an illustrious line of model airplanes that the Badinites have managed to get off the ground but, unfortunately, eight of them have landed just a little too hard a little too often.

Viet Nam and the ecumenical spirit have taken another step forward. Students enrolled at Indiana University's South Bend-Mishawaka campus are now able to take ARMY OR NAVY ROTC courses at ND. Termed a "co-operative effort" by Colonel John Stephens, head of Army ROTC, the program will have no effect upon the selection or study programs of Notre Dame ROTC students. The course involves a written entrance examination, attendance at a summer camp, and completion of training on campus with Notre Dame students.



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GOVERNMENT



"IT'S LIKE AN ATOM BOMB — the perfect deterrent weapon." This was one enthusiastic member's description of Notre Dame's youngest student organization, the Popular Front for Student Rights. Despite such judgments, however, the Front seems to have had little effect on the campus after its extraordinary initial success in the recent Student Body Elections. Plagued by an extremist image and torn by internal feuds, saddled with the charge that it is a personality cult built around Lenny Joyce, the Front has seemed an ephemeral will-o'-the-wisp.

Second-in-command Joel Connelly fears that his organization may indeed have passed its prime, and cites personality clashes as the main problem. "At the moment we are all quite conscious of one another, and therefore we can't function as a unit. I think the Front has a future if we can eliminate this problem." Another difficulty, according to Connelly, is the revolutionary-like attitude assumed by the organization's nominal head Joyce. "The first thing Lenny ever thinks of is a popular demonstration: it's the only tactic he knows how to use. He has to learn to be a little more cynical about democracy." But Connelly thinks that the outlook for the Front is, on the whole, hopeful. "It has finally stepped out of its grave and come up with some concrete plans. The main ones right now

are a campaign to abolish the cut system and a report on grievances in the halls, which will be compiled by our hall representatives and issued next year, we hope."

Also in the works are a membership drive and — once the membership has been increased — election of officers to replace the present junta. Finally, the Front has plans to set up a "free speech soap-box" somewhere on campus, for the use of any would-be demagogue who desires an instant forum.

All this makes it seem evident that the Popular Front is showing renewed vigor; but this still leaves at issue the important question of whether a vigorous Popular Front can be of any value to anyone outside the organization. To one member of the Front, it can indeed. "I regard it," he says, "as a very important development for Notre Dame." The potential of the Front lies in the fact that it enables the ordinary student to lift himself out of the "amorphous mass" (the student body, according to this member). "Right now, 200 or so people around here do everything; without them this place would go right down the drain. The Popular Front is different; it's not a clique, it has no organization men; it's close to the student. And yet it has response power; it can get things done. In fact, it could well replace the Student Senate." Ex-

member Howard Dooley prefers to look at the Front in a broader context; he conceives it as a proving-ground for future politicians in the real world. "What we need here is an Oxford Union, a Hyde Park, a place where anyone can get up and address the crowd. Notre Dame doesn't seem to develop any real politicians, and I think this is the reason. The candidates can talk to people in their rooms or in small groups; but there is no element of political personality: they can't 'take an issue to the people.' This is even more true once the campaign is over; they're not politicians, they're con-ners. A good student leader should always be able to speak at a mass meeting, and get the people 'psyched-up,' if necessary. This is what the Front does; it shows people that anybody can get up and talk. We've got free speech, you know; it's just that nobody bothers to use it. The Front can change all that. You could call it a debating society for the proletariat." Because of this intangible value to the students, as well as its capability to accomplish reforms of which Student Government is incapable, Dooley feels that the Front will prosper.

To succeed, the Front will have to overcome some ominous problems. Present membership is around 100, scarcely justifying the title "Popular Front," and these few are said to be



HOME OF THE GHOST

If you sit there long enough, you can imagine one

bitterly divided into SDS, ADA, and YAF camps. Leaders of the Front are not on speaking terms with one another, and the members are resentful at not having a voice in setting the Front's policies. Most serious of all, student sympathy seems to be flagging. In the recent class elections two candidates ran claiming the unofficial support of the Popular Front; both were defeated.

No one knows whether the Front can stand a true test of its strength, for at present, despite all the pyrotechnics, it cannot be said to have achieved any of its objectives. Indicative of this is a remark that Connelly said Joyce made in connection with the group's plans for abolishing the cut system: "I'll have this campus torn apart in ten days." That was ten days ago.

"THERE ARE HOLES IN THESE OLD WALLS"

Rattle of chains, the crackle of glass and the soft eerie whistle. In daylight it's noise. But at night it's the ghost in Washington Hall. So say those illustrious few who live in the dingy old theater. But everyone knows there are no such things as ghosts. However: forty years ago six sailors lived in Washington Hall. They checked out before they had warmed their beds because they were frightened by noises. They said it was a ghost. Yet everyone knows there are no such things as ghosts. However: junior custodian of the hall Chuck Morrison says that there have been reports of chains being dragged across the floors and strange noises.

"There are holes in these old walls," said Morrison, "and a lot of play in those old windows — plenty of opportunity for the wind to make

ghostly sounds. The wind bangs the ropes and scenery against the walls . . . that's all it is." Morrison along with everyone else knows there are no such things as ghosts. However: Since the first time the ghost was noticed, two students have been knocked out or have blacked out or were "pulling someone's leg," said Morrison. "If you sit there long enough you can imagine one." Morrison has been at Washington Hall since September and is the first to admit he was a little scared at first. Now, he has grown accustomed to the moans and the groans of the old building.

The night of May 5, Morrison was up until three o'clock and he heard a sound of "breaking glass." He went downstairs to look around and found nothing. Later he heard a banging noise as if "someone was trying to get in." Upon further examination of the premises he found three band members in the band room. Two were asleep and one was studying. The one who was studying had dropped and broken a bottle.

There have been many stories about the ghost in Washington Hall. One of the best is about the "Gipper." It seems that he stayed in Washington Hall with some buddies and there was no heat in the building at night. It was in that hall that he caught pneumonia which eventually led to his death. Rumor has it that the ghost in Washington Hall is that of the "Gipper." "Maybe he's comin' back to get even," drawled Morrison in a joking fashion.

Everyone knows that there are no such things as ghosts. However: in the past, and even to this day, students have sat up all night in the old hall, watching and waiting and hoping . . . hoping that they would



HONDO HUISKING

" . . . let's just say I don't trust girls"

be able to see what or who it was that made and still makes all of the strange noises in the hall.

"Personally, I think there is nothin' to it," said Morrison. A friend standing with Morrison, looked up at the building and shouted to "no one," "Hear that George, he doesn't believe in ya again!"

THE FASTEST DRAW IN MORRISSEY HALL

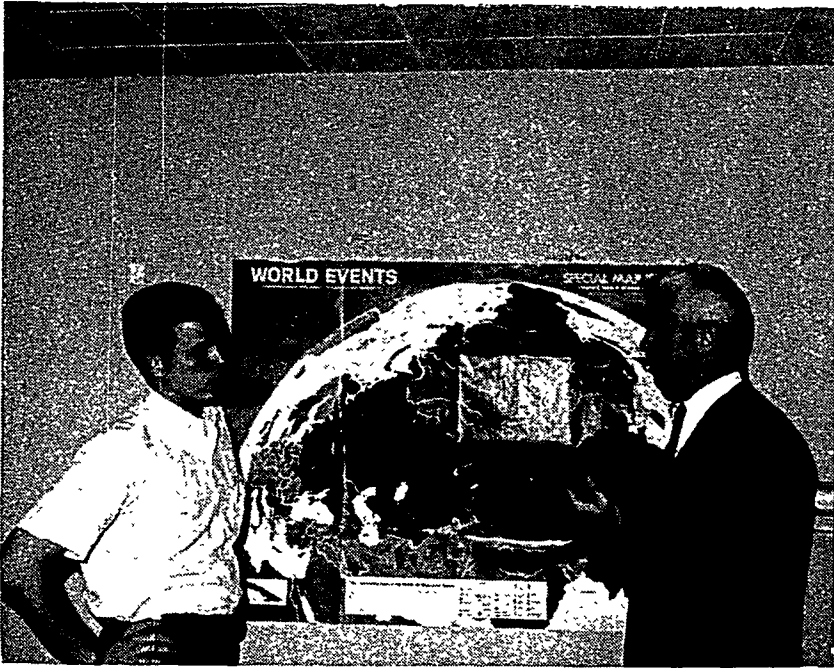
"There are only two kinds of men: the QUICK and the DEAD" read the carefully drawn poster above the closed window curtains. The poster is the first thing that catches the eye, underscored as it is by an authentic model of an early Western rifle.

This initial impression pales before the worn marquee posters that paper the wall advertising each of John Wayne's latest movies for the last five years. *Hondo*, *Rio Bravo*, *Island in the Sky* — they seem a call to a super-movie festival. And then there is the six-shooter which rules the whole scene.

But the real attraction is the tenant of the Morrissey basement suite — Richard "Hondo" Huisking, a Huntington, N.Y., accounting senior.

"It's been four years since I was called Richard. In my freshman year someone found out my interest in John Wayne — the nickname has stuck ever since. Some people think I'm crazy, others say I'm the campus loon. They tease me, but it doesn't bother me too much."

Hondo's interest in the West is based essentially on the fact that those were the "days of real men . . . the time to live." Said Hondo, "When a man loses his individuality, he just becomes one of the sheep." Actually his interest has bubbled over into the field of the movie industry in gen-



GAMESMEN HAMBURGER AND BOGLE
Fun with the intellectual warmongers



SPLICER JERRY MURPHY
The art of confusion in the Engineering Auditorium

eral. As *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* rolled by on the portable TV on the windowsill, his thoughts came out with the assurance of a man who has ten years of avid following to back up his opinions. "Television is changing and it may be for the worse. Gone are the fine character actors like Eugene Pilet and Walter Brennan. Warner Brothers' supremacy in the spy series has been replaced by CBS's steady diet of situation comedy. The really fine actors are being replaced by people whose only attribute is beauty. Rock Hudson was one of the few who was able to combine the two. Now there are only the Ann-Margarets and the Troy Donohues."

In this time of war and civil disorder, Hondo believes man's two real problems are women and work. "I'm not what you would call a misogynist; let's just say that I don't trust women." This might explain why the maid hasn't entered his room since last fall. "She was a little upset by my views concerning women and she hasn't been in since."

As far as the second problem goes, Hondo has insured his own security by arranging a schedule that excludes studying after 6:30 p.m. "Since the freshman year, my grades have been above 3.0. Living at Notre Dame has been the one circumstance that has made course work bearable." A second aspect of his "antiwork" policy has kept him out of all extracurricular activities. Said Hondo, "There's an old Army adage, 'Sacrifice the few, to save the many. And never volunteer for anything.'" If individuality is the name of the game, Hondo seems set for whatever field he decides to enter when what he calls "a very enjoyable college life" comes to a close in three weeks.

KING FOR A DAY

"Israeli A-bomb Devastates Cairo" might be the headline on *The Intelligencer* on May 19, Ascension Thursday. However, *The Intelligencer* is no ordinary newspaper. It will be printed as a one-day special on the eleventh floor of the Library, a part of the Notre Dame Government and International Studies Department's second "war game." Devised as a research project to gauge the responses of the world powers to crisis situations, Dr. James Bogle and graduate students Philip Dur and Robert Hamburger are prepared to "run the world" for a day. These three, plus "Intelligencer" Bob Haller will feed six of Notre Dame's top foreign-policy experts a series of world situations — and watch just what happens.

All six of the men are experts in the thinking and affairs of their "countries." Dr. Julius Pratt, representing the United States; Dr. J. B. Conacher, Great Britain; Dr. Theodore Ivanus, West Germany; Dr. Bernard Norling, France; Dr. George Brinkley, Soviet Union; and Dr. William Liu, Red China will attempt to simulate the reactions of their respective countries to the crises presented. Each will occupy an office and possess his own interoffice phone, and will not be allowed to leave the room except in case of emergency. Even then he will be accompanied by a referee, just to make sure no hanky-panky with the world's balance of power goes on.

Besides the six heads of state, each man will have at his disposal three graduate students as his ambassadors, who will do the calling on the "opposition" when a "hot line" call is deemed out of place. Even these moves will be carefully controlled, as each room will contain a minimum of two ref-

erees and a recording secretary who will take down every word said. Finally, a group of ROTC advisors will assist Dr. Bogle and crew in determining whether or not a situation is militarily feasible. No one else will be allowed on the eleventh floor, and even the lunches for the 8:30-to-5:00 program will be left "outside the gates" at the elevator.

The crisis simulation, as it is called, will be entitled "The Disintegration of NATO and the European Balance—1966" and promises plenty of explosive situations. Dr. Bogle and his colleagues have developed what should be an ingeniously sneaky crisis, and the results should be interesting and informative.

A LOGICAL HAPPENSTANCE

According to Geof Bartz, president of the Film Society, the object of the Society's *happening* last Friday night was to create an environment apropos to the screening of selected and juxtaposed strings of celluloid which, artistic or not, were uniformly far out. Logic, even sanity, falls in the wake of the happening, where the capturing of a total experience is prescribed. "The best way to do this," said Bartz, "is to create an alogical atmosphere. Alogicality is not a reversal of logical expectations, but not necessarily unconscious of them either. This presents a sort of high realism because, in life, events occur pretty much at random."

To realize such an effect, the Film Folks converted the Engineering Auditorium into a veritable visual crazy house. They simulated an academy award "glorialia" complete with M.C., and color blotches revolving on the walls. Blaring sounds of the "Rolling Stones" preceded
(Continued on page 33)

on other campuses

• IN A MEETING which climaxed four days of student agitation for improved food, Fr. Michael Walsh, S.J., Boston College President, disclosed plans to include a new food service and a "pay-as-you-go" meal plan. The students discontent, evident for many years, went into a more active phase when an "intestinal sickness" swept the campus after the traditional Christmas dinner last year. Recently it became evident that students were not satisfied with piecemeal attempts to eliminate the problem when the growing discontent manifested itself openly in a food riot. After the riot a student committee was organized to establish peaceful marches across campus. Despite a steady rain, the march proceeded as scheduled while the students sang a modified version of *We Shall Overcome*. In announcing the new plan, the university president commented, "When I was a student, I probably would have joined the demonstration."

• MARRIAGE as a psychological problem was the recent topic of Dr. Michael Balint at Amherst. Speaking of one case, he said, "During intercourse, the wife would jokingly demand an appropriate fee from her husband for her services. The husband would always pay. She would later use the money to buy household furnishings, which the two would otherwise not have gotten

around to purchasing." The Holy Cross *Crusader* observes that it is evident that Dr. Balint did not treat the possible abuse of this system by a greedy wife.

• NURSES HAVE PROBLEMS. But few have had a problem equal to that of two Vanderbilt student nurses. While training in a public health clinic the girls were approached by an enraged woman who had been on birth control pills for three months but nevertheless was pregnant. After a careful interrogation the woman disclosed that she had been giving the pills to her husband.

• LEAVING PURDUE after five years on the faculty, AF Colonel Merrill A. Kempton, Professor of Aerospace Studies said to a Purdue *Exponent* reporter: "You can't come onto the Purdue campus without being caught up in the drive for excellence that is so evident around here."

Colonel Kempton is leaving Purdue to take over management of a cattle farm in Idaho.

• PERHAPS as advance notice of a Challenge III for Antioch College, Antioch Community Manager Ralph Keyes refuted the charge that Antioch's student government is on the decline by pointing out "how little (they) have changed."

"We do have a rich history," he

said. "In 1939 the college cast to the winds enough money to build a new library, two swimming pools, an airport with 25 planes, a new union building, with enough left over to pay all college expenses for the coming year."

"Unfortunately," he added, "the source of these riches was a \$10,000,000 marijuana crop which was discovered by the FBI." Prematurely.

• THE WEST VIRGINIA College *Yellow Jacket* has reported that, according to a recent survey, "as the sale of alcoholic beverages increases, it is in direct proportion to the increase in the sale of Bibles."

Just goes to show you: The family that kneels together, reels together.

• A St. JOHN'S University senior is angry because university officials forced him to cut his hair. So like most incensed students he wrote a letter to the University newspaper *The Downtowner*:

"Furthermore, I would also like to say that I think such adolescent treatment unreasonable, to say the least. I also think it ridiculous that what are in my opinion stupid, petty, intolerant, narrow-minded and Victorian regulations are allowed to exist in an atmosphere which is supposed to foster intellectual maturity and to prepare one to choose for himself." Never happens here.

—JOEL GARREAU

leiffer

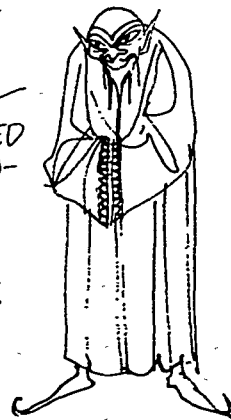
PERMIT MOST HUMBLE UNWORTHY PERSON TO INTRODUCE HIMSELF-



THE YELLOW PERIL!



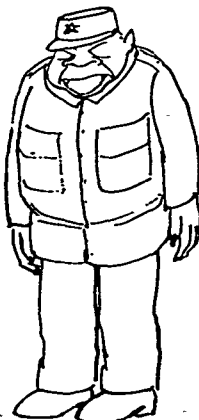
BEFORE WORLD WAR II I APPEARED LIKE SO-WAS KNOWN TO BE CHINESE.



DURING WORLD WAR II I WAS REBORN SO-WAS KNOWN TO BE JAPANESE.



AFTER WORLD WAR II I REAPPEARED SO-WAS, ONCE AGAIN, INSCRUTABLY CHINESE.



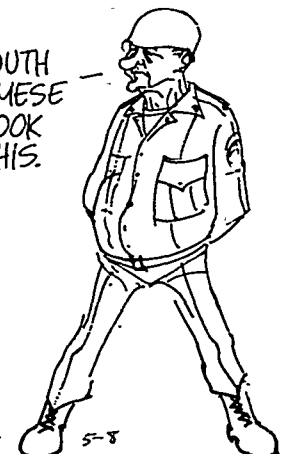
AND NOW, IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF EAST I HAVE REACHED MOST SOPHISTICATED INCARNATION OF ALL. I AM, AT ONE AND SAME TIME, CHINESE AND NORTH VIETNAMESE.



NEVER, PLEASE, TO BE CONFUSED WITH SOUTH VIETNAMESE.



WE SOUTH VIETNAMESE ALL LOOK LAK THIS.



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5-8

Profile of a Secular Priest

by Anton Finelli

Nationally known author Fr. Peter Riga, in a conversation with Associate Editor Anton Finelli, takes a critical look at the problems he feels are confronting Notre Dame—and Catholic universities in general.

REV. PETER RIGA is a securely middle-aged priest who smokes a pipe. Other than that, he has written ten books on topics ranging from the essentially dogmatic (*Sin and Penance*) to the essentially pastoral (*John XXIII and the City of Man*), and has published more than seventy-five articles in American journals. If you want to know, he holds an M.A., an M.S., a Ph.D., and a Licentiate in Sacred Theology, (S.T.L.), and as of the end of this month, he will be unemployed. "As society becomes secularized, the Church will have to egress out of its ghetto . . . if it is to have any influence on the modern world." The words flowed with convincing ease, interrupted only by the sporadic aroma of his store-bought blend. "Eventually, the Catholic university will be phased out of existence."

As he talked, he leaned back into the battered comfort of a cushioned chair, his slippered feet planted squarely on the thick black leather of a revolving stool. "Eighty per cent of American clergy are involved in work concerning the education and welfare of forty per cent of the country's Catholics. . . . The Church's mission is as an evangelical and moral witness. . . . The clergy must be at the base of the moral ferment. . . ." But what about Notre Dame? What about Ralph Martin and the so-called "pastoral vacuum"? What about the place of the Catholic university today?

Ultimately, of course, the Catholic consciousness of an institution will be determined by the social awareness of the individuals who comprise it. At a university, however, the re-

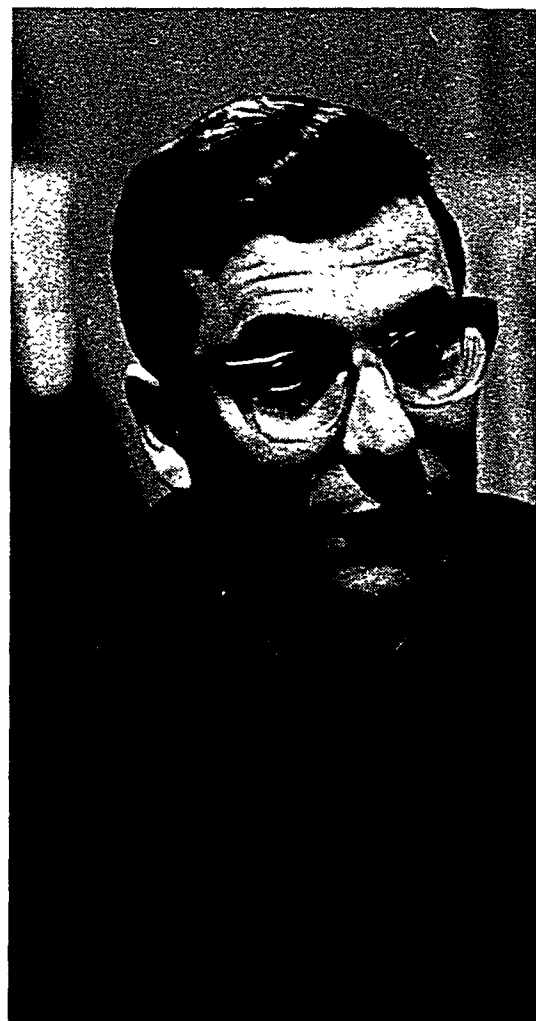
sponsibility of cultivating this awareness must be assumed primarily by the institution. Outside of this, it really has no business at all being Catholic. There will, though, always be room for the university of outstanding academic quality which just happens to be Catholic — provided, of course, that its *raison d'être* is outstanding academic quality. "There is," continued Father Riga, "a terrible pastoral vacuum here in the sense that we are educating and graduating pagans." Until this year, Notre Dame has not offered a course on the social teachings of the Church, and as of now, it is doubtful that one will be offered next year. To the student, unfortunately, not much of this really matters. Theology remains simply a very uncomfortable requirement, and it is widely acknowledged that our Theology Department, though improving, certainly is not among the best we have. Where we should be stressing a practical theology of engagement within the world, we are stressing the theoretical semantics of dogmatics and the marginal sciences of the ethereal. Beyond merely being disinteresting, this type of curriculum can at times be downright distasteful, and the results are reflected in the attitude of the majority of students on this campus. For Father Riga, as for most of us, the situation is one very easy to understand. "We are passing our students through four years of irrelevant theology. . . . All we talk about is the essence of Christ and angels."

How then, from all this, can we expect to produce men who will go out into the world with any sense of concern, or even remotely capable of thinking and acting morally in an impersonal and automated society? If our spiritual temperament originates in an obscured and highly speculative atmosphere, how are we to cope with the real problems of

social justice, the bomb, revolution, and overpopulation. Undeniably, there are those among us who have already arrived at a very evident degree of personal commitment. A disproportionate number of Peace Corps volunteers come off this campus annually, though this year there has been a noticeable dropoff. CILA continues its fine work both in Latin America and in the United States, and, of course, there are always the tutoring programs, the community help projects, and the YCS. Certainly, there could be more of us involved in the peace movement and in civil rights. "I've seen some good indications on this campus," says Father Riga, "but I do think the majority of boys here on campus are apathetic. Their main interests seem to be girls and football."

At this point, taking for granted the fact that we should strive for pastoral relevance as well as academic excellence, the obvious question to ask ourselves is just what is preventing us from achieving these goals. "One particular objection that I have is that perhaps the Congregation of the Holy Cross and its priests have separated themselves from the community of scholars. Speaking for the secular priests, we haven't been invited to partake in the decision-making in matters of curriculum. A bishop once told me that the lot of a secular priest at Catholic univer-

(Continued on page 31)



AMBUSH AT JUDAY CREEK

BY JAMIE McKENNA

The Reserve Officer Training Corps develops leadership and personal responsibility. The Army Counter-Insurgency Unit is an intensification of this training. Two weeks ago, under the surveillance of three young boys, CIU conducted a simulated ambush. Associate Editor Jamie McKenna, describes the tactical problem.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, May 3, the Counter-Insurgency Unit of Army ROTC prepared for a tactical problem. They would split their 30-odd force in half, one group playing the part of a guerrilla group, the other that of a regular Army section. The guerrillas dressed in old pants, corduroys, jeans and different-colored shirts. They were to ambush the green-fatigued Special Forces. They both wore heavy, black combat boots, and they made a clomping sound in the ROTC garage, where the cement floor was covered with M-1 rifle guts. They were inserting firing pins.

Many had extra equipment strapped to their bodies. Hatchets, a pair of sunglasses, a knife tied to a thigh. These they had to provide for themselves, from surplus stores or their dresser drawers. They had black-faced themselves by smearing their skin with carbon paper. One, who had a flare hanging from his pocket, a combat belt, a little hunting knife, and shoe-polish-smearred clothes, also had a green make-up stick which he rubbed on his face.

At 4:20 the firing pins had been installed and they assembled quickly outside. They hurried because there was a physics test that night. During the drill on the Thursday before, when they had first been assigned their rifles, the air had been filled with trigger clicks and the slamming shut of bolts. They had sighted and clicked at made-up tar-

gets and handled the M-1 with familiarity. Chuck Steiner, who is the student commander of CI, practiced the manual of arms and then inspected a CI's rifle. He went to slap it free in the prescribed manner, but the CI balked and Steiner barked, "Haven't you ever had your rifle inspected?" He squinted down the barrel. "Filthy! Filthy!" Steiner must, at times, be very stern with his men. Ed Heaton, a junior and second-in-command, can be more relaxed. When one CI kidded, "Hey, maybe there'll be a riot in South Bend," Heaton responded by telling how to stop an attacking dog. "Get a water gun and fill it with ammonia — they can't stand the stuff." That was Thursday and it was a loose, friendly drill. They weren't in love with war. They were students who saw in ROTC and Counter-Insurgency a chance to grow. Tuesday there was no time for joking. Steiner called them to attention and they snapped into line. His head was nearly shaved of hair and he had smeared it completely with carbon

paper. Both he and Heaton had personal .45's strapped to their waists, for they would judge the problem and not participate.

Steiner explained the operation. The peasants, due to guerrilla attacks, had been unable to ship their rice down the river. The Special Forces would "recon" the stream and somewhere along it the guerrilla forces would ambush them. The squad leaders had boxes of blank shells which said on them, "Dangerous Within 20 Feet." Steiner said not to aim the gun at anybody within 50 feet. "Don't shoot at your pals. I realize a burial detail would provide good practice, but . . ." The problem would be conducted in an extensively wooded area, across from the Stepan Center, on the other side of Juniper Road. By double-timing and quick-stepping, they got there by 4:50.

The Special Forces and Steiner would continue up the road until they reached Stuckey School which was deserted and broken into by kids who had fought it out with stones. Heaton said it looked just like a bombed-out building. The guerrillas and Heaton left the road and cut across a field, heading for Juday Creek where they would set up the ambush. They fanned out as they walked, their rifles carried at cocky, loose angles. Heaton pointed at them and laughed, saying that now they were "playing the role. . . . A real rag-tag, give-a-crap outfit." Steiner's men would be more disciplined. Both groups knew their parts and it seemed realistic.

Part of their knowledge came from regular ROTC classes and part from special training. The Thursday before, the entire CI Unit had come to this field and split into small groups. Then a student instructor told them how to react during an ambush. One freshman told his group, as a "recon" force, they should walk with a grenade in



their hand, with the "pin pulled out and holding the handle. The first few seconds it doesn't matter how many people get killed, what matters is fire superiority. . . ." They should toss the grenades immediately, he said in his high, clear voice, and then fire even if they couldn't see the enemy, because "bullets flying by your head pop and the enemy will put their heads down." He was a freshman.

Now it was Tuesday, and they double-timed down a dirt road till they came to the creek. Hendricks, who was head of the guerrillas, spread out his men. They ran along the road and the banks of the creek forming what's known as a flexible "L." All at once it looked real. But one CI had said, "It's fun. You get to run around fields playing G.I." And then there was always the laughing and kidding of Thursday, so it never seemed real very long. But they knew what they were doing. They disappeared. It was 5:18 and they waited for the attack.

Heaton thinks of CI as a kind of fraternity. Steiner will chip in and say, "As far as I'm concerned, it's more of a Prussian Rifle Team." Whatever it is, there is among them what Heaton calls a "great loyalty and personal concern." What does it get them? One said, "A little self-confidence, believe it or not." For Heaton it is something more. "Business . . ." he says, "they want the organization man. . . . If I'm going to go body and soul for anything, I want it to be something worthwhile. . . . Not candy or soap. Neither business nor teaching strikes me as being that interesting or challenging. They're routine jobs. I would prefer something not routine. . . . I guess it's defense of country and American ideals. That may sound idealistic; but if people are going to carry placards against the U.S., then people have a right to go to the other extreme; and I want to defend it." What the CIU is trying to do, Heaton says, "is to get away from the image of soft Americans, trying to get people who are concerned for their country and this concern carries over to other fields."

As they lay there, camouflaged, you could see a man lying with his chin resting on the butt of his blank-loaded rifle. And the thought came that here is the comradeship, the excitement and challenge, the glamor of war; but without death. Because they had only red-wax blanks that are dangerous at 20 feet. And it wasn't death his chin was resting on but something else.

At 5:26 the left-bank lookout came puffing in. Hendricks crouched with him and said in a hushed voice, "If they come down either side, we got

'em. Good job! Good job!" At 5:34 he moved among the men and whispered, "Don't move."

In a way, it was exciting, but it was different from what Colonel Stephens, the head of Army ROTC, talked about. "If you've ever been shot at or if you've ever seen your buddy hit by a mortar, seen his combat boots stick out of the rear of the meat wagon. . . . He was a big Dago, his name was Russo. We played softball together two months before. Boy, if somebody calls that glamorous . . . I don't. . . . If you've ever gone up on a hill and picked up your buddies," he said, telling how dead flesh will puff and swell up. "I had these tough

yelled, "It's over. It's over." They all assembled except for some stragglers. One yelled, "Somebody lost his glasses back there. Get me three people." "He lost his glasses!", came the reply. "That's what I said. Get me three people!"

There were three small kids watching the assembly. They had been at Stuckey School and had followed the "recon" group. Steiner spotted them and said, "I told those little ——— not to follow us or we'd shoot 'em." The kids didn't move.

The CI Unit maneuvered into a double column and began to march back to Notre Dame. The three kids followed. One of the last CIs says, "I'll



soldiers. They wouldn't touch them. I had to get down and pick them up. I was the officer. The soldiers put handkerchiefs over their noses. I couldn't do that."

At 5:35, the right-bank lookout ran out of the blocking overgrowth. "They're coming. On this side! On this side!" At 5:38 a black beret came out of the gnarled trees. He was softly whistling the call of a bobwhite. Suddenly he spotted two ambushers and killed them. He was killed. And Hendricks' whistle pierced the air twice and gunfire broke out. Not the sharp crack of movie guns, but loud, dull barks. At 6:40 Hendricks yelled, "Fall back! Fall back!" The Special Forces had come up on both sides of the stream and the guerrillas were being outflanked. Steiner appeared and yelled, "Davis, you died. Lay down dead, Davis." At 6:45 somebody

never be point man again, I got killed and only got to fire three rounds." Steiner leads them in a parachutist song:

Glory, Glory, what a helluva way to die.

Glory, Glory, what a helluva way to die.

He ain't gonna jump no more.

Two weeks before they had joined with South Bend's Special Forces unit and had blown up the Mishawaka Power Plant. When they hit the ground, Heaton cut his hand on a beer bottle and he, he'll tell you with a laugh, was the only casualty. On this Tuesday there were no casualties strung out behind them. Only three kids who had probably taken stones and helped make war on an old school. The kids marched raggedly. It was probably the first time they had been in a column file. ■

AN INTIMATE AFFAIR

BY RAY FLEMING

Ray Fleming, a junior majoring in the foreign language department (Italian), has long been interested in and has much experience with opera modes, history, and staging. He reviews here the University Theatre's latest production, *The Medium*, currently billed at Washington Hall.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI has done more to broaden operatic tastes and increase the opera-going public than any other composer of the twentieth century. It was the librettist Henry Butler who claimed for Menotti the distinction of having made opera emotionally accessible, but if Menotti has made his operas popular and emotionally accessible it is due primarily to his dramatic skills, and not to his ability as a composer. While it is true that Menotti seeks through the fusion of music and melodrama to move his audience to feel with his operatic characters, his degree of success in attaining the desired communication of emotional content and intensity is attributable to his fine sense of theater.

Menotti's musical styles are far too eclectic and ill-defined to be the effective vehicle for the transmission of the depth and substance of the most dramatic moments in his operas. This is not to say that Menotti's musical setting ever becomes incidental to his melodramas, for there is always evident his movement towards a perfect, almost Mussorgsky-like fusion of drama and music, yet Menotti's music is never capable of carrying forward the dramatic intensity of his story as does, for example, Puccini's music in the third act of *Tosca* or Verdi's melodic surge at the end of Act III of *Trovadore*.

Menotti's operas reveal the composer's attempt to make opera bear more than an oblique reference to human life. A Menotti opera is an intimate affair between stage and audience, for he, too, has sought to make the human heart the region of his song. All of his operas, from *Amelia al Ballo* to *The Last Savage*, are autobiographical and help to explain that sense of intimate communication, that oneness of stage and audience which is an integral part of the dynamics of a Menotti opera.

The Medium is centered around Madam Flora, a fake medium who with the aid of her daughter Monica, and Toby, a mute, has convinced an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gobineau, and a widow, Mrs. Nolan, that she can contact their dead children. One evening during a "seance" Madam Flora feels a mysterious hand upon her throat and unable to discover who or what menaced her, she is driven by fear into a fit of frenzy and kills Toby, believing him to be the ghost who had been haunting her.

In the University Theatre's production of *The Medium*, Carolyn Jaskunas is Madam Flora; Stephanie Black, her daughter Monica; Terry Francke plays Toby; David Garrick is Mr. Gobineau; Patricia Culp has the role of Mrs. Gobineau; and Joan Tweedell is Mrs. Nolan.

From the moment she steps on stage, Carolyn Jaskunas as Madam Flora dominates the opera. It is Miss Jaskunas' own dramatic intensity which develops the obsessive atmosphere which envelopes and pervades *The Medium*. Miss Jaskunas is at her best where Menotti's score calls for naked and violent emotion. Her contralto voice is powerful and expressive, although not dark enough to realize all the dramatic possibilities of her role. Although she has not

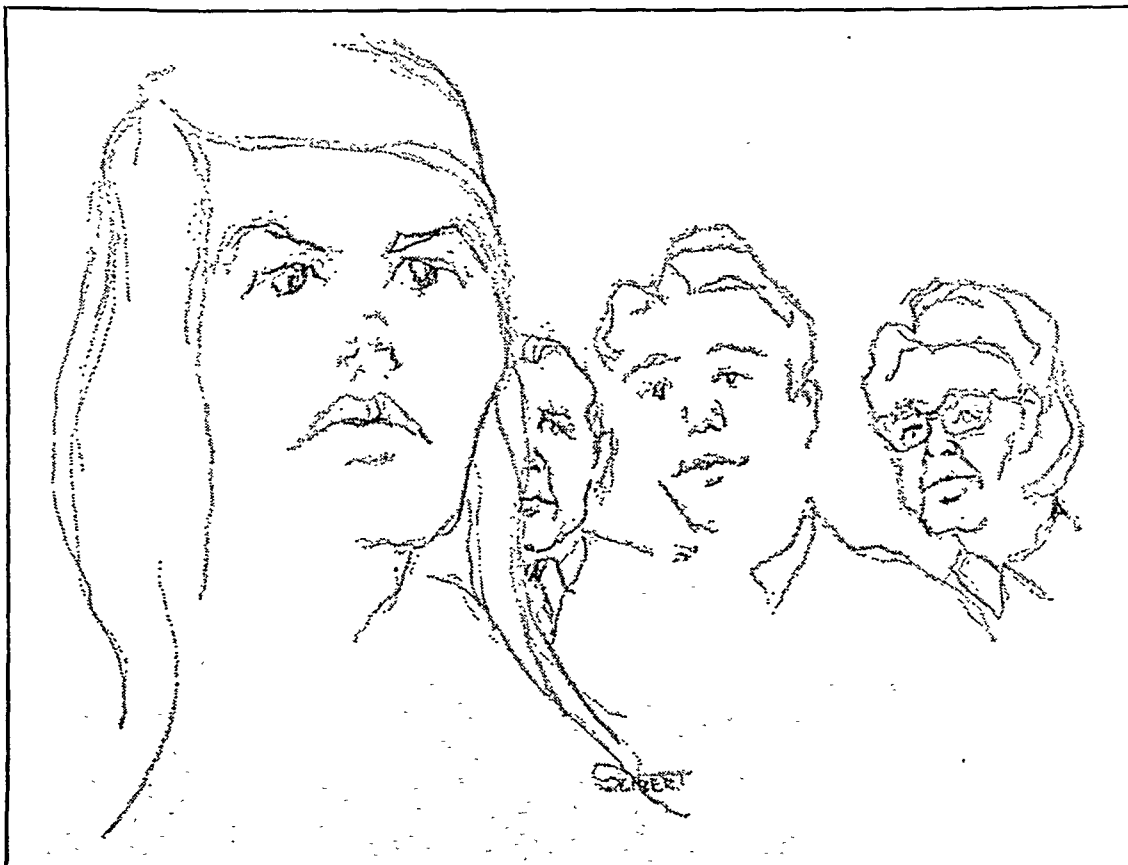
yet acquired a mastery of the long phrase, her diction is remarkably clear throughout her performance.

Stephanie Black, who plays Monica, possesses a fresh, but musically inexperienced voice, and nothing reveals this inexperience more than her inability to bridge the holes in her upper register. Within the middle register Miss Black's tone is steady and pleasant, but decidedly lacking in fullness. She is often guilty of scooping, or sliding into a note from below instead of hitting it squarely on pitch. Miss Black is most effective as singer and actress in the "duet" with Toby which opens the second act where she demonstrates her ability to handle the long phrase.

Menotti's Toby is supposed to be sad, sensitive, and mysterious. Mr. Francke's eyes express quite well the sadness and sensitivity that Menotti envisioned in Toby but that air of mystery is absent. Toby's personality is revealed chiefly through facial expression, and Mr. Francke limits himself too severely in this regard.

Miss Culp's performance as Mrs. Gobineau leaves little to be desired. She, more than any one of the performers, seems to fully understand her character and to communicate the verbal, musical and dramatic substance of her role. Her attack is always clean and decisive, and she projects her voice with seemingly no effort.

David Garrick as Mr. Gobineau appears unable to sing expressively. His diction is good, but he lacks the grace of word projection. Miss Tweedell gives a convincing performance as Mrs. Nolan. ■



DEATH IS DEAD

by David Hacker

WHEN I DIE I want to be sealed in a polyethylene bag and hung from a tree. My obituary must read in part, "the family requests that in lieu of flowers, those wishing to express their sympathy give an extra piece of candy to the trick-or-treaters next Halloween." Hear ye! There shall be no rosaries said at my wake, and any music at my funeral must be classical piano or violent protest songs. Better still, there will be no wake or funeral, just me, my plastic bag, and a tree.

I did not grow up as some people do completely unacquainted with death. I saw lots of dead people — people who had died of everything. I know that when you're dead you get ugly purple. I don't know what you get after that because I've never seen anybody, but I can guess.

Nor did I grow up unacquainted with the sicknesses that lead to death. Some of the people I knew got sick before they died. The Cancer Society shows movies of a rampant cancer in the breast of a pretty girl, and the Heart Fund calls once a year for a contribution. Attacks and spasms were all around me, coming in the general environment of lingering illness. I once knew of an old lady who was patiently waiting to die of cancer when she suddenly died of a heart attack while sitting on the toilet. One must watch, therefore, for he knows neither the day nor the hour.

I have made a study of these things, too, shopping with Herodotus and speculating with Camus on the strict use of streetcars. Lepers and epileptics run wild through my literature. With Russians I have looked under trains and at hatchet murders. Martyrs have come to me from the pages of Gibbon and baseball-score death reports from war correspondents. Medical journals say that scientists can freeze people and give them hearts with replaceable batteries. I have studied it all, and I am bound for the plastic bag and the tree.

I have nothing against morticians. Some of the nicest people I ever knew were funeral directors, and it is certainly true that Grant Wood used to live above a mortuary stable. When I was very young, a mortician even let me play with the power windows in his car. It was a good promotional gimmick, but I refused to be fooled.

Obituary writers are of another breed. I do not trust them; they never tell the truth about anything. I will write an obituary for you, one worthy of the *New York Times*:

Darius Xerxes Smith died today at 7:31 $\frac{1}{4}$ of a terribly painful disease. He died screaming and kicking, a fact which subconsciously delighted his wife and children. He is survived by his wife, Ophelia, and three children who will inherit \$27,361.34 (before funeral expenses). Mr. Smith was generally felt by his acquaintances to be an inferior person; he has held posts of honor, but has really done nothing. The pastor of the church which Mr. Smith attended is quoted as saying that his ex-parishioner is probably eternally damned because he did not like St. Alphonsus Liguori! This same pastor will avoid mentioning this when he conducts the funeral services tomorrow morning at 9:00. For his stipend the priest will receive the customary \$50. The altar boys will each receive a two-dollar bill and a specially inscribed holy card depicting St. Isidore plowing a field. The dinner after the interment will be catered by the RIP catering service, and real butter will be used instead of margarine.

One must come to the reality of the situation. I have often meditated on dying, and I suggest that the reader try the same. A profitable approach might be to proceed as with an examination of conscience: Do I respect God's plan for death? Do I respect the dead bodies of others? Have I seen to it that respect will be shown to mine? Have I allowed myself to have thoughts of murder or suicide? Do I participate in the singing of morbid songs or the telling or morbid jokes? To fall into bad habits with respect to dying may be a very serious matter.

There is, for I know him, a man who would commit suicide if he could leave a decent note. He has been writing for nineteen years while his sisters support him; but he cannot write what he needs to say, so he goes on walking to the grocery store once a week like any other Harvard Ph.D. When he does die at age fifty-six, run over by a milk truck in the grocery

store's parking lot, someone will publish his journals. A reviewer in a Sunday supplement will suggest that he had a strong death wish. Some scholar will prove in *Notes and Queries* that the work was strongly influenced by Shakespeare's *Hamlet* because a paperback edition was found under the short leg of a shaky table in his writing room.

So it happens to the best of us. Under LSD I am always convinced that I will be mistaken for the admiral who invented the submarine or something and shot out of a torpedo tube when I die. I seem to see myself on the bottom of the ocean thinking how much I've disproved Milton. I have no use for Whitman's mighty cradle. I



must reject him and go with the old nursery lullaby:

*Rockaby baby in the tree top.
When the wind blows, the cradle
will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle
will fall.
Down will come baby, cradle, and
all.*

My tree is not a cross; that much I will tell you, for I would not have you claiming that I use the backwards logic of my long-time acquaintance, Mr. Eliot. I insist that I demand to be bagged and hung for no real reason, although I will concede that as a child I always liked to put unusual ornaments on the Christmas tree. ■

“NOW THAT SPRING IS THERE...”

by Joseph M. Duffy, Jr.

Socialism is more than a political and economic system; perhaps it is closer to an emotional temperament. Associate Professor of English Joseph M. Duffy — disaffiliated, yet committed to the cause, fortnighted in England over Easter. What follows is an impressionistic scenario of the land and its temperament.

OVERFLYING Belfast, the plane moved east and south toward Liverpool and Birmingham. At London Airport it touched down in the rain and morning gloom almost eight hours after leaving Chicago. The immigration and customs examination was brief but inhospitable as is usually the case at British ports of entry — the vestigial insularity, perhaps, of an island state latently suspicious of everything “non-English.” On the B.O.A.C. bus for London, the conductor gave five shillings, instead of fifteen in change for a pound and then quickly held out a ten-shilling note when he realized he was dealing with a foreigner who could count in sterling.

It was good to see again England's country green and, closer to central London, to recognize the names — Fulham, Putney, Hammersmith. Along the Chelsea Embankment, traffic was heavy and very slow, and a bowler-hatted man holding a rolled umbrella alternately sprinted ahead of the bus and fell behind. From Victoria Terminal, the taxi drove behind the Palace, along one side of Belgrave Square, and into Sloane Street to the hotel.

The elections had been over for a week. Mr. Wilson's Cabinet had been announced and analyzed critically in the *Times* and the *Guardian*. Rhodesia and a Greek tanker were in the headlines. Britain's dwindled sterling reserve was a problem to be faced by the returned Labor Government. And the nude body of a Ritz hairdresser found in her Hampstead flat was being examined for clues by the popular press.

It seems futile to discuss the relative merits of socialism in England. That would be like arguing for or against climate. By American stan-

dards, even the Tories follow an egregiously leftist line. Clearly a more expanded economic democracy is desirable in England — and elsewhere — even though, in the wake of such expansion, certain trophies of the underprivileged, which are also trophies of civilization, must be put away. In compensation for such loss, however, other achievements of the imagination and the intellect might be expected to appear over a long period of communal enrichment. At least the attempt at constructive social change is worth making in order to see whether or not the modern state can function efficiently when it is not preparing for or actually waging war.

It will be interesting, therefore, to see what happens when the economic, social, and human resources of a nation are directed toward the people themselves rather than hoarded among the privileged or squandered upon devices of war. If the Labor Government is given a long term in office, if Mr. Wilson continues to re-



main ingratiatingly hypocritical toward President Johnson's adventure in Viet Nam and makes no tangible military commitments on behalf of Britain, if British management overcomes its otiosity about competing in a world market and increases its quantitative and qualitative productivity, and if the British workers restrain their petty selfishness of temper and improve their efficiency of output, the next five to ten years could bring a greater financial stability in Great Britain. In turn, this stability would provide a basis for the development of a fully democratic community.

Such a community requires as its foundation economic soundness. But that soundness implies something else
(Continued on page 30)

Poetry and Pacifism

Holy Week, 1965
(The Viet Nam Raids Go On)

... They were patient almost as time.
Their words ate like a tooth. ...
— Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

It's unfortunate that people don't talk to each other any more. Last Thursday, Fr. Daniel Berrigan came and left Notre Dame without, I suspect, saying many of the things he wanted to. Fr. Berrigan, who writes, like all poets, about things which concern him most, has recently been writing about war, the Vietnamese war in particular. For Fr. Berrigan, a pacifist as well as a poet, is the symbolic spokesman for the growing Catholic peace movement (a vague term for a vague but real movement).

Since his superiors allegedly ordered him to withdraw from his position as co-chairman of the Clergy Concerned About Viet Nam, Fr. Berrigan has emerged as one of those archetypal individuals who arise from time to time and around whom many of the basic concerns and conflicts of our time revolve.

Perhaps we are tired of hearing about our war. Reported on, commented on and thoroughly analyzed, the conflict is beginning to take on a dreamlike quality, its reality smothered in countless words, its tragedy like a death in a neighbor's family. Willingly or not we have accepted the war as a fact of our national existence — another in a seemingly inevitable series of wars and semi-wars, brutal and not to be reflected upon too seriously in their implications. For some (hopefully a naive few by now) we are still fighting a war to contain the spread of atheistic communism. Others are aware that our involvement is neither as simple nor as noble as that. These latter, however, are often infected with a kind of paralyzing cynicism, an attitude which recognizes the disingenuous nature of our "commitment" in Viet Nam yet despairs of the possibility of any meaningful or effective protest. The danger of this attitude is that it is often not only paralyzing but also deadening. This is where Fr. Berrigan might have spoken to us had anyone asked him. To read his poetry is to realize that he has escaped (or at least risen above) cynicism — perhaps this is *why* he is a poet.

No one asked Fr. Berrigan any pertinent questions — at least not during the question and answer period. Perhaps we (and Fr. Berrigan) would have made better use of our meeting had it been presented as a lecture or a debate. There are few things more oppressive than a poetry reading at Notre Dame. Few as they are, readings have become an established part of the elaborate ritual of the academic year; there is a kind of pre-ordained ceremony to them, like a tea party or a funeral. Generally, a nicely dressed and well-scrubbed audience listens politely, applauds warmly, and leaves quietly. For his part, the poet reads ironical verses with more or less enthusiasm and then entertains perfunctory questions with droll and/or sage answers.

The audience at least held true to form at the Berrigan reading. There was no real confrontation. His pacifism called forth neither an argument nor a question. For some reason no one cared to hear how a man can be a pacifist, how he can ignore the example of human history, how he can transcend cynicism.

— TOM SULLIVAN



movies

AVON: *Leather Boys, Ladies That Do: Leather Boys* is in the mainstream of British social comment, particularly in the Tony Richardson style. Rita Tushingham gives another superb rendition of a lower-class adolescent (*The Knack, Taste of Honey*). This time she embarks on a teen-age marriage and a sensitive camera pans the downfall of that enterprise. Its pessimism, but little else, has been censured. *Ladies* is a light and poorly done British comedy about a few old women who become entrepreneurs. (*Boys*: 6:15, 9:30. *Ladies*: 8:00.)

COLFAX: *Flight of the Phoenix*: A truly impressive list of actors are wasted here on a more impressive list of stereotypes. Jimmy Stewart, as the age-old pilot desperately trying to stave off the onslaughts of automation, does a very unimaginative job. Hardy Kruger, the automator, uses all his imagination — and that is considerable — but still can't change the lines which are all too predictable. The Sahara set where the plane has crashed is quasi-realistic but filmed in striking color. The batman finale is not even quasi but the photography (which cost the cameraman his life) is once again fine. (*Phoenix*: 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30.)

GRANADA: *Judith, Slender Thread*: Sophia Loren is an unlikely espionage heroine in *Judith*. Sidney Poitier is a more unlikely social worker in *Thread* and does a poor job of saving suicide-bound Ann Bancroft whose performance is again (*Pumpkin Eater*) admirable and makes *Thread* attractive. (Times, 1:00, 3:00, 5:05, 7:10, 9:15.)

STATE: *To Trap a Spy, The Spy with My Face*: a couple of low-budget "Uncle" attempts for all you foggy-eyed fanatics. (*Trap*, 1:20, 4:35, 7:50; *Face*, 2:55, 6:10, 9:25.)

CINEMA 66: *Diary of a Country Priest*: French classic. Members \$.25, others \$.50. (Sat. 2:00, 8:00.)

— J. DUDLEY ANDREW



LONG DISTANCE CALLING

As his team warmed up for the game that wasn't to be, Kenneth Featherstone remarked, "... 'Tis one of the disadvantages of a sport such as this, the informality I mean." A post-prom scrimmage is all that came of last Saturday's scheduled game between the Notre Dame and St. Louis University Rugby clubs. Employing the last-minute phone call to its full effectiveness, St. Louis reneged on a fine opportunity to become an Irish pretourney, tune-up victim. Disappointed that they couldn't soil foreign jerseys, but still anxious to prepare for this weekend's Notre Dame Invitational, the Irish regulars put it to the fledglings 19-0, in a kidney-jingling scrimmage that set the pace for this week's practices.

To successfully defend their Irish Challenge Cup tomorrow and Sunday, the Irish must vanquish seven Rugby powers from this country and Canada. Most of the competition should be provided by the Southern California Rugby-Football Club, which boasts of four football All-Americans, the St. Louis Bombers, headed by an ex-Green Bay Packer middle linebacker; and the Toronto Nomads, whom the Irish defeated in overtime last year for the tourney championship.

Wisconsin, the Big Ten Rugby champion, boasts of a Russian grad-

student and a French count in its lineup, if that means anything. Dartmouth, Virginia, and West Point round out the entries.

With regular backs Tom Gibbs and John Adams (Adams is rumored to be doing beer advertisements for *Sports Illustrated*) definitely out for the tourney, injuries may hamper the Irish quest. And unless the Rugby gods have been somehow appeased, Notre Dame will have luck to deal with. Two weekends ago the Irish scored 30 points to the opposition's 6 in the Midwest Rugby Union Tourney, and didn't make the finals. At the same time, the Notre Dame B team took John Carroll University's first team through two overtime sudden-death periods before, in true Rugby sporting spirit, there was a flip of the coin. The Irish chose heads. John Carroll won.

THE NATIONAL CHAMPION

Living quietly in our midst is a national champion of one of this country's fastest growing sports. The unsung hero is Lenny Woods, an Alumni Hall junior from Los Angeles who is the part owner of the "Woods-Cook-Stone Special," the undisputed A/Gas Supercharged champion of the world of drag racing. The car, a '40 Willys Coupe with a 451 cu. in. blown Chrysler under the hood, has hit the quarter-mile mark at top speeds of 160 mph and has been featured in many of the leading automotive and racing publications.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Mississippi isn't the only place where it's hard to hold an election. Last Sunday the SCHOLASTIC attempted to hold their balloting for the "Athlete of the Year" award in the dining halls during the evening meal, but because they lacked the official sanctioning they were asked to leave their posts at the doors. After a futile search for someone to issue the necessary carte blanche, an alternative was suggested. The checkers ended up distributing the ballots and asking the voters to drop them off on the way out. Just how this was legal and the former, simpler plan was anathematized remains known to only God and the Director of the Dining Halls. Nevertheless, over 1800 Notre Dame men managed to cast their ballot, including none other than the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C. The voting indicated a two-man race with footballer Nick Rassas polling a strong 858 votes to miler Ed Dean's 476. Basketball captain-elect Jim Monahan's 59 ballots edged out John Bishko, the fencer, for third. Not finding the listed candidates sufficient, several voters resorted to write-in candidates, some of dubious repute, notably Spider McDermott (frisbee) and Martha Juice (tumbling).

FROM GOSHEN WITH LOVE

When Jay Miller, a standout forward on the Fighting Irish basketball team for three years, graduated last June, he didn't give up the game completely. Like many college ball players, Jay, who hails from nearby Goshen, combined business with basketball. He took a job with the Goodyear Rubber Co.; he could start in the executive trainee program and play for their industrial league team. His performance on the hardwood won him a berth on the U.S. National team which represented Uncle Sam last week in Latin America. The U.S. placed second to Yugoslavia, although both had identical 5-1 records, because the Yugos had defeated the Uncles in an early matching. But the high point of the tournament came when the U.S. edged out Russia, 69-65, for second place. The winning margin was provided by Miller's two clutch free throws in the final seconds, thus frustrating the Russians in their "5-year" plan to conquer the basketball world.

NOT THAT FAR FROM IT

by Nick Rassas
with Jim Mabon

Resting comfortably in his apartment suite in a secluded Atlanta suburb, after a hard day at the high school, Nick Rassas began to reflect on the South, his life as a pro, and finally, his favorite topic — Notre Dame. Serving as a football instructor at Spring Hill High School, Rassas has spent the three months since he graduated acquainting himself with his new employers, the Atlanta Falcons, and preparing for his initial season in the N.F.L.

"Down here in Atlanta it's all Georgia and Georgia Tech when people talk football. They really have everybody brainwashed about football at Tech and who's the best, but whenever anybody brings up the subject, I just tell him to wait until Ara brings the boys down here in '67. That will keep him quiet.

"The guys down here, especially the coach at the high school, can't believe how gung-ho I am about Notre Dame since I graduated. If I had my choice I'd like to go through five years at Notre Dame again . . . without the studies this time. The fans down here are great and Atlanta is probably the best place to play pro ball outside of Green Bay because the people are backing us a hundred per cent, even though we haven't played a game and will probably get our faces pushed in the ground next year. But they can't compare with the spirit and the guys at Notre Dame. The other day they had Nobis and Johnson and myself try on the new uniforms. They were really cool and all that, but it wasn't the same as putting on the gold and blue.

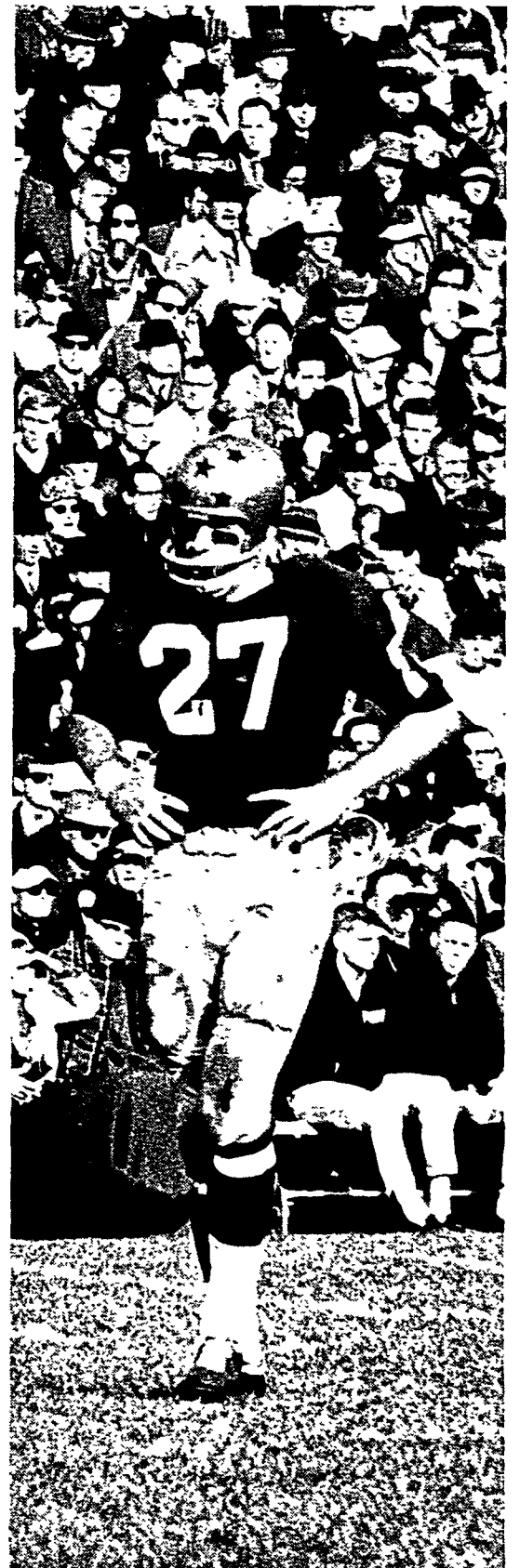
"I've been working out every day since February 1, running track, playing touch football at the high school,

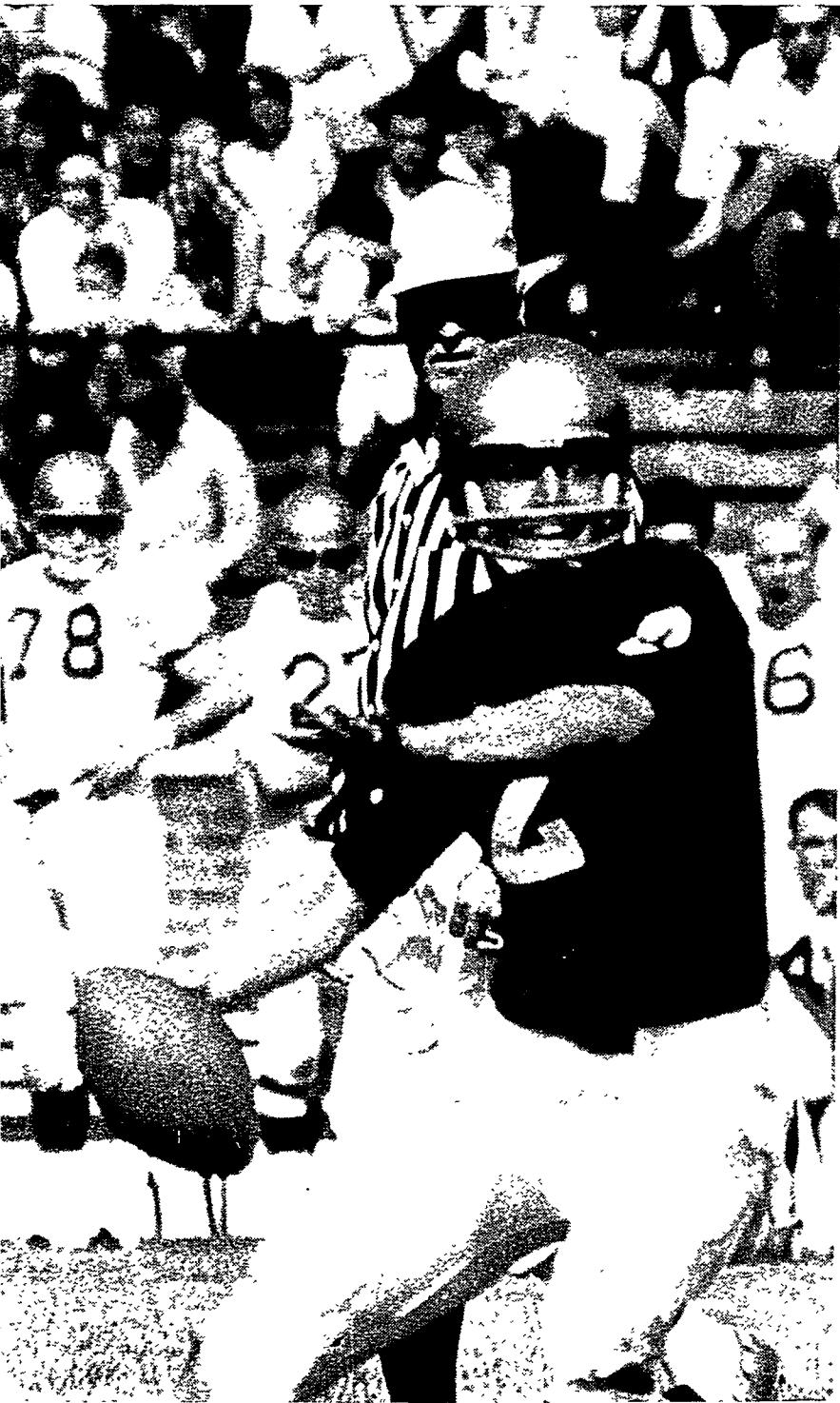
and lifting weights every other day. When I got out of school I thought I was too weak to play pro ball, especially after I met Herb Adderly and Jimmy Orr and a couple of other guys. I took one look at them and I knew how hard I had to work even to come close to the big time. Right now I feel about four times as strong as I ever did. My physical structure has changed now that I've pushed everything up top. I guess I'm ready for the beach now.

"I remember how guys say they can't wait until their senior year and graduation. It reminds me of the old saying I heard when I was a freshman. 'Notre Dame is a great place to be from, but a hell of a place to be in.' That was exactly how I felt when I graduated, but I look back on all those days at Notre Dame — the cold winters, the life in the halls, meeting all the guys, who have to be the greatest bunch of B.S.ers in the world — and I really appreciate it all now.

"I don't know where I'm going since I've left school. Every goal I ever set at Notre Dame I've accomplished, and now the Athlete of the Year Award is the icing on the cake. I know I've got a few years to play down here, and I want to accomplish some goals as far as pro football goes. After that I don't know what's going to happen but it will all be anticlimactic to my five years at Notre Dame.

"Even though I've been keeping in touch with Notre Dame through my brother and friends, there are still a lot of times when I wish I were back in South Bend doing it all over again. That's when it gets lonely down here. But I've got four pictures of the dome framed and hanging in my living room to keep me company. I look at them and I know I'm not that far from it." ■





PHOTOS BY MIKE FORD

DOUBLE-BARREL

ARA PARSEGHIAN has a quarterback problem, and it may be here to stay. But if last Saturday's Old-Timers Game provided little help in determining the starting signal-caller for 1966, it dramatically emphasized the return of wide-open football to Notre Dame. Ara once again has "his kind of team."

For three quarters of the spring affair, Terry Hanratty was unpolished but accurate, and Irish fans were satisfied. Hanratty was the new Huarte, it seemed, and a brilliant three-year reign was about to begin.

Then a slightly built dissenter named Coley O'Brien began connecting, and for a while there was speculation that Hanratty had changed his jersey number from 5 to 2. But no, there was Hanratty on the sidelines, anxious to complete what he'd begun. It was truly a battle within a battle.

Making the duel more interesting were a pair of talented, if jittery ends, Curt Henigan and Jim Seymour. Both sophomores to be, they stood up impressively against an Old-Timer defense that was intent on letting the Varsity know they'd been in a game. Tony Carey, Tom

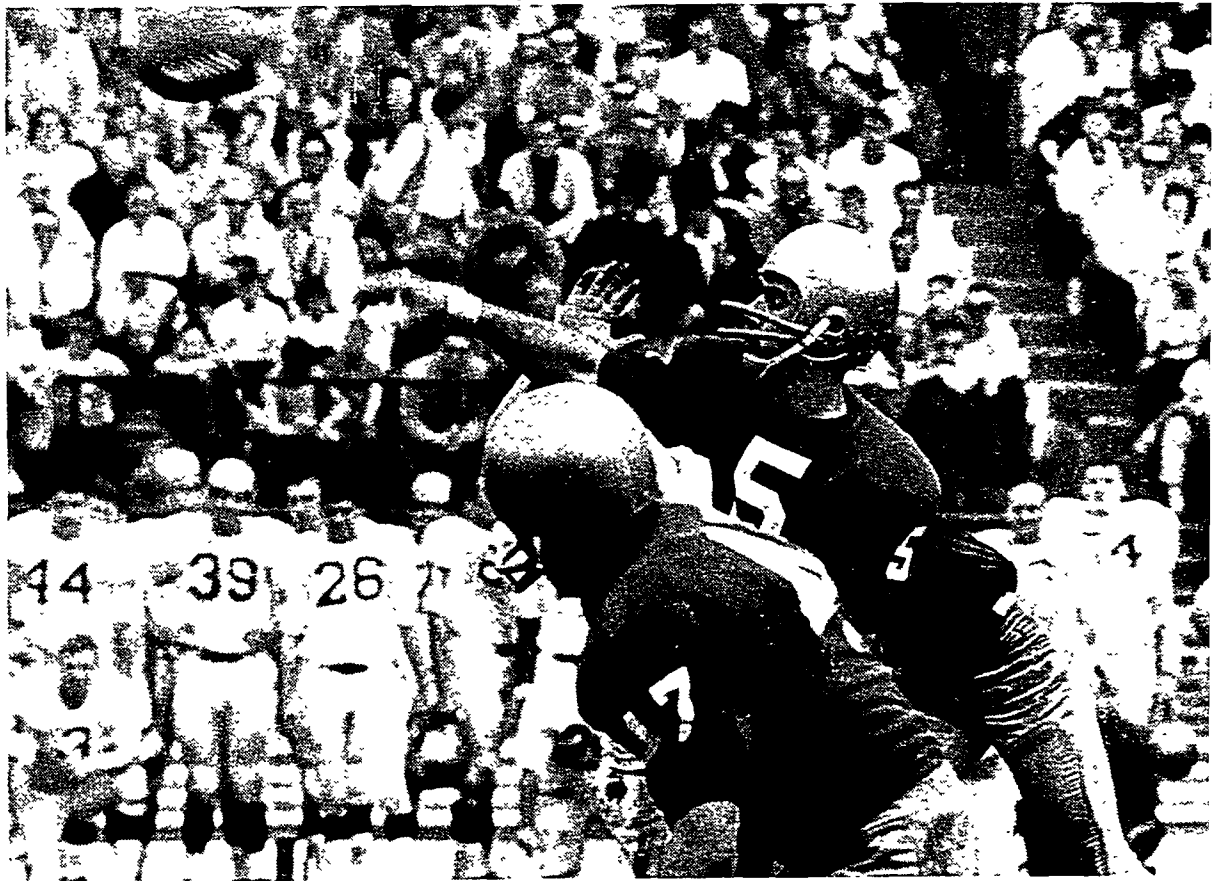


DILEMMA

Longo, and Rassas (Kevin, that is) did just that.

If the Old-Timers seemed unusually air-conscious themselves, even after O'Brien had made the switch to Varsity blue, it was strictly an action out of necessity. Johnny Ray unveiled version number three of what is quickly becoming a Notre Dame hallmark: aggressive, uncompromising defense. Kevin Hardy returned Saturday with the verve of his sophomore year, and Jim Lynch's 18 tackles bear justifying witness to his captaincy. And Duranko is still Duranko.

Just who will direct next year's offense was left unanswered by last Saturday's exhibition. One thing was certain: the issue is still up in the air.



GOOD LUCK, FIRST TEAM, WHEREVER YOU ARE

by Mike McAdams

Notre Dame completed its 1965 season with some promising baseball players — too promising. When the young Irish of 1966 slumped below .500 last week, the defeats came at the hands of some pretty fair opponents: the Cincinnati Reds and Chicago White Sox.

IN THE BOTTOM HALF of the eighth inning, Notre Dame was up at bat and down on runs, 7-0, to Detroit (2-7 on the season, and not exactly Tigers). Then catcher Dick Sauget "did something wrong" and lined a vicious single to center, starting one of those classic late-inning rallies that keep relief pitchers in business. By the end of the ninth, the Irish had collected 8 runs on 10 hits, tying the score, 8-8. The momentum had shifted to Notre Dame; the crowd, 27 strong, was solidly behind them, and visiting Detroit was thoroughly demoralized. Notre Dame, making the most of a romantic setup, couldn't lose now. They did, 10-8.

Two days later, Notre Dame headed for Detroit, and revenge was in the air. Pounding 3 Titan pitchers at will, the Irish entered the third inning with a 9-0 lead. Detroit could only go through the motions and try to keep the score down. The Irish had settled one count. But three hours and 7 errors later, Notre Dame lost, 14-13.

It seems like a conspiracy, and maybe it is. Because Notre Dame *couldn't* have won those games and still expect to field a representative team a year later. In college baseball, such victories breed pro scouts. The idea, therefore, is to lose spectacularly if you must score runs, or else manage to be dull and sloppy while winning. In short, don't attract too much attention. This team hits too well for its own good, so it does things like losing to Detroit, 14-13, and Georgia, 17-16.

Exaggeration, admittedly. Victory is his goal, but Coach Jake Kline must be forgiven if he secretly hopes for unimpressive, even lucky wins. When a Notre Dame underclassman bats over .350, or has an E.R.A. of less

than 2.50, the chances are his future baseball will be played for money, not monograms.

In 1965, as a junior, Dangerous Dan McGinn piled up 69 strikeouts in 51 innings. With McGinn taking his turns this year, Notre Dame could well have been among the nation's top ten. But then the Cincinnati Reds caught wind of the latest Kline prodigy.

Even without McGinn, this year's prospects were bright. An airtight infield of Pat Topolski, Tom Tencza, and Al Kristowski certainly wouldn't give away any base hits, and Bob Kocmalski at third showed plenty of talent. And not many bases would be stolen with strong-armed Ken Plesha behind the plate, either. Tencza and Topolski are still around, and Kocmalski, after all, is only a sophomore. But South Bend is a short trip for a scout from, say, Chicago, and by opening day second baseman Kristowski and catcher Plesha owed their allegiance to the White Sox. Scratch one airtight infield.

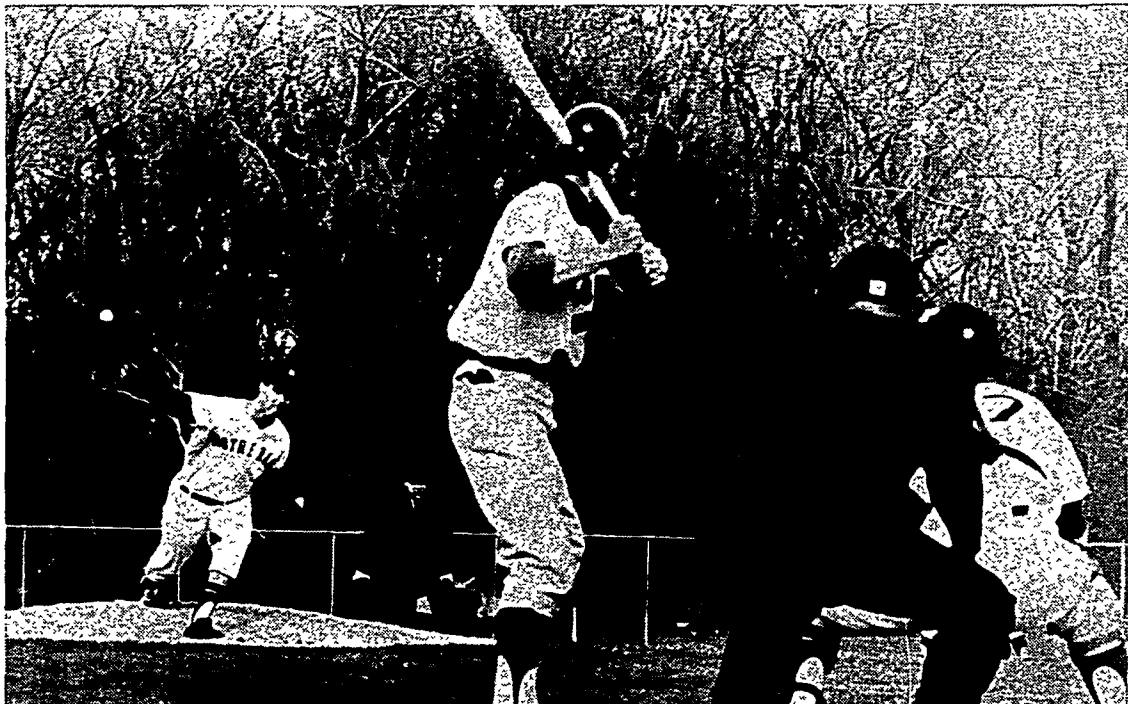
The situation is not unique, but Notre Dame has been hit inordinately hard, losing the likes of Carl Yastrzemski or Shaun Fitzmaurice almost annually. Never rich in depth, such losses are crippling, creating vacan-

cies for which no replacements exist.

And so Notre Dame struggles on, doing anything to win, at the same time trying to avoid any conspicuous exhibitions. Tom Tencza is the ideal. Hitting .278, fielding consistently, he has a propensity for coming up with a hit every game — one hit; no more, no less. But even this year, unfortunately, too many precocious sophomores and juniors have been indiscreetly piling up statistics. More in danger of being discovered is the "ski" team — Topolski, Kocmalski, rightfielder Frank Kwiatkowski, and Ray Zolnowski, who was supposed to be a pitcher until somebody noticed he was batting .429. All but Kocmalski are juniors.

On the mound, though, McGinn has not been replaced — witness the football scores. But George Restovich has a 2-1 record, including 5 innings of no-hit ball in a 4-2 victory over Bowling Green. (And Johnny Dee promises that Restovich is staying in school where he belongs.) Jay Schloemer has looked exceptional in spots, chalking up 7 straight strikeouts in beating Northwestern, 5-1, but has been hit just hard enough to keep the scouts guessing. Finally, there is Tom Cuggino, and he's not too easy to hide. A sophomore from the Bronx, 6'4" Cuggino is 4-0 and has a frighteningly low 1.72 E.R.A. Kline's only hope now is to pitch him against the best and tone that record down, while his batters score enough runs to win.

With the subtly consistent hitting of Tencza, Mark Gonring, and Tom Blythe, plus an ever-improving but unspectacular pitching staff, the Irish may well achieve the .500-plus season the undaunted Kline foresees, and look optimistically toward the future. Now if Cuggino would just raise that E.R.A. . . . ■



Voice in the Crowd

The following is a reprint from Len Elliott's "Sports in the News" column of May 3, 1966. Mr. Elliott journeyed to the Midwest recently and filed this report in the Newark Evening News with the observation that "The Game's the same but Coaches Differ at Notre Dame and MSU."

Two of the most successful football coaches in the country are nearing the climax of spring practice this week. They are Duffy Daugherty of the Michigan State national champions and Ara Parseghian of perennially powerful and popular Notre Dame. On a short trip to the Middle West last week I had the rare chance to see both of them operate, on the field and in their offices.

The contrast between these two is startling. And I don't mean only in age and appearance. Parseghian is dark, handsome and 43; Daugherty graying, tousled and nearing 51. The big difference is in their attitudes and personalities. Let's take Parseghian first.

My appointment with him was for 1 o'clock, in his office in the Rockne Memorial. Parseghian enters at 1 o'clock, briskly. He looks at his watch and remarks that he can't give us quite as much time as he'd like to because of some difficulty in reviewing the movies of yesterday's scrimmage. Immediately a slight sense of urgency is created. But the door is closed and for the next half-hour Parseghian answers every question fully, questions about players, tactics, overall strategy. He answers quickly and clearly. He never digresses. There is no interruption. The phone never rings. The door never opens. When he glances at his watch you know the interview is about over and you have the feeling that you don't want to delay this man on his appointed task.

A MIMEOGRAPHED SCHEDULE

A COUPLE of hours later you watch him on the practice field, the traditional green canvas enclosure. Again there is the sense of urgency. The day's schedule has been mimeographed and distributed, with a careful allotment of time for each drill. A manager with a gas horn honks out the end of one drill and the beginning of the next.

All is business. All is organization. No slightest detail is overlooked. There is no break and there is no sound, except the thudding of bodies, the splat of the ball in a receiver's hands and the critical voices of the coaches. . . .

Next day came the contrast. My appointment with Daugherty was for 11 o'clock. I went in, alone, and we talked. The door was open. The secretary came in a couple of times for instructions. The phone rang. The caller wanted to know whether Duffy had written him the letter he had promised. "Yes," came the answer, "but I'll read it to you now if you want." So he read the letter over the phone. We talked.

A DIFFERENT ATMOSPHERE

Two assistant coaches came in, wanting to know where to put a boy for the Saturday scrimmage. We talked. The phone rang again. This time it was a man handling Daugherty's life insurance. We talked some more. Fred Stabley, Michigan State's P.R. man, came in and sat down. And finally we finished, about noon. The atmosphere was casual and relaxed. . . .

It was cold and raining and practice was in the huge Jenison Field House. Here the work was serious, though Daugherty found time to chat with various visitors. Just before the heavy work Daugherty whistled for a break and the squad gathered around him. For at least five minutes Duffy walked around inside the circle talking, cracking jokes, kidding certain boys. Waves of chuckles and laughter broke out.

Then there was a long period of tough defensive work, with a movie camera recording it all from high in the rafters. The hitting was just as hard as it had been at Notre Dame. It was so spirited, in fact, as to bring on a couple of extracurricular scuffles.

Yet through it all two assistant managers nonchalantly threw a football back and forth directly over the scrimmage area. I can't think of any other coach who wouldn't have run those kids right out of the field house. But Duffy never seemed to notice.

FOR THE RECORD

FOOTBALL

Varsity 33, Old-Timers 0

BASEBALL (8-9)

Notre Dame 8, Detroit 10

Detroit 14, Notre Dame 13

Notre Dame 4, Bowling Green 2

Bowling Green 5, Notre Dame 4

TENNIS (8-0)

Notre Dame 9, Kalamazoo 0

Notre Dame 6, Marquette 1

TRACK

Notre Dame second in Big State Meet; Ed Dean, first in mile run (4:08), Bill Leahy first in 3000-meter steeplechase, mile relay team, first (3:18:6)

LACROSSE (6-2-1)

Notre Dame 6, Chicago Lacrosse Club 5

GOLF (20-7)

Finished sixth in Northern Intercollegiate Tournament

SAILING

Sixth-place finish in Midwest championships

CREW

Placed third in consolation race at M.A.C.R.A. regatta

THIS WEEK

MAY 14

Rugby: Semifinals, "Irish Challenge Cup"

Toronto vs. Wisconsin

Notre Dame vs. West Point

Dartmouth vs. Virginia

St. Louis vs. Fullerton (Cal.)

Lacrosse: at Michigan State

Tennis: at Western Michigan

Golf: Southern Illinois, Central Michigan, Toledo at Notre Dame

Baseball: at Western Michigan

Track: at Michigan State

Crew: Dad Vail regatta at Philadelphia

MAY 15

Rugby: Finals, "Irish Challenge Cup"

MAY 16

Baseball: at Michigan State

MAY 17

Baseball: Valparaiso at Notre Dame

Tennis: Toledo U. at Notre Dame

MAY 19

Tennis: at St. Louis U.

MAY 20

Tennis: at Southern Illinois

Baseball: at Toledo U.

MAY 21

Track: University of Pittsburgh at Notre Dame

Baseball: at Toledo U.

Lacrosse: Bowling Green at Notre Dame

MAY 27

Baseball: Illinois State at Notre Dame

(Continued from page 22)

than an equality of opportunity to exchange in a free exchange of commodities: it has little to do with the free enterprise system which is the idol of the American marketplace. Instead it means a general and genuine participation by its members in the wealth of a community. Only astride a democratic economic foundation can the structure of a new society be raised. Whereas in England the prospect of a more fully human and humane future seems to be possible for all citizens, in America, docile as we are to the totems of capitalism, it appears to be no more palpable than a utopian longing. Even if its goals were not compromised by the war in Viet Nam, the Great Society is a belated and flabby accommodation of the government to long-standing vicissitudes of its people. The title is emblematic: it is the sound of rhetoric noisily disguising its failure to be poetry.

Of course a disparity exists in England between the way life is and the way it should be. All the humbug that has its center at Buckingham Palace persists in the dun occupations of the present inhabitants. New housing has changed the appearance especially of provincial cities but the morose rows of ancient slums remain. And, most portentously, Asian and West Indian immigration has raised heretofore unfamiliar problems of color hostility. Nevertheless, on the surface English life appears to have gained in style and activity. All classes are dressing better, drive new and brighter cars, and spend more holidays on the Continent. The English have great *élan*, can be witty about themselves, and are curious about the rest of the world. Most of them are baffled by the American action in Viet Nam.

Viet Nam has besmirched our lives here, and the consequent moral disfigurement is imaged in the reactions of observers abroad. Two Americans carry on an ugly quarrel over our military tactics in a hotel restaurant, and, at the next table, a young American explains to the English girl with whom he is living the sacred quality of his anti-Communism (Americans cling to the security of that faith in a world where so many people have no religion at all). In Yorkshire, at a party after a cold midday baptism, a Tory businessman celebrates American intervention in Asia and laments the decline of British spirit. At an evening gathering, a political scientist, a former C.P. member and a

specialist on the Third World, examines the weakness of the American position and then moves to a piano to play Brahms. The *Guardian* wonders in an editorial about the burdened conscience of the American people.

More immediately crucial, then, than speculation about the future of socialism and the prospects for a good society is the American capacity for war and the management of that capacity. For all future prospects are poised upon the decision of strange men in Washington. Nothing else is so lugubriously apparent in England and wherever people know

that only one country is in a position to precipitate a nuclear war. Often, imperceptible, yet pervasive, the fatality from afar stalks the visitor and his hosts. Its impingement is discernible in the bus moving to the airport for the return trip — among the several, separate clusters of Orientals, the pair of Australians, and the Texas soldier with his wife and child. In the interminable afternoon of the homeward flight, it lies ahead to be faced: the benign official mask of American policy behind which is secreted the premeditated exploitation of underdeveloped countries for the advancement of political power. ■

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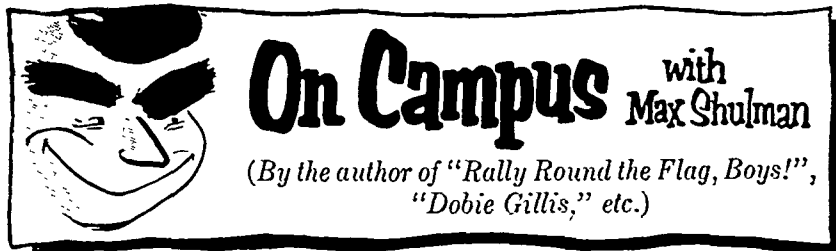
(Continued from page 17)

sities has not been a happy one, and, of course, now I realize the wisdom of this statement. The order feels that Notre Dame is its university, but the concept of a religious order owning a university is absurd. The C.S.C.'s are making progress, and this is especially evident in the younger priests on the faculty and in the administration. A man must be accepted on his academic background." Indirectly, Father Riga's comment borders on the area of academic freedom, which really isn't a major problem at Notre Dame. We seem to have discarded most of the religious taboos which usually threaten both the practical and clinical sciences. (The new psychology department, by the way, is actually the second one to be instituted at Notre Dame in its long history.) What is at times a very real problem, however, is the preoccupation with image. Private universities such as ours find themselves in the precarious position of having to rely on grants and solicitation for upkeep, and as a result must scrupulously avoid any situations or incidents which would jeopardize their financial resources. As Father Riga observes: "Many of our universities have become dependent on government grants. . . . This is very dangerous to academic freedom. We become slaves of the government."

The academic freedom of the student must be preserved as well. Students groups acting within constructive boundaries should be allowed to form and affiliate nationally. "After all," says the priest, "there is an obligation to speak on the part of the student as well."

Certain contradictions in university life appear inescapable, and Father Riga's concern extended to these as well. "I am not a pacifist as yet, but I find it appalling that at a Catholic university we have such things as ROTC. By what stretch of the imagination the Catholic university can sponsor the war-making machine is beyond me."

If there are things which are beyond the imagination of a priest, there are also those problems which are beyond the student, problems we will never really understand, or problems we are unable to cope with. No one really expects these problems to be solved overnight. There is, though, a recognizable potential of greatness at this University—and if we need anything at all, it can only be a need for men of the dynamic quality which can awaken us to that greatness. ■



THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT: HIS CAUSE AND CURE

Oh, sure, you've been busy, what with going to classes, doing your homework, catching night crawlers, getting married, picketing—but can't you pause for just a moment and give thought to that dear, dedicated, lonely man in the big white house on the hill? I refer, of course, to Prexy.

(It is interesting to note that college presidents are always called "Prexy." Similarly, trustees are always called "Trixie." Associate professors are always called "Axy-Pixy." Bursars are called "Foxy-Woxy." Students are called "Algae.")

But I digress. We were speaking of Prexy, a personage at once august and pathetic. Why pathetic? Well, sir, consider how Prexy spends his days. He is busy, busy, busy. He talks to deans, he talks to professors, he talks to trustees, he talks to alumni. In fact, he talks to everybody except the one group who could lift his heart and rally his spirits. I mean, of course, the appealing, endearing, winsome group in the entire college—delightful you, the students.

It is Prexy's sad fate to be forever a stranger to your laughing, golden selves. He can only gaze wistfully out the window of his big white house on the hill and watch you at your games and sports and yearn with all his tormented heart to bask in your warmth. But how? It would hardly be fitting for Prexy to appear one day at the Union, clad in an old rowing blazer, and cry gaily, "Heigh-ho, chaps! Who's for sculling?"

No, friends, Prexy can't get to you. It is up to you to get to him. Call on him at home. Just drop in unannounced. He will naturally be a little shy at first, so you must put him at his ease. Shout, "Howdy-doo, sir! I have come to bring a little sunshine into your drear and blighted life!" Then yank his necktie out of his vest and scamper goat-like around him until he is laughing merrily along with you.

Then hand him a package and say, "A little gift for you, sir."

"For me?" he will say, lowering his

eyes. "You shouldn't have."

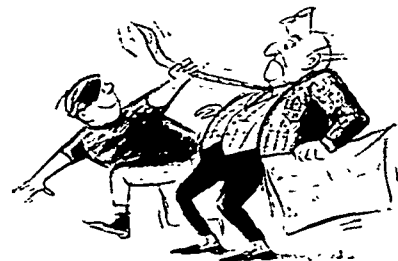
"Yes, I should," you will say, "because this is a pack of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades, and whenever I think of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades, I think of you."

"Why, hey?" he will ask curiously.

"Because, sir," you will say, "though you are no longer a young blade, still you gleam and function. Full though you are of years and lumps, rheumy though your endocrines and flaccid your hamstrings, still you remain sharp, incisive, efficacious."

"Thank you," he will say, sobbing.

"So it is with Personna," you will



continue. "Naturally you expect a brand-new blade to give a close, speedy shave. But how about a blade that's had hard and frequent use? Do you still expect a close, speedy shave? Well, sir, if it's a Personna, that's what you'll get. Because, sir, like you, sir, Personna is no flash-in-the-pan. Like you, sir, Personna abides."

He will clasp your hand then, not trusting himself to speak.

"But away with gloom!" you will cry jollily. "For I have still more good news to tell you of Personna!"

"How is that possible?" he will say.

"Hearken to me," you will say. "Personna, in all its enduring splendor, is available not only in Double Edge style but also in Injector style!"

He will join you then in the Personna rouser, and then he will bring you a steaming cup of cocoa with a marshmallow on top. Then you will say, "Good-bye, sir. I will return soon again to brighten your dank, miasmatic life."

"Please do," he will say. "But next time, if you can possibly manage it, try not to come at four in the morning."

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* * *

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(Continued from page 15)

continual movie themes as one member spliced film right there on the stage and two others imitated fountains — and very well too. In the midst of this *Walpurgisnacht* the movies unreeled, fourteen of them. Most were student films, one of which fell apart in the projector. The rest were experimental underground shorts by the real *artists*. One left the auditorium with visions of students galloping through the library's reflection pond, or, more distinctly, of nude dancers twisting hither and yon to the deafening tones of Ray Charles' "What'd I Say," a song which might be applicable to many of these artists, embryonic and full-fledged.

NEGRO VOTER REGISTRATION

The first stage of the Negro Revolution in the South is drawing to a close. The shotgun stage of police dogs and in-the-back murders is slowly climaxing. The all-white political-power structure is laying down its big guns only to rearm with an even more insidious form of white supremism, that of behind-the-scenes maneuvering to gain control of federal poverty funds and voter registration drives. Their aim is to bring the race for civil rights to a crawl by control of federal purse strings. The only way to crack the power structure is to elect Negroes to office in 1966 through voter registration drives this summer.

Notre Dame was involved in just such a drive over spring break in the person of Seniors Lou Marino and Bob Sullivan and Freshman Terry Keating who spent ten days canvassing South Carolina's Hampton County. The Action Committee of the Notre Dame Civil Rights Commission in conjunction with the South Carolina NAACP will be sponsoring another project this summer. Notre Dame and St. Mary's students will be able to volunteer for any desired length of time.

All volunteers will work in Hampton, a county of 17,500 eligible voters, 54 per cent of whom are Negro. Of the eligible Negro voters only 40 per cent have been registered versus 90 per cent for the whites. Hampton has an all-white board of education as well as police force, according to Lou Marino who will head the summer-long project. In short "the whole political structure is white."

Volunteers will live with Negro families during their stay. The group's chief duty will be to teach Negroes their right to vote. ■

Dan Murray The Last Word



THIS WEEK'S feature campus story ("Pop Government") is in many ways a study in failure. It seems the Popular Front was formed chiefly to exert pressure on the Administration for a number of rules changes. But before the Front could get its program off the ground, the Administration stole the show by forming several committees to study the problem of rules and hall life. Now the Front is simply a crusade without a cause; it is questionable how long a non-existent common purpose will keep Lenny Joyce and Joel Connelly speaking to each other.

Meanwhile, the Administration continues its examination of kinks that have to be ironed out in a number of areas of student life. Each afternoon at 4, Father Charles I. McCarragher, Vice-President for Student Affairs, gathers in the conference room of his office a number of priests and students. Discussions range from the *Student Guide* (e.g., "The University will not tolerate gambling in any form on the campus" while Mardi Gras makes thousands) to curfew and place of the priests in the halls. These meetings have been going on for several weeks, and specific recommendations are still to be formulated. The student affairs vice-president, who with Father Hesburgh has the last word, reportedly will not have proposals ready until the end of the summer. Yet progress is being made, and the very length of time required to complete the work indicates it will be an extremely thorough examination of problems in student life.

The man most responsible for the success of the discussions thus far is Father McCarragher. According to one participant, "the honesty in the whole affair is amazing. I'm astonished by the frankness on both sides of the table. Father McCarragher is running the sessions, and it is his own attitude to the discussions that's bringing out the honesty. He's doing a damn good job."

In another part of the student center Lenny Joyce and Joel Connelly are arguing over how many men should be in the "praesidium." A nice game. The place to watch is Father McCarragher's conference room.

ALTHOUGH RESPONSE on a questionnaire earlier in the year was overwhelmingly favorable, there will be no language residence halls on campus next year. According to Jerry Kohl, chairman of the committee preparing the plans, the Administration felt insufficient time remained this year to study the proposal and make a decision. However, a concrete plan will be presented to the Administra-

tion by the end of this month so that language residence halls may be realized by 1967-68. Tom Malone will head the committee next year.

The language residence hall will be structured so that a student receives extensive practice in speaking a foreign language. Present plans call for Spanish, German, French, and Russian to be spoken on different floors of the hall selected. Experts in the four languages will live on the floors to assist the students.

THE MAIN QUAD is not the Gobi Desert, but the dispatch with which the maintenance crews dispersed the water sprinklers last Saturday left us doubtful. Dodging the spray proved more exciting to some of the visitors on campus than watching the Old Timers' Game. Other features of the "semi" football weekend included Brother Conan's bookstore bargains, Badin-a-go-go without go-go girls, and the band's pre-game routine (by 1984 the "Gladiator's Song" should be firmly entrenched as a tradition).

THE SCHOLASTIC next appears September 30. By that time summer and an athletic contest with Purdue University will have transpired. Our first issue appears at this time because we reckon the opening of school not by the first day of classes but by the first football game of the year.

GOODBYE'S are always difficult, and this year's senior class poses no exception to the rule. Last year THE SCHOLASTIC in an editorial listed a number of seniors who were particularly deserving of recognition for the contributions they made to the University. A similar attempt on our part for this issue failed: there are simply too many seniors who have had a deep and lasting influence on the development of Notre Dame. Any such list would be an injustice because of its omissions.

A tribute is in order for one person, however, because of what he did for this magazine. I have been told by many—administration, students, and faculty—that the 1965-66 SCHOLASTIC possessed the highest quality ever in its 100-year history. This alone would be enough to merit a place for this person in the thoughts of the Notre Dame community. But even more significant than this visible accomplishment is the impact he has had on this University through his quiet, thoughtful, conscientious manner.

To John Twohey from the entire SCHOLASTIC staff: Thanks.

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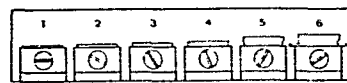
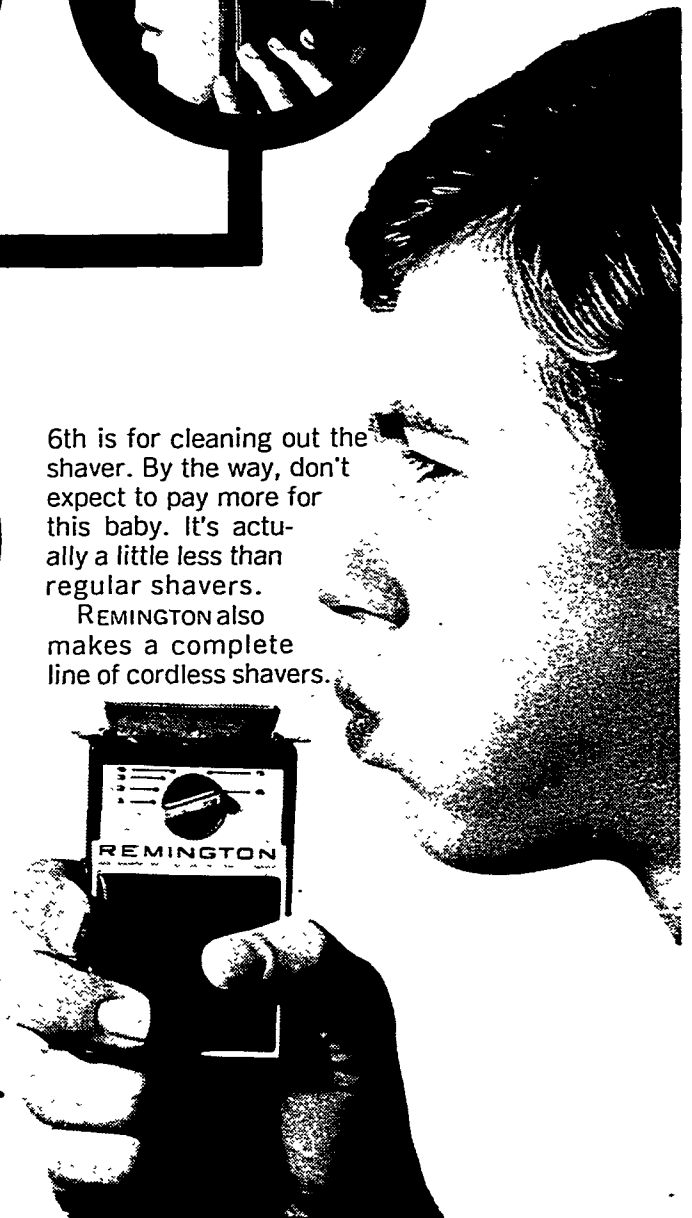
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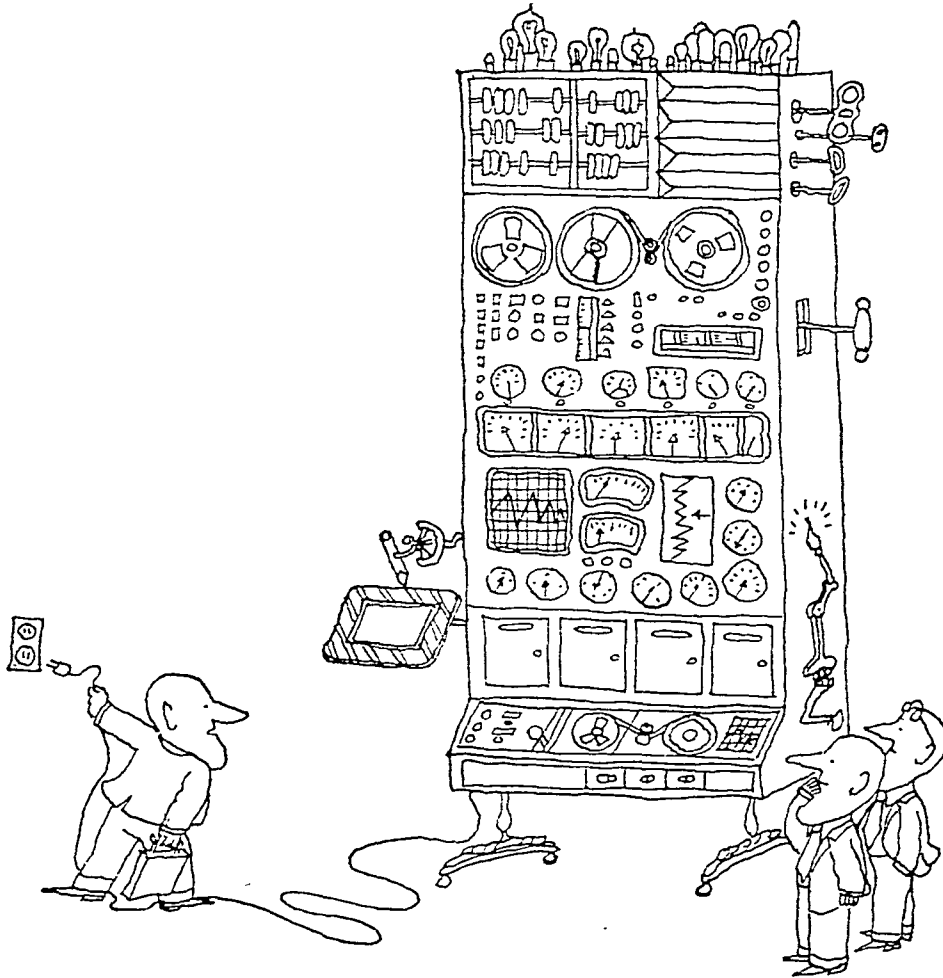


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