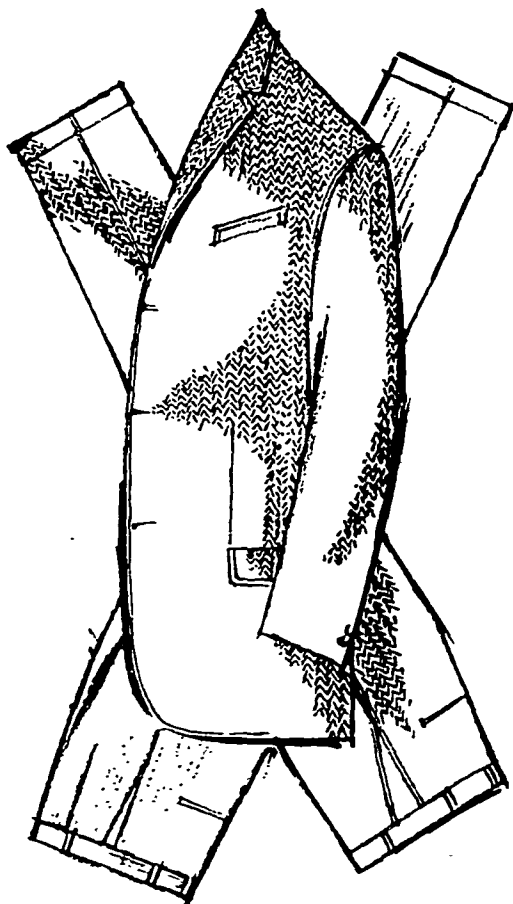


OCTOBER 7, 1966 ***SCHOLASTIC***





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DAILY

- 8:00 a.m. to 11:45 p.m. Exhibits in the Memorial Library Concourse: Recent Acquisitions in Archaeology; Iconography of Orchids; Notre Dame Glee Club; Africana—Creative Arts; Indiana Sesquicentennial.
- 12:00 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Exhibits in the University Gallery: From the Notre Dame Collection —A selection of paintings by twentieth-century artists Pierre Bonnard and Alfred Maurer, Italian Renaissance painting and sculpture and the George F. Sturman Collection of Contemporary Drawings.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7

- 7:00 p.m. Pep rally in the field house, followed by Student Government mixer in Stepan Center, admission \$.50.
- 8:00 p.m. Lecture in the Architecture Auditorium: Dr. Stephan Korner will open the year-long Notre Dame philosophy forum. The first of three public lectures on "The Nature of Philosophy."
- 8:00 p.m. Concert at the Morris Civic Auditorium: The United States Military Academy Band and Glee Club, free of charge and open to the public.
- 8:00 p.m. Duplicate Bridge at the University Club: no partner necessary.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8

- 8:30 a.m. Army Student Corps arrives at New York Central Railway Station and marches to campus.
- 10:00 a.m. Cadet reception in LaFortune Student Center.
- 10:30 a.m. Soccer; Army at Notre Dame; on the soccer field north of Stepan Center.
- 1:30 p.m. Football: Army at Notre Dame. The Irish make it 3 in a row.
- 8:30 p.m. Concert in Stepan Center: The Righteous Brothers; tickets at the door, \$4.50, \$3.50, \$2.75.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9

- 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. '69 Mixer in the Stepan Center; admission, boys \$1.00.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10

- 4:10 p.m. Peter C. Reilly Lecture: Professor Glen A. Russell, Department of Chemistry, Iowa State University, will lecture on "Oxidation of Carbanions by Molecular Oxygen"; also Wednesday, "Electron Transfer Reactions of Carbanions and Nitranions," and Friday, "Aliphatic Semidiones; Application of E.S.R. Spectroscopy to Problems of Structure and Conformation"; in Room 123, NSH.
- 8:00 p.m. The Notre Dame Glee Club in concert in Washington Hall.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11

- 4:30 p.m. Biology Seminar: Dr. Satish C. Bhalla, Department of Biology, University of Notre Dame, on "Genetics of Some Mutants Affecting Tanning and Eye Color in *Aedes aegypti*," in the Biology Building Auditorium.
- 7:30 p.m. Poetry readings in SMC Little Theater.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12

- 4:10 p.m. Lecture in the Memorial Library Auditorium: Charles F. Mullett, Professor of History, University of Missouri, speaks on "George Washington and British Improvers: 'One World' Two Centuries Ago"; sponsored by the Department of History; public invited.
- 8:15 p.m. Concert in Sacred Heart Church: Organist Arthur Whitehead.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14

- 4:00 p.m. International Coffee Hour in the International Room of the Student Center.
- 7:00 p.m. Pep rally in the field house.

—Compiled by GEORGE CLARK

SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

Vol. 108 Oct. 7, 1966 No. 2

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Second class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind., 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Inc., 18 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Published weekly during the school year, except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year (including all issues of the academic year and the FOOTBALL REVIEW). The special subscription rate for St. Mary's students and faculty is \$3.00 a year. Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

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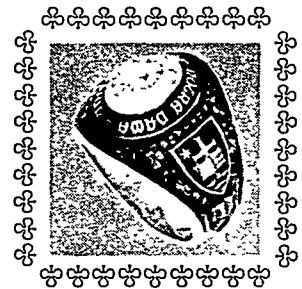
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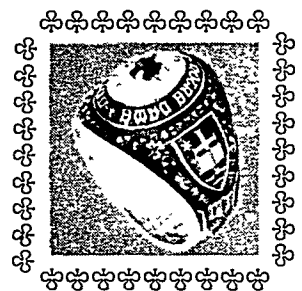
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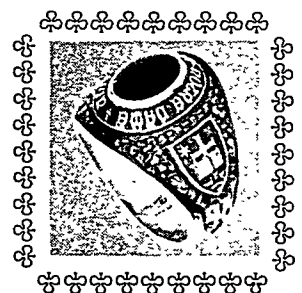
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Freedom to Fail

Student freedom — freedom for what? Among the many potential answers, two freedoms encompass all the others: the freedom to be responsible and the freedom to fail.

At the present time, probably more so than ever before, environmental and sociological factors help create in the college student a need for the freedom of responsibility. The fast-moving pace of a society which expects his noncollegiate contemporary to be responsible for himself, modern trends toward permissiveness and loss of individual identity, and the constant demands for academic proficiency all impinge sharply on the life of a college student. It is not surprising that a young, intelligent student, still groping to find himself, reacts to these demands with a desire to assert himself and to be recognized as mature and responsible. Hence, the desire for a freedom to be responsible can take many forms. To some, student freedom means freedom to be responsible for one's own personal life: freedom from regulations on personal life and, more important, from the implications of student immaturity underlying these regulations. Others expect this freedom of responsibility to extend into the academic area, whether it be through an Honor Code which places the responsibility for academic honesty in the hands of the students, or through a student's ability to choose the courses he wants. Carried to the fullest extent, freedom to be responsible also means freedom to be in part responsible for, or at least to have student opinion heard on, matters affecting the life of the entire academic community.

A necessary counterpart to the freedom to be responsible is the freedom to fail. Only if he knows that he is trusted to the point where he is left alone to succeed or fail does the freedom of responsibility become a real thing to the college student. If the student feels that he can make a mistake and still be trusted, the period of growth and adjustment becomes that much easier for him. Finally, by making mistakes and learning from them, the student gains more than if he were denied the opportunity of trying. Thus, although it is sometimes difficult for those in authority to do, allowing the student the freedom to fail shows that granting him the freedom to be responsible was not a hollow gesture.

The Honor Code, or Honor Concept, is much more than an example of student freedom, and would be degraded if seen only as such. Yet in the quest for greater student freedom to be responsible and student freedom to fail at Notre Dame, the Honor Code has been an important catalyst. Through the Honor Code, the Administration grants students the opportunity to be responsible for their own individual academic honesty and for the

academic honesty of the entire student community. During the past two years, the Administration has also supported the Honor Council by allowing the students the freedom to succeed or to fail in this experiment in academic honesty. More important, in a university atmosphere characterized by the rule of authority, the area of academic honesty has been the first major responsibility given to students and may herald a growing trend toward student freedom.

Although life under an Honor Code has been an experience not fully understood by some and a cause of further frustration to others, for most it has at least been an initial experience of the freedom to be responsible. Some do not accept the Honor Code because the premise of student responsibility for the academic honesty of others contradicts their set of values. Some find it hard to be responsible in the academic area while they are treated as immature students in most other ways. Some do not understand or care about the Honor Code, either as an expression of honor or as an area of student freedom. Yet, the fact that the Honor Code exists and that it has continued to exist for two years cannot be denied, and as it becomes further established as a Notre Dame tradition each year, it becomes a stronger example of students' successful efforts to handle the freedom to be responsible.

Student apathy and nonacceptance of the Code have not been the only problems facing the Honor Council. There have been faculty members who have not accepted the Code from the beginning, or who have become disenchanted by student reaction against the Code. Faculty and students alike have not always agreed with some of the procedures employed by the Honor Council, or some of its decisions. Yet, in spite of these problems, and, at times, its own apparent uneasiness about the Honor Code, the Administration has continually supported the Honor Council, and left to it and the students the freedom to make the Honor Code a success or a failure.

Ideally, then, the Honor Code should be a perfect expression of student freedom to be responsible and freedom to fail. In the practical situation, it is far from fully understood by the students as a chance to exercise the freedom to be responsible, and it has sorely tested the Administration's intention to grant the freedom to fail. Possibly these challenges presented in the development of the Honor Code will be more valuable than anything else in the development of student freedom and the growth of the University. They force the students and the Administration to work together: the students, in trying to measure up to the freedom to be responsible, and the Administration, in trying to allow the students the freedom to fail.

— Jack Balinsky

letters

THE SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers. Letters should not exceed a maximum of 300 words. No letter will be printed without a signature and all letters are subject to condensation and editing. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, 201 Alumni Hall, Notre Dame, Indiana.

AS YOU TRAVEL . . .

EDITOR:

Without your cover of last week I never would have found my date. She told me her address but with only slight knowledge of Chicago I was practically lost on the North Side with only about an hour before game time last Saturday. What I needed was a map and as I looked around my car for one I found the SCHOLASTIC instead. After that it was simple: I took Touhy to Western, Western to Howard, Howard to Damen and it was the first apartment on the left. How about a map of Philadelphia in about three weeks?

Robert Bregenzer
31 Sorin

ON ANSON

EDITOR:

Mr. Anson's article, "Chicago — Suddenly Last Summer" was first-rate.

Robert Hassenger
Assistant Professor of Sociology

RIOT RETORT

EDITOR:

I am from Chicago. I am not a racist. I believe in truth, straightforward truth. Barring the editorial, my belief includes all journalistic endeavors. Thus I am filing a complaint about the cover story of the September 30 SCHOLASTIC. The cover story was biased, extremely biased. I had heard that the SCHOLASTIC was radically liberal, but the story about the Chicago riots was ridiculous. I could stomach the section concerning the fireplug incidents, even though the same things happen in white neighborhoods without the outbreak of any riots. I could take the subtle dig about the "unpaved streets that tunnel Roosevelt Road" because faulty paving and numerous chuckholes are found in Chicago's best neighborhoods. I disgustingly threw the magazine down after I finished the cute little episode about the "Mississippi blackface minstrel." SCHOLASTIC had cleverly failed to mention one very important thing—how come two Chicago policemen were chasing him. Maybe he was just stealing a pair of shoes that any other hard-working

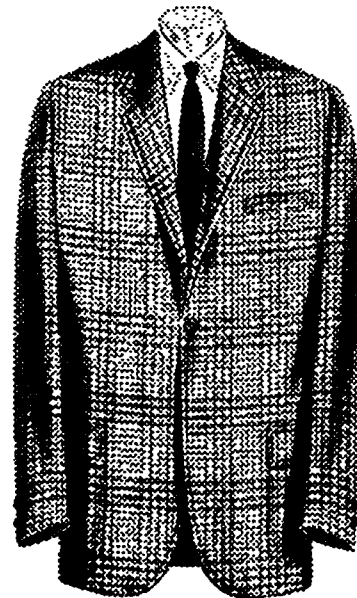
person would pay fifteen dollars for. There is a chance that he was an "innocent bystander," as you present him to be. The odds, however, are very much against this assumption. I would appreciate future effort on the SCHOLASTIC's part in the area of clear and truthful news coverage.

William D. Brejcha
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WSND—640 kc.

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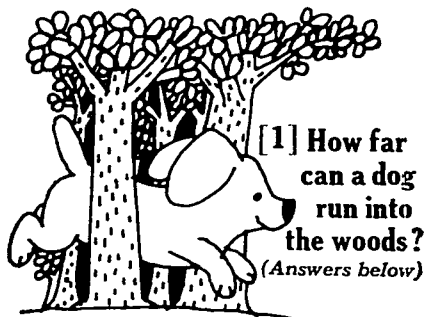
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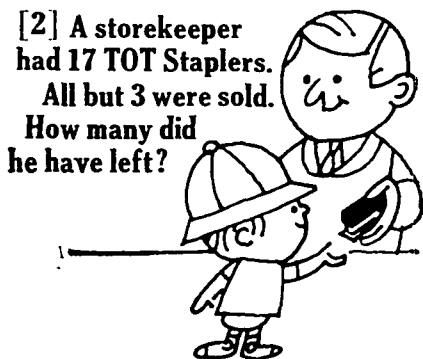
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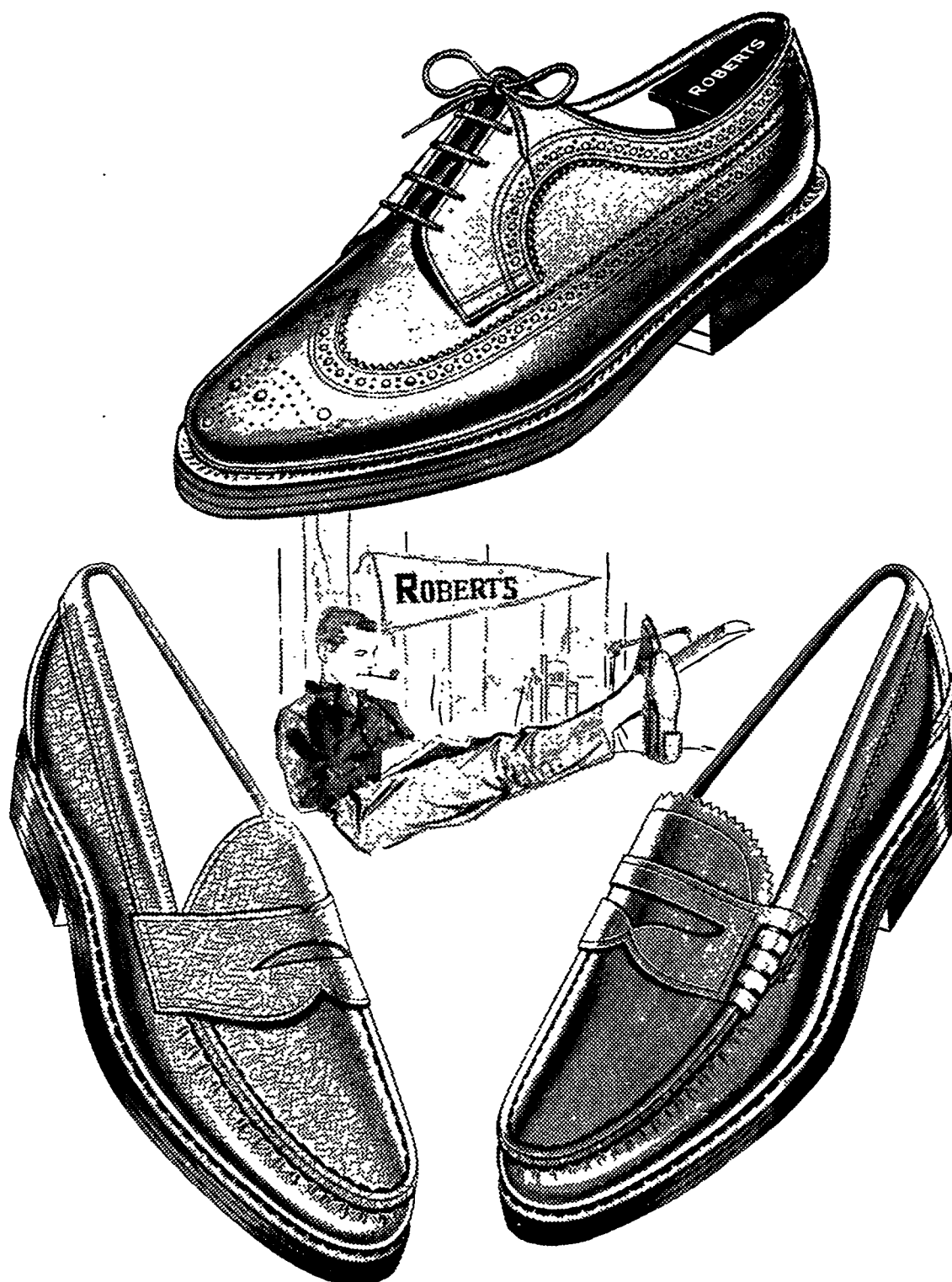
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news and notes

• **THOSE IN THE** Social Commission concerned with Homecoming announced that nominations for Homecoming will close October 15. Pictures of the finalists will appear in the SCHOLASTIC's issue of the 21st. The election will be held in the dining halls on the 24th. The winner will be announced on the 28th, and the young lovely will be crowned at the Homecoming I dance.

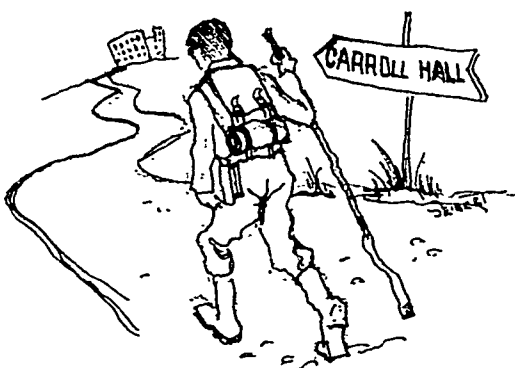
• **HAVING CONSTRUCTED** the world's largest library building, the Administration is now busily stocking it with microfilm and sports memorabilia. Supported by the Samuel H. Kress Foundation and directed by Rev. A. L. Gabriel, head of our Mediaeval Institute, a huge program is under way, microfilming and photographing material that will be "a virtual pictorial history of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the baroque period." Also being gathered: a collection which is designed to be a clearing house of information on the history of sports and games. Francis Wallace, author of the newly published *Notre Dame from Rockne to Parseghian*, is the chairman of the special committee for the collection set up by the University's Library Council.

• **RELAXED UNIVERSITY** regulations on the owning of private phones plus installation of telephones in all rooms of Farley and Lyons have resulted in a marked shortage of Indiana Bell cable on campus. A total of 49 would-be BMOC's have been temporarily turned down in their requests for phone service because of insufficient lines into Notre Dame. David Fletcher, manager of the South Bend office of the telephone company, makes profuse apologies for this inconvenience, but sees no immediate solutions. If, as is not unexpected, worse comes to worse, there are about 50 telephone lines that are now run into the stadium for the use of the press. These can be appropriated for the use of students at the end of the football season. Of course, this will mean that many unfortunate customers will have to wait another month and a half before they are allowed to have one of life's minor conveniences.

• **TWO FACULTY** members, Sociologist Richard A. Lamanna and Architect H. F. P. Goeters, and three students, Patrick Nash, Richard Fiory and Maurice Girardi, spent their summers in Chicago with the Neighborhood

Improvement and Beautification Program. Part of a two-month, \$325,738 program, they helped create playgrounds for children and "rest-stops" for older persons at 154 locations. "Among the more successful projects," said Dr. Lamanna, "were the free-form play structures which were built and painted with the assistance of the neighborhood children." He termed the project "experimental."

• **JUST IMAGINE**, a hall with its own gym and playing fields, huge lake-front rooms, a carpeted lobby and easy access to both South Bend and SMC. A dream of the future? Not for the one hundred and three residents of Carroll (formerly Dujarie) Hall. All these comforts are being enjoyed now and with only a few complaints about such minor items as no heat, hot water or electricity. Since Carroll is the only hall with bike parking problems (i.e., no racks), many residents are thinking of applying for off-campus car privileges to shorten the distance to classes. But despite all these hardships, the men of Carroll Hall stand straight and firm, endowed with that pioneer spirit of



old, ready to respond to every challenge. Challenges like getting to those 8:30's and foraging for their food in the distant South Dining Hall. One thing for sure — those with the gumption to last through the long, hard winter will be the best conditioned men on campus.

• **MONDAY NIGHT**, the Student Government cabinet passed out the first edition of the *Informer* door to door throughout the campus. Indicating concern over the "nebulosity" of the issue of hall autonomy vs. a recent directive from the Dean of Students restating his opposition to on-campus drinking, parietal hours, and the use of automobiles by on-campus

students, the sheet (unhappily printed on yellow paper) said that the cabinet had resolved to (1) organize a special committee of students and rectors to "discuss" the issue with Fr. McCarragher and "resolve" it, and (2) pass a petition through the halls "requesting an explanation and discussion" of the rules concerning student life.

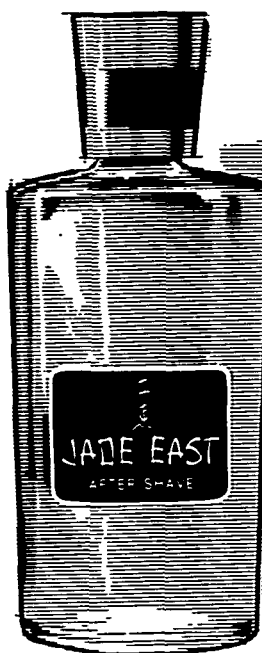
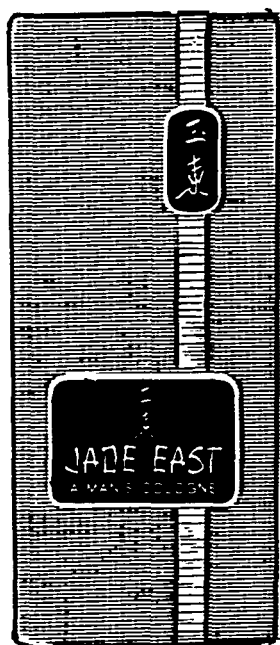
• **FOR THREE** Notre Dame students, the twain has met in the guise of a Pacific program based at the University of Hawaii in the Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange Between East and West. Paul DiBianco from the ND frosh class of 1964-65 has just returned from his year-long study in Japanese language and culture at Honolulu and six weeks of special studies in Tokyo. Donald Conn and Charles D. Hickey of last year's freshman class are in the program this year, Conn in Japanese studies and Hickey in Chinese. Only thirty college students are selected from the United States for this all-expenses-paid project abroad.

• **"THE ART OF BAKING"** headed a list of workshop topics this past summer "designed to integrate the professional and spiritual lives" of 200 nuns from forty-six communities. Under the auspices of the Food Research Center for Catholic Institutions in Massachusetts, the program, according to Brother Herman Zaccarelli, C.S.C., director of the Center, "should enable the Sisters to find continued happiness in their work and realize its full spiritual and apostolic dimensions." Perhaps it should be mentioned that lectures on "The New Role of the Religious in the Life of the Church" and "Personal Fulfillment in the Religious Life" were also given by Mother Mary Luke, S.L., an observer at Vatican II, and Sister Annette Walters, C.S.J., one of the founders of the Sister Formation Movement. And, oh, by the way, the nuns are housekeepers or food service directors at Catholic convents and institutions.

• **NOTRE DAME'S** highest honor, the Laetare Medal, will be presented tonight to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick F. Crowley of Wilmette, Ill. Founders of the worldwide Christian Family Movement which numbers more than 100,000 couples in every state and 45 foreign countries, they were judged the outstanding American Catholic lay persons for the year 1966.

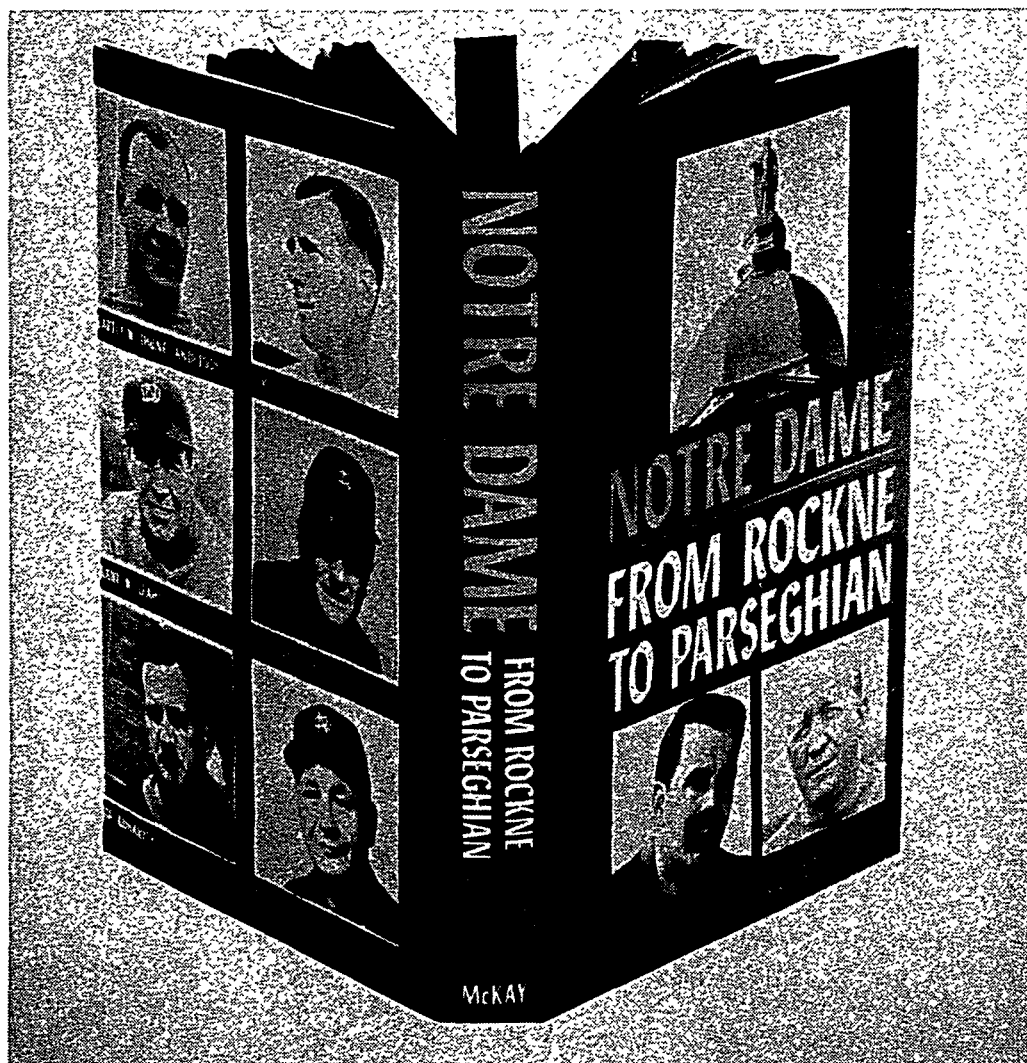
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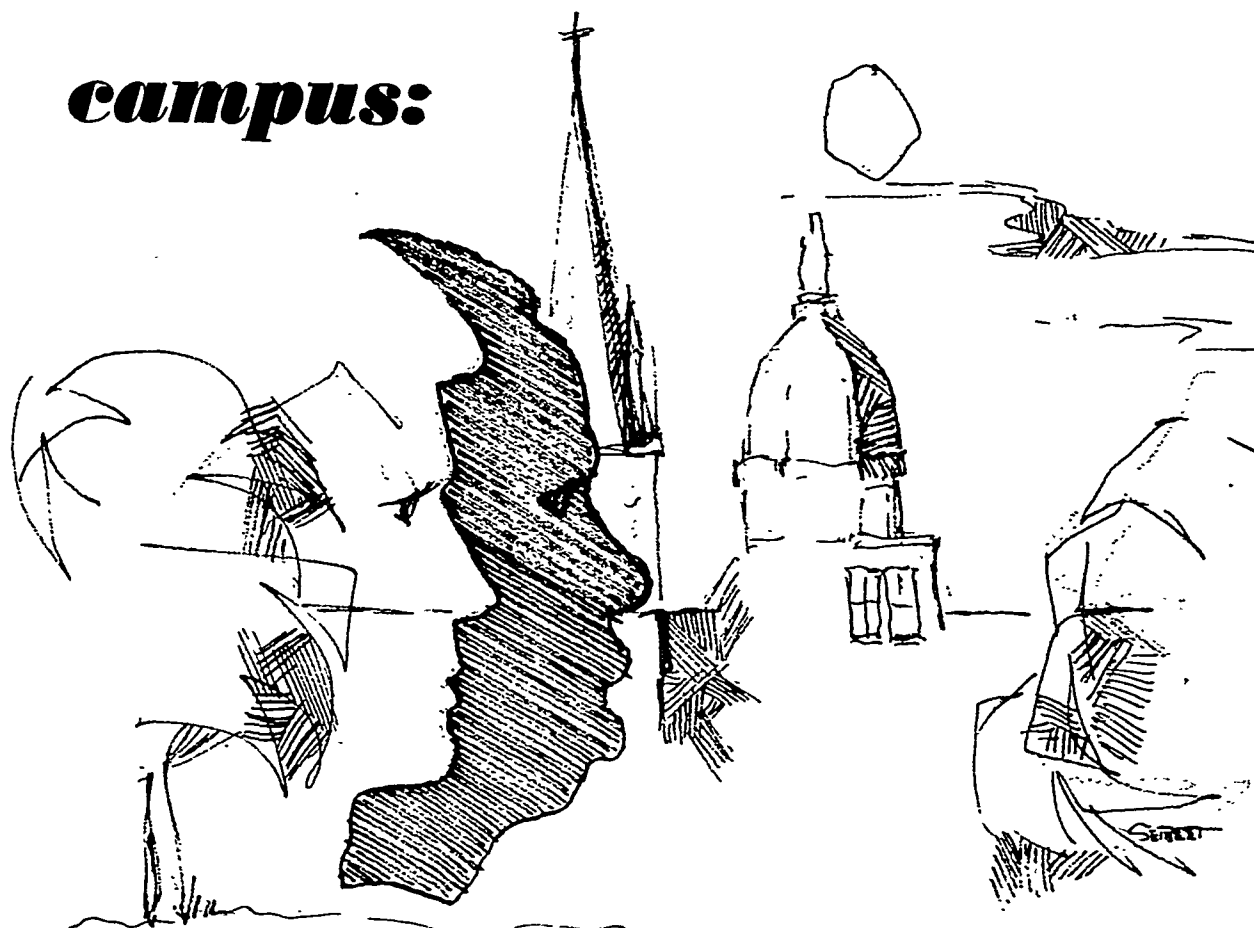
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campus:



"IT IS SIMPLY SOMETHING that doesn't concern him." In one short sentence, Tom Figel, Notre Dame Civil Rights Commissioner, has summed up the general attitude of the average Notre Dame student to present injustices toward the Negro.

Notre Dame responsibility in the field of civil rights toward the South Bend community and his fellow student was painfully brought to the fore during the summer riots which, as Walter Cronkite put it, "have erupted in Cleveland, Chicago, and South Bend."

On the evening of July 17, around 11 p.m., a Negro youth made the mistake of inviting a white girl to sit with him at the Dairy Queen on Western Avenue, the Mason-Dixon line of South Bend. Her white escort proceeded to pound 50 percent of the life from his black body. From this point on, events occurred at a lightning pace. Friends of the Negro youth rallied about fifty warriors from a going-away party being held for a soldier heading for Viet Nam. Meanwhile, the Stockade, an outdoor dancing area patronized predominantly by white teen-agers, was emptying its crowd. Armed with rocks, bricks, and curses, the LaSalle Park gang met the troops from the Stockade. Tires had been slashed, a fifteen-year-old girl knocked unconscious.

In what was a typical move, the South Bend police department resorted to the K-9 Corps. City officials met that evening to lay plans for preventing any further trouble.

Mr. George Neagu, Chairman of

the South Bend Human Relations and Fair Employment Commission, recalled this week: "This was not just a teen-age brawl as some would like to believe. There was a direct confrontation between two groups of youths, groups divided strictly along racial lines." It was unlike Cleveland, Chicago, Dayton and Benton Harbor in many respects. Mostly adolescents were involved. There was not outside agitation. Unlike many other riot-torn areas, when white and Negro parents were alerted, parental intervention did count. And the spontaneous "riot" exhibited none of the modern weaponry of the twentieth century, such as guns and Molotov cocktails.

The causes behind the riots are, as Mr. Neagu, Rev. Daniel Peil of St. Augustine Church and others have pointed out, deep rooted and yet obvious. The reason lies in the two-foot mudholes which make many of the roads in the LaSalle Park district almost impassable in the dry months, completely impassable in the rainy spring. The reason lies in the ridiculous prices Negro families were offered for their houses by real estate speculators, prices that wouldn't even cover the final mortgage payments. The reason lies in the taunts thrown at the Negro children as a price to gain entrance to the A&W on Western or the Dairy Queen: "Go back to Africa"—"Your father was an ape." The reason lies in a police force, plagued by low salary scales and manpower deficiencies, who must depend on a K-9 Corps to restore order, a method that conjures up in the Negro

mind Bull Connor in all his glory. But why should this interest a student when it is so much easier to wallow in ignorance?

Mr. Neagu, again: "The children are sensitive to the fact that their parents haven't gotten their due rights. They are awake. If we do not learn to listen to the language of the ghettos, we are in for a lot more. Negro families in the Western Avenue area have said this much."

Although last year's student attacks are not directly related to the summer riots (the Negroes coming from another of the three South Bend ghettos) city officials have seen the two outbreaks as the results of racial tension that has engulfed the urban areas. Harvey Cox's "voiceless" are being heard.

Solutions to the problem have not come easy. Out of the summer riots came the Concerned Citizens Committee headed by President of the Board Reverend Billy Kirk of Layman's Chapel and President Andre Bohannon, Washington High School Counsellor. By organizing the Negro areas, the interracial group hopes to highlight the issues involved. But this is not enough.

If the Negro's sense of futility, referred to by Fr. Peil, is going to be remedied, Mr. Neagu predicts that "the use of University facilities for initiating experimental programs stressing imagination, not dry research studies, must be greatly extended. I've only been here since April 15, but I don't think University resources have begun to be tapped."



HERSHEY DRAFTED FOR TALK

Fortunately, the student body has conceived three ideas which, while not resolving the immediate grievances, indicate that responsible concern may be replacing the traditional apathy.

Although not offering its services along racial lines, 75 percent of the needy students the ND-SMC Neighborhood Study Help Program tutors are Negro simply because they constitute the majority of the financially and psychologically disadvantaged of South Bend. For the first time, the group is operating under a federal grant of \$83,000. Led by an in-town board of directors made up of Mr. Richard Rembold and Mrs. Jean Glaes, tutors leave the security of Notre Dame, St. Mary's, Holy Cross, Bethel College, and a few of the high schools to tutor a student one hour a week in twenty-five centers throughout the city. In an effort to motivate their students and broaden their horizons, Notre Dame NSHP leader John Niemitz plans to arrange field trips to Chicago and its respective campuses.

A second effort is Project Upward Bound, which for six weeks brings a group of students from the South Bend area to the Notre Dame campus. Directed by James Carmody, the program highlights the advantages of college education. A move is now under way to interest graduates of this program to work with tutees from NSHP. The picture indeed seems rosy. But except for the 250 students involved in these programs, responsible action has been as remote to the Notre Dame student as the fourteenth floor of the library.

"Our greatest hope at this time is to interest the Notre Dame student in civil rights. Whether he would agree with the movement or not, we just wish he would take a stand." Tom Figel has tried to put his principle

into action by direct and indirect means at the disposal of his Civil Rights Commission.

Directly, Steve Weeg's Commission on Negro Enrollment has circulated literature to high schools throughout the country emphasizing that Notre Dame requires neither the Catholic religion nor white skin to study at the all-male institution. That the Negro enrollment has fallen to twenty-six would indicate the image Notre Dame has projected.

To indirectly influence racial attitudes, which for practical purposes seem nonexistent, the Civil Rights Commission hopes to use its loyal core of workers, who travel to Chicago and South Carolina to work among Negro populations during vacation periods, as lecturers. Further activities that will hopefully arouse the workers on campus include discussion periods beginning with Civil Rights-oriented films. Said Figel, "If the National Student Association is able to establish its weekly speech series on the steps of the student center, we hope to sponsor some of the speakers."

Mr. Neagu has offered what is perhaps a realistic view of the problems and solutions facing the civil rights question in the Notre Dame-South Bend area: "The programs we have are valuable assets but they need support and expansion. These drops will not fill the bucket."

DEVELOPMENT? REVOLT?

"The meaning of Catholic education? I no longer know what that question means. If 'Catholic' is only applied as a brand name for one of many educational systems, there is no difference between Catholic and non-Catholic education." These words are taken from the gospel according



FR. O'REILLY SPEAKS OUT

to Rev. Peter O'Reilly, organizer of the St. John's University teacher strike and, ironically enough, Catholic educator.

Given Tuesday, September 27, his lecture, jointly arranged by the Academic Commission and Americans for Democratic Action, has continued to excite conversation. It was billed as "Development or Revolt?" but he set the theme for his speech by announcing the subtitle: "Strong Administration means Weak Education."

Fr. O'Reilly stressed the need for the decentralization of university power and faculty self-determination in the fields of hiring and course content. "Academic freedom allows one to develop to his fullest capacities. It and responsibility, I think, are not at all opposed."

Fr. O'Reilly believes that the individual rights that prevent administrative intrusion should be inviolate. Concerning the Los Angeles *Times* statement that he wanted to take control from the Vincentians, the former Notre Dame teacher said, "I would like to keep the Vincentians from control not for myself or anyone else. No one should control when that control means ruin."

Defining academic freedom as the property of man's search for knowledge requiring men to scorn any coercion by other men which prevents that search, he sees three fields where the Catholic university must change its policy: the autonomy of the governing board and of individuals, autonomy of faculty in all academic matters, and the guaranteed autonomy of students and professors.

"It isn't the responsibility of the educator to inculcate others in things as being true or good or beautiful." Drawing an example from his St. John's experiences, which provided 98



OUT OF THE ASHES

percent of his material, he quoted Rev. Cahill, St. John's president, from a Los Angeles *Times* article: "If it contradicts the Catholic Church, we can't have it." As a counterargument for the individual competence of the educator, the "rebel" threw in a few one-liners *à la* Aquinas and Maritain: "No one is so superior that the former can be governed by the latter."

If the university is to develop an atmosphere charged with conflicting ideas, Fr. O'Reilly claims, investigation into the non-Catholic associations of a teacher applicant must go. Administration requests to maintain a "Catholic" tone to lectures lest they offend "pious ears" also begin to seem a little absurd.

After Father's display of a wealth of "yes and no" answers and a knack for sarcasm, the question period revealed no rebuttals to many of his basic concepts although a former St. John's class president questioned his wide use of "facts" concerning St. John's.

His mention of Webster College, St. Louis University, and Notre Dame officials who have made proud boasts of their strong administrations was ironic in the light of the recent anonymous attacks on Notre Dame officials for extreme liberalism.

Closing his formal address, Fr. O'Reilly said, "Whether the thirty-one faculty members merit suspension is not the question. Suspension without due process is basically wrong. Those who are characterized by deceit, duplicity, and dissimulation won't convince me of the existence of academic freedom until they release their stranglehold on university power."

Commenting on the lecture, Notre Dame Sociology Professor Robert Hassenger questioned the extent of

actual restriction on Catholic campuses today: "There is a difference between *de jure* regulations, however outrageous, and their *de facto* application." He also wondered if there need be "a complete absence of 'control' by any governing body, religious or otherwise. What higher educational institution is so constructed?" But what really bugged Hassenger was the tone of the talk. "Straw men were constructed, argument proceeded by innuendo and cute asides to the audience, and a rather embarrassing self-serving quality characterized the entire performance."

ERIN GONE HOLLYWOOD

It was to be the finest of suits. Privately tailored, of course, by Jones of North Hollywood. And the wool would be imported Irish Hopsack tweed, as matter of fact. It was not a suit that anybody would order, with its half-foot lapels, thick brass buttons, and twin tails that curled at their tips. But if you were a leprechaun, then it was really the most beautiful suit ever owned.

A sophomore ordered it. Altogether it cost \$250 and Warner Brothers made suggestions and chipped in a \$40 beard. Max Factor told him a brown base, with rouge and green eye shadow was the best makeup a leprechaun could have who was going on TV. And at first the sophomore thought that being Notre Dame's official leprechaun was the most fun ever. That is until the students saw him.

"People come up to me and say, 'You have a fat stomach. Leprechauns don't have fat stomachs.' Suddenly everybody on campus is a leprechaun expert . . . they say my suit should be green; but a real leprechaun



BROOKS BROTHERS BROWNIE

wouldn't wear bright colors. He's hiding in trees. Hiding in bushes. He's trying to avoid people.

"I could've gone out there in a continental coat, that changed colors when the sun flashed. I could have done it. It was up to me."

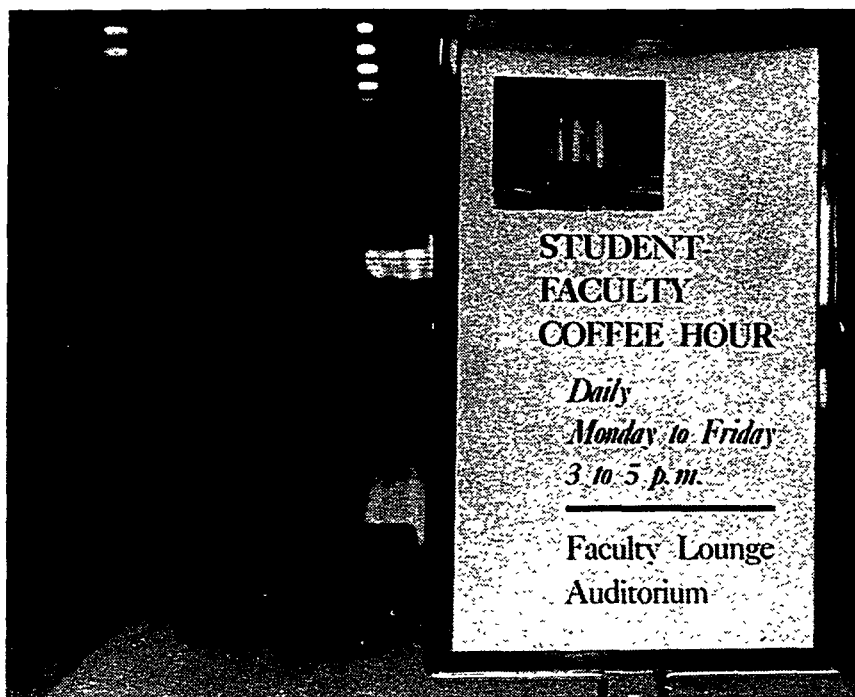
But the sophomore welcomes criticism; because his goal is to make the leprechaun a tradition. "I like it if you like it," he says. "If you don't like it, say so. I want the students to be satisfied."

At the Purdue game he tried throwing gold candy from a crock. Gold candy and crocks go for \$14.50 in South Bend, so he dropped it for Northwestern. The reaction was immediate. "Guys came up to me and said, 'Where are the gold coins? Where are the gold coins?'" It's not easy, being a leprechaun.

"I kind of saw him as a derelict-type shoemaker. One that drinks too much. . . . People say my stomach looks bad, and as a result (he picks up the false stomach and tosses it into the corner) I'm not going to throw the belly pad out." So you see, he is sincere and does want the leprechaun to become a tradition. "We've done so much. We've come so far. But I can envision something really . . . super." He put his suit back in his bag and shook hands. He was quite the nicest person to come to the SCHOLASTIC office all week.

FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX

The phoenix was the mythical bird which, periodically consumed in self-ignited fire, was born anew from its own ashes. The Popular Front may not be the phoenix but something has arisen from the ashes of its election attempt last spring. The new bird is called the Action Student Party (ASP) and its "chairman" is Junior General



INVITATION

Program major Paul Higgins. The reason for the quote-marks is the continuing amorphous nature of the group; the only existing office is that of chairman. The reason, says Higgins, is to keep the party "as democratic as possible."

Students who have already given their tacit support to the goals of the party include ND Civil Rights Commissioner Tom Figel; Jay Schwartz, president of the Hall Presidents Council—and Lenny Joyce, who, says Higgins, "is still a member but no longer our spokesman."

Party plans call for "making student government a vital element in determining University policy by running our own candidates in the coming student elections." According to Higgins, "the University is less concerned with the graduate students than the undergraduate student body," and this will be another area of concern. Other topics under consideration: girls in rooms, the cut system, the proposed faculty senate, the controversial dance policy, and the proposed course evaluation booklet.

To discuss these topics the ASP held its first "mass" meeting Tuesday night in the Engineering Auditorium. Eighty-five students attended. What suprisingly characterized the meeting was the more serious attitude of the party spokesmen—contrasted with the somewhat frivolous on which surrounded last year's Popular Front.

Concludes Higgins, "The University should exist for the students. It should follow logically that the student should have something to say in the running of the University—preferably on a democratic level. Our only concern right now is student freedom and autonomy at Notre Dame." Whether this phoenix flies will de-

pend upon student reaction to the new Action Student Party.

A LOT OF TALK

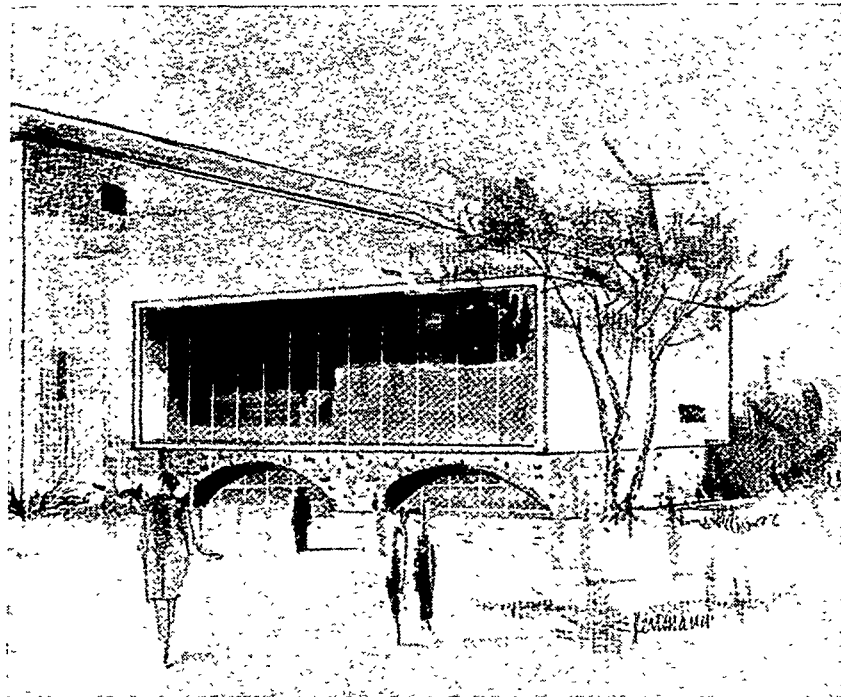
Student Government's Academic Commission has scheduled a lecture series for the coming year to end all lecture series. Speakers will range from Syndicated Columnist Drew Pearson to ex-CORE President James Farmer to Selective Service Head Gen. Lewis B. Hershey.

Having led off last week with Rev. Peter O'Reilly's presentation of the ills of Catholic universities, notably St. John's, the lecture series, arranged by Academic Commissioner Jim Wiser, followed up last Wednesday with Col. "Shorty" Powers, formerly "the voice of NASA," speaking on the conquest of space. On October 19 the speaker will be James Farmer, nonviolent Negro leader and former head of the formerly nonviolent Congress of Racial Equality.

The first of November will see Political Philosopher Hanna Arendt on campus, while former U. S. ambassador to the UN Charles Yost will speak on November 9. The week of November 13, William Pickering, head of the man-to-the-moon Apollo space program, will be here.

Drew Pearson, still facing litigation for libel after his Dodd exposé, will talk on February 7. Ever-popular Gen. Hershey will face ND's tenuous 2-S's on March 15. Episcopal Bishop James Pike of California, somewhat of a liberal who has been branded as a "heretic" for his efforts, is slated for April 10. Newton Minnow, former Federal Communications Chief who made the "Vast Wasteland" television speech, will wind things up on May 4.

Others who reportedly have expressed a desire to speak at the University but who have not been able to



AFTER CARROLL

make firm commitments include Barry Goldwater, Hawk House Minority Leader James Ford, Conservative Clare Boothe Luce, Integrationist Martin Luther King, Retiring Gov. William E. Scranton of Pennsylvania, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, Old Democrat Alexander Kerensky, who headed the revolutionary interim government in Russia between the fall of the Czar and the rise of Lenin, former Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, now a syndicated news commentator, Political Theorist Hans Morgenthau, and Religious Commentator Mircea Eliade.

The Academic Commission also plans to have outstanding members of the faculty speak, although participants have not yet been announced.

THE TWAINS MEET

Through a new year of "gabfests"—those gatherings at which the twain of students and members of the faculty meet for informal discussion over liquid refreshment—Commissioner John Sibley of the new Student Government Student-Faculty Relations Commission sees great things in store for the cause of demonstrating to the divergent parties that professors and students are, indeed, human.

Sibley sees the gabfests this year being run, as is everything else, by hall. The idea is that an instructor volunteers his home as the place for a get-together of 12 to 20 students (depending on the size of the home). Other members of the faculty and their wives are invited, and the edible makings of a normal social gathering are provided courtesy of Student Government.

"These gabfests would not be discussions of academics, necessarily,"

(Continued on page 32)

on other campuses

• THE AMERICAN COUNCIL on Education asked college freshmen last May about their career choices. The frosh replied with slaughtered spellings. For instance, one freshman wanted to be a writer; another wanted to be a hosale sailsman; and still another wanted to go into schcology. Then again, one student was just plain undecided.

• SANITATION'S requirements have struck the Southwest Missouri *Standard*, which returned to find its files balanced precariously on the hollowed oval seats of its new headquarters. Included in the new arrangements are an "outer and inner room complete with two booths and wash basin," the booths to be converted into interview and conference rooms, assuming columnists do not usurp the thrones. In any case, the *Standard* has this happy thought:

"It has come to our attention that men's and women's stations of relief have never been on integrated terms, and that this is a start."

• BOWLING GREEN NEWS Columnist Charles Anderson informs the slow of the Ohio campus that the Campus Responsible Action group has formu-

lated its initial proposals: that a committee be set up to investigate the "defacing" of the new library (rescinded upon discovery that the university had paid for the mural); "that one wall of the library be used to advertise Mail Pouch Chewing Tobacco"; that an "exploding scoreboard be included to commemorate university victories, faculty retirements, liberal student council proposals."

• HOUSING at Colorado is not in impressive condition either, according to that university's *Daily*, for example: landlords have unilaterally escalated rates as much as \$25 a month, and issued accompanying ultimata; returnees have found apartments leased from under their beds, for such reasons as "they are willing to pay \$20 a month more than you are"; four-man apartments are renting for \$200, as opposed to \$125 three years ago.

• TULANE'S fraternities inadvertently put the "rush" on an architecture coed this year. Karen Laine Adams received nine party invitations from the Greek houses. Her reasons for choosing Pi Kappa Alpha first? "The Pikes wrote first and the wording in one of their letters fascinated me.

It said 'Come over and meet the brothers! They may be the boys you live with for the rest of your stay at Tulane.'"

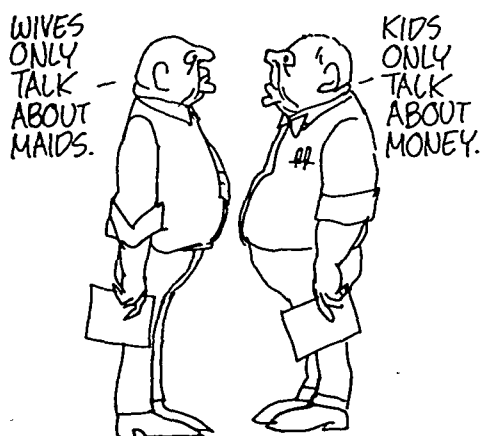
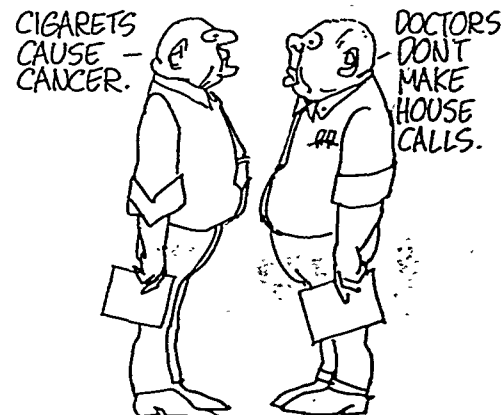
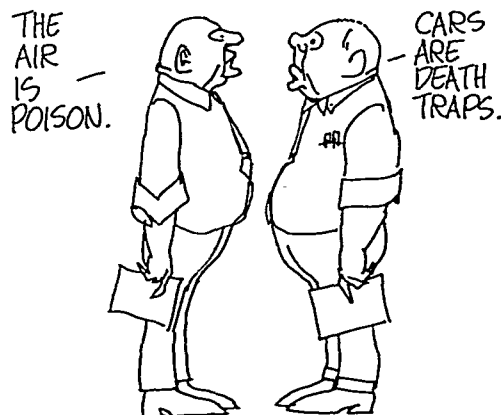
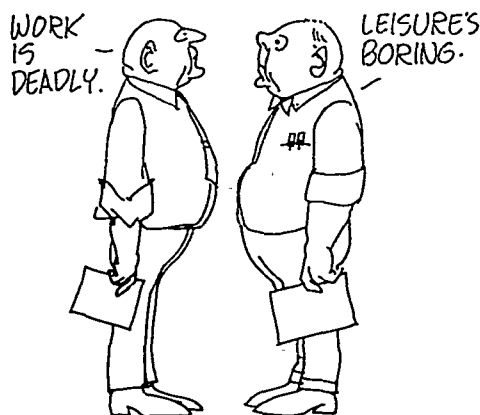
• HUMANITARIAN award of the week at Tulane: to the rulemaker offering a week's campus to anyone caught feeding an animal on campus. Speculation has it that expulsion follows capture while burying starved beasts.

• AT THE UNIVERSITY of Georgia, brickmasons left a gap in one wall of a new 1,000-student dormitory for a sparrow's nest with two eggs that was there before the brickmasons arrived. Obviously, that dorm is going to be for the

• AGGIORNAMENTO note to "every student of medieval religious aberrations," from Richard Kieckhefer of the St. Louis University *News*: "There was strong opposition in the medieval Church to dancing anywhere, anytime and by anyone — one of the more important reasons being that dancing was looked upon as a parody on Christ's passion."

—KEN BEIRNE
CLAYT LEROUX

feiffer



THE DAY IS OURS, THE NIGHT IS TENSE

For years ago, not long, but so very far away, when Viet Nam was Diem and the war was run by his family, then Jack Walker was a senior at Notre Dame.

In 1963 United States personnel were fighting a "helicopter war." They skimmed Viet Nam regulars over rice fields and tangled jungles, teaching them ways to hunt the Cong, but not fighting themselves. Walker then was majoring in mathematics, and serving as chairman of the Science Advisory Board. He was also the stay member of the Student Senate.

In May of 1963, Walker received one of the four Dome awards and was considering a fellowship for graduate study in mathematics at the University of Washington. In that same month the city of Hué whose archbishop was a brother of Diem, was made bloody by the violent trampling of a Buddhist procession. Lodge was sent by Kennedy to preserve the oligarchy of brothers.

Then, in November of that year, after General Van Minh cornered Diem and Nhu in a church and later killed them, Senator Mansfield's sub-

committee said that the war must become "primarily American," or the country would go to the Viet Cong. And at that time Walker had left mathematics and was earning an MA in comparative literature at the University of North Carolina.

Now, four years later, after surviving Officer Candidate School and being made combat ready by the Marines, Walker is in Viet Nam. On July 9 his first letter arrived. It was written from Oceanside, California, and four more letters followed.

WE DEPLOY to Viet Nam in less than three weeks. The mood is subtly changing. Tempers are shorter, people are sensitive to more things, my young privates are becoming serious both in their manner and their training.

They know the next time after this week that we'll be out together in the field will be in Da Nang. This dazes them in a subtle way, and the first round in will consecrate and realize their place in the Marine Corps.

One thinks at this point how he will

miss thirteen months of America. New plays, books, fads, phrases will be current. The surface of life will be somewhat different. The emphases will vary slightly. I look forward to the nuance.

On July 27, Walker and the platoon he led were making their crossing to Viet Nam. The APA-45 personnel carrier held 1200 Marines and there were 29 too few sleeping racks. When they reached a liberty port, he said, the hold then smelled of Jade East and Dial soap. The crossing, for those allowed to make it, would last one month.

Seventeen-year-olds cannot go to Viet Nam. One young trooper was left back at Camp Pendleton for this reason, but yesterday or this morning he managed to get all his gear and himself down here to San Diego, board the ship in the big mill-around, and stow away. If his Company Commander didn't notice him in the troop chow line, he'd be with us now.

These boys are young (18 or so, most of them), intelligent (fully aware of the politics of power at play in RVN), and keenly motivated. We talk a lot about China and Russia and Ho Chi Minh, and U. K., and RVN and our major philosophy and policy.

The thirty-first of August, Walker was in Viet Nam. His platoon ran reconnaissance patrols and the procedure would be to search five days, come back for three or four, and then go out again. He lived in a tent, reinforced by two-by-fours and covered with mosquito netting. The facilities he found surprisingly comfortable. The meals were eaten at tables and served by little Vietnamese waitresses. Beer, hard liquor, and mixed drinks were available every night. Every four months the troops would receive a Rest and Relaxation leave of seven days, in such ports as Honolulu, Hong Kong, or Tokyo. Their camp was named Reasoner, after a lieutenant

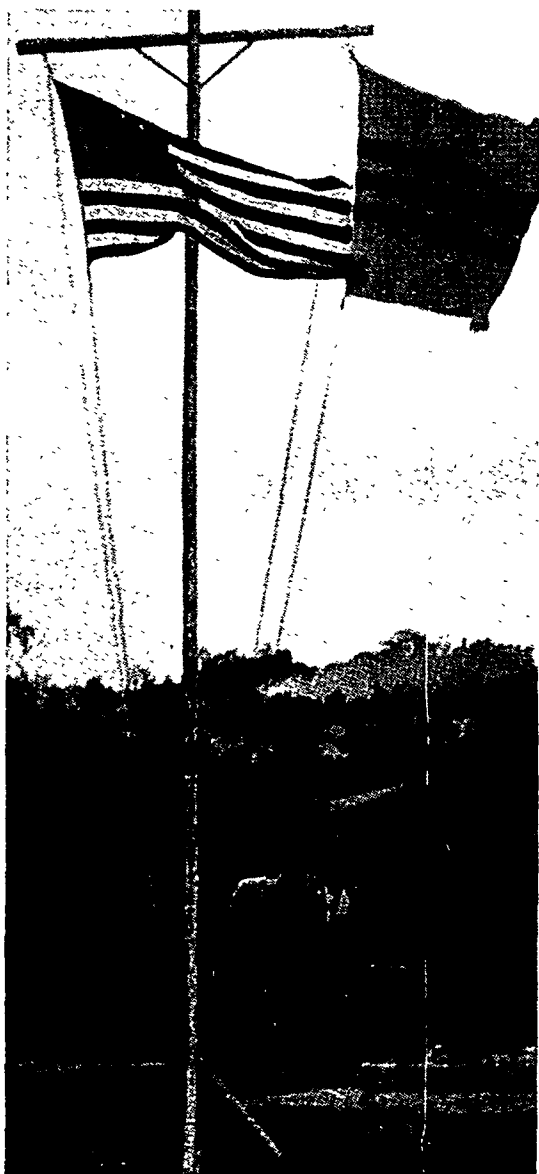


killed in combat and up for the Medal of Honor.

We've been in-country now for about four days, becoming acclimatized, oriented, and restless. The enemy situation here is hot and fluid — with the coming elections and the monsoons about to begin we are told to expect heavy activity. Our camp took some sniper fire the first night we arrived, which is indicative of the security situation. The day is ours, the night is tense.

At this level of manpower the war will be very long and dirty. We will "win" although such fixed words are not feasible. We are slowly expanding perimeters like inkblots, but a lot more slowly than anticipated. A good three times as many troops as are here today are necessary.

Walker's envelopes carried no stamps. He scribbled in the upper right-hand corners the word, "Free." It is a service given all men in combat zones. His stationery carried the letterhead of a white sword on a red shield and under it were the words, "U.S. Forces-Republic of Vietnam." On September 7, he told of the coming elections.



Oct. 7, 1966

Elections are upon us. Unfortunately I'll be in the bush Sunday (Sept. 11), election day, but we'll be up high in the jungle and will be able to observe the Vietnamese villages packing up and moving to the polling places. We expect the VC to infiltrate these caravans, but the Marines have been handcuffed, and rightfully so. You can imagine the deleterious effect of one picture showing an armed Marine near a polling place. Therefore, all Marine activity except in the bush and paddy has been secured for next Sunday.

I live with a Vietnamese Marine in a tent here, and I keep abreast of the politics by having him translate the political bravado from Saigon, Nha Trang, Hué, and Da Nang. The Vietnamese people are generating quite a bit of excitement. The politicians shovel out the same business and breeze common to all politicians, but the people are interested enough that five million are expected at the booths.

The radio sings about the meaning of voting (their number-one hit-parade song is a long and clever song called "Go Vote"), General Ky speaks every couple of nights about the constitutional system, and the commentators forever comment on this and that political aspect of the time.

Jack Walker's last letter to date was written on September 26, a Monday. He had just returned from a five-day patrol and was happy to find a "potful" of letters.

The election over here was shockingly orderly and convincing. To say the Viets have suddenly developed national feeling would be equivalent to observing that the bees of the world have organized a union. But what our presence here is doing, by osmosis, is infusing some of our huge, bulky qualities such as humor, profanity, pride, leadership, and violence. The oriental brand of each of the listed characteristics is definitely extant, but subtle, less well-founded, easily sacrificed for face. To guffaw and pound the back of a Viet upon first meeting is equivalent to defecating in his well. I had the opportunity of going along on one of these "civil affairs" visits to the local hamlet last week. The men of the hamlets are so polite and so receptive that it touches upon absurdity. They smile until their red-stained (from betel nuts — the equivalent habit to our smoking) teeth are ready to drop out, and they shake one's hands twenty times if once.

The village leader was there with



a very grateful, touching letter, signed by each of the males. Crudely written, it expressed thanks for the wheat, cement, toys, and so forth that our unit has poured into his minuscule economy. These are the fruits of our presence, not the kill ratio.

We are doing well because we can't help it. Last Wednesday I took a patrol of 12 recon-Marines into the jungle. Available to me were the following: three sizes of artillery with all its varieties—regular high explosive fragmentation, white phosphorus, and illumination. The artillery can be fixed to explode upon contact, above ground (for troops in the open) or below ground (for caves and tunnels). Also on call I had air support of two general types: helicopter and fixed wing with all their own varieties. Finally I had the infantry standing by in case we got into a really hot spot. As it was I had trouble only once and armed helicopters were hovering in minutes. Really I didn't even need this, because of the integral power of a squad of Marines with normal arms: rifles, grease guns, shotguns, grenade launchers, and clusters of hand grenades.

What about Charlie? The VC have no artillery, no permanent base camp above ground, poor weapons (the Chi-Com grenades they throw are duds more than not), little ammo, rotten chow, and little purpose. But they have tenacity, and they have the night. ■

THE PROBLEM OF PATRIOTISM:

An Interview with Linus Pauling

Dr. Linus Pauling, one of America's leading biochemists, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize and the Nobel Prize in Chemistry, was at Notre Dame last Monday to deliver a lecture on molecular disease and evolution. Prior to his talk Dr. Pauling held a press conference attended by SCHOLASTIC reporters Mike McInerney, Bob Sheehan and Dave Tiemeier, and members of the Notre Dame and South Bend press. After a discussion on the subject of his lecture, Dr. Pauling was asked about his opinions on international affairs and particularly the subject of nuclear disarmament.

QUESTION: Doctor, what will happen if nuclear testing is not stopped?

PAULING: Well, obviously the main threat to world peace right now is the Chinese People's Republic. If nuclear testing is not stopped I would expect that China in the next five years would carry out a series of tests of superbombs totalling an addition of perhaps 17 percent (to the radioactivity that has already been released by nuclear testing), which would mean the loss of many lives due to fallout. In my Nobel Peace Prize lecture, for example, I stated that my estimate of the total number of people who would be grossly damaged or caused to die of cancer by the six hundred megatons that have already been tested — this total includes future generations too — would be sixteen million. Now 17 percent of this would be about 2½ million additional deaths. This would be very small in comparison even to the total number of people now living. Nevertheless, I think this is something to think about.

QUESTION: Under any circumstances, including the event of nuclear or conventional attack on the United States, would you ever advocate the use of nuclear weapons by the United States in retaliation?

PAULING: This comes close to being a hypothetical question. I think there is so much knowledge of the situation by the leaders of the nations that the chance of a nuclear attack would be nil — of course, there might be a madman. But I would answer no: I would not advocate the use of nuclear weapons under any circumstances, but this should not be interpreted as meaning that I would not advocate defending ourselves against our enemies. A great nuclear attack would kill us all anyway, so it doesn't matter whether we fire back or not. We can't protect ourselves from destruction.

I believe that the world can be

organized in such a way that war has no place.

One activity that I feel I must discuss is the overthrow of an oppressive and dictatorial government. You see, I've never called myself a pacifist; in a sense I have been forced to become a pacifist by the development of nuclear weapons because it is the only rational belief to hold: we have to give up war. But what are the people to do in a country where there is a government causing great suffering? Are they to cause the human suffering for themselves and others that is involved in the overthrow of a government by force and violence? . . . In my Nobel Peace Prize speech I said that we need to have as a part of world law a system under which in every country in the world there is held an election — perhaps every ten years — under the auspices of the world government, permitting the people of the country to say whether they want to get rid of the government that they then have and to select a new government. Now in the meantime we have the question, when we don't have world law how long are the people to suffer under an oppressive and dictatorial government, and I suppose that I would say that the time may come that the suffering that is being caused by the government is greater than the probable suffering that would be caused by the revolution, in which case I could not object to the violent overthrow of the government. But then we come to the question of what are called "just wars" — wars that are carried out to prevent suffering by future generations of human beings. . . . I would say nobody can predict the future of the world well enough to justify an argument of this sort. In the case of a revolutionary, it has to be suffering *that is happening right now* that must be balanced against the suffering involved in the war — rather than the suffering that

will be caused to future generations.

QUESTION: Dr. Pauling, in your opinion should the United States destroy all or part of its stockpile of nuclear weapons unilaterally?

PAULING: I never have advocated unilateral destruction of nuclear stockpiles. In fact, I would not even advocate multilateral destruction of nuclear weapons, because of the great difficulty of finding a solution to the problem of a situation where, say, 99 percent of the weapons were destroyed. There would still be one percent left, which would be enough to wipe out half the Soviet Union or the United States; and then might it not seem worthwhile to take the gamble of attacking and maybe conquering another country? I have advocated instead that each of these stockpiles be taken into joint custody by the United Nations and the nation involved, with each having a veto over their use. Then, after we have had the experience of perhaps half a century of world peace, the time would come when the weapons would be dismantled. I don't think they serve any purpose, these stockpiles; it would be pure insanity to use them. But I think in the same way that it wouldn't be good sense to destroy them, because we would be having a third world war.

QUESTION: What is your opinion of the tribunal being set up by Bertrand Russell and Jean-Paul Sartre to try President Johnson for war crimes? Do you support this tribunal or intend to be a member of it?

PAULING: No, I will not be on it. I would think that there would be no Americans on it, just as there were no Germans on the tribunal at Nuremberg. I have great admiration for Bertrand Russell. But in general I like to take actions that are meaningful; simulacra and mock trials do not interest me. I believe we need to do

everything we can to work for peace in the world and for a solution in Viet Nam. It's the individual's decision to decide what contribution he can make to morality and the peace of the world.

QUESTION: Do you have any suggestions for methods to end the war?

PAULING: I suppose I would say no, in the broad sense. My attitude toward this is the same as it was toward the test-ban treaty when I was working very hard to get an international agreement to stop the tests. I was asked over and over again, what should this treaty contain? What should be the provisions for inspection? How many on-site inspections would there be? But these were matters for the negotiators to decide, not me, and the same is true of the Viet Nam negotiations. I would say — and here I am saying not what should be done but what might be done — perhaps there should be a cease-fire, and negotiations initiated involving the National Liberation Front, the people of South Vietnam, the Ky Government, North Vietnam, and the United States, to set up a government for South Vietnam under international auspices, with the idea that after a considerable period of years the matter of unification of North and South Vietnam would be taken up.

QUESTION: Wouldn't that be just like the situation in Germany? Wouldn't that put us in another Cold War?

PAULING: I think we're getting out

of the Cold War. So far as the Soviet Union goes, we've already gotten out. With the Chinese People's Republic, we can say we're still in a Cold War, because we don't recognize them. The problem of Germany, I think, is made complicated by the remilitarization of West Germany, which will continue to cause trouble because of the fear the Russians have for the West Germans. I believe that if it were not for the war in Viet Nam the world would be in pretty good shape. We would be able to move farther in the direction of world government, the introduction of morality into governments in general and the use of the world's resources for the benefit of human beings.

QUESTION: What course of action would you advise for those who are called for the draft?

PAULING: I think young people are, in general, really moral, and I think it is proper that they show opposition to the great immorality of war. I cannot advocate that anyone kill anyone, even Viet Cong. I admire young people who refuse to kill other people. But we have some young people who won't say they oppose war for religious reasons, but who are opposed to the Viet Nam war. And yet I feel that this is a proper stand for them to take, to object to killing one's fellow men for reasons that are far from convincing.

QUESTION: Do you think that there is a basic problem standing in the way of international peace, namely the problem of nationalism?

PAULING: Of course, selfishness: that's what patriotism is, national selfishness. We've outgrown this stage of development, really, but the politicians don't recognize it. We have become affluent enough so that this glorification of national sovereignty isn't really needed. We've been wasting money on militarism when we should concentrate on raising the world's standard of living.

QUESTION: What is your reaction to the statement by John Fischer, the editor of *Harper's* magazine, that you exceed your competence in discussing international relations?

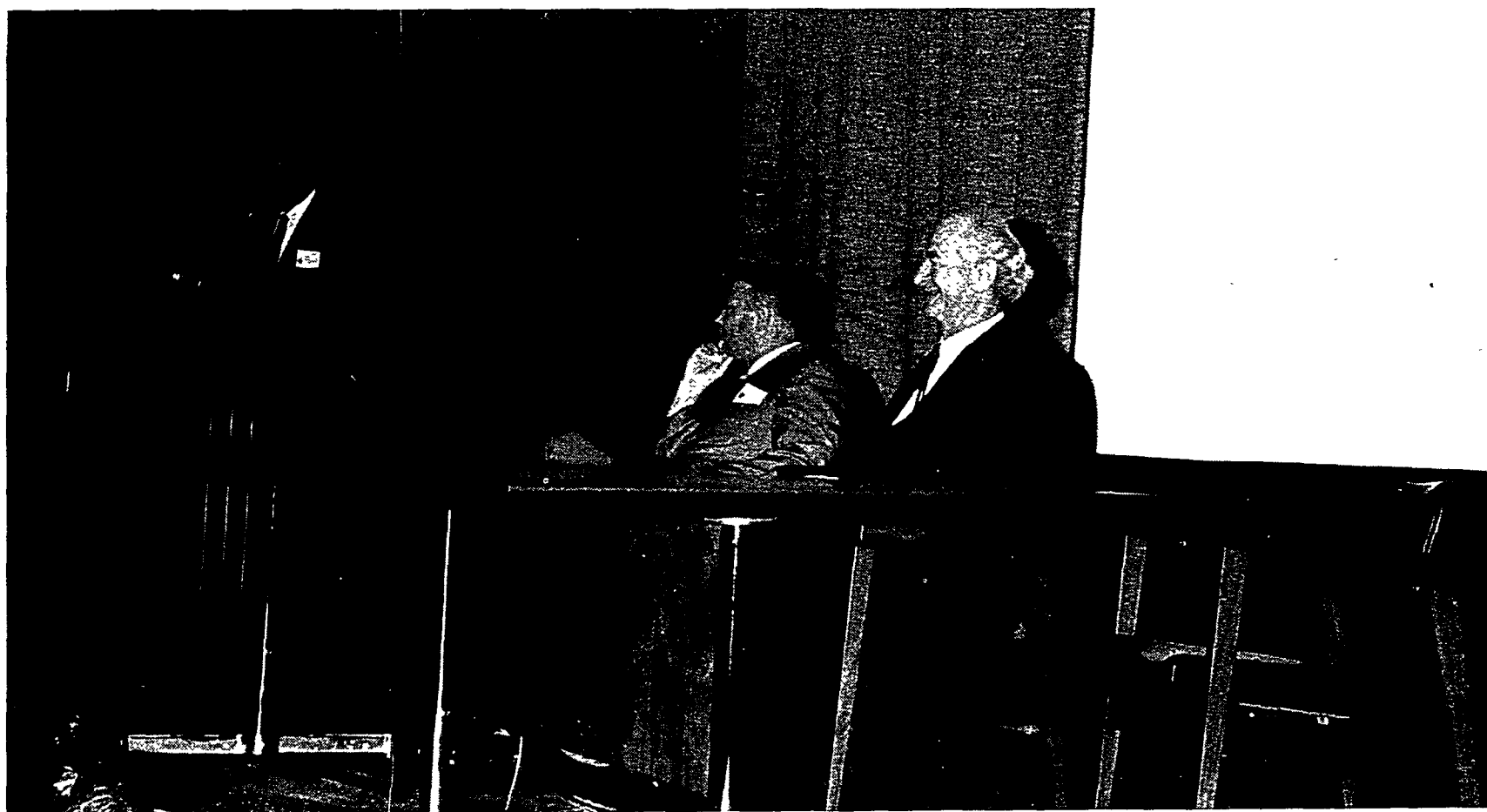
PAULING: You mean that I go farther than Ronald Reagan? Well, John Fischer said that for me to talk about international affairs was the same as for Dean Rusk to talk about biochemistry. I replied that if Dean Rusk had studied biochemistry for as many years as I have studied international affairs, I would think he had every right to discuss biochemistry.

QUESTION: Well then, would you care to give your opinion of the California gubernatorial race?

PAULING: I'd vote for Dr. Carlton Goodlet. Unfortunately, he didn't get on the ballot. I don't think I can bring myself to vote for Ronald Reagan or Pat Brown.

QUESTION: You got quite a few write-in votes yourself in the 1962 gubernatorial race. Would you consider running?

PAULING: No, I think I'm too old to be a politician — and too honest.



ROBERT SAM ANSON

ON

THE PATRIOT GAME

*Come all you young rebels and list' while I sing.
The love of one's country is a terrible thing.
It banishes fear with the speed of a flame
And it makes us all part of the patriot game.*

*And now as I lie here, my body all holes,
I think of those traitors, who bargained in souls.
I wish that my rifle had given the same.
To those Quislings who sold out the patriot game.*

AS ALWAYS, it will be quiet, almost stealthy. And, as always, when it is over, the votes counted, the man named, winned, dined and awarded, it will again be quiet.

That's how it is when a university becomes either prestigious enough or glib enough—sometimes the two are indistinguishable—to ferret through the deeds and accomplishments (and invariably, the war records) of 197,000,000 of its nation's citizens, discover one who fits its criteria and solemnly pronounce him "Patriot of the Year." Of course, it won't happen for months, after The Season and holidays and even exams, but because it is quiet, it has begun to happen now. Last year it happened to Everett Dirksen, that patriot who this month doomed the civil rights bill of 1966, and with it, perhaps, peaceful implementation of open housing. Only it really didn't happen to Dirksen at all. He was, as anyone on the inside of a glaringly open secret knows, only number two, behind the first choice and secretary of defense, Robert McNamara. Number one didn't try hard enough; as a matter of fact, he couldn't even find the few hours it takes to collect the dinner, the handshakes and the plaque. Everett Dirksen, then, is sort of Patriot by Accident.

Not much of whatever honor does accrue was lost to Mr. Dirksen. There are worse things than being second rate and, more importantly, also-rans in the last few years have begun sporting badges of real respectability. Sargent Shriver, winner the year before Dirksen, was one, and John Glenn, patriot year before that, wasn't close to being first choice. The simple explanation for all this is that the University's patriot is the man who can make it. In other words, if the first choice can't, the honor passes down the line sometimes quite embarrassingly until some nominee is constrained to accept it. Students have some voice in the selection—by their votes they determine the order of buck-passing. Still, even this influence is lessened by the fact that nominees are selected by the oligarchic Washington Day Exercises Committee, which then submits its tentative nominees to the Administration for approval. Nor is this approval—ultimately in the hands of Fr. Hesburgh—merely routine. The President can and does scratch names whom he considers embarrassing to the University. Reportedly, this was the case recently when Dr. Linus Pauling was nominated. Already and in spite of it all, the process has begun for Patriot of the Year, 1967. And already, and in spite of it all, the winner has been chosen, at least in the

minds of the Washington Day Committee members. Says one: "Teddy Kennedy. You know he's progressive. You know. His two China policy."

And you will know. However, how it happens is not the real concern—or it should not be. Why it happens, is. Whatever the details, the logic intertwined with the making of the patriot is more the essence of patriotism than the man himself. Marshall McLuhan may be right when he says culture is moving toward the strictly oral and visual. Extending his thesis, it is reasonable to suppose that the dervish-like pace of contemporary man demands that he pause only long enough to devour experience sensually, that he forego the luxury of discovering what it portends. The terrible beauty of an atomic sun or the lure of the Fortran-quoting pragmatist or the staccato recital of real statistics about an unreal war—these are what have captured the senses, the mind and therefore its judgments. When supposedly decision is most critical, in the determination of who should wear the mantle of patriot, choice must rely on appearance.

Not in all history, though, has appearance been more dangerous than it is in this decade. Camus laments that "through a curious transposition of values peculiar to our times," it is innocence that is threatened, justice daily called upon to justify its own existence. Now, Camus says, the flag of freedom flies over the slave camp. If this be, and the evidence mounts daily to ally it, and all has been changed utterly in its place, then democracy is tyranny and wars of liberation are conflicts of enslavement. Black is white and patriotism the basest of perversions, not because the times or Marshall McLuhan or Camus has deemed it, but because the value system man has created, honed and enshrined gives prizes for undefinables to undefinable men. It rewards obsession so long as it is done smartly. Well might the men of second rank walk first, for first is second. If he is Teddy Kennedy and cheated in his college days, his honor is secondary. If he is Curtis Lemay and launched the fire raids to incinerate a quarter million in a night, his guilt is secondary. If he is Everett Dirksen and plays off race against race for politics, his dignity is secondary. If he is Robert McNamara and clicks off casualty figures like efficiency reports, his morality is secondary. If he is a patriot, playing the patriot game, his humanity is secondary. ■

LEARNING THE LAW

by Denis McCusker

Summers in Mississippi are unbearably hot. Tempers become torrid too. Several Notre Dame law students played their part in the struggle for racial equality by lending legal aid to the rights movement over the summer. SCHOLASTIC Contributing Editor Denis McCusker describes the project.

IT WAS A DECISION by the U.S. Supreme Court that started it all, twelve years ago. And the progress of the civil rights movement has been punctuated by new laws and court decisions ever since. Though the violent and the spectacular have stolen most of the headlines, behind them the legal battle has remained at the center. And it's been a hard battle in Mississippi, with only five Negro lawyers in the state, with its white lawyers for the most part silenced . . . by the specter of the violent white minority or the threat of economic reprisal. It is in Mississippi that a lawyer who speaks calmly against the murder of an aged Negro meekly comes out three days later with a crawling apology, feeling compelled to swear he had never been a member of the Communist Party.

There is an arm of the civil rights movement which faces this particular problem. The Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law offers free legal counsel for unpopular cases all over the country, but especially, of course, in the South. This committee, founded in 1953 at the request of President Kennedy, expresses its purpose in patently lawyer's language: "to bring the skill, the influence and the commitment of the legal profession to the fore in ameliorating tensions and in providing remedies under law for the problems of those denied their legal rights by prejudice or poverty all across our country."

Rev. William Lewers, C.S.C., of the

Law School faculty at Notre Dame, explains its down-to-earth meaning. For the last two summers, Father Lewers, a graduate of the University of Illinois Law School, has been working with the Lawyers' Committee in Jackson, Mississippi.

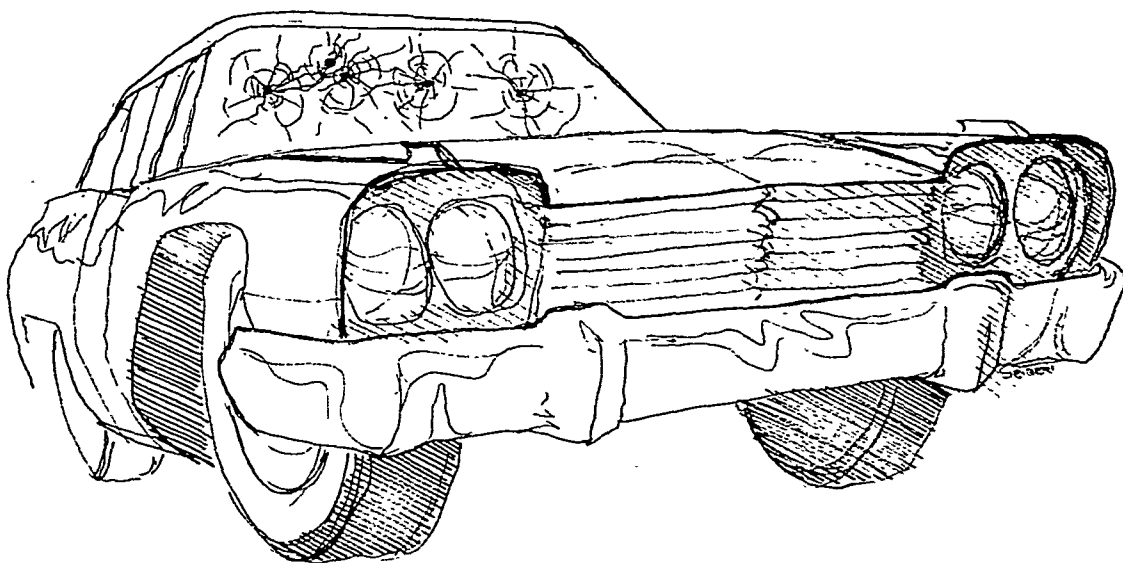
Members of the civil rights movement have a hard time securing legal counsel if they are arrested in their work, whether they have money or not. This problem arises, Fr. Lewers maintains, not solely because of disinterest or great prejudice on the part of local lawyers, but because of the great social and economic threats they undergo if they take part. The Lawyers' Committee helps to fill the vacuum by offering to such people the free services of two year-round attorneys in Jackson, who are aided by as many as six more volunteer lawyers from outside the state.

When civil rights action springs up in a Southern town, those who feel the threat of change have a troublesome habit of seeing to the arrest of civil rights leaders on slight or trumped-up charges. The attorneys

protest, and gives heart to those involved in the local movement.

Fr. Lewers would emphasize the work of a closely allied law students' group more than his own. There were four from Notre Dame Law School last summer working as members of the Law Students' Civil Rights Research Council. Dennis Kelly, the head of the group here, described his work in Mississippi as legal research and on-the-scene investigation. Others of the group, such as Notre Dame's Mike Seng, worked directly with the people, informing them of rights they may possess under Mississippi law. It is not uncommon, for instance, to find that some Negroes receive less than their legal share from local welfare authorities.

These students work in the land of night-rider attacks, and they know it. One of their co-workers, from New York University Law School, received a quite unsubtle warning when his car was sprayed with submachine-gun fire. From such incidents, however rare, they develop habits of regular check-ins at the Jackson, Mississippi,



work for the quick release of such men, helping assure the movement of leadership, and thus of continuing momentum. The Committee is also prepared to represent Negroes who want to bring positive legal action to end segregation in local public facilities. In the recent attacks on Negro schoolchildren in Grenada, Mississippi, it was partly through the efforts of the Lawyers' Committee that the federal court injunction was obtained to assure police protection to the Negroes. Such success, though, is not the usual reward for their efforts. The local courts, consisting often of the mayor or the justice of the peace, present them with an unfavorable won-lost record. But the mere presence of the professional outsider, Fr. Lewers maintains, serves to lend some formality to these proceedings, allows the movement at least a legal

office, and learn the spots in the state where caution is necessary. The safest and most hospitable areas of the state they find to be in the Negro communities.

A third Notre Dame law student, Tom Farrell, worked with a civil rights lawyer in Charleston, South Carolina, while Frank Verterano, a third-year student at the Law School, spent the summer with the Appalachian Volunteers in the eastern Kentucky hills.

This area of the civil rights movement, comparatively limited though it is in numbers, and quiet because of the nature of its work, is one of the most crucial. In a time of annual summers of discontent and unnerving slogans of violence, it is encouraging to see the work of a group professionally dedicated to civil rights by law. ■



THE DEATHS OF SEAN MICHAEL CHRISTIAN

by Tom Sullivan

SEAN Michael Christian had a vision of calm. It was the center of his life, the unchanging hub around which all things revolved, the only lasting dream he entertained, and a familiar companion on his wanderings. It was a dream of tranquility, of freedom through self-acceptance and self-possession. And it seemed a futile dream, for Sean Michael had been and ceased to be a hundred people — and still his vision remained nothing more than that, a hope and perhaps a possibility.

Nevertheless Sean had been some interesting people. He'd been Saint Francis and Mario Savio; he'd been Stephen Dedalus and Jack Kerouac; he'd been Marlon Brando and Ringo Starr. And he'd been Sean Michael Christian; but he was no more, for on a night in early September, in a third-floor apartment off Sacramento Street in San Francisco's Fillmore district, after an agony of a hundred years, he died. And he died again, and he died again, and he died again, with each successive dying more terrible than the one before it.

But that's getting ahead of our story, beginning at the end, or better, beginning at *an* end. Perhaps it would be better to begin in June when Sean returned from the Midwestern university where he dabbled in English Lit. Then his name was X, the name he was born with, the name his parents still called him; and he wore thick sweaters and smoked a pipe and liked J. S. Bach. But he was really sick of J. S. Bach and of existentialism and even of Henry James so he threw it over, grew a beard, let his hair curl over his ears and took to wearing a beat-up fatigue jacket — and called himself Sean Christian. He spent the summer working at it, making epigrammatic remarks, being childlike and fey, and being free. He smelled flowers and kicked stones and fell in love with a beautiful girl who was as free as Sean dreamed of being.

Now it was September in San Francisco, and Sean felt very good. He and the girl had been to the Jazz Workshop to hear Miles Davis. They had sat close together in the dark

and smoke, drinking Scotch and watching Miles roll his eyes and make desultory excursions, trumpet and sax in bits of disjointed dialogue. Best of all, between sets, they had seen him pat a plump cocktail waitress on her most patable part.

Later in the evening, as they walked to the apartment, watching the fog settle around Telegraph Hill, nodding to the queers on Market Street, Sean fingered the capsule of LSD, savoring the role, glad to be doing things right. Acid . . . the acid-head . . . drop 500 . . . take a trip. It was sacramental, Sean's baptismal night, his initiation and confirmation in a new faith, his final renunciation of J. S. Bach and Henry James, journey's end in a harbor of calm.

But instead of baptism, Sean received Extreme Unction, the sacrament of the dying. For on a night in early September, in a third-floor apartment off Sacramento Street in San Francisco's Fillmore district, after the colored lights and dancing patterns, after the freaking and the

ecstasy, Sean's trip turned bad. A single violin played the theme of Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" over and over again until the sweetness turned grotesque, the mindless cooing of a lunatic. Outside in the street a car passed, down-shifting because of the grade. In his mind Sean was with the spinning gears, hearing and seeing them mesh tooth by tooth. The large muscles of his back and shoulders strained under the burden, and it was not until the car was over the top that he could release the tension — by that time he was sweating and trembling. The girl, watching, moved to his side.

"What time now?" he demanded, and it was extremely important that he know.

"Four a.m."

With unblinking, dilated eyes he watched the draperies across the room. As he did a gust of wind billowed them like a sail. Simultaneously the four walls ballooned inward. The ceiling groaned downward, and all air rushed from the room. Sean collapsed in a heap, then lay on his side with his knees pulled close to his chest and his hands over his eyes. There was no air; and his mouth moved fishlike; and in a moment he was dead.

Dvorak, balding and bearded, sat on a packing case holding a violin without strings, and his theme (Indian, Negro, and Bohemian) filled the room, repeating endlessly, each note with a separate existence and lifetime of its own. Outside in the street a

car passed, down-shifting because of the grade. Lying heavily on the floor, unable to move, Sean was aware of the girl's hands on his naked shoulders, removing great handfuls of plastic flesh.

"Why are you doing that?"

"You asked me to."

"Well, stop now please (when had he asked?). What time is it now?"

"Four a.m."

Across the room, on the wall near the ceiling, a fly struggled in a spider's web. Sean Michael groaned quietly and pressed his fists into his eyes tightly but too late. He opened them, and he was the fly, sticky bands constricting his chest, binding his legs. A weariness moved upward through his limbs, relaxing muscles until he was totally paralyzed, alive only in his eyes, fly's eyes, segmented, watching a hundred spiders fat and comfortable, moving nearer on rainbow strands until he was engulfed in obscene soft fur, and he died.

The spider watched Sean Michael die, and Sean was in the spider, watching his own death from somewhere high above, amazed that his own end could be so squalid — Sean Michael dying on the dusty floor of an unfurnished room, barefooted and shirtless, bits of dust and lint in his beard, unkempt hair snarled and wild, a hirsute dwarf, comical and without dignity, pretending he was free. The spider watched the girl, and her face became hideous and the spider hated her, desired to possess and consume her, resenting her because of her

freedom. And all the tender words!

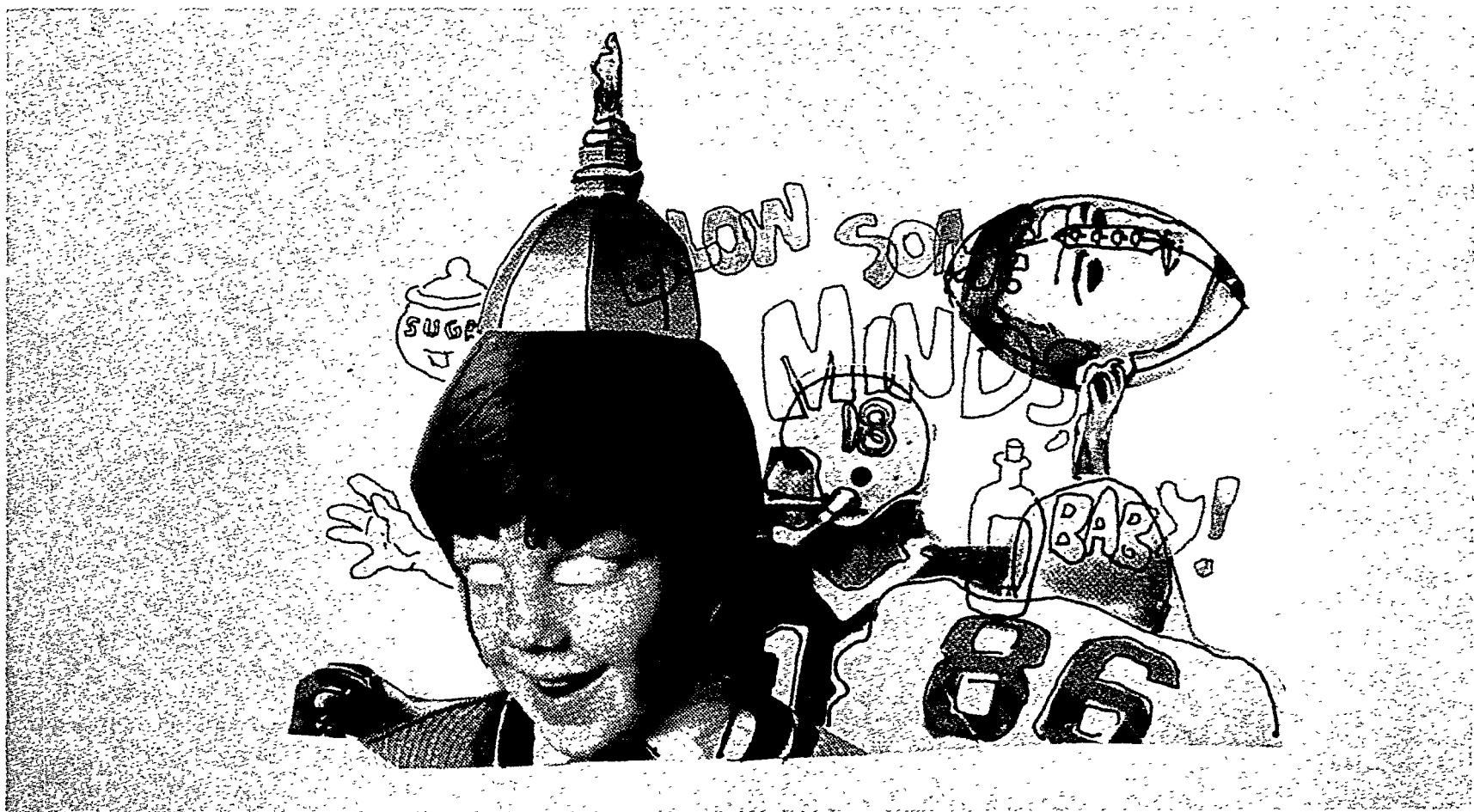
"What games we play," said Sean Christian fervently.

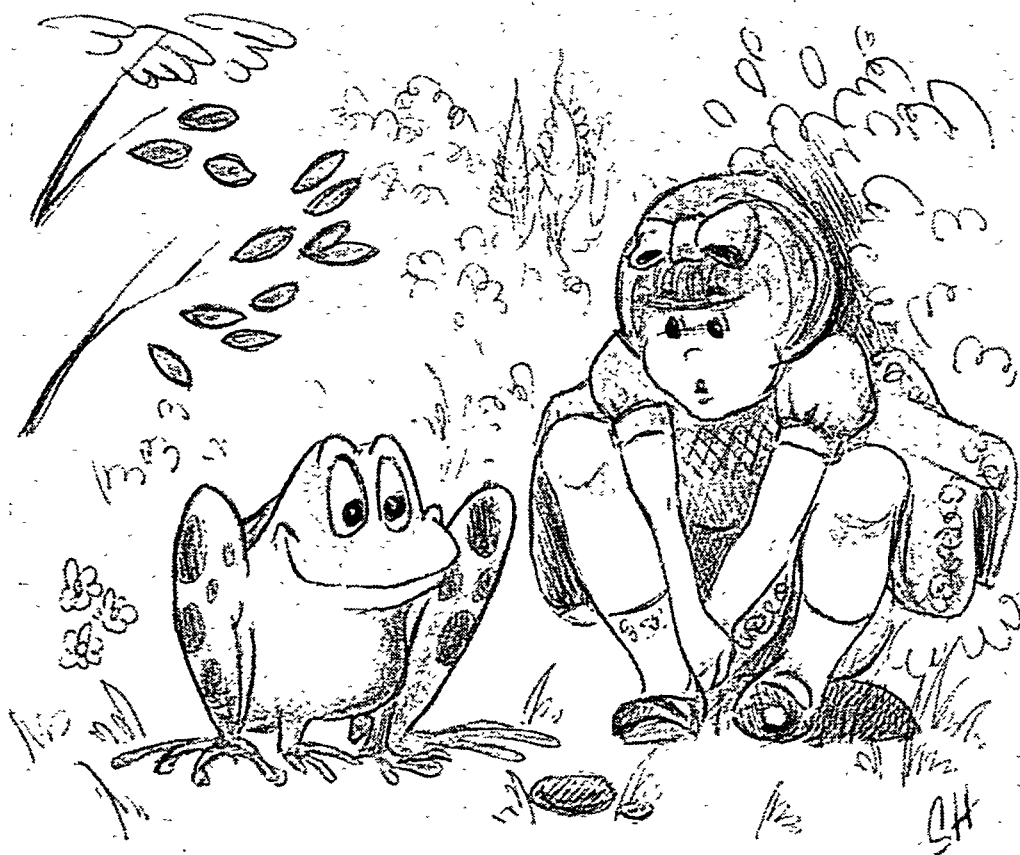
"Yes," answered the girl.

In the street the car whirred past again. Something happened, and the room became green and the walls trembled. The stucco on the ceiling whirled and vibrated. Sean saw stylized figures in the patterns, paleolithic animals, a griffin. He went into the washroom, splashed water onto his face and then looked into the mirror. He was no one, his features had melted and run together. He looked quickly into the basin where a single long hair began to writhe. He held up his hand and saw there his skin, saw the bones and saw the blood rushing in the veins. And Sean Michael Christian was very afraid. He moved deliberately to the phonograph and put on a Beatle LP. Dvorak rose from the packing crate and his theme from the new world filled the room. Next to him, Sean heard the girl humming "Yellow Submarine." He closed his eyes and concentrated. Far away behind his retinas he heard very softly the chorus and the brass band . . .

*Sky of blue and sea of green
in our yellow submarine*

Three days later, on a September morning, X boarded an American Airline's Astrojet for Chicago and the university. His hair was cut and he was clean-shaven. He wore a brand new three-piece suit. ■





the little mad girl

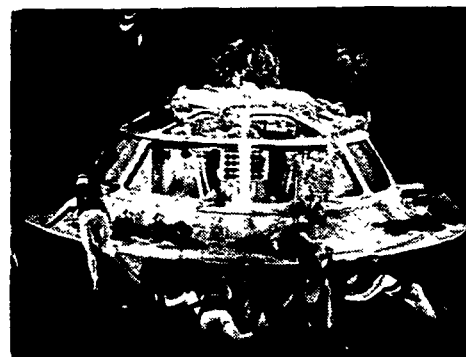
In sudden winter
The little mad girl
With hands like life
Tried to gather frost flowers
From her windowpane.

In symbolic spring
The little mad girl
With eyes like love
Looked to a green frog
To be her friend.

In silent summer
The little mad girl
With ears like pools
Listened to the afternoon
Singing in the greenwind.

In some sad fall
The little mad girl
With a voice like water
Asked the gold leaves
To be her death.

—TOM SULLIVAN



movies

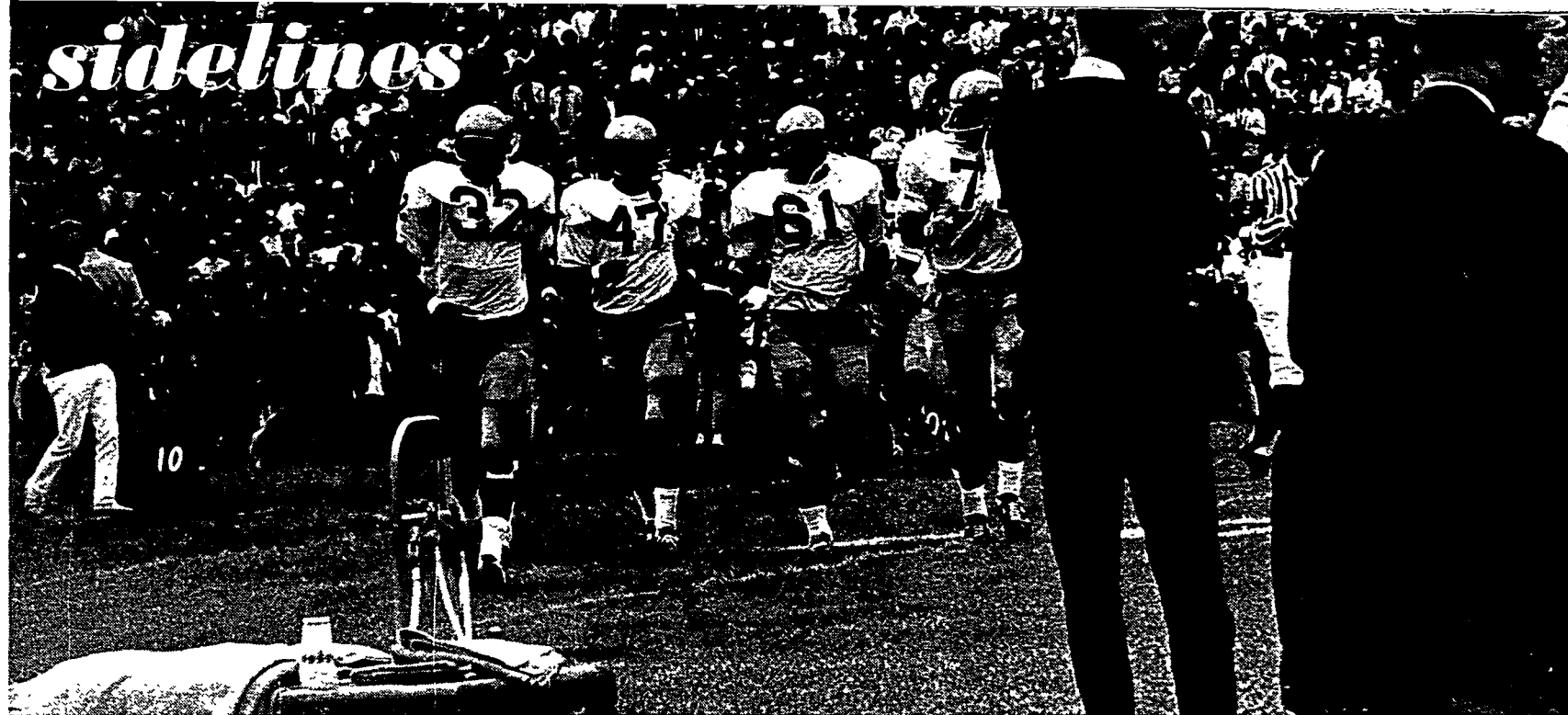
AVON: *Morgan!* and *Lonely Boy* hold fast, happily, for another week. *Morgan!* which will fracture those who liked *The Knack* or *Help*—and who didn't?—offers a good deal more besides. See it by all means. (*Morgan!* 6:50, 9:20; *Boy*, 6:30, 8:50.)

COLFAX: *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* is relevant for a twentieth-century audience, valuable like no other biblical film I have seen. Pasolini's telephoto lens watches Christ with respect and curiosity, with infinite care, though never in adoration. Christ offers "Come" over His retreating shoulder, and Pasolini indeed follows, more as reporter than worshiper, leaving the Pharisees embarrassingly in the rear. The film is a grim and serious search of the man and his times, a contemporary search which never gives way to pietism or cynicism. It is a film which modern people (Christian and otherwise) will feel restlessly at home in. (*Gospel*, 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30.)

GRANADA: *Fantastic Voyage*, Isaac Assimov's latest gem of science fiction, was cinematized with the aid of \$6 million worth of special effects (thrice that of *Thunderball*). Every cent is gloriously visible as Stephen Boyd leads a miniaturized submarine through the canals of a human body. Several UCLA medical scholars were on hand to verify that we actually do look like that inside! I was the last to believe, and I'll be the last to criticize, such extravagance. The drama involved is more suited for a TV serial than for a feature film but it does give the art director a chance to move around as no other art director ever has, and that's what is fantastic about this voyage. (*Voyage*, 1:00, 3:00, 5:05, 7:10, 9:15.)

STATE: *Dr. No* and *Goldfinger* are again the bill of fare for those with movie ulcers. They are tasty (not to be confused with tasteful), slide down with nary a struggle, and are guaranteed to let you sleep at night. (*Dr.*, 3:15, 7:10; *Goldfinger*, 1:20, 5:10, 9:05.)

—J. DUDLEY ANDREW



EXPLOSIVE OFFENSE

It's hard to sit on the sidelines when things are going wrong for Alma Mater. For some folks, it's just plain impossible. The highlight of a Baylor-TCU game some years ago was a booming punt which, upon reaching the summit of its arc, suddenly plunged to earth like a wounded duck. Investigation uncovered the defect — two bullets had successfully blocked that kick. The Alabama-Rice Sugar Bowl game of 1952 was the scene of the "phantom tackle." A Rice ball carrier, with a clear field ahead, was streaking past the Tide bench for a touchdown when the 'Bama captain came from nowhere to make a diving stop. "I couldn't just sit there," explained the injured star who'd been watching the game from the bench.

ers unsuspectingly triggered a land mine planted on the 46-yard line, squarely in the center of the field. Somewhat less than enthralled with the prospect of scraping up pieces of football players from its field each week, the school called in the FBI. A disgruntled twenty-year-old chemistry student was discovered to be the culprit. But they'd better not drop their guard yet . . . Iowa State lost again, 12-6.

A MAN OF EXPERIENCE

Roger O. Valdiserri, the articulate and dynamic publicity chief of the athletic department, wonders how he ever got the job with the credentials he had to offer. He explained, "You might say I had an unsuccessful background. I started as an assistant to Terry Brennan and as you know he wasn't exactly the winningest coach in Notre Dame history. Then I worked in public relations with Studebaker and we all know what happened to that outfit. From there I went to the Kansas City Chiefs and they not only lost their share of games but the battle for paying customers as well. Then I arrived here just in time for the basketball season. But I think my old high school coach may have had me pegged from the beginning. In my graduation yearbook he wrote, 'Besides being slow afoot and slight in build, Roger was YELLOW'."

SAVING A BUCK

What happens to old basketball captains? Notre Dame's 1965 edition, Bucky McGann, has returned to campus to pursue a master's degree in economics and assist Coach Johnny Dee as the Irish seek to recover some of the tarnished gold lost in last year's 5-21 season. McGann will work

primarily with the freshmen, while also scouting future opponents. Since graduation, Bucky has undergone a change in roommates. He now features a "Mrs." on his nameplate.

LET ARA PUT YOU IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

When the traveling list goes up in the locker room before an away game, there are always a few players disappointed because they didn't make it. Most survive and work a little harder to get there for the next one. But three players who weren't on the list didn't fare so badly after all. Sophomores Curt Heneghan and Tim Monty and senior Joe Azzaro found an alternate means of transportation. None other than Ara Parseghian offered them the keys to his sleek Oldsmobile to journey up to Evanston Saturday morning. One of the players was even instructed to have his equipment sent ahead in case he should get a chance to play; whereupon placekicker Azzaro, making the trip more than a pleasure cruise, chipped in two booming kickoffs and two P.A.T.'s.

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FOR THE RECORD

RUGBY (1-0)

Notre Dame, 5; Chicago Lions, 0.

B-Team, 15; Chicago B-Team, 0.

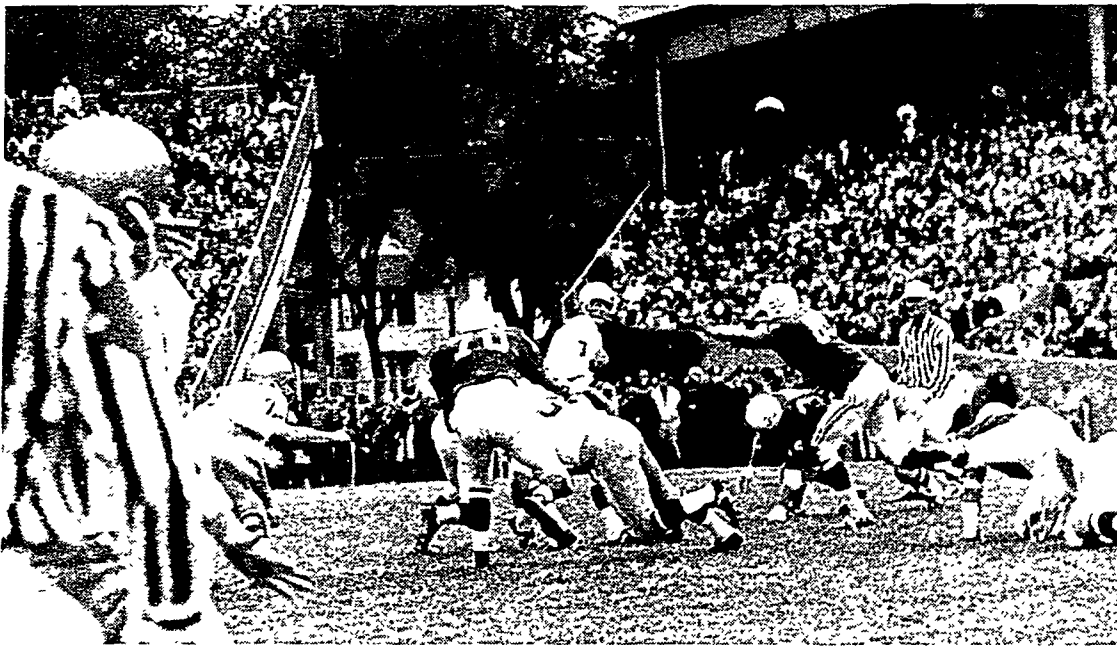
SOCCER (0-2)

Northwestern, 3; Notre Dame, 0.

Maryknoll, 3; Notre Dame, 0.



Last Saturday, a fan in Ames, Iowa, topped everything. Apparently fed up with the unexplosive attack of Iowa State University's Cyclones, he took matters into his own hands. While rolling the field shortly before the State-Nebraska game, stadium work-



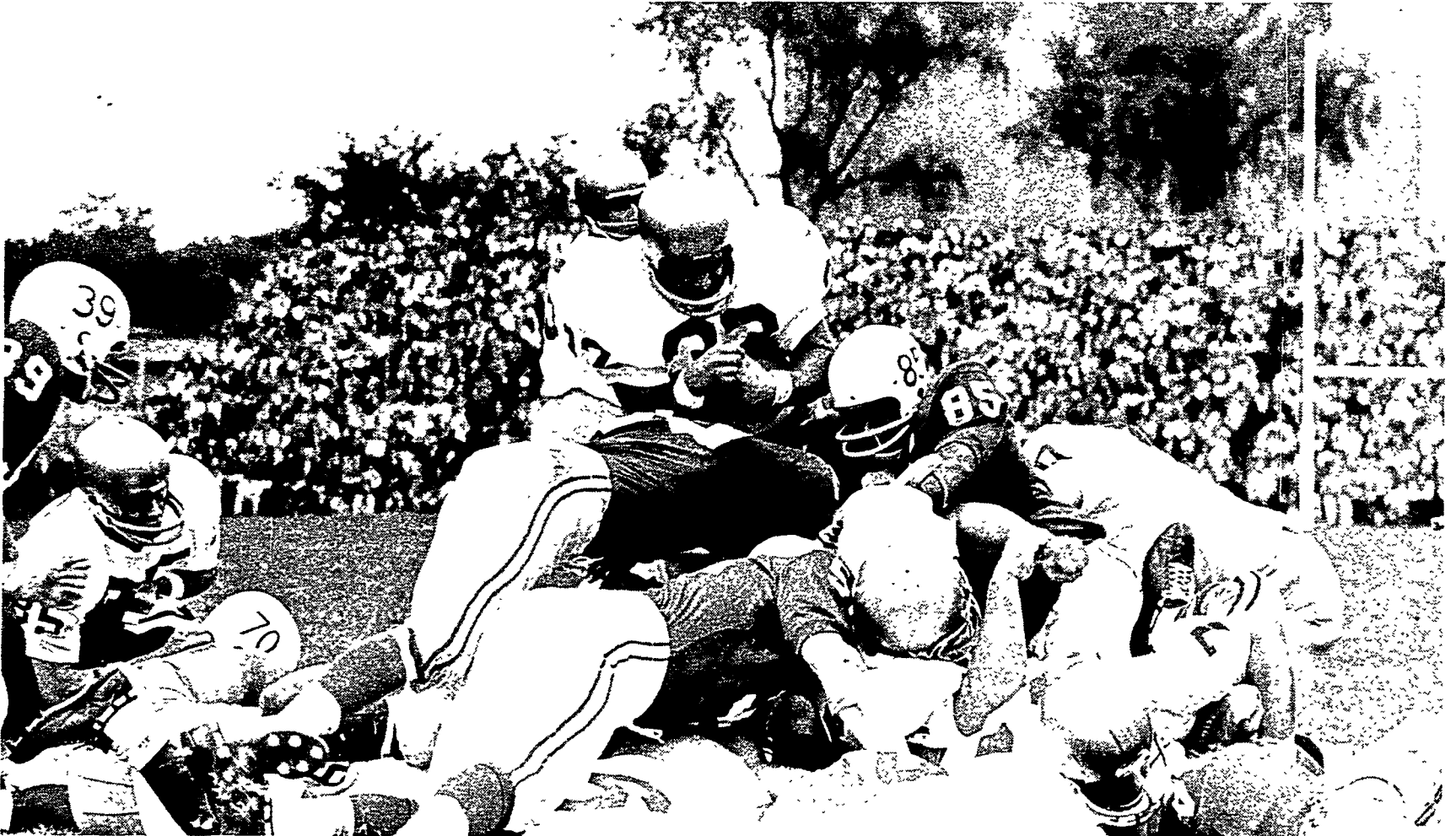
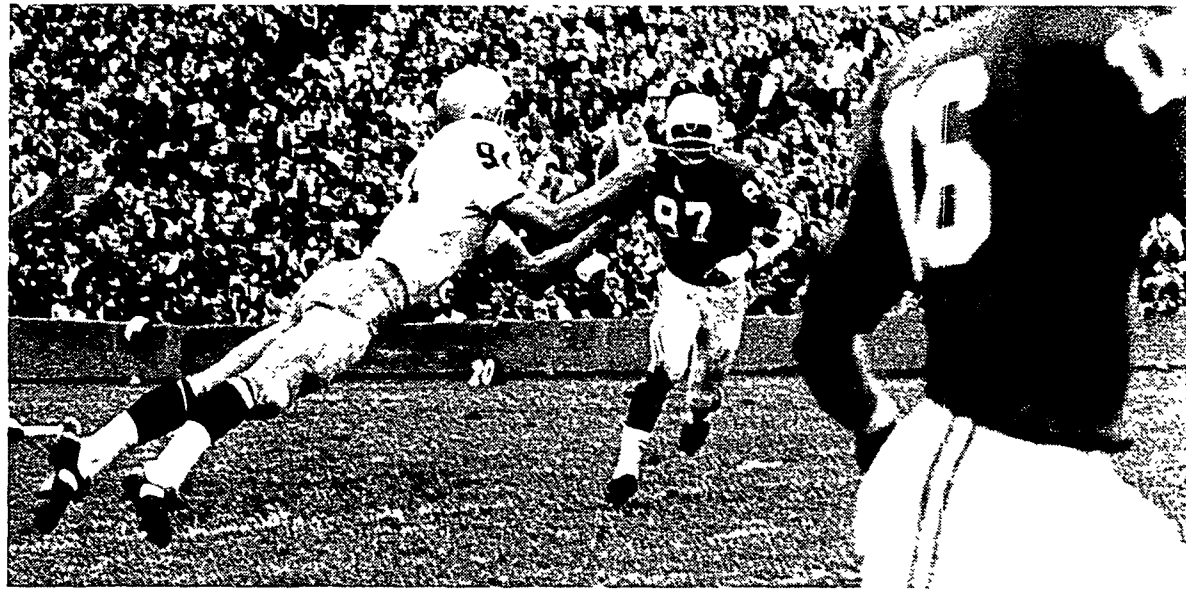
FOLLOWING

Notre Dame methodically and uninspiringly disposed of Northwestern five touchdowns to one last Saturday in the most pressureless game the Irish will experience all year. From the second series of downs when Nick Eddy unleashed his only noticeable and needed spurt of the day, to the final minutes of the game when Northwestern entered the scoring column against the second string, only

In his fourth-quarter debut Coley O'Brien assured Irish fans there is no drop-off in talent at quarterback. He led the second unit to Notre Dame's fourth touchdown, completing both his passes and scrambling for 31 total yards.

Another sophomore, Tight End Brian Stenger, added his name to the list of sure-fingered targets for Hanratty and O'Brien with a single, diving catch in the fourth quarter.

In a classic, goal-line plunge against the classic goal-line stand, Larry Conjar proved his inside running strength, hurtling over the pile for the game's first score.



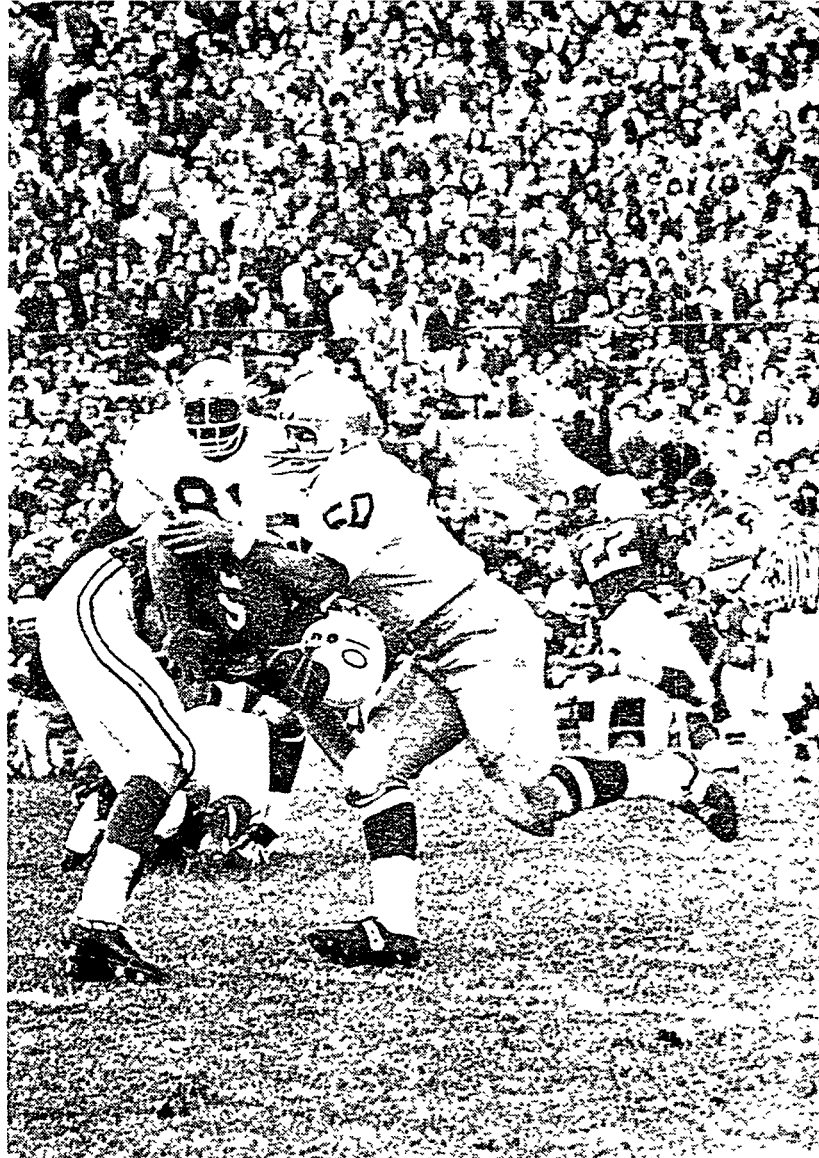
THE SCRIPT

once was the outcome doubtful. Early in the second quarter, with four downs to cover only seven yards, the Wildcats could achieve a mere five. The issue was settled. The offense blended 225 yards in the air with 226 yards via the ground to effectively baffle the Wildcat defense. For their part, the Irish defense employed the pass interceptions of two former quarterbacks, Schoen and Pergine, to efficiently thwart any offensive intentions Northwestern might have had or hoped for.

Team leader in tackles with 26, John Pergine has also blocked a punt and recovered a fumble. He and Schoen are proving as valuable as the sophomore quarterbacks who dictated their switch to defense.

Tom Schoen, the main force in calking the rookie defensive backfield, has already recorded two interceptions, one for a touchdown, and has displayed Rassas-like tendencies as a punt returner.

Photos by Bob Cuccias and Mike Ford.



A MODEST PROPOSAL

by Tony Ingraffea

"Four to six is such a void time period . . . that I believe we could get 90 per cent of the students who want to see the game to come at that time. . . . With so many more night classes, night tests, and other night obligations, it would just be a more intelligent time to hold our games."

— Johnny Dee



THERE WAS A TIME in college football when the only way to advance the ball was to tuck it under your arm and put one foot in front of the other as swiftly and powerfully as possible. That was tradition. Then a couple of efficiency-minded Notre Dame footballers found that in some circumstances it was easier to score by tossing it to a teammate between you and TD land. Hence the forward pass. End of old tradition.

There is now a tradition in college basketball, one to which Notre Dame ascribes, which says most games should be played at night. This tradition also may be inefficient, for, apparently, night games are inconvenient for many Notre Dame students. Of course, entertainment of the student body is not the sole *raison d'être* for this University's varsity sports program, but the unpenning policy that all home varsity competition be made as readily available to as many of the students as possible is near sacrosanct. This tradition, as it affects the Notre Dame basketball program, is, therefore, subject to review and to change if necessary by both coaches and students.

It is in this spirit that Coach Johnny Dee is offering the proposal to the student body that the starting time for this season's nine weekday home games be changed from 8:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.

An examination of his proposal will reveal many practical effects, while only tradition, four o'clock classes, and your date are strong arguments against it. Coach Dee has emphasized that the change of game time is not a desperation move to improve attendance. Last year's basketball record may have been "off," but attendance was not.

One of the foremost objectives of the proposal is to give an opportunity to see home games to those many students who, although desirous of attending, are hampered by some night obligation (Black Tuesdays, night classes, tutor programs, *et al.*). Again, there would be the same opportunity for those not-too-few students whose after-dinner distractions are not quite obligatory but nevertheless desirable, like lectures. . . .

An equally practical effect would be the elimination of the loss of prime seven-to-midnight study time: Joe Fan goes to night game; arrives at seven-thirty to get good seat; to Huddle for postgame snack; to dorm for postgame postsnack bull session about game; and, perhaps, to books, or in absence of guilt feelings, to bed at twelve.

Other less important but positive effects are inherent in an afternoon game. To the nonstudent spectator, especially the many from the Chicago area and the visiting team's following, the return trip would entail an early evening drive without a sleep-robbing, postmidnight arrival home. The nerve-wracking wait between their last class and the opening tap would be eliminated for the Irish, while their opponents would return to their campus with plenty of time to recover for next morning's academics.

Coach Dee has already investigated and eliminated some of the more obvious problems a four o'clock basketball game could cause. TV coverage would not necessarily be hindered as the contest could be video-taped for showing at its usual evening time. Moreover, coverage by

the other news media would be expedited since game results would be available at an earlier than normal time. Seven of the nine opponents scheduled for week night games have already given their assent to the proposed time should it be approved by the Notre Dame student body.

Nor has the well-being of the campus stomachs been neglected. Cafeteria schedules can be altered as they are for football to handle a large postgame influx without inconveniencing other students. While students with four o'clock classes would suffer from the one blatant impracticality in Coach Dee's proposal, students with four o'clock TTS classes would miss only one game, as eight are scheduled for Monday or Wednesday.

Give St. Mary's a vote, too. Those basketball wizards from across the pike often frequent our court quests in search of evening entertainment.

If basketball were a purely intellectual activity, perhaps the strongest objection to the afternoon game would not exist. To many basketball fans, a four o'clock game "just won't feel right." Perhaps student spirit would be dampened by such a violation of tradition, perhaps not. Coach Dee, for the possible benefit of the student body, is willing to experiment to find out.

Unless "vehement opposition" to his proposal is voiced between now and December 7, the Notre Dame-Detroit game scheduled for that Wednesday will begin at 4:00 p.m. Whether or not the remaining weekday home games will be played at that time will be determined by student reaction to the Detroit game. ■

Voice in the Crowd

Last Sunday night, after playing down the relative ease Notre Dame displayed in their victory over an inept Northwestern team, Ara Parseghian added a word of caution to his television viewers. "We are not supermen."

Every Sunday night a look of consternation and anguish appears on Ara's face when he begins his appraisal of the next Irish opponent. Prior to the Northwestern contest a viewer might have wondered how he could refer to the Wildcats as "a fine football team" after they had lost to a Florida team of questionable strength and a perennially weak Indiana squad. But last Sunday night the concerned look was entirely genuine. His reasons?

Of the eight remaining opponents five stand unbeaten to date. Of more immediate concern is an Army team which has allowed one touchdown and recorded two shutouts in three games. In view of their first confrontation of a major power the Cadets will be motivated to the teeth, having lost last year and attempting to prove that their record under first-year coach Tom Cahill is no fluke.

Further lending credence to Ara's placement of his team in the natural order of being is the fact that, should Notre Dame lose a starter anywhere on the offensive line or at defensive tackle by way of injury, the Irish would be far less than supermen. Only as the season unfolds and the injuries mount will the lack of depth be felt.

Curiously, Northwestern defended Notre Dame with the same alignment they used last year. They retained their standard five-four defense, often stacking eight men on the line in an obvious attempt to curtail the Irish rushing game. Last year an eight or nine man line was the order of the day against the ground-oriented Irish for the simple reason that there was no passing threat eligible for the varsity on campus last year.

Apparently the Northwestern scouts based their report on the premise that Hanratty and Seymour were not capable of an instant replay after their Purdue performance. In the first half, excluding Nick Eddy's 56 yard jaunt, their strategy against the run worked. The inside effectiveness of Conjar and the sweeps of Blier and Eddy were cut off against a seven, often times eight man line. Backfield coach Tom Pagna explained the alternative. "Any time your blockers are forced into a one-on-one situation on every play, this dictates that you go to the air to loosen them up. On the other hand, a stacked line always takes something away from the defensive secondary, forcing them into man on man coverage against the pass."

The question arising from this alternative, which the Northwestern coaching staff either overlooked or underemphasized, is this: can a team defense Seymour, Blier and Eddy man-on-man and get away with it? Hanratty, and later O'Brien, answered the question for future opponents. Emphatically no. Their combined total of 225 yards through the air not only confirmed the Purdue spectacle but forced the Wildcats to pull defenders off the line to aid their beleaguered secondary. This move allowed Irish running backs to equal the aerial production for the afternoon.

Ara Parseghian's caution should be heeded. He does not possess supermen. But it will take a superteam to contain this assembly of mere mortals, if they remain healthy.

—MIKE BRADLEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

SYRACUSE VS. NAVY: The Orange crop is definitely not vintage and, while they are not in deep seas yet, the Sailors aren't in any yellow submarines either. In a battle of the have-nots, Syracuse to sail the bounding main.

TENNESSEE VS. GEORGIA TECH: The Vols are true firemen with their salvage crew defense and should respond to the Ramblin' Wreck call with a real hose job.

ALABAMA VS. CLEMSON: In another classic scrimmage, the ol' Bear will send the Tigers to their graveyard early enough to get home in time to catch the Game of the Week.

ARKANSAS VS. BAYLOR: In the aerial circus of the week Brittenum and Southall's passes may break records, but the game will be decided on defense where the Razorbacks have it all.

MICHIGAN VS. MICHIGAN STATE: In this traditional blood bath, the favorite is often the loser. Last year the Spartans were true to form, however, and this year will be a repeat performance.

R.P.I. VS. BRIDGEPORT: The enigmatic Engineers dropped a heart-stopper last week, 34-6 to fearsome Hamilton. If they can equal last Saturday's effort, Bridgeport should be easy.

UPSET OF THE WEEK

TEXAS VS. OKLAHOMA: The Longhorns are hurting with the loss of Super Bill, and the Sooners, who have never bested their illustrious alumnus, Darrell Royal, are bunched at the line for the win.

OTHER PICKS

Stanford over Oregon
Duke over Maryland
Penn State over Boston College
Florida over Florida State
Ohio State over Illinois
LSU over Texas A&M
Southern Cal over Washington
Nebraska over Wisconsin

LAST WEEK: 11-4-0, 73.3%.

Campus

(Continued from page 16)

the commissioner says. "The best ones involve spirited exchanges on almost any topic that comes to mind." Occasionally, Sibley noted, members of the administration have even showed up at these forums for "spirited exchanges."

RED RUMORS

Rumor had it that Notre Dame had gone \$1 million in the red last year; we had tried to borrow money, but were refused, and in order to wipe out the debt, the endowment fund was going to be tapped.

Although this past year's fiscal statement will not be audited and printed for two months, there is no reason to believe that any such debt has occurred. To be sure, the University is going to operate on a razor-thin margin, but this is nothing unusual. However, the money situation is not getting any better nationally, and next year's operating budget will rise \$1.5 million to \$30 million, of which only one half will come through student fees. Consequently, expenditures are being watched more carefully than ever to avoid an unprecedented deficit.

But the money story hasn't stopped new construction. Work on the double-

bubble convocation center is proceeding on schedule, with completion due in September of 1968. The badly needed new post office is coming along, and a benefactor for a new University faculty club is reported.

However, the big construction question lies unanswered—new residence halls. Several ways of financing such a project are under study by the Foundation, not the most unlikely of which is a third capital fund drive, a Challenge III. Then there is always the chance of a donor, but such huge sums are hard to come by (estimated cost of a new dorm: \$2 million, with building costs spiralling every day). Self-liquidating government loans are being studied, but the line is long and federal red tape thicker than ever. Finally, private firms have offered to construct dormitories and then rent directly to students, an idea incorporated at several other institutions, notably Northern Illinois University.

Mr. Frick has stated that new dorms are of "prime importance," and that we will obtain funds "in some manner." Further, he pointed out the intense competition in the field of University development is increasing, and that there is a "tough, tough, battle" for funds.

PIONEERING REVELATIONS

"It was probably the first time

since we last won the national championship that Notre Dame got its name on the front page of newspapers coast to coast." Sitting at an unused conference table in his research offices on the eleventh floor of the Library, Reginald A. Neuwien, author of the staggeringly authoritative report, *Catholic Schools in Action*, reflected on the three-year-long study that resulted in this public-relations coup.

The book is subtitled "The Notre Dame Study of Catholic Elementary and Secondary Schools in the United States." According to Dr. Neuwien, until this report was published there was no body of unified statistical knowledge on the subject.

In 1963, when the project was started, Vatican II's winds of change were just beginning to blow, and the role of the time-hallowed Church schools was beginning to be questioned. Using a \$350,000 grant from the Carnegie Foundation and money from the University, Dr. Neuwien and his staff sent out exhaustively thorough questionnaires to all the Catholic grammar and high schools in the nation. These not only provided information about the size and resources of the schools, but also dealt with more subjective issues, such as faculty attitudes toward the schools. A total of 94 percent of all elementary

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schools and 84 percent of all secondary schools responded. These reports produced a national statistical profile. But the research group did not stop there. They chose dioceses in each of the nation's geographical regions for in-depth study, attempting to account for as many variables as possible. Circumstances considered included the size of surrounding communities, the wealth of the school, ethnic background of the students, percentage of Catholics to the population and the like. Students, faculty, administration and parents were interviewed. Faculties were divided into groups of lay and religious teachers, then were regrouped along departmental lines. The object of all this, says Dr. Neuwien, was to "let each group know what the other group was thinking." The opinions thus gathered were not necessarily facts. "They might be," Dr. Neuwien concedes, "but it would

only be a coincidence. However, what the different groups think should be important to those who are running the schools," he asserted.

And apparently what some groups thought came as a surprise to many people. For instance, the survey found that, "In general, lay teachers . . . felt that they were not accepted as professional co-equals" by the religious teachers. Also, "the greater number of lay teachers did not consider teaching in a Catholic school as a career" because of low pay, lack of job security and absence of fringe benefits. Besides this, it found that while the majority of Catholic students expressed unbiased attitudes toward the Negro, indications are that students in Catholic schools "know very little about Jews."

It was discovered that, as expected, parents considered religio-moral

objectives the most important goal of Catholic education. However, next in importance in the eyes of parents was vocational training, with intellectual development listed as an unexpected third.

Elaborate precautions were taken to insure that the report would accurately reflect the attitudes of those polled, Dr. Neuwien says. He adds, "I must admit, we did give emphasis to certain things because we felt we had an obligation to interpret our statistics, however, we tried not to draw conclusions."

Because of the recent (August 28) release of the 328-page book, there have been few reviews of it. "At first I had fears that the report was innocuous," its editor said. "However, we've got enough critical statements that we don't feel that way any more."

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Dan Murray

The Last Word



GIRLS IN THE DORM has always been the Notre Dame man's dream. LaFortune Student Center, the "University living room," lacks the privacy and personal touch that can only be found in the student's residence hall. (Besides, LaFortune closes too early, and it has its own self-styled guardian angel to uphold the Ten Commandments.) Because the halls are notoriously wanting in lounge facilities, the only place available for the student to receive feminine guests in a comfortable and semiprivate atmosphere is his own room.

With the publication of the new *Student Guide*, dream finally became reality—at least for a week. Halls were given autonomy in determining their rules with only a few exceptions. Parietal rules were not among those exceptions.

Halls immediately began to set hours for women visitors. Walsh Hall, for example, reserved Saturdays and Sundays from noon 'til eleven or twelve at night and weekday afternoons for girls to enter the hall. The common room in the basement was available to female guests on any day until midnight. Other residence halls followed suit.

But hall autonomy in the area was short-lived. Last week after a *Voice* description of the new setup, the Dean of Students issued a "clarification." In effect, the Administration reserved the formulation of parietal rules to itself. Apparently, the failure to include parietal rules in the exceptions to hall autonomy resulted from a clerical error.

Student government under Jim Fish's leadership is working to resolve the mess with a twofold program. Students have already been asked to petition the Office of Student Affairs for discussions on the issue. And student government is seeking to establish a committee composed of faculty members as well as students to discuss hall autonomy with the Vice-President for Student Affairs, Father Charles McCarragher.

If it were simply a matter of parietal rules, no issue need be created, as students would probably be willing to suffer the indignities of the present setup for another year or so until the Administration comes round. But the whole concept of hall autonomy as set forth in the revised *Student Guide* is jeopardized: take away the rights of the halls to set women's visiting hours, and all that's left is the determination of curfew regulations.

As Honor Council Chairman Jack Balinsky suggests in the editorial of this issue, students must be given the freedom to be responsible and the

freedom to fail. Simply abolishing parietal regulations is hardly an answer. Yet arbitrarily imposing them campus wide also accomplishes nothing. Hall autonomy—or better, hall responsibility—is the most reasonable solution to a thorny subject.

THE FOLLOWING STORY is indicative of the lack of campus 'living room' facilities. SCHOLASTIC Layout Editor Steve Heagan had just brought his date back to St. Mary's when his car ran out of gas on US 31. Since the hour was late, he left the vehicle on the highway and walked to a gas station down the road. Upon returning with the needed commodity, he found a couple in the back seat of his car. They remained totally oblivious to his filling the car with gas, and finally Steve found it necessary to reclaim his automobile by knocking on the glass. After apologizing profusely, the couple got out of the car, and our gallant layout editor drive off, leaving the couple stranded but happy in the throes of love. *Amor vincit omnia.*

SINCE SO MANY of us will be relegated to graduate studies at Saigon U., the SCHOLASTIC has arranged for an answering service to your questions. Jack Walker, excerpts of whose letters from Viet Nam are printed in this issue, has offered to reply to any queries regarding the nature of the war, conditions, etc. If you wish to write abroad or simply to ask a question, write to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556, and your queries and correspondence will be forwarded.

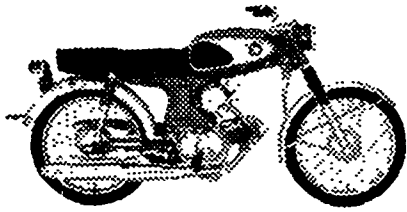
FINALLY, A NOTE on a dedicated Notre Dame fan. From the Los Angeles Times (Sunday, September 25):

Dennis A. (Denny) Morrison, 76, veteran newspaperman, publicist and husband of syndicated columnist Florabel Muir, died of a heart attack Saturday at Good Samaritan Hospital.

Mr. Morrison had been advised to enter the hospital Friday by a doctor he consulted for chest pains. He was an alumnus of the University of Notre Dame and an avid football fan, however, and refused to go to the hospital before seeing Saturday's national telecast of his school's game with Purdue.

Ambulance attendants arrived during the final quarter, Miss Muir said, and Morrison insisted that they watch the closing minutes of the Notre Dame victory with him before leaving. He died soon after reaching the hospital.

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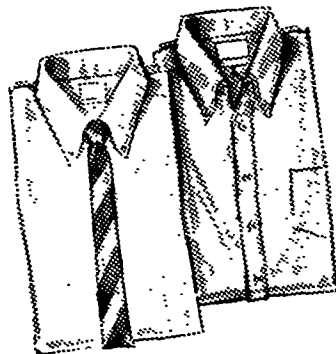
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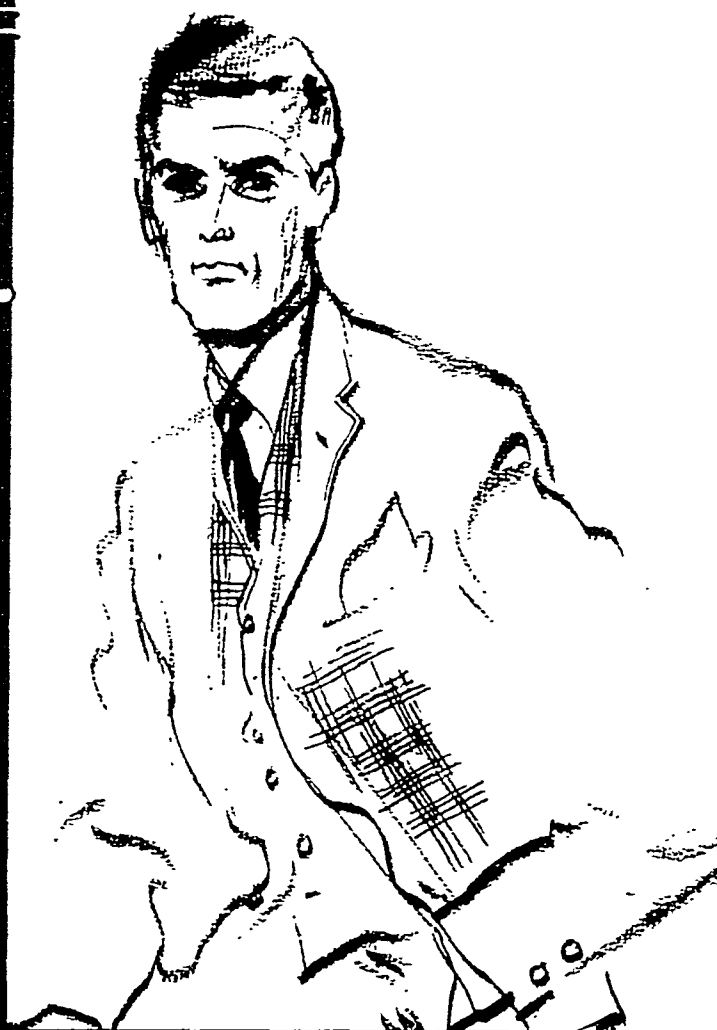
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