

OCTOBER 14, 1966

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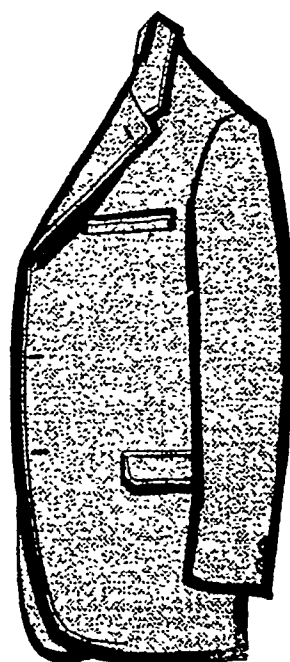
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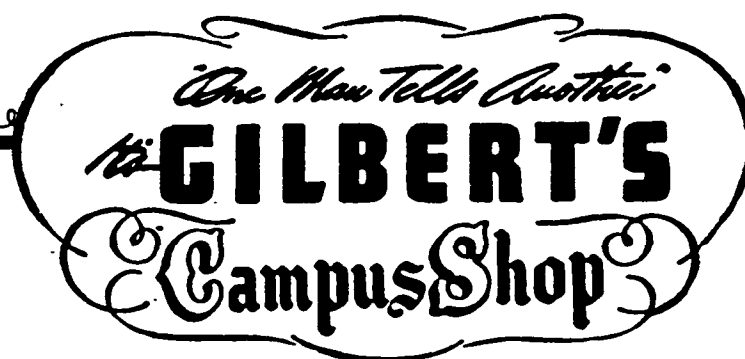
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in February

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in March

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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

coming distractions

DAILY

- 7:00 a.m. Exhibits at the Moreau Gallery, Saint Mary's College: African Art from the Indiana University Collection, and the collection of Mel Boldt, Chicago; through October 31.
- 10:00 p.m. Exhibits in the concourse of the Memorial Library: Recent Acquisitions in Archaeology; Iconography of Orchids; Notre Dame Glee Club; Africana — Creative Arts; and Indiana Sesquicentennial.
- 12 noon to 5:00 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., "Twentieth Century Paintings," from the Notre Dame Collection; On exhibition at the Notre Dame Art Gallery, O'Shaughnessy Hall:
- 1:00-5:00 p.m. The George F. Sturman Collection of Contemporary Drawings.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14

- ALL DAY 900th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings.
- 2:00 p.m. Dr. Emile Benoit, professor of international business, Graduate School of Business, Columbia University, will deliver an O'Hara Memorial Lecture entitled, "The Economics of Peace Building." Open to students, Memorial Library Auditorium.
- 2:00 p.m. The annual Notre Dame invitational track meet will begin at Burke Memorial Golf Course.
- 2:00 p.m. Dr. Andreas von Weiss, a noted German scholar on Soviet questions, will hold a round-table discussion, "Nonpolitical Factors of the East-West Relationship." The discussion is sponsored by the Program of Western European Studies and the Program of Soviet and East European Studies. Room 1201, Memorial Library.
- 2:30 p.m. The department of metallurgical engineering will sponsor a lecture by Gerald L. Moss of the United States Army Ballistic Research Laboratory, Aberdeen, Maryland, entitled, "High Velocity Deformation." Room 5, Engineering Building.
- 4:30 p.m. Professor Karl Stein, visiting professor from the University of Munich, will speak on "Equivalence of Meromorphic and Rational Functions." The lecture is sponsored by the mathematics department and will be held in Room 226 of the Computer Center. The public is invited.
- 6:00 p.m. Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* will be shown in the Engineering Auditorium. Sponsored by the Student-Faculty Film Society, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00. Price: \$.50.
- 6:15 p.m. "Inside Sports," with Ed (Moose) Krause, Notre Dame athletic director, WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
- 8:00 p.m. Travelogue Series in SMC's O'Laughlin Auditorium: "Rivers of Fire and Ice," with Alfred Leslie.
- 8:00 p.m. Final lecture by Dr. Stephan Korner of Bristol University, "The Nature of Philosophy." Architecture Auditorium.
- 9:00 p.m. The fall meeting of the Advisory Council for Science and Engineering will convene.
- 10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports," WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15

- Fall Open House — 168,000 (?) girls.
- 10:30 a.m. Rugby: vs. Clayton of Missouri.
- 1:30 p.m. Football: North Carolina at Notre Dame. Talbot goes Griesse's way.
- 8:00 p.m. Concert — dance in the Stepan Center: The Temptations, sponsored by the Social Commission; admission, boys \$2.00, girls \$1.50.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16

- 3:30 p.m. WNDU-TV, Channel 16, will present part I of the Robert Crean production, "The Priest." First of a three-part story dealing with the struggle of a priest to find himself in his relationship with God through the activities of his parish work.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17

- Novice Boxing Tournament.
- 8:00 p.m. Aesculapian Club meeting with featured speaker Dr. Edward Annis, former AMA president; Room 127 NSH.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18

- Black Tuesday — Physics departmentals.
- 3:30 p.m. Lecture in the Continuing Education Center Auditorium: Mr. D. J. Gribbon, president of Lockheed Electronics, will give a mock presentation of the work of a security analyst; for students of the College of Business Administration.
- 4:15 p.m. English Department lecture: Dr. Carvel Collins, professor of English, M.I.T., will speak on "William Faulkner: Problems in Biography and Criticism"; Room 104, O'Shaughnessy Hall; open to the public.
- 4:30 p.m. Biology Seminar: Dr. George Bick, of Saint Mary's biology department, will lecture on "Reproduction in Damsel Flies"; in the Biology Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. SMC Program for Christian Culture: Rev. Bernard Cooke, S.J., of Marquette University, will lecture on "Christianity and Culture"; in SMC's Little Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19

- 8:00 p.m. Lecture in the Library Auditorium: James Farmer of CORE; sponsored by the Academic Commission.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

- 8:15 p.m. Concert in the Memorial Library Auditorium: The Aeolian Trio of DePauw University.

—Compiled by GEORGE CLARK

SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

Vol. 108 Oct. 14, 1966 No. 3

Editor-in-Chief: Dan Murray.

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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.

Sero
THE GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT

CLICKS ON CAMPUS

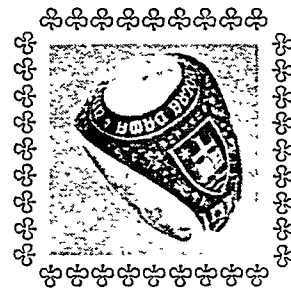
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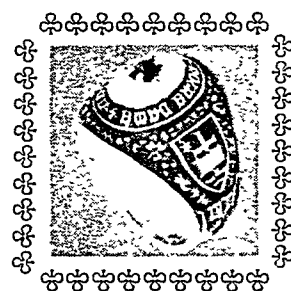
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813 South Michigan, South Bend, Indiana

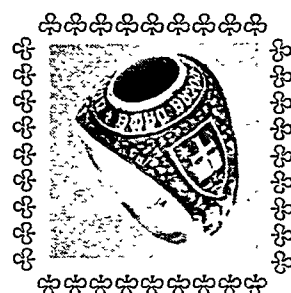
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GILBERT'S CAMPUS SHOP



RASMUSSEN'S

Left of Ho Chi Minh

Beards, sandals, the moderate-left and the left-left, "Get Out of Viet Nam," "Legalize Pot" — this is the standard image of the National Students' Association, one which may be accurate as far as it goes, but which leaves out the student insurance programs, discounts for travel abroad, course evaluation forms, summer projects in poverty-stricken areas, and all the other prosaic but highly useful functions performed by this organization.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to which of these aspects represents, or at least should represent, the NSA most accurately, newly elected President Gene Groves is happy to resolve them. "This organization," he declares, "should be a union of students for the accomplishment of radical changes in society." But many members of the NSA, including Notre Dame Student Body President Jim Fish, have their doubts about both the feasibility and the desirability of Groves' dream.

NSA's problem, according to Fish, is that it is an amalgam of two competing and perhaps inevitably incompatible organizations. The first, which we might call the "historical" or "traditional" NSA, aims to assist student governments in establishing programs at their home institutions, like the ones mentioned above. The second organization, which arose in the late fifties and reached fruition at the beginning of this decade, is mainly interested in using NSA as an instrument of political power by expressing its collective opinions on matters of national interest. Moreover, adherents to one of these inner organizations are apt to have little use for the other one. "Some people are there just to help their student governments, and they naturally become alienated when these political issues are brought up. On the other hand, the politically minded think schools have so little in common with one another that there is no point in trying to establish any unified programs for them, and the only way that NSA can justify its existence is by becoming an 'open forum' for expression of opinions."

This dichotomy must be resolved some way, and it appears that NSA will opt for the path of political activism. Indeed, as far as the press and the general public are concerned, the NSA long ago became the official spokesman for the New Left; and this impression seems justified by a consideration of some of the resolutions that have been presented at its annual Congresses: at the one held this summer, for example, resolutions were presented demanding the disarming of U.S. troops and immediate withdrawal from Viet Nam, abolition of the draft, and legalization of narcotics and LSD (this last was the handiwork of Alan Ginsberg, who, like many NSA members, has long ceased to have any connection with an educational institution). The first two were watered down to the point of unrecognizability before being passed, and the third never got to a vote, but it was generally only the resolutions themselves and not the Congress's action on them that received public attention. So the radical image grows, and with it the radicals' hopes of making NSA conform to its public image.

The image has caused some consternation to a few Notre Dame students, who fear that NSA's claim to speak for the schools it represents will give Notre Dame a bad name, and they wonder whether the supposed benefits of membership can outweigh this putative loss of prestige. Fish is not extremely sure himself. "Some people think the NSA has no business in politics, and I can see their point — perhaps we should get out." But he adds that the services NSA can provide to Notre Dame's student government are far from negligible. "For example, if we want some information on course and teacher evaluation, I can just send them one letter and they'll send us sheaves of material: sample forms, reports on its success at other schools, and so forth. They keep us in touch with all the ideas that arise on other campuses." There are even more tangible rewards: next spring Student Government will hold a student conference on the student and the community, and the NSA has offered to pay part of the \$600 bill. For these reasons the choice between disassociating ourselves and staying is not as clear as it might seem. Fish himself says he does not know what position he would take if the Student Senate were asked to vote Notre Dame out of the NSA.

The course which seems wisest for Notre Dame is to remain affiliated and attempt to exert its influence in order to lead NSA away from the path of left-wing radicalism. Fish emphasizes Notre Dame's potential for leadership among the schools represented at the convention. "In the area of student involvement in the community we stand head and shoulders above the rest. Even in the area of cultural affairs — which had seemed dead around here — I was shocked to discover that we were one of the most advanced. The same holds true for relations with the Administration. And our Student Government is one of the biggest, in terms of services performed, while operating on one of the smallest budgets. I'd say that we're one of the top six schools in that area." Moreover, Fish says, Notre Dame's delegations are often far more representative of their constituents than many others. "Why, there was one student president there who seemed to be to the left of Ho Chi Minh. I certainly don't think he represented his students." Notre Dame's delegates, who are appointed by the Student Body President with the approval of the Senate, are, says Fish, carefully chosen to be representative of the students, as well as for their competence in the matters to be discussed at the convention.

If Notre Dame does assume a position of leadership, Fish feels there is little danger of our being propelled into the arms of the radical left. "I think much of the publicity the NSA has received has been unjust," he says, a judgment with which it is hard to disagree, when one notes that in the abstract of the 1965 convention proceedings there is a list of the organization's sponsors, containing such names as Russell Kirk and Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh.

— R. S.

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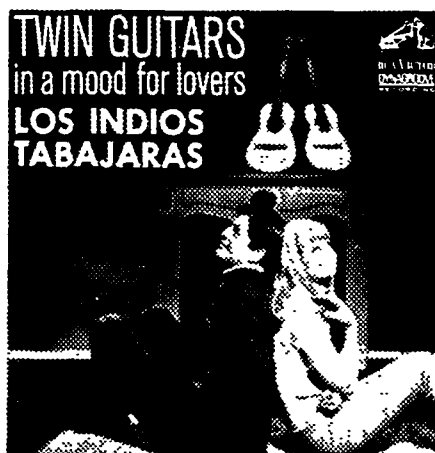
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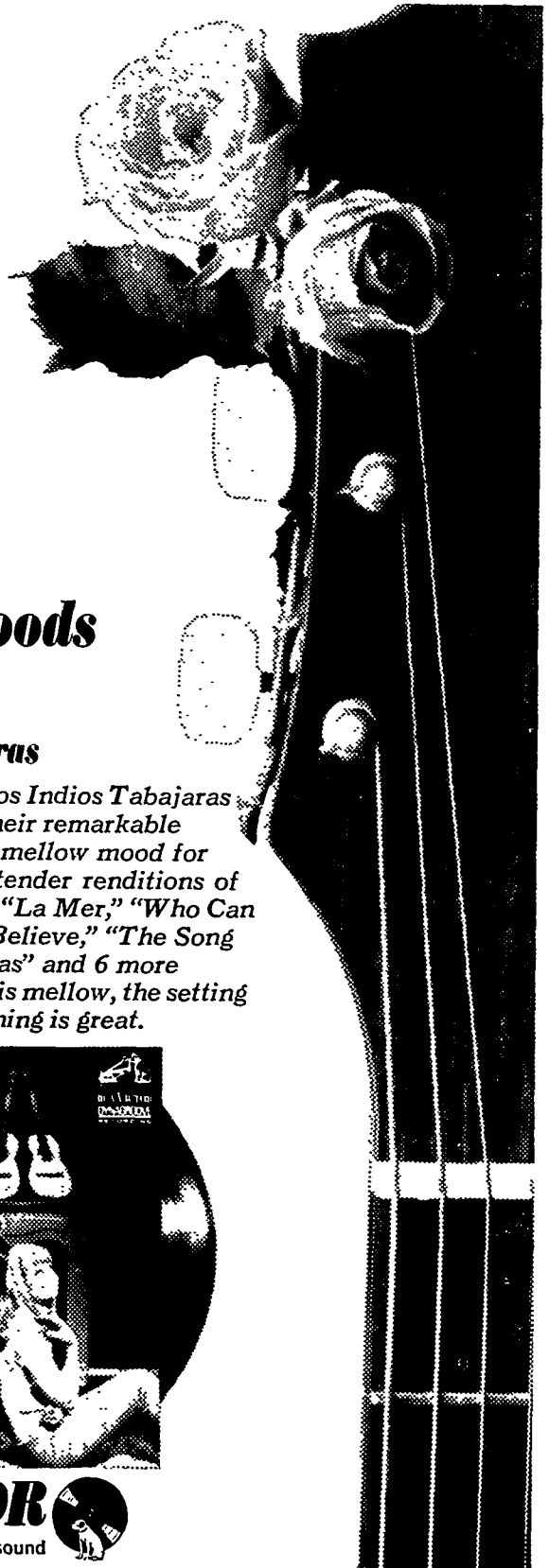
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letters

FOR THE "L" OF IT

EDITOR:

I think maybe you all need a lively, laughing, lithsome (*sic*), lovable leprechaun. Yours is a lifeless, laughable, ludicrous, luckless lump.

Mrs. Joe McLaughlin, Jr.
Chicago

FAMILY AFFAIR

EDITOR:

In your editorial "Social Expectancy," SCHOLASTIC Sept. 30, you made reference to an incident involving an alumnus and SBP Jim Fish; let me clarify the situation. The alumnus concerned was Class of '42, and as a matter of fact actually lived in the room next to the one Mr. Fish presently occupies; the conversation was the antithesis of that which you relayed, it was short, both sides being very friendly, and only one well-made and well-taken pun was injected concerning the ND student life liberalization, as opposed to your "long harangue." Furthermore that alumnus has a much better grasp of the situation than the large majority of the people connected with it.

Please be assured of the correctness of my report. I should know, the alumnus was my father.

James B. Scherer
320 Stanford

PLEASE . . .

EDITOR:

Please ask everyone:

- 1) to stop talking about the rule changes,
- 2) to stop writing about the rule changes,
- 3) to stop using the hideous word parietal.

Thank you very much.

James Garcia
317 Sorin

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

EDITOR:

The following letter was mailed to the manager of the South Dining Hall on October 4, 1966:

Dear Sir:

This student body has almost lackadaisically tolerated the increasing inefficiency of the South Dining Hall in the hope that individual complaints

and suggestions would have been sufficient to attain reform. All such attempts have quite obviously been abortive and consequently a movement has been initiated to emphasize our distress. We call for a serious consideration of the following grievances:

1) Most definitely an extension of the meal hours to alleviate (and hopefully abolish) the long lines.

2) A *student* referendum on the continuation of the "coat and tie rule."

3) We are not qualified to suggest a change in the food goods, but it is strongly felt that a more professional approach could be taken in the preparation and variety of meals.

We further place ourselves at your convenience if you should wish to discuss these suggestions with us since the present situation is clearly intolerable and can no longer be ignored.

Richard L. Storatz
233 Sorin

CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE

EDITOR:

While most of the credit for the victory over Army must by right go to the football team, it seems only fitting that someone say a few words about all that the student body did to make the weekend and the game memorable.

I am certain that it was a great thrill for all our visitors as they walked around campus on Friday night after the rally and on Saturday morning to see the trees and lawns crisscrossed with toilet paper. A winter wonderland in October! The Badin Hall button was genuinely clever and Zahm and Sorin Halls deserve a bouquet for having taken pains to spell out the message for those upon whom it was lost by the subtlety of the Badinites. Our visitors, especially, must have appreciated this.

The "who's he" cheer never fails to catch the notice of the fans and I'm sure that everyone must have realized that we were one up on the Cadets who were so caught off guard as to applaud our players. There really isn't space to mention all the little things which various students did to make the game what it was but certainly hats ought to be doffed to the three who ran around the field

with the "Army rots-see?" sign at the end of the game. I'm sure those cadets who tried to grab the sign are ashamed of their actions and while the affair isn't important enough that an apology need be demanded we at Notre Dame can be happy that ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike conduct of this sort cannot be attributed to our ranks.

So once again, hats off to the Notre Dame student body. They have no equal.

Rev. James T. Connelly, C.S.C.
Cavanaugh Hall

REASONABLE? TREASONABLE?

EDITOR:

If Mr. Anson's article on the Chicago Civil Rights activities can be termed "first rate" because of his own activities in that field, his articles on patriotism must, for the very same reason, be termed second rate.

Michael T. Schaefer
Chairman, Young Republicans
of Notre Dame

THE ND MULES

EDITOR:

I wish to extend my thanks, along with 59,000 other fans I'm sure, for the fine exhibition put on by the three ND students at the end of the game. I'm sure every student experienced a welling up within him of pride as he watched those men carry the "ARMY ROTS-SEE?" sign onto the field. For, what better way to celebrate a victory than to tell everyone at the game that the team we had just beaten stinks.

I'm sure Ara and our whole team joins with me in thanking those men. That team down on the field rammed heads with Army for 60 minutes to win no. 3 for Notre Dame. Then three men of the student body climax it with that fine show of sportsmanship. It's one thing for the Notre Dame spirit to live on; but it's an entirely different thing to rub a team's face in the mud when they're already down.

Those three men, representing the Notre Dame student body, besides being among the victors, also managed to edge out the three Army mascots as the biggest asses of the day.

Dan Jock
174 Dillon

WSND 640

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news and notes

• "THE WAR ON POVERTY in South Bend" will be the theme of a panel discussion to be held next Thursday at 8:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium. According to Hank Topper, head of the Community Services Board, the student government commission which is sponsoring the discussion, "We hope to give college students in the South Bend area an overview of the city's problems." Community leaders from town will preface the discussion with short talks on six subjects: *de facto* segregation, housing, education, youth, neighborhoods, and employment. Students from Notre Dame, St. Mary's, Bethel, and Indiana University Extension will hopefully attend.

• ACTION STUDENT Party and Young Christian Students will sponsor a Student-Faculty Discussion on academic freedom Monday night, October 17, at the Engineering Auditorium at 7:30. Sociology Professor Robert Hassenger and English Professor Thomas Lorch will be among the faculty represented. The discussion will be the first function of the new ASP.

• AWARDED in subject matters varying from philosophy to — yes, science fans — gnotobiology — six research grants totalling \$311,627 were awarded to Notre Dame scholars last June. This brought the number of research grants awarded during the academic year 1965-66 to 43, worth over four million dollars. Coupled to 56 research grant renewals, the amount garnered by enterprising University researchers last year came to just under seven million dollars.

• A RELEASE recently arrived on the news desk of the SCHOLASTIC from the Director of Publicity across the road. It stated, in part, "TO THE EDITORS: To differentiate the Saint Mary's College of this release from the several other Saint Mary's Colleges of the nation, may we earnestly request that our designating phrase, 'NOTRE DAME, INDIANA' be carefully retained in the story you publish."

• LES FEMMES SAVANTES by Molière will be presented on Thursday, October 27, at 8:00 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium. It will be performed in modern staging and costume by Le Treteau de Paris in cooperation with La Comedia de L'Ouest. This is the ninth tour of North American campuses for Le Treteau de Paris, which has associated itself with one of France's major National Drama Cen-

ters for this production. The play is sponsored by the Foreign Language Theatre of the departments of modern languages of Notre Dame and Saint Mary's College of NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

• THERE'S NOTHING like a football weekend — aspecially when it starts on Tuesday afternoon. Three sculpture students were eagerly dissecting that grand old station wagon, "Spirit of South Bend," when the "Spirit" reached its kindling temperature and quickly turned the field behind the red barn into charred plain. Then on Friday night three intrepid leprechauns daringly made their way past some sleeping guards at the South Bend Armory where the Army cadets were



storing their mules for the night. It took the Black Knights half an hour the next morning to scrub the green shamrocks from the rear ends of their mascots. To wrap up a wild weekend a mad bandit commandeered the Notre Dame Police Cushman and spent a gay ten minutes running it up and down the quad chasing female visitors. And the Irish said good-bye to Army until 1969.

• "CHRISTIANITY" and "Activism" have been significant synonyms for the past and the present. And just as the Church is undergoing the extensive tune-up required if the age-old machine is to continue to run in the

present, a group of students led by Editor John Davis and Assistant Editors Bill Reishman and Mike McCullough last Wednesday introduced a new publication which will hopefully combine the traditional Christian principles with contemporary social and philosophical problems: the *Christian Activist*.

"This magazine shall hope to be a voice of active Christians." This statement highlights the editorial policy prepared by Davis for the paper that will carry original and reprinted articles. Plans call for an issue every three weeks and Reishman sees the magazine as a forum for the student who wants to say something about the world he sees around himself.

The first issue, featuring student articles questioning and supporting prayer and a reprint on black power, were distributed at no cost, but future copies will be priced at \$.10 each.

• THIS GENERALLY being the season for alumni to come back to the alma mater and all that, Pulitzer Prize-winning Novelist Edwin O'Connor (Class of '39) was on campus last Wednesday to visit one of his old profs, Frank O'Malley. Attending Mr. O'Malley's 4:10 MWF English class, he read a portion of his new play, *The Man From Brazil*. He said that his purpose was, in part, to get the reaction of the students to the work. A prepublication reading of a portion of his first play here several years ago was greeted by applause and exclamations of delight from the students. It bombed out on Broadway.

• THE REPUBLIC of South Africa has had problems with its public image in recent years. Perhaps the problem filters down to the country's private industry. A rather strange South African organization is asking for part-time public relations officers — college students who wish to earn \$300 per month working eight hours per week. Prestige Promotions, which makes the offer, promises easy, pleasant work, rewarding at that \$10 an hour rate. Students wishing further information should send a self-addressed envelope to U.S. Personnel Director, Box 585, Johannesburg, South Africa.

• RANKING 15th among the nation's colleges, Notre Dame has had 51 seniors in the past six years who received predoctoral graduate fellowships from the National Science Foundation. A total of 816 fellowships were awarded nationally to students at 228 colleges and universities.

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HONDA OF MICHIANA — DOWNTOWN

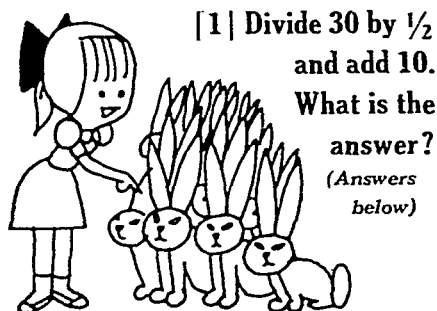
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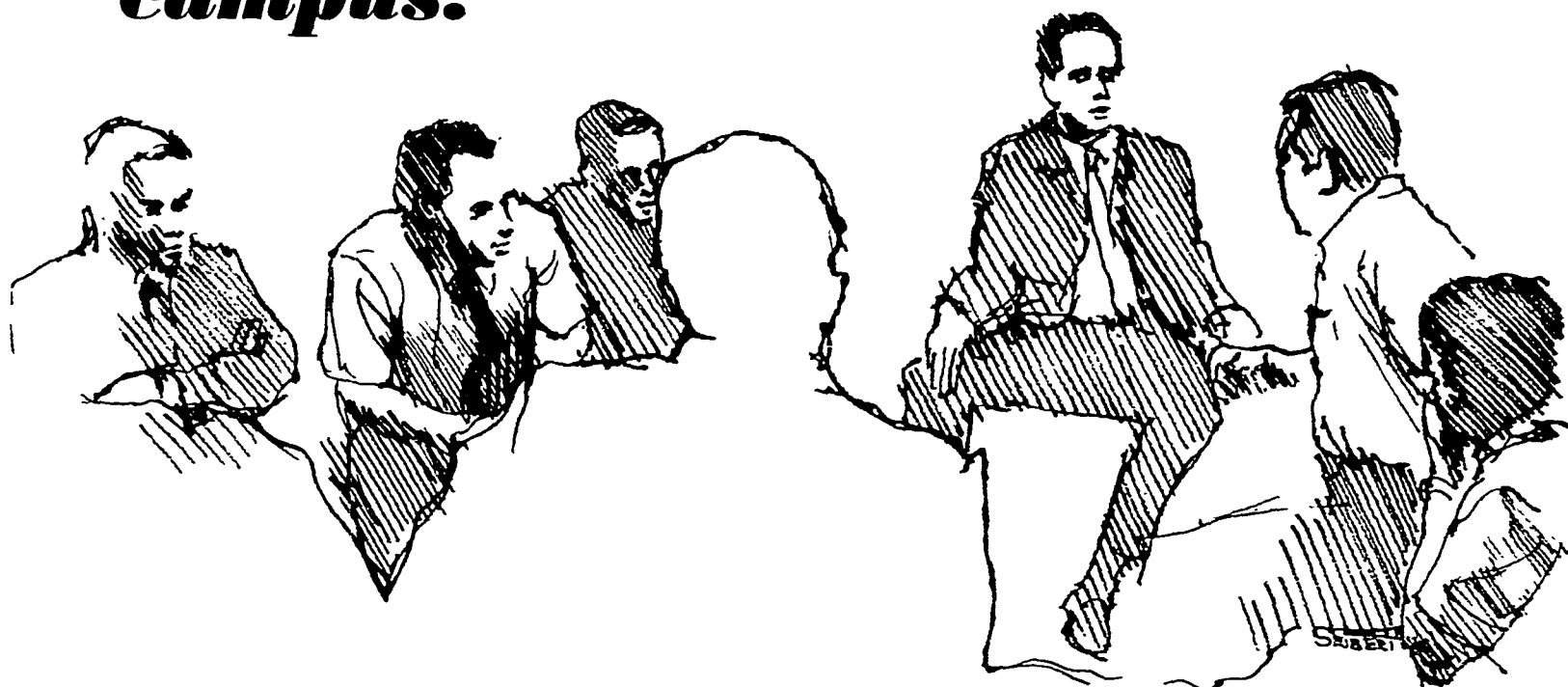
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campus:



LAST WEEK the SCHOLASTIC sent out reporters to interview a number of professors to get some idea of faculty opinion concerning the proposed faculty senate, and the extent to which the Administration was fulfilling its commitment to academic freedom at Notre Dame.

Of the ten professors who volunteered comments, most backed the senate idea, some more strongly than others. One of the stronger supporters was the English Department's Thomas Jemielity: "As a significant improvement over the present, important Academic Council, a Faculty Senate at Notre Dame would create the first official and effective channel of faculty influence and opinion on the academic policies of the University." Government's James A. Bogle also felt the present Academic Council left something to be desired and endorsed the idea for a senate which would pursue "a larger policy-formulating role in University affairs. Because the imperatives of university efficiency necessitate the application of educational policy into action and also because of the complexity of financing the activities of the 'multi-versity,' administration is essential. Nonetheless a university exists in order to accumulate and disseminate knowledge. This necessitates the ultimate sovereignty of the faculty."

Associate Professor of Art Robert Leader is an elected member of the Academic Council, one of the handful which make up that body. "It's a kind of token representation. Inasmuch as the lay teachers outnumber the religious something like seven to one, they should have some real representation. The old relationship around here was that of a shepherd (the Administration) and his flock. Well that's a nice pastoral notion,

but we're not raising sheep, and sheep aren't teaching. All this would, for better or for worse, come out in the open in a faculty senate."

Professor James Robinson of the English Department heads a University-wide committee set up last Spring to rewrite the faculty manual. The new manual will update all policies concerning Administration-faculty relations and will be published November 1. William V. D'Antonio, head of the Department of Sociology, is a member of that committee: "The faculty should be included in policy making within the area of its competency. This includes matters of appointments and curriculum. The faculty should, perhaps, help the Dean make decisions of this kind." Commenting specifically on the curriculum, Mr. Jemielity voiced a complaint of many faculty members: "The Administration has too often acted arbitrarily in the past. One recent example was the arbitrary imposition of one-hour finals and a weekend break between semesters. The return to two-hour finals was equally arbitrary and the weekend break, of course, has remained unchanged. During those few days the faculty is expected to finish one semester's work and be immediately ready for another. No one consulted the faculty on this change; no one has been interested in their complaints about this hardship over the past two years."

Agreeing that the faculty is "primarily responsible for the educational policy, curriculum, and in developing and operating special programs in teaching," Philosophy Professor Edward Manier admitted that, in practice, this is "not always the case." Citing some faculty grumblings at the initiation of the Freshman Year Program as an example, he went on

to say that "faculty decisions should be paramount" in such cases. However, for such a process to work best, Dr. Manier felt organization and a tradition was needed so that the faculty "can focus its expertise," but that at present there was "no opportunity to develop a consensus in debate." Continuing though, he believes Notre Dame is "ready for such a senate" as the faculty's role dictates.

The faculty senate proposal will be included in the new faculty manual, but, says Dr. J. W. Houck of Management, "it is yet to be examined by the faculty and Academic Council." However, due to the "convergent interests of the faculty and Administration and the leadership of Frs. Hesburgh and Walsh," Houck sees the realization of the senate as a "high probability."

General Program's Stephan Rogers believes the best reason for faculty say in determining Administration policies is simply that "we are the ones who carry out these policies, at least in academic matters," but he also foresees problems a senate would create. Specifically a senate might tie down professors in tedious committee work: "I'd hate to have a lot of wrangling over problems which specialists in administration could very well solve." Architecture Associate Professor Kenneth Featherstone agreed with Rogers on that point and went further. He feels the faculty are here to teach while it is the task of the Administration to run the University and it should be allowed to do so. Nor does he believe organizing the faculty is worthwhile. "The faculty will spend all its time in committees, getting nowhere, and between researching and administering, nobody will have any time for teaching."



PROFS MANIER AND HOUCK
Faculty Opinion

(Professor Leader pointed out that profs are, ideally, arch-individualists and it would be hard to get them to agree). Academically, Featherstone feels he is free "to do or say anything that I feel is correct." Nor does he feel a need to be represented on the faculty senate: architecture faculty members meet frequently with Department Head Frank Montana to determine curriculum, selection of new faculty members, etc.

Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer of Government echoes these sentiments: academic freedom here is "all it ever should or could be—and that's the most important thing." He supports the faculty senate idea though, feeling that the senate as a body for deliberation, even without power to make decisions, would be useful. "The academic standards of the University should be set by the faculty, and the moral standards set by the Administration. Students should perhaps help in the setting of these moral standards, but not set them themselves."

Praising the Administration's stand on academic freedom, Professor D'Antonio said: "There is not even a subtle effort to control what is taught or said. The men we have couldn't have been recruited otherwise."

The problem of faculty say in Catholic university administration stems from the tremendous growth of Catholic colleges within the last two or three decades. The change from Dr. Leader's pastoral school of the '30's to Dr. Bogle's 'multiversity' of the '60's has confronted Catholic school administrators with crisis after crisis. Sociology Professor Robert Hassenger comments on this fantastic growth and what the next step for Catholic colleges must be:

"After visiting about 30 Catholic colleges and universities with the support of the Carnegie Corporation, to uncover the factors related to institutional 'growth' between 1952 and 1965, Sociologist Andrew Greeley reported that the most useful predictor of institutional advancement was the quality of presidential leadership. The top-flight president must be able, according to Greeley: 1) to symbolize in his own person the goals of the institution, and radiate confidence that these are being achieved; 2) to bring about consensus among the various factions within the university; 3) to understand what an educational institution is, and be an ambassador of its mission to the world outside the campus; 4) to play the key role in picking and replacing under-administrators, and be able to delegate authority; and 5) to be the primary representative of the school to contributors, government agencies, foundations, civic and national leaders, and the like.

"I should mention that Greeley found for more 'safe', fort-holding Catholic college presidents than charismatic leaders such as he describes. A central problem faced with institutions such as ND, now that we have moved so far under one man, is that the operation has become so complex that MUCH authority will have to be delegated, to keep the wheels spinning."

Concludes Mr. Jemielity: "For the President to boast of the 80 percent lay makeup of his faculty is to miss the real point: how much influence has that 80 percent on the academic policies of Notre Dame? The Administration's decision on a Faculty Senate will clearly indicate whether



ACCELERATOR SITE
A Big Charge

or not it is willing to put some substance behind its publicity."

LOW ENERGY HAPPINESS

When you walk into the man's office, you can't help but see the sign above his desk, "Happiness is \$2,500,000 from NSF." For the ordinary Notre Dame resident that could mean beer and cigarettes for life. But for Dr. W. Miller and Notre Dame's nuclear research team, it means a beautiful hunk of metal known as a 15 million electron volt Tandem Van de Graaff Accelerator which will thrust the University to the forefront of low-energy nuclear physics.

Granted last January by the National Science Foundation, the award culminated three years of concentrated effort and planning by the Physics Department. Hoping to present the 80-ton "toy" to the University by Christmas of 1967, Dr. Miller said that the accelerator is based on the principle that high-speed particles can knock out subnuclear entities from a target material and bring about a transformation that helps to explain its nuclear structure and properties.

Ultimately, particles will be revved up in the "old" accelerator to an energy of 4.5 million electron volts and then injected into the new machine. By a rotating belt, a charge is transferred from a reservoir tank to a spherical terminal fifty feet away. High school physics says "likes repel, opposites attract" and the negatively charged particles zing through an evacuated injection tube to the terminal charged with a +7.5 million electron volts. At this end, a "stripper" pulls off two electrons from the particle, leaving it with a single pos-



STUDENT PARKING LOT
Holey Puddles!

itive charge. With the reversal of charges, the path is reversed back toward the "tank" which holds a —7.5 million electron volt charge. On reaching this end, the particle has accumulated energy corresponding to nearly 20 million electron volts by the tandem action and is deflected into a collision path with the target materials by supermagnets.

Built by the High Voltage Engineering Corporation of Burlington, Massachusetts, the machine will be one of the most versatile of its kind, capable of accelerating protons, electrons (by means of an electron gun attachment for the terminal), helium atoms, and, Dr. Miller hopes, particles as heavy as oxygen and nitrogen ions. Although it is only the second largest ("king size") built by HVEC, coupled with Notre Dame's present Van de Graaff Accelerator, it will be capable of producing energies as great as the larger "emperor" but with one-fifth the installation and operating costs.

By next April, constructors have promised to turn the gaping hole behind Nieuwland Science Hall into the building that will house the accelerators and three target rooms of 23,000 square feet of floor space. The dimensions of the annex could make a Cecil B. DeMille set: a variety of 20- and 30-ton doors hinged to walls ranging in thickness from four to seven feet. It will also feature four-foot-thick ceilings.

As Dr. Miller and fellow researcher Dr. Cornelius Browne point out, the machine will serve to expand and extend to higher energies the nuclear research that has gone on at the University dating back to 1938 when Drs. Edward A. Coomes and George B. Collins built one of the first accelerators in the country. The preference

for the Van de Graaff to more elaborate accelerators such as the cyclotron is that energy ranges of projected particles is much more defined in the former with produced energy within 0.1 percent of the desired energy. The tightness of money at this time and the number of groups trying to procure the available funds is, as Dr. Miller notes, an indication of the significance of the fundamental research to be carried out at ND.

Under the direction of Professors Browne, Miller, Paul R. Chagnon, Sperry Darden, Emerson G. Funk, John W. Mihelich, and Bernard Waldman, the accelerator will be staffed by 30 graduates, undergraduates, and six postdoctoral researchers.

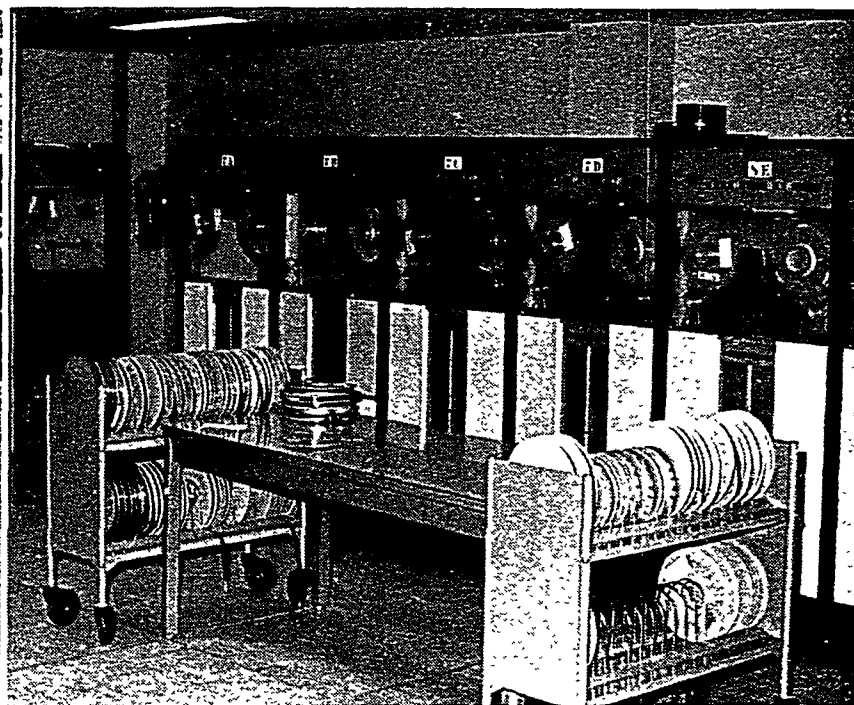
"Not only will this facility leave us better off than any other institution in the country in low-energy physics," says Dr. Miller, "but it will also greatly benefit undergraduate and graduate alike."

And again Dr. Miller: "While pursuing pure research, we will be able to train minds better. Better research leads to better teaching. We have a 'top-ranking' staff now; but the presence of these people plus the atmosphere of outstanding research will enable us to appeal to educators in all fields of science."

THE AUTO EXPLOSION

"The whole purpose of relaxing the car policy was to alleviate a transportation problem for off-campus students — part of our responsibility now is to give them a satisfactory parking lot." So said Notre Dame Director of Security Arthur N. Pears as he unrolled a sketch of existing University parking facilities.

"There are about 400 student cars per day in the Green Field lot behind



UNIVAC
The Brain Strain

the Kellogg Center for Continuing Education." In September one jolting lap around this lot was a test for even the most sophisticated suspension system. Since then most of the hills have been leveled and the chuckholes filled but '50 Studebakers still dare not venture there. Pears said that the lot will soon be equipped with cable fences to make parking patterns more orderly and thereby make it possible for more cars to use the lot. "We will grade it and gravel it as needed to keep it in satisfactory condition. When we finish with it, it will be as good as any nonpaved parking lot can be. I don't know that it will ever be paved. The problem is one of planning: the location of new buildings should be the determining factor in the surfacing of any new lots."

When improvements are completed, he said, the lot will have a capacity of approximately 480 cars. The student lot next to the stadium has space for 311 cars and the staff lot, which is now open to students, can handle about 200 cars. The combined capacity of the three lots just about meets the needs of the 1100 student cars registered so far this year. At the end of last year there were 1350 registered.

"We expected to pick up about 500 cars as a result of the relaxation of rules governing off-campus cars — this will probably not be fully realized until after Thanksgiving when some students will move off campus to have cars and others already off get cars."

WANNA BUY A COMPUTER?

Commenting on the present health of Univac 1107, the University's overworked computer, one would-be
(Continued on page 33)

on other campuses

• FROM UNIVERSITY newspapers around the country comes news of rules changes, most of them increasingly liberal. Georgetown may head the list with its lifting of the ban on alcoholic beverages in the men's dormitories. The move was made only after much study, which revealed that the freedom helps develop responsibility among the students. Georgetown Director of Student Personnel said that the ban had encouraged "furtive drinking and disregard of the rule." Sanctions will now be imposed only when behavior disturbs other dormitory residents. Georgetown is the first Catholic university to adopt such a rule on drinking.

• OFF-CAMPUS students at Xavier University in Cincinnati now have their "Booze and Broads" rules. In effect, the rules say that off-campus students may have parties, bringing both 3.2 beer and girls to their apartments — if they register these gatherings in advance with the Dean of Men's office. Under the previous rules, drinking was completely illegal and written permission from the director of housing was required for women visitors. A student government commissioner noted that the change is part of a search for "some personal rapport with the off-campus students, so that they will not have

to think of themselves as just IBM numbers in the bursar's office."

• BUT AT Massachusetts' Stonehill College changes seem to be going backward. From now on, any male student not attired in suitcoat and tie will be subject to a \$5 fine. Rev. Paul J. Duff, C.S.C., Dean of Students at Stonehill, said, "It is in keeping with good scholarship to dress the part." Money collected through fines will be sent to the Holy Cross Missions in the hills of Africa and Pakistan since "the missions are always in need of funds to support their wide range of operations."

• A NEW COMPUTER matchmaker has joined the original Operation Match — the National College Dating Systems Company. A simplified questionnaire calls for answers to "are you a shy person?" and "how often do you drink?" Most interesting, though, is a list of words in three-word groups — you check one. Which do you prefer? Tennis — Love — Fact !?

• PIERCED EARS are nothing new — even for men. A feature in the Bradley University paper traces the history back to the Old Testament where women wore earrings as amulets, a practice held over from barbaric times. However, during the Victorian

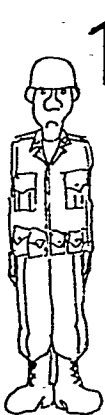
period it became fashionable for men to wear a pearl suspended from their left ear. Though women are still the major proponents of pierced ears and men tend to feel the custom barbaric and gypsylike, ear-wear for men is coming back.

• "THERE COMES a time in every big college weekend when one must decide whether to leave the motel or not," the Holy Cross paper begins a column on how-to-watch-a-football-game-with-your-date-for-the-weekend. Though football at Holy Cross and the game at Notre Dame are not quite identical (people actually seem to talk at Holy Cross games—and they rarely yell at the section next to them) the problems of watching a game with a girl who knows nothing about it remains the same.

• SAINT MARY'S College of California may be going the route of Notre Dame. In a move that bodes of coeducation, Saint Mary's announced a co-exchange with nearby College of the Holy Name—a women's college. Courses open at first include such specialized areas as the history of Tsarist Russia and the history of Medieval Islam, but the heads of both colleges "hoped this will be the beginning of an enlarged program of collaboration." —STEPHANIE PHALEN

feiffer

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DOUBLE TIME HOO

"AND AT HIS OWN PACE."

BANG

THANK YOU, MR. SECRETARY OF DEFENSE.

DISMISSED



A QUIET PLACE WITH DIRT

by Tom Sullivan

DO YOU KNOW the kind of day it was? A Sunday. A Sunday of empty coffee cups and four-color funnies, Dick Tracy after Daddy Warbucks after Orphan Annie. A Sunday of silence. At dusk, you know the time, a while before you need the lamps, when the shadows gather like dust in the corners of the room, and there's a documentary on television about India with sacred cows, or maybe a golf ball rolling over acres of gray fairway towards a hungry cup. Perhaps you've fallen asleep again thirty pages into *Crime and Punishment*.

So go out into the fall. Walk down the avenue where streamers of soft white tissue still move gently among the leaves; and empty cans of Colt .45, neatly creased in the middle, lie in still puddles. Go past the cemetery where moss grows on the gray headstones, and an old man might be raking the dead leaves from the graves, scratching at the dull green grass, ignoring the waiting wind:

Myers
Eulitz
Jakubowicz
Kruger
Sullivan

Go out into the fall, but don't interpret. There's no need . . . the pastoral note . . . lines from Hopkins:

*Margaret are you grieving
Over Golden Grove unleaving?*

You don't have to think about it. Autumn is one of those very few

things that doesn't change, that isn't updated or renovated. That red squirrel gathering acorns is the same one that scurried through your childhood, on another Sunday when you were almost twelve and played until you were tired or the streetlights



came on; and you went home smelling of bark and leaves to watch Ed Sullivan or (depending on family usage) Steve Allen. Then you went up to bed because there was school in the morning, and before you fell asleep you could watch the GE Theater.

Go down Howard until it turns into North Shore Drive, left across the bridge, and you're at Leeper Park,

a quiet place with dirt, rolling easily down to the edge of the Saint Joseph River. There the elm leaves are red as the brick in the old smokestack that rises over the waterworks.

There's no water in the fountain at Leeper Park. They've drained it for the winter. Three nymphs are there, high and dry, very modest as nymphs go, toes delicately curling into the water that should be there. A small green weed is growing from a crack in the base. Its green life is incongruous among the concrete and tile of the fountain. Two small sea boys celebrate the nymphs, cheeks puffed, lips too silent, concrete conch shells. Ants crawl on them, and a drop of rainwater poises, about to fall, from one of the shells.

There are children in Leeper Park. Someone's children, in blue jerseys and plaid skirts, throwing leaves into the air, touching the benches, the statues, throwing smooth stones into the silently flowing river. The wind moves among the children, snapping away the leaves they toss, blowing their blonde hair.

There are lovers in Leeper Park. They sit on the brightly painted benches, watching the river flow by. On the far bank the trees are yellow, and the river is a sheet of soft, hammered gold. There are yellow roses left too, but they're the last ones, edges black and curling. You could interpret this too, but don't. The lovers — there is no urgency about them, none of the insistence of sexuality, none of its harshness. The feeling between them, and radiating outward, is subtle and all-pervasive as the pungent aroma of burning leaves that moves in the wind. And the wind moves around the lovers and sends the leaves sliding from the tree-tops, scuttling down the banks and into the water to drift away.

There are old men in Leeper Park. They walk the cinder paths, knowing what old men know, whistling their airy tuneless whistles. And the wind moves around them as they watch the children play, spreading the smoke of their cigars and ruffling their dry, white hair.

That's really all there is to Leeper Park, children and lovers and old men, grass and trees and nymphs. Maybe it means something, probably not. But it's there down Howard and left across the bridge, and maybe on a Sunday of empty coffee cups and silence you can take a walk that way and see for yourself — on a fall afternoon reciting to yourself a few lines from Hopkins:

*It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for. ■*

THE POST-BERKELEY STUDENT

by Reverend Joseph B. Simons

Reprinted from Ave Maria Magazine with Permission

I have been reading of the "restless students of St. Mary's and Notre Dame. The girls seem especially brazen.

When I attended St. Mary's some 15 years ago, the Sisters were faint at the slightest show of bare shoulder or knee. Visiting boys were given the "eagle eye." Handholding and walks were almost chaperoned. Steadies and rings were frowned upon.

I cannot conceive how the present conditions came into existence. Is there a lack of authority? Is the present generation so unruly they cannot be controlled? Have even Notre Dame and St. Mary's succumbed to the "youth movement"?

Tell me not that to judge all by a few is incorrect. In 1950 not one student would have or could have behaved thus.

BITTER SPECTATOR

On behalf of the board of directors and staff of the Neighborhood Study Help Program, I have the pleasant task of conveying its appreciation to the more than 500 students from the University of Notre Dame, St. Mary's College, South Bend-Mishawaka Campus of Indiana University, John Adams and Clay High Schools Future Teachers Associations, Holy Cross Student Nurses, and Temple Beth-El Youth Groups for their voluntary participation in the tutoring this year.

It was through the enthusiasm, perseverance, and dedication of these students that the program survived a year beset with obstacles. There are others deserving of commendation: the churches used as centers and their congregations, the neighborhood hosts and hostesses, the teacher-supervisors, bus drivers, advisers, school officials and others, but our special thanks go to the youngsters who form the core of the program.

At this stage in their lives they have exhibited a feeling of social responsibility that many of us adults pay mere lip service to.

I'm sure that the parents of the children that were helped by your services are deeply appreciative, and I'm also certain that the entire community is most respectful of that service. Thank you very much.

ISAIAH JACKSON

BY READING these two letters to the editor appearing simultaneously in a local newspaper, one gets some sense of the dilemma facing the individual working with students on a day-to-day basis. Not only can student behavior reflect the very best and worst that society offers, but those judging students normally do so in a black-and-white manner with little sense of moderation. As our "bitter spectator" has declared, "Tell me not that to judge all by a few is incorrect."

Though the letter from our "bitter spectator" suggests a one-sided view of student behavior, probably no one has been more accurate in pinpointing the questions lying at the core of the campus paradox. "How have the present conditions come into existence?" and "Is there a lack of authority?" are questions that the Catholic college and university must begin answering if they are going to fulfill their role in a modern world. Despite the fact that answers necessarily evolve slowly and unevenly, there can be no escape from the questioning process.

If present conditions did evolve, it would seem reasonable to expect that such an evolution was the result of changes in the society from which the schools draw their students. The facts apparently support this conclusion. Drawing from a population at one time dominated by rural values and later accustomed to military life, the colleges and universities in the past were dealing with student bodies which would hesitate to question the wisdom or power of those in authority. Such is no longer the case. Today, students are questioning not only authority, but the very foundation upon which society is structured.

The grim reality is that time has passed us by. Though we might not be startled to recall that the present generation of college students was not alive during the Second World War, it is difficult to realize that these same students have only the vaguest recollection of the Korean conflict. If we have allowed time to slip by so rapidly it is not surprising that the many changes taking place during that time might not have made their proper impact. In view of this, the worst pitfall one

can fall into is to judge today's student by the norms of the past.

One of the factors contributing most strongly to a change in the mentality of Catholic college and university students is the present cost of a private education. Since the cost of a Catholic education is rising so rapidly we might as well realize that the son of a semi-skilled laborer with even the most intense desire will probably not be able to attend a Catholic college. The fact is that the typical Catholic college student lives in a split-level home in suburbia with a two-car garage. When we really face the fact that our student body is largely drawn from financially successful families, we will begin to lay the foundation necessary to understand "how present conditions came to be."

In its best-expressed form, suburbia represents families taking a personal interest in their children. In the context of reasonable discussions concerning the amount of freedom that sons and daughters would be allowed in their formative years, the children are able to develop sensitive maturity at an early age. Such an early maturing process means that the children will be allowed freedoms that would have been considered irrational in the not-too-distant past. Students with such mature judgment and keenly developed sensitivity arrive on the campuses of Catholic colleges in greater numbers today than ever before. They stand as a constant reminder to all of the impact a Christian home can have on the child who develops his sense of values in its context.

Having been allowed to test his intellectual and emotional curiosity in an atmosphere of trust for so long, however, such a student reasonably expects to be similarly challenged in an academic atmosphere. With such a background, his expectations of freedom are almost boundless as he approaches legal, as well as actual, maturity. The stage is thus set for genuine inner conflict when such a student enters a college with rules and regulations which accent "protection."

In many Catholic colleges and universities, the rules and regulations have been obviously intended to "protect" the student from erroneous judgments. With the best of inten-

tions, the administrations in such schools feel the need to act *in loco parentis*. Because the number of students who must be uniformly bound by such rules is out of proportion to the number of persons concerned with their application, little in the way of personal concern can be projected. The result is that the emotional boundaries within which the student can operate are, more often than not, more confining than those he has experienced at an earlier age. In the context of such an atmosphere the student is more likely to sense a lack of trust than a presence of concern. Though the mature student is less likely to rebel, he is more likely to be stunted in the growth he might be able to experience in a more "open" atmosphere.

At the other end of the spectrum, suburbia represents the worst possible relationship between parent and child. Many of the students being enrolled in college every year have been given everything by their parents — except time and personal concern. In their attempt to provide the very best of everything, including a college education, for their children, parents have involved themselves in an endless whirl of activities to the point of having little time and energy left to be dedicated to developing the kind of personal relationship with their children which creates the foundation necessary for nurturing genuine maturity and emotional stability. Rather than developing genuine ties of affection with his parents, the student from a home where parents are willing to give him anything save a part of themselves will begin to rebel against his parents indirectly by rebelling against their accepted sense of values.

Because a system of values formed the context of home life, many a student will tend to reject the entire structure in an attempt to reject everything that allowed him to become alienated from the affection he needed during his formative years. This is a fact that the Catholic college must especially turn its attention to since such rejection tends to be all-embracing in its application. At a time when the number of students on Catholic campuses who have "lost their faith" is increasing, it is vitally important that we gently probe such "causes" in order to save students from their tendency to reject without reservation.

By projecting a discontented student into an atmosphere which stimulates him to question, the college and university are mixing an explosive combination. With a need to release tension and a pressure to ex-

plore, the student will begin to ask ultimate questions about society, religion and life. Because he has little in the way of mature foundation upon which to base such an exploration, the student who lacks the proper formation will tend to reject before properly exploring and thus create for himself a void from which he will have difficulty escaping.

If the student adopting a questioning stance is sensitive and perceptive, he will create great concerns for himself. In a genuine sense he will become concerned about the established order of things social, religious and political. He will wonder why a country so rich in resources can allow minorities to suffer an inhuman existence. He will wonder why a Church preaching Christ crucified

try who lose sleep over the plight of the Mississippi Negro, whose health is affected by their concern over the morality of war, who drop out of school in order to "do something" to make the world a better place to live in. And their greatest concern? That the members of the established religious, political, and social order do not care and are not disturbed.

In the concerned student's effort to disturb the members of the established order, he chooses some unusual forms of protest — the picket line, the sit-in, the long hair, and other forms too numerous to mention. Anyone objectively viewing such tactics would have to observe that such forms of protest are not going to be effective. The truth is, they are. Society, in general, is very upset



will shirk social responsibilities. He will not only wonder how societies can allow some wars to exist, but further question how any war can be justified. Though society may be just as concerned, he does not see enough evidence of such concern. The fact that the older generation is apparently unconcerned about such basic issues, more than any other single factor, causes the greatest disturbance among today's college students.

While we might question the cause of his concern, there is no questioning the reality of the disturbance. The questions the college student is asking today are not intellectual, but rather emotional, striking at his entire person. There are many students on campuses across the coun-

try over the protest from the student population which has no other mode of affecting the order of things which bothers them. The methods of protest are a cause of concern for faculty members and administrators, as well as parents and the population generally. It is not surprising to find effective means of protest being used when one recalls that more and more students have spent time working with protest groups in the civil-rights movement and are well-versed in the tactics which have generated national concern over the plight of the Negro.

Many students use other means to demonstrate their concern for the state of things. Like the 500 students mentioned earlier, many students

(Continued on page 32)

"FROM THE TABLES DOWN AT LOUIE'S TO THE PLACE WHERE HORNBAUGH DWELLS"

by Jamie McKenna



J. J. POTTMYER AND THE AFTER TEN CLUB

One Thursday night, fairly late, we sat in Louie's Restaurant and began a joke. It was about an advertisement we would give Louie if, in exchange, he and his wife Carmella, and Peg, too, would prepare the best of meals. Anton had jumped up, hands gesturing, and was describing the dinner. "Louie! Listen to this! We start with antipasto, and then . . . some pasta fagiole, followed by . . ." Anton's voice was confident in the language of his father, and soon Louie was nodding with approval. "For the five of us Louie, a meal, and you get a full-page ad! A picture of us eating, and below it, simply, LOUIE'S!" And then, after a while, Mike thought it would be nice if we foiled the chapel idea and set up Louie in the old post

office. This Louie loved. "Old Cue Ball comes back! We want Luigi back! I think it's a good idea." His face was wide because of smiles and his eyes ran around us. "Louie comes back. Louie Rapelli. I love it. You know I'd love it." He stretched his hands toward the ceiling, imploringly.

Now it was very late, with only us and a few others left. And Louie had said, "come back." In his T-shirt and spotted apron he sat down at our table. In interrupted sentences, and . . . but ahs . . . he told us part of his life. We listened closely to things we had only half heard, and sometimes, when he told a particular incident, we let out a small breath and smiled at each other.

LOUIE HAD been on campus before. In a place called Vetville, which was where the Library stands today. It was used to house veterans attending Notre Dame on the G-I Bill, and Father Wilson set up Louie in one half of the reception building. He served pizzas, and business was so strong that it was self-pick-up and sometimes an hour-and-a-half wait. In September of 1960, Louie said, "we opened on a Thursday and Friday the place was jammed. So help me God, Fr. Hesburgh, Fr. Joyce, Fr. Wilson, they all walk in. Fr. Hesburgh speaks Italian so brilliant. I stopped working. O mama mia! It's a pleasure to listen to him. I speak a slang Italian. I couldn't talk to him."

Louie's face is large and round,

and he does call himself "Cue Ball." His short sentences are punctuated by exclamations, and when he jumps his eyebrows and waves with both hands, then he is most friendly and comfortable. He said his place in Vetville was "to keep the freshmen on campus. They're gonna go out and get their nose tapped. Gonna wander. Notre Dame wasn't interested in the money. . . . It was great.

"Two years go by, and one day I hear a ground tester. Pump! Pump! I go outside, 'What ya doing mister?' I say, 'the Library supposed to be over there!' Son of a gun! I thought it was an earthquake. . . . I said no, and the bulldozer said yes. . . . So it was me or the twelve-million-dollar Library."

Before Vetville Louie had done everything. His parents were natives of Palermo, Sicily, but Louie, or in Italian, Luigi, was born in Michigan City. He had worked in a foundry at 15, been a painter, drove a vegetable truck . . . anything. Louie grew up with the WPA and the bean ticket, and at nineteen and a half, after meeting Carmella, he became a husband.

Twenty-one years later, because of the Library, he and Carmella were without a place. Louie jumped into debt and bought an old frame house off Notre Dame Avenue on the land where today the Red Barn Restaurant stands. And in 1962, when he was trying to start a restaurant in a house, it was hard.

"Christmas was coming up, the students were gone. Was it rough? Only God and my family know." We were the only ones in the restaurant now, and his wife Carmella sat near us. "It was cold," she said of the frame house, "that place was cold. God helped us."

One day J. J. Pottmyer came through the door. "He come in," said Louie, remembering, ". . . had a high-pitched voice. Who in the good Lord sent him? 'Coffee,' he asks for. 'Sure,' I say, When it's time for the check, I say, 'Forget it.' The Lord, when He's with you, you can't miss."

Pottmyer came back. He was only a student, a senior, but in the winter of '63, when rectors conducted morning checks and student apathy was strong, there was a group of dissatisfied students. Pottmyer, said Louie, was their head. He brought them to Louie's and business grew better. They formed a group called the After Ten Club, and although Pottmyer was a SCHOLASTIC editor, the magazine was closed to their overt criticism. After a while, however, a printed sheet began to be found underneath student doors. It was titled the

Thursday Throwback and in its charges were the germs of the Corby Riots later that spring. The University tried to trace its source.

"They used to gather up here," said Louie, "and discuss the thing." They wrote it Wednesday night in his old frame house. "Next day it was printed somewhere. Next day there was a copy at my place. J.J. was the brains of the whole outfit."



In the February 22 issue of the SCHOLASTIC there was an editorial on the *Thursday Throwback*. It said in part:

It seems word on high has demanded, according to the rumor, the speedy demise of Notre Dame's most recent contribution to the field of Journalism, the *Thursday Throwback*.

Detective Hickey with his usual efficiency has been checking typewriters, mimeograph machines, presses, paper and ink suppliers, and stoolies, for clues concerning the origin of this privately distributed tabloid. In the finest tradition of Dick Tracy and Hermann Goering he discovered that the typewriter used by the authors of this diabolical bulletin had a distinctive "w."

After several fruitless midnight and even daring daylight raids on the SCHOLASTIC, Dome, and even Band offices, our very own security officer located the guilty machine.

The SCHOLASTIC charged that the typewriter belonged to Dean of Stu-

dents Fr. Collins' secretary. "They were pretty good wine drinkers," Louie said, "you'd laugh, I tell you, you'd just laugh. Sometimes I'd stay on till four o'clock in the morning. All I got to say it was two exciting years with those boys."

Louie's reputation spread. Professors Hardy and Logan, collaborating, signed their publishing contract while at Louie's. And there Professor O'Malley ghosted speeches for Adlai Stevenson. One time, Louie told us, Professor Hardy walked in with Professor O'Malley. All the students in the place rose and applauded O'Malley. "I was dumbfounded. Who was this guy . . . King John? And he went along shaking hands."

And there was Professor Hornbach. "Man, he used to flock the students in here. Thirty or forty at a time. He was going to be another O'Malley."

Louie and his wife's restaurant continued to draw people, sometimes deep into the night. "I'd hear, 'Knock! Knock!' 'Get the hell home,' I'd say. One night I turned lights on at three a.m. and started making pizza." It couldn't have been just the large fireplace or the anonymity of Louie's place. It must have been part Louie himself. That night he said things to us like, "I respect every man I've ever met. May God be my judge. I respect him even if he comes to make fun of me. Long as he don't lay a finger on me. Then I'll lay a fist." And, "No, I made good." He crossed his arms and looked to the ceiling. "The cash register was playing the 'Victory March.'" So they didn't just come for his fireplace or pizza.

Louie has moved now. The Red Barn bought him out. His restaurant is at Notre Dame and South Bend avenues now. And tacked to his back wall, you can see them today, are mementoes of the people he talked about that night. There's the song they sang to Hornbach when he left Notre Dame, and the poem that the often-published Professor Logan wrote in free hand and gave to Louie. "That thing. A kid tried to buy it. He offered me sixty dollars for it. 'But son, he gave it to me. I'll take it.'" There's the autographed picture of the After Ten Club and there're many more.

He told us that night about most of them and around three o'clock, after the lights had been turned out, we finished the cups of coffee he had given us. They had been on the house. And we walked back to the campus.

AN ACCEPTED PART

by Hank Topper

There was a small crowd of neighborhood teen-agers who, after registering in the basement of the Lowell Heights Church across the street, had stopped over to help clean up the center. This was the second day of registration and everything looked promising. It was June and in the two weeks since school had let out the ND volunteers had already accomplished a lot towards making the old pizza parlor into the Northeast Side Youth Center. True, one could see a lot of problems ahead for the center just south of Louie's, yet nothing that looked insurmountable. Then the unexpected happened: the building inspectors arrived. In short order the center was condemned, the plans turned from near success into final failure, and five Notre Dame volunteers were left stranded to find something to do with the rest of the summer.

TO GO BACK to the beginning and retrace the steps that led to frustration would mean to return to about the same time last year. It was then that some ND students began to realize that the nationally spotlighted problems of poverty and discrimination were no further away from the campus than Frankie's. Despite the past, they wondered if there wasn't something Notre Dame could do in its own neighborhood. The answer to their question wasn't easy to get; in fact, in the beginning nobody even knew where to go to ask it.

The first problem then was to see if there was anything that could be done. In the end the students had talked to almost everyone who would listen—to the teen-agers, to the adults of the neighborhood, to the people downtown. All seemed to agree in their own qualified way that a youth center might be the answer. United Community Services had tried similar projects twice before, and each was relatively successful. Most important, though, the center seemed to fit the particular needs of their end of town. It would provide a focal point for

the struggle to develop a neighborhood identity for the heterogeneous northeast side. College students are obviously best suited for youth work and correspondingly a youth center would provide the necessary meeting place. And most important, the center would give the universally bored teen-agers of the neighborhood a place that they could call their own. Hopefully a place that could provide them with ideas into which they could channel their energies. The potential of the youth center had only its personnel for limitations. In all, the center looked like it would easily be worth the effort. It was only after this decision that the real problems of turning it into a reality began.

The source of the difficulties in setting up the center arose from the basic fact that, alone, the students could do nothing. Several basic ingredients for a properly run center, or for that matter anything in the neighborhood, were beyond the power of the student to automatically supply. With only the manpower for staffing to offer, the students had to find support somewhere in the city. To begin with, the center needed a building. This problem, simple as it may seem, turned out to be the most difficult. For months the search continued until finally the students were offered the use of the building two doors south of Louie's, rent free. The offer sounded too good to be true—the owner besides promising to clean up the building, wanted only to collect the proceeds from the vending machines that were planned for installation. Before this, several old store fronts had been considered, and in fact, opening dates were set no less than three times during the second semester, always to fall through because the facilities turned out to be inadequate. Not until the old pizza parlor was discovered did the students begin to believe that the center might come true, and even then there was no chance of opening before the semester ended, and what could ND students do in the summer?

Long before, though, the students

had realized that if their contribution to the neighborhood in the form of a staff for the center was to be of any value, it would have to be consistent. It would be a joke to open a center that had to close down for every football weekend. But the problem of the summer was more difficult. No one doubted that the center would be operating on only one leg if it closed in June but who would be here to staff it? When finally the choice either to forget things until September or try to open in June came up, a flyer was sent out to the student body asking for volunteers to stay for the summer. The time was late for such things; but the response was tremendous and within two weeks five students had agreed to stay in South Bend for the summer.

In the meantime several other things had been arranged that made it possible to take advantage of the available building and volunteers. The center needed adult supervision and financial support. The University, all the social agencies in South Bend, and many private individuals were approached—all were either unwilling or unable to help. In the end only the Northeast Side Neighborhood Council offered anything more than encouragement. Although the council's support was enthusiastic, it presented many problems. First it had no readily available financial resources. This the students overcame by securing fifteen hundred dollars from the charity chest to get things going until a fund-raising drive could be held in the neighborhood. To provide adult supervision a volunteer system was arranged out of the council's membership. And last and perhaps most time consuming, the Neighborhood Council, with the help of the N. D. Law School, had to incorporate to handle the legal necessities.

In late May the loose ends started to pull together. The pieces, at least for the time being, were all there: the building, the volunteers, enough money to start and promise of more in the future, the adult supervision, and the legal group incorporated to handle the responsibility. To top it all off, the ND Graduate Education Department had agreed to use the center as a training ground, providing it with invaluable professional help. It had been a long year, and an even longer semester, but everything now looked worthwhile to the students who had pulled it off. Even the extra pains created by working with the loose and fundless neighborhood seemed to be putting new life into the Neighborhood Council. If things would only continue, the council

would soon have a real project that might be able to unite the neighborhood behind it.

All of this, these plans and hopes, came to a sudden end that day when the building inspectors arrived. No one had even nightmarishly dreamed that a building that only a few years before had been a restaurant could now be condemned. A frantic search for a substitute facility turned up nothing and the beautiful picture fell apart. No one has been able to trace the condemnation to a political move. The Northeast Side Youth Center failed because there was not a building to be found for it in the neighborhood. It is as simple and as sad as that.

Indirectly, though, some of the blame for the failure must rest on the social administrators in South Bend — on the United Community Services and ACTION and anyone else who allowed this self-help attempt of the northeast side to die without a whimper. There was too much political rivalry, too much in-fighting over the whole affair. The fact that Notre Dame money and volunteers were completely wasted, and a neighborhood soured, doesn't speak well for those who should have the welfare of the whole community in mind. In a sense the mere lack of concern of the people downtown did a lot to kill the project. Perhaps this can be rational-

ized by the fact that the whole social apparatus downtown is in a state of flux. With the new federal money, the new emerging Negro, and a completely changing social structure, the people who should be riding on top are momentarily snowed under. One can hardly blame them if they weren't really in a position to do anything but catch their breath, unfortunate as it is. Whole norms and directions — the system as a whole — is in flux and it was a bad time to expect help even though it should have been ready.

Perhaps, too, the students at Notre Dame shouldn't have expected much more response from downtown. When in the past have students at Notre Dame shown themselves interested enough to make a commitment as involved as that required to staff the youth center? If you would look for things beyond the Neighborhood Study Help Program and Mental Health Association you would be hard pressed for evidence. It seems that Notre Dame has been practicing its own brand of isolationism here on campus. The total effect of the collective student's four years on the South Bend community is almost purely, unbelievably economic. In fact the total effect of the entire University on the community could be characterized in the same way. The atmosphere of the campus is reflected in the fact that we pride ourselves in being a fully self-sufficient city. The campus very easily leads itself to a retreat from civic responsibility, and the concept of a university hardly is compatible with this or with any degree of isolationism. So if some Notre Dame students now demand to take their place in the community it is no wonder that they should be met with somewhat incredulous response.

For the future, assuming a continuing and growing acceptance of his involvement in South Bend, the student should expect to find a developing place in the community. More concretely though, the year's work and the summer failure have now produced some tangible results. The Action Committee downtown now supports the students' plan for a youth center, and is considering making application for federal funds. If this support materializes, the neighborhood should have enough money to construct their own building. But all this won't happen overnight, and in the meantime representatives of the Community Services Board will try to start again with a new program and a new approach. Amazingly enough, the students have now become an accepted part of council meetings.



THE EXAMINATION OF A BETRAYED CONSCIENCE

by Anton Finelli

WITH FOOTBALL hysteria gripping the nation's campuses, the apparent death of the Viet Nam Protestor has gained little notice — especially at a school where dirty-word-chanting and toilet-paper-throwing are chief manifestations of the only brand of ferment that has ever made itself noticeable at all. True, General Hershey was politely hissed at an Ivy League gathering not long ago, but by this time last year even Notre Dame had a demonstration of sorts; a well-organized teach-in replete with the customary FBI investigation of participants and potential "subversives."

The sudden fall-off of antiwar activity within the academic community can be attributed in part to the general acknowledgement of protest ineffectiveness (Authority is recalcitrant; the Perpetrators of War have conveniently risen above banal public clamor to selflessly administer Right to a faraway land, thereby safeguarding the world from the Cancerous Red Threat. One likens the War-Hawk's argument to that of the *Iliad*, where that wily politician Odysseus pleads with the Achaians not to "abandon the wide-wayed city . . . over which we have taken so many sorrows".) Perhaps it can also be attributed to diminishing tolerance on the part of law enforcers, especially in this day of racial upheaval. But the lack of action on this front (and only action can be rightly called moral) has chiefly resulted, I feel, from the growing aura of vagueness and stunning incredibility which now surrounds our country's efforts of

containment in Asia — and most importantly, the peculiar ethical quandary into which the college student is ineluctably thrown.

We may be able to laugh with some amusement when General Westmoreland states, "I like to work with people," in a national magazine article. We may be appalled when General Hershey argues that those resisting the draft should also be willing to go to jail, somehow curiously inverting the civil order. (Normally we send people to jail who want to kill, not those who refuse to kill.) It is, after all, upsetting to know that there is no alternative to the draft, and that we may be forced into a situation where our wits will be of no avail. We *are* tempted to measure the 25 billion dollars being spent in Viet Nam yearly against evidence of poverty at home. We *do* realize the irony of a peace-oriented conference in the Philippines that will produce escalative demands from the South Koreans and Thais, and the further irony of the fact that our engagement in the war has given Red China its only ally in the world today. We *can* see the hypocrisy of McNamara's current trip to Viet Nam, with its predictable consequence of further military buildup, in the light of our continuous but seemingly insincere peace overtures. We can only marvel at the intricacy of newspaper reports of the war's progress and that special breed of syndicated columnist who overwhelms us with his knowledge of strategic information and statistics, as if the entire thing was a

game to be followed as objectively as the stock market. But when we see a photo of a mangled GI (the best trained in our history), or learn of the death of a brother or a neighbor, we come face to face with the one reality that undermines the rightness of our resistance and protestation. And that is the reality of the knowledge that no matter how senseless, that GI, or that brother, or that neighbor had been killed in our stead, and that there is really no more reason for us *not* to be in Viet Nam than there is for anyone to be serving there in the first place. More than this, we know that each man's death has caused immeasurable grief in another person's heart, and that we cannot allow these deaths or this bereavement to go all for naught.

The protesting, pacifistic college student, then, is not a coward. On the other hand, this generation of college students may be more aware of widespread human suffering and more deeply concerned with universal human values than any which preceded it. Thus one of the tragedies of the Viet Nam situation is that we may really want to be "patriotic" to some degree, but we have not been given any viable rationale for "patriotism" — no palatable absolution for the unconfessable sin of war. Instead, we are left to dangle inertly in the languorous limbo between national loyalty and the rational morality we have tried to pursue so ardently in these few sweet years of our lives. Denied the chance to act truly heroically, we have been forced to seize upon nothingness. ■



WHERE DO THEY ALL BELONG?

by Elliot Gage

DID SHE really live on that rice or was she nuts? Eleanor Rigby, god what a name, had only three things to talk about. Father MacKenzie, the Son, and the Holy Ghost sanctifying her into the grave. Sermons echo off the ears of taxpayers, they're not scared anymore. Lonely people are scared. Lonely people always talk to strangers, are courteous, never make the elevator. Eleanor wanted in those weddings. Now people getting married are alive, god they are alive. Eleanor's dead now, buried with the rice from the weddings still in her corpse. Do you take this dirt Eleanor Rigby which I throw on your coffin as your only companion until death do us part.

But picking up the rice after a wedding. She had to be nuts. Pulled her face out of a jar just like she pulled one of her two dresses off the hanger.

Where do they all come from? They are all over. Old ones, freaks, people dumb as hell. Lonely people will surely be rewarded in heaven. There's a place for them. Sing you gay angels sing. Father MacKenzie tries to find them a place. But where? I can't imagine what it's like to be an unfit person. Father MacKenzie does a great deal for these people, he does add whatever happiness they do have in their lives. He does a great service to the public. No one comes near. Father MacKenzie does try very hard. He tries awfully hard. He does try, don't say anything, he does try. It is too bad that he is not as well attended as before. But god those sermons are awfully dull. Where does he think he is, heaven? He has no power. He cannot stand alone. He talks like hell about Jesus.

Eleanor Rigby waiting at the dream window; there's nothing new to see dear. Is your son going to visit today?

Why do people like that even try? Who do they try for? I hate to talk to those people. Why do they try to look normal; they're so different. They're all the same. She keeps her face made like a cute little grandma in her 70's. God, rice is all the

closer she came to children. Hell, Darwin's right.

But they're still around. He is the same. Why keep socks up, why keep anything up when you're alone. God he has missed so much. Can you imagine living 30 or 40 years doing the same damn thing. Fix your socks, roll a sermon, marry a kid, bury a goat. But mostly say, "Good-bye, God be with you." Stay on the outside of people. Sleep with god, have dinner with god, hold his hand. And now only he listens to your sermons.

Alone, alone. Will the bus driver wait while I pull my feet up and open my purse, will he growl. Coffee \$.10, pie \$.35, and \$.02 tax then the bus. . . . The air is so thick.

I look at all the lonely people. Walk like they had a place to go, like they knew something, like they had something. Close to death baby, yes you'll be as easy to forget as your name. I look at them all.

There is one hole in the ground for everyone. Father MacKenzie put Eleanor Rigby in her hole. She was finally married to the earth which loved and cared for her. Father has a great understanding of these people. He can talk to them, he makes them

happy. He's so much like them so alone and all.

But Father walked away from the grave wiping the dirt from his hands. God who do you save, Father?

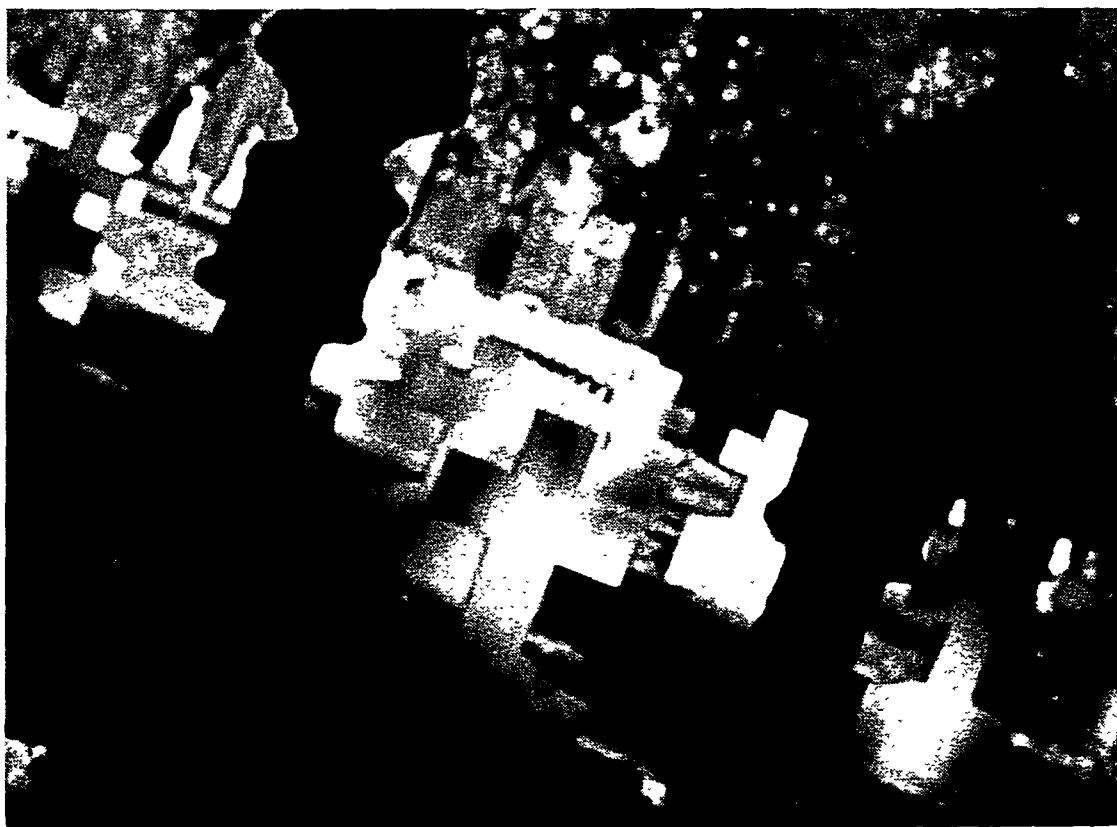
Saved! Saved! I want to live, you be saved! Push the dirt in.

Was Eleanor saved? Who in hell cares? Did she ever live. Eleanor Rigby: why yes. Old pink face in a window, liked to watch weddings. Eleanor you'll be happy if you want to be. God loves you, god watches you. God watches you eat your rice.

How do I get inside of life? What's the story? Why are that boy and that girl in love with each other. What did they have you don't, Eleanor? Well you're just alone. All things move. And things moved in such a way that they left you alone.

That's where they all come from. O you splendid young flower, bounce like a cracked marble in a parking lot at 1:00 a.m. Lonely people, lonely people. The sun doesn't come up in the afternoon. Don't look for it now. The sun rose in the morning, but the day will only finish now. You missed it all at the beginning. You fool, no one will ever whisper in your ear now.

Stand in an empty field that bends over the horizon with a blue wind pushing gray stubble. Scream. Scream and cry. Beg, sink, fall and plead. Scream, howl to the sky, throw yourself against the ground, bleed at the knuckles, rip yourself apart. No sun, silence. You everlasting blasted fool, tear apart, kick and cry. Scream and scream and then give up. Learn to give up. God is in his heaven, and you are alone. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. World without joyous end. ■



THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW

by Tom Wolski

IT TOOK an Italian communist who professes to have no religion at all to make a film that is really representative of the life of Christ. Pier Paolo Pasolini's *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* is dedicated "to the dear familiar memory of John XXIII" and follows the down-to-earth spirit of the Pope.

Pasolini, unlike directors before him who have tried to make films of the life of Christ, does not surround a man with a gilt halo to make him appear as a god. Pasolini starts with the assumption that Jesus Christ, as every leader of a revolutionary movement, was a fanatic demanding absolute discipline among His following.

He makes a film about a man. He takes what is basically a rather dull story about a carpenter-preacher and creates the story of a spiritually powerful man who is totally unwavering in his resolve to "burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." But never, never does he attempt the impossible, to show a god on the screen.

Pasolini's whole effort is directed towards creating an atmosphere of the semisqualid poverty which surrounded Christ. He starts by picking a cast of nonprofessionals. A 24-year-old Spanish student, Enrique Irazoqui, plays the role of Christ. The young Mary is another student, from southern Italy. Joseph is a lawyer, Simon Peter is a writer, Andrew is a poet, Judas is a Roman truck driver, and the old Mary is Pasolini's mother. All the faces, with the exception of the young Mary and Salome, are rough and often lined. By far the most striking face is Irazoqui's. He has a straight Roman nose with thick eyebrows. Most directors making movies about Christ have given him a beard. Pasolini uses only a stubble indic-

ative of the general poverty that Christ lived in.

More important than Pasolini's choice of faces is his choice of setting. He shot the entire film in the barren countryside of Calabria in southern Italy. Until Pasolini, directors have shot the location scenes in Israel and the interiors in the spotless splendor of Rome's Cinecitta studios. The only interior in the Italian film maker's version is a 12th century Norman castle.

The costumes for *Gospel* were de-



signed by Danilo Donati from frescoes by Piero della Francesca. They're threadbare and often dirty. By now it has become traditional that Christ and His apostles were glowing examples of cleanliness is next to godliness.

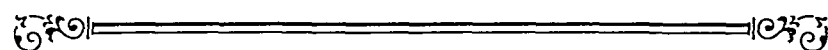
Another tradition has been to film Christ preaching while sitting on a hill with thousands around him. Pasolini has him photographed on the move. His crowds are sitting down only once. He shows us Christ's audience in close-up, something never done before. In one sequence Christ preaches on the shore of the Sea of Galilee with a small group listening to him, but the majority of people mill about tending to their business as fishermen. For the first time crowds don't fall to their knees glassy-eyed at the sight of a poor man dressed in spotless robes.

In every sense this is the most creative film on the life of Christ. It is novel in its approach and even more so in its execution. There are things, however, in the film that don't come off despite their novelty.

One of these is Pasolini's angel of the Lord, played by a young girl with windblown black curly hair. In an effort to keep to the letter of St. Matthew's Gospel, he has the angel appear to Joseph and the three Wise Men. One redeeming thing is that he did not lower her from the air with a sky hook, and there weren't any cardboard wings.

In an effort to show Joseph returning to Mary, Pasolini has his photographer shoulder the camera and walk down the same path that Joseph takes. The camera bounces along following Joseph, a view which really is subjective for the cameraman, but not for Joseph. Later, similar technique is tried while Christ carries his cross up the side of Golgotha. Here it is effective, because Christ is not seen and the audience feels his agony. It works here because the film builds up towards this sequence. Here it is essential that we feel Christ's torment, whereas in the earlier sequence it is not.

Despite these few flaws, which are probably only a question of personal taste, *Gospel* is still the only film to come close to matching the life of a great man. Despite His miracles, Christ doesn't appear as God, which might in itself be a point in the favor of the film. Pasolini knows what he can do with a camera and doesn't attempt what isn't possible. Besides being the outstanding film on the life of Christ, its distinctive and often startling style makes it one of the finest foreign films of the year. ■



a hundred years to come

In our centennial year we leaf to the earliest pages of the SCHOLASTIC.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street

A hundred years to come?

Who'll tread yon church with willing feet

A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling Age, a fiery Youth,

And Childhood, with his brow of truth;

Of rich and poor, on land or sea,

Where will the countless millions be

A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep

A hundred years to come;

No living soul for us will weep

A hundred years to come;

But other men our lands will till,

And others then our streets will fill,

And others' words will sing as gay,

And bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.

— D'A.

VOL. X, No. 7



movies

AVON: *The Girlgetters* and *Ecco*. With the passing of *Morgan!* the grand old tradition of the Avon returns, that glorious style which only upperclassmen can remember and cherish in their dreams. *Ecco* is another of the countless variations on the *Mondo Cane* theme, all of which fail to shock, entertain, or inform like their parent. The Avon does have some fine films on its agenda, and let us all join in communal prayer for their speedy arrival. (*Girlgetters*, 6:15, 9:25; *Ecco*, 7:45.)

COLFAX: *Seconds* is a semiscience-fiction drama starring Rock Hudson. It has received some good initial reviews. (For times call 233-4532.)

GRANADA: *Fantastic Voyage* seems much less fantastic as it heads into its second week. The plot elicits titters from the audience which the dialogue amplifies into full-throated guffaws. I still find it difficult to offer anything but praise for the technical people who somehow made this silly thing consumingly interesting. The color and sets should be preserved for a straight documentary; the rest should be redacted into a comic strip. (*Voyage*, 1, 3, 5:05, 7:10, 9:15.)

STATE: *The Battle for Khartoum* opposes Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier (who still resembles Othello). Screened originally in Cinarama, *Khartoum* is an out-and-out spectacle which does impress, but which suffers from the impersonality inherent in all spectacles. (*Khartoum*, 1:15, 3:45, 6:20, 8:50.)

ENGINEERING AUD.: *Breathless* introduced the world at large to Jean Seberg, Jean-Luc Godard, and Jean Paul Belmondo, besides fertilizing the Bogart revival. If that isn't sufficient, it is also an early classic of the French New-Wave, a mock melodrama of thrilling proportions, and a startling example of abstract "cubist" film technique. And if that isn't sufficient . . . (*Breathless*: Friday, Oct. 14, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00.)



PRE-SEASON SPECTACULAR

When Jim Laughead comes to town you know you're in for a show. Team him up with another great showman, Johnny Dee, and you have a spectacular. Remember the pictures in the *Football Guide* of Kevin Hardy and Pete Duranko flying through the air or of Tom Schoen soaring into the clouds? The man responsible for these pictorial gems is Jim Laughead, a rotund, middle-aged Texan from Dallas, nationally recognized as the best photographer in the world of sports. Why do Tom Rhoads and Paul Seiler look more fearsome and determined than usual in Laughead's pictures? Because he happened to be wearing a Purdue Athletic Dept. sweatshirt that particular afternoon. Not to be outdone, Johnny Dee is subjecting his team to Laughead's unusual antics today, a show which may include the jovial Texan perched atop a ten-foot ladder or suspended by a cable as he busily snaps away. Stage right will feature the head coach introducing a brand new basketball shoe entitled the "M V P by Johnny Dee." This revolutionary new shoe may cut into the Converse Company's monopoly on athletic footwear. The Ball Band Company of Mishawaka is constructing the shoe, which will feature more support of the instep, longer wear, and a safety-catch heel for low-cuts which is almost guaranteed to prevent the shoe from slipping off at the heel in the heat of a game. Coach Dee has not stocked the bookstore with his new product yet, but look for it soon. It may be a sleeper.

UP ON THE ROOF

On football Saturdays, they start arriving in the press box around

12:30. The sportswriters go to their desks in the picture-window box and set up their small, portable typewriters. The ladies who operate the A.P. wire take their place at their machines and open up the lines. The press box help begins serving free hot dogs and drinks.

Joe Doyle holds a moving court, walking up and down the three-leveled press box, saying hello to fellow writers, and, to the sportswriters, it is his box.

When the game begins, there is the steady sound of the play-by-play being typed by the writers, and when a big play occurs the A.P. operators let loose with a torrent of words, and their clicking has the sound of applause, though the press box rules forbid partisan cheering.

After the Army game the lead sentences being typed on Western Union forms seem ridiculously long and packed for first sentences. "Notre Dame's sophomore-charged offense subdued the defensive-minded Army team by the score of 35-0 here today at Notre Dame, Indiana." These would be rewritten by the copy desk. Others were short and, in the way sports writing can be, beautiful. "It was death in the afternoon."

NOVEMBER 19

Pure speculation now, but just suppose . . . if Michigan State can slip by Ohio State this week, Purdue the following Saturday, and their remaining Big Ten foes and . . . if both UCLA and Southern California remain unscathed for five more weeks . . . and one more if, if the Irish can keep their record clean . . . then November 19 could be the most spine-tingling, kidney-jingling Saturday in the history of televised sports. ABC,

whether by design (likely) or by luck (more likely), may have pulled the Upset of the Year (over NBC and CBS) when they pitted in living color a doubleheader featuring four of the five top-ranked teams in the country (Alabama excluded). At 1:00 our favorites meet the Spartans in East Lansing to be immediately followed by the battle of Los Angeles, UCLA and Southern Cal. Now one more possibility . . . what if UCLA plays Southern Cal to a scoreless tie and Notre Dame . . .

FOR THE RECORD

RUGBY (1 - 0)

Idle last week.

CROSS-COUNTRY (1 - 1)

Beat Indiana and lost to Minnesota in separate dual meets.

SOCCER (0 - 4)

Quincy, 11; Notre Dame, 3.

Army, 12; Notre Dame, 1.

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 15

Rugby: Clayton Rugby Club (St. Louis) at N.D. (10:30 A.M.)

B team vs. St. Louis University (9:00 A.M.)

Soccer: Iowa State at Notre Dame

OCTOBER 16

Soccer: Dayton—away

OCTOBER 21

Cross-Country: Michigan State at East Lansing

THE PROOF IS IN THE PLAYING

BY MIKE McADAMS

Army came into Saturday's non-contest with defensive statistics worthy of Alabama — earned against opponents just about as tough. When the Knights blackly headed for home and Rutgers, they were barely-living proof that a good record does not always indicate a good team.

EASTERN collegiate football and American League baseball were divorced this weekend. That not so happy psychological union of former standard-bearers gone sour was broken somewhat between a Nick Eddy touchdown and a Dave McNally fastball. The Baltimore Orioles, in sweeping the World Series from the Dodgers, signaled a giant step upward in American League prestige; and with Army's loss the East just kept sinking.

The Cadets were, sadly, the last thread of respectability left for Eastern football. In three games their opponents had averaged two points, and both Holy Cross and Penn State failed to score. Notre Dame's 35-0 romp was doubly significant in that the undefeated Knights not only lost to the Irish first team but were tied by the B team. Given another half the reserves probably would have made a sweep of what was, in effect, a doubleheader.

Most prominent in Notre Dame's first half eruption was the crisp offensive line blocking, both in blasting and on passes. Tom Regner, after a relatively slow start, has returned to form, and Rudy Konieczny filled in for George Kunz without any dropoff in effectiveness. And then there is Kahuna himself, Paul Seiler. The Kahuna Award, alluding to the mythical Hawaiian surfing god and signifying the creed "Knock And Hit Until No One Arises," is given each week for "consistent wrathful performance against the opponent." Seiler, winner the first two weeks, has thereby had his meals served to him by the remaining five offensive linemen. Judging by their collective performance, this quintet must abhor the servitude: Army ran into five distinctly wrathful people Saturday.

By adding an equally stern defense,

the Irish turned what had promised to be a brutal game into a laugher. In fact, Parseghian's toughest decision was what to tell the team at halftime. (He finally settled on an inspirational "Hi, fellas.")

Army, of course, was not nearly as good as its record. But what if Notre Dame was not on the schedule? What if the Cadets had sailed through Rutgers and Colgate and Navy to an undefeated season? Army would then have a legitimate claim to the National Championship.

Notre Dame's loss to USC in 1964 was more than a bitter end to a season of ambrosia. Consider its most apparent effect. Season record: nine and one. Sounds pretty good. Nine and one against a national schedule even sounds like a champion. But Notre Dame was not National Champion, and that is the tragedy of the defeat. The A.P. and U.P.I., those mysterious deities who decide for all the country what team really is the best, long ago lit upon a simple analysis of talent. The team with the better record is the better team. In 1964 Alabama, the quality of whose opposition is not famed, won ten games, lost none (except to Texas in the Orange Bowl), and became National Champion. One week before, *Sports Illustrated*, many of whose stringers are these same pollsters, announced that "we have seen them both, and without hesitation we like Notre Dame . . . Alabama is an awfully good team, but it would not beat Notre Dame." So much for platitudes.

All of this has significance today. This year Notre Dame should not lose the title to an opponent it never played. On Saturday North Carolina comes to South Bend. They are big and they defend. They beat Michigan at Ann Arbor when the Wolverines were undefeated, and they have had a free Saturday since then to prepare for an upset that would make their season. They are basically the same team that gave Notre Dame fits last year, only with more depth and maturity. The Irish coaches have been as concerned with this game as they will be for any all year. Still,

Notre Dame is favored to win, and rightfully so.

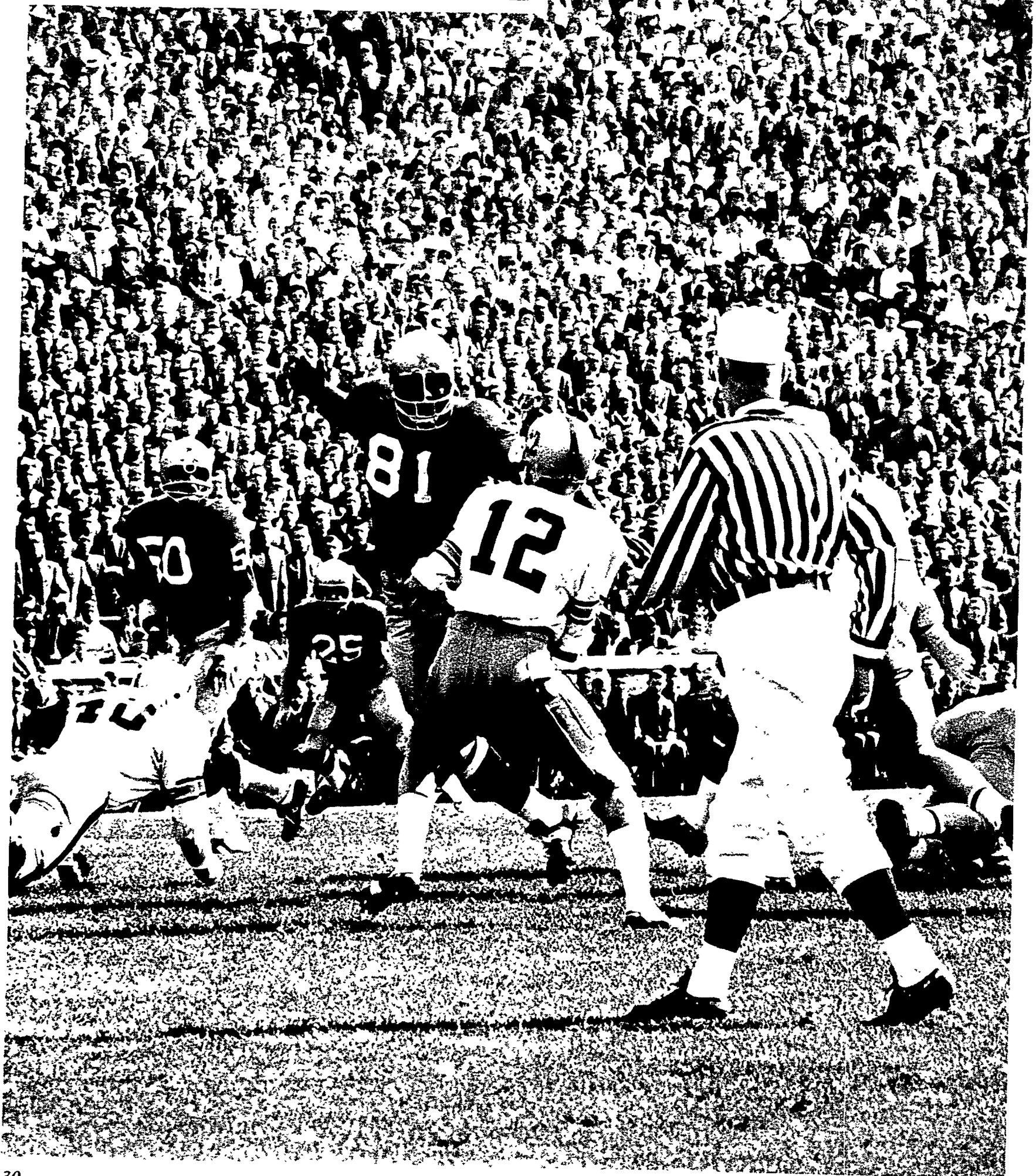
On this same weekend, Michigan State faces a stiff test in Ohio State, and Notre Dame will probably end the day without the number one rating, simply because the Spartans got there first. The remaining weeks of the season, however, should carry the best team to the top, and this is where Alabama's milktoast schedule could come back to haunt them. The Tide does play excellent, aggressive football, but somebody down there mustn't be too sure just how excellent. With Michigan State, Southern California, and surprising Oklahoma to be played, Notre Dame need not depend on platitudes to support its claim to the national title — victories in these games would defy any counterclaim, even in Tuscaloosa.

The proof will start in Norman, Oklahoma. The revitalized Sooners have a new head coach who wants to bring back the Bud Wilkinson era and is on the way to succeeding. Their 18-9 upset of Texas has given the unbeaten Okies an impetus that could go unchecked. And talk about cause for a Remember Week. Notre Dame was the last team to defeat Oklahoma before they launched their 47 game win streak a decade ago. In 1957, at Norman, again it was Notre Dame who ended that streak with a 7-0 victory.

A Notre Dame victory here will lend additional import to the ensuing MSU battle, where the Irish must conclusively prove their point. Until then the Spartans may have every right to claim top ranking. *That* will be determined November 19 — on the field and not in a Monday press luncheon. This one may very well out-game last years Game of the Year.

In any event, Notre Dame can almost be thankful for the tough weeks ahead. The Alabamas and Nebraskas have sacrificed evidence of superiority for certain wins and bowl bids. In a year when State, USC and UCLA are all solid contenders for the Championship, the burden and challenge of proof has been placed squarely in Notre Dame's lap. If the Irish are number one, this time they can prove it. ■

Wrap-Up: Wrapped Up!



Voice in the Crowd

The old adage that competitive sports build character certainly applies to this year's football team. It is especially noticeable in two individual cases this season where the burden of injury is added to the task of protecting the quarterback or shaking off blockers to drag down a runner. The next time Don Gmitter lifts himself off the ground after containing the defensive end or Kevin Hardy strains to straighten his seventy-seven inches to its full length after a pileup, take a closer look. You can't help but notice the pain. But the tight end will continue to block until his right knee buckles completely. And the biggest man on the team will still loom largest to opponents until his 270 pounds become too much to carry on a football field. That old adage speaks volumes sometimes.

They could have written volumes about the obstacles an Irish player of another era had to overcome. His name was Jack Robinson and he came to Notre Dame in 1931. A non-scholarship center, Robinson was reluctant to even try out for the team in his freshman year for fear of being embarrassed by the more publicized scholarship boys. But the simple fact that he was four inches over six feet and 220 pounds enabled Robinson to play in three reserve games for Notre Dame in 1931. In the fall of 1932 he accomplished the unprecedented, beating out three experienced centers for the varsity spot.

But the summer of 1933 almost brought Robinson's career to an abrupt conclusion. An eye infection stemming from a childhood illness necessitated two operations that year and forced Robinson to miss his junior year. The '34 season had almost begun when the big center was pronounced physically fit and able to return. A week after his return and two weeks before Notre Dame's first contest, Robinson's father died. With only four days of actual practice he entered the Texas opener as the fifth-team center. Later in the first half the front-line center limped off the field and as Elmer Layden scanned his bench for a replacement he decided on Robinson. "Hell, I didn't even know the signals," he recounted later. But he picked them up well enough to steal the Sunday headlines from a victorious Texas team.

As the old Chicago papers will tell you, "Lantern Jaw" went on to win every post-season All-American honor in the country that year. What they don't tell you is what they didn't know. Twice during the '34 season, after the Wisconsin and Pittsburgh games, Robinson was sent back to New York to have minor but painful eye operations. Yet he never missed a game.

The final setback came as he prepared to start the 1935 season, his senior year. But a retroactive Big Ten ruling, dating back two seasons, made him ineligible because he had competed in three reserve games as a freshman. His career had ended.

Two seasons ago Jack Robinson returned to Notre Dame, as he does every few years, to see the Irish beat Iowa in a driving snowstorm. Today he jokes about it. "I was the only man in the stadium in bermuda shorts." Why the shorts? In 1960, an embolism forced the amputation of his right leg at the hip. Only three years later another blood clot caused him to lose his left leg in the same manner.

If you ask him today about his condition—restriction to a wheel chair for life—he won't even blink as he explains. And that "lantern jaw" is still as prominent as it was in his All-American clippings thirty-two years ago.

—MIKE BRADLEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

SOUTHERN CAL VS. STANFORD: USC has had trouble on the coast in recent games, including a 17-14 squeaker last week, but Stanford was embarrassed by Oregon and their faces should remain red another week.

ARKANSAS VS. TEXAS: Upsets plagued the Southwest last Saturday but the Razorbacks were closer to Baylor than Texas was to Oklahoma and should have enough teeth left to chew up the Steers.

MICHIGAN STATE VS. OHIO STATE:

The Bucks like to dawdle against non-conference foes,

And unleash their might when in sight of a Rose.

For gruff Duffy it's different, there can be no bowl.

But he plays for victory, and onward he'll roll.

OKLAHOMA VS. KANSAS: Jim McKenzie's Sooners, anticipating Notre Dame, can't afford to overlook the Jayhawks. In a tougher game than expected, Oklahoma will still have enough to enter their Irish homecoming with an unbeaten slate.

NAVY VS. PITTSBURGH: Things have changed drastically since 1963, when both teams went 9-1. The Panthers have an ex-Navy coach in Dave Hart, but the Middies have the edge in players and will survive the meeting of have-nots.

R.P.I. VS. UNION: After just missing against Bridgeport last week, 19-16, the embattled Engineers will undoubtedly vent their frustrations on Union, and thereby put the skids on another promising losing streak.

UPSET OF THE WEEK

ALABAMA VS. TENNESSEE: Doug Dickey's Vols were out-field-goaled by Georgia Tech last week, but tough losses on an honest schedule give Tennessee that much more character. The Crimson Tide will be beaten, smothered in their own padded schedule.

OTHER PICKS

Army over Rutgers
Georgia Tech over Auburn
Missouri over Oklahoma State
Purdue over Michigan
UCLA over Penn State
Washington over California
Penn over Bucknell
Florida over North Carolina State

LAST WEEK: 8 - 6 - 1, 53.3%
TO DATE: 19 - 10 - 1, 63.3%

The Student

(Continued from page 19)

turn to activities such as working with the underprivileged to "do what they can" to positively affect the community. In many cases, they are just as positively affected by their work as are those they intend to aid. Coming from the protective atmosphere of the home and moving into the "unreal" world of the university, most students do not really know what it means to be needed by someone. Meeting a hungry, dirty, affection-starved child in the heart of the slums who really loves and needs him can have a profoundly real impact on the heart, mind and affections of the student who needs to receive concern as well as to project it to others. As one student put it, "To discover that someone really needed me opened up a world of beauty for me that I might never have known existed."

Since this article has spent a great deal of time discussing two extremely different types of student, it is important to point out that the vast majority of students do not fall in either category. They reflect something of each extreme; but they do so in much less-clearly defined ways. In facing the ambiguous future, however, it is this core of students that the colleges must concern themselves with if they are going to be successful. Since this "average" student does not create problems and is not so easily visible, he does not readily become the object of concern. But the final impact of any college will depend on its ability to create an environment which will stimulate rather than repress the majority of students.

The future success or failure of an undergraduate college may pivot on its ability to turn student concern back in upon itself in a constructive effort to relieve the pressure the academic life naturally generates. If student energy, idealism and enthusiasm may be channeled into a constructive effort to develop disciplinary, religious and social programs fashioned in harmony with the temper of student mentality, one can justifiably expect the edge to be taken off present student-administration friction. Choosing to work with students rather than attempting to control them can mean administrators will have more energy available to direct at the cause of campus discontent because less will be sapped in a frustrated standstill.

Since every administrator is conscious of the temptation to blame others for his own mistakes, it is

naturally threatening to suggest that now he must stand behind the mistakes of students in his attempt to create harmony on the campus. If he is able to withstand the pressure, however, he will have succeeded in creating a student population with a greater sense of community than at any other point in time. Every scientific study done in this area points to the fact that the more individuals in a group sense their participation, the more likely they are to express satisfaction at being part of that group. The more the individual senses participation in the decisions which affect the group, the closer he will feel to the individual members of the group, the more he will participate as a part of the group, the more he will feel bound by the norms established by the group; and, in general, the more likely it is that the group will generate a common positive effort.

In such a common effort, the student with a strong desire to actively participate will be challenged to channel his effort in attempts to create a better social atmosphere. Though his efforts may not, at times, be positively rewarded by a response on the part of the campus, he will have gained a more valuable experience from an educational point of view —

the concrete realization of the frustrations inherent in attempting to positively influence people. As his sense of participation grows, the "average" student will begin to feel more at home in the college environment. The more the student senses his participation in positively fashioning the norms of conduct, the less he will tolerate those who harm the common effort by cheating, stealing and similar destructive behavior. On too many campuses today, turning anyone over to the administration for violating the social order can amount to betrayal in the mind of the student body. If a sense of responsibility for the social order grows in the minds of students, however, there is strong reason to suspect that they will be much more rigorous in judging fellow students than present college administrators are.

One simply cannot be too reflective in anticipating the future of the campus scene in a post-Berkeley era. There are no ground rules for the unique future the campus must face. Only one thing is certain — students have changed with the times. There is every reason to expect a new maturity to be displayed by students in the near future. The only thing standing in the way is the fear that disaster is imminent. ■

NOTRE DAME FROM ROCKNE TO PARSEGHIAN
FRANCIS WALLACE
McKAY

Now on Sale at the Hammes Notre Dame Bookstore

Campus

(Continued from page 15)

mechanical engineer remarked, "That thing's got such a backlog of work it's going to blow its mind." "It's not the most advanced computer in the field today," Don I. Mittleman, Director of Computing Science admits, "but ours is probably in the top eight percent of those computers owned by colleges."

At any rate, Dr. Mittleman and his cohorts are "looking into the possibilities" of expansion of the University's computer facilities. This will probably require a new computer, Mittleman says. A feasibility study will get under way "within the next couple of weeks," he adds. "We'll find out what we need, be appalled by the cost, and take it from there."

The new computer will have to be faster and have greater memory capacities. The Univac 1107 will soon be operating seven days a week, for 24 hours a day on five of them. Further the Department of Computing Science is considering a time-sharing system. Through this system, several programs could be run into the computer simultaneously. In this system, the "brain" would perform an operation so fast that the incoming commands from several different sources could be handled simultaneously. This idea of multiprocessing would allow terminals to be installed in residence halls and in the offices of members of the faculty.

No new, larger building will be needed to house a new computer, the art of miniaturization being what it is. However, when the new set of transistors is installed a year or two hence, what will happen to the then-five-year-old 1107 that cost Notre Dame \$2,000,000 new?

"It's a big computer, and there'll be a market for it," Dr. Mittleman says. "And if worse comes to worse, we could always find a lot of uses for it around here." Anybody wanna buy a computer?

RULES, AGAIN

Student Body President Jim Fish thinks a teacher evaluation system would be a good thing for Notre Dame and is taking preliminary steps toward making it a reality. "The problem is just finding the right type of evaluating system — one that will be most helpful both to students and faculty and will be the least incriminating. We're not out to hang anyone — we're trying to be as constructive as we can possibly be."

With that end in mind, Fish said, letters have been sent out to about 30 schools around the country seek-

ing information on systems already in effect. "There are as many types of evaluation systems as there are schools. The University of North Carolina's is the best I've seen so far." UNC students, he explained, appraise both the teacher and the course but the teacher assessments are seen only by the teachers while the course evaluations are available to all.

A committee, to consist of five students and five faculty members, will be established before the end of the month to draw up a system for ND. The proposed system would then be submitted to the faculty for suggestions and final approval. ■

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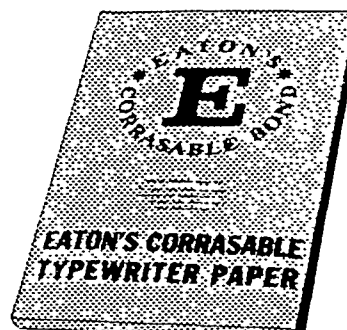
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Dan Murray

The Last Word



WE WOULD BE less than frank if we did not share with you our disappointment over the response to two articles appearing in last week's issue. Both concerned patriotism—Visiting Lecturer Linus Pauling equating patriotism with selfishness and SCHOLASTIC Associate Editor Bob Anson questioning the value of the yearly Patriot Award ritual. As in the case of all feature articles appearing in this magazine (save editorials), the opinions expressed were those of the author and not necessarily of the SCHOLASTIC. But these points of view were presented in our pages because we felt them to be worthy of serious consideration by the University community — regardless of our own position.

Last week we saw several student officials connected with the Patriot Award and encouraged them to use this opportunity to engage in a discussion as to its value and content. We even left open a page for their use to clarify their own position in response to Bob Anson's arguments. The page was never filled. The committee responsible for the award felt the arguments were not cogent enough to merit a reply; they thought, moreover, that the timing was unfortunate.

Surely the best time to raise an objection and initiate a discussion is prior to nominations rather than when the gears of the award machinery are unalterably in motion (unless one views the discussion as simply a publicity gimmick in which case we should raise a controversy the day before the award is bestowed). As for the lack of cogency in Mr. Anson's arguments, no less a figure than Mr. Frank O'Malley, traditional author of the award citations, concurs in calling for the dropping of the award. Perhaps the Patriot Committee could assume less of an Olympian attitude.

But we were also disturbed that the students themselves received the two articles in question with virtual silence. Halfway through the week only two letters were received—one simply calling Mr. Anson an ass, the other from the chairman of the Young Republicans. We can only assume 1) would-be contributors feel the SCHOLASTIC is far left and will not consider a conservative position (our policy has consistently been to present conservative and liberal positions without discrimination in the features and letters sections) or 2) students are not reading the magazine (over

which we have no control but can only try harder to produce attractive issues) or 3) our readers don't care. It's alternative three that really frightens.

WHILE GRIPING (it is, after all, the Notre Dame student's favorite pastime), we might also raise the question of the circus season, i.e. football Saturdays. Not that we don't enjoy them, but there's always one in every crowd—except last Saturday when there were three.

The sign even hurt (Army Rots, See?). We were gracious winners until the sign was paraded in front of the Cadet Corps. Defeat is difficult enough: seniors remember their freshman year here. To the three students who tried to rub the Cadets' noses in the dung left by the mule: thanks for ruining what would otherwise have been a great Saturday.

A "MUST" BOOK on any Notre Dame man's reading list is *Notre Dame: From Rockne to Parseghian* by Francis Wallace, a former SCHOLASTIC editor. The book is dedicated to "The Shepherd of this Rugged Flock" (Fr. Edmund P. Joyce, if you are wondering). Other works by Wallace include: *Knute Rockne* (of course), *Front Man*, *Dementia Pigskin*, *The Notre Dame Story*, *Little Hercules*, *Autumn Madness*, *Razzle Dazzle*, *Kid Galahad*, *Big Game*, *That's My Boy*, *Stadium*, *Huddle*, and two books for the juvenile—*Big League Rookie* and *O'Reilly of Notre Dame*.

Wallace hails Notre Dame, among other things, as "the biggest country club in the world, with lakes and golf and every sport — and that matrimonial farm across the highway." He urges visitors, "don't just go to the stadium . . . visit the library ('Mt. Excellence' is perhaps the largest bank of knowledge in the world—with a Sports and Games Section now being organized) . . . walk to the Grotto, a replica of Lourdes, once described by a sportswriter known as 'Broadway Bob' Brumby as 'that outdoor cathedral'. Do all of these things and you may have a better understanding of what Notre Dame means to its people and why, not too long ago, the University thought it necessary to make the public point that The Lovely Lady should not be smeared by harlotry masked as motion picture entertainment."



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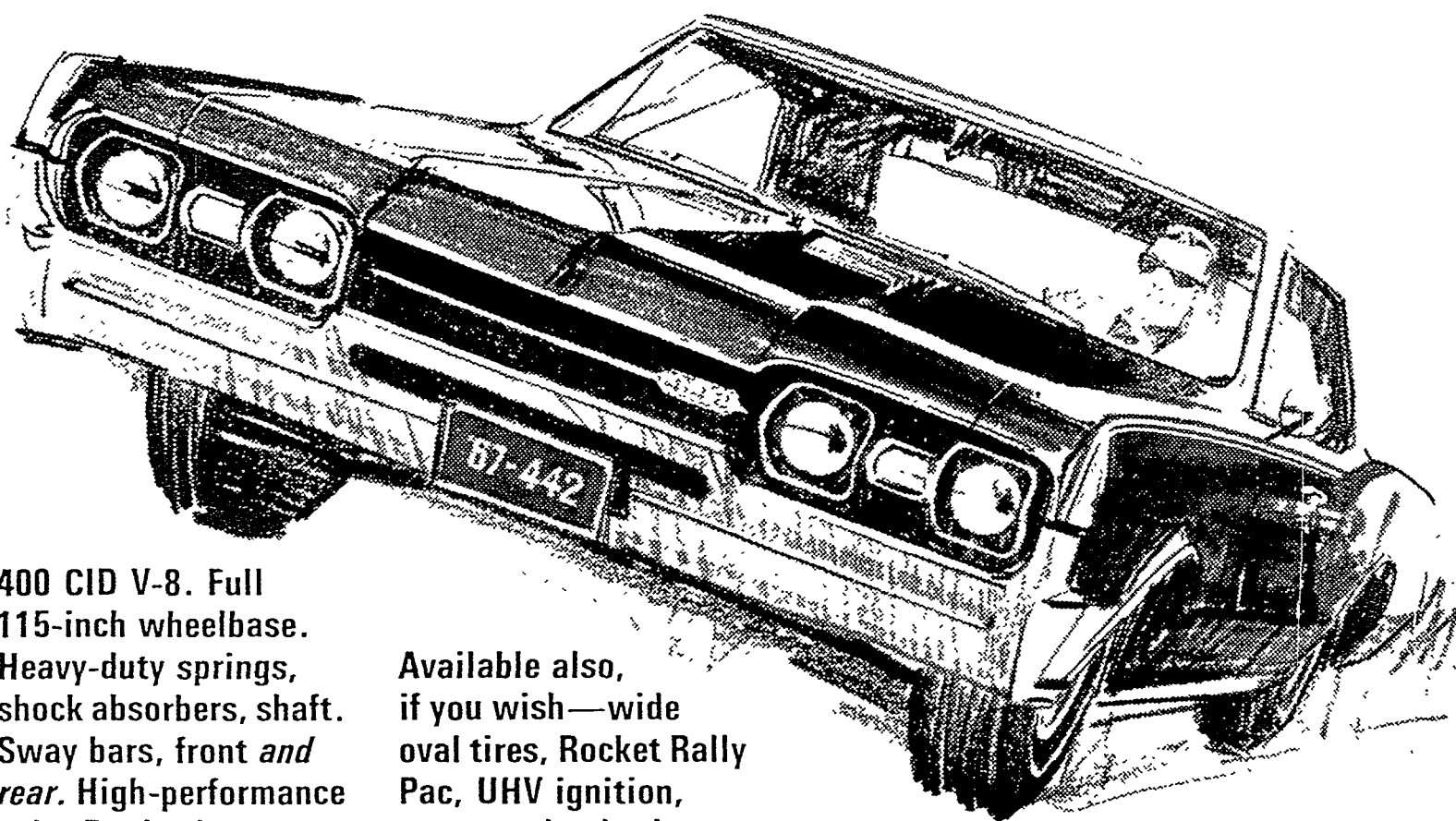
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