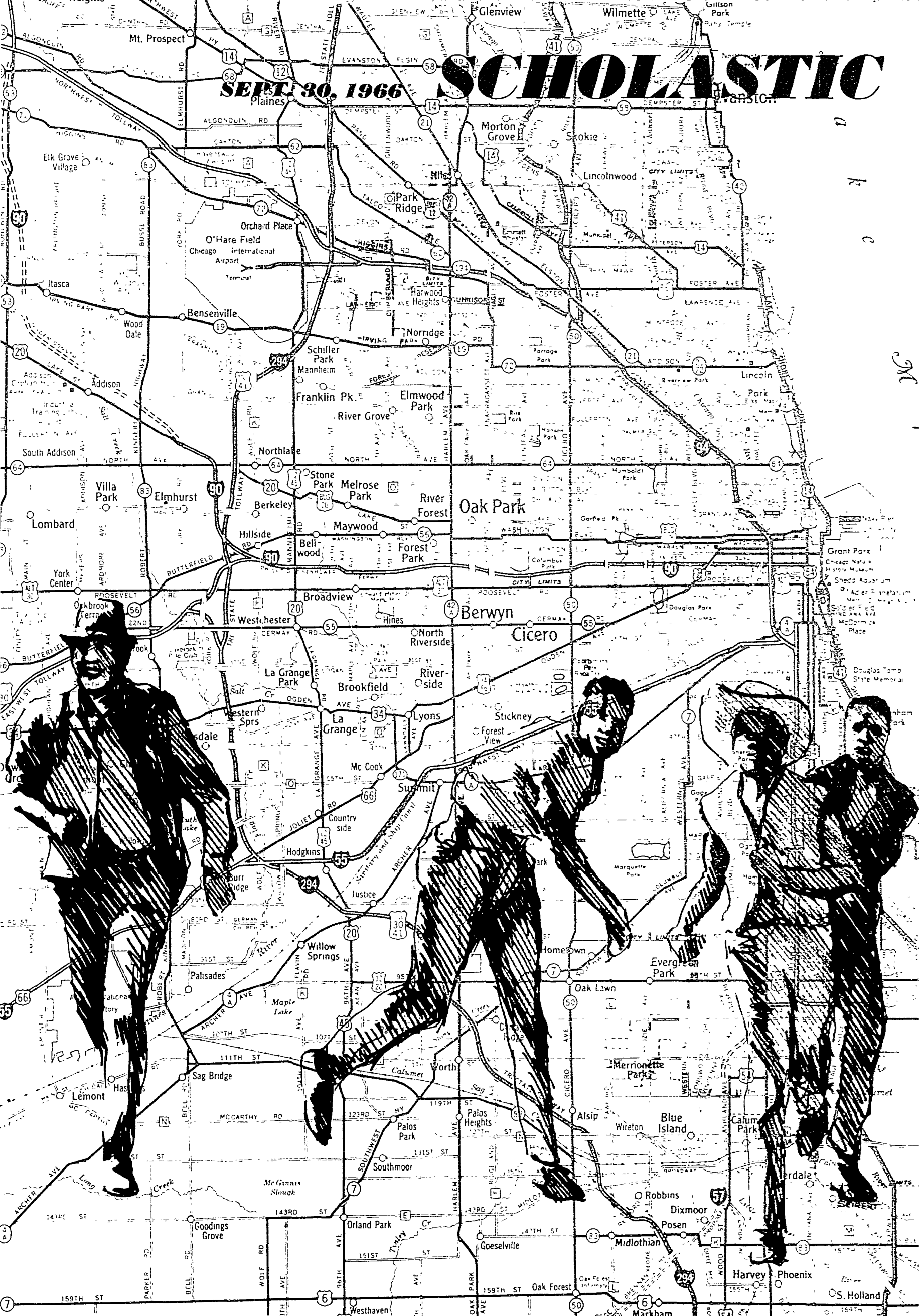


SEPT. 30, 1966

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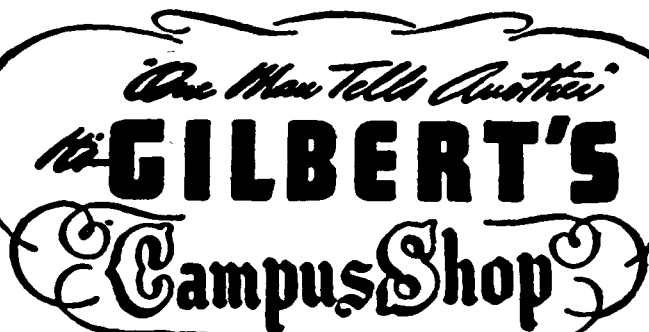
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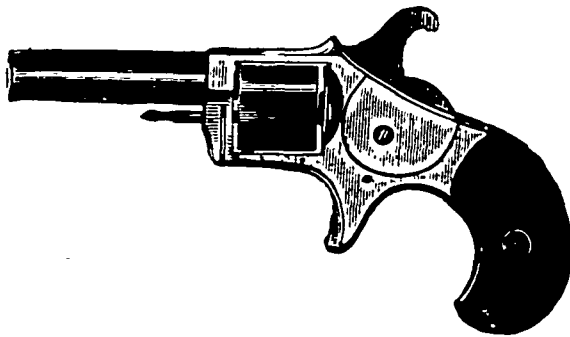
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TIRED BLOOD

United States policy in Africa should be one more conscious of realities than ideologies, one more conscious of the numerous problems than of a single plan to solve them.

February 18, 1966

by Mike McInerney

The Senate Majority Leader was tired, almost as weary as his counterpart on the other side of the aisle. Mike Mansfield, the lines on his craggy face finally softening in resignation, turned sharply at the Minnesota twang of the President of the Senate and the Vice President of the United States.

February 25, 1966

by Robert Sam Anson

Days spin by, and years, and still the two races get along somehow, manage to move side by side, somehow. Neither one leads and neither needs to; for they are walking in a circle. The spirals of time and place make little difference on their steady march to nowhere. They plod on and on, around and around, and the sound of their step says, "We get along."

March 4, 1966

by Bill Staszak and Ken Black

I was the spider the watcher like in Nietzsche and first I went into the men's room and watched myself for about ten minutes to find the tonight me because like everybody else I'm in the middle of an identity crisis and questing for my true self and all that.

March 11, 1966

by Tom Sullivan

So Dunn talked furiously, in short, sheared sentences. And they rushed out like Demosthenes' pebbles and lay there, among the litter of the 31 suggestions turned against him, and did nothing. It wouldn't have mattered if it had been an hour. For the words he was saying, the serious responsible words there weren't any listeners.

May 6, 1966

by Jamie McKenna

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

October 29, 1965

by Mike Bradley

**the SCHOLASTIC
needs new writers**

**APPLY SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 7 P. M.,
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SCHOLASTIC

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The Scholastic

Social Expectancy

One more liberalization of the rules has been accompanied by the usual hurrahs and a few sinister warnings of impending doom. During Freshman Orientation one alumnus visited the room of SBP Jim Fish, claiming to have lived there in the days of the Rock. Jim practically had to kick the alumnus out when he launched into a long harangue about how this place "will never be the same."

Certainly the overwhelming majority applaud increased student freedom and responsibility. It's a milestone in Notre Dame's growth. Yet we shouldn't be overconfident. And we shouldn't be too quick in evicting rectors, prefects, etc., from the halls.

The new rules simply make more explicit where responsibility has always lain. In the past, lights-out, night check, and sign-in only obscured the fact that the student himself was responsible for his education at the University. Rules created a structure favorable for getting an education; the student's education remained his own achievement. New regulations are designed to continue such a favorable situation while at the same time explicitly pointing to the student's own responsibility.

Collectively and individually students can make of Notre Dame what they want. They are the most numerous and the most significant group comprising the University community. Administrators and faculty members alike admit that for the most part what students want bad enough, the students will get. In the process of our educa-

tion here we ought to be thinking about what we want this place to be.

At last Saturday's game a bishop sat on the edge of the student section next to several seniors who were feeling little pain. The seniors in true Notre Dame tradition offered His Excellency a drink; equally politely he refused. They were all in the ecumenical spirit. Who could really care if there is some drinking on campus? The bishop was hardly scandalized.

But sooner or later we will have to draw a line. What distinguishes a good time from boorishness? When is drinking relaxing or enjoyable and when is it detrimental? What differentiates the residence halls as academic communities from nightclubs?

We are not being prudish. We are simply pointing to the fact that any community naturally develops certain standards which are ordinarily followed by its members. Father Hesburgh, in an interview in this magazine last year, called it "social expectancy." Call it what you will. Although they may change over a period of time, any community has certain norms or standards. And those norms determine the character of the community as much as the community itself determines the norms.

In short, we have the responsibility and the freedom to make of ourselves what we wish. It's always been this way — even in the days of dawn patrols and tyrannical rectors. Except now with fewer rules it's a little more explicit: if we're dissatisfied with this place, we can only look to ourselves.

— D. M.



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news and notes

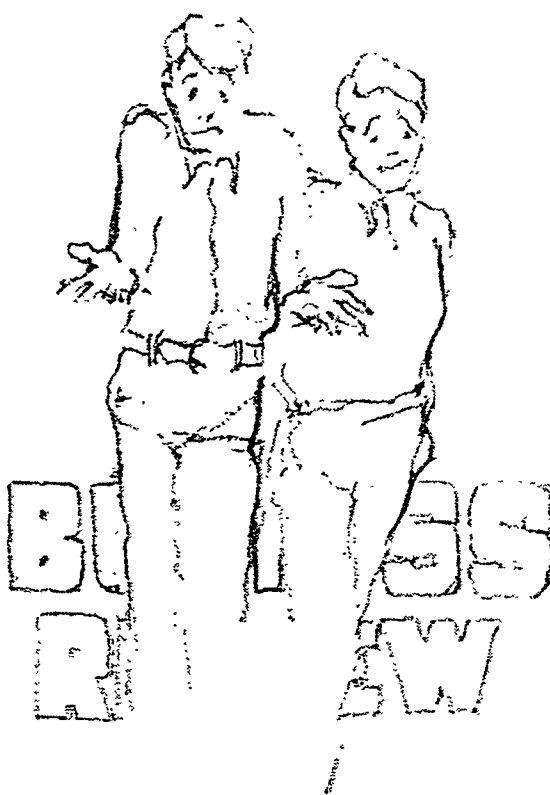
• **UNLIMITED FREEDOM** of inquiry on the part of students and student organizations, with little or no restriction on what may be printed in student publications, what speakers may be invited to the campus, etc., are among the proposals being considered for endorsement by a select committee of faculty members preparing a new Faculty Manual. The committee, headed by Professor James E. Robinson of the English Department, is also considering a number of proposals that have been made over the years to give the faculty a large measure of control over the policies of the University; among these are creation of a faculty senate to serve as the major academic policy-making body of the University, procedures for appointment of new faculty members, department heads and deans upon the nomination of the faculty members concerned, and establishment of firm rules of tenure making no distinction between religious and lay faculty members. The manual, according to Robinson, is still far from completion, but it will be submitted in its final form before November to the Board of Trustees, with whom the final decision as to its acceptance or rejection lies.

• **QUESTION:** Who goes best with Jimmy Dean, Jonathan Winters, Andy Williams and Miss America? Answer: the Notre Dame Glee Club. The Irish will appear with these notables on the November 6 version of the Andy Williams Show and are in Los Angeles this weekend to tape the performance. Besides doing a number of their own songs, the club will provide the background for Williams singing "The Village of St. Bernadette." Included in their repertoire: the "Notre Dame Victory March." That they will sing without the aid of Mr. Williams.

• **FR. SHILTZ'S** astronomy course having gone the way of all sure things, 100 incoming freshmen have found themselves in a program Dr. Frederick D. Rossini, Dean of the College of Science, says should "develop within (them) an intelligent attitude towards science." Under the direction of Dr. Emil T. Hofman, the new program, called "Unified Program in Science for Non-Science Majors," presents freshmen in the first semester with a course in integrated chemistry and physics. In the second semester, the student makes a choice

between a course in life science and one in earth and space science. The course which he leaves behind, it is hoped, will be picked as an elective sometime during the rest of the individual's college career. Yes, well. . . .

• **INHERITING** the high-rise aircraft hazard on the eastern part of the campus, Rev. James W. Simonson, C.S.C., was named Director of Libraries at Notre Dame in July. He replaces Victor A. Schaefer, who was granted a one-year leave of absence to serve as director of the newly established Library of Congress office in Wiesbaden, Germany. Director of libraries here for 14 years, Schaefer, in handing over the keys to the half dozen campus book depositories to 34-year-old Fr. Simonson, will be leaving his work in the hands of a recent Harvard doctoral candidate in the classics who has been serving as chairman of the Faculty Library Committee.



• **SENIORS** who have interest in garnering a Danforth Graduate Fellowship are instructed that inquiries are now being invited by Prof. Frank O'Malley, local campus representative of the foundation. About 120 fellowships will be awarded in March of 1967 to those "who have serious interest in college teaching as a career, and who plan to study for a Ph.D. in a field common to the undergraduate college." Letters should be addressed to P. O. Box 193, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

• **IN SCIENCE'S** never-ending crusade to take all romance out of life, the alleged "kissing disease" has now become nearly instantaneously detectable in those who find themselves "listless and tired, with other hard to pin down symptoms," according to Wampole Labs of Stamford, Conn. Pharmaceutical research has come up with a two-minute blood test that is apparently an infallible method of finding out whether a person is the victim of infectious mononucleosis. Recent studies done at Tulane University show that students under emotional stress are especially susceptible to the disease. "Thus, mono becomes a trigger for dropouts, an excuse for failing to repeat a year, a last straw for requesting medical excuses for postponement of examinations." At about a dollar a test, it is now possible to screen an entire university if the need arises.

• **HAVING HOSTED** American studies of Vatican II and Marxist theory last year, Notre Dame returns to the international round table October 10-14 for a "Conference on the Condition of Western Man: The Problem of Freedom and Authority." His Eminence Julius Cardinal Doepfner, Archbishop of Munich, and Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., Notre Dame President, will serve as honorary chairmen. Thirty German administrators and educators will also attend to discuss authority versus freedom in totalitarian systems. American scholars who will address the conference include Rev. John Courtney Murray, S.J., noted scholar and ecumenist, and Prof. Heinrich Rommen of Georgetown University.

• **JACK ABBOTT**, president of the College of Business Administration, informs us that, contrary to popular opinion, something worthwhile is happening there. Plans continue for the Graduate School — at latest count over 150 inquiries have been made in regard to admission. However, to the dismay of Graduate School Dean John Malone most of these were for September of 1966 and since the Graduate School doesn't open until September of 1967 . . . The Notre Dame *Business Review* intends to make its debut "sometime this fall" with the expectation of coming out twice per year. Unfortunately there are at present only two people working on the magazine and ever so slowly expectations turn into mere hopes and . . .

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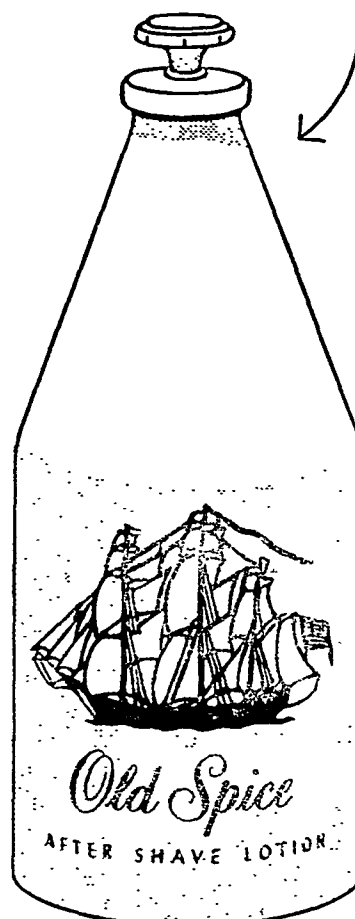
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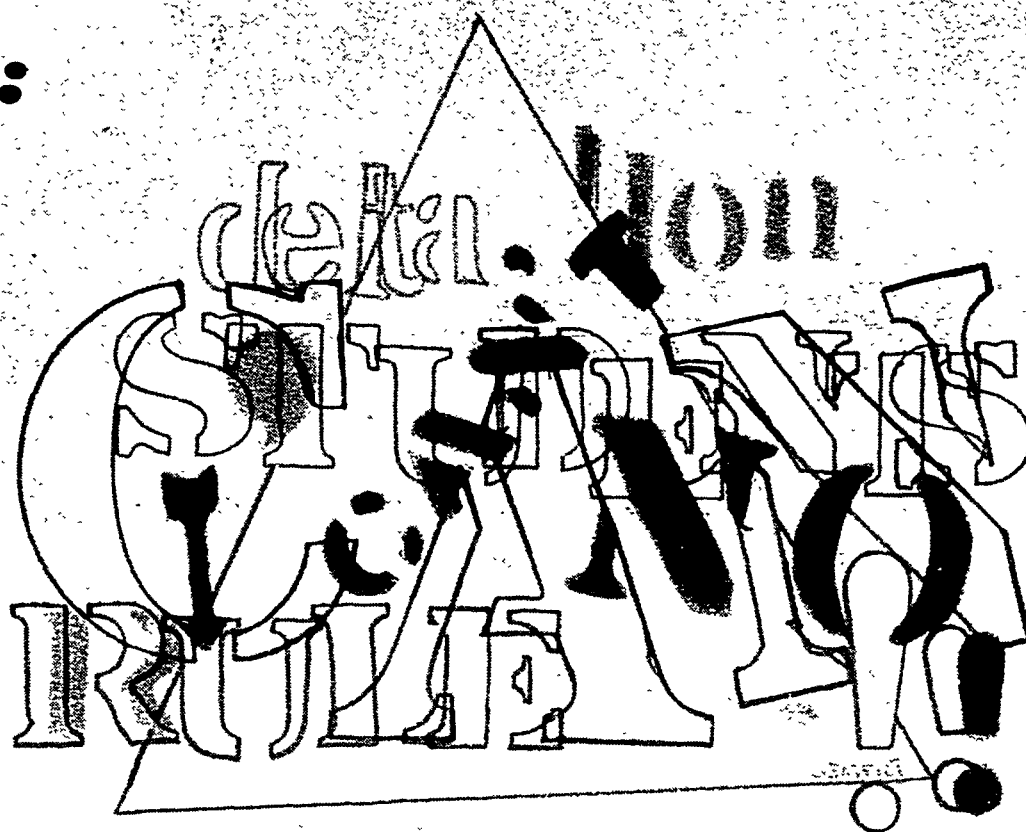
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THE POSSIBLE LOSS of all rules and restrictions threatens the very way of life for the Notre Dame student: with the rules will go the sacred right of all students to complain. Over the summer two great barriers to student freedom were felled by the Administration, those pertaining to curfew and cars. Henceforth, every on-campus student is, at most, required to sign in once a day; he may stay out as late as he wants. Every off-campus student may own and drive a car that is previously registered with the University. Freshmen (for the first semester) are the only students with curfew (12:30 weekdays, 1:00 weekends) except in halls whose students have voluntarily adopted curfews for upperclassmen.

The two moves were seen as dramatic first steps in a campaign by the Administration to break down the old image of the rector as disciplinarian and end the immature see-how-much-we-can-get-away-with attitude of the students by giving them increased freedom and responsibility in handling their own affairs. Freeing the rector from his "protective" duties will hopefully give him more time to work with, instead of against, his students. The other objective of this program is to reduce the lost-among-the-masses feeling more acute at the "big" universities but no less pertinent to this campus.

To bring about this second objective a new kink has been thrown into hall life, called, for want of a more cheerful name, the section system. The system is really nothing more than

an attempt to utilize the natural divisions on each floor of a hall to create more closely knit groups conscious of their place in this University. The idea is to extend the informal friendships which spring up naturally in sections of each hall to include all of the individuals in a given section. Instead of the annual elections farce, the section system will hopefully improve student government by singling out the natural leaders from their respective sections to form a hall council, thus eliminating artificial campaigning.

The idea of a formalized section system originated with John Chesire, '66 graduate and last year's Blue Circle chairman. John first started a section system in Walsh Hall his junior year. Last spring Fr. Hesburgh asked him to come back to Notre Dame to begin his graduate work in sociology—and to try out his idea in Dillon Hall. If it can work in Dillon with its 444 inmates it can work anywhere.

John is prefect of second-floor Dillon this year and is already working closely with Dillon's new rector, Rev. James Flanigan, C.S.C., Dillon chaplain from last year. The first improvement was to identify the sections by Greek letters, fraternity-style. Thus, the first section of the first floor of Dillon is Delta Phi Alpha (for Dillon, first floor, section A).

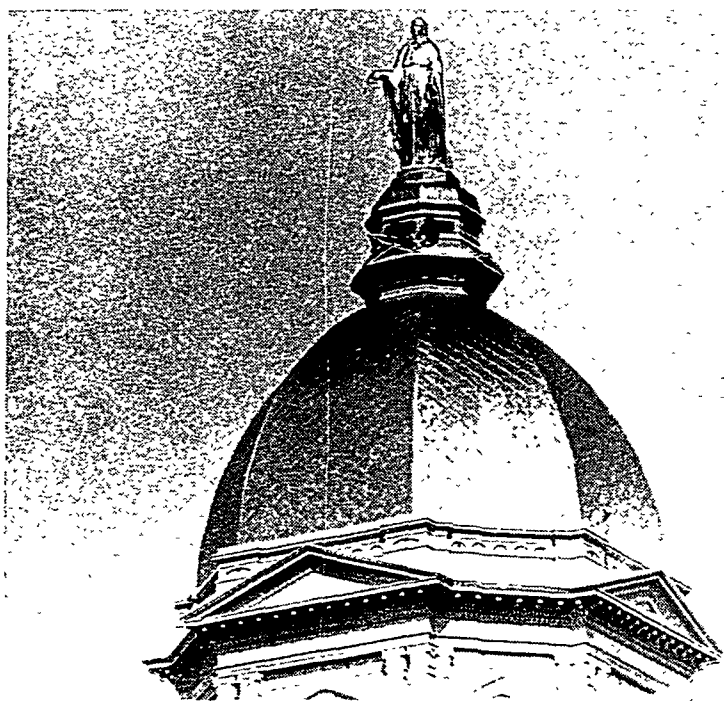
To provide the initial impetus, Chesire and Fr. Flanigan decided to "put Dillon on wheels." Last Saturday two busses were borrowed from the Neighborhood Study Help Pro-

gram and over a hundred Dillonites were moved up to Union Pier on Lake Michigan where rows of cottages had been previously rented. The one hundred brought and cooked their own food and later celebrated the Purdue victory in traditional ND style. Sunday was filled with sleep, football on the beach, and a late-afternoon Fr. Rivers Mass celebrated outdoors by Fr. Flanigan. They'll repeat the trip tomorrow.

Over on the Freshman Quad Rev. James McGrath, C.S.C., rector of the newly combined Keenan-Stanford hall, has great hopes for the section system. With over 600 freshmen to contend with, Father has decided the best way to activate the sections is to sit students according to their sections in the North Dining Hall.

In Alumni, another stay-hall, Fr. Michael Murphy already has his section system operational. Bringing the Honor Concept into his hall, Father has turned over his disciplinary powers to the students. He has given them the power and duty to correct each other without having to "squeal" on each other to an honor council. Other halls have set up similar policies or hall disciplinary boards composed of hall council members or other elected representatives from each section.

Fr. Joseph Simons, Dean of Students and one of the prime movers behind the recent changes, sees these innovations as a "move toward more hall autonomy," and an "attempt to bring rectors and students together to determine norms of conduct. The



1. MICHIGAN STATE



2. UCLA

hope is that by giving them more freedom they will take on the responsibility of implementing hall social, religious, and disciplinary programs."

That rectors have already gone to great lengths to make this new spirit of companionship a reality is evidenced by the tone of the latest "hall announcements." In more than one case a rector has felt it necessary to explain why a night watchman is on duty (for emergencies, to guard against prowlers, etc.) — a far cry from the directives of yesteryear.

CONSISTENCY AND RESPONSIBILITY

"As it stands now, the hall is an autonomous unit, similar to Yale's residence colleges." Carefully swiveling his chair around and placing his feet on the desk, Student Body President Jim Fish mused about student freedom last week.

"The halls are to make their own regulations, within the bounds set by the individual rectors," Fish said. "The rector has the power, now. This will change, though. In Walsh, Lyons and Badin," he said, "the students already have voted, setting up their own rules."

Fish went down the list of possible reforms: "It's really up to the rectors and the prefects whether drinking in the halls will be tolerated. I doubt seriously if the University really much cares whether a person has booze in his room, but they do have to show some official concern. If they didn't take the responsibility for the restriction of liquor at least in theory, you could have state police coming in and raiding the halls."

That isn't the really sticky issue, though. "I had lunch with Fr. Hesburgh just before classes ended in June," the SBP remarks, "and the

two things he just didn't go for were, first, cars for those on-campus and second, the idea of allowing girls in the rooms."

Opposition from that quarter is especially significant in the matter of cars, because it is one rule that can be really enforced — through the security police. Further, "they (the administration) give about six reasons for not allowing cars on campus," Fish says. "About the most telling one is that they don't have the money to black-top the kind of acreage that would be necessary if on-campus students were allowed to use cars."

Fish would like to see a student representative on the University Academic Council, too, preferably with the right to vote. Presently composed of "several vice presidents of the University, Fr. Hesburgh, the four deans, and something like two to four elected members of the faculty," the Council is the body that makes decisions concerning the academic calendar, cuts, and the like. The SBP sees a "marked" change in the cut system by the end of the year — and possibly as early as January.

"We got the changes we did get," the SBP says, "by arguing that the students here are responsible. This is just a start. We can go a hell of a long way, or we can blow it. You'd be surprised — at a lot of other colleges that are considered liberal, the rules that are on the books are much more stringent than the ones that we have here. The thing is that they're unenforced. And that's one thing that I've got to say for Notre Dame. This place tries to be consistent."

Consequently, Fish fears one big incident that could jeopardize the position of the students in the eyes of

the administration.

"The Administration — especially (Dean of Students) Fr. Simons, is being very realistic and aware about the problems involved in all these rules changes. But the students are going to have to conduct their activities in a mature way, and if they're not mature, they're going to have to pretend that they're mature. This could be a start or an end. Everyone's going to have to be a leader. Trouble starts when somebody gets crooked and does something foolish. Big trouble starts when other guys see him making an ass out of himself and decide that it's funny and do it too. People around here are just going to have to develop self-respect and dignity — become willing to protect their rights."

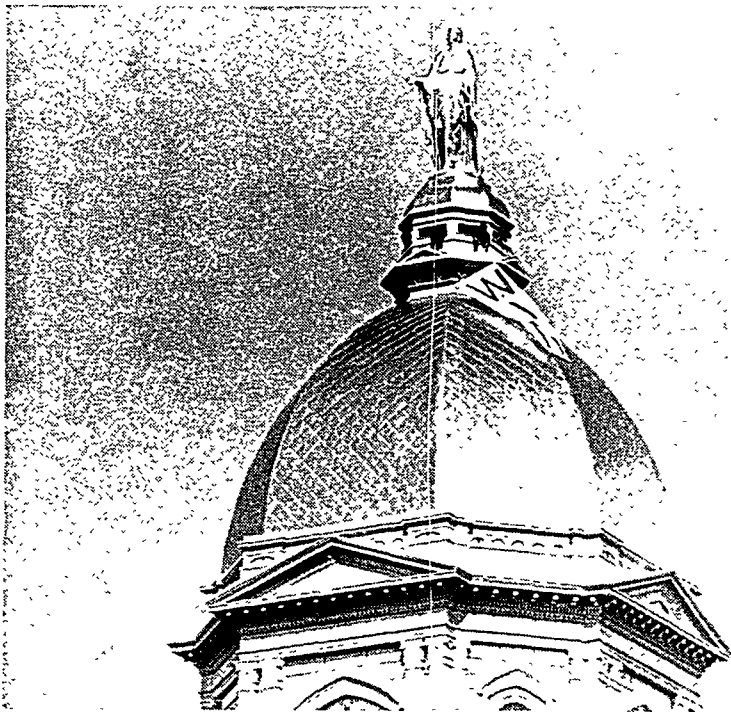
An integral part of the changes in the rules, Fish pointed out, is the idea of a student judiciary system. Through these 17 student "courts" — one for each dorm — and one appeal board, order will be maintained through the efforts of the students themselves, Student Government hopes. This system will concern itself with all "social violations," Fish says, and the only real violations will be "disturbing the good order of the hall."

What is hoped is that after the hall judiciary system has gotten off the ground, Fr. Simons will eventually turn over the "courts" to the students to operate by themselves.

And then, Fish says, "perhaps we'll be able to form our own regulations, if we have the authority to enforce them."

ALERTE

Three men have been named to a special investigating committee to study the circumstances surrounding



3. ALABAMA



4. NOTRE DAME

the appearance of two forms of anti-Notre Dame literature that was distributed this summer to the parents of students. Two "Midwest Editions" entitled "Yellow Sheets," basically concerned with alleged clerical irresponsibility, and a Chicago publication "Alerte," sponsored by the Advocates of Our Lady and charging the University with fostering a liturgical aberration, are currently the triggers to "endless inquiries" from parents. This week the chain reaction reached the office of Rev. Charles McCarragher, C.S.C., Vice-President of Student Affairs, and resulted in a letter of reply. According to the Administration, "there is no vestige of truth" in any of the accusations. The University respects the concern of the parents and asks for patience while the report is compiled.

The "Alerte," the loftier in topic and milder in statement, deals with a freedom of speech on the Catholic campus which, they believe, threatens to undermine the Catholic religion. "You may advocate anything or anyone who contributes to the disruption of Divine Order and the Destruction of the Catholic Faith, and nothing which might interfere with this attrition."

Headed by post office box numbers in Boston, Mass., and Oklahoma City, the two Yellow Sheets encompassed a wide variety of topics in their condemnations, from the clerical viewing of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" to the replacement of communion rails with communion lines. Their charges also state that particular philosophy courses offer complex theories of morality without emphasizing their relations with the Church, and that evil can only accompany the widespread liturgical changes in the

Mass, the Eucharist, and the worship of the Virgin Mary.

The dubious nature of the Yellow Sheets is underlined by their anonymous authorship and the use of post office box numbers which have been proved false by FBI investigators.

Attacks such as these are neither new nor isolated. When a former minister to Cuba accepted a professorship at Southern Methodist University, letters went out condemning the new arrival as a Communist agent. Coincidentally, the Oklahoma address was that of a group which has leveled various charges at Oklahoma Bishop Mark Reed. The group has denied any connection with the Notre Dame papers. This dead end has, in fact, been the outcome of all the leads followed by the FBI and local agencies to this point.

FANTASTIK

Making great efforts this year to remake its image, the Social Commission under the leadership of Jim Polk is attempting to present itself as an organization dedicated to working for the student body.

Major performers will appear in the Stepan Center every home football weekend. Last week's Brothers Four concert was described as "successful" by Vince Fiorda, the S.C. publicity director, although there reportedly was somewhat less than a capacity crowd on hand. Better attendance is hoped for at the four concerts that are to follow, including the Righteous Brothers on October 8 and the Temptations on October 15.

The Fantastiks, a musical comedy, will be presented in Stepan Center October 26 and 27 by a very professional off-Broadway group that have been getting nice things said about

them for the past six years in New York.

Helping the Homecoming crowd to go (Pittsburgh) Panther hunting, the Commission will pull out all the stops on the November 5 weekend. Nominations for the Homecoming Queen will open October 1, and the dance lotteries will follow soon after. Homecoming I, to be held in the North Dining Hall, will see 700 couples fighting for floor space to the sound of the Stan Rubin Orchestra.

A total of 400 more couples will be participating in Homecoming II in LaFortune. That dance will have two bands — one rock and roll, and one of a more sedate nature. Prizes of \$100, \$50 and \$25 will be presented to those halls or campus organizations that come up with the three best floats for the Homecoming parade. Topping things off Ray Charles and his enormous entourage will play that Saturday night. The S.C. hopes the concert will put a strain on the 4000 capacity Stepan Center.

For the next weekend, Duke comes to town, and in a stroke of partisan genius the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem have been booked into campus. The Clancy Brothers were last here in '64 for the Michigan State victory.

A student trip for this year's Michigan State game is also in the works. A large portion of the tickets for this trip have been reserved for girls from across the road. The price will include not only the bus trip and a game ticket, but a party on wheels on the way back.

Every home football weekend will also see post-rally mixers with live bands in the Student Center, all sponsored by the Commission. ■

on other campuses

• AT THE UNIVERSITY of Georgia, a collegiate equivalent of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments has been drawn up with proposals for: the prohibition of illegal search and seizure; the right to representation by counsel; the shift of the burden of proof onto the administration; open hearings; presentation of evidence in the form of witnesses or documents; and maintenance of the defendant's status as student until hearings are completed.

• THE STUDENTS of Kentucky State College have been forbidden to sit on the lawn or any part of the campus facing the main highway because of possible adverse effects to the school's public image. Students at the previously all-Negro college have reacted with predictable passion, charging an administration plot to appease white Frankfort citizens peeved at the sight of varicolored squatters.

• IN THE ANTIOCH *Record* of July 29, there is published an open letter from Milton Goldberg, professor of literature, to the person (unknown) who "borrowed" three books from his office, requested a two-dollar "loan" in return for the books and forgot to leave the books. In the same issue, Ralph Keyes, Antioch's community manager, points to "the continuing and widespread theft and mutilation of . . . (library) stock," among other things, in rather flagrant and uncontrollable violation of the school's

honor code. Flagrancy, in fact, has become the unique virtue of the student body. To quote Keyes, "Our scorn is reserved not so much for those who violate the group ethic with no pretensions of honor as for those who uphold the honor system but occasionally violate it in bad conscience."

In an atmosphere not especially renowned for the strict enforcement of anything but license, the faculty of Antioch took steps on May 31 to reduce some of the chaos on the campus by adopting for itself, as an experiment, strict rules of procedure for its own meetings, as a safeguard against blitz policy changes.

• THE MULTIVERSITY has been proved officially bearable through the efforts of Don Sockol, newly appointed "vice-president of explorations," at Michigan State, after a ten-day summer conquest of the East Lansing campus. Sockol started his effort on July 17 with the express intention of proving to students and administration that cross-campus communications were both desirable and possible, even at Mammoth U. As the only living campusnaut, Sockol has offered twenty-four dollars' worth of beads for his victim.

• WHILE BACK at Antioch, the president of the University of Rhode Island, Francis Horn, found it "discouraging to learn that Antioch's new freshman program is designed, among other things, to answer the problem

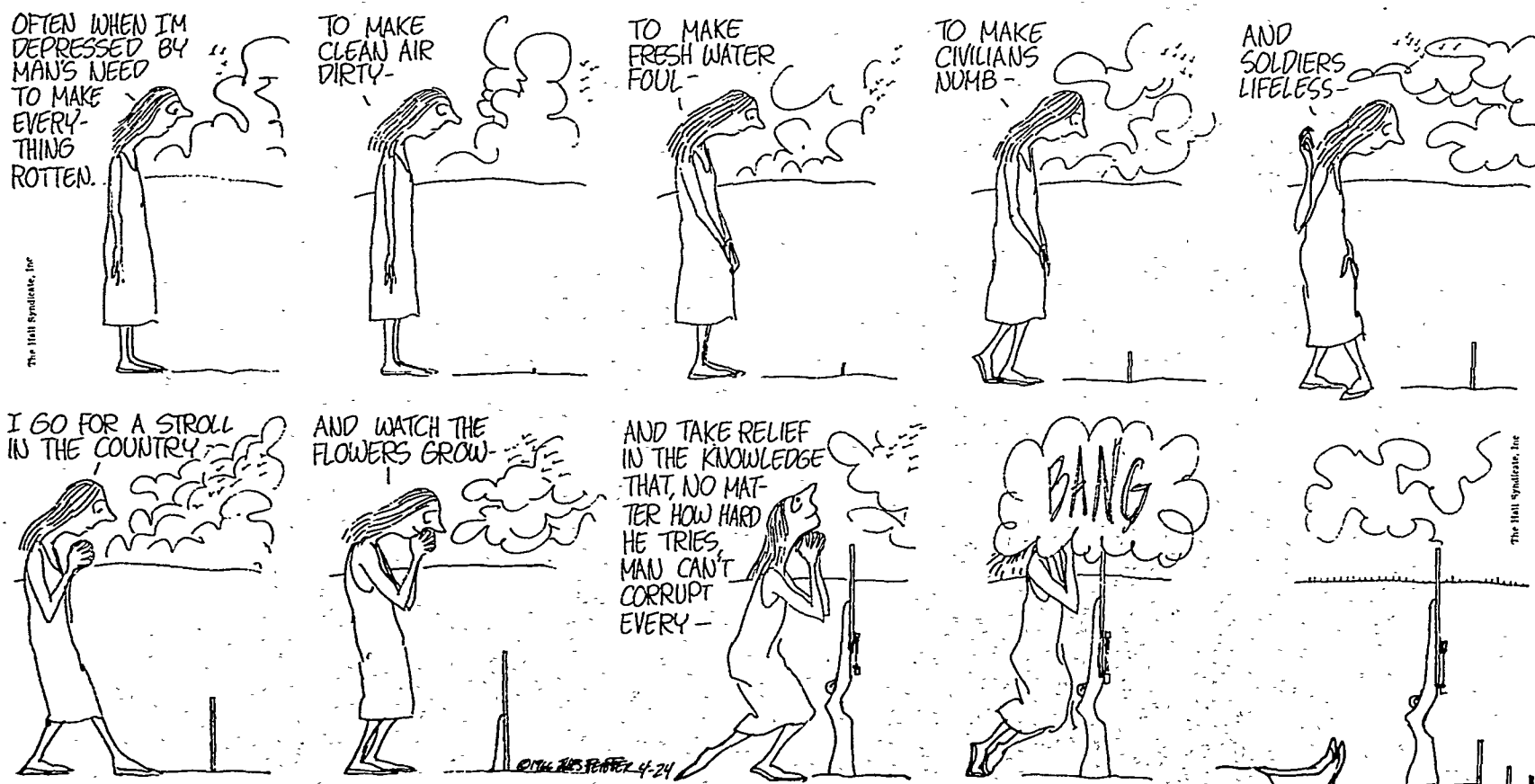
of anonymity—in a freshman class of 225."

• FOR THOSE TIRED of "TGIF" parties, the Marquette *Tribune* offers a prudent possibility in the entertainment column of its back-to-the-Jesuits issue of September 16. "Perhaps one of the most exhilarating ways to spend time during these warm summer days is to go cycling through the city," something to keep in mind when you decide that parties "should be by-passed once in a while if a more unusual, exciting adventure presents itself."

• MUNDELEIN's parting thoughts for the summer were supplied by Anson Mount, public-affairs manager and assistant editor of *Playboy*, at the school's last "Speak-easy" of the spring term. Conceding the not-primarily-philosophical bent of the magazine, Mount defended and clarified its policies on: adultery, "a bad idea"; women, "equal but not the same as men"; and sex, guilt for which is culturally imposed and lessens with the decreased chances of "getting caught." "Prudential arguments come and go," offered Mount.

• FOR THOSE on all campuses who may happen to have been awakened one night by their pajamas, the National Institute of Drycleaning suggests that you sniff them. New clothes with "durable press" finishes often will scratch until wet-washed because of a skin-irritating acid used to cure the resin in the clothes. Washing the material removes the irritants.

feiffer



The IMMOVEABLE FEAST

BY ANTON FINELLI

Mayor Lindsay yesterday proclaimed next Monday as San Gennaro Day in New York City in honor of the festival currently being observed in Little Italy for the patron saint of Naples.

Last April the Mayor announced that he would attempt to reduce by 75 percent the 300-odd city proclamations issued each year by City Hall. He said that he would eliminate "frivolous and religious activities" from the list, and he singled out San Gennaro Day.—The New York Times, September 13, 1966.

SO WE WENT DOWN, a friend and I, to the Feast. "Steep yourself in tradition," I thought, worrying as usual about the fate of my cultural heritage. The place stunk with garbage — discarded pizza crusts, errant *calzone* fillings, and the like. Huge ornamental lights stretched in marble-cake patterns across the fluid mass of sweating bodies in the street, their brightness emanating in great waves from a point of convergence fifteen blocks further on. The pavement heaved dizzily with people as we pushed our way aimlessly southward, past St. Anthony's, past the first of the bazaar-like booths, and finally, past Alfred's. Alfred's of Mulberry Street is a small, awning-fronted eatery with a grocery store window. The owner (Alfred, one would suppose) keeps a small showcase of stuffed Italian delicacies behind the glass, and those who make the trek down from the Village toward Canal Street or Chinatown often stop to marvel with short-lived curiosity at his wares (the redeeming factor of stuffed squid being simply that it is stuffed) and pass on. On this night, however, the pilgrims were attaching their faces to the window in numbers large enough to cause a traffic problem of sorts. The "beautiful people" were there, passing up a last weekend at the Hamptons to renew their touch with the lower classes, or maybe just for laughs. The beats were there, migrating across Houston Street in sexless bunches, in search, no doubt, of something authentically ethnic. And, of course, the tourist types were there. Plaid madras faces, too evidently

enthusiastic. Carrying their cameras and a copy of *The New Yorker*.

"Ferrara's" boomed out in flashing neon around the next corner. The pastry shop was understandably busy, and red-vested clerks attended to hungry customers from behind the temporary counters set up on the sidewalk. In the doorways and on the steps, young couples were necking with great urgency, while clusters of aged Italians stood callously by, or greeted each other ceremoniously from some convenient window. A group of teen-age girls in ratted hair and training bras danced to the music of a jukebox which had been dragged out of a dying cafe. They were closely watched by the white-haired men with rotting teeth and dirty fingernails. A derelict with a bandaged hand lay unconscious by a lamp-post. Mario Procaccino had come and gone.

The barkers called the people to the games of chance. Wheels spun. Loose change clanked in and out of uncooperating plates. For charity. For the Church. For the Saint. The aroma of sausages and peppers and onions mixed with the midnight odor of lower Manhattan. *Torrone* was sold in uneven chunks by the pound. *Zepolis* rose to the tops of the deep vats of boiling oil, browned and greasy. Stuffed clams and *scungili* attracted large numbers of unparticular flies and disinterested customers. Pop tops popped. New York's finest detoured unsuspecting motorists away from the polka-dotted shirts and bell-bottomed trousers. We stopped for a warm Coke, then continued on.

The strains of the Men's Band of New Jersey reached our ears. A young soprano, well-girdled in a sequined dress reaching to the calves of her barrel-shaped legs, made her way up the platform and to the mike with the aid of two officials of the *Societa San Gennaro*. She was returning by popular demand. The band struck up the tune of "Torna a Sorrento," and the singer belted out the nostalgic verses in her Sunday Italian. Bravo! The crowd was frantic. It was camp. The band was credited for its fine unrehearsed accompaniment. Encore!

(Continued on page 25)



ROBERT SAM ANSON

ON

CHICAGO: SUDDENLY, THIS SUMMER

In the north of the nation this summer past, a dozen cities became, for varying times and under varying circumstances, concrete battlefields. The wars that raged over them were brief, unorganized and guerilla-like. Even so, they were terrifying, not only in the toll of dollars and lives lost, but in the face of the other America they revealed.

Chicago's west side was the first ghetto to explode, and before four thousand of Illinois' national guardsmen had brought peace on the tips of bayonets, a near week of rioting had killed two, injured scores, done damage in the millions, and perhaps most importantly, permanently fractured the white and black communities. SCHOLASTIC Associate Editor Robert Anson was there, reporting for TIME magazine, as he was there in Cleveland's Hough and Waukegan's southeast side. "Chicago: Suddenly, This Summer," an impressionistic scenario of a ghetto aflame, initiates a regular series of articles by the writer concentrating on national and international affairs.

THE promise had been to come back when it was over, to see what his color could only imagine those four days, but what they said was and, more sadly, would always be. That should have been Monday, or, at the latest, Wednesday. Chaos, then, would have recaptured the soul of Roosevelt Road and reigned routinely. As it had. As it would always. Monday, though, was Hough—racing to Cleveland, winning, watching Percy Giles' brain splashed open by a rifle bullet. Now he was back, as he had promised the night they had risen from the concrete, and forced him into the store-front room, and for moments terrified him, and later, with their questions, shamed him. But the days between had been too long. For a time at least the rebellion was over and the urgency that had made them friends was lost. It showed in the blankness of their conversation. He suddenly felt very white, they very black. The words unspoken told him he was right.

"This isn't hooliganism, baby. We've tried every way. All the nice ways of the white man. Now we're trying his dirty ways."

Like Watts, the day it started had been hot and where it was hottest, on the west side, away from the lake and the air-conditioned Gold Coast, kids tried to cool off. They turned on the fire hydrants, which brought the police, and that, and the heat, of course, that's what must have started it. Darkness took away the heat and most of the youngsters. In their place were the first elements of what for the next week would become two increasingly large armies: the one heavily equipped and stolid under its own weight, the other, light and thus devastatingly mobile.

When he got there finally, late and near midnight, blockades and two Negro cops kept others and themselves in ignorance and confusion. "You go down, there, white man. Go down there and lie down with those four dead white men in the street." So it was around and down the rotting alleys between the houses until he was alone in the blackness of the ghetto. "You come up here white boy," a middle aged Negro woman called, "come up here, cause they'll carve you up sure." And which way was it to the riot center? Gunshots and the woman, shrieking, slammed her door. Farther east, almost at the edge of

Daley's loop, he had stumbled into it. A score of police rolled into the crowd on the sidewalk, scooped them up on the blade of an invisible bulldozer and hurled them back behind the door of a single home. One who escaped, a woman, enraged, drunken and cursing, lashed back, fists and feet flying, before a swirl of billy clubs brought her to the ground. Seeing that he was there, a cop whirled around and demanded, "Now what about police brutality? You saw it, didn't you? You saw we had to do it. What do you expect?" He nodded, more instinctively than factually.

"If I can't sit down at whitey's table with something I built with my own hands, then I'm going to cut off the legs of the table."

Dressed in a pullover shirt and bermuda shorts, Teddy did not look like one of his own, the Negroes. Sealed in a skin colored black and groomed with a moustache, Teddy did not look like one of his own, the police. Still, he managed to be both, even that first night. His brother had been arrested and his mother and sister beaten while he and his young wife had been out for an infrequent evening of recreation. Now, at district police headquarters in the early hours of the next days, he asked a "why" of those few who would listen. Leaning against a department van were men with familiar faces, and so from them, at least, might come explanation. Teddy came up to his friends, who that night didn't recognize him. "Come on, Charlie, what's the beef? You know police department procedure, go see the commander." Teddy had. "My name isn't Charlie. It's Teddy, you know that. We were in the same class in the academy." The friend answered, "yea, that's right, Teddy. Charlie was the name of the other one in the class." Looks were no longer of moment. Teddy was very much one of his own.

"Jus' like the Lord's said, Chicago can't be cleansed with water. King, he tried that. You know what's comin'. The fire next time."

The days that followed spun unmercifully into blurring unity. What distinguished them were individual incidents, meaningful for those who watched or bled or died, but only until still others had done the same, which was often. Again, in the second afternoon, it had been the fire hydrant openings that brought the police. City crews stopped the water's flow shortly, though not until enough had escaped to form a small lake at the corner of Throop and Roosevelt Roads. On one bank, the cops watched; on the other youngsters and teen-agers gathered outside the doors of a housing project and the very youngest of them, unafraid because they were unknowing, waded gleefully into the filth of the hydrant water.

Still in the light of the pre-dusk hours, it lasted like that, the watching, over an hour, until a girl doused a cop with a pail of water. He chased her into a group of youngsters and tried to arrest her legally, as he should have. That started it. Swirled into welcome fury, the black side of the lake picked up rocks and bottles, charged to the water's edge, loosed them against the lake's other side like a human catapult. Again they charged, and police officers began falling under the rain of missiles, until finally, ignoring the water and rocks, they too charged, their guns exploding aimlessly into the air. Somehow the catapult disappeared, through back yards

and into back doors. Their parents said they had not seen them. Weren't they at school? After all, wasn't it illegal not to be in school? Along with the police, he was there to demand the same unanswered questions from the parents who didn't know. A bird flew low overhead—or was it a rock—and the whites fell to the earth for cover. The blacks didn't though, they knew, and so they laughed and laughed louder when finally it was real: a rotten tomato had hit him in the chest and where it hit was red.

"Just because a cat has kittens in America that doesn't make him a bisket. Just because you're born in America, that doesn't make you an American. You're black, jack, so stay back."

The screams were first to escape from one of the one lane, unpaved streets that tunnel behind the facade of Roosevelt Road. Then came the man, running, stumbling, rolling on the ground into the glow of a street light, trying vainly to reach the eyes of other men, that they might see the work of his pursuers. Sweat drenched his head and his clothes and his eyes rolled like a Mississippi blackface minstrel. The light did let them see and that was all. It didn't move them and it didn't stop what the man knew must happen. His two pursuers, both Negro policemen, cut him finally to the ground with short, methodical chops of their clubs. If he, being one who was there in the light, could have closed his eyes and let his imagination wander luxuriously, wood crashing against bone would have sounded like a stick being run along a picket fence. When the sound ended, the man sat up, struggled to his feet, swung wildly and screamed, "you son of a bitch, brother. I know you, brother. Brother I'll kill you, I'll remember you. You son of a bitch, you killed one of your brothers." The Negro cop knocked him down again, this time onto a stretcher, which they filed through the back doors of a police ambulance. Sweat replaced by blood, the man saw us for a final instant before they could close the doors from the light. He could see a hole in the middle of the black forehead; blood squirted through it like the water from the fire hydrants, a final whimper, a bloody throb and the uniform shirt of the Negro officer was marred, made the color of the brother who cursed him.

"White man's gotta fight on two fronts. The VC in Vietnam and the very colored in the United States."

Behind him, not many yards away and bright enough to spin him around, an arc, then another, moved gracefully into the low dark sky. For an instant the flashes paused in triumphal apogee, then, satisfied, coursed on toward their destination, there to shatter a store front in fiery explosion. Molotov cocktails were being launched from one of the back yards, which one, a few police would have to suffer to discover. Six of them moved cautiously into a cinder parking lot behind the burning store, to be greeted by a shower of rocks and small-arm fire. They got up almost as quickly as they went down. Spotting a fleeting figure, a policeman dropped to one knee, cushioned his weapon on a wire fence, and released a stream of automatic tracer fire after it. Had the shadow been hit, no one knew, though at least the cop, now reloading his carbine, seemed to be sure. Because he smiled, "I hope the bastard bleeds to death in an alley."

There were at least a few they could be sure about. Standing on the corner stoop of a small rib shop dabbled with "soul brother," a knot of teen-agers had bemusedly watched the shooting. The police clubbed them, sealing them finally inside, then they themselves retreated to the refuge of the police van. The corner was neutral as far as they both were concerned, even as one Negro teen-ager emerged from the shop to reclaim it. He had a portable radio with him, playing the soul music of one of the

city's all Negro stations. On the corner, scant yards from the cops, he sat down and turned the volume to its highest, so no one could mistake who he was or what he was challenging. The music played unlistened to; his foot tapped out of tune. Whitey had been dared and done nothing.

"St. Malcolm said it. It's not the Negro problem. It's the white man's problem. His, not ours. I tell you, all the white man done these years he's been on my back is to take off his shoes to lighten the load. Now I'm telling you, get off my back. The niggers is getting up."

To go on this long, it had to be organized, didn't it? Even the mayor and the archbishop were admitting they had been wrong; it wasn't a juvenile disturbance after all. Probably the Communists were back of it. That's what caused it, and the heat, of course. Martin Luther King had never been welcome in Chicago, now he was even less so. Perhaps, hinted the mayor, some of King's organizers had trained the rioters, which seemed reasonable, since it had lasted as long as it had. Just how long was it now? Days certainly, but horror was being piled atop horror, issues and times were becoming confused. Eight nurses and Richard Franklin Speck were a shining, white, middle-class reality that dulled the west side in the mind of the city. There are more important things, get rid of the west side and the animals, unclean, savage, illegitimate, whoring animals. What the *Tribune* had demanded of the Puerto Rican riots seemed all too reasonable. Banish them from Chicago. Rip them up and tear them out, put them in their Cadillacs and head 'em back south. But in the city, hope and reason still lived and that third day as rain cooled air and asphalt, they had cause, it was thought, to flourish.

Something, though, didn't want it to, not just then, that night. Almost at the moment of darkness, the rain stopped and gave the riot a second life. What up until then had been a rock and gasoline bomb throwing conflict escalated into a full shooting war. A sniper atop the el tracks at Lake and Wood pinned down scores of police long minutes before finally disappearing from the glare of car spotlights. On Kedzie between 15th and 16th streets, the barrel of a shotgun occasionally poked through the upper story windows of a three-floor apartment building, smoked from a leisurely shot at a police car, then quickly disappeared. To this spot, drove an armada of police vehicles, out of which spilled a small army of officers armed with revolvers, shotguns and automatic weapons. In the thirty seconds the firing lasted, police estimated two thousand rounds poured into the sniper's window, normally enough to destroy platoons of harassers. Almost swaggering with confidence in their marksmanship, the police remounted their cars, flicked on the department's trademark blue flashers, and then, smugly, reentered the night. Ten minutes and the shotgun blasted back from out the same window at the same passing police cars. Another fire fight. Silence. Rushing the apartment from the rear, finding the shotgun, still hot, its owner suddenly, secretly, almost eerily, invisible.

On a side street, watching, near a barefoot Negro boy of twelve, also watching, he was there. The police saw only the one who was black. They threw him in the short space between a house and a garage, and there, they beat him, their fists, their knees, their clubs and their flashlights. A woman on the second floor of the house allied him in watching. "There's a .22 in the window," one of the cops yelled. He fired six times, missed, and would have fired more but for the late presence of a police lieutenant, a Negro, who demanded with a fist that he stop. The boy, by this time, was gone, not pausing even to cry. Some cops looked at him who had watched. They didn't ask. And he knew he wouldn't nod. ■

A HELPING HAND



It was a long, hot summer for 27 Notre Dame students—but satisfying and worthwhile. On five different projects in this hemisphere, the workers were selected and sent by the Council for the International Lay Apostolate or, their more familiar name, CILA.

In Mexico, pre-med senior Ted Stransky helped deliver babies. Ask him about the one Caesarean section, and you can't shut him up. Tony Hooper and three others helped add a kitchen to an orphanage. He's holding out his hand to a young Mexican climbing the scaffolding (see far left picture).

Dave Ward holds a Mexican baby, 6 months old, which weighs only 8 pounds (see picture above). A junior pre-med major, he assisted with Stransky in a hospital.

Bob Reidy and others worked in the Peruvian altiplano near the Bolivian border. Bob lived with the



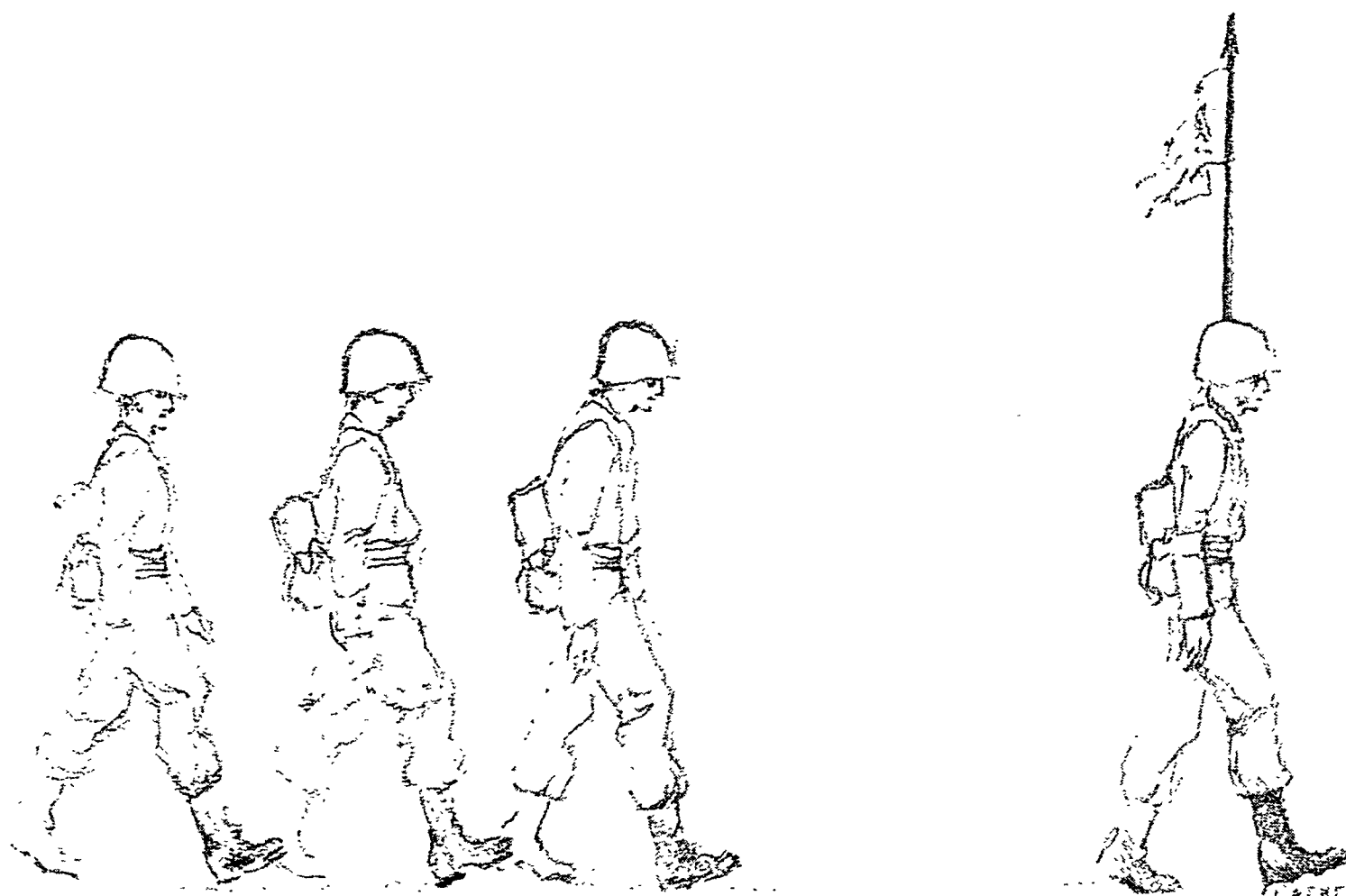
2500 citizens of Juli, a town 12,500 feet above sea level. He aided several Maryknoll Fathers in setting up a breakfast program: the Catholic Relief Service donated food so that 60 boys could be fed hot breakfast each morning. During the day the Notre Dame senior and friends worked on a basketball court (see picture at top right of page). At night the breakfast-program boys would return for study to the parish center, which among other things boasted books and lights.

In the middle of East Harlem Andre Papantonio spent a summer in the city. He lived in a five-story tenement house on 99th Street and First Avenue. Working with Joe Cruz, an ex-gang leader who spoke at Notre Dame last year, Andre and Rich Herrington tutored several Puerto Rican students and staffed a recreation center (see middle picture: kids playing volleyball in the streets). Participating is an ex-gang. They left their handprints on a wall as a sign of the last fingerprinting they'll be given (all had a police record).

The bottom picture on this page shows Notre Dame's Dave Ward administering oxygen to a newborn baby. It was a satisfying summer.

PHOTOS BY TED STRANSKY





A long time ago, a soldier marching felt the Army's weight, and yelled in cadence, "THERE AIN'T NO USE IN LOOKIN' DOWN. AIN'T NO DISCHARGE ON THE GROUND."

by Jamie McKenna

In summer, in Kansas, the night is the day's very best. Because the sun then goes down and the heat it forgets is less. These conversations and descriptions were set during such nights, on the concrete steps in front of barracks No. 1314. When after the barracks had fallen asleep and a single lamp shined on the front stoop. The steps then filled with people who wrote letters and talked and worked their equipment. This would happen at every barracks; on every street, every night. And for six weeks of summer, in Kansas, it was the day's very best.

JUNE 24 WAS A FRIDAY, the day before summer camp began. The cabdriver on the way to the airport was small and gray with glasses. He wore a thick leather glove on his left hand. "I was in the reserves," he said, and the cab would swerve as he gestured with his good hand, "Was called up in '41. Guys were going crazy. Saying Japs were gonna kill 'em. Shoot 'em up. They were screaming and yelling." He talked rapidly, with a Brooklyn-Jew accent. "One guy tried to jump outa da window."

In Manhattan, Kansas, which is six miles from Fort Riley, there is a small airport. After the plane landed, an old man hung around the enlisted men in the terminal. He was dressed in pants with patches and a red plaid

shirt. In his hand was a cigarette that he could hardly smoke because his arm shook so. "Yes sir," he said, a very old man, "gave Uncle Sam 31 years, 6 months. Enlisted in 1910." It seemed he had said these things many times before. "Been through three of them with Uncle Sam. I'm lucky." His arm would quiver as he smoked. "I'm one of the guys who got away with minors. Wish they all could have been as lucky as me."

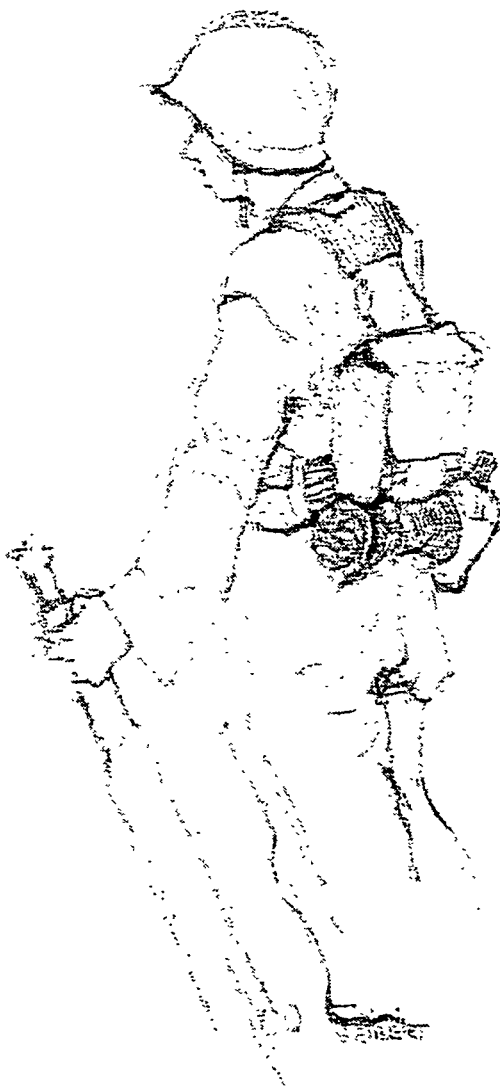
On July 19, a sergeant picks up a mortar shell. "You guys got to realize," he lectures seriously, "this thing was made for two reasons: to kill and destroy. It'll kill you as dead as four o'clock in the afternoon. . . . If I dropped this and it broke open, then I hope the good Lord would take my soul. 'Cause this thing would have my body."

And near the end of camp a cadet asks a captain why he joined the infantry. The captain had undergone Ranger training, and was a fine professional soldier. "You sit in a foxhole," he answered, "and you smell like a man; you feel like a man."

The military changes people. It not only shaves heads and dresses in look-alike fatigues. It does more. Thirty-one years with minors or six weeks with chiggers. It changes. And the people who met on the twenty-fifth of June are not those who left on August 5.

Hiner — he was tall and lean, with a sunburnt face and short-cropped hair. When he moved, with his steel pot on and ammo belt slung low, then he looked for all the world like you'd think a soldier looked. And Hiner was a grand person. He was platoon leader the day we ran the bayonet assault course. It was the hardest thing we were asked to do, yet it lasted but eight or nine minutes. It had rained that morning and we staggered through the muck with our bayoneted rifles. Slashing and growling and charging at obstacles, until our growls were but rasps and our skin was all mud. At the end was a straight-up hill that we had to run and at the top was Hiner, all sweaty with muck and muddy wet pants. He had gone first and instead of resting, was urging us on. He wanted us to smile, the captain was watching. You'd give a terrible smile, with your body on fire, and he'd slap you hard on the back.

When he was 18, Hiner enlisted in the Air Force. Two years later he returned to college and joined ROTC. Now he is married. One day, in the line for dinner, he told about a kid's last letter from Viet Nam. The kid had been 18 and the letter was writ-



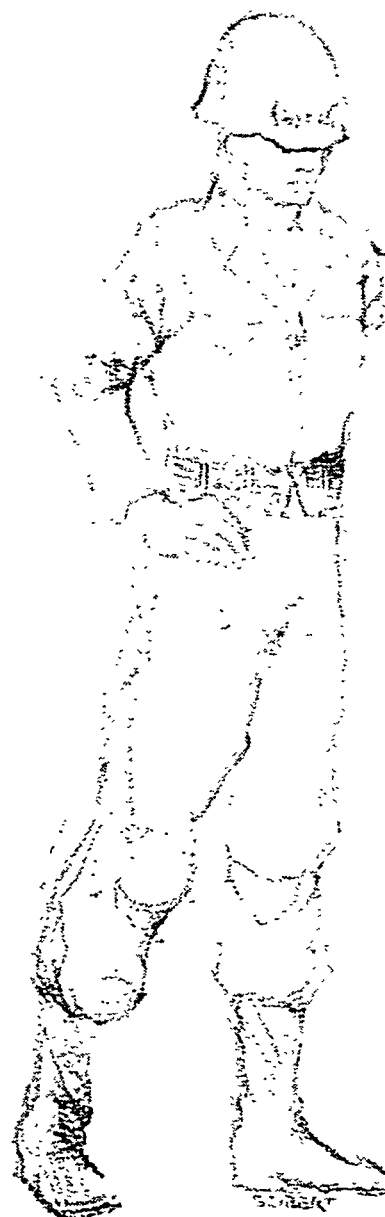
Barry Miller goes to Southern Illinois University. He is a heavy person with a thick waist. Miller is a very sharp soldier, and his ranking was very high at the end of camp. He knows how to run patrols, subdue prisoners, protect his men. He was very serious about the Army and one night, when we were holed up during a maneuver, he said, "I think I'm as ready as anybody in this company to lead troops in combat." It was a very serious thing to say and if anybody seemed to be a gung-ho soldier, it was Barry. But then, on the last day of camp, when he had relaxed and was getting ready for the drive to Kansas City, he said, "You know, I've kept my sanity. I thought I would leave here a machine. But I'm not, you know."

The Army will change a person. In men like Hiner it brings out the finest and in those like Orban, it demands something perhaps not easily given. But, of them all, it is Miller, who played the game yet kept a hidden self, who is admired most. ■



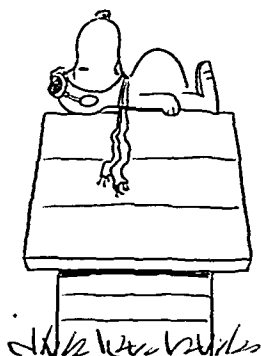
ten in the form of a will. "Eighteen is awful goddam young to die," he said, and then thought for a moment, "them boys need us over there, man."

Orban, like many of us, could not understand the reason for the bayonet course. He had thin hair and wore glasses and seemed not very athletic. This fall, granted a deferment, he enters Indiana's law school. Of us all, he seemed the most even-pressured. After the bayonet assault course, in the barracks, he told us what had happened to him. "I think I ruined the major's whole day. I was lying on the ground with my arms outstretched and he came up to me and said, 'Feel sick boy?' 'Just sick to my stomach, sir.' He asked me what I thought of it and I told him I thought it was the stupidest thing I've ever done. And he made some disparaging remark. 'Well, life's full of chores, son.' 'You don't have to search them out, though,' I told him. Something like that doesn't make me more gung-ho. It just makes me embittered."



Snoopy and the Red Baron

Toward a psychological analysis



It's not good manners to spit at the table, curse free enterprise, or belittle Charles M. Schulz. *Peanuts* worshipers will immediately disallow any criticism; *Peanuts* lovers (and I am one) will not let this disappointing novel spoil their morning coffee; and *Peanuts* haters won't bother to read this or the novel in question.

The *Peanuts* impact is the product of a dialectic between two or more antithetical types: Lucy-Charlie, Schroeder-Lucy, Linus-Lucy, Charlie-the red-haired girl, and Snoopy-them all. The mere depiction of these characters on a page strikes a tension in the reader's psyche which has been sectioned off very neatly into Jungian forms. Schulz, through his precise artistic control, sets form against form by bolstering one form with both—verbal thesis and emphatic drawing (one character distinctly in the foreground, or strengthened with a commanding visage). Two frames of conflict generally follow as the thesis is questioned and attacked. Finally, through glibness or sheer verbal power, the antithesis lashes out and closes the conflict. The reader is left to the field and the synthesis which necessarily follows is always personally startling. It is this sudden synthesis between antithetical and deeply imbued prejudices which strikes us as funny.

Now *Snoopy and the Red Baron* lacks this verbal and visual struggle. Snoopy simply assumes various positions and states various theses all of which we are fond of immediately. Yet these are, except for two excellent frames, never challenged concretely. The Red Baron is Schulz's abstract antithetical element: he is evil, sly, and naturally to be eschewed. Snoopy goes after him but never really encounters a moment of contention.

The Red Baron is a legitimate part of the *Peanuts* continuum, but he works only insofar as he is used sparsely, as an interlude between two concrete and episodic conflicts. These interludes are amusing but only because we are aware of the specific struggles which Snoopy must undergo. We feel more affection for him than humor, but this precisely because there is no conflict, only thesis. As I mentioned, this particular antiepisode in *Peanuts* is more than justified in a daily column, but as the subject of a novel it is noticeably flat, even tiring. The book is cute, but rarely funny. Despite this factor, Holt, Rhinehart, and Winston should sell thousands (@ \$2.00 ea.) on Schulz's drawings and Snoopy's loveable snout.

— J. DUDLEY ANDREW

movies



AVON: *Morgan!*, a film in which nothing is ever declared simply, sedately, or sanely. Vanessa Redgrave won the Cannes "Best Actress" award for the torture she endured at the hands (nay, the claws) of Morgan (David Warner), whose assault on convention and Miss Redgrave is hilarious, barbarous in the most vivid and visual sense of the word. The characteristically British sense of the ridiculous, of the grotesque, is brought out by a free, fun, and fancy film technique. *Morgan!*, as title, character, and motion picture, commands an exclamation point. Naive Paul Anka is analyzed in the witty Canadian short *Lonely Boy*. (*Morgan!* 6:50, 9:20; *Lonely Boy*, 6:30, 8:50)

COLFAX: *The Gospel According To St. Matthew*. Pasolini, avowed communist and iconoclast, has produced the most reverential film of its kind. The reverence, however, is not awe at the person of Jesus, who is a rather static and undramatic man-God, but for a way of life which his tireless concern transforms into a feeling for life through near homage of delicate camera work. There is no de Mille spectacle though there is spectacularity in the film and this too in the artistry which coaxes life into the drab landscape and hackneyed characters, portrayed uniformly by inexperienced faces. Christ comes off perhaps a bit understated (greatly understated, according to many) but Pasolini emphatically does not. (*Gospel*, 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30)

GRANADA: *An American Dream*. is a highly vaunted, much criticized thriller version of Norman Mailer's more vaunted, much more criticized novel. Stuart Whitney stars, opposite Janet Leigh, as a modern and terribly brutal Raskolnikov. (*Dream*: 1:00, 3:00, 5:05, 7:10, 9:15)

STATE: *Dr. No* and *Goldfinger*. The State kindly welcomes Notre Dame students back with the first and then the best of the Bonds. (*No*, 3:15, 7:10; *Goldfinger*, 1:20, 5:10, 9:05)

— J. DUDLEY ANDREW

The Scholastic

TURN AROUND AND YOU'RE CUT

*Where have all the players gone,
Long time passing?
Gone on waivers every one,
Not so long ago.*

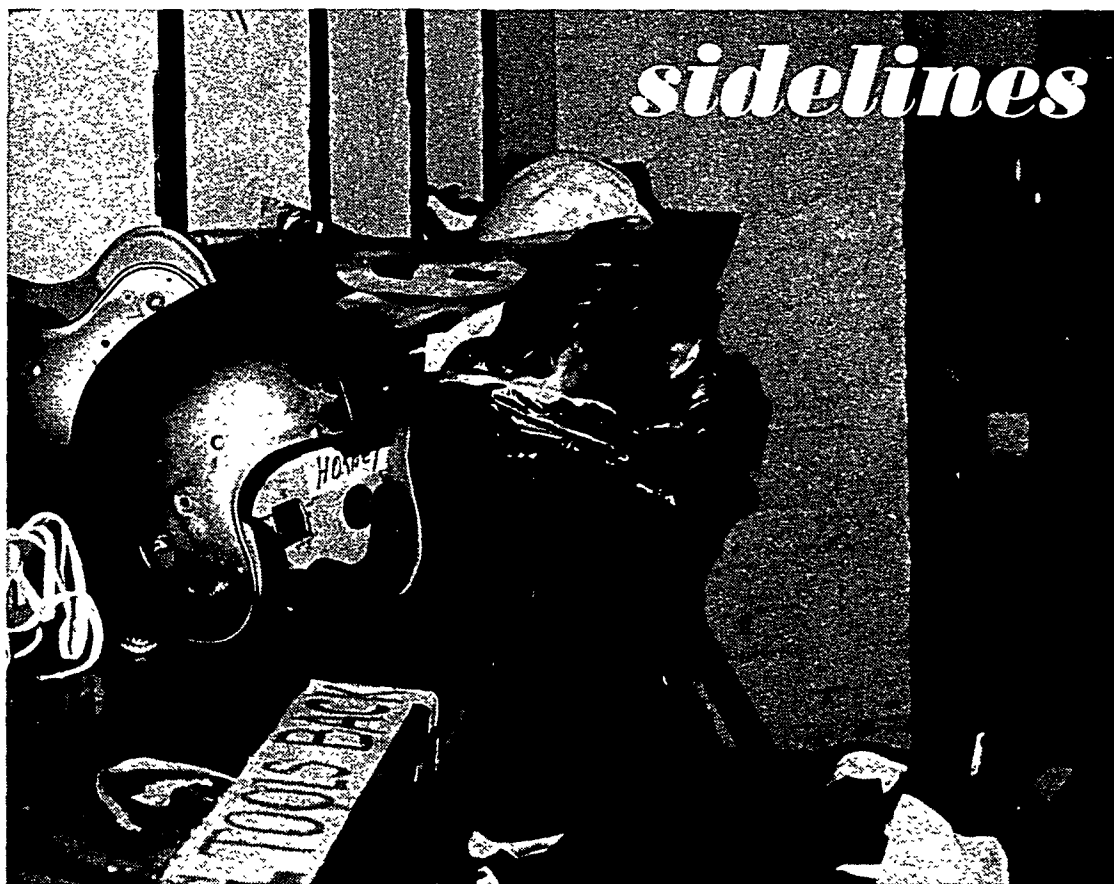
Sheridan was cut by Atlanta.
Vasys and Longo were cut by the Eagles.
Carrol was traded to the Redskins.
Talaga was cut by the Browns.
Arrington was taxed by Boston.
Carey was cut by the Bears.
Meeker was cut by the Giants.
Pietrosante was cut by the Lions.
Wadsworth and Webster play in Canada.

22% FEWER CAVITIES

Football Coach - Journalist - Analyst Ara Parseghian has found himself still another job. He can be seen almost nightly doing prime-time commercials for the Voice of America Co. The commercial begins with two "players" tossing a ball around Notre Dame stadium. Since the ad was filmed in the semi-privacy of summer, a couple of rotund, out-of-shape assistant coaches put on the garb and made like for real. Then Ara, taping notes on practice mistakes, gives a pitch on how he loves their portable recorder. He ends the ad with his endorsement . . . "it makes my team," and gives a smile that is bound to bring future work with the Colgate and Ipana people. But Ara never forgets his team. In addition to the payment for his services, the Voice people wired the Notre Dame locker room with a complete stereo, AM/FM setup.

UNCLE JOHN WANTS YOU!

After the fine group of freshman prospects he recruited last fall (Bob Whitmore, John Arizin, *et al.*), Head Basketball Coach Johnny Dee earned for himself a reputation as a recruiter. But this spring when the May 20 "declaration" day rolled around, Coach Dee was devoid of scholarship material for the incoming class of '70. It's hard, though, to keep a good man down, and the four boys that finally came to South Bend have reassured the doubting Thomases. Going after backcourt men to complement the fine front line he brought in a year ago, Dee came up with four top performers in 6'5", 200-pound John Gal-



agher, a forward from New York City; Mike O'Connell, a 6'1", 175-pound guard from Cincinnati; and Bobby Freeman, 6'3", 180-pounds from Bethesda, Maryland. The fourth boy, massive 6'7", 245-pound center Jay Ziznewski from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, isn't all Johnny Dee's. Ara Parseghian is keeping the rather-large Mr. Ziznewski busy these fall afternoons working for a spot on the freshman interior line.

THE RED BARON

On our campus is a nuclear reactor, for which you can be sure some foreign agent would like to get the plans. There is also a football coach, whom quite a few other "foreign" agents would love to view during practice hours. The security clearance is high on both. So when Ara Parseghian watched a helicopter zero in on a practice session early this fall he suspected that some coaches had taken the victory or death approach. But alas, it was no spy, it was Dr. "Buzz" Colip, the team trainer, flying out to a practice session in his bird. He moved the machine through a few hair-raising maneuvers (one was especially interesting when his engine momentarily cut out) and then settled down on a vacant portion of Cartier. This was not the first time "Buzz" has given the team a fly-by. Last year as the football team was boarding the buses for the Purdue game he made a few bombing runs on his bosses. One pass narrowly missed a tree, another a utility wire.

WHILE YOU WERE GONE . . .

BASEBALL (12-14)

TENNIS (15-0)

1st in Eastern Intercollegiate Tourney; knocked out early in NCAA finals.

GOLF (23-7)

NCAA: Houston first, Notre Dame 9th. Notre Dame top-finishing Midwest school. Father Durbin, coach, voted new second vice-president, will become president of the NCAA golf coaches.

OUTDOOR TRACK

CCC: Notre Dame 5th, Michigan State 1st. NCAA: Pete Farrell 6th in 880-yard run.

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 1

Rugby: Chicago Lions Club (10:30 A.M.) Grant Park

Soccer: Northwestern at Evanston

OCTOBER 2

Soccer: Maryknoll—away

OCTOBER 5

Soccer: Quincy—away

OCTOBER 8

Cross Country: Indiana & Minnesota at Bloomington (9:00 A.M.)

Soccer: Army at Notre Dame

OCTOBER 14

Cross Country: Notre Dame Invitational (2:00 P.M.)

OCTOBER 15

Rugby: Clayton Rugby Club (St. Louis) at N.D.

INSTANT JELL BRINGS A JUST DESSERT

by Mike McAdams

When Purdue came after seconds with an air-raid offense and a victory under its belt, Notre Dame's incredible rookies had to mature in a hurry. Thanks largely to a splendid effort by an unsung defensive trio and a pair of sophs with professional poise, the Irish came out tops in a season-opening football classic.

Predictably, millions of Irish descendants drank deep toasts to N.D.'s 26-14 victor over Purdue last Saturday — they do for every victory. Predictably, several hundred thousand Armenians did likewise in celebration of the superb coaching of a kinsman. Not so understandable, at first sight, was the sudden adoption of the Fighting Irish by Orthodox Jews throughout America. But, in the eyes of the omen conscious, Notre Dame was merely fulfilling destiny when it gained revenge for that infamous 1965 Lafayette fiasco. For, by Jewish tradition, Saturday, Sept. 24, was Yiskor, the Day of Atonement.

Religious symbol or not, the defeat of Griese's legions was an intoxicating experience for Notre Dame fans. Untested players, upon whom so much hope had ridden, still managed to surpass expectations. No less than eight starters assumed different or newly won positions, and each without exception did a very creditable job; a few were incredible.

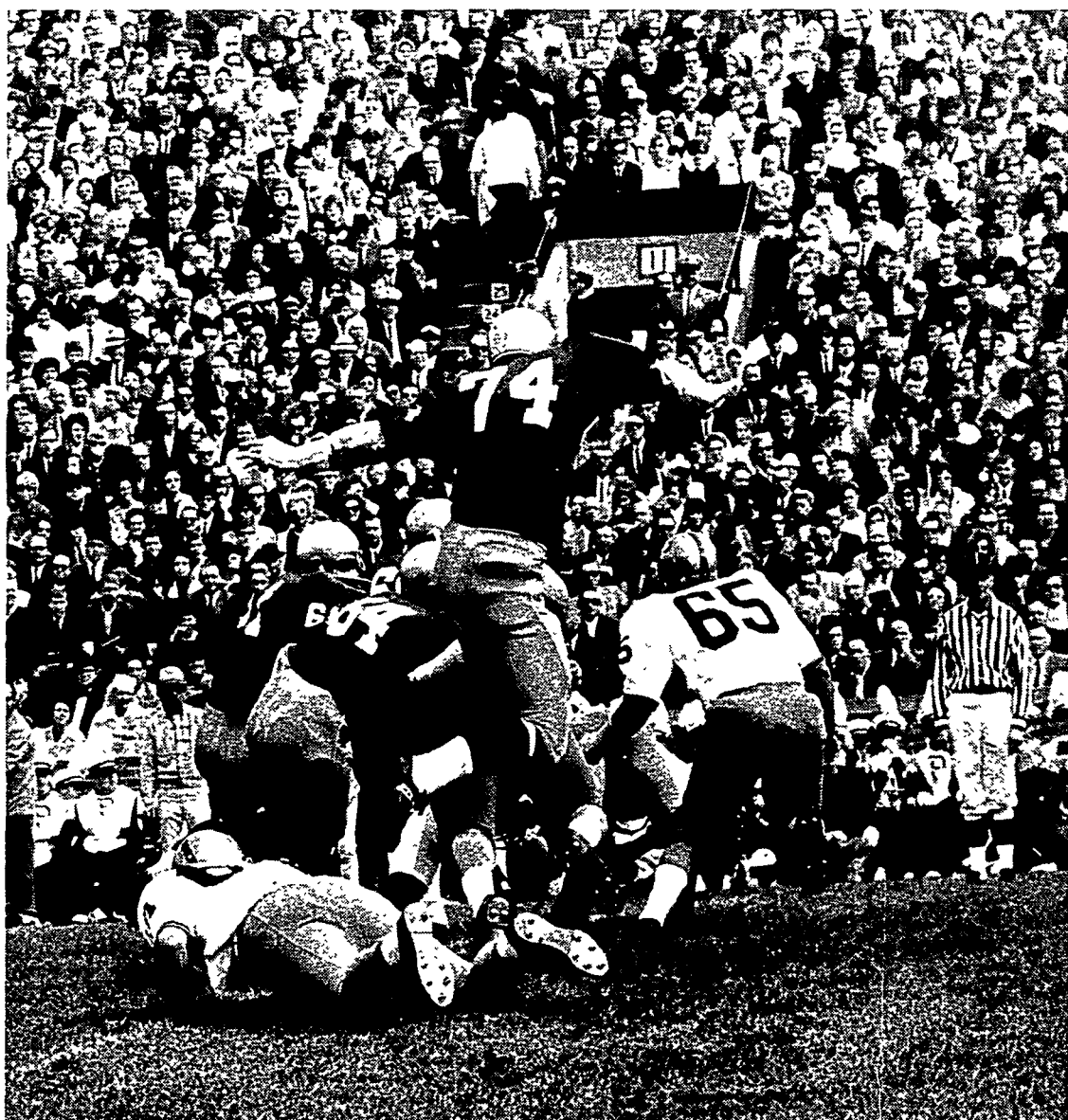
This is not to say the stars of the original Notre Dame football renaissance, the junior and senior monogram winners, spent the afternoon making passes at the Golden Girl. Nick Eddy would have been spectacular, except that spectacular for other halfbacks has become routine for him. His first-quarter touchdown on a kickoff return, in the opinion of many, actually saved the game. A stalled drive following the Purdue "gift" 7 points might have flustered the rookies, who were eventually the key to victory. What Eddy did, instead, was underline the belief the team took into the game: it would not be rattled. "Other teams have breaking points," explained Jim Seymour, whose name today needs no further qualification, "and it beats them. We cannot have a breaking point. This is on the wall of our dress-

ing room, it's what we work for, and we won't fall apart when things go wrong."

One veteran, who is ever in danger of falling apart, physically, played a major role in keeping the pressure off the inexperienced defensive backs. Kevin Hardy is playing on little more than spirit, but that may be enough. Despite a chronic back injury, Hardy racked up 12 tackles and did it with a grace that just isn't fair. The number of tackles and assists for which

he and Pete Duranko collaborated are remarkable; Duranko, ignoring a troublesome ankle, has as much right as Hardy to watch the game from the stands.

But the story of the game must come back to the performance of untried players who had to mesh, and did. Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour, sophomores and chief offensive weapons, were most notable. Two Notre Dame records, including a fantastic 276 yards gained in the





air, are only part of the wonders these two worked. Coley O'Brien will undoubtedly impress a lot of people before the season ends, and Curt Heneghan has been called Seymour's equal; but right now the Hanratty-Seymour combination would be first string anywhere west of Johnny Unitas and Ray Berry.

Most notable, however, is not necessarily most needed. Sophomore George Kunz turned in a generally unnoticed but impressively solid game at tackle. He was, in fact, prepared to replace Don Gmitter at tight end if the senior's injuries acted up.

The biggest joy for the coaches was in the play of the deep backs on defense. Schoen, Smithberger, and O'Leary drew no raves from outsiders as they permitted Griesse 14 of 26 completions, but the bomb was stopped, and 53% is just kid stuff for Purdue this year anyway. The University of Pittsburgh's 63-49 loss to West Virginia last fall will long serve as a monument to the importance of a cohesive secondary. The work of these three novice juniors, plus the able relief of Mike Burgener, removed a basic uneasiness from both the team and the coaches. In this respect the linebackers were vital. It was their job, in the 4-4 zone used

during most of the game, to fall back and aid the rookies. They reacted well and without sacrificing ground coverage: Lynch's 17 tackles led the team; John Pergine's 15 was second.

Notre Dame has had prized rookies and seasoned veterans before. There remains one intangible, the force that prepared the enormous resource and finally made it jell: unrelenting, sometimes punishing, but always purposeful coaching. The Irish will to win was fierce, but it remained for Parseghian, Ray, *et al.* to channel the desire toward an effective outlet. The newcomers were, simply, ready. No situation arose that hadn't already been met, analyzed and solved in practice. "After 3 or 4 plays, when the nervousness was gone, it was as mentally easy as a scrimmage," Tackle Kunz remarked with satisfaction. The confidence generated by so thorough a preparation was invaluable, as Purdue's Mollenkopf sprung some tactical gems with negligible results. His insistence on man-to-man coverage of Jim Seymour for the entire game was as curious as it was futile. Offensively, Purdue seldom caught Notre Dame napping, this due to a great front line whose job it was to contain rather than penetrate, to box rather than

crash.

Augmenting the coaching regimen is the self-discipline that marks championship teams. Fearing that the nervousness of inexperience would stifle his composure, teammates took to making play suggestions to Terry Hanratty in the huddle. So the team called a post-game meeting, and in the future the quarterback will have the stage to himself. "It wouldn't have mattered, really" Hanratty smiles, "but I like to talk a lot and I was losing a good audience." Linked with this self-discipline is an abundance of uncoachable poise and pride, a spirit which smacks of the last N.D. championship team. "This game was just like starting 1964 all over again," says Veteran Duranko, who played in the hard times. "We didn't know what to expect and we had a lot to prove."

With the fearsome Boilermakers safely in the bag, the season presents immeasurable possibilities. Obviously, passing records can't be broken every game and injuries to the line could be catastrophic. As long as newcomers continue to play with veteran poise, however, and let-terms display the verve of sophs, look for Yiskor, Irish style, once again late in November.

Voice in the Crowd

Winning is a wonderful habit to fall into, to be assured of from year to year. Last Saturday's victory marked what will hopefully be the third successive winning season during Ara Parseghian's tenure.

Looking back, only one group, the present senior class, has experienced a losing season. In 1963, Notre Dame lost enough games to be recorded as having the third worst season in the school's history. But as any of the old-timers on campus—the seniors—will tell you, that team never lacked the wholehearted support of the entire student body.

Last weekend something was lacking. It was evident at the pep rally where the cheering seemed perfunctory, almost meaningless. It was evident in most of the halls where the dearth of illustrated linens normally covering the ivy detracted from the traditional atmosphere of a football weekend. Finally, it was evident at the game where the cheering was, at best, sporadic. Naturally spontaneous whenever Number 85 stepped across the goal line, the support was nonexistent when Purdue waltzed down the field to score and narrow the margin to six points early in the fourth quarter.

Possibly the letdown can be attributed to the late start in classes, leaving little time to "prepare" for a football weekend. This factor undoubtedly entered in, but there is another, more feasible explanation. After a steady diet of victories for two years, that traditional Notre Dame "spirit" might have mellowed. Unlike the football team, the student body doesn't seem to be "hungry" this year. Maybe the winning habit has brought complacency.

Fortunately, the coaching staff and the team approached the game with a different attitude. The coaches were operating with a team that possessed great offensive potential along with a number of untried, unproved players. But the game was more than a proving ground. Dan Jenkins of *Sports Illustrated* saw to that. His story of last year's game still burned in the ears of the coaches and the team, especially the defense. "We could do anything we wanted to against them. It was mechanical," crowed Bob Griese in the article. Jenkins himself implied that the game could easily have been a rout. In short, the team was embarrassed in print as well as on the field.

Saturday, Griese found that things weren't quite as mechanical as they were at Lafayette last year. What he did discover was that a team never stings a Parseghian-coached team twice in the same place. The revenge motive, coupled with the intense desire of this team to prove themselves a winner prompted Ara to refer to the Purdue victory as "one of my sweetest." Coaches Ray and Shoults must have nodded in agreement. Not too long ago, after the revenge game of the year, the Southern Cal game of 1965, Ara was quoted, "There is no question the mind, the emotions, the spirit play a very important part in this game of football." There is no question that he has the minds, emotions, and spirits of his players directed *always* toward their goal — victory.

What about the student body?

—MIKE BRADLEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

DUKE VS. VIRGINIA: The gentlemen from V.U. will find when things go askew, the cause of their trip-up will not be a mix-up but the Devil himself wearing Blue.

SYRACUSE VS. MARYLAND: The Orangemen, having been juiced twice, figure to come out from under the trees and de-shell the Terrapins, for this Little is no chicken.

ARMY VS. PENN STATE:
Sir Townsend Clark and his Black Knights
To ameliorate their Irish frights
Will slay the Nittany Lion sure
And pray their short-lived luck endure.

ALABAMA VS. MISSISSIPPI: Last week's heart-stopper with Louisiana Tech tapped the very dregs of the National Champ's play repertoire. But Papa Bear can spare his tears for another week, for a high Tide will swamp the Vaunted Rebels.

WASHINGTON VS. OHIO STATE: Woody's bustling Buckeyes, in another tune-up for Conference warfare, will bury the mushless Huskies under their perennial cloud of dust.

UPSET OF THE WEEK

MISSOURI VS. UCLA: Beban may be supernatural, but Missouri has Divine help; and with Charlie Brown at halfback Missouri will lose only if Lucy holds the ball.

OTHER PICKS

Texas over Indiana
Arkansas over TCU
Princeton over Columbia
Florida over Vanderbilt
Iowa over Wisconsin
Navy over Air Force
Southern Cal over Oregon State
Purdue over S.M.U.
Hofstra over Lafayette

Immoveable Feast

(Continued from page 13)

A few blocks north of Canal, we crossed over to the other side of the street. A small, temple-like church peeked out over a surrounding brick wall. The sign over the entrance read "Church of the Most Sacred Blood." And underneath, "These booths are the only booths officially sponsored by the Church of the Most Sacred Blood." As we entered we saw a line of people headed toward the narrow alley leading to a side entrance of the church. We made our way like a flock of sheep through the door, past a vestibule, and into a dimly lit chapel. This was it! The seat of a great mystery. The National Shrine of San Gennaro, savior of Naples. Two young monks stood austere in crew cuts and sandals near the altar. Black-clad women, bent and shriveled, stockings rolled up around their ankles, mumbled incoherently over worn-out beads. A statue of one saint stood bedecked in dollar bills, a faint, almost patronizing smile noticeable on his painted face. In the rear a youth dressed in the clerical garb of the minor seminaries bartered religious trinkets and prayer cards, all bearing small indulgences. Just behind him and to the side, a small group clustered around the protected image of the diminutive saint of Naples. In hushed whispers they acknowledged the presence of the two vials of the liquefied blood, and read aloud the proclama-

tions of exhumed popes. I picked up a copy of the Prayer to St. Gennaro.

" . . . Many times you lent assistance quickly to your fellow-citizens, now stopping the way of the volcanic glass of the Vesuvius, and now delivering us prodigiously from the pest, the earthquakes, the famine and from many other divine punishments, which threw the fright between ourselves. . . . Protector of the Catholic Naples, turn propitious your look in our direction and . . . receive our wishes, that with full confidence in your mighty protection, we lay down at your feet. . . ."

Outside, the band had left the platform, and its members headed for the ferry back to Hoboken. ■

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The Last Word



A GLANCE into the crystal ball indicates—for seniors whose sloth has already not totally blotted out curiosity—that we can count on being rich, Republican, and racist. We will find birth control, natural or otherwise, the only answer and therefore will have only one and one-half children. And we will sport a streak of cruelty: we will likely clamor as ND alumni for a tightening of the rules.

The crystal ball may well be mistaken and at any rate is certainly oversimplifying. But this picture of the ND graduate as drawn up by Sociology Professor Robert Hassenger and reported in the fall issue of the *Notre Dame Alumnus* suggests some of the University's successes and failures.

Alumni were asked at their annual reunions questions on their present status, their view of ND religious life and discipline; and their opinions on various issues. Dr. Hassenger reports a significant difference in the degree of satisfaction with religious life and the school's religious preparation among recent graduates. In the class of '61, for example, 93 percent were satisfied with Notre Dame's religious life while only three-fourths approved of religious preparation at the University. The older the alumnus, the less likely he seems to distinguish between the two.

The alumni were asked whether they thought discipline at Notre Dame should be more strict or liberal. The class of '61 came to our rescue, favoring a rules relaxation 70 to 30 percent. The rest of the classes favored a tightening of the rules (classes were at the reunion in five-year intervals); the class of 1916 was the only exception, splitting 50-50.

Graduates were asked what was the most important thing their alma mater did for them. The most popular reply was that Notre Dame taught the value of thinking for oneself. Also rated highly was the instilling of a sense of the value of friendship. Least mentioned was the teaching of the value of hard work. Easy courses? Yes, those were the days.

Half of prewar graduates surveyed now earn over \$20,000. Republicans predominate in every class but '21 and '26. While early classes averaged

three and four children per graduate, the most recent groups report an average of one and a half. Who says the products of this school are not becoming ever wiser? Dr. Hassenger duly notes that wives share "some part in the above statistics."

Over three-fourths of the alumni contribute annually to Notre Dame, and they give as their reason, contrary to popular myth, a desire to improve Notre Dame academically rather than simply athletically.

On questions of civil rights and equal opportunity alumni as a whole appear to be less than enthusiastic. Although two-thirds favor equal job opportunities, less than half would push school desegregation. Dr. Hassenger is particularly surprised at the response of the two most recent classes, '56 and '61. 55 percent of the class of '56 and 67 percent of the class of '61 opposed open housing laws. 51 and 59 percent of the same classes felt no moral obligation to lead movements advancing desegregation of schools.

Dr. Hassenger concedes that his alumni profile is somewhat sketchy because of the limitations in the size of the group surveyed. At times humorous, it nevertheless presents some interesting and significant insights into what Notre Dame does and does not accomplish in its education. A similar study of even wider scope and thoroughness would be most valuable.

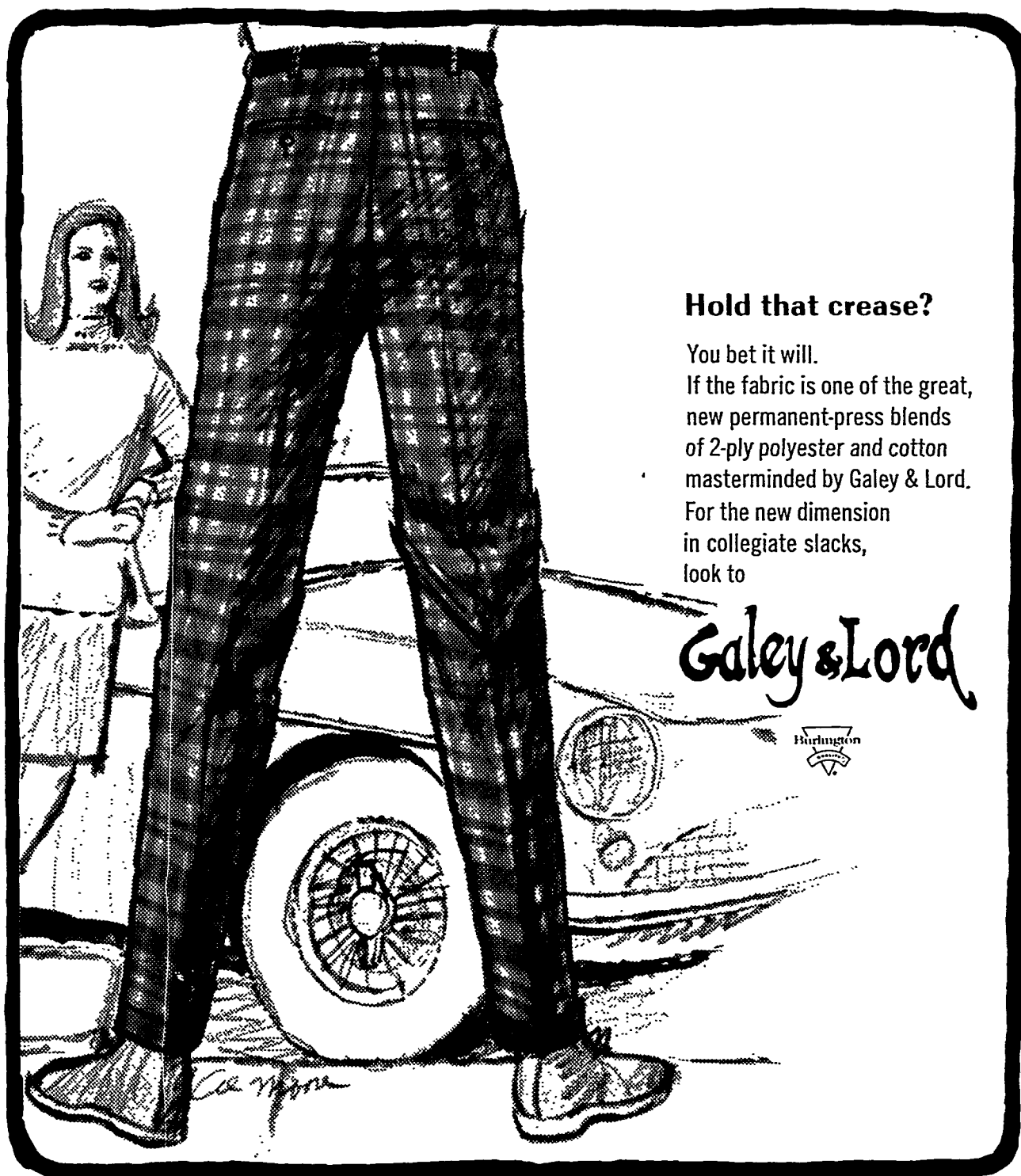
BEFORE taking the above too seriously, one should know the conditions under which the survey was made. Again to the *Alumnus* magazine, this time the summer installment. The secretary of the class of '61 reports that "the beer-stained grass is turning green once again, the doors are back on the hinges and the fire hoses have been wrapped up and put away." Also lively was the Alumni-Dillon courtyard where activity "waxed vigorously on into the early dawn hours." The class of '31 secretary continues, "The early morning trumpeting of 'Oh What A Beautiful Morning' came from the little man with the powerful voice. . . . A few dissidents tried to organize a lake party for him . . ."

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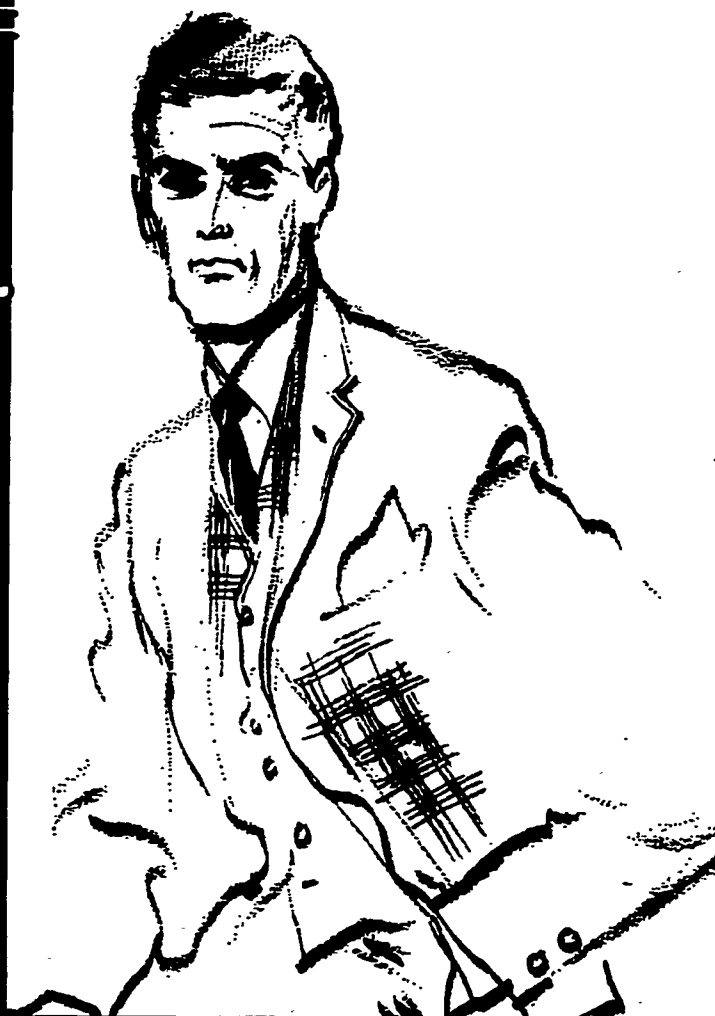
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