

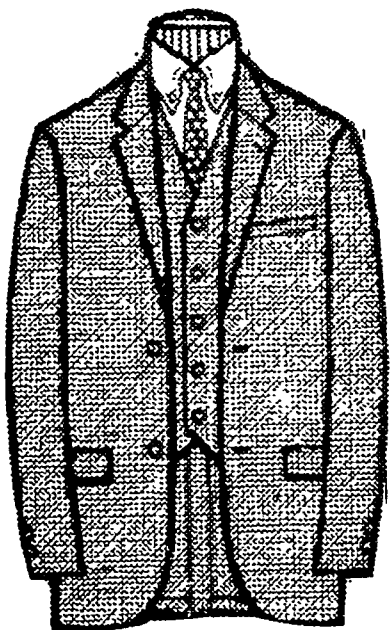
NOVEMBER 4, 1966

SCHOLASTIC





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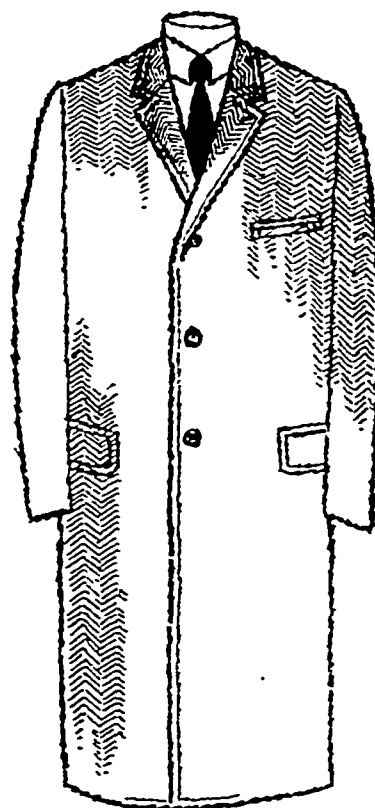
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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

coming distractions

DAILY

- 8:00 a.m. to 11:45 p.m.
7:00 a.m. to 10 p.m.
12 noon to 5:00 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.
- Exhibit in the concourse of the Memorial Library: Thirty-five examples of Navy Combat Art.
At the Moreau Gallery, St. Mary's College: Works of 16 noted Japanese Water Colorists and work of Sister George Ellen of Nazareth Academy.
Exhibits at the Notre Dame Art Gallery of paintings by artists of this century, as well as Italian Renaissance, 14th- to 16th-century art from the University collection, and the George F. Sturman Collection of Contemporary Drawings, along with the Irwin Press Collection of Maya Pre-Columbian heads and masks.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4

- 4:00 p.m.
4:10 p.m.
6:15 p.m.
8:30 p.m.
8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.
9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
10:15 p.m.
- International Coffee Hour in the International Room, La Fortune.
The third lecture of the Julius A. Nieuwland Lectureship will be delivered by Dr. Paul J. Flory in room 123, Nieuwland Science Hall.
"Inside Sports," with Athletic Director E. W. "Moose" Krause, on WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
ND-SMC Theatre presents Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed* in Washington Hall. Tickets are \$1.50 at the door.
Homecoming Dance II in the Ballroom of La Fortune.
Homecoming Ball "Safari '66" in the Stepan Center. Theme for the Social Commission-sponsored event is "A Quiet Village." Admission by Bid only.
"Ara Parseghian Reports," on WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5

- 10:00 a.m.
10:30 a.m.
1:30 p.m.
2:00 p.m.
8:30 p.m.
8:30 p.m.
- The Homecoming parade "Safari '66" will originate at the Book-store parking lot. Participating will be the Homecoming Queen, the Notre Dame Marching Band, the ROTC Drill Team, and floats sponsored by the various campus clubs. The floats will be on display in the parking lot all day.
The Notre Dame Soccer Team faces Illinois behind Stepan.
The Fighting Irish take on Pittsburgh's Panthers in the Stadium.
The Notre Dame Rugby Team vs. John Carroll University also behind Stepan Center.
The Potting Shed, by Graham Greene, presented in Washington Hall, by the ND-SMC Theater.
Ray Charles in concert in Stepan Center, tickets at the door. Prices: \$4.50, \$3.50 and \$2.75.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6

- 9:30 to 11:30 a.m.
3:00 p.m.
9:00 p.m.
10:00 p.m.
- In the North Dining Hall, a Communion Brunch to conclude Homecoming events. Tickets are available only at the Social Commission Office, for \$3.50.
Dr. Lawrence Stark, M.D., will speak on "The Expanding Field of Biomedical-Engineering." The sound film and slide-accompanied lecture is presented by the Aesculapian Club, and will be in the Library Auditorium.
The Notre Dame Glee Club will be the featured performers on the "Andy Williams Show," on WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
"Ara Parseghian Reports," on WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7

- All Day
8:00 p.m.
- Deadline for Seniors to submit their applications for positions on the Senior Ball Committee. These should be addressed to Box 59, Notre Dame, Indiana.
Martin Versfeld, University of Cape Town, South Africa, presents the second in the series of lectures on the *Perspectives in Philosophy*.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8

- All Day
BLACK TUESDAY: Physics Departmentals.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

- 7:00 p.m. and 9:15 p.m.
7:30 p.m.
8:00 p.m.
- The Sophomore Class Academic Commission sponsors the first in its series of free documentary films, *Mein Kampf*, in the Engineering Auditorium; admission free.
American Society of Mechanical Engineers: lecture by C. R. Durrell, Director of Training and Support Engineering at Collins Radio, on "Management in Engineering," with a film, *Information Science*; Room 303 Engineering Building.
At the St. Mary's Little Theatre, Francis Rvornik speaks on "Eastern and Western Influences in Kievan Russia" as part of the Russian History Lecture Series, *Russia: East or West*.
Ambassador Charles Yost presents a lecture in the Library Auditorium as part of the Academic Commission's Distinguished Lecture Series. Second lecture by Martin Versfeld.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10

- All Day
1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.
8:00 p.m.
8:15 p.m.
- Mid-Semester Deficient Student Reports filed. (HELP!) Also, Happy Birthday to the United States Marines (191 years old!)
The Psychology Department is holding an Open House at which animal and human experimental areas will be open to the public, along with the new research and equipment shops.
The SMC Music Department presents Rev. Patrick Mahoney, tenor, in concert at the Little Theater.
The Artists Showcase Quartet will perform in the Library Auditorium.

—Compiled by JIM BRITT

SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

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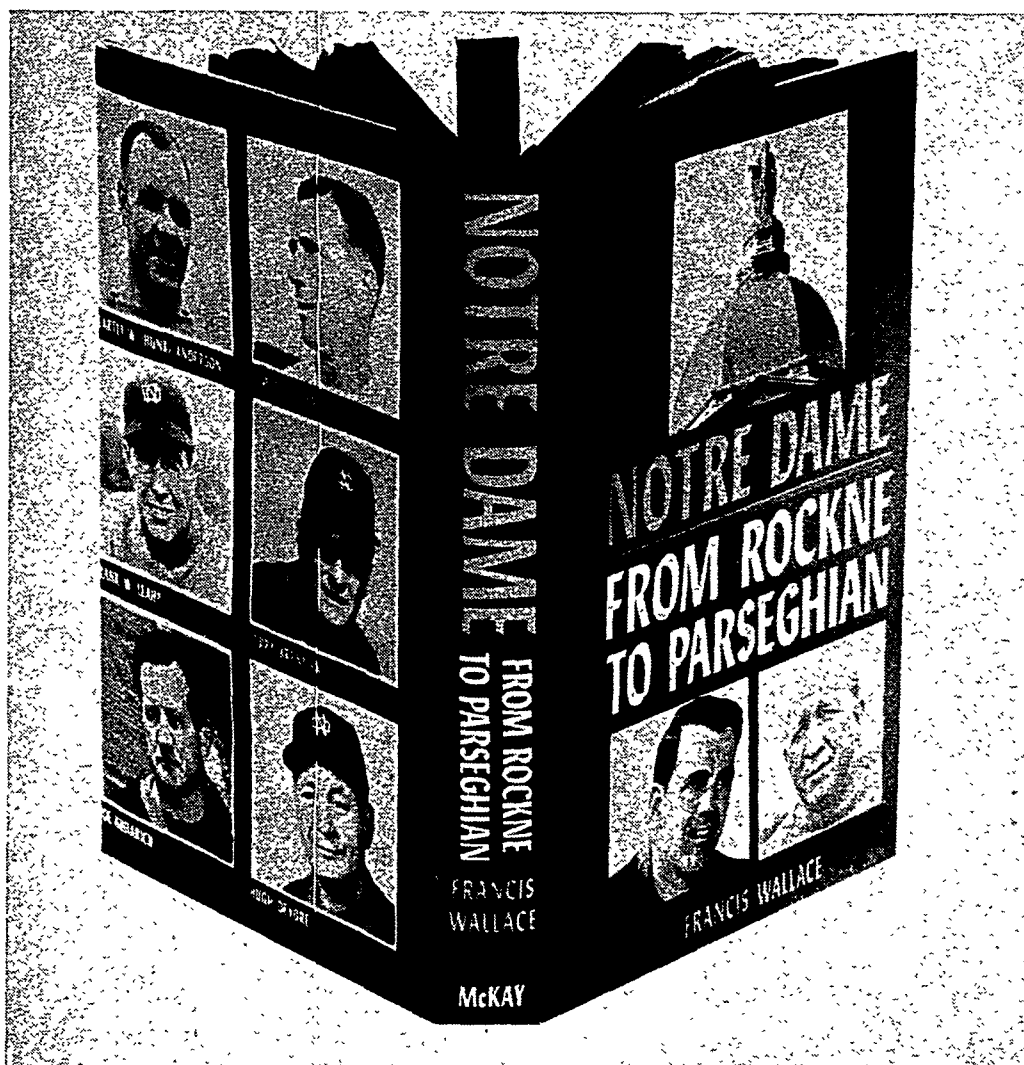
Photography: Mike Ford, Bob Cuccias.

Faculty Advisor: Frank O'Malley.

Contributors: J. Dudley Andrew, Larry Bright, Tony Ingraffea, Mike McAdams, Stephanie Phalen, Dave Tiemeier.

Staff: Jim Britt, George Clark, Jim Crowe, Tom Duffy, Bill Giles, Dave Kennedy, Jack Lavelle.

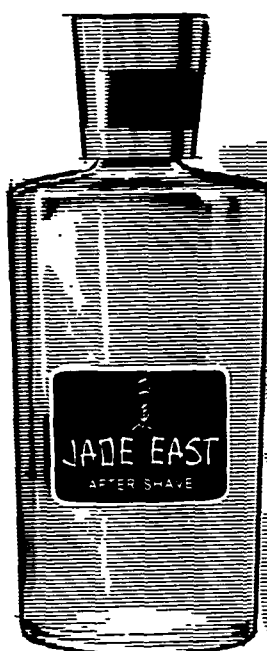
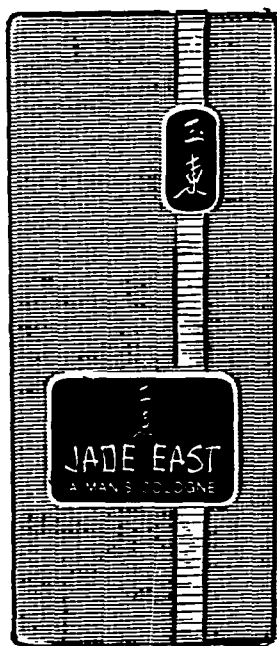
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This is Russ Kennedy of Balboa Island, California, on an in-port field trip as a student aboard Chapman College's floating campus.

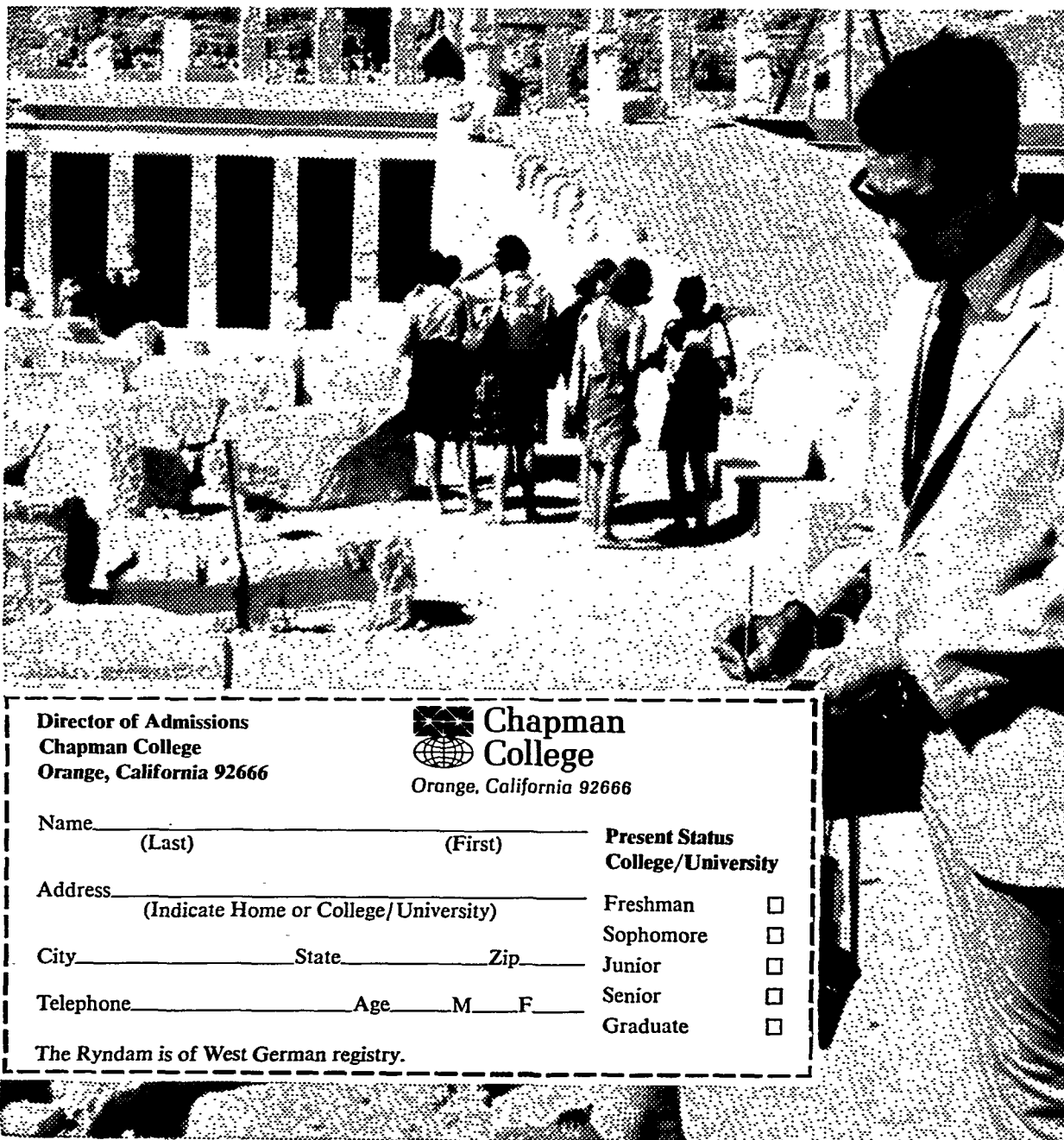
The note he paused to make as fellow students went ahead to inspect Hatshepsut's Tomb in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor, he used to complete an assignment for his Comparative World Cultures professor.

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.

In February still another 450 will embark from Los Angeles for the spring 1967 semester, this time bound for the Panama Canal, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, Nigeria, Senegal, Morocco, Spain, Portugal, The Netherlands, Denmark, Great Britain and New York.

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Graduate ☐

The Ryndam is of West German registry.

Student Government: The New Dilemma

When Student Government was formed on this campus somewhere in the early '50's, it first assumed the responsibilities of providing services; fully conscious of its own legislative impotence and the mere tokenship of its existence, it styled itself a protector of student interest. In those early days, all of Government met in council, and for more than a decade those willing to play the game were forced to satisfy their legislative inclinations by debating that kind of proclamation which finally declared Frankie's off-limits and which banned the twist. Then, in 1962, dissatisfied with the general neglect of student needs, the administration of SBP Kevin Hart revolted, throwing Student Government into a year-long broil with the University Hierarchy that was highlighted by the publication of the *Thursday Throwback*, the issuance of Students' Rights and Grievances, the "firing" of SCHOLASTIC editors, and the nation-wide publication of the suggestion that students with their own interests in mind should organize their own university. These first intimations of a growing awareness on the part of Government of its own potential as a medium of evaluation and reform were darkened by an obvious lack of finesse, an ignorance of methodology. Student demands were blatant, open challenges, and at an image-conscious institution could only be answered with the firm, unequivocal denials which we have come to associate with authority. After all, whose school was it, anyway?

So after Hart came Ellis, who we know smoked cigars and bought an expensive electric typewriter, and after Ellis came Gearen. A veteran Senator steeped in political theory, John Gearen knew that any requests for sweeping changes in the area of student life would have to be supported with viable and convincing rationale — and he provided them. Internally though, Student Government still floundered in the mire of its own encumbered structure; a powerless Senate, barely coordinated agencies and commissions. It was under the aegis of Gearen's successor, last year's Student Body President Minch Lewis, that the separation of responsibilities in Government was first articulated. Lewis moved the administration of services clearly out of the Senate and into the executive body and he vastly increased the corps of personnel working within the expanded organization. Lewis' machine was going places, in a sense, but the price of greater participation was conspicuous: a legislative body left with nothing to legislate; a rambling, unwieldy bureaucratic organism. What distinguished Lewis' approach from those of his predecessors, and what was perhaps most responsible for the sweeping reform of student life which we have witnessed in the last year, however, was the ability of his administration to provide the framework in which changes could be made. The University Administration became

highly receptive to proposals thus couched, and after a summer of negotiations, finally relented. The lesson of this long story, and what immediately becomes obvious, is this — change can come only when officialdom is ready, and it will come rarely, if ever, via the Senate.

All of this leaves this year's SBP, Jim Fish, in somewhat of a quandary. He is faced, on the one hand, with the exciting possibilities of further reform and restructuring of student life in an era of unprecedented official receptiveness, and on the other hand, with having to slow down and reevaluate the nature and purposes of Student Government in the light of these very reforms. Fish has already recognized some of the major problems and has successfully implemented solutions. He has devised a system of commissions under area coordinators who work directly with him as cabinet members. He has placed Senators in executive committees both to increase student representation and Senate participation in Student Government affairs. He has delegated a good deal of his purely administrative tasks to the offices of the Executive and Administrative Vice-Presidents. What he still fears is what would be a fatal loss of direction, and to prevent this from happening, Fish is still anxious to streamline his operation—to get the Social Commission, and the agencies, and Big Screen TV, and Community Services, and CONE, and Civil Rights out of Government and on their own, or within the framework of a Student Union. The fact is that to be effective at all these groups must necessarily be self-perpetuating, must develop their own continuity of programs and qualified personnel to assume positions in the chains of command.

But the fate of Student Government as we know it today, and of the Senate, lies quietly in the still-struggling embryo of the section system and the autonomy of the halls. Doesn't true hall autonomy render the concept of a cross-sectional representative body obsolete? Or if true autonomy is impossible, shouldn't the new breed of representatives come out of the sections, through the Hall Councils and the Hall Presidents (perhaps chosen by the Councils), and then into the Hall President's Council or an equivalent legislative group similar to the campus-wide Judiciary Council? And if this is where the promise of success lies, then doesn't it all depend on the stay-hall program which alone can produce a genuinely cohesive sectional life? Yet, with the sections as the new basic social and political unit of student life, we still cling to the vestiges of class governments and a dying Senate.

The problems, then, are large — and they are pressing. But they are as well simply questions of choice, a choice of alternative actions, and then conformity down the line to the chosen course of action. When the choice becomes clear, the action should be swift and immediate.

—A.J.F.

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letters

AN ERRING BOUNCE

EDITOR:

I would like to clarify certain misstatements reported in the "News and Notes" section of your most recent SCHOLASTIC. It is true that Dr. Vincent Smith retired after eighteen years of dedicated service as editor of *The New Scholasticism*, "one of the world's most respected philosophical journals," relinquishing the post to two distinguished and talented members of our faculty, Drs. Oesterle and McNerny.

The errors occurred when it was stated that he was "one of the rebels bounced from the St. John's faculty." Indeed he was not a rebel but a "conscientious objector," to quote a familiar term. Secondly, and most importantly, he was not "bounced." Feeling that the teachers' strike was not only crippling the university but also thwarting the academic progress of the students, the innocent victims involved in a dispute between the faculty and the administration, he *resigned*. One of the most prestigious members of the faculty, and accepting the personal consequences of the loss of his distinguished position as the Director of the Philosophy of Science Institute there, he broke the back of the strike primarily to protect the interests of these very students, the first responsibility of any teacher. A man of principle, he left the university of his own free will. I ought to know, since I have the inside scoop. I am his proud son.

Christopher Smith
348 Zahm

SAD, CRUEL SHEEHAN

EDITOR:

Mr. Sheehan has clearly delineated some American wartime principles:

1) Objectors to a particular war "must recognize" that they must "inevitably have to die in defense of worthless causes, against their wills. . ."

2) Those who feel no national loyalties have the choice either of getting out or "being shot, . . . whatever the merits of their position. . ."

3) Anyone who believes war is immoral "cannot expect or attempt to avoid being jailed or perhaps shot for his opinions."

4) "Again, those who do not agree [with the above principles] may have reason on their side, but . . . have scant right to call themselves Americans."

That these sad, cruel statements are proving true in America is a testimony to the number of Americans

who agree with (or consent to) Mr. Sheehan's ruthless, immoral, and inhuman beliefs.

Richard Veit
39 Lyons

CLOSE SECOND

EDITOR:

In regard to Richard Crouch's letter in the SCHOLASTIC, October 21:

Just one answer: Since we're no. 2, we try harder.

Clair
Ellen
Kerry
Mary Lee
Mary
Kay
Linda
Mary
S.M.C. '70

A MORAL OBLIGATION

EDITOR:

In recent weeks, there has arisen an equal and opposite clamor over "school spirit" with regard to football. The student body has been rebuked for obscenity and rudeness involved in certain demonstrations of their partisanship. On the other hand, we are also being criticized for failure to show the proper enthusiasm, in being outcheered (Oh, the shame of it!) by the St. Mary's student body. The proper stance is apparently in the realm of the hyperemotional just short of the complete berserk.

There is no good reason why a person should be expected to go into ecstasies in the third quarter of a rout. Football is a good enough game to inspire enthusiasm without the aid of the "rah-rah" boys. It adds very little to the game to have the fun of cheering for your team made into a moral obligation.

Dennis Gallagher
229 Lyons

WINNING POINTS

EDITOR:

As members of the "fast and aggressive" team across the road we would like to clarify certain points contained in "The Unrequited Love."

If you would refer to the October 21, 1964, issue of SCHOLASTIC you would realize that we have no reason to "change our image" since we were on the winning end of the 6-0 score with Barat.

Although on the football field it is rather difficult to maintain the conventional ladylike image, our playing does not resemble an animal show. We play hard but contrary to our coach's statement we have not forgotten that we are ladies, and the offer to play the interhall tailenders was not a team consensus.

We have put in many long hours of practice, as have our coaches, and we appreciate coverage of our team, but, ignoring all the inferences, we ask that in the future you at least get your facts straight.

Names withheld
St. Mary's

OH, THE IRONY OF IT!

EDITOR:

Magnificent irony, Mr. Sheehan.

Jim Bridgeman
414 Lyons

A SIGN AT THE CIRCLE

EDITOR:

Please explain to all Notre Dame students that the Honor Code concerns not only classwork but also the stealing of personal property. On Friday and Saturday of the North Carolina weekend the Knights of Columbus had a sign at the Circle, welcoming visiting players and fans. Late Saturday this sign (which cost a presentable amount of money) disappeared.

Is this Notre Dame's style of honor?

Michael F. Ralyea
Knights of Columbus

THE VAST MAJORITY

EDITOR:

Jamie McKenna in his editorial of last week does not take into account one important fact — that the vast majority of Notre Dame students are Roman Catholic. Roman Catholics, as we all know, are a type of people that, given a fair supply of food, drink, and some form of entertainment at regular intervals, will be quiet. Similarly the only time Roman Catholics display what they believe to be religion are at times when their stomachs are threatened, which as Fr. Hesburgh pointed out last year in his reply to Ralph Martin on the Pastoral Gap question, is when Mass attendance is heavy (i.e., times of national emergency or exams). Somehow they remind me of guinea pigs for they have about as much effect on their society as guinea pigs do on their experimenter.

Eugene P. Moran
223 Breen-Phillips

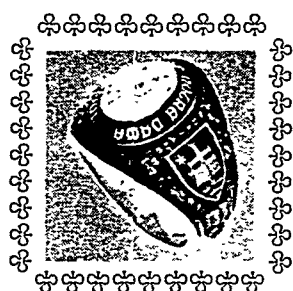
UNWASHED FAILURE

EDITOR:

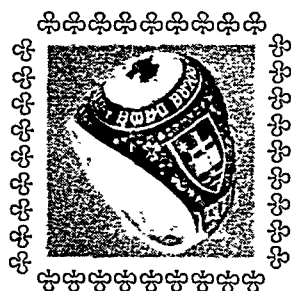
The Vietniks, Beatniks, Pseudopatriots and others among the Unwashed student body and faculty failed either to recognize its significance, or to appreciate it, but we who are proud of the *God-Country-Notre Dame* tradition congratulate you on the 28th October cover!

Edmund J. Murray
Lt (Col(CH) USAR

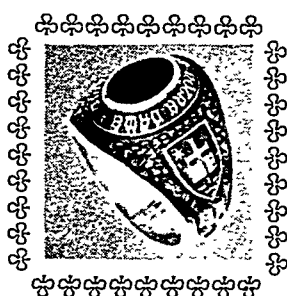
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MINIATURES



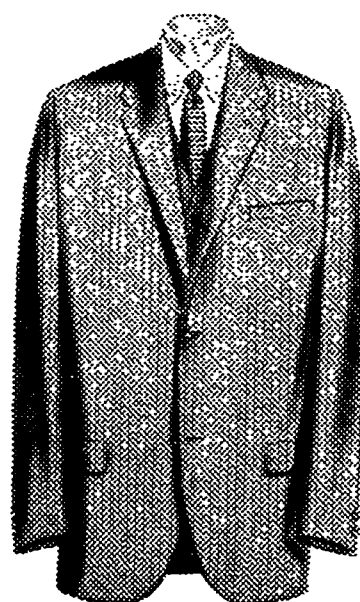
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news and notes

• **WITH CHALLENGE II**, the University's second major fund-raising campaign in current years, monies at Notre Dame have increased sharply. In a recently released publication, "Another Challenge Met," the completion of Challenge II was listed as only one part of the general three-year growth experienced by the University. In addition to the \$22.1 million raised by this program, University endowment has grown 40 percent in market value, from \$38.5 million to \$53.6 million. Money obtained during this period is going for a raise in faculty salaries (coupled with a 20-percent increase in faculty size), for the overseas programs of the University, for more research, new dorms, continued development of the Library, and for student aid.

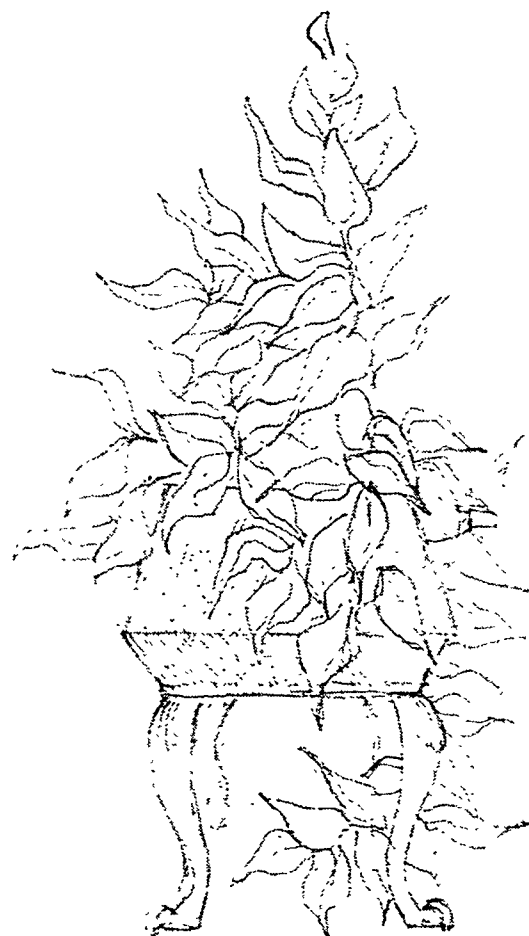
• **IN CASE YOU** weren't aware of it, every single man at some time decides to become engaged and married. Or at least the Notre Dame representative of the Midwest diamond merchant specializing in engagement rings would have us believe so. The firm claims to cater to college students and offers extremely low prices. With this in mind, why do ninety percent of Saint Mary's seniors (the debatable and doubtful claim made last year) receive miniatures purchased through the bookstore?

• **GRIPING** could be the favorite pastime of all Notre Dame students. "An open letter" circulated recently by Student Affairs Commissioner T. D. McCloskey at least promises a sympathetic ear. T.D. promises to see what can be done to solve any problems but requests solutions along with gripes. If you're still interested, write him at Box 79 or call 288 - 1757. First gripe: that call costs a dime.

• **IN THE TRUE** Notre Dame tradition of seeking out challenges and all, 1860 undergraduates are enrolled this year in the College of Arts and Letters. Even a total of 1193 have opted for Business Administration, although 833 have retreated into the security of Engineering, and 595 are being sheltered from the draft in the College of Science. Of these 6083 undergrads, 1549 are freshmen. Having been here for only a month and a half, they have not been properly imbued with the spirit that prevails on campus. Consequently, only 529 frosh "intend" to face the Liberal Arts curriculum at this time, and a mere 294

feel capable of pursuing courses in Business Administration. A deplorable 322 are in Engineering, and 415 in Science. If the last two figures seem a bit ludicrous, remember that the emphasis is on the word "intend." Anyone who has studied the principles of Organic Chemistry realizes that such unstable beings must rearrange to form more stable ones.

• **THAT'S RIGHT.** One of those big things on the second floor of the library is a copper-lined flowerpot. The other one is now the pedestal for a study in bronze of Moses by the late Notre Dame sculptor-in-residence Ivan Mestrovic. But the long low one is supposed to be a planter, or so they tell us. However, Fr. James Simonson, director of the library, has been going around telling everyone it's his sarcophagus.



• **NOTRE DAME** and Georgetown universities, according to the Georgetown *Hoya*, have decided to settle out of court that \$16,000,000 inheritance suit initiated by the relatives of Mrs. Florence Dailey. A five to six million dollar gift to both universities is mentioned. The money, unfortunately, which must be used for scholarship aid, might be restricted for several years by technical clauses in the will. Mrs. Dailey, the benefactor

of Catholic education who never had any connection with either university, died last February at the age of 86 in Rochester, N. Y.

• **DEAN** of the Notre Dame College of Engineering and long-time football buff, Dr. Norman Russell Gay died unexpectedly on Monday. He was 47 years of age. Gay, a specialist in thermodynamics and heat transfer, was also named last December to *Sports Illustrated's* Silver Anniversary Football All-American list. He was the captain of the University of Rochester football team in 1940. He came to Notre Dame in 1961 from the Texas Engineering Experiment Station, of which he was a director.

• **HAVING RAKED** campus security over the coals whenever we've had the opportunity, all the SCHOLASTIC can do is offer its sincere condolences to "Tony" Tapolcai, one of the Cushman cop car jockeys, who, two weeks ago, sustained a broken hip, four broken ribs, and a broken arm in the line of duty. Turning his vehicle into Juniper Road from the library circle where he was checking illegally parked cars that day, he was hit from behind by a speeding car, and was thrown out of the scooter (through the canvas doors?). The scooter is in the shop, where experts are deciding whether to consider the wreck total or not. And Tony is in the hospital "for longer than I care to think about," as his boss Arthur Pears remarked. Tony's in traction on the fifth floor of St. Joe Hospital. Has any man greater love than this, that he give up six fractures for the sake of his University?

• **WEDNESDAY, November 9, at 7:00 p.m. and 9:15 p.m.** in the Engineering Auditorium, the Academic Commission of the Class of 1969 will present free of charge *Mein Kampf*, the award winning, controversial film that traces the rise and fall of Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany. This is the first in a series of distinguished films to be presented free of charge to the student body by the Sophomore Class. Other films to be presented in the series include: *The Lord of the Flies*; *The Making of the President: 1960 & 1964*; *We'll Bury You*; *October Madness*; and *Let My People Go*. These films are being presented as a service to the entire student body by the Sophomore Class.

WSND - FM

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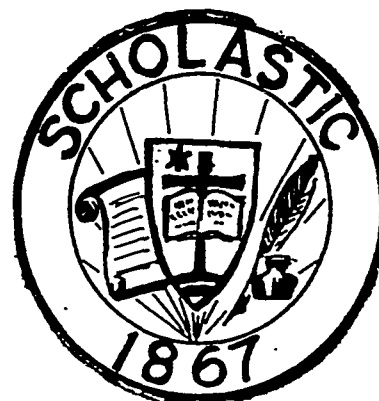
THE SCHOLASTIC

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

NAME CHRISTIAN PROMETHEUS

DATE OF BIRTH		
MO	DAY	YR
11	104	45

EYES	HAIR	WT	HT
BL	BR	155	6'0"



Prometheus Christian

NOT VALID UNLESS SIGNED

FOLLOWING UP A RUMOR this week that the Architecture Department is "a factory for fake ID's," the SCHOLASTIC decided to look into this more or less universal problem.

Contacting the South Bend Police Department to garner statistics proved a hapless task. Throwing up his hands in consternation, Lieutenant Neil L. Hans, head of the Juvenile Department, admitted the "problem" had reached such great proportions that it could hardly be taken seriously anymore: "We got so many that we finally gave up trying to handle the problem ourselves. Now we turn over 90 percent of those we catch to Chief (Arthur N.) Pears (head of ND Security). The other 10 percent have usually committed some other more serious offense besides, malicious destruction of property while drunk for example." Hans added the latter usually end up with a \$25 fine.

Hans also pointed out that his department really comes across very few violations. The vast majority of those caught don't technically come under the heading juvenile; they tend to fall in the 18-21 age bracket. "Usually those under 18 get their proof from older friends." There is only one real reason for having a fake ID and everyone knows what that is: it enables one to secure large quantities of alcohol. Commented Lieutenant Hans, "Tavern owners complain that Notre Dame students come into their places with obviously fake ID's claiming they're students from Purdue or Wisconsin. It's sort of

like it was during Prohibition; everyone winks and then looks the other way."

Chief Pears had very few statistics on the problem; he has been security chief now for less than a year. However, he does reveal that six students have been picked up so far this year by the police with fake ID cards. He couldn't even begin to estimate how many students had them in their possession, though. What he felt was "at least as big a problem," too, was the falsifying of the birthdates on official university ID's.

The ID's, once picked up, are turned over to the Administration and destroyed, and "heavy fines" are usually levied on the student caught with one, especially when he seeks a new University ID. Pears noted that to his knowledge, forged ID's are usually discovered by the police *only* after arrests are made on other charges.

At any rate the security chief, stressing he "only investigates (such matters,) and does not judge," goes on to say that he is convinced the false ID's are not used for serious criminal offenses, but for the acquisition of intoxicants. He further labels "crafty art or architecture majors" on campus as the designers of the cards, and attests to their quality by commenting that the guilty parties would certainly prove to be art "scholars" if they "channeled their ingenuity into normal courses."

Fr. Joseph Simons, Dean of Students, claims no knowledge of how widespread the false ID habit is. He

does quote one person who got caught that as much as 75 percent of the student body has forged cards, and that one third of these phony certificates of age were draft cards. This last statistic bothered him the most. The penalty for such an offense is regulated by Federal law and imposes a \$10,000 fine and/or five years in prison if convicted.

Simons added parenthetically that two students recently caught selling false identification on campus were suspended.

The architects are particularly indignant about the accusations being flung their way. There are few who will not admit that fake cards are drawn up by their compatriots, most of whom could be considered draftsmen of professional quality. However, they vigorously deny any mass manufacture of cards. Says one architect, who will remain unnamed, "the cards that are peddled in the dorms door to door are not produced by architects. They're obviously run off on presses with set type." He states that many different kinds of cards are drawn up by the architects, but that usually only one or two copies are made—for friends. And these cards, he adds with a touch of professional pride, usually feature intricate, official-looking seals or stamps that add a note of authenticity and which are particularly difficult to draw.

For the same reason, he discounts the art of engineering departments as major sources of false identification.



CHOKED

He just doesn't feel that they are taught the specialized technical skills that are needed to draw the cards up. Students in those departments that were interviewed agree with this assessment.

Further, mass reproduction of these cards just doesn't occur, our architecture students insist. The largest run which anyone seems to have heard of is 20 cards, and that figure came from Mr. Pears. The trouble is partly technological. The duplicating machines that must be used by any but the most professional forgers, none of which seem to go to Notre Dame, are relatively slow and expensive. Machines such as the one in the Memorial Library give off copies that are white on black, too. This reversal of shadings necessitates another run through the machine to make the dummy look right. And all the machines make copies that are smaller than the originals. Consequently, a would-be ID profiteer has to spend a good deal of time figuring out how much larger his original should be if he wants a correct sized duplicate which he can sell.

Just as important, however, is the fact that the first thing on the minds of the vast majority of those who falsify ID's is obtaining alcohol. Few wish to jeopardize the continuity of their university education by trying to make a fast dollar selling phony identification.

After a recent ID card incident that resulted from the arrests of two Notre Dame students, Simons did meet with Mike Minton, president of Morrissey Hall, and Ron Messina, stay president from the same hall, in an effort to try to stop the flow of false identification through student cooperation.

After a meeting with much maligned architecture students, Minton and Messina came up with the not surprising revelations that nearly anyone could falsify identification. Obviously, those that have had the training can turn out better fakes than those who haven't; but at any rate, the fears that Fr. Simons had of huge underground organizations grinding out the cards for high profits were dispelled. Architecture professors have never encouraged or even condoned the practice, so they were not a means of regulation. Besides, their students were hardly any more culpable than the business administration major who pastes the number five over the seven on his University ID. Thus, the idea of slowing down the manufacture of such proofs seems to be stymied.

What Fr. Simons would like to do is make the proposed hall judicial boards responsible for the enforcing of these regulations. However, not all residence halls have these boards operational. What is more important is that if, as is suspected, a majority of the students of the University own fake ID's, how can they justify punishing the men in their hall who get caught with them? You can't legislate morality, they said, as they repealed the 18th Amendment.

THE TORCH IS PASSED

"I was such a man," proclaimed Steve Feldhaus, editor of the *Voice*, "pulled from the ranks of the unknowns on the *Voice* staff to man the ship through the perils of student journalism at Notre Dame." Last week the ship sank.

The *Voice* disintegrated from within after a three and one-half-year struggle to stay afloat. The paper



ND FILMMAKERS

was plagued with problems. As Feldhaus admitted, "guidance was lacking — the ship began to run amuck and no one was capable of controlling it."

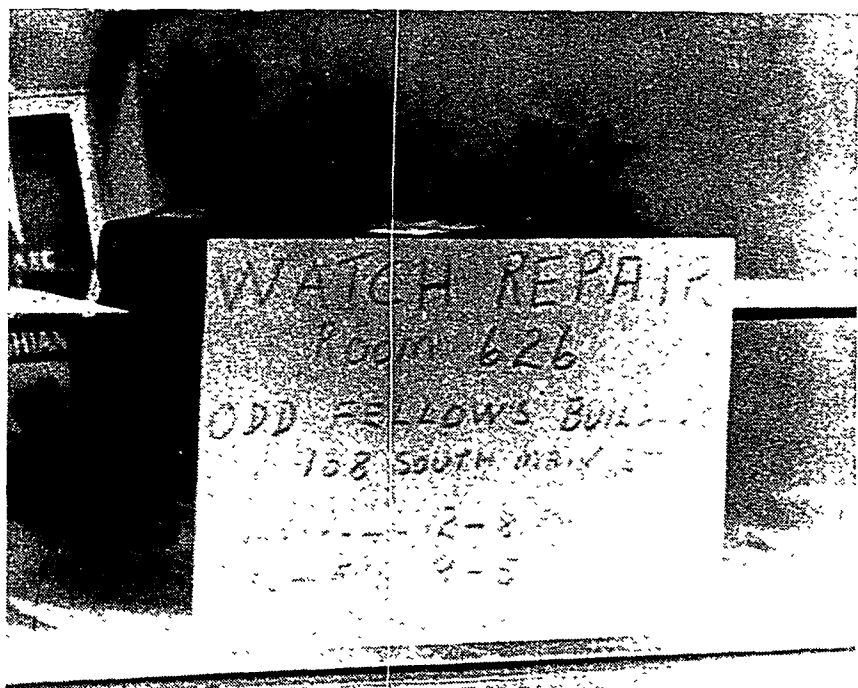
The *Voice* received its mortal wound last semester when it attempted to publish an exposé on a purported academic double standard for Notre Dame athletes — an exposé unsubstantiated with any concrete evidence. From then on it was all downhill. As a result of that story and the nation-wide publicity it got the student body began to lose faith in the *Voice* and the *Voice* began to lose confidence in itself.

Then another "error" crept into the pages of the *Voice* this year. In its third issue the *Voice* did a story on the supposed failure of Upward Bound, a War on Poverty program to rehabilitate wayward youths with a summer center at Notre Dame. The main "evidence" supporting this charge was culled from the Lyons Hall maids, the hall in which the youths stayed during the summer.

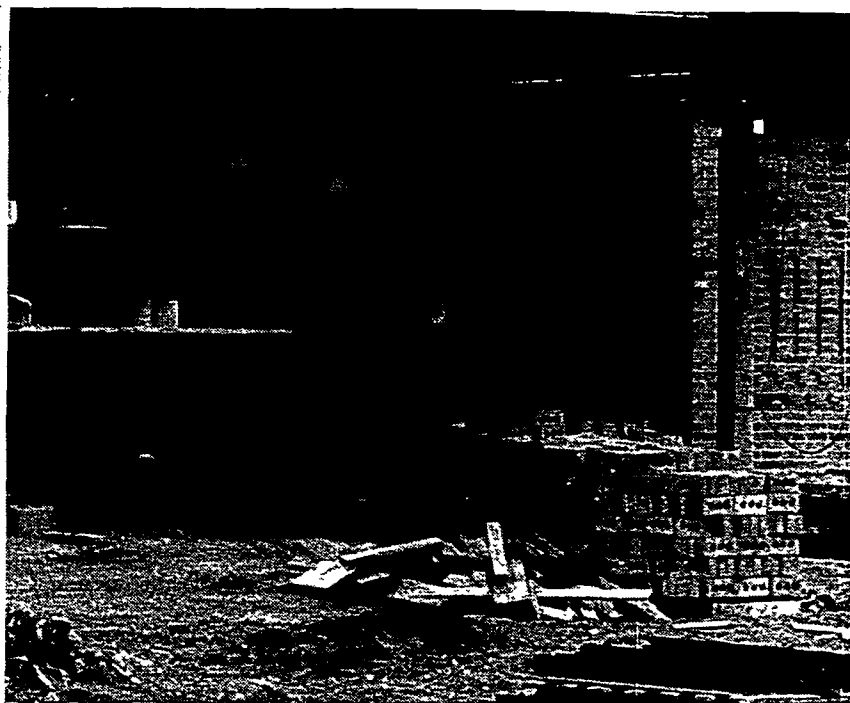
Feldhaus, feeling the pressure of these and other problems including an inexperienced staff and the financial pinch, decided that the only solution was to embark upon a drastic recruiting program — mainly, as it turned out, from the staff of the *SCHOLASTIC*.

His big catch was former *SCHOLASTIC* Associate Editor Bob Anson. Anson agreed to become co-editor with Feldhaus only on the condition that he have final say on layout and all news stories. Feldhaus agreed and the first issue of a new 12-16-page paper, the *Observer*, was scheduled to debut November 3 (going to a possible 28 pages if the sheet survives its birth pangs).

Rushing to make his first deadline



CLOSED INDEFINITELY



POST OFFICE CONSTRUCTION

this week Anson took time out to define the new publication: "The *Observer* will be a college newspaper in every sense. I don't go along with the idea Notre Dame should have a daily newspaper—we're too small a school for that, but we do hope to someday come out three times a week." Through an agreement reached with SBP Jim Fish and his cabinet, student government will finance the paper (as they did the *Voice*) on a conditional basis for three weeks. Adds Anson, "If they like what they see—and I'm sure they will—they will continue to finance it."

Neither Feldhaus nor Anson was about to admit that the failure of the *Voice* was all its own fault. They threw plenty of blame at the Department of Communication Arts for its disinterest in the ND student press. Said Anson: "There are times when a student newspaper needs direction—I think the *Voice* showed this—and this is where the Department of Communication Arts should lend a hand. Unfortunately, they've abrogated their responsibility."

Notre Dame's newest attempt to report the news "when its news" will have considerably expanded horizons. Biggest improvement will be the *Observer's* subscription to the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a wire service owned by the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain (both Anson and Pat Collins, new news editor, have worked in the past for Scripps-Howard papers; Anson for the *Cleveland Press*, Collins for the *Washington Daily News*). The wire service will supply the *Observer* with two Washington political commentators, Bruce Blossat and Ray Cromley; editorial cartoons, including *Berry's World*; and *Washington Daily News Book*

Reviewer Tom Donnelly.

Feldhaus will be in charge of the *Observer's* finances and, along with Anson, head the paper's editorial board. "Sanctuary," Pat Collins' personal editorial column from the *Voice* becomes the "Reporter" and Collins will alternate the honors with Anson and Feldhaus.

Anson sees no conflict with the SCHOLASTIC. "I would hope there would be some cooperation among the *Observer*, SCHOLASTIC, and WSND on certain editorial issues—stay hall, for example." *Observer* editorials won't be limited to campus issues: "We're going to comment on certain national and international issues of relevance to the students (e.g., Vietnam, the Draft). We're going to try to get writers from St. Mary's (two have already joined) with the possibility of promoting a girl to an editorship."

Expanding features calls for an editor to handle them and old *Voice* staffer Mike Smith will take the job. Dennis O'Dea, formerly of WSND, will join Bob Mundhenk on the feature staff as will Dennis Gallagher who will contribute a movie column. Bob Scheuble will continue as sports editor with W. Hudson Giles continuing his popular "Irish Eye" column as an "executive editor." More news stories from other colleges wraps-up the immediate list of improvements.

Fr. McCarragher has approved the new effort with the stipulation it be the "student newspaper of Notre Dame" and carry a statement to that effect. So a new ship is launched; it won't take long to determine its seaworthiness. And, as Bob Anson admitted this week, if the *Observer* fails it will be a long time before Notre Dame has another student newspaper.

DR. COSTELLO AND THE BIKINI MACHINE

It is four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon at Notre Dame, Indiana. Classes are dismissing, and seven thousand individuals begin to infest the main quad. A small group of eight or ten young men and women are standing around in front of the Law Building: a boy in levis and no shirt; another in a blanket and granny glasses; still another in average student attire; a girl in a ridiculously loud paisley shirt and white levis smoking a pipe; a well-dressed young professor-type; and most prominent of all, a shapely young brunette clad in nothing but a yellow bikini.

What is happening? Is this a new form of outdoor expression; a new form of education; a new form of "classroom participation"? Not at all. The scene is a staged, prearranged act in the production of a movie by the Notre Dame Filmmakers Society. The ND Student Filmmakers are students interested in motion picture planning and photography as an art form.

An associated group of the Student-Faculty Film Society, under the direction of Dr. Donald P. Costello of the English Department, the ND Filmmakers often take the campus, and indeed all of South Bend, by surprise. For example, a young man on a speeding bicycle tears down the campus road, across the shoreline, and rides between two lovely young ladies, right into St. Mary's Lake. This scene and the one mentioned above are part of an 8mm test film, being shot by senior Mike Gorham. For Gorham and other first-year filmmakers, this film serves as a trial run, a sort of test of their abilities. Each of the new filmmakers is given a prepared script,

along with a few ideas, and can edit, add to, or change it to suit his needs. He then is responsible for filming an 8mm "short."

If this film proves satisfactory, he is "graduated" into 16mm and given an actual filming assignment of an artistic nature, with a real plot and so forth. His films are then screened before a panel of judges consisting of members of the Student Faculty Film Society, Dr. Costello, and senior Elliot Gage, President of Filmmakers. From the critical evaluation handed down by these persons, the young filmmaker gains valuable experience and knowledge, leading to a possible career as a motion picture photographer. In addition to their filmmaking activities, the society also helps screen Cinema '67 and assists in showing films on campus, such as those in the Engineering Building, etc.

The sum total of the year's filmmaking activities can be seen in a Notre Dame Film Festival, planned for late next spring, when the young producers, directors and cameramen present their works to the students for viewing. So, in the future, be alerted: you never know what may turn up on the main quad, on a Tuesday afternoon, after class.

TAKING UP THE SLACK

The pride Notre Dame has in itself as a self-contained city is slowly being hacked away. The students' return in September found the bowling alleys in the basement of the bookstore locked up and deserted, the watch repairman's nook in the bookstore vacant, and the tailor shop refusing most student pleas for a quick stitching of pants. Of course, the lines in the dining halls were just as long, and people still stood five deep in the Huddle, but these complaints paled in view of the new developments.

The supervisor of the tailor shop explained that she normally keeps seven tailors, and herself, busy in the shop. However, because the school offered wages that she described as substantially under the union scale, four of these left during the past year. She fears the University may cut her budget still further in the future.

Rev. Paul G. Wendel, C.S.C., Assistant Vice-President in charge of Business Affairs, admitted that the powers who assign the cash to the tailor shop "got a little severe" with that budget "in order to try to put it into the black." He explained that there are slack times during vacation periods when the seamsters cannot be kept busy. Yet they must be paid, he points out. Since, in the eyes of Busi-

ness Affairs, clothes repairmen make up "a community tailor shop," the students really have little to complain about.

The watch repairman has left for South Bend, also a victim of the slack vacation periods. He tried to make a go of it for four years, but he finally found he needed the town's business. He did hope, though, at the time he left, that the trade he had developed at Notre Dame would follow him there.

Ah, but the bowling alley. Despite "heroic efforts" on the part of the manager to encourage interest in that sport through establishment of leagues, tournaments and the like, it continued to slip into the red. And, "rather than continue to use educational dollars" to keep it operating, says Fr. Wendel, it was allowed to fold. There just was not enough student interest to do otherwise. The electronic pin spotters have been returned to those from whom they were leased, and architects are now trying to decide what the area could best be used for.

Bro. Conan Moran, C.S.C., manager of the bookstore, and Bernard Mehall, manager of the dining halls, agree that there is a labor pinch, but note that this is hardly a local problem. They feel it's the same all over the country. Bro. Moran knows it is, through his contacts with other bookstore managers in the National College Store Association. Both concede that they could always use "more good people," but being heads of very going concerns, they are not too worried about the future of their businesses. "We're more than competitive in our wages," Mehall says. "We offer more than almost anyone around."

OUTSTANDING!?

The old must give way to the new and so the thirty-two-year-old Notre Dame Post Office on the main quad will soon be abandoned in favor of a more modern, air-conditioned structure near the Kellogg Center. Among the groups bidding for the use of the old building are the Peace Corps, the clinical psychology department, the University security police, and the Irish Committee for the Return of Louie to Campus.

Construction of the new \$125,000 post office was begun in August, and is expected to be completed in late December. According to Brother Eli, director, the new post office was built because the present building lacks the facilities and space necessary to handle the current volume of mail. The old post office was originally constructed to accommodate 2500 pa-

trons, but the University enrollment has climbed to 7425 students.

The unavoidable delay in parcel post delivery caused by the lack of space in the old post office will be remedied by the additional floor space in the new one (5000 square feet as compared to the present 2400). The new post office will have a larger box section (750 boxes, an increase of 450) and more sorely-needed sorting cases for first, second, and third class mail. New features include a stamp vending machine in the lobby and four bank-type service windows.

Brother Eli, somewhat displeased by the criticism leveled at the old post office, stressed that, in spite of its lack of room and somewhat antiquated equipment, it still gives the students better service than most colleges. And in the new post office the service should be outstanding.

A SOMETIMES THING

Any student who has at least junior status knows that a Notre Dame final examination schedule is a sometimes thing. That schedule has varied in each of the last four years, and the history of the exam schedule shows that the variance has been regular since the mid-1950's. This year is to be no exception, as Student Government announced yet another change, a change to be effective this semester.

With sixteen class periods and nine departmental exams packed into last year's five-day schedule (plus the two-day study period), it was not overly difficult for any student to wind up with three exams in one day.

After meetings in the various halls, a comprehensive sampling of student opinion, and a thorough study of final exam procedures at other universities, the Student Government Committee, under Chairman Frank Yates, recommended two changes:

1. Expansion of the five-day schedule into an eight-day schedule (accompanied by an elimination of the study days). This would virtually, but not completely, dispel the chance for more than two tests in one day. Tests would begin on Wednesday and end the following Wednesday.

2. Establishment of "dead days," the Monday and Tuesday before tests. No assignments would be due or tests given on these days. This would aid the student who had to study for a test on the first Wednesday.

Thus finals this semester will begin on Wednesday, January 18, and end the following Wednesday. The major class hours (9MWF, 9TTS, 10MWF, 10TTS) will be given on four different days, as opposed to the final two last year.

on other campuses

• THE UNIVERSITY of North Carolina's *Daily Tar Heel* recently presented a solution to the problem of girls without dates at a university where the ratio of boys to girls is four to one. Noting that the problem "could be easily solved if the people concerned with the situation would use a little gumption and initiative," the female editorialist says she told one girl that "if she would get up and dance with everybody who asked her, she wouldn't have such a miserable time. We go to parties to give pleasure as well as to get pleasure." N.B. St. Mary's.

• THERE IS GROWING concern at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., about the lack of respect shown by some Mount students to their college library. Marred furniture, pages torn from valuable books and periodicals, and damage done to irreplaceable paintings and documents are evidence of deliberate destruction. Meanwhile in Louisville, Kentucky, the story of the week at Bellarmine College is about a senior, who, when ordered out of the library for wearing a shirtless collar, ran screaming through the stacks, tearing books from the shelves. He finally jumped upon the Xerox

machine, yelling, "You'll never take me alive." He was later coaxed down with an ice-cream cone. The school publication's only comment: "Some people just can't abide by rules."

• TWO RECENT studies conducted at Columbia University and the University of Utah concluded that there seems to be no direct relationship between high grades in college and professional success in later life. Findings showed that students who had graduated from college with honors or who had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa were more likely to be in the "lower progression at performance levels" than students who had not distinguished themselves in college. Maybe there's still hope.

• AT CALIFORNIA State Polytechnic College, the winner of the campus "Ugly Man" contest will serve as escort for the Homecoming Queen at the dance. Somehow, it just doesn't seem right.

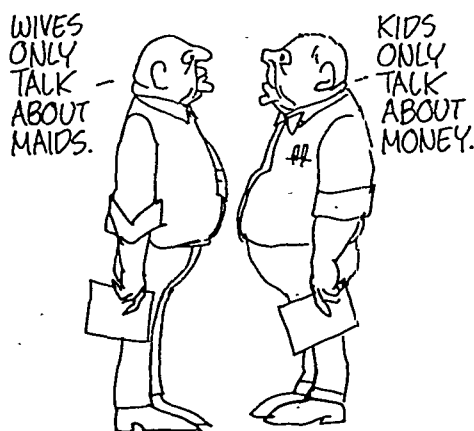
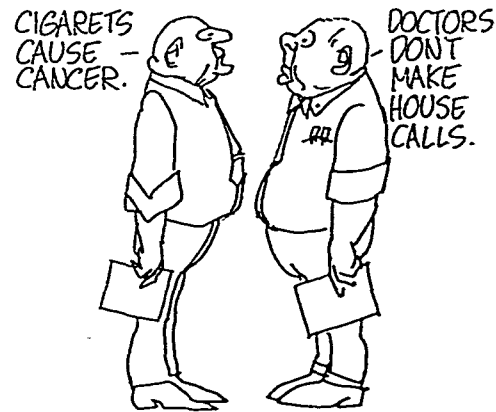
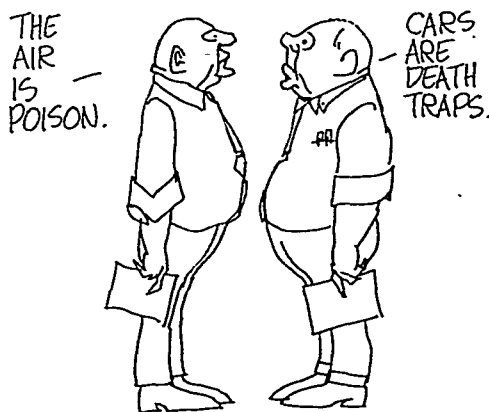
• THOSE WHO don't like the typical college atmosphere can change it now. Upland College of Upland, California, is for sale. Owing to a lack of, among other things, students and

money, the forty-six-year-old institution has been put on the blocks. It offers a tree shaded, eleven-acre campus with a brand new dormitory and full academic accreditation as a side bonus. Los Angeles is only thirty-five miles away; and, oh yes, the going price is about one million.

• THE STUDENT SENATE of Roosevelt University recently issued a call for a demonstration by the students and faculty the day before the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees. The Senate charged the Board of Trustees as being a body of a "few powerful bureaucrats" in whose hands too much of the ultimate decision of policy making lie. Declaring that the students and faculty were denied any say, the Senate was calling the demonstration to show their concern over "violations of democratic principles." The issue before the Board was possible state affiliations. With the students paying 89 percent of the budget, the Senate believed that the Student Body should have more say in the fate of their university.

—Mary Jo Archer
—George Clark
—Tom Duffy
—Kathi Scanlan

feiffer



SPORT

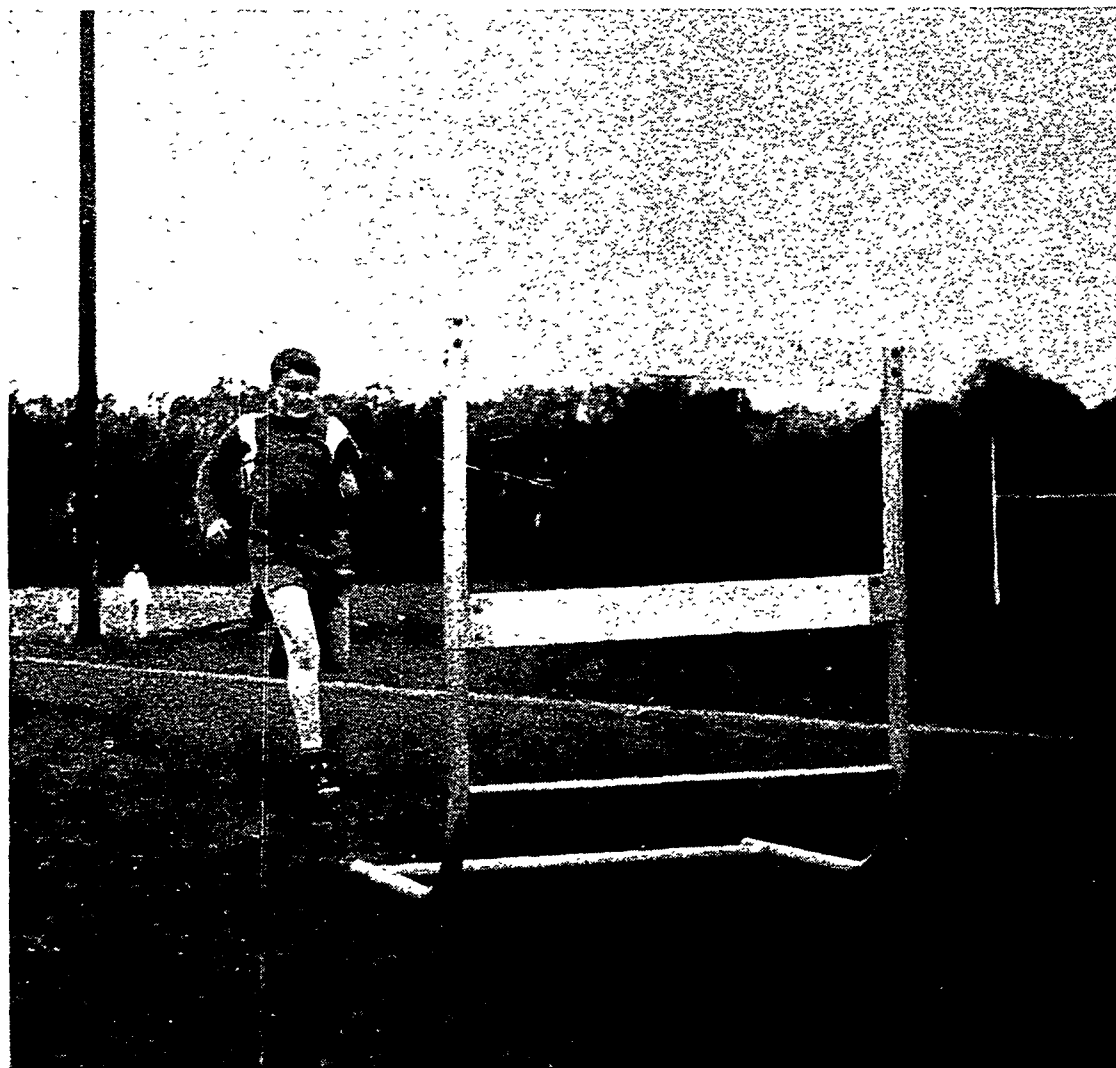
COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Babes in Wonderland

(See Cover)

Mothers may be a necessity and fathers no accident, but the invention has always been kids, and not since the days of Alexander the Great have kids wielded so much influence. The nations' fashions, dances and recreations are dictated by affluent hordes of teeny-boppers. Across the nation, college gridirons have blossomed with

quarterback Terry Hanratty throws to end Jim Seymour, it's almost a sure thing. Sophomores Hanratty and Seymour, baby-faced, downy-cheeked, young teenagers, are the best, most sensational, hottest young passing combination in recorded grid-iron history. Hanratty, a rangy, lean, stringy, strong-armed, soft-spoken passer, can fling the spheroid 100 yards with the merest twitch of his right wrist; this on a trajectory so flat that the ball never rises more than shoulder high. Back in Butler,



JIM SEYMOUR . . .

amazing young athletes, some barely out of short pants or beyond pabulum. Whether it's the population explosion, vitamins, or fluoridation, practically every team in the United States boasts a rangy, lean, stringy, strong-armed passer and a rawboned, square-jawed, skinny speedy sprinter of a receiver.

The Super Sophs. Perhaps the best of them all strut their stuff, as it were, for perennial power, unbeaten Number-1 ranked Notre Dame. For when

Pa., folks still talk about the way young Terry could stand at one end of the high school gym and zing pass after pass through a five inch hoop at the other end of the building.

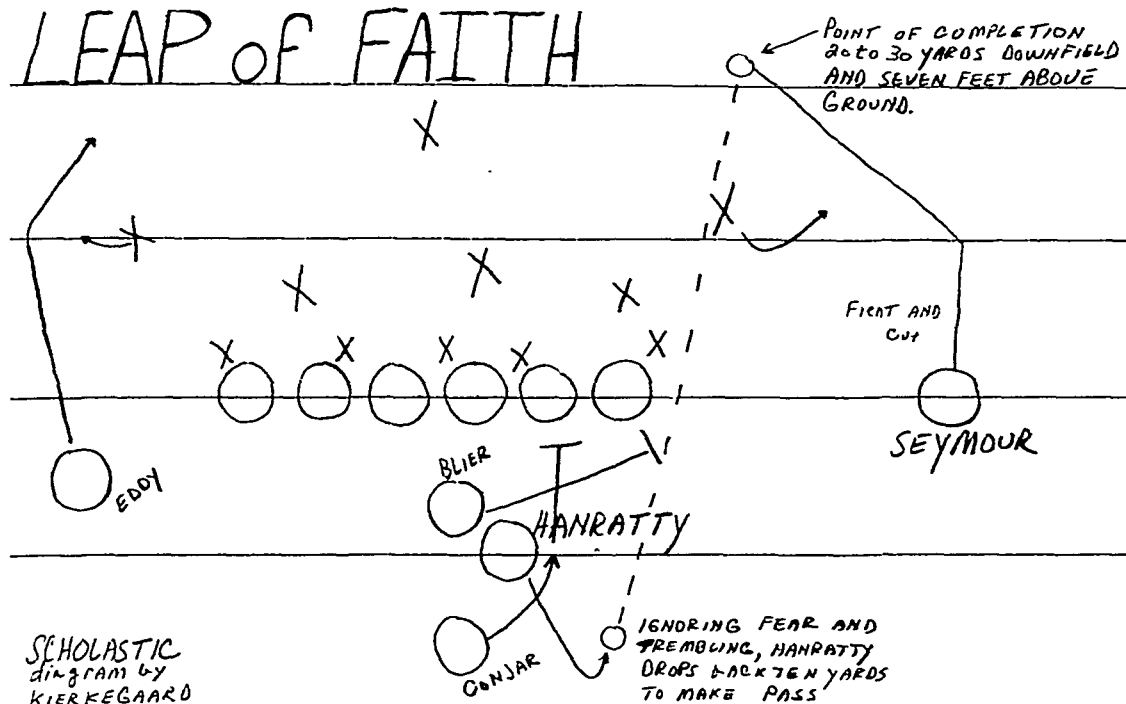
At 6 ft. 4 in., Jim Seymour is a rawboned, square-jawed, skinny, speedy sprinter of a receiver. He is also brash and still growing. Jim, who has yet to celebrate his first shave, is a 9.7 sprinter who can juke his hips, dip his shoulders, toss his head, flutter his eyelashes, leap, fly, and disappear as he cuts downfield

for a pass — tactics which leave enemy safeties twisted like pretzels, faked from their athletic apparatus, and generally neurotic.

Jersey No. 42. At the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, Michigan, where Jim went to high school, they have a small side chapel. There, enshrined forever in gold reliquary, is the jersey worn by Jim Seymour during his high school career. Jim's rise was meteoric. From his first track meet as a freshman, he was merely invincible. Despite his 4'3" frame and skinny legs, Jim was never beaten on or off the track, especially in his specialty, the high hurdles (*see cut*). Besides track he lettered in football, basketball, and baseball, earned straight A's in school, was president of the sodality, and was a regular altar boy. Sought by some forty colleges, there was never any question in his mind. He had visited pastoral South Bend, talked to Ara, and seen the legendary Golden Dome. Entranced by the heavy air of tradition, awed by the tales of Rockne and the "Gipper," Jim arrived at a campus football-mad, a campus where monstrous pep rallies fill the days between football games, a campus where buttons proclaim "We're Number 1," and a campus where clever undergraduates vie with one another in producing scatological banners to deck their ivy-covered halls: "..... the Trojans," "..... on the Spartans," and "Kick Army's" being typical examples. Jim was impressed. Certainly prayer too played a part. Says Sister Mary Mary, M.A.R.Y. who remembers Jim as "a nice little boy": "All the sisters at the Little Flower's Shrine were making novenas to the Good Lord and the Virgin that Jim would go to Notre Dame and help the Irish murder those secular schools."

Oriental Philosophy. Terry's route to the quiet city on the St. Joe River was a bit rockier. Although gangling and uncoordinated, Terry had spent most of his young life throwing things, anything: rocks, chairs, golf balls, even chewed-up bubble gum. Terry's sister recalls how he and his older brother used to toss the younger children around the living room. "They were so confident." By the time he reached Butler High School, Terry Hugh could hit anything. To accommodate his adolescent awkwardness, Butler's coach developed a special play. Noticing that Terry had difficulty getting back into the pocket, he assigned two halfbacks to line up next to Terry behind the center. When

LEAP OF FAITH



the ball was snapped they would grab the thin star under the arms, carry him back and put him down in passing position. From there Terry had only to spot his receivers, and with ineluctable accuracy, lay the ball on their fingertips at ranges from ten to ninety yards.

When it came time to pick a college, young Hanratty was faced with a conflict. He wanted to go someplace where he could play football but at the same time pursue his burning interest in Oriental Philosophy. Harvard seemed the obvious choice, and the school indicated interest in the Pennsylvania star. However, Terry had heard reports about the dearth of social life in Cambridge and of the incredible Radcliffe girls. After much thought he selected the only possible second choice, Notre Dame. As if to confirm this, about the same time Terry began hearing lilting voices singing deep in his inner ear, heavenly voices rising and swelling like some strong sea, voices singing the measured cadences of the Notre Dame Victory March, the greatest of all college fight songs. Terry still likes to tell about the afternoon when, while meditating upon the truths of the Bhagavad Gita, he had a green vision in which one of the wee folk himself appeared, floating on a cloud of shamrocks and wearing a Notre Dame sweatshirt.

Almost at this precise time, far away in South Bend, Ara Parseghian, the energetic, insomniac, hypertense, nervous, perfectionist Armenian Irish head coach, was sitting in his football-shaped office under the Golden Dome. Pictures of Rockne and Dorais, of the legendary Four Horsemen, and of the Seven Mules lined the walls. Over him, woven into an af-

ghan, was the legend "Get one for the Gipper." There was a reverential silence as Ara munched figs and watched movies. Suddenly he leaped from his chair, spun like a dervish, and shouted, "Who is this man? Who is that number 11? I must have him!" Ara gave two quick blasts on

the whistle which he always wears. An assistant with a clipboard hurried in.

"Eleven," said Ara pointedly.

"Hanratty," said the assistant out of the side of his mouth.

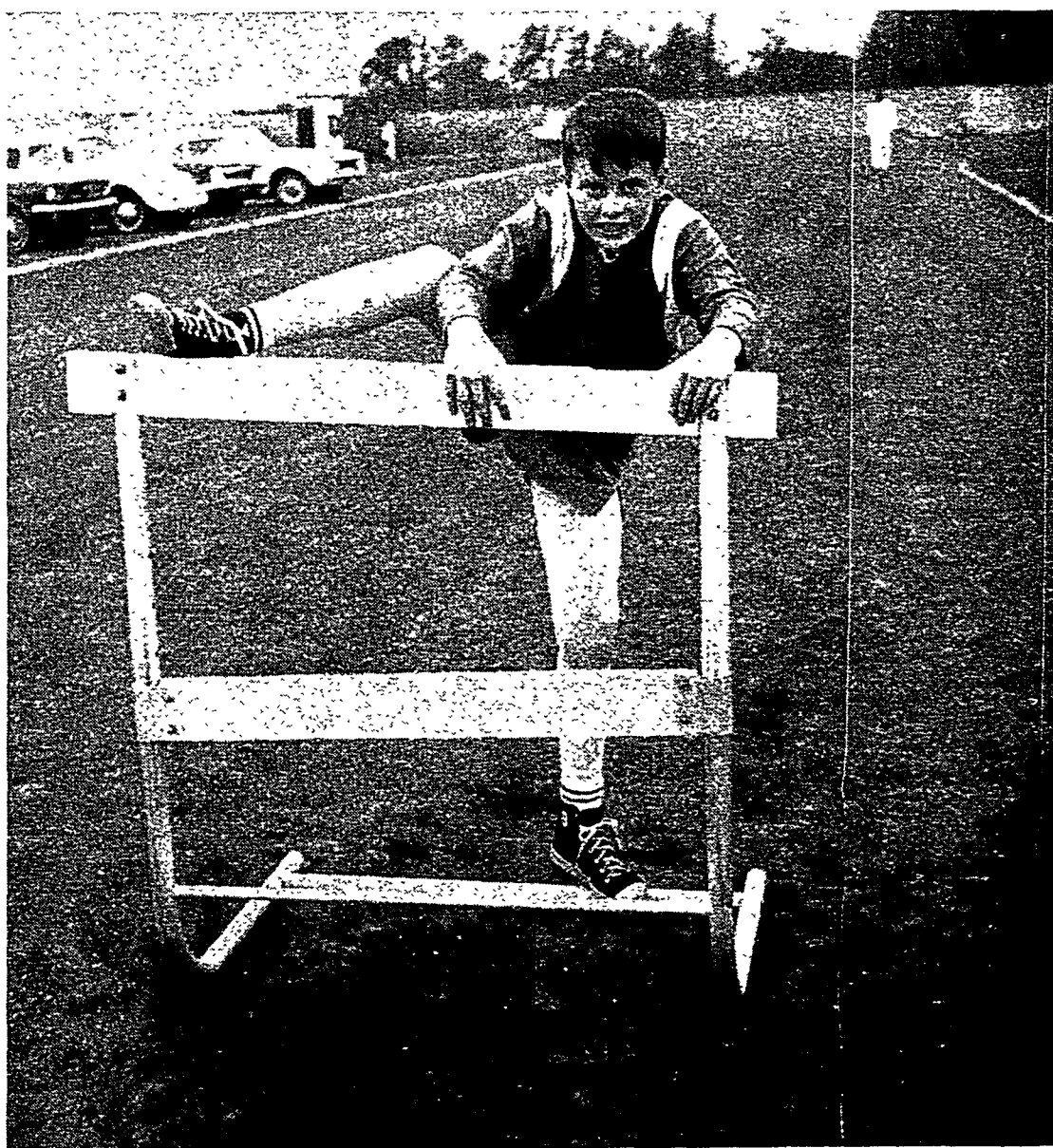
"Get him."

"Yes."

It was as simple as that.

Bedad. And now on football Saturdays in South Bend, when toilet paper festoons the elm trees, Terry Hugh and Jim will be found performing together on the emerald green sod in the house that Rockne built. And across the world, from Galway Bay to Flatbush, Notre Dame's athletic supporters and myriad subway alumni chant "Green Power" as they ride home on the 5:10, their Irish eyes smiling as they dream of green legions grinding ever onward. As one of them, Father Patrick O'Callahan, a loyal fan of forty years, puts it, "Bedad, I hope those Irish beat the out of 'Bama this year!"

—TOM SULLIVAN



... AT ROYAL OAK

"THE VOICE WILL GO TO PRESS NO MORE"

by Jamie McKenna and Dan Murray

Thursday, October 27, the Voice ceased publication. It had been started in the spring of 1963 by John Gearen and a small group of Lyons Hall residents. This was a time of campus turbulence. The Corby riots were simmering, the underground Thursday Throwback was a going concern, and the SCHOLASTIC was under Administration scrutiny. The students' voice was loud, but their cry was a fragmented, ineffective one. Gearen saw the need for a student newspaper that could not only echo the student's dissatisfactions but coalesce them into an effective force. Its concern would be campus news and its aim, that of making the students an informed body. Gearen wished his newspaper to be representative of that body.

He called it the Voice of Notre Dame.

Since that spring of three years ago, the Voice has undergone extensive changes. New editors, new staff organization, new printers—all in an effort to make the Voice representative as Gearen envisioned. Last week Editor Steve Feldhaus decided the most drastic of changes was necessary. The Voice ceased to publish.

But in its three year history the Voice at times did fulfill its function. At times it rose above the problems of a young publication and instigated some of the reforms for which it was born. And in this role as an agent of student leadership, more than in anything else, lies the history of the Voice.

BARRY JOHANSON, '64-'65 editor, referred to those first few issues of spring 1963 as "rough-hewn sheets that were piled in dorm entrances." Rough-hewn it was. Gearen's first issue was printed in the basement of LaFortune on the student government press. The theatrical Kelly Morris was Gearen's features editor, and Bill McDonald, later SCHOLASTIC editorialist on international affairs, was news editor. Distributed on March 22, 1963, the first issue led off with the story of Joe Kuharich's replacement by Hugh Devore as head football coach.

The fall semester of 1963 saw a more polished publication. On October 2, the Voice carried the story of the grading system revision. In the November 6 issue was Rev. John O'Brien's plea for birth control. And on November 25, the Voice printed an extra. "There was no immediate tolling of the bells in Sacred Heart Church when President Kennedy died. It was the silence of sadness that passed quickly over Notre Dame that announced the tragedy."

On February 13, 1964, Barry Johanson replaced Gearen as Voice editor. There followed the extensive coverage of the mock convention, an editorial proposing change in the academic calendar, and continual arguments for the honors system.

But it was not until April 29, 1964, that the Voice rose to the first of the important issues it would face. "Gov. Geo. Wallace," the headline read, "To Speak Tonight." In that issue Professor Edward A. Goerner wrote of "Academic Freedom or Academic Whoredom."

The student president of the Political Science Academy and of the honor society in Political Science, Phi Sigma Alpha, has helped engineer a calculated attempt to seduce his alma mater in a house of ill fame. Whether through stupidity or vice or vanity, he has, through these organizations, attempted to arrange for the students and faculty of the university to be used as stage props . . .

The governor's speech was picketed and boycotted.

The next year, October 7, saw Johanson's paper calling the speaker's policy a "gag rule." The Voice was coming out six pages an issue now, once a week. On December 9, 1964, Bill Metz described the snowy, lonely pep rally late one Monday night, the night the team returned from Southern California. A touch of melancholy, as Metz termed it, pervaded Par-seghian's words: "Through the past season I saw how you felt about

THE VOICE

of the University of Notre Dame

VOL. I NO. I

MARCH 22, 1963

DEVORE TAKES OVER

Students Asked to Help Foundation

The Notre Dame Foundation announced last month the success of the \$18,000,000 Challenge Program four months ahead of schedule. To date Notre Dame has \$11,591,000 in pledges and gifts with commitments for the rest by the June 30 deadline set by the Ford Foundation. At this time the University will receive \$6,000,000 from the Foundation as one of five universities chosen to take part in its Special Program for Education.

The \$18,000,000 has made possible the \$8,000,000 Memorial Library, the \$3,000,000 Computing Center and Mathematics Building, and the \$350,000 Stepan Center. Work will soon begin on two graduate resident halls which will be financed by the Program.

In a report on the sources of the gifts and pledges during the three year drive, Rev. John E. Walsh, C.S.C., Director of the Notre Dame Foundation, said over 75% of the Notre Dame alumni took part in the drive, donating an average of \$365, a new record for alumni participation. Non-alumni friends, corporations, and foundations also counted heavily in the success of the drive.

From March 24-30 will be the ninth annual Notre Dame



Dr. Melner Speaks on Foreign Policy

KUHARICH QUILTS, TAKES NFL JOB

Hugh Devore became Notre Dame's seventh successor to the immortal Knute Rockne last week when he accepted Rev. Edmund Joyce's offer to guide the '63 Fighting Irish. This is Devore's second year

This is Devore's second year as head coach. He spelled Frank Leahy during the 1945 season when he directed the squad to a 7-2-1 record with a 56-0 rout of Iowa highlighting the season.

Devore isn't counting his laurels, however, commenting that, "It never does anyone any good to look back. Our sole concern is with the future. This club will not be judged by what Notre Dame did in '50, '55 or '60 but by what they do in '63."

The new Irish mentor has divided his thirty years of coaching, with stints in pro ball, service with Notre Dame and coaching positions with several Eastern Colleges. After his graduation in 1933 he opened his coaching career as an assistant under Elmer Layden. Fordham used Devore's experience at end position from 1935 through 1938, when he took over as head coach for Providence. He was end coach at Holy Cross in 1942, and returned to his alma mater to serve the same position under Frank Leahy until 1945, when he was named head coach.

Devore moved from Notre Dame to head coach spots at St. Bonaventure and NYU before going into pro ball. He served as head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles for two years before he was named Notre Dame's freshman coach

OVER THE WALL

"Friendly Week" as conducted by the Notre Dame and St. Mary's Social Commissions began with the Barst Tea Sunday, March 10, and proceeded to its inevitable climax at "Erin Go Braugh" at the Student Center last Saturday night.

O'Shaughnessy Hall's art gallery was the scene for the unprecedented Barst Tea. At least three hundred people surveyed the current controversial Sacred Art Collection, sipped their tea, and danced to the beat of the Jarrett Orchestra. Nancy Wagner and Bob Mulshine were in charge of this cultural, sedate--and original--tea

On Saturday the German Irish, Dutch Irish, Hungarian Irish and even English Irish journeyed to Chicago with the Notre Dame Marching Band to join in the St. Patrick's Day Celebrations. One hundred thousand Chicagoans and four bus loads of Notre Dame and St. Mary's students turned out despite gloomy weather and threats of rain. Saturday night, two hundred couples brought Friendly Week to a peaceful close in the Student Center. Don Gray provided the music for "Erin Go Braugh", while The Four Winds featuring Don Bennett, entertained in the Rathskellar. Upon ent-

success. I hoped I'd never have to know how you felt about defeat. But tonight you've shown me how you feel. Gentlemen, in the hearts of the players, the staff and yours truly, tonight you've shown me how you remembered."

January 13, 1965, the *Voice* announced the successful publication of a course evaluation book, an event for which the *Voice* had long argued. The role Gearen had envisioned for the *Voice* was finally being realized under Johanson.

On April 7, 1965, the first "Irish Eye" column was printed. It would be controversial, widely read, and even quoted at rallies. It did not always say what people wanted to hear: the back page of the *Voice* began to be read with closer attention.

With the departure of graduating Editor Johanson, his energetic news editor John Buckley and other seniors who were among the founders of the *Voice*, the journal entered a transition period of crucial import. Bob Lumpkins, a math major, assumed the reins, and many questioned whether he and his assistants could replace Journalism Major Johanson.

To everyone's surprise the *Voice* expanded. Lumpkins resolved to publish twice weekly, reasoning that week-old news defeated the very purpose of a newspaper. "News when it's news" read the masthead.

Gearen had intended the *Voice* to be a second journal of opinion on campus, rather than have the *SCHOLASTIC* be the only medium. Now the *Voice* was to be further differentiated, concentrating on presenting current news in addition to serving as a second journal of opinion.

The "Students Protest Attacks" issue of October 19, 1965, was the first real example of the *Voice's* possibilities as a twice-weekly. By keeping the students informed with virtually a same-day report, the *Voice* quelled wild rumors and helped prevent student retaliatory riots which campus leaders feared. The account was accurate and thorough:

The trouble began after the break-up of the Washington-Central football game Saturday night. Around 11:30 p.m., 15 to 20 Negroes attacked six Notre Dame students outside the Red Barn on South Bend Avenue near Eddy St.

The Negro youths kept asking the boys for money and were refused. When the students took their food and left, the Negroes followed, milling around the group in an attempt to divide them up. They caught one boy alone as the rest managed to get away. They



THE VOICE IS DEAD

On March 4, 1963, the *VOICE* of Notre Dame made its initial appearance. It wasn't much to look at -- a one-page mimeographed sheet often smudged and never free of errors -- but raw as it was it was the Notre Dame student's first attempt at free journalism.

The *VOICE* was created to act as a medium for the expression of student thought and activity. It sought no more than to shed a true perspective on Notre Dame and its student body, a perspective filled out with the humor and insight that only participation brings.

In this realm, the *VOICE* has encompassed and by far surpassed the efforts of the other student publication. From student government activities to campus lectures to everything that happens at Notre Dame, the *VOICE* has established itself as the news media of the University.

Editorially, the *VOICE* has been guided by a philosophy geared toward action in the realm of the possible. Interpretation, and information. In the line of action the *VOICE* was one of the first to speak out for Star Hall, a course evaluation booklet, a reading period, and equal academic treatment for all students. Its interpretative and informative function has been characterized by critical analyses of such topics as Stay Hall, ND-SB relations, the value of student-faculty contact, and the role of student government.

Indeed, many things have changed for the *Voice* since the epochal day three years ago when the first copies were distributed. Now, everyone at Notre Dame gets a copy twice each week, a total of twelve pages of news, representing the combined efforts of over fifty people, representing what we have always tried to make a true and clear picture of life at Notre Dame.

In many respects, we have been successful. Unfortunately, several obstacles have held the *VOICE* back. For one, a mistake was made at the very beginning that has plagued the *VOICE* throughout its short life -- it only came out once a week.

The *VOICE's* birth in poverty necessitated this move, but such a plan meant that most of the news reported was already old by the time of publication. And to fill eight pages with mostly old news was not the raison d'être of the *VOICE*. To be sure, there had to be a start somewhere. And the *VOICE* did fulfill a much needed function. Members of the university were given a way to find out what the rest of the campus was doing.

This critical initial error became more evident as more issues went to press. With this in mind, last year's Editor, Bob Lumpkins, decided to come out with two issues a week. This was step toward a solution -- but it also accentuated a problem that had already begun to make itself felt on the *VOICE*. To find the men to put out the paper once a week had been hard enough. The strain of twice-weekly publication made it almost impossible to find enough good men to cover the news of Notre Dame. As a result, the *VOICE* often went to press the final product of a small group of dedicated men.

This was caused not only by the burden of frequent deadlines, but also by the lack of training available for the members of the staff. Dedication is a virtue that can carry a venture only so far. Talent, in this case, journalistic talent, must also be present, and with the *VOICE* it has been lacking. The men in the two most important positions this year have both been government majors. When the time came to evaluate, to criticize, and to suggest improvements, often the experience was not there.

Most college newspapers are affiliated with the journalism school. At Notre Dame there is no such school, and the School of Communi-

cation Arts is simply not interested in becoming officially involved with a student publication.

Also, from year to year, the *Voice* has never been certain of its existence financially. Its dependence upon student government has often left it open to the whims of not entirely disinterested individuals.

All these difficulties have culminated in one main problem -- lack of continuity for the *VOICE* from year to year. With no means of reporting the "News When It's News," without the support of a permanent body at the University, such as a journalism school, and with the recurrent problem of financing, the *VOICE* manages from year to year uncertain of its footing at each step.

In spite of the magnitude of these obstacles, the *VOICE* has still managed to exist. It didn't always appear regularly -- lack of money, news, and newsmen often necessitated dropping an issue. The amazing thing to many of its cynical followers was that the *VOICE* would always come back. Editors might leave, lured away by the glossy pages of other publications, but always men appeared to carry the *VOICE* along. The *VOICE* never gave in.

I was such a man, pulled from the ranks of the unknowns on the *VOICE* staff to man the ship through the perils of student journalism at Notre Dame. When I took over, we had made a few steps forward from our inauspicious beginning, when two desks constituted our office and the floor was the usual receptacle for copy. But they were not many. We were still small, disorganized, unpaid, and uncertain of our future.

Today we are a little larger, somewhat more organized, still unpaid, but finally certain of our future.

The one mental reservation that I made when I took over the Editorship of the *VOICE* in January of last year was that the *VOICE* would either be good -- that it would be far better than it has been in the past -- or there would be no *VOICE* at all.

All of us connected with the *VOICE* knew that this wouldn't come about overnight. To bring the *VOICE* up to the level of a *COLORADO DAILY* or a *HARVARD CRIMSON* would take a complete overhaul. This we attempted to begin. New techniques were used, the equipment was modernized, responsibilities were delegated, and new men were brought into the staff.

And for a while the *VOICE* was rolling. People were interested in putting out the best. Entire nights were spent at the office to insure a clean and correct edition the next day.

This enthusiasm for the *VOICE* carried over the beginning of this year. Men interested in doing something for Notre Dame put all they had to see that Notre Dame produced one of the best collegiate newspapers in the country. But somewhere this momentum was lost.

The sum total of all the problems that have been with the *VOICE* since its birth began to take their toll. Old news was cold and uninteresting, late news often incorrect. And guidance was lacking -- the ship began to run amuck and no one was capable of controlling it. Staffers started losing interest as criticism after criticism came in and no one could point to a light in the void.

The *VOICE* was floundering, and in light of the conditions under which it has been forced to operate, the staff decided to fold. When the impossibility of radical improvement became clear, there was no other choice.

There's room for a newspaper at Notre Dame, but not the *VOICE* under the present circumstances. The *VOICE* will go to press no more.

Stephen M. Feldhaus

Campus Elections Stand-Off-Campus Over

Off-campus senate elections originally held Monday, October 24, will be rescheduled to Tuesday, October 31, according to Student Government election officials. The announcement of the rescheduling came on the heels of a dispute over campus senate elections that raged for nearly three days after those election results were

election time was determined. This was the tail end of a flurry of challenges and protests the election committee met with during the week of senate elections. Several defeated candidates lodged complaints with the election committee of Student Government, charging that the on-campus

threw his hat into the ring. In this situation, the voters are forced to vote for two candidates, would vote for the dominant man of their choice and then cast their second choice for the weak candidate to insure that the other dominant candidate would not beat their first choice. Thus, the dark horse candidate would be getting more

lem. A preferential ballot would be just because the voter is choosing two men to represent him -- not merely one. A system in which a voter could cast both his votes for one candidate would not be fair because then he would be choosing only one representative when in fact he is entitled to be represented by two sena-

between the senators -- each representing a certain area of the hall rather than the entire hall. In this way, the committee feels, not only would a system of fair election be insured, but better representation would also result.

**SMC TO APPEAR
ON G.F. ROWI**

were kicking him as he lay helpless on the ground when one of his friends came back to help. He was met with a knife attack and received slashes in the neck and thigh. The two managed to escape, and their friends helped them to the infirmary where they received treatment.

In a separate incident. . .

Further developments were reported in ensuing issues, and student government action was given impetus by *Voice* news reports and editorials on the problem.

But the pressure of twice-weekly issues was great, and Math Major Lumpkins found it impossible to be a student and a competent editor at the same time. At midyear he resigned and appointed Steve Feldhaus as his successor.

In February, Feldhaus' editorial, "Athletes and Excellence?" appeared.

The *Voice* would like to speak out against the special academic treatment offered athletes at Notre Dame. This double standard is found in the areas of course scheduling, honor code violations, and grade preferences. It is not a recent innovation; it has become ingrained in the Notre Dame tradition. There is no doubt that this double standard is an accepted part of campus life.

On October 27, 1966, the final *Voice* editorial was printed. Feldhaus' last words were "The *Voice* will go to press no more." Three years. A tradition. Its history is modest, but traditions are not easily come by. In the beginning late news had to be bicycled to the printer's house, and the old *Voice* office next to the Fiesta Lounge was a cluttered, crowded little room with boxes and old issues piled up. But all that is passed. The editors worked hard to preserve it. Yet the *Voice* is dead.

LONDON REPERCEIVED

BY BOB THOMAS

LONDON, A MAGIC NAME, the journalist's dream. The place "where all the action is." Respectable London, phlegmatic, gray, chilly, crusty London suddenly swings and the entire world is switched on. The stolid London of the Nazi bombings has become frivolous. It is no longer the ghost of Ann Boleyn, her head neatly tucked in the crook of her arm, that haunts Londoners, but the image of the new people, the Shrimpton sisters, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, Michael Caine, Julie Christie and the rest. This is the new London, the London of mini skirts . . . and the girls . . . oh, the girls.

But London is as good at the con game as the rest of the world and London is laughing . . . all the way to the bank. A small group, some people from Fleet Street who saw an opportunity, a few photographers, boutique owners, models, actors, designers, party people and plain fringers created a new myth, fed it to us Yanks at a fat profit and are now somewhat bored with the monster they created.

But London is still the same. Every day brings the eternal question about the weather. The *Times* carried headlines about a heat wave in June with the mercury at 70. Beautiful, clear skies still suddenly cloud on the most promising summer day and the chill winds still blow off the water.

London is still a gray, chimneyish panorama of chaotically laid out villages of chunky brick and stone. It is a heavy city, heavy with tradition, soot, squat stone, and mostly, history.

St. Paul's, the Abbey, Parliament, where decisions were made concerning the fate of people in an empire on which the sun never sets, are some of the more obvious historical landmarks among thousands of other churches, monuments, museums and pageants. But strangely enough the effect of the proximity of history is to make one feel the youth of London.

London is a young city. Hordes of young people descend on Piccadilly and Leicester Square, swarm into the pubs, discotheques and bars of the East End and Soho. Young people are everywhere. They have taken over the city, packing the coffeehouses and Regent's and Hyde Park. Mod boys, the new dandies, and rarely Londoners, shuffle along Carnaby Street look-

ing and being looked at. But Carnaby Street is old, passé.

The city swarms with rock 'n' roll groups and discotheques. The East End is almost simply feedback. But it is different from New York's Cheetah or Ondine's. There is no frenzy here, the boys and girls are standing still or merely nodding their heads or tapping toes to the primitive beat. They always maintain their cool, in both senses.

This is a city of youth. The war babies have taken over, and for the time at least, are in control. "Gear" is the word and Mary Quant and Vidal Sassoon have triumphed. London is a leg-conscious city and there is no hesitation on anyone's part about frankly looking. It's fun to watch the girls sit down in those skirts without looking indecent. Somehow they manage it.

But sometimes the fashion scene gets out of hand the girls try too hard, are too clever. The girls of New York are richer looking and more demure. New York is a dressier town.

One thing that sets the Londoner, young or old, male or female, apart from his American cousin is his ability to talk. Conversation is precious. Only a Londoner could make the mechanics of pea shooting or the raising of roses supremely interesting and a *tour de force* in the language. The Londoner, especially the young Londoner, is more concerned than his American counterpart. He is more interested. The educated members of the young set are European in every respect. Their minds feed on Europe and the exciting political and economic developments of the continent.

In spite of all this one gets the impression that he has been there before. The squares and parks in which the city abounds still soothe. There are still bazaars for the aid of needy gentlefolk. Nelson still looks disdainfully down on the scruffy necks lounging in Leicester Square. Charles II still looks out of place in Soho Square and the signs still ask you to PLEASE drive slowly and to *please* keep your dog from "fouling" the sidewalk. They still troop the color on the Queen's birthday. The best tea in the world is still at Lincoln's Inn Fields and they still play tennis there. School children still wear quaint uni-

forms of blue shirts and gray flannel pants or skirts. Hampstead Heath and Parliament Park are still restful and uncrowded. People still line up to buy the newspaper or wait for the bus with that same infuriating orderliness. The city is quiet, people don't raise their voices.

Then again, the city has changed. The bombing wreckage has spawned some of those sterile erections that are the curse of New York. Right across from St. Paul's there is a modern plaza. The Londoners love it. It is ugly. The new American Embassy with its horrendous predatory eagle will never convince anyone that we are not out to eradicate the Viet Cong. There are new, gaudy restaurants and pubs, the Wimpy Bars, a British version of the Red Barn, ugly and fouling and musty London air. London's newest and greatest attraction is off Tottenham Court Road, the Needle, complete with revolving Top of the Tower restaurant—a blight. And the crowning indignity . . . a new Playboy Club.

But Hyde Park is still there and the Irishman with his flag of the Irish Republic still extols the virtues of the I.R.A. with enviable solemnity. Religious quacks of every description are there . . . and even some Protestants, Catholics and Jews. The give and take is spirited, colorful, flippant, illogical and wonderful to hear. Even the dignified bobby cocks an ear. Some of the best oratory comes from the Africans, still berating British "racist" policies. The speakers are scandalous, ribald, running at the mouth and entrancing.

No, the old city that we know, the city that leaps out of the history books and the legends is still there. Londoners and tourists still fall all over each other at the New Caledonian Market looking for old silver, bric-a-brac, paintings and just plain junk. London still has the best theatre in the world. It is fertile, professional and experimental. In June the number one attraction was Vanessa Redgrave, one of the heirs to a distinguished theatrical history, in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. There were scores of other theatres going at the same time. Three Shaw revivals, one from Oscar Wilde, and new ones from Duerrenmatt, Duras, Osborne, William Douglas-Home and of course the pregnant Barbara Streisand. Noel Coward was playing Somerset Maugham and at the St. Martin's the subject was lesbianism. The Royal Ballet was in wonderful Covent Garden.

At the theatre everything from silks to denim is in evidence. There
(Continued on page 33)

a sprig of a thing

by s. j. buonaugurio

A sprig of a thing
happened from the desert
in the land of the winds.

It grew with the winds in all directions
and many times again turned with the winds.

And it survived into adulthood
crooked, bent
gnarled and twisted
like all things from the desert
in the land of the winds.

THE TOASTER popped up loud in the silence of the early morning kitchen. The sun was still down and the snow-cruised ground outside sparkled in the light from the street lamps. Jack's father stood at the window looking with a blank stare out into the wind and cold. Jack's mother sat at the table watching their littlest boy pick at a bowl of oatmeal. The little boy looked too sleepy to be up so early.

"What time is the plane coming in?" she asked.

"Six," her husband answered.

"We all want to be there," she said. "All of us."

"I'll check on the kids," he said.

Jack didn't know the new boy. Jack was almost too young to know anything at all. They played together in the street under the hot sun through half the afternoon. Then the new boy took the toy pistol and wouldn't give it back to Jack. Jack started to cry and the new boy took the toy pistol with him away up the block. Jack stood there in the street with his hands at his sides and he cried.

The children crowded around the table and their mother led them in saying grace. The older boy moved his lips but no sounds came out. "Now I made all of this toast and oatmeal and I want it eaten," the mother chided.

"I'm not hungry," the older boy said.

The mother looked at her son and nodded. It was too early for anyone to be up.

"Then bring the boots in from the porch," she said.

"Sure," the older boy said.

Jack climbed up over the wire fence and ran full speed across the rows of railroad tracks. He didn't look to see if there were any trains coming. His tan jacket was covered with mud and the blood around his nose and mouth was dribbling down his neck. The two bigger boys stopped at the fence. The one with the long red scratch on his face yelled after Jack. Jack didn't hear him. Jack didn't care anymore about the money. They could keep it. He kept running, way past the tracks, down between the coal piles and over to the alley behind his house.

One of the girls started picking up the dishes from the table. "Let them stay," her mother said. "It will give us something to do when we get back."

"Mommy, I can't get the zipper on," the little boy said.

"See?" the mother said. "Like this. Not one of you could ever get the zipper on." She stood up and for a second closed her eyes tight.

"Come on," the father said. "Everybody outside and in the car. Come on."

Jack missed an easy tackle and the coach pulled him out of the game. He didn't play the rest of the half. When the teams came back on the field Jack was ready. The coach put him back in with the defense. They ran around the right side and the end took two men out. Jack hit the little halfback high around the neck. The defense huddled and Jack looked over to the sidelines. The coach was clapping his hands and yelling. Way to go Jackie boy, way to go. Then the referee called a time-out because the little halfback couldn't get up.

The children were huddled together in the back seat. The father, mother and older boy sat in front.

"Mommy, remember what you told us?" one of the girls asked. "If you think about a person a lot, nothing will ever happen to that person."

"Sometimes God wants special people for special reasons," the mother said.

"When will God want me?" the girl asked.

"Not for a long time," the mother said.

Jack stood next to his father in the long line of men that encircled the warehouse. The pickup trucks were parked at even intervals along the street. A tall man in a suit walked out in front of the trucks. He waved his arms and the outsiders jumped from the back of the pickups and started running for the warehouse. The first wave hit at the spot where Jack and his father were standing. One of the outsiders barrelled into Jack's father. Jack grabbed the man and tripped him to the ground. All the men around Jack were yelling and fighting and a siren started whining from the top of the warehouse. The police came and Jack was kicking at somebody.

The family watched the red and green lights blink in the dark sky above the airport. They walked over to the low retaining wall and waited for the plane to land. It landed. The roar of the engines quieted as the plane taxied near the wall.

The dance was held up in the empty loft of the old church. Jack danced with her all night. When the dance was over someone told Jack that the other guy would meet him in the alcove behind the church. Jack told her to wait in the church. He went down to the alcove. There were two of them. Jack didn't hesitate. He smashed the closest one in the face. The other one backed off. Jack took her home.

Jack's father and brother jumped over the retaining wall. They walked out towards the plane. A workman lowered the crate from the plane with a forklift.

Jack didn't see where it came from. He was too exhausted to see anything.

The hot sun burned on him for half the afternoon. He tried to keep his head above the shallow water and sometimes he would cry. The grabbing at the base of his spine got stronger and it started to pull on Jack's insides. The left side of his face slipped into the water and sharp reeds sank into the flesh of his cheek. The sun was too hot. The grabbing started to suck on Jack's brain. The sun was hot, so hot that Jack exploded. His head slipped under the muddy water. His hands were at his sides.

(Continued on page 33)

DEMOCRACY'S BURDENS

by robert sheehan

THE NOTRE DAME Faculty Manual is an oddly thrown-together amalgam of regulations and exhortations which came out in 1954 and has never been revised. Its contents range from the sublime to the ridiculous: from a description of the procedures for appointing the President of the University to a caution against dismissing classes too early (unless the Dean's permission is obtained). Needless to say, few members of either the Administration or the faculty considered this curious document satisfactory, and last year Fr. Hesburgh commissioned Rev. John E. Walsh, C.S.C., the Vice-President for Academic Affairs, to prepare a draft of a new Faculty Manual. Fr. Walsh and his Associate Vice-President, Dr. Thomas E. Stewart, prepared a set of proposals which then traveled a tortuous route through the various colleges and departments until they reached a special committee headed by Dr. James Robinson of the English Department. The committee has been meeting frequently for the last six months to consider the proposals made by Fr. Walsh, Dr. Stewart, the various colleges, and the committee members. The result is a bulky, 71-page mimeographed booklet containing the Robinson committee's proposals for a completely new manual. It has been submitted to the Academic Council, which will consider it, and send it along with their own recommendations to the President and the Board of Trustees.

In the covering letter to the Academic Council that serves as the new Manual's preface, the committee says: "... Father Hesburgh said that the revision of the manual 'is not a call to change the nature of the University of Notre Dame, but rather to perfect it in every way possible. . . .' The Committee endorses this concept. But the process of seeking perfection involves necessarily a process of change, if not in the nature of the University, then certainly in its structure, its form. And it is precisely this kind of change that the committee proposes, a change that calls for the Faculty to assume its appropriate share of the burden of leadership, and to contribute its knowledge and talent to the whole life and governance of the University." With this in view, the committee has recommended a whole new set of institutions and procedures through which the faculty will obtain a share in the control of the University.

The greatest innovation is the much-talked-about faculty senate, the only institution recommended by the committee for which there is no precedent at all in the present practice of the University. "The Senate" says the new manual, "gathers information on matters affecting the Faculty as a whole, seeks and defines faculty opinion, and presents recommendations to the Academic Council. The Senate considers any matter concerning the academic life of the University. . . . At its discretion, the University Senate may conduct referenda among, and call meetings of, the Faculty of the University." In short, the Senate will be a vehicle for the expression of the collective opinion of the University faculty on all matters pertaining to the faculty; it will serve as a sort of collective conscience to the University with strictly

persuasive powers, and all legislative duties will be left in the hands of the existing institutions (although the faculty will have a far greater say in these). Nevertheless, the Senate's importance should not be underestimated: in the words of the committee, this is an "important and crucial proposal for . . . a body that gives the faculty as a whole the means for independent deliberation and action. . . . The Senate would be the voice of the faculty, the group needed to define faculty opinion, initiate faculty proposals, speak for the faculty. . . ." To the committee the faculty Senate represents the main fruit of its work, the single most important innovation in the structure of the University. "All other proposals regarding faculty participation in the governance of the University that are presented by the Committee on the Manual stress cooperative deliberation between the Faculty and the Administration and leave final authority in the hands of the Administration. If the Senate is not accepted so that the Faculty can also exert independence, the other proposals become meaningless and no real fundamental change in the role of the Faculty is effected."

The Senate is far from the only innovation proposed by the committee. Less apparent but perhaps more significant to the faculty's participation in the governing of the University are the proposed changes in the Academic Council, which makes all academic policies for the University, subject to the approval of the President. The committee recommends the limiting of the *ex officio* members of the Council to those Administration members who are directly concerned with academic policy in general, thus sharply reducing the present size of this group, and the provision of a number of positions on the Council equal to the number of *ex officio* positions, to be filled by faculty members elected by their colleagues in the various colleges, with seats allotted according to the proportionate sizes of the colleges. The committee further defines and clarifies the area of responsibility of the Academic Council: "to determine general academic policies and regulations of the University; to consider the recommendations of the Graduate Council; to approve major changes in the requirements for admission to and graduation from the Colleges and Schools and in the programs of study offered by Colleges, Schools, and Departments; to authorize the establishment, modification or discontinuance of any College, School, Department, Institute, or Academic Unit of the University; and to approve the nominees for honorary degrees. The decisions of the Council are reached by majority vote and are subject to the approval of the President." And the final, essential innovation, which the committee carefully tacked onto its descriptions of every one of the committees and councils for which the manual provides, is the provision for special meetings in addition to those called by the chairman, to be held upon petition of a certain number of the Council's members, to consider any matter brought up by the petitioners. Thus the faculty will have some say in the agendas of the committees on which they sit.

Another area in which great changes have been made

is that of faculty appointments and tenure. As things stand now every faculty contract contains the following incredible passage, chilling in its vagueness and in the total absence of any recourse for a faculty member who feels he has been wronged:

If the said appointee in his teaching or professional activities shall have been guilty of an offense against Catholic doctrine, or morality, or if he shall have been knowingly engaged in or lent his name to any subversive activity, then the University may dismiss him summarily and without notice.

This provision was retained without an iota of change in the proposals made by the office of the Vice-President for Academic Affairs, but was rejected by the committee because of the ease with which it could be misinterpreted and the implicit assumption that the faculty had no say in the interpreting: "The phrases 'commission of a grave offense against Catholic doctrine or morality' and 'engagement in subversive activity' that appear in the provisional draft are particularly ambiguous. For example, does a non-Catholic offend against Catholic doctrine by his disbelief in it? Or whose idea of 'subversion' is to be adopted and against what or whom is the subversion to be referred?"

The committee's answer is twofold: first, a new statement of the grounds for dismissal of a tenured faculty member —

A faculty member with tenure may not be dismissed except for . . . [discontinuance of the department in which he teaches] or for serious cause. Dismissal for serious cause is defined as dismissal for one of the following reasons: professional incompetence or neglect of academic duties, conviction of a felony, or causing notorious and public scandal.

The second innovation is the institution of a complex procedure for the trial of the impeached faculty member. Whenever the Administration wishes to dismiss a faculty member with tenure it must first attempt a private resolution of its differences with the offending faculty member; if this fails, or if the offense is irrevocable, the Administration brings charges before the Academic Council, which will appoint an *ex officio* committee of five tenured faculty members, competent in the area in which the offense was committed, to hear the case. The hearing will be very much like a trial, with witnesses and counsel, and the accused has the right to confront and to cross-examine his accusers. Once the hearing is over and the five-man committee has reached its decision, a transcript of the hearing is sent along with a copy of the committee's recommendations to all the interested parties. The decision as to dismissal rests with the Vice-President for Academic Affairs, but this can be appealed to a committee appointed by the President. Ultimate and final authority rests, as always, with the President.

Also slated for reform are the procedures for granting tenure and for appointment to the various ranks on the faculty, whereby committees of faculty members would advise deans and department heads on faculty appointments and promotions. Included in this is a new provision for the automatic granting of tenure to an assistant professor (who normally would not have tenure) who remains with the University for more than two three-year terms. Provision is also made for the appointment of library staff members and professional research scientists with ranks, salaries and privileges corresponding to their

opposite numbers on the teaching faculty.

The final important statement in the proposed manual, and the one that apparently raised the most disagreement among the committee members, was a general affirmation of the principle of academic freedom. The statement confined itself to stating an ideal situation without elaborating any specific principles, and it had virtually no mention of the students: "We felt that since this is a faculty manual we should confine it to the faculty," said Dr. Robinson. The statement also included the sentence, "In lecturing and teaching, he should not introduce controversial matter that has no relation to his subject."

This sentence, as well as several other aspects of the report, prompted a long dissenting opinion from Marketing Professor L. Edgar Crane, a member of the committee. Professor Crane's objections came under three categories; the first, as mentioned, was the absence of any reference to the students: ". . . each of us, administration and faculty, exist only to serve students; the relations between us must derive from and be responsive to the relations of each of us with them. It is my hope that the structures of this manual will aid the creation of means through which communication can be encouraged by and with our students." Furthermore, the statement on controversial material in class condemned the wrong aspect, according to Crane. "I object to this phrase because it appears to condemn controversy. I object to it because it appears to excuse irrelevancy, provided it is noncontroversial and I object because it fails to provide any meaningful, operational definition of either controversy or relevance. I would delete the word 'controversial,' believing that relevance should be the sole test." The second area of concern was the continued emphasis in the new manual on the division of the University into Colleges and Departments. The growth of the modern university, he says, has led to increasing numbers of interdisciplinary studies and of professors whose talents can be utilized by more than one department, and this trend toward decompartmentalization should be encouraged rather than counteracted. The third and most serious objection was to the seniority system set up in the new manual, whereby only full and associate professors would serve on some of the committees dealing with faculty and administrative appointments. "It has been argued that such functions . . . can be performed only by an electorate restricted in terms of rank or tenure. . . . I have asked what qualities, required in these decisions, are found only in persons of rank and tenure. In every instance, I am convinced that there is no assurance that all full professors possess such qualities, or that all assistant professors and untenured faculty lack them. . . ."

Nevertheless, says Crane, he still feels that the new manual is a vast improvement and should be accepted by the Administration. But the effect of this new manual, he says, is not simply an attempt by the faculty to gain privileges from the Administration. "Far from granting privileges to the faculty, this manual imposes very great burdens upon them, taking time and energy away from teaching and scholarship, and involving them in those endless committee meetings which seem inevitable in democratic government. . . . I hope that my colleagues will accept the burdens which this manual places upon them. If we are not granted these burdens, or if we fail to accept them, I see no sudden crisis ahead. Instead I see a slow erosion as this University fails to attract the men of ability it needs and loses the men of ability already here. Progress first will falter, and then stop, and slow decline will begin. History alone would then be able to record the light that failed."

THE REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PRESENT

JEAN-PIERRE BEAUXARTS

THE CURRENT and premiere production of the newly merged Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre is actually a continuation of Fr. A. S. Harvey's general program of recent years to present a broad selection of drama from the contemporary spectrum. *The Potting Shed* of Graham Greene, first produced in 1957, is certainly such a play. Its basic moving force could be said to be the mystery, and in particular, the existence of God. The play presents many difficulties for appreciation, several of which are inherent due simply to what Greene seems to be doing and the way in which he goes about it. In short, one might say that this play is enlightened contemporary entertainment, but I refuse to believe it is a significant piece of drama. This would not at all entail that the topics he treats are insignificant, merely that one would perhaps be left more with a sense of topic than dramatic event after a performance of the play. In this respect, I think that Greene is cheating the theater, in that such weighty themes as he hopes to convey aren't supported by what I could feel to be an appropriate dramatic vehicle. That themes similar to his have been treated in other, more appropriate ways can be seen from the works of Claudel and others.

The play centers about middle-aged James Callifer (Terry Franke) who is trying to refurbish a life that has become tasteless to him. His past is blotted from his memory due to paternal suppression of the questionable events which occurred in the family potting shed. The background for this dilemma is that James' father, Henry Callifer, was one of the leading proponents of that form of scientific atheism promulgated throughout post-Darwinian England. We are told that his reputation was based largely on such works as *The Cosmic Fallacy* and *He Was a Man*, "that charming pathetic study of Jesus Christ, the Palestinian religious leader." It seems, though, that Henry Callifer's brother William (Martin Doucette) had been converted to the point of priesthood and was instructing young James, who, faced with the contradictory claims of uncle and father, became muddled enough to attempt or commit suicide. Therein, dear reader, lies the crux of the matter as far as the drama of the play is concerned. Was it a miracle, brought about by the intercession of the prayers of his uncle, that the seemingly dead James Callifer lived? What happens in the inter-

lude (30 years) between this event and the present, the death of Henry Callifer, bringing all the family but William together again, is approximately nothing. James grows and marries Sara (Marcella Lynyak), but proves to be inadequate to generate anything of life about him, and they separate. Similarly, Uncle William becomes one of Greene's whisky priests, and Henry Callifer is phased out of the intellectual climate of his nation with the passing of his generation. In short, the whole family seems to be living on borrowed time since the occurrence of whatever occurred in the potting shed. This background of the meaningless and misplaced family would appear suitable as a situation for Greene's ability to convey the feeling of the salt of the earth which has lost its taste. James' problem is to remember what it was that caused him to become such a blank card, and moreover, to *remember what there is* — to unshackle himself from the suppression and preconceptions which the family imposed upon the perhaps-miracle in order to protect the "faith" of the father. As James says, "But you can't forget forever what exists." When the dust settles, and it has more than sufficient time, James comes back to life and remarries Sara, while no conclusions are drawn about the existence of God, miracles, etc. As Mrs. Callifer (Judy Muench) says, "When you aren't sure, you're alive."

You may well ask what the conclusion of the play is, and I find that hard to answer. Certainly it wouldn't be fair to ask for propositional conclusions, even though much is made of propositional formulations throughout the play. Neither character nor situation is conclusively drawn, however, and there is a great aura of dissipation and superficiality about the drama. Mrs. Callifer's conclusion above is the nearest thing to a final statement, and since the main reference to being alive must be observed with respect to James, the main character, the fact of his being alive seems to be in no way significant due to the lack of personal delineation or evaluation of his character. So to speak, we have seen someone come out of a long spiritual coma, and then be reunited with life and reality. The difficulty is that it remains just "someone" — a mathematical variable. If, on the other hand, we are to take this remark as being more absolute, almost in the sense of Beckett or more classical writers of an epic vein, then the lack of compression of adversity against

James seems to leave the achievement of mere vitality a rather piddling victory. The situation at the end of the play seems to be merely "nice," the sort of sentimental status quo upon which melodrama relies.

The situations and themes of Greene's play are perhaps substantial on their own, or they might have fared well in a narrative form of fiction, but his dramatic devices seem woefully inept and lacking in theoretical imagination. The play is cast in the style of a detective story in which James' search for his past is carried out in a Sherlock Holmes fashion. Most of the detective legwork, however, is done by young Anne Callifer (Mary Crossin) whom Greene uses as an always handy *infans ex machina* to help his limp progression of events. The play is highly stylized, its main devices being manners, in a very British-novelist sense of the word, and reminded me of T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion* in this respect. There is little enough time in a play to compose a significant structure from mannerisms, and much of this time Greene wastes by repetition of what we already know of a character through his bearing. Also, many of the principals are those overtly mannered people we know as stock characters. For example, we meet one modern Viennese psychologist by the name of Kreuzer (William Wead), whose son underwent an experience similar to James' and was successful in his suicide attempt. The revelation of this fact can be anticipated fairly easily and, as in any detective-style story, when one knows the answer, there's a lot of wasted time between anticipation and verification from the story. This is true of the play on a large scale — there's very little that can happen after Act One, Scene Two, and the third act is almost unnecessary. Furthermore, the play is broken into little thought and image units which are mulled over and then disposed of, never to return, except for the dog image which Mrs. Callifer refers to at the end of the play. Unity, as a result, is a sort of patchwork affair in the dramatic structure.

Let me hasten to say at this point that one's reaction to the play depends on what one would expect from the theater. The safest expectation for *The Potting Shed* is sophisticated contemporary entertainment, as mentioned earlier. Moreover, I believe Fr. Harvey is fully justified in selecting this play on this basis, but more im-

(Continued on page 32)

A rash of hate letters appeared this week from the Dining Halls.

SOUTH DINING HALL
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

October 24, 1966

Daniel R. Murray
201 Alumni Hall
Notre Dame, Indiana

Dear Sir:

Records of this office indicate that on *September 28, 1966* your meal card number *434 H* was used more than once at the *Luncheon* meal. This is in violation of your board contract with the University of Notre Dame and may result in serious disciplinary action against you if our records are correct.

Request that you contact the Manager or Assistant Manager, South Dining Hall immediately to assist us in correcting our records or you will be requested to make financial restitution through the Director of Student Accounts.

Your reply not later than *Monday, November 7* is expected in this instance.

Sincerely,

Director of Food Services

Serious disciplinary action or financial restitution are too severe. Two meals are punishment enough.

movies

AVON: *Dear John* is again billed, though this week with *The Flame and the Fire*, another travelog shocker, a real bonus. Nor will this latter do anything to curtail the catcalls and cackles which are an integral part of the cinematic experience at the Avon, regardless of the quality of film shown. And the quality of *Dear John* is emphatically superb. It deserves much more than standard Avon reception and attention. (For times, call 288-7800)

COLFAX: *Dr. Zhivago* is being shown without its built-in intermission, and the sound system at the Colfax does not do justice to Maurice Jarre's award-winning score; nonetheless, that theater must be praised for landing so great a movie so quickly. (*Zhivago*: 2:00, 7:30)

GRANADA: *Kaleidoscope* is a very catchy film, stretching a cute plot in order to seduce the audience by means of some intriguing camera work and startling color combinations. Warren Beatty plays a continental card sharp enmeshed within a twinkling web of subterfuge which at first is rather comical and which at last is rather suspenseful. This ambiguity of effect, however, does not distress the cameraman nearly so much as it does me, for he rotates the story in and out of focus amid the myriad "mod" clothes and tantalizing sets which seem to be his real interest. (*Scope*: 1:00, 3:05, 5:10, 7:15, 9:20)

STATE: *Marco the Magnificent* and *The Appaloosa*. Only Horst Buchholz is up to par in the uniformly horrendous rendition of the Marco Polo legend. The other stars (including Omar Shariff, Anthony Quinn, Orson Welles, and many more) submitted somehow to a manhandling so grotesque that I find the film embarrassing to watch. Even the few facts we do have at our command concerning Polo are characteristically distorted in *Marco*. *The Appaloosa*, on the other hand, is a one-man show and consequently cannot fail quite so spectacularly. In fact the movie is practically irrelevant and exists somewhere far below its star, Marlon Brando, in whom alone we are interested. The hero comes nowhere near his role, but who cares: Brando is always Brando, and what mortal dares judge him! (*Appaloosa*: 1:00, 4:25, 7:45; *Marco*: 2:35, 6:00, 9:25)

sidelines



SOUR GRAPES IN SPARTA

When *Time* magazine published its Hanratty-Seymour cover story, sighs of regret and resignation were heard throughout South Bend — jinxed again! The loudest cries of all, however, came from a campus 125 miles north in East Lansing, where Michigan State was concerned not so much with a jinxing as with a jilting: their own. In his tactfully impartial and perceptively written "Sidelines" column of October 28, *State News Sports* Editor Larry Werner commented, without a hint of envy:

Sure, Notre Dame is the No. 1-rated team in the country, and the famous pass-catch duo have impressive statistics, but the question is: have they been tested?

Hardly.

The "fabulous" aerial combination has been outstanding in a 26-14 victory over Purdue. No one-sided victory, by any means, over the team that MSU annihilated.

It is interesting to note that the Irish played Purdue in South Bend and that Purdue's defensive secondary has given up more yardage to opponents than they have gained themselves on the fabled arm of Bob Griese.

Northwestern, Army and North Carolina were bothered by Notre Dame and its passing, but none of these teams are exactly national powers. When Ara Parsegian's end had to play against a rated team, Oklahoma, he left the game with a badly sprained ankle.

The implication that Seymour's

injury against a rated team deems him less than "fabulous" is unique. (On this basis, future Spartan opponents need not be concerned with All-America fullback Bob Apisa. He was hurt playing Northwestern.)

"Hanratty is 18, Seymour is 19 and skinny," Mr. Werner continues, with an insight that would do justice to a professional scout. "Against teams like Army, North Carolina, Northwestern, and Duke, (that game, you'll recall, was played back on November 12), the 'Teen Terrors' as *Time* calls them, were great."

They'll shine against the remaining pushover teams on the Irish schedule, like Navy, Pittsburgh and Duke. If Seymour is even healthy for these games.

But Bubba Smith won't let an 18-year-old quarterback give him a stiff arm and complete a pass, and guys like Jess Phillips, and Jim Summers won't enjoy getting beaten by a rookie like Seymour.

In short, Notre Dame will be playing against a good, tough football team on Nov. 19—a sensation they won't have experienced until then. . . .

Notre Dame's easy schedule finds them playing Navy, Pittsburgh and Duke in their next three games. This means only that the Fighting Irish and their "pro-caliber" passing combination will remain unbeaten for another three weeks.

Time magazine, Werner surmises, in praising "a sophomore quarterback and a sophomore end who haven't been tested" is "going a little too far."

On that score, *Time* is not alone.

THEIR PLEA IS ANSWERED

Six weeks of preparation, time to sharpen their offense, perfect their execution, and solidify an already tenacious defense, have placed the St. Mary's Maulers in the role of favorite in their Sunday engagement with Midwestern rival Marygrove, fresh from a successful season in the Motor City flag football league. After initially declining an invitation to battle the eager Maulers this fall, the Grovers were recently lured into a contest by the promise of a substantial share of the gate this Sunday behind Stepan Center.

The Maulers, hoping to atone for a long heritage of embarrassing losses, lie in wait for the day of decision. "We got them mouthpieces," reported assistant line coach Charlie McManus, "and now we're ready to go."

PACE-SETTERS

Wednesday night Johnny Dee and his talented sophomores, three of whom are starting, will preview the season with the first of three intersquad scrimmages leading up to their December 1 opener. Game time for the first contest is 7:30, and will be followed by similar games November 16 and November 22. If pre-season conditioning is a valid criterion for predicting, the Irish will get off to a fast start this season, especially with their new MVP's to quicken their pace.

FOR THE RECORD

RUGBY (4-1)

Notre Dame 14, Villanova 3.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Split triangular meet in Chicago, beating DePaul but losing to the Chicago Track Club.

SOCCER (2-7)

Goshen College 8, Notre Dame 3.

SAILING

Sixth place in Ohio State Invitational.

THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 5

Rugby: John Carroll at Notre Dame (10:30 a.m.).

Cross-Country: Indiana State meet at Indianapolis.

Soccer: Illinois at Notre Dame.

NOVEMBER 6

Football: St. Mary's vs. Marygrove (Detroit) (2:00 p.m.).

NOVEMBER 9

Basketball: Intersquad scrimmage (7:30 p.m.).

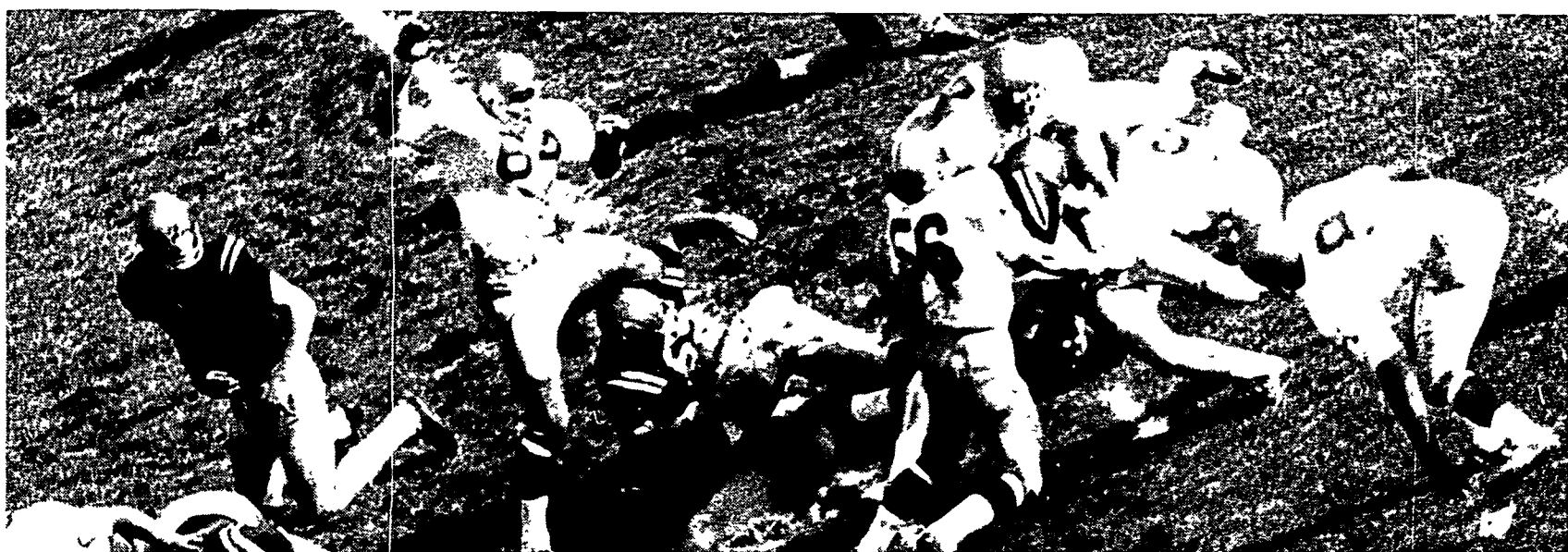
NOVEMBER 11

Cross-Country: Central Collegiate meet at Chicago.

TAUNTING THE DEMON . . .

It seemed strange to see Terry Hanratty complete less than 25 percent of his passes or lose 24 yards on one play. It seemed strange to see an Irish punt blocked. It was a shock to see Eddy and Bleier hurt. You wanted to close your eyes on all that, you wanted the game to be a bad dream. But the best defensive effort of the season, the running of Conjar, and the defensive wizardry of Pergine is too much to call a nightmare. Don't close your eyes, everything will be all right.

by tony ingrafea



IT WAS ONE of that kind of dream. You know, the type where you wake up not certain whether it was bad or good, but certain that you could have stopped it at any time. You can remember facts and faces, the facts somewhat incoherent, the faces all expressionless. You know the weather was bright and clear, yet everything around you seemed bleak, incongruous, like it wasn't there before you, won't be there after you.

Was it a real war or was it a game? All your friends are trying to help you. They try, they do. But they're all getting killed and soon you're all alone and you keep pulling the trigger of your gun aimed at the Demon but the gun won't work and the Demon keeps coming so you throw it at him and it drops at your feet like it weighed a ton and your arm was rubber and the Demon keeps coming, his hands are at your throat, you know it's no use to scream, you smile, you close your eyes. And you wake up.

It was that kind of dream. Kevin split right. He broke straight down-field twenty yards, changed pace, cut

sharply to his left. Kevin was open, clearly open. Terry threw hard and true, but the ball just kept slowing down and slowing down, and Kevin waited and Terry watched, his arm of rubber, watched the Demon catch the ball.

Nick tried to block the Demon. He hit him hard, and he fell off. Nick carried himself out of sight, but not before he sprawled flat forward in agony. He didn't scream. Neither did Rocky.

The ball is in your hands, then it drops, but you can't pick it up. It won't stay still, it avoids you and the Demon is coming. You have to get the ball before the Demon gets you. But like the gun that just won't fire when you want it to fire, the ball just keeps dropping out of your hands and the Demon is coming for you. And the Demon grabs you. It's no use to scream.

You have to kick the ball this time, Bob, kick it before the Demon gets you and the Demon will disappear. But your leg, your leg is so, so heavy it takes all your strength to swing it

and then it swings too slowly. You look up and the Demon is in front of you. Too close. Close your eyes. It's no use to scream.

But the dream wasn't really all bad, was it? It was the kind of dream in which you remember taunting the Demon. You made him come to you, or you attacked him when and where you pleased. You played with him, and if he got you, you just smiled and closed your eyes. You never screamed.

Larry didn't kill the Demon. He'd run straight through him, straight over him. And when the Demon finally grabbed Larry, he just smiled and closed his eyes. Larry ran as much as he wanted, just to tease the Demon.

Because the Demon was big, strong, and awkward, Terry would tease him with his deception, the Demon always

falling at his phantom-fast heels. Terry even pushed his straight-arm into the Demon's face a few times, and that irritated the Demon.

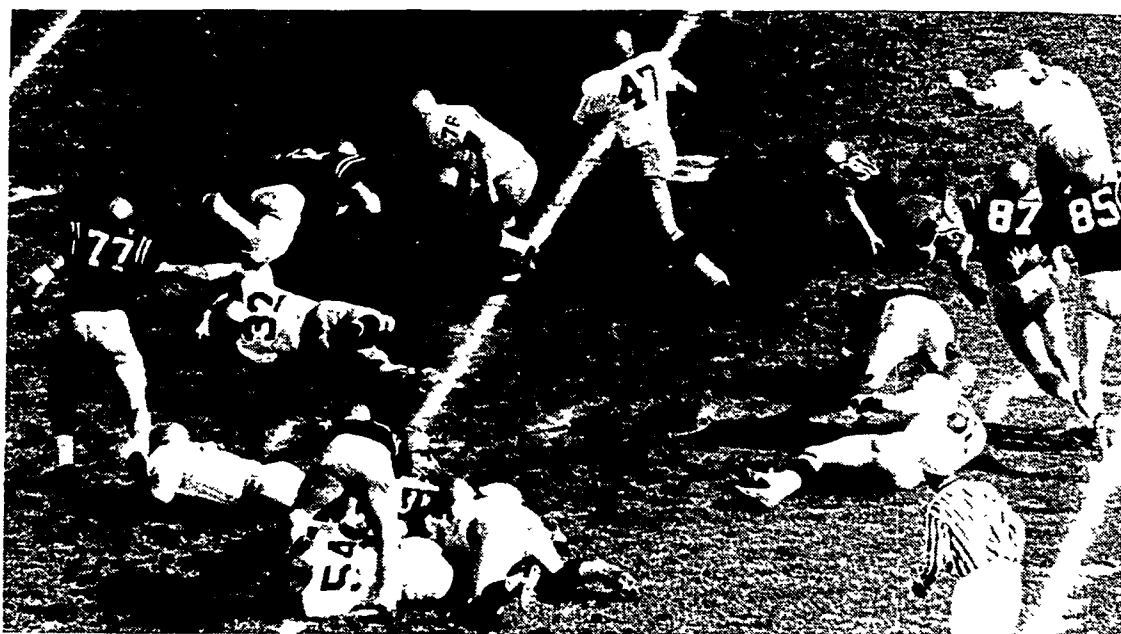
Terry would just close his eyes and smile when the Demon broke through seven of his biggest friends and grabbed him.

No one friend hurt the Demon more than John, though. When John grabbed the Demon, the Demon couldn't close his eyes and smile. In the good part of the dream when all your friends were ganging up on the Demon and he was throwing the ball over them, the Demon, with arm of rubber, watched John steal the ball thrice. That bothered the Demon also.

No, the dream wasn't really bad. The Demon never did kill you or your friends when he got you. He'd grab you, knock you down, twist, hit, tackle, hurt, but he didn't kill you. He had his hands on your throat but you were smiling. You just closed your eyes. You never screamed because you knew you would wake up. Then everything would be all right. It was that kind of dream. ■

IN PHILLY

photos by mike ford



Notre Dame's downfield blocking, devastating all year, was especially effective in the third quarter at Kennedy Stadium where Irish backs Eddy (SEE CUT) and Conjar broke open a close contest with explosive bursts into the Navy secondary.

John Pergine (LEFT), operating at an Outside Linebacker's position for the first time, resembled a halfback on two of his three interceptions last Saturday.

Navy Quarterback Cartwright experienced the close company of Kevin Hardy and friends (BELOW) more than he would have liked in Philadelphia. Excluding a blocked punt, the Middies never came close against a stifling Irish defense.



Voice in the Crowd

National magazines and newspapers have always relied on Notre Dame for a large portion of their copy every fall, but especially during the Parseghian era. As a Los Angeles writer observed, "When Notre Dame was having their bad years, the whole sports world suffered." In the last two good years and the present "great" season the Irish have dominated the pages of every major publication in the country. Already this year *Sports Illustrated* has done two features and a third is sure to come November 19 at East Lansing. And every sober subway alumnus and God-fearing nun in the United States now knows what Hanratty and Seymour look like, or might resemble from a distance. Unintentionally, the *Time* story also aided one of its subjects, Jim Seymour. "I learned a lot about myself from the article," he commented with the boyish smile they said he has.

The *Time* coverage has had little effect on either of the rookies. Both still fit into their helmets and neither feels jinxed, even though Seymour was sent to the sidelines rather coincidentally at Norman and Hanratty failed to throw five touchdown passes at Philadelphia. In fact both have displayed a remarkable amount of maturity when facing the machine-gun quizzing of hardened reporters. When offered the excuse by a sportswriter that the *Time* "jinx" might have affected his performance, even slightly, in the Navy game, Hanratty dismissed that theory quickly. "What I think is that by the time a person makes the cover of *Time* he's had things going so well for him—you know, he'd have to make it—that he's bound to have a bad day soon after. It's the law of averages. I don't believe in any jinxes." The reporter proceeded to his next question.

While most of the publicity has centered around the two rookies, the team has not suffered from it. Jim Lynch explained the squad's feelings to a Philadelphia columnist last week. "Look, they're sophomores and I guess they're embarrassed a little. But we kid them out of that. We can needle them about the star treatment. We've got fellows who have played three or four years here and can handle that."

More significant than all the strictly "football" print is the reaction of the press to the other side of this football team, the references to Tom Regner's 3.2 average last semester, Tom Rhoad's National Merit Scholarship and Jim Lynch's work in Peru for C.I.L.A. Roger Valdiserri, who has directed publicity for many teams, both college and pro, over the years, is unqualified in his praise of the public image this year's team is projecting. "Not only might this team be the best on the field, but they are also the most well-spoken, intelligent and well-mannered group of individuals I have ever come in contact with. They have impressed everybody with their class and politeness off the field. At the Oklahoma game, at least four different writers, all from Norman, came up to me expressing their amazement at the overall intelligence and articulateness of this football team. They make good copy."

Stan Hochman of the Philadelphia *Daily News* devoted his daily column last week to the visiting Irish, probing into the backgrounds of seniors Conjar, Regner and particularly team representative Lynch, concluding, "There may be better linebackers in America, but there may not be better spokesmen for college football."

The age-old "factory" syndrome is changing. Writers are discovering as many heroics off the field as on and consequently, the University is benefiting from the shift in emphasis. Their greatest advertising agent, the football team, is rapidly becoming Notre Dame's largest catalyst in its developing educational reputation. Wayne Hardin, former Navy coach, recently commented on that reputation. "Along with millions of people I have tremendous respect for Notre Dame. They wouldn't allow football bums in the school. You just don't degrade Notre Dame . . . it's like degrading our country. I've always rooted for them, the way the Yankees used to be. I root for winners and winners are supposed to win."

—MIKE BRADLEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

SYRACUSE VS. PENN STATE: Schwartzwalder's Saltine Warriors have put the spice back into what was a soggy season, but State has come on strong, too, and should crumble their traditional nemesis.

LSU VS. ALABAMA: Charlie McClendon's Tigers are staggering through a rare lean year, so the Bear will get another bye. In their three-game season, the Crimson Tide will win number two.

HARVARD VS. PRINCETON: Saturday should be a tough day for Tigers in the Ivy League, too. Princeton's ancient single wing will give the Harvards a scare, but with the Ivy title and Yale in sight, the Crimson will fight more fiercely.

IOWA VS. MICHIGAN STATE: The Spartan offense, far from crisp against Northwestern, may be past its peak. Bubba Smith's 91 inches head the Michigan St. defense, though, and it will take more than the Hawkeyes have to get past *that* peak.

UCLA VS. WASHINGTON: The Huskies are always vicious defenders, and could have the Uclans outmanned in this department, anyway. The Bruins have by Farr the better scoring punch, however, and should remain unsullied for Southern Cal.

RPI VS. HOBART: After dispatching wide-eyed Worcester Tech, 13-0, and stretching their longest winning streak in five years to two, the emerging Engineers will confidently brush aside the perennially stiff Hobart challenge.

UPSET OF THE WEEK

FLORIDA VS. GEORGIA: Even Steve Spurrier can't pass to himself, and the Bulldogs will spoil the Gators' unbeaten season by foiling the Florida Trapp.

OTHER PICKS

Navy over Duke
Florida St. over South Carolina
Georgia Tech over Virginia
Oklahoma over Kansas St.
USC over California
Arkansas over Rice
Purdue over Wisconsin
Texas over Baylor
LAST WEEK: 8-7, 53.3%
TO DATE: 50-24-1, 68.9%

Remembrance

(Continued from page 26)

portantly for its educational and developmental value. Since the merger of the Notre Dame and St. Mary's theaters, the unity of effort makes the concomitant public responsibility broader, and Fr. Harvey has responded with the broad array of play types to be presented this year, in which this play assumes a role as exemplar of a style. It is also a monumental challenge to the ability of his student actors and himself in that, due to the sheer mannerism of the play, there is little or no dramatic fabrication, and the actor must play a role which can be easily recognized by the audience as being valid or not. In short, the characters of the play are dangerously close to "real life" and much work is required from a student to portray, e.g., a natural sixty-year-old. The available talent does seem to be compactly assembled, so that there were enough good performances to give the play all it deserved.

Terry Franke's performance in this last respect (and in all others I can imagine) is phenomenal. All by himself he would be worth the price of admission, in his control, simplicity, and directness of both gesture and rhetorical delivery. One must also mention his naturally endowed face, upon which lights play in a most harmonious and profitable way. In two similar scenes in which he is alone with Miss Lynyak, he draws out the best of her performance and some of the most convincing acting of the evening. John Sheehan, as one of Henry Callifer's old colleagues, does a good job at overcoming difficulties presented by the age required by his role, but oftentimes his mannered gestures seem pasted on in contrast to Mr. Franke's. Judy Muench is most remarkable and effective as Mrs. Callifer, and bears the burden of age quite well, with delicacy and poise throughout her performance. Of great help in this respect is the choice of wardrobe by Miss Mary Ann Vrancken, which is quite effective almost without exception.

One performance was noteworthy in a special way. Mr. Doucette's portrayal of the priest was perhaps a bit raw or rough, but it was direct and rather effective, to the point where I felt his scene (II, i) was a subplay in the way in which it stuck out from the staid nature of the rest of the play. He did a commendable job with a familiar Greene character.

It is the minor characters who had to pay for the shoddy construction of parts by Mr. Greene. Once their overt

identity had been established, there was little of interest left in them, and several times in the presentation I witnessed, they lapsed out of the stock mannerisms which were too imposed for them to maintain.

Finally, the technical work of Mr. Charles Lehman and associates was spotty. The lighting is simple, but effective when it has to be. Of the three distinct settings used, however, only the presbytery "makes it." James' room is mildly ineffective, contributing little to the play, while the Callifer estate is presented entirely at variance with the author's conception and directions. ■



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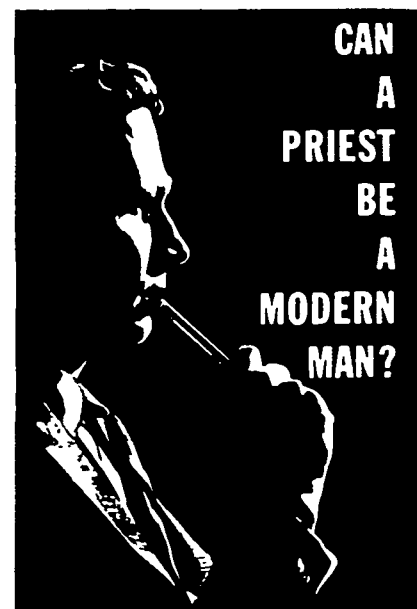
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London

(Continued from page 22)

is a new democracy evident in London. Labour is in power and hence respectable.

It is a great city and everyone but the Londoner takes it seriously. They find the whole thing quite amusing. Antiestablishment humor is still best in London . . . any authority is fair game. The laughter is inward directed, healthy and wicked.

The London of V. S. Pritchett's *London Perceived* is still alive and flourishing. It takes the rash of new blood in its accommodating, easy stride. That is a testament to the city's greatness. ■

A Sprig of a Thing

(Continued from page 23)

The father and son watched the forklift carry Jack into the building.

"Why is Jack dead?"

"Your mother said it."

"You don't believe that?"

"No."

"Then why is he dead?"

"He's dead because he lived. There's no reason for the living and no reason for the dying."

"That's not much to believe either."

"I know."

The sun started to come up and the wind was still blowing.

"Come on. Let's get your mother and the kids home."

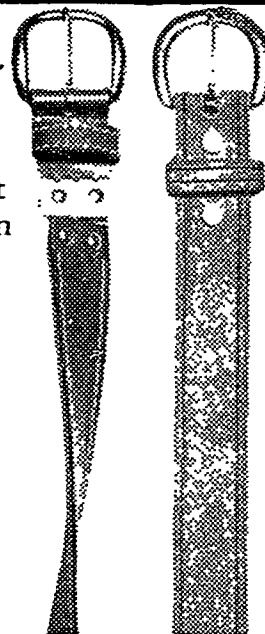
"Sure." ■

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Carl Magel The Last Word



JUST IMAGINE Ticket Manager Robert Cahill reading you the pledge on the front of your student football ticket book. The essence, "I hereby agree that I will not transfer this book either by sale or gift. . . . (or) I forfeit . . . (and am) liable to disciplinary action. . . ." Mr. Cahill has a pile of homespun ads in his office with things scrawled on them like "2 Pitt tickets, 411 Walsh, Ask for Charley."

Selling student books is illegal, the Ticket Office warns. If another fiasco results as at the North Carolina game, when, among other incidents, a vice-president of a weekly magazine got one of these tickets for his son, who was turned down at the gate, then the violators will be reported to the Dean of Students. "Most people are inclined to believe Notre Dame boys," Mr. Cahill reports. Selling the tickets seems to be a form of theft. If the violations continue to accrue, the Ticket Office will then halt the system (seniority et al.) now in use and replace it with General Admission ticket sales.

The dogfights that would ensue cannot be considered useful or appealing in any respect. Notre Dame is one of the few schools which still distributes tickets to its students in other than a General Admission

manner. All of us will be the losers if the warnings are not heeded.

ELATED BILL FOLLETTE is the escort of this year's Homecoming Queen, Miss Barbara Cunneen. Follette met Barbara through the IBM dance held here two years ago—but that's only the start of this story. When the Social Commission had selected the candidates and given us the pictures, it turned out that Barbara's picture was only a proof and could not be reproduced for the magazine. This exasperated not a few of us, and at 1:30 on a Monday morning Layout Editor Steve Heagan took action. He called Follette's residence and woke up his landlady; she then woke up her unsuspecting boarder. After a fifteen-minute conference it was decided that Follette would get us the reproducible shot. He contacted St. Mary-of-the-Woods that morning and found the photographer. A very cooperative secretary saw to it that the print was developed and sent via Greyhound to South Bend.

Follette picked it up Monday afternoon and then brought it to us. We printed it, and half the students who voted put their mark next to Miss Cunneen's picture. That is our story of this year's Homecoming Queen.

REFLECTING on the Graduate Record Examinations which a few of the seniors took on Saturday (the rapid cadence of the group leader and the regimental procedures of the administration of the test being taken as *quite* prophetic), it can only be advised that everyone concerned should seriously consider the Army's buddy system. Then while spending two years together fighting, living, and laughing with your particular set of "buddies," you could mull over the exam and perhaps steel yourself for another after the Army has matured you.

The morning verbal and mathematical aptitude test required all the time allotted, twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five minutes for the three sections and were the usual type. The afternoon advanced tests required, it seemed, general knowledge in a particular subject and were impossible. I have knowledge only of the English Lit advanced, but if the two hundred and sixteen questions presented there were an indication of the structure of the others, I understand the packed house at Louie's late Saturday afternoon.

IT HAS COME to our attention that many undergraduates are daily mounting and descending the steps of the Administration Building. This

condition is as severe as the one pointed out last week concerning the shortage of girls on the SCHOLASTIC staff; it will not do. Tradition has it that only graduates are allowed to tread on these treads. This is a plea and not a warning, but it would be nice to reinstate and reinforce this part of University life. The SCHOLASTIC has been accused of being too liberal many times, but now we stand with right reason and the past. Student freedom must yield at some time to student responsibility. (Reflect.) We thank those assembled in front of the Ad Building Wednesday not only for vigiling for peace, but for abstaining from using the steps.

LAST WEEK'S COVER was sixteen cuts of the Sergeant Major of the Army. There is only one person of this rank in the military, the highest position an enlisted man can achieve. The cover was connected with Contributing Editor Robert Sheehan's controversial (see "Letters") two-page spread on conscientious objection. It is our policy to connect the cover and the center spread each week and though we may have missed last issue, Features Editor Tom Sullivan and Art Editor Mike Seibert have made it quite evident this time. The men on the football team are the best, there is no slight intended. *Time* too often fractures language and logic; Sullivan's article is our reply to their inexpertise.

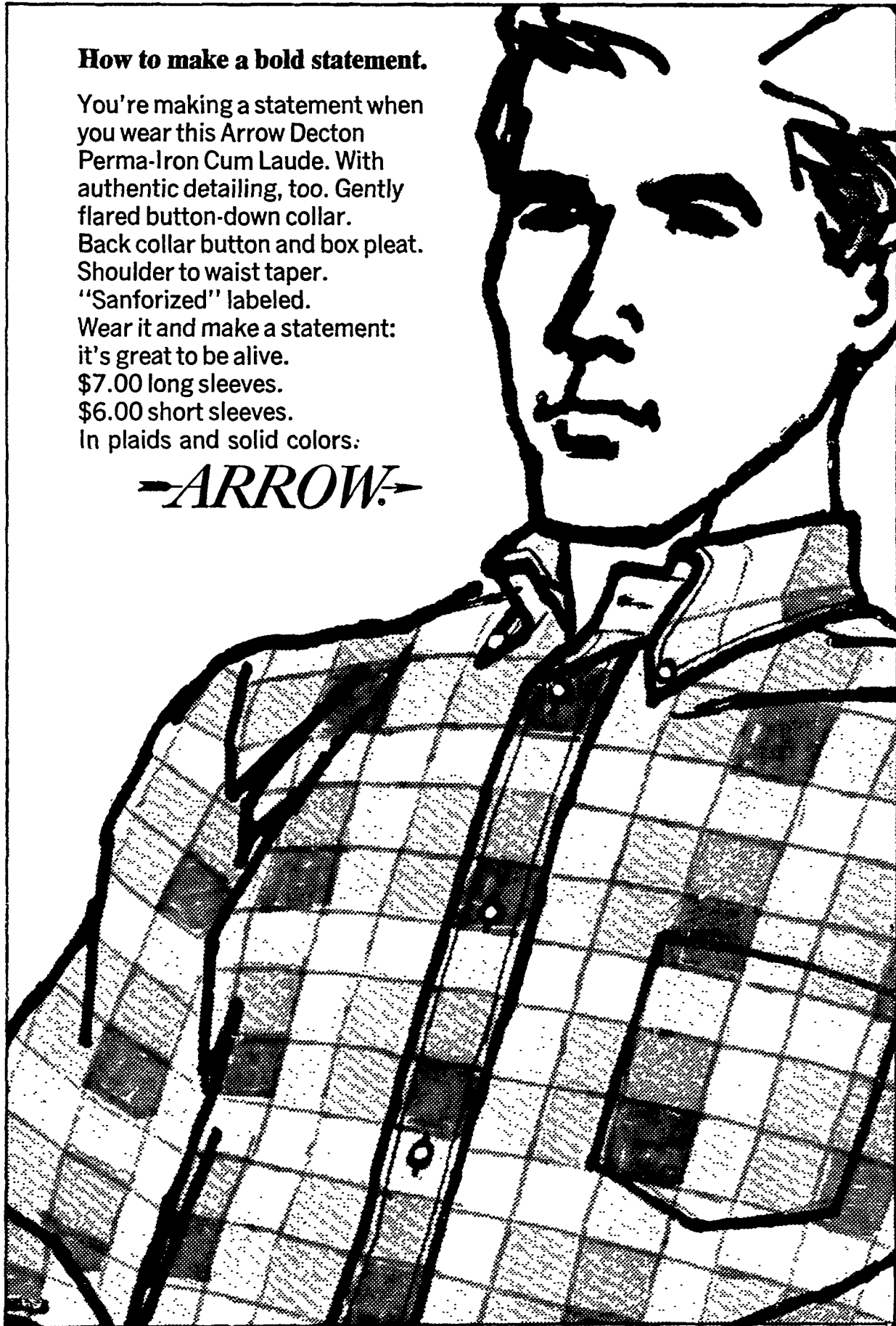
YOU MAY HAVE ENJOYED this All Saints' Day, we hope you did. But every holyday this school year cannot, we pray, be a repeat of this last. It started raining about 6:10 Tuesday morning, we were still up and the rain-clean and bright red City News Agency truck, delivering to The Huddle, was parked below our window. The 6:25 WLS news broadcast told us that "The first snow flurries of the season were reported around Chicago"; South Bend too got snow that day. We were breaking training yet hoped to be ready for our football tilt with the Blue Circlers.

The morning progressed miserable and cold. At 7:30 the Hawthorne Melody truck number 37, South Bend Milk Peddler's License number 96, pulled up. It was snowing. We started to disband and none of us from the night-morning shift made it to the now-soggy field for the battle. Eight showed for our side, the Blues had four platoons. Blues five, Our Side one. We may play again on a more immaculately conceived day, Tuesday it was raining and flurrying and cold, not quite worth trouble on anyone's part.

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-ARROW-



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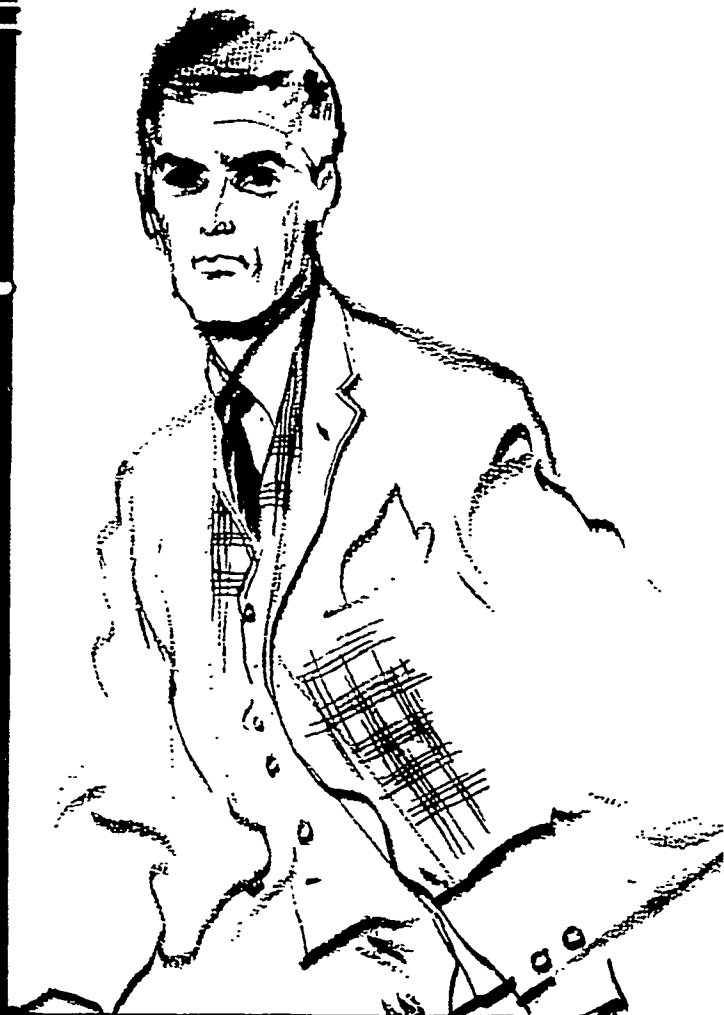
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