

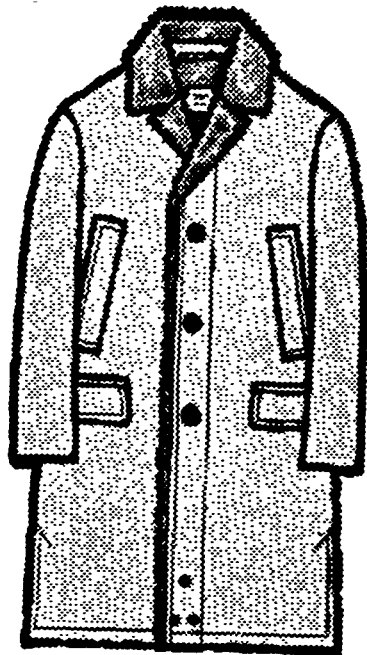
OCTOBER 28, 1966

SCHOLASTIC





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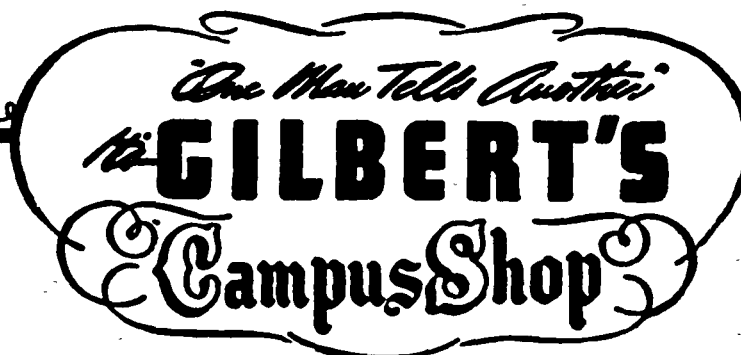
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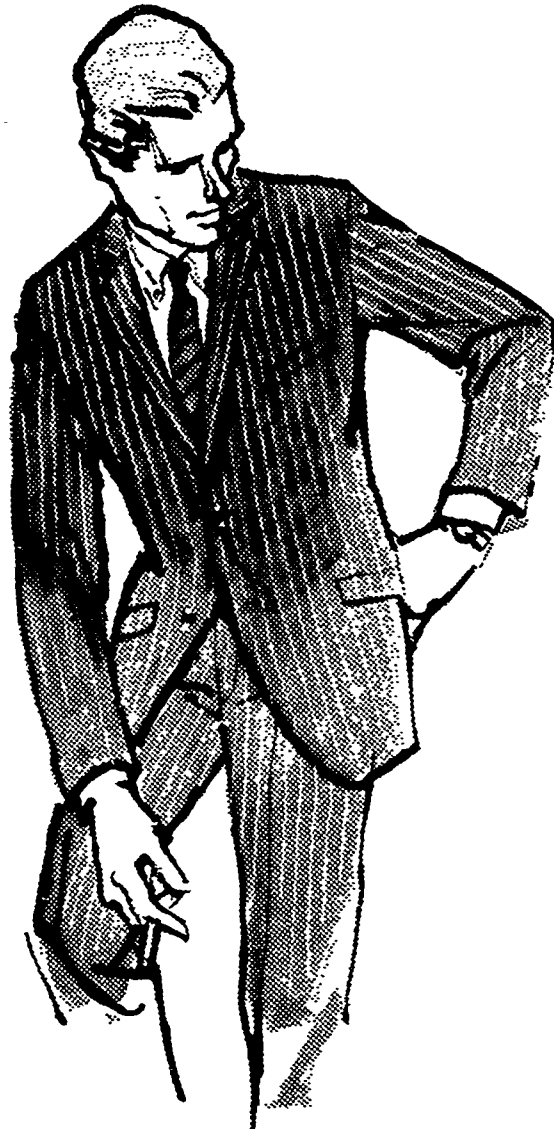
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coming distractions

DAILY

8:00 a.m. to 11:45 p.m. Exhibit in the concourse of Memorial Library: Thirty-five examples of Navy Combat Art.

7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. At the Moreau Gallery, St. Mary's College: African Art from the Indiana University collection, and the collection of Mel Boldt of Chicago, through October 31.

From November 1 to November 30, the gallery will feature sixteen Japanese watercolorists of the Hakushi Society and work by Sister George Ellen of Nazareth Academy.

12 noon to 5:00 p.m.; Sat. to 5:00 p.m. Exhibits at the Notre Dame Art Gallery, O'Shaughnessy Hall: Twentieth-century paintings from the University's permanent collection; paintings and sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, also from the University's permanent collection; both until November 27. The George F. Sturman Collection of Contemporary Drawings, Irwin Press Collection of Maya Pre-Columbian heads and masks, both until November 20.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

All Day Last day to order Sophomore Class Yearbooks. Call 284-6786 for information.

3:10 p.m. The Electrical Engineering Seminar will present a lecture by Prof. Herbert J. Carlin of Cornell University on "Network Theory without Circuit Elements" in 303 Engineering Building.

4:00 p.m. International Coffee Hour, International Room of LaFortune Student Center.

4:30 p.m. The Mathematics Department will sponsor a lecture by Prof. Heisuke Hironaka, Purdue and Columbia universities, entitled "Algebraicity Problems in Algebraic Geometry" in 226 Computing Center.

6:15 p.m. "Inside Sports" with "Moose" Krause, Notre Dame athletic director, WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

8:30 p.m. The Notre Dame - St. Mary's Theater presents Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed*, a play about the crisis of faith in our times, in Washington Hall. Student tickets are \$1.50.

10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports," WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

All Day Sailing Club competes in regatta at Ohio State.

12:30 p.m. Gridders scheduled to bombard the Navy in Philadelphia. Blue Circle student trip. Seventy-five cents buys a seat before the big screen in Stepan Center.

2:00 p.m. Cinema '67 presents a double feature at Kellogg Center: *So This Is New York* and *Love Me Tonight*.

7:30 p.m. The Notre Dame - St. Mary's Theater: *The Potting Shed*.

8:30 p.m. The Notre Dame - St. Mary's Theater: *The Potting Shed*.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

All Day Sailing Club competes in regatta at Ohio State.

1:15 p.m. NFL doubleheader: Green Bay at Detroit, followed by Baltimore at Los Angeles, WSBT-TV.

2:00 p.m. Ruggers seek to get back on the victory trail at Villanova.

2:00 p.m. Cinema '67: *So This Is New York* and *Love Me Tonight*.

2:30 p.m. The Notre Dame - St. Mary's Theater: *The Potting Shed*.

5:00 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports," WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

7:30 p.m. Cinema '67: *So This Is New York* and *Love Me Tonight*.

Times indeterminate Young People's Concert, Morris Civic Auditorium.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31

All Day HALLOWEEN. Beware of Baba Yaga, the Russian witch, and her American counterpart, Sophie Baba, flying around the world in their tin pails, throwing great pumpkins at nasty trick-or-treaters.

4:10 p.m. Registration for basketball intramurals.

Julius A. Nieuwland Lecture Series: Dr. Paul J. Flory of Stanford University will present his first of three lectures on "Configuration Statistics and Properties of Chain Molecules." in 127 NSH.

7:30 p.m. "It's the Great Pumpkin. Charlie Brown." Channel 2.

9:30 p.m. NFL Football: St. Louis Cards vent their wrath on the subpar Chicago Bears, WSBT-TV.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1

All Day All Saints Day. No classes. Study day (unofficial).

10:00 a.m. Campus publications defeat the Blue Circle Honor Society in a football grudge match behind the Kellogg Center.

10:00 p.m. Assignment 22: "Election Preview," followed by *Campaign '66*, WSBT-TV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

4:10 p.m. Dr. Paul J. Flory delivers his second chemistry lecture, 123 NSH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3

8:00 p.m. Dr. William V. D'Antonio, author of *Conjugal Love and the Popular Dilemma*, will present "Marriage, Family, Birth Control: Some Personal Reflections," in the Library Auditorium.

8:30 p.m. The Notre Dame - St. Mary's Theater: *The Potting Shed*.

—Compiled by DAVID F. KENNEDY

SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

Vol. 108 Oct. 28, 1966 No. 5

Editor-in-Chief: Dan Murray.

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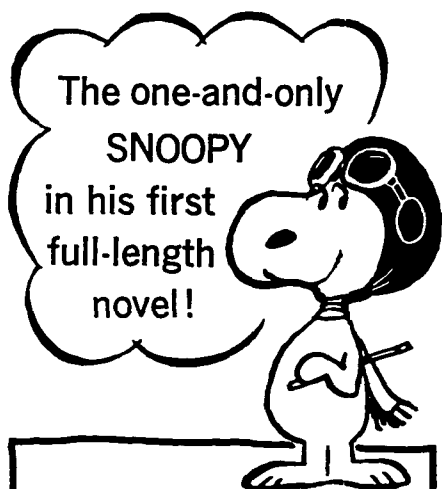
Photography: Mike Ford, Bob Cuccias.

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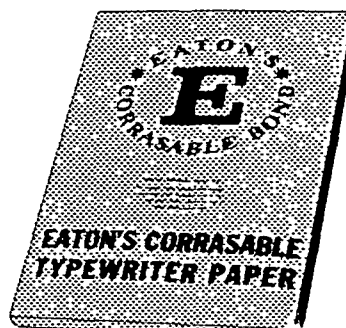
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This is Russ Kennedy of Balboa Island, California, on an in-port field trip as a student aboard Chapman College's floating campus.

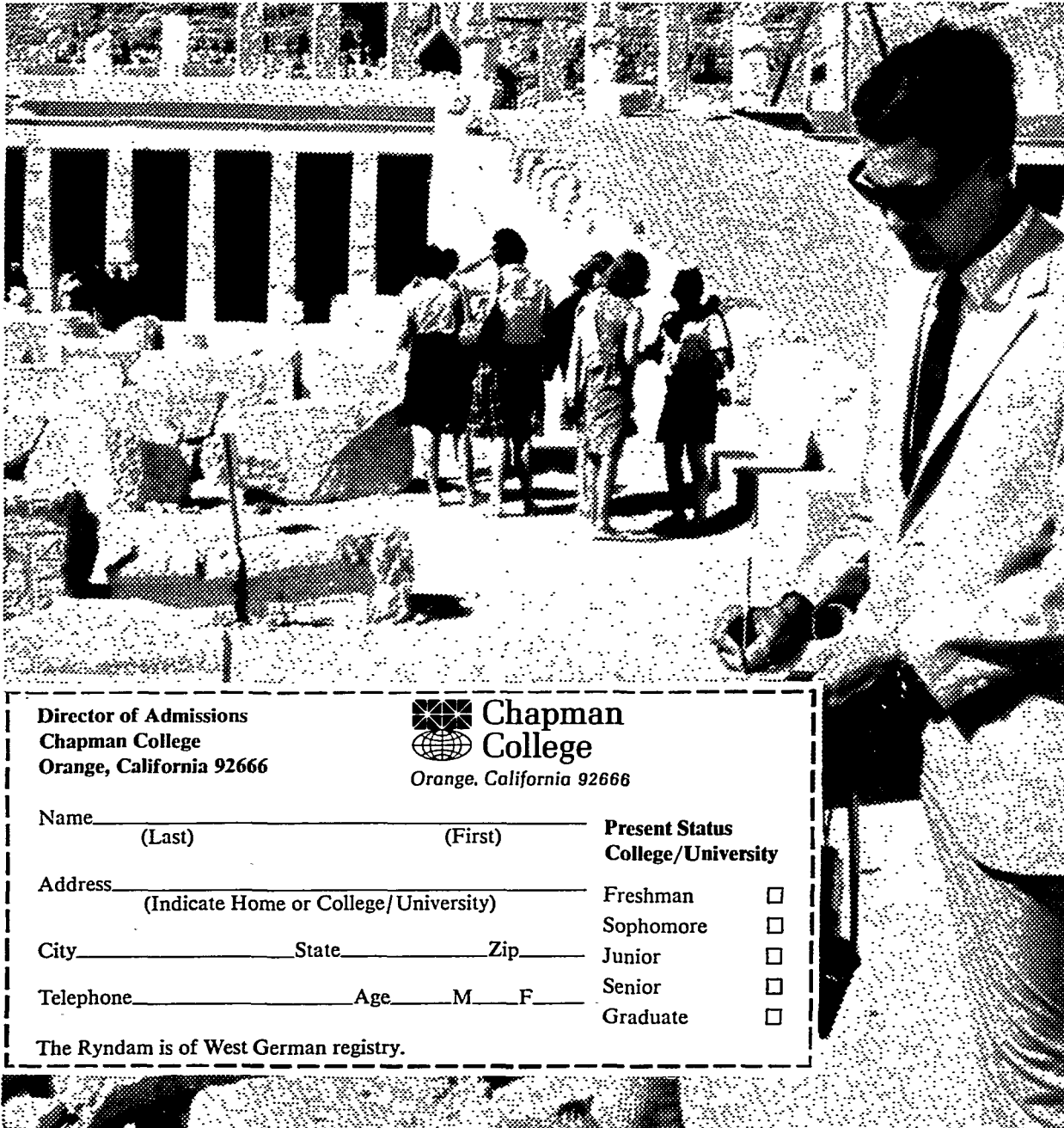
The note he paused to make as fellow students went ahead to inspect Hatshepsut's Tomb in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor, he used to complete an assignment for his Comparative World Cultures professor.

Russ transferred the 12 units earned during the study-travel semester at sea to his record at the University of California at Irvine where he continues studies toward a teaching career in life sciences.


As you read this, 450 other students have begun the fall semester voyage of discovery with Chapman aboard the s.s. RYNDAM, for which Holland-America Line acts as General Passenger Agents.

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| City _____ | State _____ | Junior <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Zip _____ | | Senior <input type="checkbox"/> |
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The Ryndam is of West German registry.

Cry of Disinterest

To separate Notre Dame students into political camps would hardly be an epic labor. There are, of course, the loud but small extremist groups, Republicans, Democrats, or whatever they choose to call themselves; and there are the rest.

Since there is no reason to think that a conservative or moderate philosophy is necessarily a silent one, the remarkable lack of campus political debate, especially in this time of national elections, can only be seen as a voiceless cry of disinterest. Or the quiet of the uninformed.

At Louisiana State University there are two institutions whose purpose it is to offer a forum. Free Speech Alley, an informal rostrum from which any subject is thrown out for debate, saw last week one student stand up and demand the drafting of women, another charge that their Russian speech classes were subversive. Admittedly extreme, yet these and more serious questions were countered by moderate and conservative elements of the audience. Also last week the first LSU Forum of the academic year was held. More formal, this pitted in debate two freshmen who attempted to resolve whether atomic weapons should be used in Viet Nam.

There is doubt if either of these two institutions, whether the subject be on a student or a national level, would attract at Notre Dame sufficient interest and, more important, response. This magazine has repeatedly printed national positions that could not, by any imaginative stretch, seem innocuous, yet the response has been minimal, so minimal in fact, that in this issue a staff member

is forced to supply the dissenting voice. As for student problems, the rules changes have taken the proportions of a giant pacifier. And even last year, caught as they were in an environment of revolutionary zeal, such idealistically clothed groups as the Student Popular Front died, not from overexposure, but under.

There is, perhaps, a solution. A hybrid of the two LSU programs. An informal, open forum, yet one that would begin with a short debate or a prepared opening statement. Such a program would not only involve the listeners; it would also serve an educational purpose.

The instigating spark of such a program could come from any number of sources — the Communication Arts office, political science professors. Perhaps even the speech classes could be persuaded to leave their classrooms. It would not be easy. It is discouraging to speak to an initially voiceless audience. There is always the suspicion they may not be listening.

This is a time of importance, but then all times are important; and the absence of campus political debate is so pronounced that one is forced to wonder whether the difference between Jim Johnson and the President, between Winthrop Rockefeller and the Governor, is a difference widely known.

A Free Speech Alley could be set up, but it would be the property of Notre Dame's extremist spokesmen, or those preoccupied with the drafting of women. A campus that does not seem politically mature would not know the words to answer.

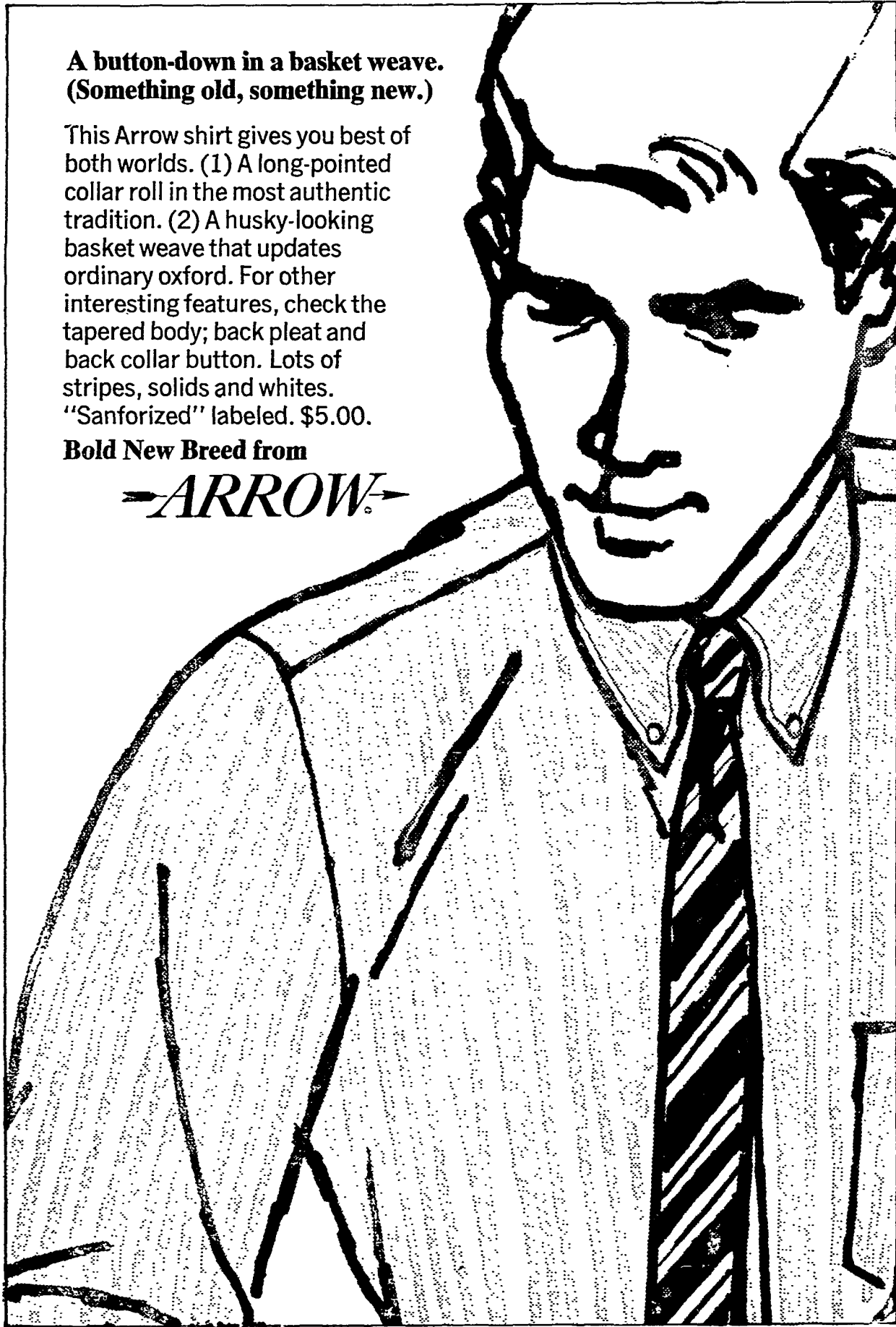
— J.A.McK.

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letters

DEAR MR. McKENNA

EDITOR:

I'd like to have a cup of coffee with Mr. McKenna any time he wants.

Ed Smith
241 Alumni

A NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM
EDITOR:

In two recent letters in the *SCHOLASTIC* charges were levied against the student body for their halfhearted cheering at the football games. To a great extent these charges are true, but I refuse to believe it is because of a general lack of enthusiasm or spirit. In a way these letters were a bit ironic, because both were signed by cheerleaders and they would seem to be at least partly responsible for the poor cheering. Why?

Because no real attempt has been made to acquaint the freshmen with the *Alma Mater* and the *Fight Song*, much less the cheers and their execution. Because there is virtually no communication at all between the cheerleaders and the senior section and the upper halves of the other sections. Consequently, no one knows just what is coming off. The only solution to unified cheering would seem to be a P.A. system.

And the problem of timing! How about having the cheers between plays and at the beginning of time outs, instead of during plays and at the end of time outs, when play is about to resume and all eyes are on the field. Your chances of getting the students' attention would be about 99 percent better.

Rick Saville
31 Sorin

THE PREVAILING MADNESS

EDITOR:

As a candidate in the recent Senate elections, I had expected that I would be able to gauge the reception I had received by the number of votes cast for my positions, which were unpopular but worth the effort it took to expound them. However, I find that the results are not to be published, beyond acknowledgment of the winners. My request for an explanation was met with the following gem: It seems that the results are not to be announced so that the more "popular" Senators will not be able

to use leverage over their less fortunate brothers.

The unbelievable cynicism of this leads me to the conclusion that the powers that be in Student Government have decided that those who ran in the halls did not have anything important enough to themselves or the campus in their platforms to enable them to withstand the "force" of public opinion. Also, it is not expected that the candidates will be able to resist the impulse to play the special kind of impotent power politics that is assumed to characterize the Senate. Of course, under the present circumstances, it is to be seen that the only really active power in the Senate will remain in the hands of those already established. No opposition would be able to find out where it stood in relation to the prevailing madness, therefore it would be that much harder for it to coalesce. It can never know if it has communicated.

If it is to be assumed that incompetence, lack of originality and power politics are to be the conditions of existence of the so-called representatives of the student body, then I find that no one is really ready or able to deny that which I charged in my campaign — that the activities of the Student Government and the abject surrender of the Administration are indicative of a lack of purpose in the major elements of this University. Leadership does not seem to be expected or demanded. I sincerely wonder if we do have this presupposed duty to adjust to the times and the students in conducting our education.

Kenneth J. Beirne
314 Lyons

DEAR PROMETHEUS CHRISTIAN

EDITOR:

Your letter made me think. I used to have a problem trying to decide "who am I?" and "what am I doing here?" those two nice questions that I often only ask and never answer. But your letter made me realize that I am not you. Sure, I have done a lot of things you have. Really we're not so different, but really we are. I am an American and like most young men I was a boy once, too. In fact in some ways I still am. Yeah, I've read Superman comics and traded baseball cards and gone barefooted in the cold rains of the Ohio valley. I delivered papers in the cold morning snow and soaped the neighbors' windows on Halloween. In Boy Scouts

I learned to cuss and dig a latrine and once I even got hit on the head with a tent stake. I have felt as lonely as Holden Caulfield, as lost as Gatsby, and as happy as Mr. Blue.

I remember running through the creeks chasing snakes and hiding out under a fallen tree just watching other kids. I've stolen apples and prayed to the "angel of God, My Guardian dear." I've beaten up my brother and been pounded myself. I even remember a lot of stuff we did as kids. Like you, I have gone to a sea and a river to cry and sometimes even made my own new sea. But, I have also looked up and what do you know, there was always someone there crying with me and he and she had their problems too.

I have met great men and talked to drunks and beggars. I have seen the hills of Kentuck, the plains of the Midwest, the trees of Canada, and the lights of Niagara Falls. I haven't even seen the California surf and I have only seen a person killed in the movies. But I did see Moses part the Red Sea. And it is all right to laugh. You are right. I have not done many of the things that you have done. And I don't think I even want to. I want to live my own life and maybe help someone who wants me or accepts me as I am. And together, as individuals, we will win the human race. Not him, or her, or me, but us — all of us.

I am a poet but what does it matter if I "quest for authentic existence" (whatever you think that is) in tennis shoes, combat boots, suit and tie, or a white smock? I am not a Don Quixote or a Lord Jim. I want to be the best but know I am not. I try harder. I am a guardian of valuable things who wants to be like unto the Lord, whom I do not see, and I want to add my share to the world. Yes, my way is before me and the path I follow has been trampled thin so that the leaves turn to dust and the rain makes it muddy. But when I travel it, there is with me only whom I meet along the way. And when you cross the creek by the old covered bridge on the path on the way, just stop and see if I'm there. You see I go back every once in a while to laugh, and cry, and look at the stars and ask myself, "who am I?" and "where am I going?" I'll know the answer — just ask me. Like you, I'll be truthful. What else can I be?

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news and notes

• SHORTLY AFTER Fr. Simons' directive limiting hall autonomy three weeks ago, Student Government, stealing ASP's thunder, circulated a petition designed to "request an explanation and discussion" of the rules concerning student life. Five new committees were formed at the same time. The committees are still around, doing what committees do, but Jim Fish, student body president, said that 15 petition sheets were returned, "with between 20 to 50 signatures on each sheet." This totalling about 500 people who demonstrated any interest in probing student freedom, the idea of presenting the Office of the Dean of Students with the signatures was dropped.

• PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S policies will not achieve a Great Society. At least that's the opinion of the audience that viewed the international debate October 18 in the Library Auditorium. In the contest, Douglas Martin Hogg, Secretary of the Eton College Debating Society and President of the Oxford Union, teamed with ND's Jim Lyons, president of the local debating fraternity, to successfully defend the negative proposition against Jeremy Benjamin Beloff, President of St. Catherine's College Debating Society and President of the Oxford Union Society, and Jim Sauter, President of the ND Debate Council. The two Britishers are, respectively, a man "who has read chemistry" as Hogg describes himself and a barrister. The Notre Dame visit, sandwiched between Syracuse and Chicago, was sponsored by the English government. During the tour, the two are debating any one of twenty topics from American life depending on the choice of the American host.

• PROSPECTIVE AEROSPACE engineers who had been looking forward to gliding out to classes at the distant Aerospace Building on Notre Dame's famous parafoil will have to wait a while longer. According to Aerospace Head John Nicolaides, the parafoil "has been live jumped, but nothing will happen at Notre Dame until it has been completely tested." It looks like another long winter for those who attend class "across the road."

• ONE OF THE WORLD'S most respected philosophical journals, *The New Scholasticism*, has found a new home at Notre Dame. The quarterly will remain here for at least three years under the editorship of Dr. John

Oesterle of the philosophy department and his assistant editor, Dr. Ralph McInerny. Officially the journal of the American Catholic Philosophical Society, the *Scholasticism* has the largest circulation of any philosophical journal and is well read in Europe. However, Dr. McInerny pointed out that it is "not restricted to contributions from the Society." Retiring Editor Dr. Vincent Smith, now at Columbia, was one of the rebels bounced from the St. John's faculty last January during the revolt over academic freedom.



• IN WHAT MARINE Major Terry Turner of Notre Dame's N.R.O.T.C. unit describes as "not a recruiting gimmick," the United States Navy Combat Art Exhibition is visiting the Library concourse till November 3. The exhibit annually travels to various cities and universities and is designed to "bring a combat image other than through recruiting." Consisting of thirty-six canvases painted on-the-scene by official Navy combat artists, the exhibit is complete with appropriate descriptive material such as "attacking planes pouncing in and out of the wall of smoke." All, no doubt, intended to portray the hardships of war, not the glory aspect of movies and recruiters.

• SAINT MARY'S girls will be later in turning into pumpkins or witches this Halloween weekend. After the responsibility of setting hours was given to the student government last spring, a petition was presented to the Legislature and Executive Board last week. The hours passed by the

student governing organizations lengthened weekend hours for all classes — which had been set at 15-minute intervals from 11:30 to 12:30. The new hours, to begin tonight, are freshmen, 12:00; sophomores, 12:30; juniors, 1:00; and seniors, 1:30.

• AT THE REQUEST of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Dr. Theodore Starr of the Lobund Laboratory has submitted proposals for the developing of special strains of animals for the lunar receiving labs in Houston. The one-year research study, "Gnotobiotic Animal as a Biological Indicator of Life," would have two main goals: development and sending of animals to the lunar labs and the training of NASA personnel at Lobund to handle the animals. The funds in the form of a contract or a grant would also provide for the adaptation of facilities at Lobund for the program, consultation service for the lunar labs, and analysis of animals after exposure to the moon environment. The team from Lobund, which was the first germfree laboratory in the country, would include Starr, Albert Nordin, Bernard A. Teah, and Morris Wagner, and would begin work on January 1, if the program receives national support.

• THE FANTASTICKS, already the longest running off-Broadway play and soon to become the longest running play on or off-Broadway, was presented here on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Acted by a New York cast, the seven-year-old musical featured two songs which have become famous — "Soon It's Gonna Rain" and "Try to Remember." A University Theatre offering in the spring of 1963, *The Fantasticks* has been presented often by university and amateur groups. The professional company, headed by Donald Babcock, showed an informal and inventive performance.

• FINANCED by the University Foundation, *Insight*, Notre Dame's public relations quarterly, "takes up where the *Notre Dame* magazine left off," according to its editor, John Thurin. The magazine, which reaches nearly 80,000 alumni and friends of the University, including the parents of the students, supplements the *Alumnus* magazine which also emits from Thurin's office. *Insight* is meant to publicize the educational, research and public service projects of the University.

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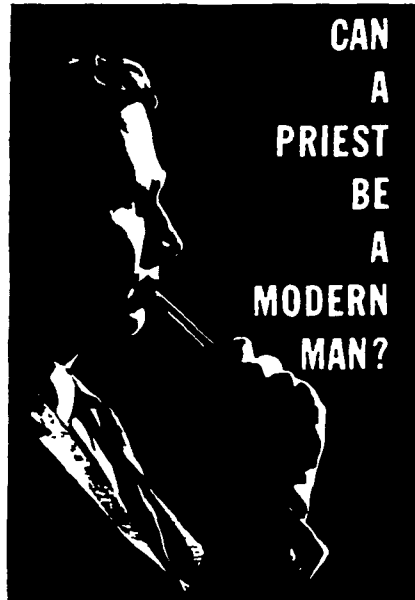
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SENATE ELECTIONS

A GREAT DEAL of optimism surrounded the recent Student Senate elections. Student government had, of course, brought about the rules changes this summer. The Action Student Party had been formed, and this was if nothing else an occurrence that bucked Notre Dame's usual drift towards apathy. People were becoming conscious of student responsibilities, and hopes for the future were high.

Campaigns were waged that ranged from flagrant personality appeals to strict presentations of platforms accompanied by little personal contact with the electorate. Candidates advocated everything from voluntary reinstatement of curfews and other restrictions to cutting down on labor costs in the dining halls by having "each student carry his tray to a central point after finishing his meal."

Last Wednesday, all this culminated in elections in the halls. That evening the interested gathered in the Student Center to see the results of the balloting chalked up. Two of those in the crowd were Perry Aberli, Morrissey's ASP candidate who was squeezed out in that hall's three-way race for two Senate seats, and one of his supporters, Nicholas Altiero. Discussing the race into the wee hours of the night, Altiero came up with the astounding fact that through a mathematical fluke tied to the way the elections were run, with one man having to cast two votes, a campus politico could have as much as 70 percent support in his hall and still lose. Unsuccessful in early attempts

to convince the heads of Student Government of the validity of their claim the two, on the advice of Rev. David Burrell, C.S.C., their rector, filed a formal complaint demanding a new, fairer election. And the bottom seemed to fall out of Student Government's high expectations.

Ron Messina, a member of the Senate Judiciary Board, the body which had to act on the complaint, said, "We were just sick. None of us were statisticians — we didn't foresee this at all." But the three mathematicians that the group consulted all agreed in the mathematical validity of Altiero's point.

Then, Sunday night, the time came to decide how the new elections would be held. Through the night all the mathematical possibilities for error were looked into. Finally, Dr. Paul Bartholomew — one of the nation's leading experts on constitutional law, was contacted. More discussions were held.

It was an awkward comment on democracy, but what Student Government found out is that there just is no democratic system of filling a plural number of offices from one body of candidates that does not involve basic unfairness of one kind or another. Six systems were analyzed, but every one could be rendered unrepresentative by people voting negatively — that is, by people voting *against* a candidate as opposed to *for* another one. Some violated American democratic tradition, besides. At any rate, the Judiciary Board, "drunk from lack of sleep," as Jim Fish

phrased it, unanimously decided to accept the results of the original elections early Monday morning.

But to complicate things still further, this decision was still shaky by the time the off-campus election opened Monday morning at 8:15. So that election started off in a one-man, one-vote manner. Jay Schwartz, another member of the Judiciary Board who was monitoring the election, saw by the time that ten students had voted that this system was going to create many more problems than it would solve. So he took it upon himself to change the electoral method back to the one-man, multivote system that had been used on campus. But when the votes were tallied, two candidates ended up being only four votes apart for the third spot in the election. Therefore, the first ten voters could have thrown the result of the election if they had voted the old way like everyone else had. So the election was declared invalid, and will be reheld Monday.

Nevertheless, the first meeting of the Senate for the year convened at 8:00 p.m. Tuesday, with Fr. Hesburgh in attendance. The governing body lacked its off-campus contingent and much of the gleam in the eyes of those who were present, but it was a meeting of the new Student Senate, and this in itself was an accomplishment of sorts.

That body, on which most of the students' hopes for further progress in matters of liberalization of University policy are pinned is, if nothing else, heterogeneous. Double the size of last



SENATORS MALEK, HELM, AND RADEY



THE POTTING SHED

year's Senate, it has 32 on-campus members, three from off-campus, and four stay senators. Six of these are members of the Action Student Party. (A total of 13 ran under the ASP banner.)

The way that the campaigns were run in the halls falls generally into three categories. The first ran primarily on their personal qualifications. With little or no platform, their posture was that, as representatives, their first responsibility was to directly communicate to the Senate the feelings of their constituents. Therefore, the importance was laid on their articulateness, personableness and the like.

The opposite of this was the ASP-type candidate. These had their own very definite opinions on many or most of the major issues that would come before the Senate. Believing their opinions to be, in fact, representative — the same as their constituency, they made it plain that they would consider their election a mandate to pursue these beliefs.

The third, and by far the largest group, was composed of those in the middle of those two beliefs. Typical were those who circulated flyers that devoted equal space to matters of political position and to the efforts that the candidate promised he would make, once elected, to keep in touch with those who brought him to office. It also included those who, running against ASP candidates, argued that although their platforms were basically the same as that party's, they could be more effective senators because they weren't "tied down," politically, by party obligations.

LENNY DIDN'T RUN

Many have come to the realization in the past ten days that Notre Dame elections are completely unique, traumatic

experiences. But the big headaches involved in deciding whether or not the elections were valid overshadowed other significant occurrences.

Interestingly, Stanford and Keenan had eight and seven candidates, respectively, for the two seats in each hall. Garey Malek in Sorin ran unopposed. He reports that people came up to him in the hall and said "I'd run against you just on the principle of the thing. I'm just afraid that with my kind of rotten luck, I'd win." On the other hand, in a reversal of trend, Fisher saw a real campaign for the first time in four years, when two candidates ran. Winner: John Radey.

Rumors that Bob Moran, president of the Senate, was running a slate that he has endorsed as kind of a foil to the ASP were squelched. The rumors, Moran said, "were started by a misprint in the *Voice*."

One of the main issues in the elections in Zahm was the elimination of "the zoo image." Be that as it may, one of the winners, Mark Blackwell, decided to run for office one hour before the deadline for the taking out of nomination papers.

Greg Helm, one of Morrissey's new senators, is the roommate of 6'2", 240-pound defensive tackle Eric Norri, but he swears that that had nothing to do with his victory, and Helm is an honest man.

Establishing a precedent based on hall autonomy, Dillon elected one of its three senators from each floor. The unorthodox primary election procedure that accomplished this achieved the formation of representative districts, but the price was a rather dull, uninspired contest on the first floor, and a rout on the third. At any rate, Dillon probably had one of the highest voter turnouts, with 85 percent of the 400-plus inmates casting their ballots.

Paul Higgins, head of the ASP, and fellow ASP Larry Broderick ran in tandem in Howard and swept the hall. "I spent most of my time explaining that we weren't Communists or something," Broderick remarked, but apparently that explaining paid off. The election of six out of the 12 ASP candidates on campus was met with a great amount of jubilation from that camp. Three to four elected was generally considered a very acceptable result among the ASP poobahs before the election. Higgins feels that the results would probably have been even better for them if the ASP candidates that lost had made more of an effort to explain their platform on a room-to-room basis.

Richard Hunt, an off-campus student with a big Chrysler, has been driving around South Bend with a huge poster propped up on the roof, causing much bewilderment on the part of the local citizenry who are not quite sure what an off-campus senator is, or where they can vote for one.

Lenny Joyce did not run for senator from Morrissey.

THE ULTIMATE IMPROVEMENT

Could this be the first step in the University of Notre Dame's total assimilation of St. Mary's College of Notre Dame, Ind.? After years of exchanging students for individual plays, the drama "departments" of Notre Dame and Saint Mary's have taken the ultimate step and become one. Now known as the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Theatre, under the direction of Rev. Arthur S. Harvey, C.S.C., it is possible to have a drama major.

The result of fourteen months of meetings between the two schools, the theater is offering eleven courses this fall, with one more to be added in the



EDWARD ANNIS



ND PEACE FELLOWSHIP

spring. According to Fr. Harvey, "the academic program is the heart of the theater," and for this reason, "we are not here as an extracurricular or a club." Naturally though, not all students participating will be drama majors, but it is hoped that the new theater will "contribute much more educationally and culturally to the community."

Emphasizing that the theater's work was primarily for the benefit of the student, both the participant and the audience, Fr. Harvey postulated presenting "the best in modern drama to the students" as his goal. For this reason the theater is being looked upon as a training ground for those who would like to continue further, with "quality as the prime interest."

On the merger itself, Father Harvey was enthusiastic, and remarked that it grew out of "a need for each other." Mr. Fred Syburg, a teacher and director on the five-man-and-one-woman staff, said that the move was logical, and that now "talent would be utilized more efficiently, and individual performances will be better." As a result of the merger, "classes will work better with boys and girls in them, and they will also be more attractive."

While the idea is unique to Notre Dame and Saint Mary's as far as is known, it is not construed as perfect, though certainly an improvement over past years. The department itself shows tremendous variation in background, and this faculty diversity seems to be its strong point.

THE DOCTORS

"To sin by silence when one should protest, makes cowards of men." The quote was attributed to Abraham Lincoln by Dr. Edward Annis, a former president of the American Medical

Association, to justify his stand against Medicare. Dr. Annis gave an articulate though somewhat presumptuous address in the Law Auditorium October 18.

In his speech before the Aesculapian Club (ND premed students), the doctor successively attacked *The Doctors* (the purported medical profession exposé by Martin Gross), the *New York Times*, the U.S. Senate, and the Johnson Administration.

Dr. Annis referred to *The Doctors* as "the kind of writing deliberately written to create a picture of delinquent doctors who have killed 100,000 to 200,000 people." According to Annis the writer's prognosis of deaths was based upon information 15 years old. "He wasn't criticizing your family doctor, he was criticizing the medical profession." He was criticizing both according to Edward T. Chase who reviewed *The Doctors* in the October 8 *New Republic*: "Modern practice is characterized as assembly-line medicine, the patient victimized by a harassed physician who organizes his practice to maximize profit and, increasingly, to free his Wednesday afternoons, his evenings and his weekends for personal recreation. The image of the doctor as a scientist is demolished: he is prone to try all the latest drugs and his knowledge is ineffective since fragmented."

Taking the offense, Dr. Annis pointed out that 70 percent of the drugs existing today didn't exist ten years ago. He, however, made no mention of the current controversy over reported widespread misuse of these drugs by doctors, pharmacies, and hospitals.

Dr. Annis' theme was that Medicare was unnecessary and merely a political *cause célèbre* of the Johnson Administration. On December 14, 1964, the *New York Times* reported

the AMA's emergency meeting in Chicago to map plans for "a last-ditch fight against medical care for the aged under Social Security." Said the *Times*: "The decision to continue the fight against Medicare was set two weeks ago at a meeting of the AMA's policy-making House of Delegates in Miami Beach. However at that time there were protests that the headquarters here (Chicago) ran large 'public information' campaigns costing millions of dollars without consulting component state societies." Annis decried the statement that the AMA had a "war chest of millions" with which to combat Medicare or that, as the *Times* reported, the meeting had been a closed-door session. "It was open to all reporters," he said.

Again Dr. Annis remonstrated that the Administration and Congress were bent on passing Medicare regardless of the needs or wants of the people. "We were given fifteen minutes to testify before the Senate committee and told that whatever was said wouldn't make any difference anyway. This same month mail (to the Senate) was running fifty to one against Medicare. Both the Harris and Gallup polls reported that less than one-half of the American people supported it."

Dr. Annis feels there are only two million people over 65 who need medical care whereas Medicare provides it for all senior citizens over 65 (19 million). The result, according to Annis, has been doctors swamped with extra patients who don't really need help. "Paperwork is becoming horrendous. Doctors are seeing more people in less time." He accused the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare of duplicity in reporting the smooth-working effects of Medicare this past summer. "Nothing could be farther from the truth. Whereas 15

(Continued on page 25)

on other campuses

• THE INDISCRIMINATE distribution of birth control pills by the University Health Service at Louisiana State University was the object of an investigation conducted by the *Daily Reveille*, the LSU student newspaper.

Controversy arose after reports of dispensation of birth preventative pills by two full-time staff physicians to unmarried coeds. To gain more concrete information, the *Daily Reveille* sent three unmarried girls to the student infirmary to obtain such pills. In each case they were given the pills without the demand of a medical examination and without any personal questions asked.

One girl sent by the *Daily Reveille* requested an interview with one of the staff physicians to obtain a prescription for the pills. He asked during the course of the interview if she wished an examination by a specialist on hand at the infirmary. When the physician told her that an examination was advisable but not necessary, the girl requested the prescription without the examination. The only instructions she received were a booklet and chart describing correct usage of the pills and an explanation of the procedure she was

to follow. When the doctor asked how many pills she wanted, the coed said she would take a two-month supply. A prescription blank was written out for forty pills, and the girl left the office with the doctor's assurance of future help if needed. She then walked down the hall to the pharmacy to have the prescription filled. The student returned to the office of the *Daily Reveille* and reported what had happened. She summed up her experience by saying, "It was so easy."

In a follow-up edition of the newspaper, a certain amount of dismay was expressed by the Health Service officials. Dr. Eula Palmer, director of the University Student Health Service, doubted that any abuses had occurred in the prescription of these pills by the staff doctors. She said that birth control pills were given for medical indication or to any married student who requested them, but not "to unmarried students for promiscuous use."

Reports from the University Hospital claimed that only twelve prescriptions for birth control pills had been filled in a period of more than a year. However, this would not take

into account the number of prescriptions which could have been filled in pharmacies off campus. The Dean of Students, while starting his own investigation into the matter, said that for some time it had been the university's policy to give no prescriptions to unmarried female students, except in cases where these hormone drugs are prescribed for other medical conditions.

The first article appearing in the *Daily Reveille* concerning this issue was prefaced by an editor's note which stressed that the staff of the paper was not attempting to pass judgement on the morality of the conduct involved. It was, instead, an attempt to give an objective view of the procedures being followed.

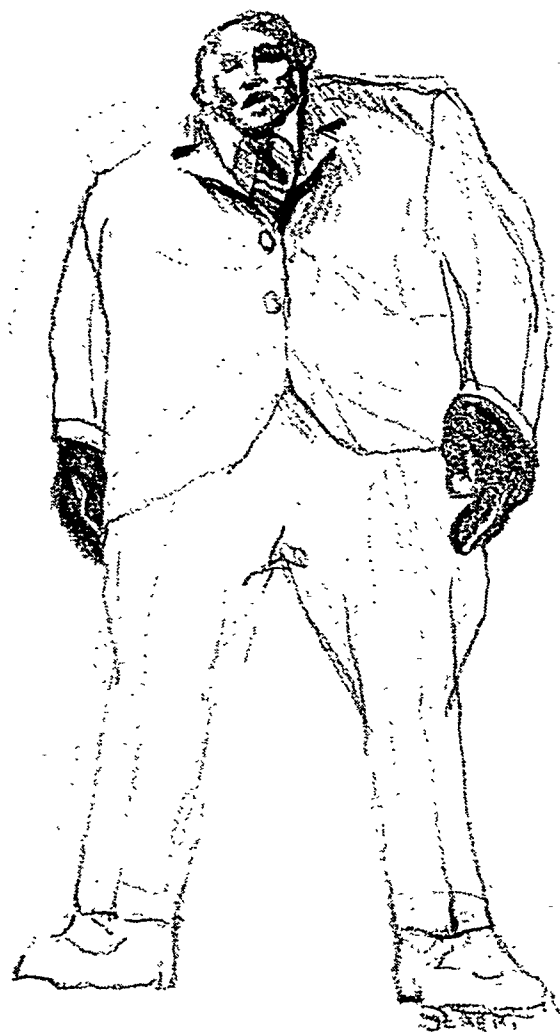
Dr. Palmer accused the newspaper of "low journalism" in pointing out that a problem might exist. She especially thought the facts had been distorted when this story was picked up by the Associated Press and publicized nationally. In her opinion, "There is no problem here, and . . . there never has been one."

— MARY JO ARCHER

— KATHI SCANLAN

feiffer





POWER AND CONSCIOUSNESS

by Anton Finelli

JAMES FARMER is a big chocolate brown man, voice resonant and mellowed with patience, comfortably overweight. In 1942, when he founded CORE, they used to tell the story of the little boy who rushed home from school one day to tell his mother about the new friend he had just made. "And what color is your little friend?" the mother would ask. And the boy would answer, "I don't know, mama, I didn't see his color." But that was in 1942, when the slogan among rights leaders was "color blindness."

"Of course," said Farmer, "we soon found out that the trouble with color blindness was that if you asked a white employer why he didn't hire any Negroes, he could say, 'What do you mean, Negroes? I don't see the color of the people I hire. I'm color blind.'"

So the slogan these days, at least for Farmer and the less-militant of those active in the movement, is "color consciousness." For the more militant, it is, of course, "black power." These are not equivalent terms. In fact, as Farmer defines it, "color consciousness" is a necessary ingredient of "black power." It is the pride of race, the self-esteem, the sense of individual and group dignity which when coupled with growing economic and political strength within the Negro community yield "black power."

As Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, and Floyd McKissick, Farmer's successor as director of CORE, explain it, this is nothing more than that old political phenomenon: ethnic voting. In still another sense, though, "black power" can be taken to mean the full-scale assertion of black identity, a direction given the movement in great part by the late Black Muslim leader, Malcolm X. Though not an advocate of violence, Farmer would agree that this new direction is an important one. Sitting at the press conference held on campus last week, face wet with the heat of high-intensity lighting, hands folded and motionless before him on the table, he said: "There is a Negro assertion today, and we need a Negro assertion. For too long, we have been unasserted." Continued CORE's ex-director, "The sky will not fall with a little excess."

But even just a little excess is enough to incite hatred in the hearts of those opposed to the Negro's cause. The phrase "black power" is too easily associated with those myths and superstitions surrounding the Negro since the early days of the Old South, when orgiastic religious practices evoked thoughts of black magic. Perhaps the slogan even reawakens fear of the black man's potent threat to the long line of white supremacy, what Willam Cash called the white man's "rape complex." These reactions are excesses in themselves, and it can be pointed out that Southern demagogues have long been noted for their excited, passionate rhetoric.

In Farmer's mind, the backlash does not represent a large movement of white opinion to new extremes of opposition. It is only that much of the silent opposition which was there has suddenly become vocal. "Many people . . . assume that a sizeable number of white people used to be for the movement and are now against it — in other words have changed their minds and switched. I do not believe that that is true." He continued, "They have become more articulate because now their minds are more tightly drawn." Farmer sees another deeply rooted sociological motivation behind the backlash. The lower-middle classes feel threatened from below, they will be forced to share their power. America has never really been a melting pot, but a place where nationality groups can first attain, and then retain, their identity.

Farmer admits that the Administration has done much legislatively in the area of civil rights, but notes that it has been "far too responsive to political pressures." It was a mistake to include open occupancy clauses in the civil rights package, he feels, when it "should have been done by executive order." In any event, equal opportunity is not enough. "It is true," Farmer stated, "that many people — not only poor Negroes, but poor whites, poor Mexicans, poor American Indians — will not benefit by equal opportunity because they do not have the skills required for many of the jobs which will now be available, and in many cases, will not have the literacy to achieve the skills necessary. We must match the struggle for equal opportunity with a struggle for equal achievement."

Thus, equal opportunity will never do anything for those people outside of the mainstream of history. And the changes that the war on poverty has brought have not been changes in terms of the "life-situation" of the average Negro — North or South. The 1.7 billion OEO appropriation cannot right the wrongs of three hundred years of discrimination, cannot give the Negro what Farmer calls the "umbilical cords into the past." Perhaps not even the growing emotional identity between the American Negro and the African can achieve this, or at best, can do so only vicariously. Very simply, this is not a cultural identity. Ultimately, this consciousness of the past will be necessary for the fulfillment of the Negro's aspirations for the future. ■

THE CHAOS OF CONSCIENCE

by Robert Sheehan



IN THIS ERA of the Viet Nam war, the state's power to compel its citizens has become the subject of more than usual controversy. "We may be appalled," wrote an editor of the *SCHOLASTIC* recently, "when General Hershey argues that those resisting the draft should also be willing to go to jail, somehow inverting the civil order. (Normally we send people to jail who want to kill, not those who refuse to kill.)" It is, however, not General Hershey who is guilty of "inverting the civil order."

Citizenship in a country like the United States requires the acceptance of certain basic principles and the assumption of certain obligations. A citizen must, for instance, commit

himself to the defense of the interests and well-being of his country and his fellow citizens, and when the accomplishment of this requires that he risk his life or even take the lives of others against whom he has no personal grievance, he has no choice but to do so. Of course, some explanations and qualifications of this bare statement are necessary. First, national well-being can be a very broad and all-inclusive term, including such obscure and unlikely things as the preservation of a nation's reputation for faithfulness to its treaty obligations, or the establishment of a friendly government in some distant country. Second, in a country with a democratic government such as ours the

only judge of what is or is not in the interest of national well-being is a majority of the citizenry (speaking, of course, through their elected representatives in proper constitutional fashion). Third, and most important to what we are discussing here, in a more or less morally inclined country like the United States the national interest must always be presumed by all concerned to include that which is morally desirable and to exclude that which is morally unacceptable.

There are those, naturally, who do not accept the principle laid down above, and refuse to go to war even when there is no question of any moral principles being at stake; these are principally composed of two types, those who consider themselves "world citizens" and above national loyalties, and those who refuse to fight in a particular war because they think it stupid and not in the national interest. The former can be simply disposed of; they should be given the choice of either relinquishing their citizenship or being shot, for, whatever the merits of their position, they cannot expect to enjoy the rights of citizenship without paying for them. The latter group does not present so simple a problem, for its members clearly are willing to pay their debt to their country, but insist that fighting the present war would not be a useful payment. They must recognize, however, that considerations of order preclude the possibility of each citizen's deciding for himself the strategic merits of a given course of action, and in a country where the majority rules some people will unfortunately but nonetheless inevitably have to die in defense of worthless causes, against their wills if necessary, just as some men are sent to prison for crimes they did not commit. Again, those who do not agree with this idea may have reason on their side, but they are working against the basic assumptions of American society, past and present, and hence have scant right to call themselves Americans (although, needless to say, they do have a right to live and to express their opinions).

At this stage, of course, we are still very far from exhausting all the possible objections to any given war. Most of those remaining stem from the third amendment that I made to my original statement of principle: the importance of the element of morality. The vast majority of those who object to the present war in Viet Nam (including permanent conscientious objectors, who object to all war) do so on the grounds that it is simply immoral. What, then, are they

—and those who must maintain order in the state — to do?

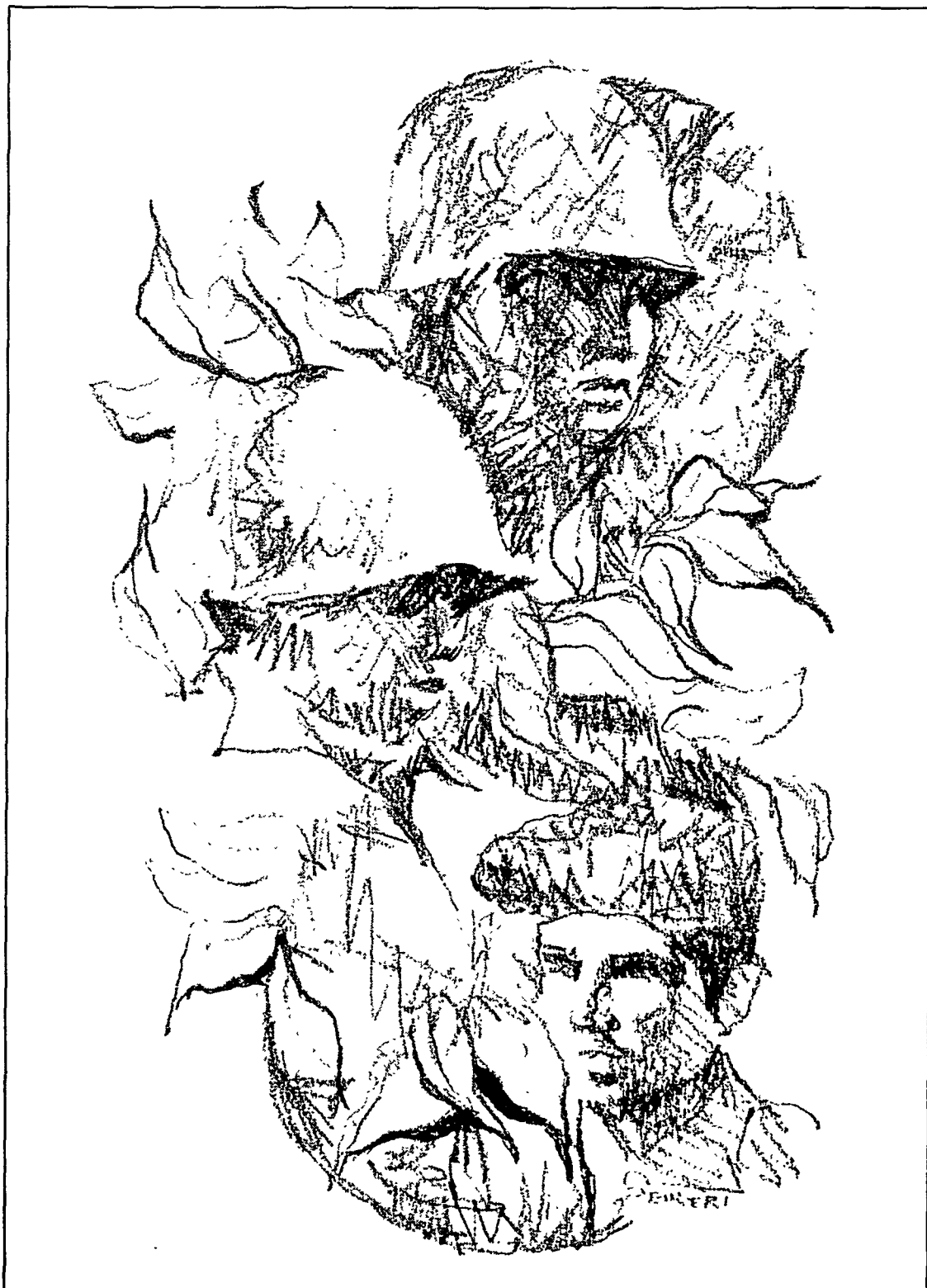
In the first place, it is clear that in considerations of morality, unlike considerations of strategy, majority rule or the advice of those wiser and more experienced than ourselves is of no avail. As is frequently emphasized, the Nuremberg Trials established that fact once and for all; but, more importantly (since the Nuremberg Trials were purely a civil and political institution, and perhaps an illegal and unconstitutional one at that), the Church and our own common sense concur in this decision: the individual and he alone is responsible for his own actions, and no amount of pressure or torture can justify his committing an essentially immoral act.

The path, then, is clear: anyone who sincerely believes, after careful consideration of all the relevant information, that a war is immoral is under the severest possible obligation not to aid in its conduct or prolongation. However, the matter does not end there: the obligation not to bear arms in an immoral cause is absolute, but once this decision is made the state is hardly likely to agree with it. Here is where the fallacy in most present-day pacifism lies.

The state has no obligation to respect an individual's moral principles. The primary aim of the state remains what it always was: to secure the maximum possible freedom and well-being for its citizens compatible with good order. The state is essentially

an amoral institution: it is the citizens who control the state and make the laws who are expected to maintain moral principles uppermost in their minds; the state and its functionaries — the Executive Branch, in our system of government — are, ideally, mere automata serving the people's will, and they have no power to exempt some people from the obligations of citizenship. The state's disregard for the perfectly sincere moral scruples of its citizens is aptly demonstrated in its requirement that the Amish contribute to the Social Security fund and attend accredited schools for a certain length of time, and its compulsory medical treatment of Christian Scientists in instances when their ill health becomes a public nuisance. To a Christian Scientist it is better that he cause an epidemic than that he accept the ministrations of a physician; the state's answer to his moral imperative is one of contempt. And this is as it should be.

How, then, do we reconcile the two imperatives, the one that impels the individual and the one that impels the state? Simply thus — a conscientious objector has two choices: he can choose to remain a citizen, or he can give up his citizenship and leave the country. If he chooses the former, this means that he is making an act of faith in his country, assuming the basic good-heartedness of his fellow citizens. He expects the tide of public opinion eventually to turn against the war. But at the same time he has committed himself to the established order, and has in effect signed a renunciation of all radical means of protest. As a member of the "loyal opposition" (not to be confused with the Republican Party) he cannot in good conscience attempt to subvert the war by violence or by aiding the enemy; and he cannot expect or attempt to avoid being jailed or perhaps shot for his opinions: that is the sacrifice he must make, even as his fellow citizen must make *his* sacrifice on the battlefield. Those, on the other hand, who do not feel that they can accept such a passive course of action must be able to recognize the full implication of their decision: they have become enemies of the state, with no claim to its protection, and must abandon the pretense of being Americans. He who attempts to subvert the will of the people, though he may be right in the only way that matters, is nonetheless the enemy of the people, and they must oppose him. Whatever course the conscientious objector takes, he must look to the judgment of history, and not to the opinions of his contemporaries, for his justification. ■



SHADOW AGAINST THE RAIN

BY S. J. BUONAUGURIO

CHARLIE WOKE UP feeling scared. The morning rain drizzled steadily against the window. He slid from under the warm bedcovers and stood barefooted on the cold hardwood floor. The evening paper was right about the rain. Charlie didn't like it when it rained.

Charlie looked down at his sleeping wife. She used to sit in the stands and pray that Charlie would get to play. After the games she would say how lucky Charlie was because at least he didn't have to get wet like some of the players did. Charlie never got wet. He never played and nobody ever missed him. So one day Charlie walked off the practice field and walked out of school altogether. That's when they got married.

"Cold floors and no rugs and nothing," Charlie mumbled. "I didn't promise you no three-room closet like this, did I? Someday. Just as soon as I show them I'm the right man. Then we'll have our own house and kids and everything. Someday." He got dressed and walked to the bathroom.

There was a long crack down the middle of the bathroom mirror. Charlie didn't like mirrors. He stopped liking mirrors right after he had quit school. No avoiding it today. He had to shave today. This was his first time working on a big job. Charlie had to look good. The Boss ran the big jobs. Charlie moved his head so that the crack in the mirror made it look like he was shaving somebody else. "Someday," he mumbled.

Charlie steered his old car out onto the highway. The rain came down a little heavier. Sometimes a man has got to be scared for what he wants, he thought. The news was on the radio. Charlie didn't like the news. The news was about the world but Charlie had his own world to worry about. He turned the radio off. It was a long ride out to the big job. Charlie started thinking about the first time he had worked in the rain.

It was a small job out in the country. There was just a handful of men working. Charlie and Eli were the only laborers. The day started out sunny, then it got cloudy, then it rained. The men ran to their cars

to get out of the rain.

"Come on," Eli said.

"Come on where?" Charlie said.

"Come on out of that rain is where."

"Not me, Eli, not me."

"A man can't work in the rain," Eli said.

"He's got to if he wants to make it," Charlie said.

"Make what?" Eli said. "The grave?"

Charlie pulled up his collar to keep the cold rain off his neck.

"Eli, you gotta show them. You gotta let them know you don't care about getting wet."

"Nobody expects a man to work in the rain," Eli said.

"That's when you show them you've got it. When they don't expect it, that's when you put out."

"You're wrong, boy. There's nobody watching you." Eli hesitated. "Besides, you pull this on a big job, you being white, and the men will knock you down."

"Don't worry about me," Charlie said.

"I've seen it happen," Eli said. "I've worked a lot of men on the big jobs. You try this and somebody will knock you down in the mud you're digging at."

"Eli, go on out of the rain," Charlie said. "I'm making it."

"Yeah, you're making it. You're digging it."

That was before. This was a big job, now. Sometimes you gotta be scared, Charlie thought. It's a good thing that Eli was running the labor gang here. Eli knew the kind of man Charlie was. Charlie parked his car, got out, and walked through the rain to the shanty.

Some of the laborers stood close to the potbelly stove. Others sat on the hard plank benches that girded the small shelter. Eli was looking out the steamy window into the dark morning.

"We go home today for sure," one of the men near the stove said.

"That's the truth," a big southern laborer said. He got up from the corner where he was sitting and moved next to the door. "I had my fill of this here stuff in the Army."

At eight o'clock the Boss came in.

He didn't look like a Boss to Charlie. He was a squat man with a bald head and short fat fingers.

"You boys going to sit all day?" the Boss said.

No one moved or said anything. It was a game they played. The Boss had to ask. He had to get the work out. No one was expected to work in the rain. It was a game between the Boss, the men, and the rain. The Boss didn't expect anyone to work in the rain. "That toolbox outside is open and those stakes out in the field is what you have to dig around."

"I'm working," Charlie said.

The Boss didn't expect this. The men looked hard at Charlie. The big southern laborer moved square in front of the door.

"I'm working," Charlie said again. He walked to the door. The big laborer moved just enough to let Charlie open the door and squeeze outside.

"You men go on home," the Boss said. "No work today."

The Boss left the labor shanty and went to his car. The men started filing out the shanty door, one by one, past the big southern laborer. Eli was the last man. When Eli came to the door the big laborer stopped him.

"You gonna let that boy work?"

"There's nothing I can do. If he wants to work that's his right," Eli said.

"Come on now. Who you kidding? You don't get no five dollars a man every week for letting no white boy work in the rain."

"Now that five dollars ain't for keeping no white boys in line. It's for hiring and firing black men. You know that."

"I know that that boy working in the rain ain't a boy no more. When he works in the rain he's the man."

"Now don't go beatin' the dog," Eli said.

"He is," the big southern laborer said. "He's the man and the man says, nigger, there's no sense you coming on out in the rain. The man says, you're on the bottom and wet or dry that's where you're gonna stay."

"You got it bad," Eli said. "Go on home like the Boss said."

"I'm going. But you get that boy, the man, out of here. You hear me?"

Eli didn't answer. The big laborer walked out the door and down to the cars. Eli left the door open and went and sat down in a corner of the shanty. "I told you, Charlie," Eli said in a low voice.

"Who'd you tell what?" Eli looked up. The Boss was standing in the

(Continued on page 25)

Prayer of a Frog

Dear God:

—help me to jump higher and leap farther than any frog on earth

—help me to croak louder than all the frogs of the land

—help me father more frogs than Moses wished upon the Egyptians

—help me to always have enough flies and bugs and things to eat

—help all the girl frogs to like me

—help me to always have webbed feet and a tail neither long nor short

—help me to be bigger and better than a toad

—help all the other frogs to see the light

—help there to always be a lily pad for me to land on

—help me to be a good frog.

— ED SMITH



movies

AVON: *Dear John* is so unobtrusively engaging that one never thinks to ask about its alleged frankness, and for a film about sex this is a precious blessing. The NCOMP (formerly the Legion of Decency) did question it, however, and determined that it was too sophisticated in its casual portrayal of human intimacy and in its apparent advocacy of sex as a positive means to real love. In any consideration of the film, however, and not its moral implications, *Dear John* arises as the most refreshingly naive romance since *Sundays and Cybele*. If any criticism applies, it is perhaps due to a tendency toward sentimentality; but even this criticism is unshackled by the very casualness which the Legion abhorred, a casualness which maintains discreetly a balanced level of dignity and cleanliness, contouring the delicate beauty of *Dear John*. (For times, call: 288-7800)

COLFAX: *Doctor Zhivago* opens for six weeks and promises to uplift the standards of living in this part of the universe. It is a good deal too large to criticize, and overwhelms even after three viewings; too large, in fact, to single out in this space anything particularly outstanding, since it impresses itself as a single irresistible force which offers an experience at the movies seldom encountered. Do not deny yourself this experience. (*Zhivago*: 2:00, 7:30.)

GRANADA: *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round* is as sophisticated and meaningless as its title. (*Heat*: 1:05, 3:10, 7:15, 9:15.)

STATE: *The Fighting Prince of Donegal*. A dizzy Disney doozie. (*Prince*: 1:40, 4:10, 6:40, 9:10.)

CINEMA '67: *Love Me Tonight* stars Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in an early '30's musical spoof, surprisingly campy for its period. So *This is New York* is an obscure but delightful '40's comedy. Should be great fun, but avoid the crowded Saturday-night showing if possible. (Cont. Educ. Cent.: Sat. & Sun., 2:00, 7:30.)

—J. DUDLEY ANDREW



DIRTY POOL

The Notre Dame student body is not without fault when it comes to showing hospitality; the stigma of the Michigan State band incident and those witty signs exhibited at half time during last year's Southern California game will haunt the land of the Golden Dome for some time to come. However, the humane treatment of the visiting Cadets of West Point certainly will help in restoring the reputation of the student body. But while the Irish may have been bush off the field, they have never been anything less than major league on, even in defeat.

This did not seem to be the case of the host Sooners last Saturday afternoon in Norman. Even the armchair fan could see that something was amiss. There were repeated instances of intentional roughness and poor sportsmanship. Some were caught by the officials and rectified, but there is no compensation for a key player who is forced to leave a game because of what the pros call a "cheap shot." Jim MacKenzie, the coach of the Sooners, is too respected a man to teach his team these tactics. Most instances seemed spontaneous and confined to individuals. But the fact remains that it did happen. Everyone likes rough, hard-hitting football; it is the nature of the game, and it is a fundamental part of every good contest. But no one likes the cheap shot. The contact should take place in the middle of the field, not on the sidelines where benches and brick walls can be utilized to dismember players. The University of Oklahoma has a reputable football team with many top-rate players. It was their conduct during the game that many found more disappointing than their play.

ANNIVERSARY WIN

When your first-string quarterback, who happens to be the 10th leading small-college passer in the country, decides to leave the team

on Wednesday to devote more time to the books and the big game on Saturday is all but lost, just what is the coach supposed to do? Punt?

Well, not Dick Riendeau of nationally celebrated R.P.I. He simply yanked his first string safety, John Contentto, off the defensive unit, where he had already set a season record with five interceptions, and put him behind the center on offense to replace Bob Nicattera who had opted for the classroom.

Initially coach Riendeau had his doubts concerning Contentto's aerial prowess because he watched John during the baseball season and concluded that John couldn't throw a baseball very well. But Contentto returned in the fall with a new found arm which the Coach was now forced to test against rival Haverford.

By halftime Contentto had dispelled all doubts. He had completed 12 of 18 passes, including six of his first seven and his team actually *led* at the half 21-0. All hell broke loose in the third quarter when the Engineers collected 29 points on a safety, a halfback option pass and six more of Contentto's aeriels. Prior to the deluge the team had failed to score a single point in the third quarter of any game this fall. The final 57-0 whitewash sent R.P.I.'s statisticians back to the record books. Dusting off the pages they found that the score was not only the fourth highest in the school's history (Brooklyn College succumbed 68-0 back in '43) and not only more points than the Engineers had totaled in either of the past two seasons, but also represented their first road victory since 1958. And, oh yes, fittingly it came on the anniversary of their startling win over Middlebury a year ago, which ended a 43 game streak without a win.

GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

Ara Parseghian is a rather commanding figure who rarely settles for second best, no matter how good that

may be. In a word, he is a perfectionist. But the team trip to Oklahoma was far from perfection, and Parseghian, who approaches every game with an apprehensive if not downright nervous disposition, experienced a trip he will not soon forget.

Things began to happen almost as soon as the plane left the runway at the South Bend Airport. The pilot soon informed his precious cargo that one of his not-so-important gyros had burned out, and the plane would make an unscheduled landing in Chicago for repairs. After a brief delay the Ara-plane was once again airborne, and after what was described as not the softest ride in aviation history the group landed at, rather ironically, Will Rogers Airport in Oklahoma.

Scene two found the Irish loading their gear into the two buses which were to whisk them to a not-too-nearby hotel. However, one of the buses was unable to rise to the occasion, forcing the entire party into the surviving *modus operandi*. But just as the fates finally got Ulysses back to Penelope, the Notre Dame team reached the Continental Motel.

FOR THE RECORD

RUGBY (3 - 1)

Notre Dame 33; Quad City 0
Palmer 6; Notre Dame 0

CROSS-COUNTRY

Michigan State 27; Notre Dame 30
SOCCER (2 - 6)

Notre Dame 5; Chicago 1
Notre Dame 2; St. Francis 1

SAILING

N.D. Fall Invitational:
Marquette 32; Notre Dame 28

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 29

Sailing: Ohio State Invitational at Columbus

OCTOBER 30

Rugby: Villanova at Philadelphia

NOVEMBER 5

Cross-Country: Indiana State meet at Indianapolis

Soccer: Illinois at Notre Dame

THE CHARGE OF THE WEIGHT BRIGADE

All year long Notre Dame has awed opponents with its pro-league brawn. Saturday another, bigger team showed up at the Stadium, and the Irish Freshman Team's manhandling of the Pitt Frosh uncovered an impressive supply of talent for the future.

by Mike McAdams

JIM MACKENZIE is the coach of the Oklahoma Sooners, and he well knows the feeling of hunting rhinoceri with an air rifle. Your aim may be straight and true, but the big ones just don't buy theoretical accuracy. "I like my football players big and fast," he announced earlier this year, "but I haven't been able to find any around here." So he settled instead for small and fast, which led to accurate execution but not much effect. As Oklahoma folded ("bent but not broken") under Notre Dame's unrelenting assault last week, the feeling around Norman was that the Sooners had to be facing the bulkiest group of athletes ever assembled under one registration procedure.

The fans in Norman were wrong, though, as the fans in South Bend will attest. The team that distributed Oklahoma all around Owen Stadium is not even the biggest on its own campus. The Irish freshman team is. Wally Moore's aggregation of king-size linemen and powerful backs put on a show of their own Saturday, overcoming a sometimes sputtering offense to steamroll Pittsburgh's reputedly strong freshman, 29-0. "While our play was generally satisfying," Coach Moore said afterwards, "I was disappointed with our inability to mount sustained drives." Nevertheless it is axiomatic that freshman teams, which lack the concentrated unit drilling of varsities, cannot really be expected to execute with polished precision.

The fact that Notre Dame did score 29 points is in large part a tribute to that massive line. At defensive end was 6'7" Jay Ziznewski, who didn't do much except block a punt to set up a touchdown, almost dismember Pitt Fullback George Richards on a tackle, and cause Quarterback Chuck Winters to reroute his right side running plays in the second half. "We

would have liked to start him at tight end on offense, too," Moore said later, "but he's been hurt and hasn't had time to work at the position." Strong end play among the newcomers will particularly delight coaches Parseghian and Ray, since top defenders Page and Rhoades will be graduating. A smallish guard, 230 lb. Jim Reilly, showed quick reactions that could particularly endear him to Johnny Ray, for whom pure size takes a back seat to agility; it was Reilly who caught Panther Jeff Barr in the end zone for the final two points. And the 530 lb. tackle duo of Mike McKoy and Bob Jockisch discouraged the Pittsburgh ground attack just by being there.

The offense, amazingly, is as weighty as the defense. Reilly played here as well, combining with 235 lb. Jim Ruzicka in opening holes for Jeff Zimmerman and Ed Zeigler, who did their best to generate a steady ground attack in spite of the execution handicaps. Among the backs, Zimmerman's Eddy-like moves marked him as the prime candidate for the Parseghian attack next year. The Pennsylvania halfback is, predictably, larger than the average freshman runner, weighing 205.

While such size and talent will

surely make itself felt next fall, don't award any mental starting assignments yet. "We can't play any boy at just one spot," explained Coach Moore. "Everyone must be evaluated in terms of their potential for varsity performance. That's why some very talented players, like Schumacher (halfback-linebacker who was used mainly on kickoff returns), didn't start. They're going to play somewhere, but just now, we aren't sure where."

With more time to evaluate, the freshman situation will undoubtedly become less knotted by November 18, when Michigan State closes out the frosh schedule. These games will not get into any record books, but to the players they are far more than scrimmages. For the Pitt game, the freshmen added an hour daily to the practice sessions over the preceding two weeks. Michigan State will get the same treatment, and Wally Moore will try to have the young Spartans scouted as well. It's a long, long time from August to November, and the two-game freshman slate has developed tremendous importance for the players.

During the next few weeks, however, the freshmen will have to be content to throw their weight around at the nation's top-ranked team. It's both a hazard and a privilege for these massive rookies, who eventually will be the new Durankos and Hardys and Eddys. The good ones should be ready by 1968, which incidentally is the year Oklahoma again meets the Irish. Then the Sooners can see a *really* big team. ■

Pitt halfbacks felt the aggregated weight of the massive defense line all afternoon. The oversized frosh created problems for themselves as well, often slipping out of their hip-hugging pants.



Voice in the Crowd

The opening kickoff of the Oklahoma game set the tone for the entire contest last Saturday. Lying outstretched on the ground after throwing a block, Rocky Blier was speared in the ribs by an overeager Sooner, a full three or four seconds after the whistle. Luckily, he survived, as did Nick Eddy after his confrontation with a brick wall later in the game.

Prior to the game Notre Dame needed little more incentive than the fact that their newly acquired number one ranking in the polls would be severely tested by the Sooners. Oklahoma had most of the wild cards: an unblemished record, the momentum of four straight victories, the long and sometimes bitter tradition behind the series, and the highly partisan hometown crowd each in its own way would be utilized to spur the Sooners to victory. But they made a costly mistake early in the game. It might have been the kickoff incident or the sideline situation when Eddy slammed into the wall. Whatever, the Irish took notice and later they responded.

The reply came in the form of blasting blocks by the interior line which blew the "small but quick" Sooners right out of the ball game in the second quarter. For their part the defense smothered Oklahoma's ground and air offensive with such force that a feeble field goal attempt was their only achievement of the entire afternoon. Notre Dame bent the Sooners with seventeen first-half points and, after a halftime assessment of the damage caused by Oklahoma's overaggressiveness, broke them in the second half with twenty one more.

The logical assumption in such a lopsided contest is that the competition simply wasn't what it was built up to be. An evaluation of four previous opponents, all beaten decisively by Notre Dame, suggests another possibility. Purdue, although beaten soundly by Michigan State, is probably the second best team in the Big Ten, and therefore headed to the Rose Bowl. Army, with only one defeat, is rated the best in the East and they too are headed toward a bowl bid. North Carolina was tabbed the favorite in the Atlantic Coast Conference before Jim Lynch landed on quarterback Talbot's ankle. And Oklahoma is already predicted to uproot Nebraska this year in the Big Eight. All have respectable records and three were unbeaten before Notre Dame intervened.

Then the alternative might be that Notre Dame was simply that much better than their first five opponents. The statistics and the polls lend weight to this possibility. Notre Dame leads the country in total offense, averaging over 430 yards per game. The defense has allowed a nation-leading 4.2 points per game and ranks high in the rushing department as well. And even though Michigan State crushed Purdue, the pollsters still gave Notre Dame the top billing.

In capturing the number one rating the Irish have, in effect, brought the accompanying pressure on themselves. Their performance at Norman proved they can cope with the pressure now but, naturally, it will mount. How Notre Dame will react to this pressure in the remaining five games is what the game is all about—a challenge.

—MIKE BRADLEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

DUKE VS. GEORGIA TECH: Those Dodd's boys will win with or without white helmets, for even if it doesn't rain, there is always Snow to cool off the Blue Devil attack.

PENN STATE VS. CALIFORNIA: The Bears haven't been exactly Golden this season but it is contended on the coast that surfboards build stronger muscles than coal mines.

TENNESSEE VS. ARMY.

Doug Dickey has his do's and don'ts. Dewey to Denny is a "do."

The Cadets may have some wills and won'ts;

Willing to beat the Vols won't make it true.

SOUTHERN CAL VS. MIAMI: A high-powered offense has saved USC on their own coast while defense has kept the Hurricanes in fair winds in the East. But even away from home the Trojans should weather the storm.

PURDUE VS. ILLINOIS: Despite their Spartan miseries the Boiler-makers are still Rose Bowl bound. A regrouping of their defenses should take all the fight out of the Illini.

R.P.I. VS. W.P.I.: Would you believe Haverford O, R.P.I. 57? The embarrassed Engineers have overcome the odds. With a new streak in the making, the overmatched engineers from Worcester will surely prove no match.

UPSET OF THE WEEK

ARKANSAS VS. TEXAS A&M.: With the Southwest Conference leadership at stake, the dark horse Aggies, conquerors of Baylor last week, have the momentum to slip by the Porkers en route to the Cotton Bowl.

OTHER PICKS

Dartmouth over Yale
Baylor over TCU
Ohio State over Minnesota
LSU over Mississippi
Syracuse over Pitt
Missouri over Nebraska
UCLA over Air Force
Michigan over Wisconsin

LAST WEEK: 12-3, 80.0%. To date: 42-17-1, 70.8%.

Campus

(Continued from page 15)

percent of the elderly had been entering hospitals before, the ratio is now 40-45-50 percent."

Dr. Annis was particularly frightened by the "paperwork" — the special form cards doctors must now fill out for Medicare patients and he direly forecast a future of creeping government encroachment: "Next they will be wanting private records of patients. Already other documents are being written to tell what kind of drugs (the doctor) must prescribe."

In closing, Dr. Annis called for Notre Dame students to take an interest in government as well as medicine for their own protection and fired a parting shot at Medicare: "Anywhere I've practiced anyone who needed medical care could get it."

ND'S PEACEFUL FELLOWS

"LOVE," proclaimed the signs announcing an organizational meeting of the newly founded Notre Dame Peace Fellowship last Monday, and to the meeting dutifully came a dozen-odd hopeful members of Notre Dame's perennial pacifist fringe. A motley crew of unfrocked seminarians, disillusioned nonstudents and idealistic theology majors met to discuss the furtherance of the cause of peace at Notre Dame, but, in the manner of most such gatherings on this campus, the meeting soon degenerated into a painfully polite multiple harangue on the subject of the organization's image.

The problem was: are we against war, or are we for peace? Merely to present a negative position — to "stamp out hate" as *The Mad Show* puts it — would, said one embittered founder of the group, preclude the possibility of enlisting the sympathies of all but the most committed pacifists on the campus. "I've spent eight years of my life working for peace, and I'm tired of seeing everything I worked for destroyed by something just like this. We already have two strikes against us, the atmosphere around here being what it is, and this would just add a third one." The problem resolved itself into the question of whether the group should temporarily disband and attempt to reestablish itself once its negative image had disappeared from the minds of the Notre Dame students, or incorporate itself as an official campus organization (which meant that the club's officers would be investigated by the FBI and probably placed on a list of security risks).

A number of alternative plans were presented: perhaps the group could

Shadow Against the Rain

(Continued from page 20)

doorway brushing the water off his coat. He didn't wait for an answer. "You have any trouble about the boy?"

"No," Eli said.

"Well, I don't want to take no chances."

"I know," Eli said.

"We got a good thing going. Somebody will get mad and get us called down to the local."

"Yeah," Eli said.

"When the kid comes in, dump him," the Boss said.

Eli moved to the window and wiped away the steam. Out in the field Charlie looked like a shadow against the rain.

"Yeah."

~~~~~  
work through a series of ostensibly independent *ad hoc* committees, or, better yet, perhaps the unsuspecting YCS could be used as a front. One individual passed himself off as a YCS group leader and indicated that he could use his "group" to carry out a program of pacifist demonstrations. ("That is completely untrue," was YCS Chairman Bill Reishman's shocked reaction upon hearing of the statement.) Some members protested, stating that the idea of going underground or disbanding altogether left them "just sick, literally sick. We've already wasted time that could have been spent on peace by just arguing here, and now we're going to lose another two months. Who cares about our image? Everybody considers us kooks anyway: we know that really the only people we can attract are those who are already committed, so why not start *doing* something?" Others agreed, and some of the more scrupulous members ventured the opinion that using other organizations as fronts was somewhat unfair; besides, the YCS was becoming too right wing to be compatible with the Peace Fellowship's goals. Nonetheless, most of the membership still cherished the fond hope that the cause of peace on the Notre Dame campus could eventually wear the mantle of respectability, and to this end the aura of negativism — the image of the "Vietnick" — surrounding the cause of pacifism must be dissipated. Finally the tired and disillusioned group agreed to temporarily abolish the organization. The Notre Dame Peace Fellowship will emerge from the underground on Wednesday, November 2, when an anonymous organization will sponsor a "Silent Vigil for Peace" on the steps of the Student Center.

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# Dan Murray The Last Word



WITH THEIR LATEST laurel a *Time* cover, the Fighting Irish move on in their quest for the national championship. We will not comment upon their athletic proficiency, as that has been more than adequately handled in Mike Bradley's sports pages. But a word is in order about the character and dedication of this year's team.

In our four years here we have never had more reason to be proud of a team, off as well as on the field. One recalls the scholarship of Bob Lehmann (Engineering Dean's List) or the leadership of Jim Carroll, but to have the likes of Lynch, Hardy, Duranko, just to name a few, on the same team is surely an exception rather than the rule. Poise, determination, character are the qualities football as a sport is meant to draw out of a player: in the terms of these the 1966 edition of the ND football team has already earned the title of national champions.

HAVING JUST BESTOWED the national championship, we shall now move on to the campus gridiron race. Beyond any shadow of a doubt the leader in that contest is the team fielded by campus publications, including the SCHOLASTIC. Their first game is scheduled with the Blue Circle on All Saints' Day; a grudge match with student government will follow. With players like Jamie McKenna, Steve Feldhaus, Mike Bradley, Bernie McAra (if he recovers from last week's Circle game), and, yes, Anton Finelli, we feel we are invincible.

Not to minimize the opposition. The Blue Circle employs a two-platoon system, fielding both offensive and defensive teams. And reportedly SBP Jim Fish has been having late-night sessions with S. G. Star Rick Dunne to determine strategy for the pigskin politics. But a word to the wise: when the two campus publications forge their football steamroller, nothing will stop them.

ALUMNI HALL residents are on the verge of compiling their own "Topsy" survey to rival WSND. The only difference being that the Alumni ratings will hinge on the popularity of songs crooned by drunks returning to campus after one or two in the morning. Leader of the pack by far presently is a tune whose title is phrased in the form of a question. (We can't print the title here for obvious reasons, but it's among the frequent vulgarities at ND football games.) Perennial favorite is the Notre Dame Victory March and a slurred version of the Alma Mater.

The latest addition to the list is an instrumental. Last Friday night Alumni residents were regaled with Gershwin's "Summertime" performed by a solo trumpeter as he walked up Notre Dame Avenue. The time was three in the morning. It was a beautiful rendition, but . . .

THIS YEAR'S first controversy of substance in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC was engendered last week when a vicious attack was made by a letterwriter upon Associate Editor Jamie McKenna's series of autobiographies or articles, depending on your viewpoint. I, for one, could care less: if his articles are chapters from his life story, at least he's had an interesting life.

Indeed, the SCHOLASTIC editors are indebted to Jamie. His article of October 14 on Louie's ("From the Tables Down at Louie's to the Place Where Hornbach Dwells") was so appreciative that we received an invitation to a feast that made even Anton Finelli swoon in anticipation. Between the garlic bread and the wine, and all the other trappings that go into an Italian banquet, our stomachs will never be the same.

CONGRATULATIONS TO two staff members, one of whom will be leaving our ranks at the end of the semester. Copy Editor Jim Bresette plans a wedding over the January break to Terrill Rebout while Art Editor Mike Seibert is engaged to Diantha Murphy. Meanwhile Tom Sullivan and Jamie McKenna continue to search in vain.

Last May we heard from no less a source than the University Chaplain that ninety percent of the SMC Senior Class had ND miniatures. The ten percent remain, not through any lack of effort on the SCHOLASTIC staff's part.

This week we add two staff members from across the road: Mary Jo Archer and Kathi Scanlan. For the past two weeks they have given, with old-timer Stevie Phalen, a feminine touch to "On Other Campuses."

The male-female ratio on the SCHOLASTIC staff is now eleven to one, considerably worse than the ND-SMC ratio of six to one. This will not do.

WHEN WE PRINT personal notices of thanks to Orestes Brownson (cf. this column last week), you know I have begun to scrape the bottom of the barrel. Next week's Last Word will be penned by Managing Editor Carl Magel.

It's Homecoming, he's bringing up his girl, and he wants to write the column because . . .

# WSND - FM

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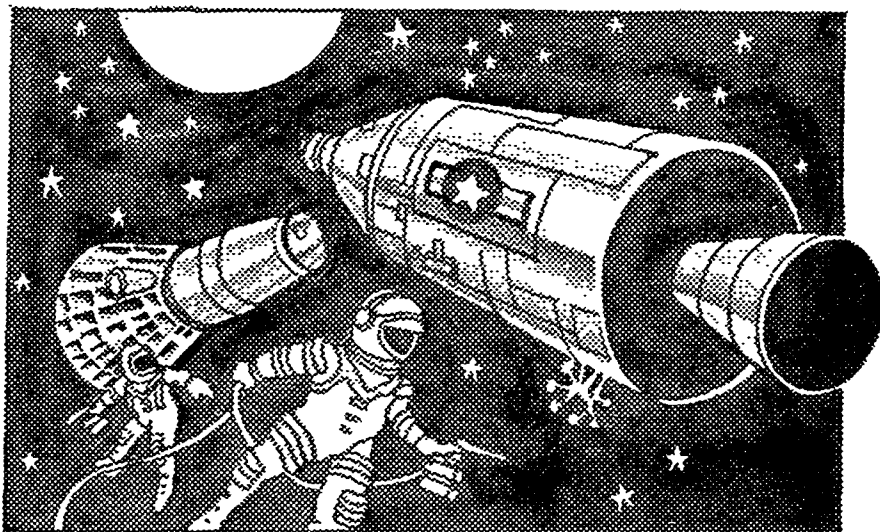
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*Ch. Moore*

# Here are 7 knotty problems facing the Air Force: can you help us solve one?

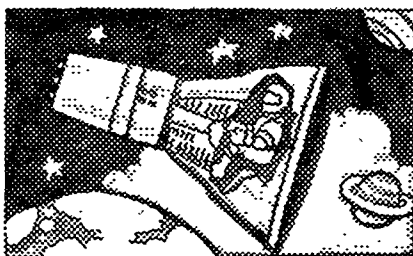


**1. Repairs in space.** If something goes wrong with a vehicle in orbit, how can it be fixed? Answers must be found, if large-scale space operations are to become a reality. For this and other assignments Air Force scientists and engineers will be called on to answer in the next few years, we need the best brains available.

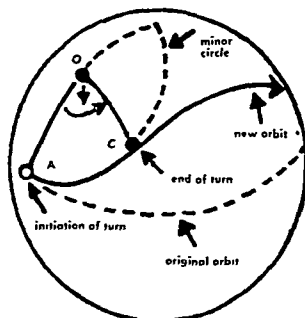
**2. Lunar landing.** The exact composition of the lunar surface, as well as structural and propulsion characteristics of the space vehicle, enter into this problem. Important study remains to be done—and, as an Air Force officer, you could be the one to do it!



**3. Life-support biology.** The filling of metabolic needs over very extended periods of time in space is one of the most fascinating subjects that Air Force scientists are investigating. The results promise to have vital ramifications for our life on earth, as well as in outer space.



**4. Space orientation.** The orbital problems of a spacecraft, including its ability to maneuver over selected points on the earth, are of vital importance to the military utilization of space. There are plenty of assignments for young Air Force physicists in this area.



**5. Synergetic plane changing.** The ability of a spacecraft to change altitude can also be crucial to space operations. Where but in the Air Force could Sc.B.'s get the chance to work on such fascinating projects right at the start of their careers?

**6. Space propulsion.** As our space flights cover greater and greater distances, propulsion—more than anything else—will become the limiting factor. New fuels and new propulsion techniques must be found, if we are to keep on exploring the mysteries of space. And it may well be an Air Force scientist on his first assignment who makes the big breakthrough!

**7. Pilot performance.** Important tests must still be made to determine how the pilots of manned aerospacecraft will react to long periods away from the earth. Of course not every new Air Force officer becomes involved in research and development right away. But where the most exciting advances are taking place, young Air Force scientists, administrators, pilots, and engineers are on the scene.



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