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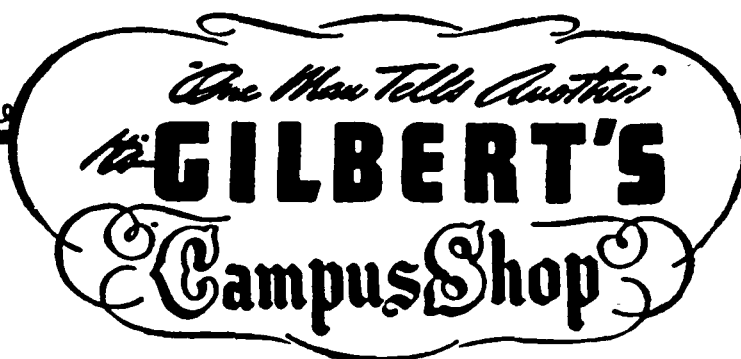
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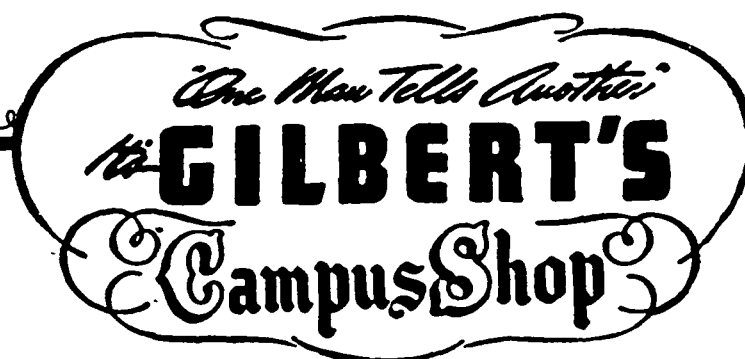


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coming distractions

DAILY

8:00 a.m. to 11:45 p.m. Exhibit of John F. Kennedy photos and campaign memorabilia, foyer of Memorial Library.
12 Noon to 5:00 p.m. Exhibits in O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery: Italian Renaissance, and George Sturman Contemporary Drawings (until November 27). Arthur N. Seiff's collection of Pre-Columbian sculpture (November 27 till January 1).

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18

3:00 p.m. GREAT RACE TO EAST LANSING STARTS ON MAIN QUAD (see "Campus").
4:00 p.m. International Coffee Hour in the International Room, LaFortune Student Center.
6:15 p.m. Athletic Director Ed "Moose" Krause gets "Inside Sports" on WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
8:00 p.m. All-College Mixer at Barat College.
10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports" — Channel 16, WNDU-TV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19

8:00 a.m. Buses depart for the Michigan State game for 500 lucky ticket holders.
12:30 p.m. Notre Dame vs. Michigan State on ABC-TV.
7:30 p.m. Cinema '67 presents *Alphaville*; Washington Hall, \$.75 admission. Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra—O'Laughlin Auditorium.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20

11:45 a.m. "Window on Notre Dame"; WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
2:00 p.m. Cinema '67: *Alphaville*; Washington Hall.
5:00 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports," WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
7:30 p.m. Cinema '67: *Alphaville*; Washington Hall.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21

8:00 p.m. Concert Band Audition at Washington Hall.
The ND Knights of Columbus present: Dr. Charles J. Tull, Associate Professor at Indiana University: "John Kennedy: Man and Legend After Three Years"; in the Library Auditorium.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

9:00 a.m. to 12 Noon Concert Band Audition at Washington Hall.
Alpha Phi Omega Blood Drive, Stepan Center.
1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. Merit Employment Seminar, sponsored by the South Bend-Mishawaka Chamber of Commerce in the Center for Continuing Education.
11:00 a.m. SMC Thanksgiving Holiday begins after last class.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

12:20 p.m. Thanksgiving Day Holiday begins.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24

All Day Thanksgiving.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Sailing Club—Timme Angsten Memorial Regatta at Chicago Yacht Club.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26

Sailing Club—Timme Angsten Memorial Regatta at Chicago Yacht Club.
Notre Dame vs. USC Trojans.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27

9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Mishawaka Kennel Show, Stepan Center.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28

8:30 a.m. Classes resume at ND and SMC.
8:00 p.m. The Junior Academic Commission presents Dr. Henri Neuwin in the Library Auditorium.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1

8:30 p.m. First basketball game—Lewis College at ND.
The Tempest by William Shakespeare; produced by the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theater; O'Laughlin Auditorium.
Bells Are Ringing—Morris Civic Auditorium.

—Compiled by THOMAS DUFFY

SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

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Editor-in-Chief: Dan Murray.

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CAMPUS INTERVIEWS

MONDAY, NOV. 28

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1. How come you've been getting such swinging computer dates?

I guess you haven't seen my personality questionnaire.



2. "Five foot two. 113 pounds. Nearsighted."



3. "Play the ocarina."



4. "Like cucumber sandwiches."



5. You mean to tell me those great-looking girls go for these things?

It's the last item that really clinches it.



6. "Stepping into swell job with Equitable Life. Good pay. Fascinating work. Plenty of chance to move up."

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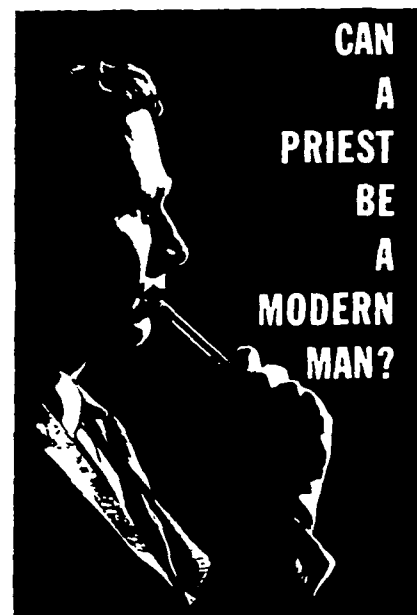
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**NATIONAL VOCATIONS DIRECTOR
PAULIST FATHERS
415 WEST 59th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019**

The Dillon Renaissance

With the dubious distinction of residing in the largest Catholic men's residence hall in the United States, the resident of Dillon Hall had seemed resigned to his fate of forever living in anonymity among 440 colleagues. But last spring thirty Dillon students determined to reconstruct the hall, to make it more like a home than an overnight bunker.

They turned to the section system. By breaking down the hall into groups of manageable size, they hoped a fellowship could develop that had been lacking. To even try to acquaint with 440 neighbors was not only impossible but in a way frighteningly superficial; to meet thirty nearby students was a more humble, promising enterprise.

Now the sections meet together regularly, discuss issues, have dinner together, plan parties, discipline those straying from the fold, and even naturally preserve a semblance of silence during prime study time. Numerous friendships have been formed among section members, and the fellowship initially desired now seems largely realized.

Dillon has reason for satisfaction. Partly because of the encouragement of two priests (Fathers James Flanagan and James Burtchaell), with the help of the grad student counsellors, but mostly through the enthusiasm and hard work of the students, Dillon has developed into a spirited hall whose achievements have ranged from first in homecoming decorations (200 participated in building it) to the growth of a vibrant liturgy (Fr. Burtchaell is nightly joined around the altar table by an average of forty students all of whom participate in a variety of ways).

Questions nonetheless confront the hall. The most significant problem now emerging is how to meaningfully relate the academic life of the University with sectional life in the hall. Of course, the spirit of tolerance bred in the sections will carry over into the student's academic endeavors where an openness to ideas is essential. And hopefully interest in other people will spill over as a spirit of inquiry in the classroom. More specifically questions arise as to what extent life in the section diverts from the academic life: on the surface at least, more time in the hall would mean less time in the library, and some students tend to become caught up in activity to the detriment of their studies. But these dangers are present with or without the sectional system; if anything, the kind of vibrant hall life presently in Dillon will increase a student's sense of responsibility which would include an awareness of his academic duties.

In fact, the Dillon renaissance holds forth the possibility of unparalleled academic achievement. Such courses as the junior collegiate seminar, freshman English, and the required theologies could be taught on the hall level in the form of colloquia so that discussions and teaching could proceed on a more intimate, personal level with the classroom no longer divorced from the rest of the student's life. Hall lectures, forums, discussions could supplement the normal fare.

These possibilities are open, and Dillon will likely explore them. But the hall is already to be lauded: its own renaissance suggests a new concern for the individual person in an all-too-depersonalized university.

—D.M.

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letters

PATRIOTS ALL

EDITOR:

Despite the fact that I am a humble Freshman who knows nothing of how the Patriot of the Year Nominees are selected, I would like to applaud them all.

I don't believe that anyone could have selected a group of men who better personify patriotism. Anyone who heard "Hello Lyndon" on an average of seven times a day in 1964 can testify to the great addition Louis Armstrong has been to our national political stability. Likewise for Leonard Bernstein and Huntley-Brinkley for, as we all know, today's entertainer is tomorrow's politician. Dr. King and Sen. Fulbright have been so outstanding in their support of America's fight against Communism that they both deserve the title. Professor Galbraith and Mr. Sandburg are typical of the modern intellectual who spends all his waking hours thinking up ways to defend his country.

And what can I say concerning Ambassador Goldberg and Justice Warren?

I have only one question. What is a nut like Westmoreland doing in such distinguished company?

Michael E. Kelly
345 Breen-Phillips

MUTE MONUMENT

EDITOR:

As an ex-editor of the ex-Voice I was cheered to read today of the paper's end. Much like slinging a \$1 million mural on an empty library or having a Student Senate pave a university road, the finish is a mute monument to the wisdom of:

Editor Steve Feldhaus, who dove on the sword as the first in a series of editors and SBP's to believe those insisting on the lunacy of trying to create a news publication for Notre Dame;

Father Solomon Hesburgh (properly used to such accolades), who correctly predicted that his financial carrots "for when the paper proves itself" would lead to the eventual exhaustion of dedication and talent;

Father McCarragher (properly not used to such accolades), who foresaw his success in engineering the death of a publication he so admired, by random switching of his three faces of Janus (the Roman god of doorways and beginnings) in all of his backstage mummery;

Communication Arts Dean Stritch,

and his professional faculty, who knew the *Voice's* journalistic hunger yet found it impossible to offer more than cotton-candy encouragement, sugary and insubstantial;

And to SCHOLASTIC Editor Dan Murray, or staff predecessor Jed Kee, both of whom saw the advantages in doing all their journalistic teething with the *Voice* and then converting loyalty into cash and prestige as the opportunity came.

Perhaps only one man proved his utter inability to manipulate the *Voice's* reality in a wise, selfless way: Prof. Frank O'Malley, SCHOLASTIC faculty adviser, who consistently recommended the paper's continuation from the time its foothold was clearly established three years ago.

The *Voice* was no New York *Herald Tribune*. Initially, it wasn't even on a par with that great paper's comics, but the manner of brilliance that throttled each is certainly comparable.

So ND news is again dead? Well, if lost news seems not so sad, then, considering the quality of the gag (a particularly precise word here) writers perhaps even the loss of such comics should.

Barry Johanson '65, Ens., USN
U.S.S. *Boyd*, San Diego

CHAPEL VIGILS

EDITOR:

Since I first heard that there were to be monthly Peace Vigils conducted outside our Administration Building, I have felt that there was something missing from this sort of demonstration. I see no reason why our Peace Vigils cannot be different from those held on secular college campuses, and consist of prayers in one or two hall chapels. Christ said, "Whatever you ask the Father in my name, He will give it to you." It makes much more sense to me to ask Christ for recognition of our feelings, than to ask for Father Hesburgh's.

Desmond Lawler
429 Lyons

POSSIBLY SERIOUS

EDITOR:

Waiting for a bus on Hill Street, I was picked up by a doctor who asked me to direct him to the University's Infirmary. I agreed to accompany him personally to the Infirmary. At the intersection of Notre Dame Ave. and Angela St. with traffic being directed by N.D. officers, the

doctor told the officer that he had to proceed to the Infirmary as quick as possible and asked permission to proceed down Notre Dame Ave. The officer insolently responded, "Git in the parking area where you belong, buddy." The doctor attempted to show his credentials; yet, the officer merely pushed a wooden horse in front of the physician's car and threatened, "Git going." This, possibly serious event, occurred on Saturday, November 5.

Jim Reston

HARD TO PLEASE

EDITOR:

We've been arranging the social affairs for Notre Dame for quite a while, and this is something we've learned:

"You can please all of the campuses some of the time,
You can please, some of the campuses all of the time,
But — you can't please this campus any time!!!"

Richard Z. Gutowski
William J. Betz
Peter E. Toomey
Leonard J. Pellecchia
Vincent Fiorda
Robert C. Nesius
Michael Convy
Thomas L. Nelson

PRIDE

EDITOR:

Proud is a weak word to express my sentiments. I want to thank those twelve Notre Dame men for their actions Friday night after the Homecoming dances. They showed to those five or ten couples walking from the LaFortune Center exactly what we are and how we live here at Notre Dame. In the finest tradition they gallantly pelted our dates with snowballs and showered them with our finest Notre Dame obscenities.

Naturally they were drunk and this absolves them from all blame. They did not have their girls up for Homecoming, so they graciously abused other boys' dates.

This weekend was time to show not ourselves but all of Notre Dame to our dates; to proudly display Notre Dame as the great university it is; and how we as students try to make it great, at the same time drawing from it what we can to become better men. It was a time that we put

the best Notre Dame has to offer on the line for a firsthand appraisal.

We are all proud of Notre Dame and its greatness; but I, personally, would like to thank those twelve boys for their respect and consideration that all Notre Dame men have. Thank you very much for showing Notre Dame's greatness to the unfortunate couples who crossed your path. You, too, should be proud of Notre Dame; you are Notre Dame *men*.

Stephen P. Forrest
1024 Leeper Avenue
South Bend

EDITOR:

When I was three years old, a neighborhood playmate hit me with a toy shovel and I retaliated by crowning him with my sand pail . . . a bit bloody, but understandable considering our tender age.

I had almost forgotten the incident until something jarred in my memory last Saturday afternoon. I joined the "homecoming" students and came to the Pitt game. Unfortunately, we were sold seats in the demilitarized zone located squarely between the S.M.C. and N.D. student sections.

As we were trying to get to our seats, my friend was stunned by an ice ball which narrowly missed her left eye. We finally got to row 58 and were high enough to watch the spectacle. We watched some of the Notre Dame students pelt snowballs at everyone from the Pitt football players to the cheerleaders, the leprechaun, and their fellow students. I must admit that I was quite impressed by their unerring accuracy. During the game, a woman several rows in front of us was hit directly in the eyes. It was several minutes before she was able to open them — and she could have been injured permanently. As a response to the announcer's request that they stop, the students answered by bombarding the radio booth. Quite effective, I must say.

I'm sure none of this is news to anyone at the game, and perhaps might sound hilariously funny to the people responsible. At the risk of being a crab, I'll add my two cents and say that I think their actions were irresponsible, immature, and extremely rude.

Rah, Notre Dame.

Janie McCoach, S.M.C. '66
Atlanta, Georgia

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Our representative is arriving on campus and would welcome meeting seniors who will be receiving Bachelor's Degrees in Engineering (Mechanical, Chemical, Electrical, Civil, Industrial) and Business Administration (Accounting, Management, etc.). Contact your Placement Office for interviews which will be held on date indicated below:

DECEMBER 1

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news and notes

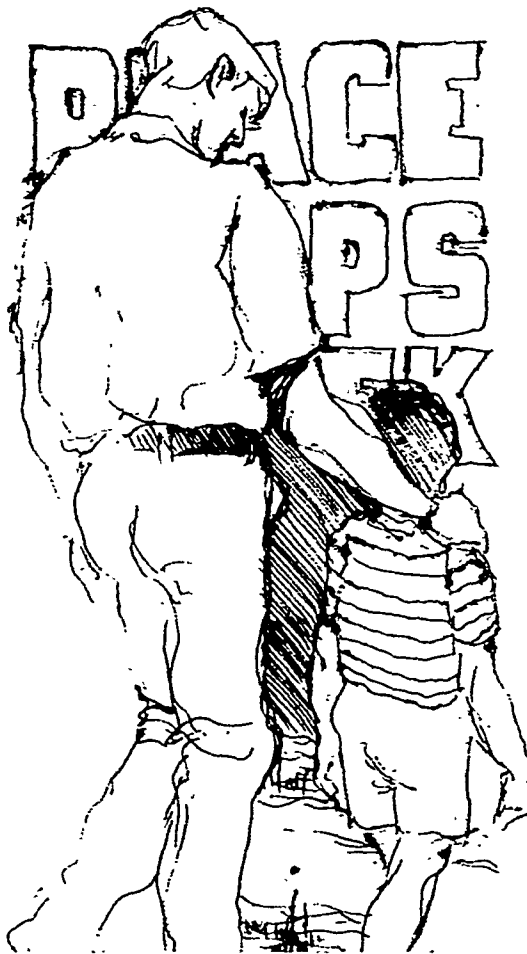
• **THEY MET LAST WEEK**, and promptly changed their name. What was initially advertised as the "Freedom Forum" became the "Open Forum" at its first organizational meeting on Wednesday, November 9. The purpose of the group is to provide a platform from which anyone with ideas, however controversial, may present them to the students of the University in open discussion. Topics ranging from free speech to free love, and from war to censorship will hopefully be discussed at future meetings of the Open Forum. Eventually, the leaders hope to be able to include on the Forum's programs speakers from outside the Notre Dame community, whose ideas and thoughts will provide the students of the University with a basis to form their own opinions and attitudes. The first forum was held Wednesday and the topic appropriately enough was, "How free should free speech be at Notre Dame?" Dave Coulter (sophomore premed) gave the liberal view that all points of view should be allowed. He was opposed by Pat Dowd (sophomore stay-senator from Walsh) who presented the conservative view that there should be some restriction on campus speakers due to the University's commitment to Catholic ideals.

• **SOME PEOPLE** have been wondering why the lights have been kept on all night at Cartier Field. Most of our regular games are practiced during the day, so why the lights? There is a reason, of course. Supposedly the lights will discourage anyone from taking equipment or building materials from the nearby Athletic and Convocation Center construction site. It's hard to imagine a missing steam shovel but some people will steal anything.

• **PROFESSIONAL SPORTSCASTERS**—from ABC—will be televising the game tomorrow, so there should be little doubt as to who is playing for Notre Dame. There has been plenty during this season's past away games. Those who listen to WNDU-TV's reporting have been given some real inside information these past weeks. Old-timers like "Nick" Rassas, John Huarte and "Jack" Snow, among others, have been detected in the lineup. Why, even Coach Frank Leahy has been consulted prior to the games on his strategy, and "Dick" Lynch has returned to haunt opponents at a new position. Who knows? Even Frank Tripucka may return at quarterback. A sports commentator from

a Chicago newspaper wrote recently, "Scholastic excellence has always been the objective of Notre Dame. . . . I applaud the school and the image it seeks to project. But I am appalled that it accepts such inferior representation on radio accounts of the Notre Dame football games. . . . The announcers are woefully inept. . . . (They) project the school's image to a vast radio audience and they should try to equal if that is possible the quality for which Notre Dame stands. . . . If they are incapable of rendering that which is due to a great university, they should be fired."

• **AS PART OF ITS** Midwestern campaign, the Peace Corps sent three of its veterans to Notre Dame this week. Armed with a library of informational material and prepared to answer a barrage of questions from prospective



applicants, the group set up camp in the LaFortune Student Center. Remembering the early days when it was fashionable to enlist in the Peace Corps, it was asked if enrollment had declined as the program lost much of its theatrical appeal. Answer: a surprising no. From its original six countries the Corps' work has spread to fifty-three foreign nations. Response from male students has been especially encouraging during this trip, provoking the comment that perhaps the draft deferment was somehow involved. One of the representatives

observed that hardly an interview passed without a query as to military service. Notre Dame, with 121 volunteers, now rates thirty-seventh in the nation, number-one California having over seven hundred students scattered over the globe.

• **THE PURPOSE** of the dining-hall questionnaire which was distributed to 1,000 students Monday night, says Gordon Beeler, dining-hall chairman of the Student Affairs Commission, is "to present facts to prove that the students want something done!" Which, we suppose, is encouraging. Especially after reading some of the questions on the sheet. Like "is the strip steak (cube steak, roast beef) tough: a. All of the time; b. Most of the time; c. Some of the time; d. Never. The result of the fact-finding feeler will be talks with Bernard Mehall, manager of the dining halls, who, Beeler says, has been very cooperative thus far, and who is optimistic about changes in dining-hall menus and procedures.

• **THE CONNECTION** between Prof. Gerhart Niemeyer and the YAF's Students for a Free China committee is "not much" of one, the government instructor says. "They just sent me a letter asking me if I agreed with their views." The students are anti-Red, pro-Taiwan. But Prof. Niemeyer is listed as an "advisor" to the group which boasts "representatives on 70 campuses." Other "advisors" include Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon, Gen. Mark Clark and Novelist John Dos Passos.

• **WHILE WSND-AM** is doing fine financially due to its advertising, its FM counterpart is suffering for the same reason. The FM student station is seeking support through subscriptions to its new Program Bulletin. The station issued nearly six thousand free bulletins this month to introduce the publication and, as a result, overspent its budget thirty-four percent. Program Director Dennis Reeder stressed that "your subscription will enable us not only to continue this publication, but also improve our programming with Library of Congress Chamber Music Concerts, a National Educational Radio Network membership, programs from the British Broadcasting Corporation, and many others." Student subscriptions are one dollar for nine monthly issues. The station also plans to obtain money through the Notre Dame Foundation to purchase three thousand-watt transmitters, new studios, and special programs, such as those offered by the BBC.

SOPHOMORE TROPHIES ACTIVITIES

THE PRESENT SOPHOMORE class is enjoying more academic and social functions and services than any in past history. The hard-working and ambitious class government set up by President Rick Rembusch is directly responsible for this phenomenal increase in sophomore activities and events.

The aim of the academic commission is to sponsor one function a week, either a movie or a lecture. Speakers to date have been Dr. Emil T. Hofman, Dr. James Silver, and Dr. William D'Antonio, all of Notre Dame. All three lectures were well attended. The Sophomore Class Film Series presented its first movie, *Mein Kampf*, November 9, and plans many more excellent features in upcoming weeks. Highlighting the series are *The Lord of the Flies* and *Let My People Go*. The initial co-ex discussion at St. Mary's attracted over a hundred young people. After the football season the commission hopes to sponsor a co-ex discussion every two weeks.

The sophomore class social commission has matched the academic commission activity for activity. It has already held the school year's first mixer with SMC, a Northwestern trip, two Barnyard Blast Date Parties, a Laurel Club Date Party, a "grabber" featuring three top-notch local bands, and a postrally smoker. Trips to Chicago, a Mardi Gras booth, and more date parties are planned. The Great Hunt, which, grins Mr. Rembusch, is "a gimmick to get guys to meet girls

in a practical way," is a sophomore class activity involving two hundred and forty boys and a like number of girls. Each participant is twice a hunter and twice a victim. The boy and girl with the most points, as computed by an intricate scoring system, each wins twenty-five dollars.

The athletic commission has provided sophomores with a touch football league and tournament. The commission intends to bring nationally known sports figures to the campus and, next spring, to present trophies to the Most Valuable Sophomores in twelve sports.

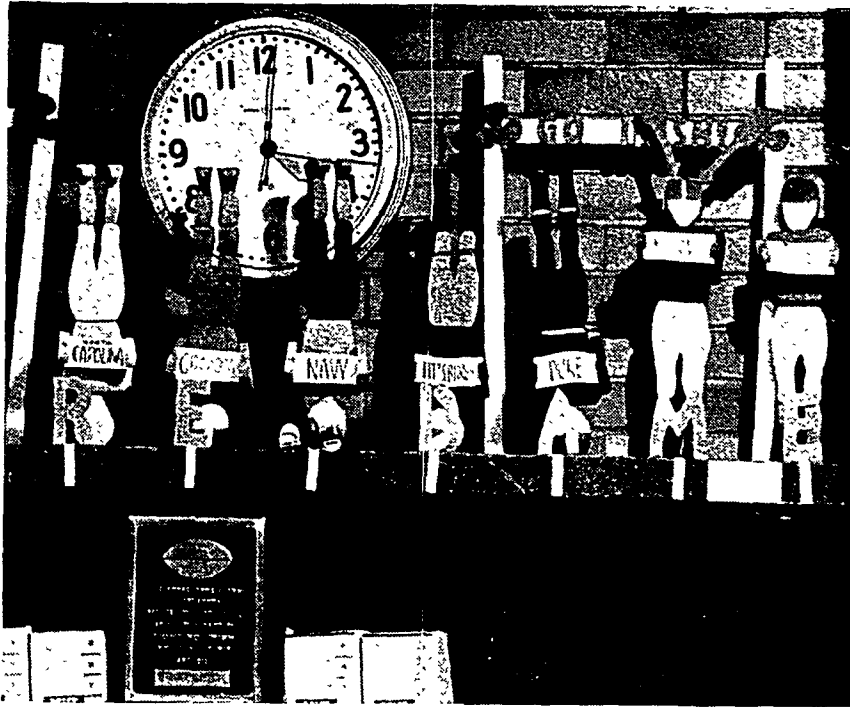
The first Sophomore Class Yearbook will be edited by Bob Gibbons. It will actually be a sophomore supplement to the *Dome* and, in order to blend harmoniously with the University yearbook, will have the same printing features and fine quality paper. Half of the projected thirty-two pages will be covered by group pictures and the other half by highlights of functions sponsored by sophomore class commissions. The class yearbook, declares Rembusch, "will be focused on the individual as much as possible. It is intended to give the sophomore student a sense of personal identification which the *Dome* admittedly cannot do." The *Sophomore Class Newsletter* was created "to tie the class together and to whip up enthusiasm for class activities." New Editor Bill Wade plans to put out a four-page issue every third school week. Reports of the sophomore functions, a listing of coming

events, and a "sound off" section will be the mainstays of the letter.

The Sophomore Class Council, chaired by class Vice-president Tom Breen, was established by Rembusch to serve as an advisory and communicatory body. Representatives from each hall inhabited by sophomores meet with the class officers every two weeks to give their opinions and criticisms of sophomore class functions. The council makes no rules or policies. It simply conveys the ideas and opinions of the sophomores to their officers and disseminates information concerning class activities to the students.

"The Sophomore Literary Festival" is the class' counterpart to the seniors' "Patriot of the Year Award" and the juniors' "Junior-Parent Weekend." The four-day affair will be held in early March. The first two days, explained Festival Chairman Richard Rossi, will be a symposium on William Faulkner. Highlights of the symposium will be a motion picture on Faulkner owned by Dr. Silver and lectures by three Faulkner scholars. Seminars of sophomore students moderated by University English professors will be featured the last two days. During these four days Charles Dain's pictures of Faulkner's country will be on display in the Memorial Library. The festival, concluded Rossi, is a sophomore class "endeavor to create an intellectual atmosphere outside of the classroom for interested students."

Comparison of Rembusch's cam-



A FOOTBALL WEEKEND
 "What though the odds be great. . . ."

paign promises and his actual accomplishments reveals the high degree of efficiency and motivation that characterize his government. Not only have sophomore class activities and services been substantially increased, but the class treasury has climbed from thirty dollars in debts to fifteen hundred dollars in assets. These achievements have not resulted from the efforts of a small clique as is common in many class governments. Seventy men are directly responsible for the impressive attainments of the sophomore class.

THE GREAT RACE, ETC.

A lot of strange things happen to people when they are faced with the prospect of being students in a university that is the national football champion. Strange things.

For openers, they start to take on a lot of challenges that have long been ignored. Mike Malloy and Dennis Nigro are both sons of influential alumni, and they insist that "many of the alumni are afraid that Notre Dame spirit has degenerated into toilet-paper throwing and second-rate cheers. They see that half of those at the pep rallies are girls. They say that the spirit just is not what it used to be when they were students."

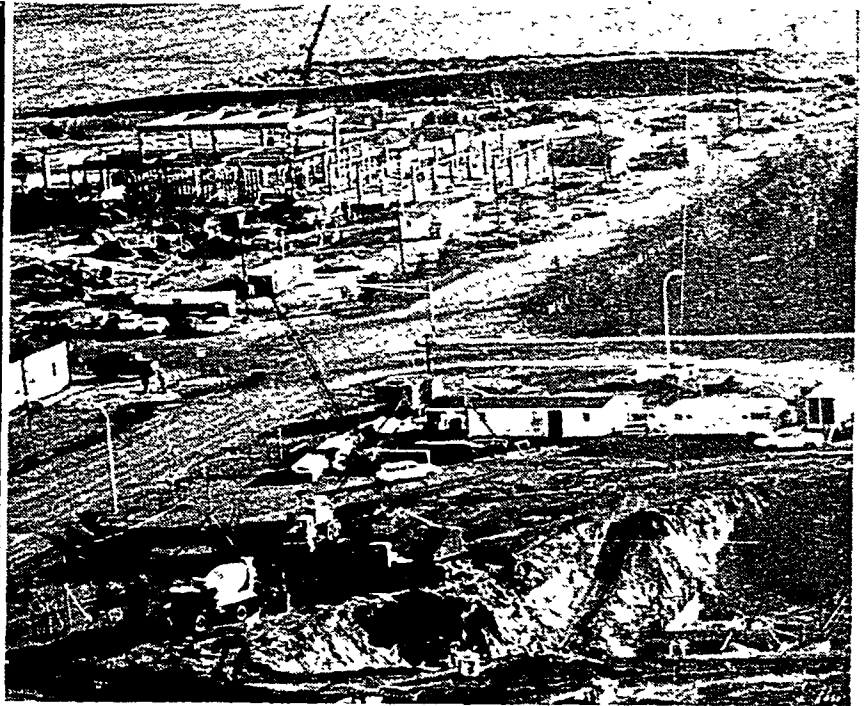
So the two have headed a movement to run a football 158 miles from the 50-yard line of our stadium to the 50-yard line of State's. They've got 30 students, including many athletes, who started running in shifts at 3:00 p.m. today. Every man will have to run the mile at least five times in seven and a half minutes to make it to East Lansing on schedule.

"Everybody's really been helpful," Mike says. The Notre Dame-St. Mary's

shuttle bus is being used for the trip, specially insured, courtesy of Fr. O'Neill, assistant vice-president for student affairs. The trainers of the football team have lent 30 football jerseys and sweatpants to the leggers. The dining halls, it is hoped, will even put up a few urns of coffee.

The one trouble is that the runners might get to State and not be allowed inside the stadium. None of them have tickets. Sports information tried to get them field passes, but couldn't. Social Commissioner Jim Polk had problems of his own this week. Jim Feeney of ABC in New York has been contacted though, and at last report he thought the whole idea was a great stunt, and would love to see them come limping onto the field before the network TV cameras just before the game. But this source of tickets is admittedly a long shot. Despite all this Mike stresses that "we're not just doing this to be colorful. The kids involved are not just screwing around. We picked only those who were responsible."

And then, of course, there was the Social Commission, and its 500 tickets which, at the going rate, are worth about \$50,000 if sold on the black market. Jim Polk, the Social Commissioner, still protests that his organization is in the business of running social events, not student trips, and that Saint Mary's should have been allowed to keep the tickets which it was allotted. Nevertheless, when petitions started to be passed last week, Polk realized that if he never ran another social event that was less than completely perfect, the student body would never forgive him for not running this student trip. As one petition signer remarked: "Really — in the



EXCAVATION FOR NEW LIFE CENTER
 And Radiation Research too.

long run, what's more important? Football or sex?"

AND MORE CONSTRUCTION

Sweeping plans for the construction of a life science center were announced this past week by Frederick D. Rossini, Dean of the College of Science. The building will house Notre Dame's Lobund Laboratory and the new department of microbiology. Situated south of the Computing Center, the complex will cover 30,000 square feet in three stories at a cost of \$1,200,000.

To be completed in the early, spring of 1968, the first unit is to be followed by a second which will go between the Computing Center and the Lobund building with a gross floor space of 90,000 square feet. The second will be the home of the Biology Department and the Mosquito Genetics Project, the Biology building being turned back to the Administration for reassignment. The present Lobund laboratory on the north campus will remain.

Affiliated with the University's graduate department of microbiology and headed by Prof. Morris Pollard, the Lobund organization is engaged in research in cancer, immunology, stress, and germfree surgery. The composite floor space of 120,000 square feet will quadruple the present space devoted to life science research.

In the spring, Prof. Milton Burton, director of the Radiation Laboratory, and his staff will be the proud possessors of an underground addition to the Radiation Research Building to permit installation of a six-million electron-volt pulse accelerator. Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Glenn



GEORGE B. CRAIG

A problem for the entomologists.

Seaborg has described the Notre Dame facilities in radiation chemistry as the nation's foremost center for the production of scientists in this field. The accelerator, when installed and used in pulse radiolysis and other related research supported by the US Atomic Energy Commission, should keep up the high standards.

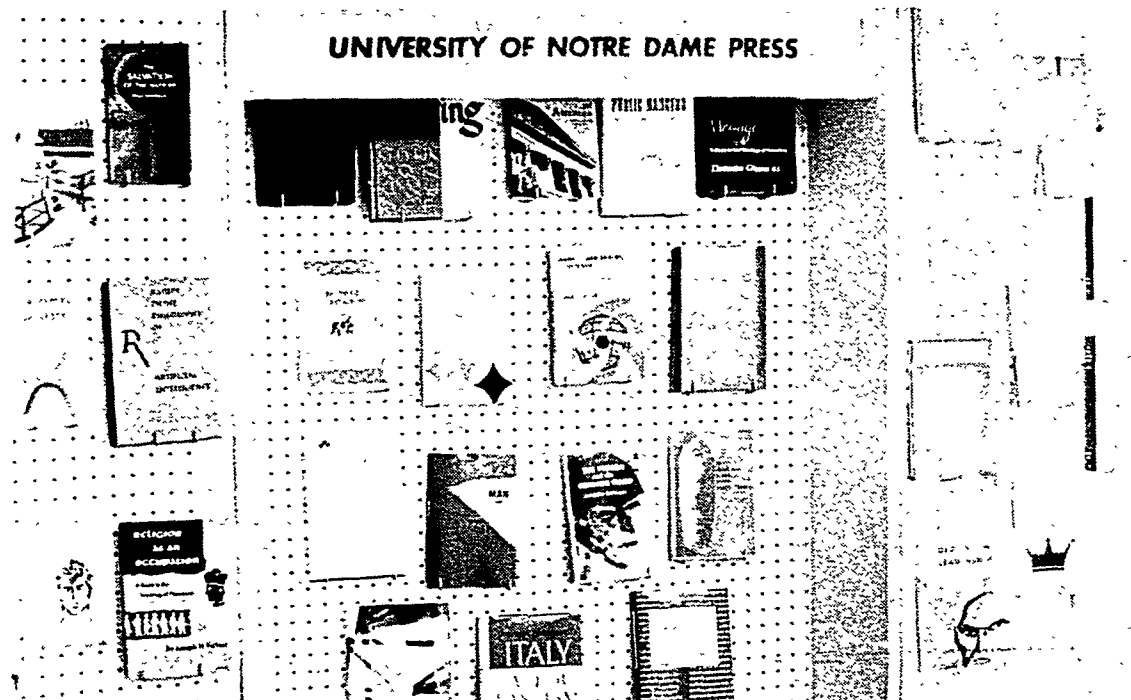
The Radiation Research accelerator is a different machine from that which will grace the Nieuwland Science Hall, the latter intended for far greater precision needed for the mass determination of specific chemical compounds.

Dean Rossini also said that although a new Chemistry Building is in the planning stages, no details have been decided.

FR. LANGE AND THE MOSQUITO

To many students it is the home of Fr. Lange's Gym. For others, the building doesn't even exist. Nevertheless, the old and humble structure situated between the Golden Dome and the Convent Hilton has in recent years been the scene of some rather dramatic research carried out by Notre Dame's Mosquito Genetics Project team headed by Dr. George B. Craig, nine-year veteran of the Department of Biology.

The project is an outgrowth of the problems that have faced entomologists (study of insects) in the present day as the insect population slowly but irresistibly builds up a resistance to man's best insecticides. This tolerance development has unfortunately brought to a halt many of the new disease-eradication programs. Specializing in the study of the yellow fever mosquito, *Aedes aegypti*, Dr. Craig's team has developed a formal genetics in which chromosomes are analyzed



NEW FROM THE ND PRESS

The international outlook.

especially in relation to the effects of radiation and chemical compounds. Their investigation has also covered biochemical genetics, population genetics and evolution. It is hoped that, by uncovering the genes controlling the ability to transmit disease and various mosquito sterility factors, a control of mosquitoes by genetic manipulation of insect populations might be achieved.

Dr. Craig will address the student body in the second Arthur J. Schmitt Challenges in Science lecture this Monday night at 7:00 p.m. at the Center for Continuing Education. World traveler, consultant for the World Health Organization, the Pan-American Health Organization, and the U.S. Public Health Service, and author of over fifty scientific papers, he will be speaking on "Vector-borne Disease: New Approaches to Ancient Problems." The program will follow the format of a lecture followed by refreshments and informal discussions.

NO LONGER UNDERGROUND

"Publish or perish" has long been the bane of university faculty members, but few realize that the same can apply to a university as a whole. In Notre Dame's increasing drive for excellence, it is not surprising, then, that the University of Notre Dame Press has been a big cog in the wheels.

The Press used to lead a somewhat underground existence until about six years ago. Then it fell under the dynamic leadership of Austrian-born Emily Schossberger, who has expanded its list of titles from seventy to three hundred and twenty in her five years as head of the Press.

University-subsidized, the Press is a nonprofit organization, and this often influences its publishing policies, causing it to look for works with at least as much scholarly as profit motivation. All manuscripts submitted are read and evaluated by a pair of experts in the particular field, with one of these normally being drawn from the faculty. If the manuscript is deemed "up to snuff," it is then turned over to the University's board of press advisors, who must approve all before the final go ahead can be given. This, however, presents few obstacles because, as Miss Schossberger says, "we have the complete backing of the Administration."

Expansion of the title list has brought about a change in printing form also. At present, two separate paperback series are in publication. Much of the more difficult typesetting is sent to Europe to be done, in keeping with the Press's international outlook, which sees it doing translations for many of the continent's finest scholarly works.

The Press's offices are currently in Stanford's basement, but plans are to move to the fifth floor of the library before the end of the year. The basement, though, along with a present facility in South Bend, will be kept for storage.

New sales manager Dominic Lorenzen has seen sales rise thirty percent in his six months on the staff, which now consists of seven full-time salesmen. The problem of finding customers is lessened somewhat by the fact that fully one-third of all sales are to individuals through the mails, a headache for the bookkeeping de-

(Continued on page 33)

on other campuses

• **FOOTBALL**, which paid homage to the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame and trembled before the Monsters of the Midway, has given birth to a new phenomenon — the Merry Maids of Marymount. Averaging a solid 125 pounds from top to bottom, Marymount boasts the best-looking quarterback in football as well as the most attractive lonely end. Even its defensive tackle is swathed in an aura of irresistible charm.

And for those wondering just how seriously the Merry Maids take their football, they beat Princeton 32-21 and tied Fairfield 6-6 before dropping a 12-6 decision to Yale. It's not tackle, or touch; pull-the-flag-from-the-rear-pocket is supposed to be the idea. "We decided to start a football team because we wanted to get away from the idea of mixers," explained Eileen Byrne, secretary of the school's social committee. "A girl no longer has a chance in autumn without an interest in football."

• **THE PREFACE** to "The Story of Beer," distributed by the United States Brewers Association, Inc., notes that many things in life that people eat, drink, wear, see, hear, read, or do are intended for adults only. Just one of these is beer. The Marquette *Tribune*, however, believes that a student who decides to pursue intellec-

tual excellence in Milwaukee cannot remain ignorant of this delightful beverage for long if he has not already discovered it. The *Tribune* traces the proud tradition of the brew from Babylonia in 6000 B.C., through Columbus in 1492, through the Blatz Brewing Co., in 1966. For the Marquette undergraduate, nostalgia ferments in every mug.

• **MORE ON FOOD** from *The Santa Clara* (in California): "This Friday and Saturday, in the cafeteria, tables will be set up so that students can get sickness insurance. This insurance will cover 100 percent of expenses incurred for professional care and treatment in excess of the first \$10 for each illness. This policy costs \$9.75 and its benefits are good until June '67."

• **AT THE UNIVERSITY** of Illinois bureaucracy has met its downfall in the bathroom. Angry co-eds successfully harassed the administration last week, demanding the abolition of toilet paper roller rod notches, which prevent tearing off more than two sheets at a time. Women's dormitories echoed with the cries "longer white tape, no red tape," as the battle progressed. Ad hoc committee chairman Phyllis Levun explained that the students were resorting to propaganda tactics because the regular channels

were clogged with red tape. The university responded immediately.

• **FIRST IT WAS** the hoola-hoop, then it was the frisbee. Last year it was the skate board, and now what will become the latest fad? Two Bowling Green freshmen have found the answer — unicycles. "Being brave is not a requisite," claims one of the daring duo, "but at least for the first few weeks, it helps." The unimen have created some problems for the university officials and local police with their escapades on the Bowling Green campus. One thing's sure, being a unicyclist does bring attention. A physical education instructor is trying to convince them that they should come to her class and teach the women to balance. Tickets were sold to see them ride on Sunday, October 23. Boasts the other uniman, "We are now the object of autograph hunters."

• **A FINAL NOTE** on enemy school spirit from a Michigan State *News* interview:

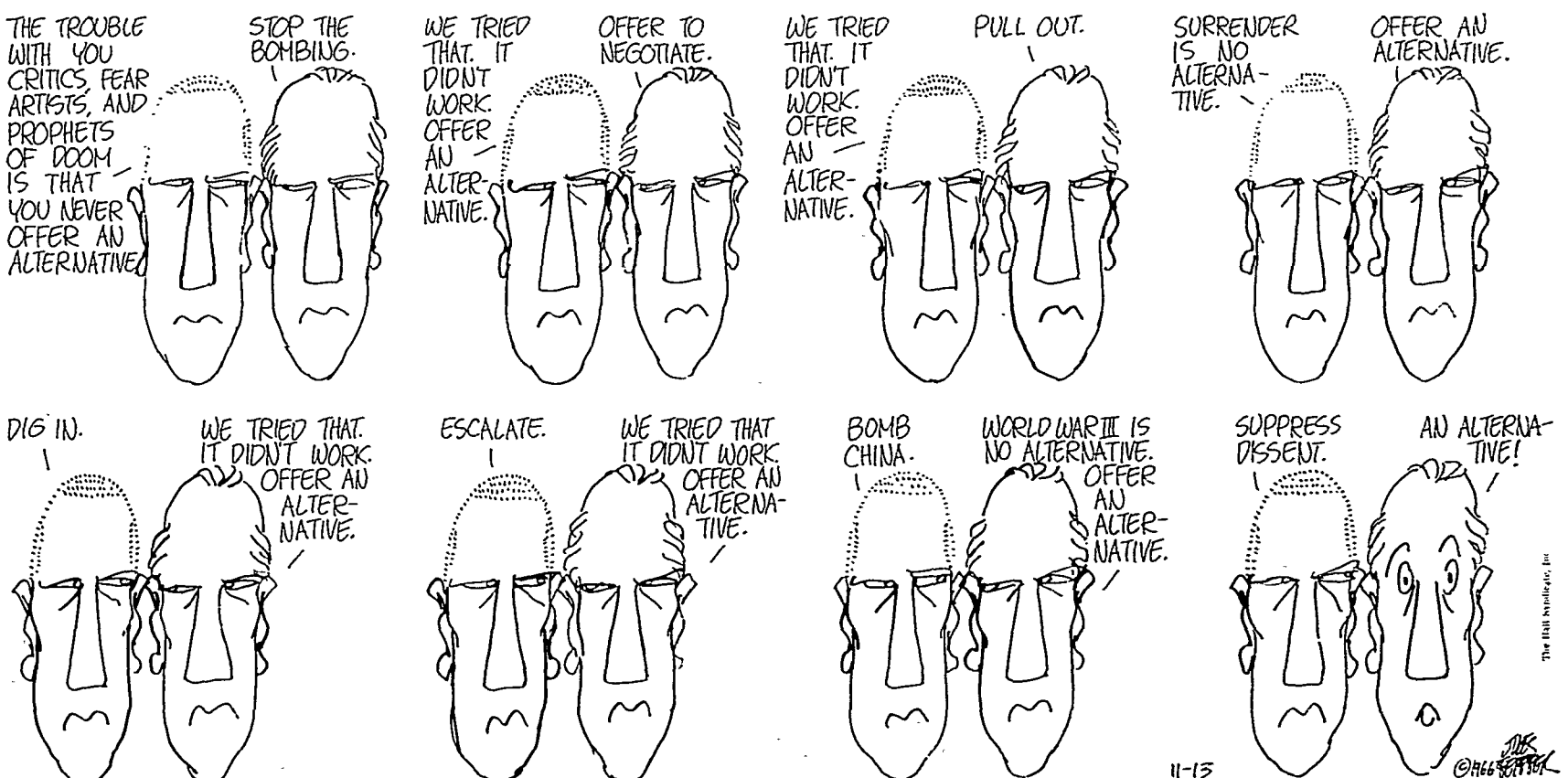
NEWS: How has the "kill Bubba kill" chant affected you while playing?

SMITH: It's inspiration. It started last year about the fifth game. It's more noticeable in the big games, Michigan and Purdue this year, and the Notre Dame game last year."

— JIM CROWE

— JACK LAVELLE

feiffer



WHERE HAVE ALL THE SECTIONS GONE . . .

A study of the new sections in the fourteen halls, excluding the three stay halls.

AT THE VERY BOTTOM of the social structure at this University lies the section—first political unit in the new order of things, last hope for student freedom and unencumbered initiative. The social revolution of sorts which swept this campus in the early fall, painstakingly drafted by the architects of reform, was ultimately predicated on the promise of sectional success—on the willingness of each student to recenter his interests, redirect his energies, and in general, rethink his philosophy of personal encounter. Formulated in the run-down grammar of a few battered clichés, the theory of the new sectionalism aimed ambitiously at creating a new atmosphere of “concern” permeated hopefully with a growing cultural sensibility: a new awareness of what it means to be a Christian and to be at a university. Intoxicated by the sweetened

“Badin will never be anything more to me than just a place to sleep and keep out of the rain.”

fragrance of rhetoric so far removed from the stale womb of die-hard protectionism, those pressing for the total implementation of the section system and the institution of the autonomous hall hoped immediately to be able to expose “the ferment under the surface of Notre Dame life.” And as with any vast conjecture of revolutionary possibility, the section system is flourishing and floundering with mixed success—in places, dangerously close to suffocating in the mire of a few dying myths, at times already on the threshold of burgeoning prosperity. Among the biggest problems to be faced this year: comparatively low quality of sectional leadership; entrenched antirevisionist attitudes of many upperclassmen; the existence of transitory residences; and in several cases, unwillingness to participate because of disinterest in or disapproval of hall goals.

Where sectional government is running into the greatest difficulty and where it is least likely to meet with immediate success is in the upperclass halls not yet stay halls, especially those reputed to be “prestigious.” Lyons, for example, where a respectable brand of anarchy has always seemed to be the preference of the particular “types” in residence, has no plans for a section system as such. With few disciplinary problems in what he calls a “different kind of hall,” Lyons co-President Walt Knipper feels the system of floor representatives will serve only for purposes of coordination, and as a means of initiating student participation in hall activities. The people in Lyons like to be left alone, for the most part, and it has always been the nature of the hall to separate itself from the rest of the University community through a certain amount of nonconformity and aloofness. There has been little talk of a hall Judicial Council, but some interest in having a phone booth put up in the lounge and a

drinking fountain installed somewhere in the corridors. Lyons’ problems, then, remain seemingly mundane.

In Sorin, where hall life is in a sense crippled rather than aided by its legendary traditions, sectional progress is noticeably slow. A temporary hall president, elected to office late last spring, resigned because of general lack of cooperation and resident enthusiasm. The new president, Bob Hinchey, must work with a group of section leaders which one veteran hall politician described as “conscientious but without any noticeable talents. They say ‘Rah rah, let’s get up to go,’ but nobody gets up to go.” And regardless of their geographic distribution, the 85 percent of returning Sorinites have already formed their own associations and social cliques. Perhaps hitting at the heart of the difficulty being experienced in a great number of halls, one second-floor Sorinite made this observation: “The section leaders are reticent to stand up and say something. They haven’t learned how to tell you what to do.” And from the third floor, this classic: “The trouble with this section is that it happens to be in this hall. It’s based on the mindless and absurd myth of number-oneism. No self-respecting person would at all consider allying himself with the professed goals of this hall.” Though tradition has long been an excuse for much that goes on in Sorin, it appears that some headway is being made after all. In all cases, the sections have been the vehicles for forming new acquaintances, if not friendships, and discipline is becoming less a problem now that, as one prefect puts it, “the sections are beginning to carry the ball.”

Badin suffers from nearly the same internal elements of dismay as rival Sorin. Of the seven newly created sections, only five bothered to elect representatives. “The problem here now,” wails one involved resident, “is that with the new government nearly twice as many people are required to participate than before.” In general, though, the Badin malaise is a lack of hall spirit, surprising in a hall that was once unique in many ways. Badinites have their own cliques, (of the 47 returnees, 26 migrated to the 4th floor), and it is doubtful if the

Under Pangborn President Paul Swinton the Hall Council meets every week, “makes up referendums like crazy.”

sections cut any other way would be capable of spontaneous action. Though no disciplinary action has yet been taken by the hall for any reason, one section leader reports recurring instances of total drunkenness and blatant violation of the rules concerning female visitors in the rooms of the residents. Offering a partial explanation for the lack of spirit in Badin this year, hall president Terry Moriarty notes, “Badin used to be known as a hall where all sorts of good times were to be had. But this year all the halls are enjoying the same freedoms that just a few of the halls had previously.” And though one of the sections has planned an informal discussion with a faculty member, Moriarty continues, “We’re having

trouble getting the fellows to have some section spirit." As one student puts it: "Badin will never be anything more to me than just a place to sleep and keep out of the rain."

In Walsh, by far one of the most liberal of the halls, the section system enjoys a greater success if only because sections have been established there since the concept was first developed several years ago. The foundations were made all the stronger by the fact that almost all of the students who lived in Walsh last year have returned this year, eliminating much of the early awkwardness other halls are experiencing. Walsh's Hall Review Board con-

Fr. Teske: ". . . they should be perfectly willing to award the maximum penalty."

sists of all eight of the section leaders and a hall senator, but it has yet to take any action. The stay community in the hall, however, is most noticeably responsible for the renovation of the study lounge and the construction of a date room and recreation center. But there have been little or no group activities generated by section life.

Where reform has been most sweeping and most responsible for the creation of a new spirit has been in the previously forgotten and obscure layover halls. Morrissey, Zahm, St. Ed's, Howard: each are experiencing a regeneration of sorts. Incredibly apathetic in the past, St. Ed's underwent a minor revolution last spring when a small group of residents appointed themselves members to an unsanctioned constitutional convention. These few became the hall's ruling junta until official elections were held in October. Approval came by default; there was no real ratification of the changes by the disinterested residents, only tacit approval by the hall's rector, Fr. Clarence Durbin. The big coup came when the students got Fr. Durbin to give up profits from food sales to the council, and permission from Student Accounts to rearrange room assignments in order to provide for a badly needed lounge. The Hall Council still operates on a consensus basis, tries constantly to avoid any issues which could lead to a stalemate of powers and interests. There is still no literal constitution or disciplinary code, but matters within these spheres are being handled with a good deal of improvised success. Disciplinary action imposed by the students has been lenient but effective, and Father Durbin himself has been a source of consistent clemency. A homecoming display (St. Ed's first in many years) and a hall button are the first signs of increased group identity. Not only that, they have managed to recapture the missing statue of King Edward.

Previously just a way station on the route to Lyons, Badin, Walsh and Sorin, little Howard surprised the whole campus with its great show of spirit last year. The hall's section leaders in council elect the president—two of them this year as a result of a tie—on the principle that this is the best way to come up with a person who can work with that governing body. Said one student official: "We don't want a system of checks and balances, we want to get things done." And getting things done it is. Large numbers of Howardites are pitching in when there's work to be done, (Homecoming) and attending hall functions. Slated for the near future: banquets, date parties, faculty lectures and a Communion breakfast. Hall president Ted Kaplysh is aiming for the Hall Presidents' Council's Hall of the Year Award for Howard this year.

Under Rector David Burrell, C.S.C., and President Mike Minton, even monster Morrissey has put on a new face this year. Composed of nineteen sections housing

370 men, the hall has generated more noise and activity this year than in all of its long history. The Hall Council provides for free food at section meetings, a gimmick which has improved both attendance and intrasectional relations. The Hall Review Board has been functioning with noticeable success, primarily by letting each section handle its own disciplinary problems. Gaily colored posters announce Morrissey Manor-sponsored social functions across the campus, and this year the hall took second place in the Homecoming competition. At Morrissey, the slogan goes, "Satisfaction means 'having enough to do.'"

In Zahm, where very few of the present residents were in attendance last year, there was a good deal of apprehension over whether the section system would work at all. But when the sections were finally organized and the Hall Council ratified the first well-developed constitution in the hall's history, things started falling right into place. The section leaders have assumed the responsibilities of implementing disciplinary action wherever necessary. Each section worked together to construct its portion of Zahm's Homecoming display. Many of the sections are planning their own pre-Christmas activities and parties. Chimes Zahm's president Mike Parker, "It would be safe to state that any doubts about the possibility of sectional success here have proven themselves to be wrong."

Amidst the hodgepodge of reform movements, even Pangborn and Fisher are emerging from the chasms of nonentity. Both are divided into nine functioning sections, both have operating judicial boards. In Pangborn, where Rector Michael Gavin, C.S.C., wants the new system to work so badly that he "keeps out of sight" except for a semiweekly room check, the sections are now in their second year of existence. Under president Paul Swinton, the Hall Council meets every week, "makes up referendums like crazy." Swinton, who dabbles in psychological testing, also makes up frequent questionnaires in a manner in which they can reveal individual personalities and distributes them to each member of the hall. Pangborn's

Over on what used to be the freshman quad, "in the first few hectic days, section living helped bring out the bashfulness in each of us."

80 seniors and 120 spirited juniors will be pushing for phones this year, and communal social functions with Fisher and the Chicago girls' colleges their commissioners have been personally in touch with. They avoid second-floor prefect Fr. Austgen ("dangerous"), and one Brother Conan (proprietor). Unfortunately, they are against stay-hall. Jim Bradley, Fisher Hall Council chairman, is a hall representative on Fr. Simons' judicial board, acts as a liaison between this board and the hall's own review board which consists of five rotating members chosen for a particular case from a pool of 30 men within the hall. Fr. Lloyd Teske, C.S.C., Fisher's erstwhile rector, has sat in on review board sessions to remind the board members, as one Fisher resident puts it, "that they should be perfectly willing to award the maximum penalty." However, alleged offenders in recent cases have come off with a five-dollar fine and a not-guilty verdict, respectively. Though two sections have held parties at Frankie's and Louie's, section organization has been disappointing. Academic, social and athletic committees have yet to be

(Continued on page 33)



“Do You Know What Moses Herzog Said?”

by jamie mckenna

ON THURSDAY NIGHT last week, but really on any night, after Fr. Burtchaell's 11:30 mass which is more than a mass and after the forty or fifty people who more than just attended it had left, then there were four of Dillon's unelected and informal hall leaders standing outside the chapel. The words “section” and “vote” and “freshmen” could be heard coming from them, while, at the same time, on the second floor, about 15 people had moved out into the corridor and were sitting in stuffed chairs or on the floor with backs against the wall, their hands raised in vote. Then, not 10 minutes later, Fr. Burtchaell and third-floor prefect John Pusey and second-floor prefect John Chesire came together with a tapper of Rector James Flanigan's beer and discussed stay hall and the section system until three o'clock that morning; but really any morning.

“Have you heard,” said Chesire, “there's this new theory . . . refrigerators really pull the section guys together. You're going to see a lot of refrigerators.” He was only half joking. Chesire's section had purchased a Philco refrigerator for \$54.00 and it had in it, at one point, two dead bananas and an apple. Asked

about his nightly mass, Mr. Burtchaell said, “The people are the center of this hall, the mass certainly isn't.” Because of its nature there is a tendency to see in his mass something of Dillon's nature. “We do things together . . . and the mass is one of them.” They talked of the mass, of section problems, of Dillon's success, but they could talk only in fragments because they had no way of knowing exactly what the sectional system meant. Nobody does. It is a new idea. It is this inability to subjectivize a criterion of success that greatly bothers Chesire. “The difference of the sectional system,” he said, “is the student bearing in his mind that there is a body of about 40 people that he involves himself with.” Then Pusey said, “The more I think about it, the more I think it's important that the students know nothing is going to be decided in Fr. Flanigan's office.” Chesire, who in hoping to create an environment for development had persuaded the sections to postpone elections, remarked that “at worst we hoped they would feel the pinch for a representative but at best they would be engaged in activities for which they needed leadership.” “We were muddling through too,” he

spoke of year's beginning. “The best they, the priests, could do was to look like another student.” He looked at Fr. Burtchaell. “That's past now,” he joked. Burtchaell looked up, “I've assumed a role have I, that of a pseudo-father?” He looks very young, and he talks with a light English accent that comes from study at Cambridge after graduation from Notre Dame. He is considered one of the finest biblical theologians in the order and his mass, his involving, terribly personal mass brings people every night from all over campus. When Chesire downgrades his own accomplishments, Fr. Burtchaell will poke quiet fun at him; with Pusey, a law student, he acts differently. Indeed, he seems to know each person in Dillon and with each his manner is different. No, different is not the word. Personal is the word. “Freshmen,” he said to Pusey and Chesire, “are like children who stay at home and play. They make it a home.” Their talk shifts and jumps, never really hitting Dillon's heart. Finally, at 3:00, the tapper is all foam and Pusey and Chesire, who have classes the next day, make for their rooms. Before they leave he invites them to a shrimp dinner he is cooking the next night in Fr. Flani-

gan's room. He thought they might be able to come up with some directional ideas for the sections to consider.

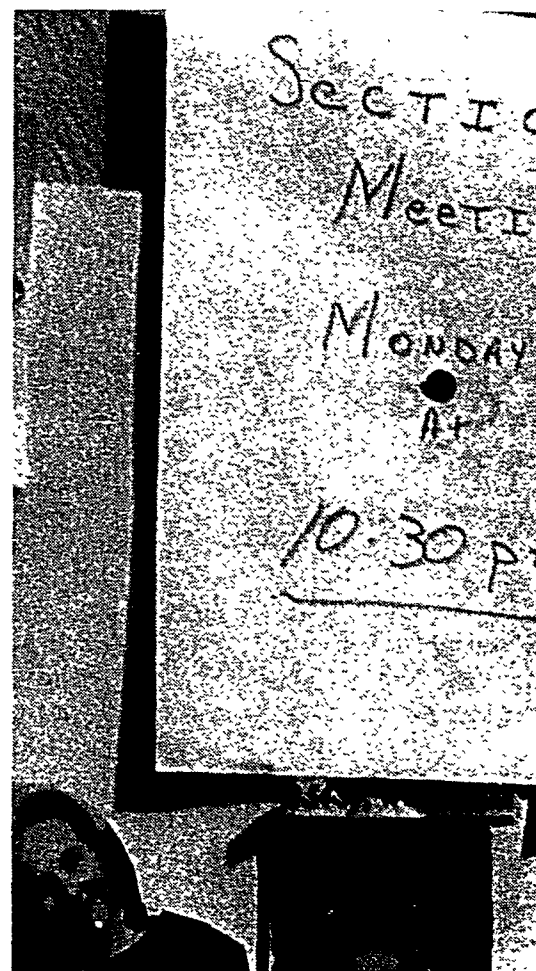
Dillion, of course, is much more than these three. The hall can be seen in its section trips to the Michigan Dunes, its dinners, Dillon's first place in the homecoming competition, even in the section bulletin boards. They are crude, crowded boards that range from pleas for leftover laundry bag string to demands for signing-in. "Would you believe that someone *does* care whether you live or die?" one sign asks. "Ergo: to prevent unnecessary sorrow over your apparent disappearance—don't neglect the sign-in sheet." Another board said that Pistol Pete, receiving seven first place votes and 104 points, was the top man in the Delta Pi Alpha section. The boards are filled with notes. The hall is *alive*. Last year Dillon's freshmen sometimes talked too late and around two o'clock "Shut-up Freddie!" was a frequent cry. This year freshman noise was brought out at a general section dinner and there has been no problem since.

At the Friday night dinner Fr. Burtchaell suggested each section purchase a roll-away cot for hall guests and also the idea of carpeted halls was brought up. Fr. Burtchaell, who was cooking shrimp, said "there are several statues that need smashing. The one on the second floor is memorialized so that's out, but the one on the top floor isn't (a figure of the Blessed Mother surrounded by heads of angels). That could be smashed very easily." Fr. Flanigan talked of the early return of seniors and his quiet fight to give the sections the freedom that promotes act. He

gave an example of hall disciplinary action. Earlier this year a person threw a cherry bomb that burst a pipe. Fr. Flanigan did nothing. Finally, from the section in which it happened, a representative came. "I know who did it, Father," the representative said, "He's in my room right now with five or six other friends and we want to know what we should do." The guilty person was the representative's best friend. John Chesire suddenly stood up and said, "You know what Moses Herzog said: 'I bind people to my emotions and impress them.' That's what I do." He said it in a half musing way and it had none of the 'humility with a hook' that Fr. Burtchaell jokingly kids about. But that is what they all seem to do. Fr. Flanigan, his prefects, the senior leaders . . . they do impress people with their sincerity. Al Celli, one of the thirty-odd upperclassmen who came back early to set up the section system said once, quite naturally, that "so much of our life here at the University forces us to be on our own, every man for himself. Personal concern sometimes gets lost. . . . That's been one of my big problems." Their sincerity, perhaps more than anything else, is why Dillon is as it is today.

After dinner, section life came up again and Chesire said that "the idea was to reduce the conceptualization in each student's mind to a level where he can act, do something. Previously to act you had to think in terms of the hall, of 400 people."

It was near 11:00 and Fr. Burtchaell went out to hear confessions before his mass. It would be said on a plain wooden top, covered with a white table cloth. A girl would come



out, the chapel lights all on and no shadows, and say in a normal voice, "Uh, we'll sing the fourth verse of *Turn, Turn, Turn* at the offertory. We'll do Father Rivers' *God is Love*. . . . Pat, for obvious reasons, will lead the singing."

It would be a concelebration of not only three priests, but of 50 participants. Fr. Burrell from Morrissey would say in the sermon to go out and make all things new and at the offertory, Fr. Burtchaell would motion all fifty to gather around the table. At communion time he would turn to Fr. Flanigan and slowly take his hand, then leaning across the table he would shake a student's hand; and it would spread, with Christ as its center. At the end of the mass, Pat, tall and thin, would sound on his harmonica and sing:

*Someone's searching, Lord,
Come by here.*

The girl with black stockings would be smiling and her foot tapping. And Fr. Burtchaell, who said about Dillon, "There's no formulae. It's just a group of people who enjoy themselves. It's encouraging and discouraging. Discouraging because it can't be passed on in print. Encouraging because it only takes good will," would leave the table somewhere in the middle of the song. The singing would go on for a while and then they would go back to their rooms, not quite sure, perhaps, that Dillon's mass had ended. ■



A NIHILISTIC VIEW OF DEATH

by joel garreau

NUMERALIZED, depersonalized, alienated, and without a haircut since the second week in September (except for the trims given you by the kid across the hall), mortality is a thing to you proximate, unavoidable, yet un-Kierkegaardianly insignificant. Such is the essence of your cool. I mean — what the hell, you haven't resolved the hang-up of the Virgin birth, and speaking of hang-ups, you're a sophomore at Notre Dame. The world might go tomorrow but you wouldn't know about it because you don't read the papers. Such are the things frustrations are made of.

So when in the midst of this your generally ascetic existence comes an opportunity to plan and execute the snuffing out of animation in a girl, all the emotions which made you — immediately after coming out of *Thunderball* last Christmas — break up with the mousey little thing you'd been going out with for years swell

within you and drive you to sign up for the sophomore(ic) Hunt.

Everybody knows that the idea is to set up a kill *à la* Ursula Andress in *The Tenth Victim*, but not actually carry it out. It occurs to you that Natural Law must have something to say about this perversion before you realize that, as a frustration adding fuel to your year-old-male-identity crisis, the Hunt really is a part of the Cycle of Things.

So, product of your society, the first thing you become aware of thinking about is a hand grenade. A nice, weighty, cold, hard hand grenade. You can even mentally test the resistance of the spring on the lever after you pull the pin. And then you read on the instruction sheet: "Points will be scored as follows: . . . Kill of wrong person: Hunter, -2, Victim, -1." The desire for mass murder will come to your mind often before the hunt is over as a kind of panacea, but at least while you are still on the level of intellectual investigation of the possibilities of assassination, you recoil at the idea of five or six "dead" bodies piled up, each labeled "minus two points."

The second thing you think of is a gun. What would really fit the bill is a palm-sized, fully automatic weapon with a twenty- or thirty-shell magazine and maybe a silencer. It occurs to you that, being the coward that you basically are, what you really want is a solid wall of fire power that you can hide behind. But this just won't do either. You get one extra point if your kill is "unique," and there is just nothing more clichéd than pumping somebody full of lead. And besides — this could easily turn into a regression towards the mass-murder syndrome.

But what else is there? Your entire world has been shaped by variations on the Bomb and/or the M-16. Removing these two props from your existence is tantamount to leaving you defenseless.

Being a Notre Dame sophomore, the first thing that comes to mind is something obscene. The means of death that you think of at this point will undoubtedly be the best that you come across during the whole Hunt. Effective, unique and satisfying. But being a Notre Dame sophomore, you read "it is imperative that guys stay

out of St. Mary's dorms" and you believe it. And besides that, you find you have to make a report on your kill, and sign it. And this is the final splash of cold water on your plans. But be that as it may, your ideas are not lost. You'll find that they are a great topic of conversation in the dorms for weeks after — especially if you can find somebody who says he had a great-aunt who used her charms against the Nazis in the French resistance. Great stories.

Anyway, as a last resort, you turn to the knowledge which you have gained in a year of existence in a community of scholars. The kid across the hall makes a terrific zip gun, and he's fitting one with a syringe in which he intends to put "unsymmetrical dimethyl chlorate." If it's not deadly, it's at least impressive. (This is the same kid, incidentally, who's been cutting your hair, which tends to affect your calm when you think about it for a while.)

But by then the whole thing has become distasteful, because what started off as a lark has ended in the realization that you just haven't got it when it comes to murder. How often have you dwelt luxuriously over the idea that the most danger-

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BERLIN

A View from Innsbruck

by jim fullin

SURE, YOU KNOW who you are. You're the guy who gave that poor nun so much trouble in POD class when she had you read *Masters of Deceit*. "After all," you said with the assurance of a high school senior, "that stuff was all right for right after the war, or even in '56, when the big bad Commies mowed down the poor Hungarian patriots. But this is 1965, and NATO is quietly dissolving, and it's as Lippmann says, the Russians are going soft with prosperity and the Chinese will eventually do the same."

Then a small white sign appears at the side of the *autobahn*, and as it whizzes by you read in neat black letters: 5 km to Soviet sector. To get to Berlin, you will have to drive through more than one hundred miles of the Soviet sector, and the cold war suddenly seems a little more serious than it did as you watched *Dr. Strangelove*.

A series of buildings, control-points and barbed-wire-fenced highway mark the border. First a passport check and then a visa, costing \$2.50 and a long wait in line. Ulbricht smirks down from the wall, Satanic with that goatee. The girl at the desk, all business in gray suit, green tie and boots, returns your passport and hands you another form — currency declaration. Then you have to get East German license plates. They don't fit your brackets, and a friendly guard puts new holes in the plates with an electric drill. Everyone is so helpful that one hour and forty-five minutes later, you're one-half mile from where you started.

This less-traveled *autobahn* is unfenced and scenic. There are apparently no restrictions to your travel. At last you try an exit, to get gas in a little town near Leipzig. But the old woman who runs the station is not supposed to sell it to you, and she says it's cheaper on the freeway.

You drive on for a couple more hours, until a Y in the freeway sends some cars to "Berlin, the capital of the German Democratic Republic,"

and you and others to "West Berlin." The control-point here doesn't take long, though. Just long enough to change your tags back again and convince the guard there aren't any refugees in your trunk, in your luggage compartment, under your back seat, behind your hub caps, even immersed in your gas tank.

In Berlin you want to see the Wall, so you go early Sunday morning to Brandenburg Gate. The Wall is a rather flimsy-looking six-foot concrete barrier. Only later you find out it is also six feet thick, and tank-proof. The streets are deserted. A lonely British guard stands in a booth built so that Kennedy could see over the Wall (the Communists blocked his view by covering the Gate with red flags). On the other side, two Vopos chat, their backs to you. Solitude. Perhaps resignation.

You walk down Bernauer Street, once a rather attractive and prosperous business district, although the row of shops and apartments on the Eastern side formed the frontier of the Soviet sector. Today all that remains of those buildings is their facades: windows and doorways bricked in, and all indiscriminately chopped off at the height of ten feet. Before 1961, they streamed out the windows, through the basements, from the roofs of those buildings. And twenty or so plain wooden crosses remind you of those who didn't make it. A tour bus has pulled up and you catch a few statistics, "... three and one-half-million refugees before 1961 . . . ten thousand guards on the Wall" Next week, with three policemen watching every two workers, the last two buildings on Bernauer Street will be turned into Wall. And the tour guide's voice chokes a little as she slips and thinks about it.

On Monday you cross through Checkpoint Charlie to East Berlin. The American GI warns you in a gorgeous Southern accent not to take any pictures of the Wall from the other side. Then you walk between the concrete barriers to the Com-

munist control-point, where you show the guard what you are bringing in. You also have to change at least \$1.25 into East German marks. What you don't spend of this you forfeit on your return.

Though huge meadows remain in midtown as evidence of war damage, much of East Berlin has been rebuilt. It's spacious and peaceful, not like the traffic and crowds of the other side.

You are about to leave when an old man comes up and offers to show you "the real city." On the way to the Market, he clarifies a lot of things. Communism, he says, never quite caught on in Berlin. He points out a sign on the window of a print shop, "40 Years" (of private ownership and operation). Nor do Communist Labor Fronts exist in the capital of the Democratic Republic. The Market is crowded, noisy, unsanitary, but typically each booth is privately owned. Food prices are high, and one stand is selling "sandals" of wooden blocks with stapled-on leather straps. The old man asks, "See many of those in America?" and explains that the crowds are from outside the city. Today is a workers' holiday in East Germany, but not in East Berlin.

The old man offers to show you a worker's apartment, but you have to get back. At the border it feels so good to cross back over that you can't help running the last twenty yards or so. "Halt!" booms the voice behind you, and you freeze, anticipating hot lead on your spine. But the Communist guard is merely having a good laugh up in his box, and you proceed. The GI's drawl welcomes you at Checkpoint Charlie: "Have a nahce tahm?"

The next day you return to the Federal Republic. Nothing unusual on your drive.

Three days in Berlin. You've met Communists, and for a few hours seen Communism at work. *They* still say NATO is dissolving, and the cold war thawing. But maybe you don't — anymore. ■

FIFTY HANDS CLAPPING

by Ken Black

THEY ALL WANTED to know what the gimmick was. For one reason or another, they were all there — in Maine, in Texas, in Guam, in Minnesota. All twenty thousand of them had just one thing in common: they were caught up in a war. Some had enlisted, others had been drafted; but none of them was quite sure what the catch was.

The war was the war on wasted talent—Upward Bound; and the catch was . . . well, there was no catch. Last June these thousands of high school students crept into over two hundred educational institutions, and seven weeks later they marched out again. Still dazed by the unique experience through which they had gone, many were not quite sure what the summer had meant for them; one thing was generally agreed on, however—that in some way or other, it had done them good. Certain students could be more specific: "Nobody ever thought I had an idea worth listening to—so I never told anybody anything before." For both participants and planners, the summer was something new.

Upward Bound is the child of the Office of Economic Opportunity, itself something new. Its aim was to help high school students from poor families, encouraging and stimulating them toward higher education by giving them a taste of it. Hesitant at first, OEO's director, Sargent Shriver, sent up a trial balloon in the summer of 1965; overwhelmed by the result (ninety-five percent of the students are continuing their education), he multiplied the program's size ten times. And it promises to grow still more.

The controls of the program have been turned over to Dr. Richard T. Frost, who speaks of this new concept in education as an "injection" of the student into the stream of college life; and the students to be injected, he and other officials have decided, are those who are not only poor, and who seem to possess half-hidden sparks of genius, but who have at the same time been sub-average performers in class. Dr. Frost refused to set down detailed patterns for the sponsoring institutions; each school has been free to arrange and adapt a program that will fit its particular group of students while utilizing the particular strengths of the institution itself. Moreover, in order to give the

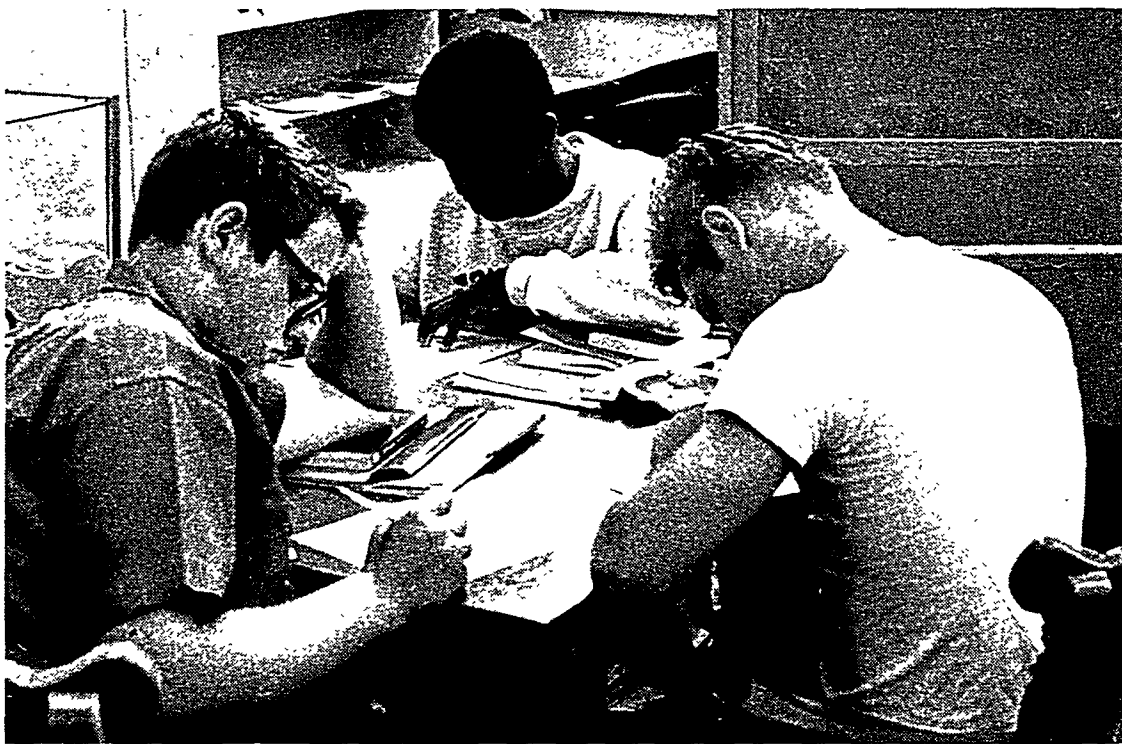
students more than just "one summer of happiness," he insisted that the participating schools carry on the program throughout the rest of the year.

The resultant programs vary a great deal. While most institutions felt it best to concentrate chiefly on the "three R's," a few promulgated the truly unusual. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example, had but one big project for its students: to plan a metropolitan-wide urban renewal project. And the degree of success seems to have varied as much as have the programs.

The University of Notre Dame is a fairly typical example of moderate success. Dr. Richard Thompson, an Assistant Dean of the College of Arts

the actors were slightly confused—they were, of course, running through the play without rehearsal. When the high school boys arrived, they didn't quite know what to do. Here was a layout that to them must have resembled a country club; yet they knew they were supposed to be taught something. They *knew* there was a gimmick; they just didn't know what form it would take. It wasn't too easy to persuade them differently.

But—in most cases—it was done. They took up residence in Lyons Hall along with their student counsellors. The counsellors attended class and urged their charges to do likewise; no class was mandatory, but those dealing with the "meat and potatoes" — the basic skills — were pressed



and Letters, was named project director, given assistants and an \$81,000 grant (the latter from the federal government) and had to establish a program to stir the minds of fifty St. Joseph County students. "We decided to concentrate on the basic skills," says Dr. Thompson, "because the ability to study nearly any discipline — science, history, and foreign languages, for example — is dependent on the ability to understand basic mathematics, language, and literature." In addition to the basics, however, the program included art, music, and physical education classes; and non-class activities were liberally sprinkled throughout the seven weeks.

So the stage was all set; but all

strongly. Little by little, the classes grew.

The counsellors were the keystone of the entire project, Dean Thompson insists. "They made the whole operation go!" It was true. There wasn't a thing that they didn't do: they helped get the laundry out, they helped the boys with particular class problems; they organized games and trips. But primarily they were to provide friends for the boys and examples for them to follow—a job they did quite well.

Still, changing a person's entire attitude toward learning is a slow task; and one of the basic problems was to bring the students to realize

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THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT: 1966

by Robert Sheehan

POLITICAL ANALYSTS usually know better than to try to predict the long-range implications of any political event, especially the disjointed morass of a midterm election. Nonetheless, the decisiveness of several crucial election victories makes an attempt to delineate the personalities in future Presidential races almost inevitable.

The key contests took place in two states where one-time mavericks in both parties attempted to give themselves the image of loyal party workers. In Michigan, Republican Governor George Romney supported a fellow Republican for the first time in his career. Famous for his ability to sound like a Republican, a Democrat, or an independent as it suits him, Romney suddenly began emphasizing his connection with the Republicans in order to pull relative-unknown Robert Griffin into the Senate on his coattails. Now that Romney has succeeded in his plans and ended the career of "Soapy" Williams, the enormously popular ex-governor who ran against Griffin, he can go to the 1968 party convention with proven abilities as a vote getter. His only opposition will be two-time loser Richard Nixon, who has a strategy of his own. Nixon has been barnstorming the country for the past two years, appealing to right-wing groups and at the same time building up a healthy store of political credit by campaigning for local candidates: tactics curiously similar to those used by Barry Goldwater in 1960-63.

Meanwhile, in far-off New York State two campaigns of at least as much importance were fought to equally successful conclusions. Republican Senator Jacob K. Javits, a wily veteran who has gained virtually unlimited popularity in the state and an ability to withstand the most disastrous Democratic landslides by steadily voting the liberal line in the Senate, was fighting desperately to reelect incumbent Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller against a strong tide of popular disaffection with Rockefeller's financial policies. Just a year before Javits had seriously considered dumping the seemingly doomed Rockefeller and replacing him with himself. Rockefeller, knowing the party leadership was behind Javits, launched an enormous campaign to restore his blackened public image and went to Javits with a tempting deal: if Javits would support Rockefeller, Rockefeller if elected would guarantee to Javits the state's votes for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the 1968 Republican convention, and Rockefeller would refuse to allow his own name to be placed in nomination for any office. Seeing the somewhat encouraging results of Rockefeller's campaign in the straw polls, and convinced that Rockefeller could win and make good on his promises, Javits agreed, and became Rockefeller's campaign manager. Early this month the two men's calculations paid off: Rockefeller came through with a surprisingly substantial victory over Democrat Frank O'Connor and renegade Democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Jacob Javits prepared to collect his debts.

O'Connor's defeat was also welcome to New York's other Senator, Democrat Robert F. Kennedy. Attempting to show that he too was capable of the loyalty that his enemies had always considered alien to his nature, Kennedy had campaigned, after a fashion, for O'Connor, even though he had been notably unenthusiastic toward O'Connor's candidacy in the pre-convention maneuvering — probably because of O'Connor's association with the "Bosses"

whose association would be the kiss of death for an ambitious young liberal in New York. Now O'Connor has fallen, and Kennedy is the undisputed dean of the state's Democrats. As the state's only prominent Democrat with vote-getting ability, he could be sure of the party members' support at least until 1970, when the Democrats would again be running a candidate for governor.

But Robert Kennedy is a farsighted man, and of course he aims at 1972 and not 1968. For the next two years the political headlines will be occupied largely by the Republicans as they fight for the curious honor of being sacrificed to a Lyndon Johnson who, no matter how shattered his consensus becomes, seems certain of reelection. The number of contenders is small: for the Presidency, Richard Nixon and George Romney; for the Vice-Presidency Ronald Reagan and Jacob Javits. Other candidates have been mentioned, but by convention time none of them will have had more than one and a half years' experience in national office, and it is not likely that such babes-in-the-woods would be seriously considered for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency; for the same reason, it is unlikely that Ronald Reagan, regardless of how well he performs as governor of California, would be able to attain more than the Vice-Presidential nomination. But Reagan and Nixon will surely be anathema to politicians who learned the hard way in 1964 that the United States is not a city, and you can't play minority-group politics on a national scale.

All this maneuvering and infighting seems to be a lot of bagatelle in the light of the general assumption that Lyndon Johnson is unbeatable, but the real significance of who gets the 1968 Republican Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominations lies in its meaning for 1972. If, as seems certain, the nominations go to George Romney and Jacob Javits, three events of enormous significance will occur: a) the Republican Party will move father toward the left in relation to the Democrats than it has been since the days of Teddy Roosevelt; b) with Javits' seat at stake in 1968 there will be a Senate race in New York State with unknowns running on both sides; and, c) Jacob Javits, after his almost certain loss to Johnson and Humphrey, will be out of a job. All of these events have a direct bearing on the futures of the Democratic Party and Robert Kennedy. With liberals in firm control of the Republican apparatus, the party will be able in 1970 to nominate one of its bright, liberal young superstars who got their start in national politics this year. With a wide-open Senate race in New York Kennedy will have another chance to demonstrate his vote-getting ability by pulling an unknown into office, just as Romney has done this year. But the most interesting possibilities are those arising from the third fact mentioned: Jacob Javits is too young to retire, and he is the most popular politician in the state; probably even more popular than Kennedy, for Javits has been espousing for years the liberal ideas that Kennedy has only recently made his own, and in a much more engaging manner than Kennedy. It is not beyond possibility that Javits can be persuaded to come out of retirement in 1970 and, for both his own good and that of his party, run once more for the Senate. And if he does, it is entirely possible that an amazing thing might happen: he might win, and put to rest forever the dreams of Robert Kennedy. ■

THE TRIANGULARITY OF SQUARENESS

by Elliot Gage

“THE TRIANGLE is the strongest construction. With this principle in mind the building of anything is made easier.”

I always listened to my father when I wasn't daydreaming. And at this particular time I was listening to him carefully. On the millionth consecutive Saturday that I could remember in which there was some "project" to do around the house, we were going to build a doghouse. However, this Saturday was not quite as bad. A doghouse was needed and it would be fun to *build* something for a change rather than repair it. And this was something that was indirectly for me. As we descended the steps into the basement of our old house (an 1896 *Punch* magazine which I had found in the attic earlier in the summer had assured me of its age), I wondered what all this talk on triangles was about. It always seemed that I was following my father; walking behind him did lessen my view, and going down those narrow old steps I felt completely confined with that massive red plaid shirt towering above me. Our basement is very hard to describe; usually a virtue of smallness is simplicity, yet this half-basement wound its tortuous way beneath half the house. It was actually more like a viperous trench than anything. Some of the floor was brick, other parts were concrete, and other parts consisted only of trampled dirt. The same was true of the walls. The house had been built in sections and this accounted for the differences in the basement. As I followed my father, winding his way to the end of the basement where the wood was kept, I was again astounded and pleased by the effect of the narrowing walls and

sloping ceiling. The whole house seemed to gravitate to the end of this snake tail, and the diminishing surroundings changed the perspective of things. The perspective and the surrounding section which was all dirt seemed to give a feeling of immediacy. Our lumber supply had seldom failed my father in his search for materials necessary for our proj-



ects. My father stood there looking around and occasionally kicking and turning over things, and casting wondering glances toward heaven (it was either heaven or the kitchen), as if to draw inspiration on what design to use. To achieve a good design and still use only the available lumber was the difficult thing. At this moment my father, with an air of complete assurance, authority, discovery, and also a sigh of self-satisfaction at having again conceived an economical

plan, reached for a roll of red five-foot picket fencing. He untied the roll. I fumbled around his legs, picking up the strings that I knew he would use to retie it. He put aside a ten-foot length and began to tie up the rest, taking the string out of my hand like a surgeon. The fencing, which kept springing around because it had been wound, made a small area chaotic. I was relieved when my father had finally replaced the fencing and turned around, thus easing my fear of being inadvertently crushed. I turned and started to walk out, wondering what purpose the fencing, which we had found in the basement when we moved into the house (this discovery was strange since there was no fence around the house), was going to fulfill in building a doghouse. I didn't hear my father behind me, and as I turned around I was startled to see him standing there with the plain light bulb in the ceiling directly above his bent head radiating a glory all around.

"What shape do you think we're going to make this doghouse?" My mind began to race, the snake's tail became smaller and smaller and the glory around my father's head was blinding. I knew he wanted me to say triangular, that's what that talk about triangles was all about. He had taught me something, and now I was taking the test. I stood there silent. A voice floated out of the brilliance.

"How can the strongest doghouse be built?"

I could feel soap bubbles forming in my mouth and I knew I was going to be stupid.

"I guess we're going to build a square one."

My father walked forward from the light, and I could not see after going from such brilliance to darkness as he blocked out the light bulb.

"No," he said irritably. "The triangle is the strongest construction; it doesn't give, all the joints support each other, and it's the surest way of making something strong. Therefore, the doghouse will be triangular."

He was in back of me now as we walked around toward the stairs.

"I knew the triangle was the strongest, I even knew you wanted me to say triangle, but it just seems like a square is better and even stronger. But I knew, I knew . . ."

"Well, I don't know why you'd say square then, after I told you and you knew that triangles were stronger."

We turned the last curve and started up the stairs. My father was a little mad, but not really too much.

"Well, after we get this doghouse built we'll have to start looking around for a dog."

A TIME WITHOUT MEANING

BY S. J. BUONAUGURIO

*And when the sounding
Of the marching band is past
There is but the lonely man
Liberated from the fantasy
Of the musical strain
Standing dead in the empty field.*

THE OLD MAN saw the car coming up the road. He put his jacket on, laced up his boots and walked out of the house. The bright sunlight glancing off the frozen snow made the old man squint hard. The dry cold wind whipped off the lake in gusts. The old man bit at his lower lip and drew his shoulders together. He could still make out the thin line of smoke that rose from the cottage on the other side of the lake. The old man swung the barn doors open and waved for the car to pull in.

"How you been, Billy?" the old man asked.

"Good, Uncle Joe, good," his nephew answered.

The two men shut the barn doors and walked over to the house. The old man pointed to the cottage across the lake. The younger man nodded. It was warm inside the house. They took their jackets off and the old man poured black coffee into a cup for the younger man to drink. They sat down on a wooden bench in front of the log fire that burned in the kitchen fireplace.

"I waited a couple days before calling you down here," the old man said. "Got your mother's letter about a week ago. Then I saw the smoke and I figured it had to be him. Didn't know what to do for sure."



"You did the right thing, Uncle Joe," the younger man said.

"He must of come in from the hills. Just like you and him used to do when you were kids. Surprised he knew where this old place was. Why, he hasn't been here in twenty years."

"It's funny," the younger man said, "the way the world pulls a man apart and then expects him to put the pieces back again."

"That's only half the joke, Billy. It's the world that makes a man what he is to begin with."

"You know, they gave him a contract for a dollar. For all of the working and building and paying off he did for them, in the end what they gave him was a contract for a dollar."

The old man stood up and grabbed the poker from the ledge of the fireplace and shifted the hot logs around. He put the poker back on the ledge and walked over to the window that faced the lake. "That brother of yours couldn't wait to get out of here. Right after he got out of the service he used to say how this place was all right for a change but that it was no place to live. Now it's the only place he's got. Wouldn't bet on how long that will last either."

"The bad thing about it is that he doesn't know any kind of life except for the one that threw him out," the younger man said.

"That's the mistake that people make," the older man said. He left the window and went back and sat down in front of the fire. "People figure out a way of life, or they most likely fall into it, then they believe in it and they live it and when it breaks up they go all to hell."

"What's he going to do? He's a dead man."

"He's going to do something, sometime," the old man said. "He'll start up again for sure. That's what I'm getting at. That's all that any of us are. We're all somebody to do something. And that's all we are. A man doesn't have to die like he's doing. We're all dead to start with. Then we do something and we're living. Nobody would have to die all these little deaths like him if they'd see what's really going on. Life isn't one thing. It's a whole string of things. It's a shame, all the dying going on."

The younger man got up from the bench and picked up his jacket. He held it in front of the fire for a few seconds and then put it on. "I'll need some snowshoes, Uncle Joe."

"There's a pair out in the barn," the old man said.

"It shouldn't take me more than an hour to get over there. It'll be time enough for me to think of something to say to him."

The younger man left the house and walked over to the barn. The sun wasn't as bright as it had been earlier. The wind still whipped in off of the lake.

"Billy!" the old man called. He was standing in the doorway of the house. "You tell him to put the fire out and to get over here for something to eat."

"All right, Uncle Joe."

The old man backed inside of the house and closed the door. The younger man swung one of the barn doors open and went inside to look for the snowshoes. ■

SUPPORT MENTAL
HEALTH OR I'LL
KILL YOU. 210 O'SHAG

WELL, ANOTHER DAY
ANOTHER ZERO
411 AD.

God
loves
me
411 Ad

*Friend really is Jung
at heart 210 O'Shag*

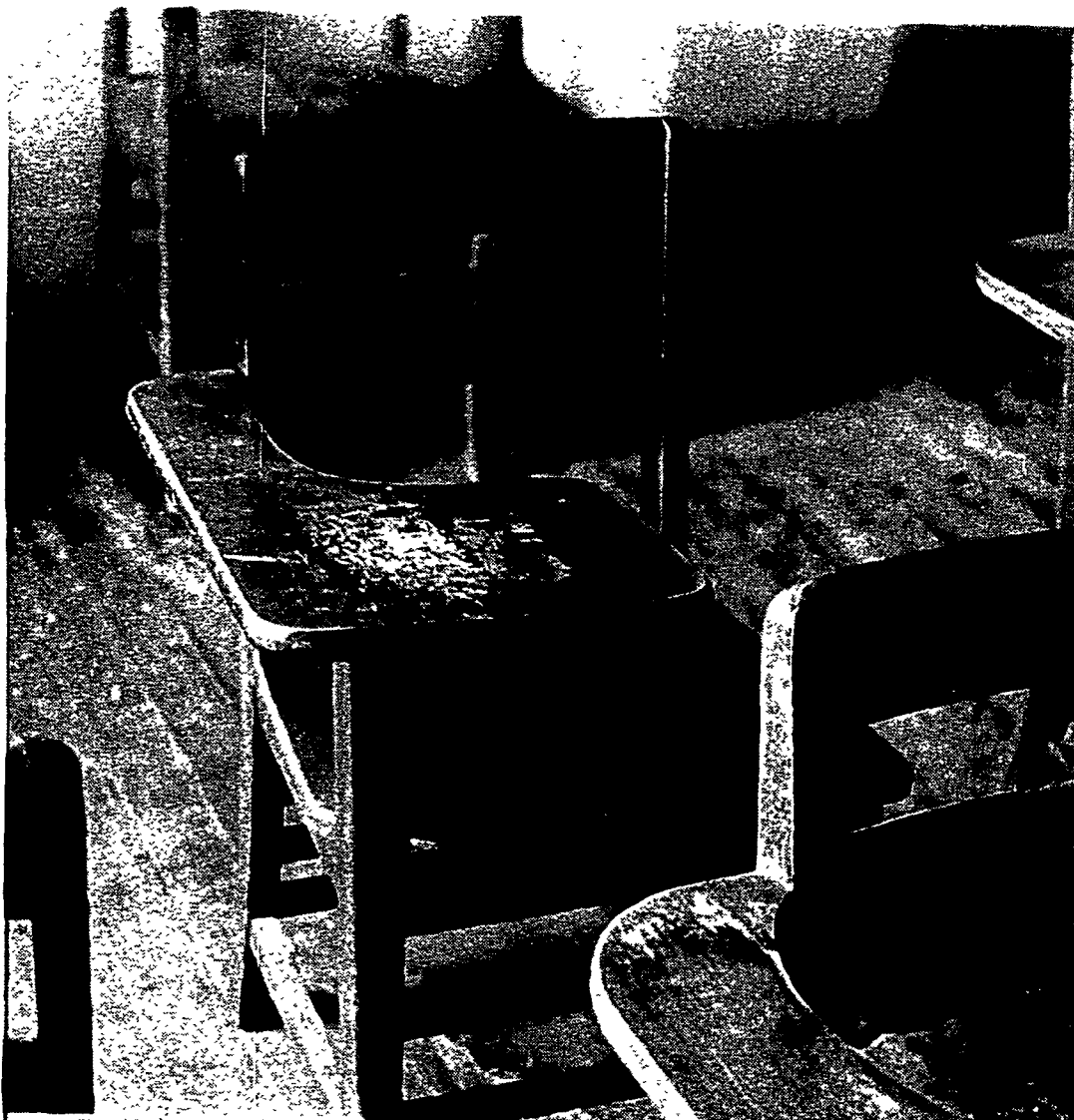
Nick,
When is practice?
- Conjar?

TODAY YOU BLOCKHEAD
103 O'SHAG - LYNCH

*Someday I'll pass
Math - Tom Misch '68
411 Ad.*

TOM, BECAUSE
HE HAD NOT STUDIED
HARD ENOUGH
FAILED PHYSICS
ON MAY 20, 1961
ENG. BLDG. WALL

UNDER THE DESK I'M TRAPPED
103 O'SHAG



movies

CINEMA 67: *Alphaville* is perhaps the first feature film in the pop-art style. This futuristic melodrama tickles the screen with the nervous camera and lighting techniques which Jean-Luc Godard has nurtured since their birth in *Breathless*. It is the mature result of years of disciplined improvisation and years of observation. Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina reenact the comic book mythos, the archetypal tale of modern western man, in their struggle with and flight from the computerized unknown. Love and poetry resort to sex, subterfuge and, alas, gunplay to combat "the voice," the corridors and the blinding lights. And yet the melodrama is merely of second concern, subordinated to Godard's analysis of contemporary (not future) urban life, which makes this the most intellectual and abstract of films. (Washington Hall. Sat. 7:30; Sun. 2:00, 7:30) AVON: *The Sleeping Car Murder* could be, shot for shot, the best suspense film in recent years. In fact, the picture is so exciting and relentlessly quick that you are liable to miss some of its subtle and exquisitely woven motifs. Yves Montand and Simone Signoret, unobtrusively outstanding, are both forgotten nevertheless long before the gruesome murders which shoot the film full of adrenalin and make you scoff at the cothriller, *Ten Little Indians*, Agatha Christie notwithstanding. (Times: call 288-7800)

COLFAX: *Doctor Zhivago*: 2:00, 7:30.

GRANADA: *Fortune Cookie* with Jack Lemmon: 1:30, 4:00, 6:30, 9:00. STATE: Well, Elvis simply ignored that red flag I waved at him last week and pulled out of his *Spinout* successfully, at least as far as attendance goes, and that evidently is quite a ways, in fact it goes so far as another lap at the State, which may be impressive as far as lap or gate count goes, but which is otherwise disgusting and utterly uncalled for. (Elvis: 1:15, 3:20, 5:25, 7:25, 9:30)

J. DUDLEY ANDREW

HERO

Frank Crosiar, "The Dean of Michigan Sportscasters," was wondering out loud in the press box one Saturday, "What the hell is all this 'Hero' stuff about?" The hero stuff is all about Jay (Hero) Bromboz, the cymbalist in the Marching Band. Jay secured the cymbalist position this year after a one-year internship in which he "developed calluses and got down the movements of the cymbals."

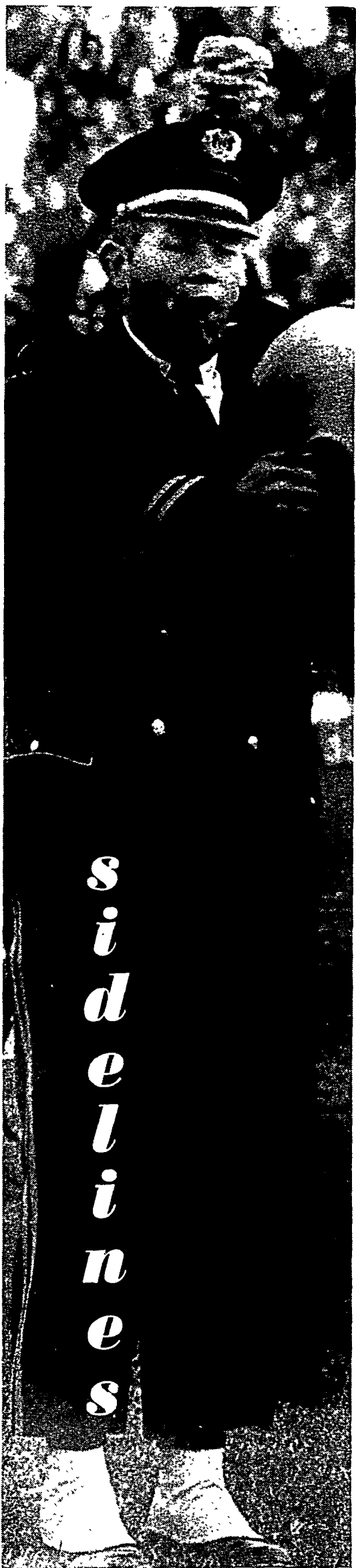
The "Hero" label was stuck on Jay two years ago by his sophomore roommate in Morrissey. The tag first officially appeared last year in the class of '67's *Juncture*. This fall his former roommate and a few friends started the "ONE, TWO, THREE, HERO!" cheer and "from there it just snowballed," as Jay analyzed it. Soon the senior section and students surrounding the band in the stands took up the chant, and a new one, "Hero, spell it out."

Jay responded to the tumultuous accolades with an impromptu tip of his hat at the Pittsburgh game. Also as the season wore on he cracked three cymbals. "The director wasn't too pleased; they cost quite a bit of money."

At the beginning of the year the other members of the band were wondering, like sportscaster Crosiar, and Jay himself, "what the hell all the hollering was for." By now everyone is informed and Jay is "sometimes embarrassed," he admits. He was in the front line of senior bandsmen Saturday and will be missed next Saturday. But as Don Gmitter said of the team, he "may be gone, but (he) will not be forgotten."

A CLAIM TO THE FAME

Coach Johnny Dee, with all his resourcefulness, could make a game of Chinese checkers at the 40-minute laundromat a colorful and exciting event. It was Coach Dee who concocted the 4:00 p.m. start for basketball games about a month back, envisioning more convenient hours for students and a refreshing change for both fans and players alike. That idea fell through because the officials (many of whom work in the afternoon) did not receive sufficient notice to rearrange their schedules. "I guess we'll wait until we get the Big Place built," Dee decided. "Right now we'll just concentrate on winning games." In a concurrent experiment, Dee fathered the M.V.P. basketball shoe presently being sported by his team.



But the coach's belief in freshness and originality has most recently been channeled to the interest of the Basketball Hall of Fame, now arising outside of Boston, Massachusetts. Notre Dame was among the legion of prominent colleges to pledge a \$1,000 donation for the Hall, and will in return be honored with a plaque, to be displayed at the memorial in the students' names. "The procedure at Kansas and Kentucky and quite a few other schools has been to use the profits from the Varsity-Freshman game," said Dee, "which is fine when you can seat 10,000 and make up the entire cost right there." Notre Dame, on the other hand, would have to draw on the profits from five or six regular varsity games to realize that same total, and even then the only contributors would be those nonstudents who pay for their tickets. To follow the spirit as well as the law of the pledge, and to effect an actual student participation toward the Hall of Fame, Coach Dee has decided to charge a nominal fee of 25 cents at the November 22 intrasquad game. This certainly will not cover the entire cost — "I'll be happy if we can get from 100 to 150 dollars," says Dee — but it will at least give the students a direct hand in the offering being made in their name.

And what about those students who resent contributing to sport, and who "only want to stay a few minutes"? "If they don't want to pay, they don't have to. It's only a contribution." Twenty-five cents sounds reasonable enough for a season of basketball.

FOR THE RECORD

CROSS-COUNTRY

Second place in I.C.4A. meet with 127 points, behind winner Villanova's incredible 26.

SOCCER (2-10)

Indiana 8, Notre Dame 2.
Purdue 4, Notre Dame 0.

THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 18—*Football*: Notre Dame vs. Michigan State at East Lansing Sexton High School (7:45).

NOVEMBER 19 — *Football*: Notre Dame defeats Michigan State. (12:15)

NOVEMBER 21 — *Cross-Country*: NCAA meet at Lawrence, Kansas.

NOVEMBER 22 — *Basketball*: Intrasquad scrimmage (7:30).

TOMORROW . . .

BY TONY INGRAFFEA



... with four minutes left in the game, Guglielmi gambled on fourth down and Reynolds picked up the needed yardage.

THE HISTORY BOOKS say it all began in 1897. They'll tell you that Michigan State, then known as the Michigan School of Agriculture, lost a football game to Notre Dame 34-6 that year. Between that game and the Irish 48-0 win in 1921, Notre Dame met the Aggies twelve times, losing but twice and allowing only four touchdowns.

The records will tell you that, but they can't tell you why 1897 wasn't the real beginning, and they can't tell you why tomorrow is tomorrow, why tomorrow means so much. The series was resumed in 1948, you'll read, but that wasn't the beginning either. Nor was 1949.

1950 was the year Notre Dame was voted "Football Flop of the Year" by the AP. No one knew then, and the history books can't tell you now that 1950 was the beginning, that tomorrow is tomorrow partly because of October 28, 1950. Not since 1934 had a Notre Dame team

lost three games in a single season. But on that day Michigan State, in beating the Irish for the first time since 1918, 36-33, presented Coach Leahy with his third loss of the season. Advantage, Michigan State.

Of Irish football in 1950, Frank Neville of the South Bend *Tribune* wrote:

If somebody has the key to the cave where the fabled luck of the Irish is stored, Frank Leahy and his Notre Dame football team would like to have a duplicate.

The Irish found the key in 1951, but long before that the Spartans had been given the option to change the lock and bite the hand that catapulted them to national prominence:

Ironically, Michigan State would not be the football great it is today . . . except for Notre Dame — a friend in need during the building years at MSU.

Just after World War II M.S.U. President John A. Hannah had ambitions of building the Spartans, then an independent, into a major football power.

He hired Biggie Munn in 1947 to produce the teams. He also decided to enlarge the 26,000-seat stadium. A surefire drawing card was needed to attract the crowds to pay for the new seats.

Hannah conferred with top level people at Notre Dame. The Irish agreed to a long-range football pact on the promise of a bigger stadium and first rate competition.

Tomorrow is tomorrow partly because of this grace of Notre Dame to Michigan State and partly because of November 10, 1961, of which George Alderton wrote in the *Lansing State Journal*:

The way of the climb into the football sun is rough, rugged, and beset with perils. But Michigan State had set its eyes on the zenith, had climbed quite a way toward the goal and was struggling to get further.

The Spartan now was a big boy, but not quite man-sized yet.

Where did he take on football seniority? I think I know. It happened a brisk, sunshiny afternoon in Spartan Stadium. The foe? Old friend from South Bend — Notre Dame! Then, if ever, came a perfect day.

Michigan State had won twelve straight, Notre Dame had lost one of five. On the first play from scrimmage, Michigan State fullback Dick Panin took a direct snap from center and raced 88 yards to pay dirt through the middle of the Irish defense.



Neither mud nor rain diminished the epic stature of the series.

The New York Times said part of why tomorrow means so much:

MICHIGAN STATE WINS 13TH IN ROW WHILE HANDING THE IRISH THEIR WORST DEFEAT SINCE 1945, 35-0.

Besides shutting out the Irish for the first time in 48 games, the Spartans did what only the great Army teams of 1944-45 had done: beat Notre Dame two years in succession. The defeat was also the worst ever inflicted on a Leahy-coached team. Add two, Michigan State.

November 15, 1952, plays a part in tomorrow. On that day, by winning their twenty-second straight game by a 21-3 margin, the Spartans did to the Irish what no other football team to this day has done: game, set, and match, Michigan State, for beating Notre Dame three times in succession.

The Irish beat M.S.U. only once in the fifties. In 1954, both Terry Brennan and Duffy Dougherty were rookie coaches. Brennan's 20-19 victory is described by the SCHOLASTIC:

The Spartans missed two field goal attempts, and were halted twice in succession. Then with four minutes left in the game, Guglielmi gambled on fourth down and Reynolds picked up the needed yardage. Schaefer carried 30 yards to the State eleven, and then two plays later Reynolds carried over from the eight. Schaefer missed the point, and the score stood 20-13, with 2:53 left.

John Lewis gathered in a Morrall pass and raced to the Irish 14, from where Bert Zagers carried it across. The dramatic extra point attempt by Michigan State, with only a minute remaining, slipped wide of the mark

Said Duffy in a huff after the game, "We'll beat the pants off you next year."

After the Irish had opened the 1955 season with three straight shutouts, Duffy's boys did just that, upsetting favored Notre Dame 21-7.

Nov. 18, 1966

And there began the most humiliating era in Notre Dame football history. Between 1955 and 1963, Michigan State beat Notre Dame eight times in succession, outscoring the Irish 181-41, and shutting them out twice. The 1963 meeting, in which Sherm Lewis' game-breaking 85-yard run with only minutes to play gave MSU a 12-7 victory, was the closest of the eight contests.

John Whelan described the game:

Lewis' electrifying run epitomized Notre Dame's frustration: victory, like Lewis, was always in reach but never firmly in hand.

And Notre Dame's offense was never more impotent. Four times it failed to score from within the Michigan State 30-yard line, two of those times from the 15. The Irish backs, handicapped by the obvious lack of a passing attack, were fed like Christians to Michigan State's lion-like attack.

Before the 1964, 34-7 Notre Dame victory, Duffy denied having said, "We'll pluck that magic carpet from under the Armenian rug peddler." It is certain, though, that after the game Duffy walked into the Notre Dame coaches' dressing room and handed the Megaphone Trophy, traditionally kept by the winning coach, to Ara, with the parting words "We've had it for ten years but I think you deserve it today."

Red Smith described well last year's struggle:

This year's football game of the century was strictly as advertised, a monumental defensive struggle between the finest of college teams fired up like the boilers of the Robert E. Lee.

State's magnificent defense could have no more eloquent testimonial than the fact that the nation's second-best rushers, making no mistakes when opportunity knocked, could get only three points.

Last year was the third time since "the beginning" that the Spartans had ruined the Irish quest for national supremacy.

And now, tomorrow. Notre Dame has not beaten Michigan State in East Lansing since 1949. Notre Dame has never upset a Spartan bid for the national championship. Notre Dame has been beaten by State more times than by any other opponent. The motives are many.

Of the 1964 Irish Duffy said, "If there is any better team in the world, I'd sure hate to play them." Maybe tomorrow, Duffy, maybe tomorrow. ■



TOMORROW...AN ANALYSIS

RUSHING

In a game dominated by defense, particularly against ground attacks, Michigan State's strength will lie in the person of quarterback Jimmy Raye, who runs the roll-out and option plays with devastating speed. Although Clint Jones, the Big Ten rushing leader, will be the most dangerous threat on the field, his effectiveness will diminish if Bob Apisa's knee, which hasn't been tested in three weeks, can't withstand the strain of battle. MSU will be forced to go outside most of the day and counter Notre Dame's brute strength with quick openers and power sweeps.

Intact for five full games, the Irish offensive line has had time to jell as a unit and will match the Spartan defense in the weight department. The only mismatch will occur when Goeddeke, Kuechenberg or Gmitter is forced into one-on-one combat against Bubba. How well they succeed will dictate the success of Eddy, Conjar and Bleier, who can score from anywhere if given the room to roam.

SLIGHT EDGE TO NOTRE DAME

RUSHING DEFENSE

The biggest man on the field, 77 inches of pure meanness called Bubba Smith will influence the flow of action all afternoon. The Irish will run to the opposite side for the simple reason that the huge right end is immovable. But this move won't insure success because Nick Jordan and Phil Hoag, although not as monstrous, are just as aggressive. With backup strength from two of the best line backers in college football, Charlie Thornhill and George Webster, State has made the rushing game almost obsolete. They often bunch all eleven men within five yards of the line and will always rush eight when a running situation is obvious.

Not quite as impressive statistically against the run, Notre Dame nevertheless has not been stung by the long gainer yet this season. The reason? They play like Green Bay, allowing opponents an occasional first down but always rising up to stop the key play. Inside the 20 a score on the ground is out of the question. Hardy, Duranko, Page and Rhoads (accumulated massiveness 970 pounds) make things suffocating for runners and are backed up by the most stable group of linebackers in the country. Lynch and Horney are fierce up the middle but the largest burden will fall on defenders Pergine and Martin, who must contain the outside threat of Jones and Raye.

SLIGHT EDGE TO MSU

PASSING

Pass protection will be difficult for State's small interior because Raye will always roll out when he looks for ends Washington and Brenner. Blockers can't "set up" as well and will be forced to rely on speed to protect the rambling Raye. The Spartans will compensate by throwing the medium range patterns with the hope that sprinters Washington and Brenner can convert a ten-yarder into a touchdown with their speed. After 15 yards Raye tends to throw a "wosh" ball—it sputters, wobbles and sails, but rarely into the hands of the receiver. The long scoring threat is out.

With his full receiving corps available, Hanratty will have no excuses and shouldn't need any on his short throws. State's secondary includes two 5' 9" backs who will be giving away seven inches apiece to Jim Seymour. If Hanratty can withstand the blitz, secondary receivers Eddy and Bleier may have a field day on short patterns as might Seymour on the long bomb if time permits.

DEFINITE EDGE TO NOTRE DAME

PASS DEFENSE

Indiana set records against the Spartans last Saturday and the majority of the 89 points have been via the air. State's seven and eight man rush is the reason. While they are leaving the secondary in one-on-one situations, the Spartans have hoped to pressure the quarterback into mistakes with their awesome blitzes. Like all gamblers, sometimes they get stung, as Indiana proved. Against the Irish they will still resort to man-on-man coverage, but with a new wrinkle this time. For the past five weeks of practice they have been training Gene Washington at defensive halfback with the specific intention of matching his speed against Seymour's and cutting off the long threat. The duel should be a classic.

After only eight games, the Irish defense has established a new season mark for interceptions. The reason is obvious. Notre Dame can afford to drop off all four of their linebackers at times to defend against the pass because of the devastating rush of the Big Four, whose height and sheer strength make passing a chore for opponents. But with Raye's speed and his tendency to roll out the Irish secondary won't be afforded the luxury of extra linebackers to aid them. Still, Schoen, O'Leary and Smithberger have yet to allow a completion over thirty yards and won't tomorrow.

DEFINITE EDGE TO NOTRE DAME

Voice in the Crowd

TOMORROW . . . A PREDICTION

When Michigan State walked off the field last year there was an element of finality, an overpowering and unequivocal decisiveness concerning the issue. They came to Notre Dame with nine wins behind them, all forgotten for the moment. Supremacy in their sport, the Championship was what they were after. They came to win, to shut Notre Dame off and they did it with all the savageness of a starving pack of wolves. Somebody must have turned up the sound effects down there during the battle because the guy in the fifty-ninth row was getting earaches. Tom Regner was getting chest aches. He was clobbered so hard *in the chest* that he stumbled off the field breathless in the third quarter. With a good pair of binoculars the guy with the earache could see eleven sets of gritted, gleaming teeth under those green helmets, all dead set on proving their point. The sneer finally changed to a scornful triumphant smile as eleven men in tattered blue and gold, the Notre Dame offense, dragged themselves off the field with the figures minus twelve and plus twenty-six waiting to haunt them. If ever a team had proven their point, the Spartans had and the guy up in fifty-nine could forget all about his sore eyes and ears. He had seen a ball game.

Tomorrow all eyes are on Lansing. Brent Musburger, a pro scout and writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, views The Game from his angle, the professional's angle, "There will be more first round draft choices on that field than have ever been assembled anywhere. The difference may be that Notre Dame has more second and third round choices. In fact, there may be as many as thirty potential pros up there; it's staggering."

Tomorrow the roles are reversed and the guns more balanced. State can't quite afford to throw a nine-man line at this offense. The mere addition of Hanratty and Seymour relegates this to a thing of the past. What they will throw are the same forearms, elbows, and shoulders, but this time at a flankerback and tall split end who have someone to get them the ball a little bit sooner and more accurately than last year. Notre Dame will come out throwing, testing the small Spartan secondary, and their seeming ability to pick up receivers at the line and stay with them. The Irish interior line, in turn, will be quizzed by an endless variety of Spartan blitzes, all aimed at the man with the burden of decision on his shoulders, Terry Hanratty. It is unlikely that the sophomore will ever experience more pressure from a defense, from outside blitzers Thornhill and Webster, from tackles Bubba and Richardson, in his next two years. They will come at him from all angles and will be instructed to knock him down even after he has released the ball. In eight games he has not been hurried, but even the best execution of the line will not make it nine. State is that good.

State is that good but there is a quality about this particular Par-seghian-coached team which makes it great. It has something to do with what Jim Lynch says of his team, "We're not the rah-rah type. This team knows what they have to do and how to do it. All that remains is to get it done." Stated that directly, Ray Nitschke of the Packers could have been saying it, or Bart Starr. But the fact that the Notre Dame team feels this way eliminates many of the variables which college teams stumble over during a season: bad breaks, injuries, and low ebbs of emotion. Notre Dame has proved that in eight games, against varied and sometimes weak competition, there was no possibility of another Pittsburgh scare like '64.

What happens, then, when a team with no discernible weakness decides to get emotional after a long season of continual high points but no real peaks? This will be answered in full tomorrow. But for now throw out all speculation, all the press coverage, and simply consider this. Jim Lynch said it. "It's going to be a power game, a question of strength, and I think we're stronger."

— MIKE BRADLEY

Saturday's Dope Sheet

SOUTHERN CAL VS. UCLA: In a Game for the Roses the Trojans will stop Farr and unleash Winslow to stymie the crippled Bruins and earn the chance to POOOFF the Irish for the "gold winning west."

IOWA VS. MIAMI (FLA.): The Hurricanes have been unbeatable in these Friday night Orange Bowl skirmishes, and Ray Nagle's Hawk-eyes stand little chance of changing that record. Miami will win in their warm-up for Florida.

INDIANA VS. PURDUE: If the setting were Bloomington, the Boiler-makers would have their hands full. But the scene is Lafayette where the Hoosiers will be bombed with a Mollenkopf cocktail.

OHIO STATE VS. MICHIGAN: The Wolverines' record is deceiving. With a few breaks they would be preparing for Pasadena. This now out of the question, they will salvage the season with a win over Woody.

TULANE VS. LSU: After last year's 62-0 pasting, the resurgent Green Wave is out to pummel their intrastate rival. They will cap a surprisingly successful season with an upset victory.

PENN STATE VS. PITTSBURGH: They say you can throw the records out in this long-time rivalry, but not this year. The Panthers lack the players and the Lions should win with a roar.

GAME OF THE YEAR

NOTRE DAME VS. MICHIGAN STATE: The biggest showdown since *High Noon* may also be the best, but it will not be the closest. Michigan State is a challenge for any team, but Notre Dame is not any team and will win with two touchdowns to spare.

OTHER PICKS

Arkansas over Texas Tech
Tennessee over Kentucky
Boston U. over Rhode Island
Missouri over Kansas
Syracuse over West Virginia
Duke over North Carolina
Illinois over Northwestern
Colorado over Air Force

LAST WEEK: 11-4, 73.3%
TO DATE: 72-32-1, 69.2%

Hands Clapping

(Continued from page 22)

that reading is something more than just a necessary chore. Professor Frank O'Malley, living in Lyons last summer, discovered this directly. One evening one of the boys wandered into his room and stared in amazement at the walls lined with bookshelves, which in turn were filled with books. "You read all these?" he exclaimed. "Yes, I have," came the reply. There was a short pause . . . then "Man, you must be sick!"

No less than the counsellors, the summer faculty worked actively and successfully in engaging the students' minds. In a literature class, Professor Donald Sniegowski was surprised at the lucidity and the high level of the

discussions. In mathematics, the boys learned trigonometry by measuring the height of buildings, not memorizing formulae—not only making the course more interesting, but demonstrating its practical value. All in all, the faculty, composed of both Notre Dame professors and teachers from the South Bend Community School Corporation, did a remarkable job of holding and furthering the students' interest.

But the summer was not all work, however enjoyable, and no play; in fact, Upward Bound requires that each participating institution prepare activities in the three areas of academics, recreation, and culture. The group made trips to a state park; to Rensselaer, Indiana, to watch the Chicago Bears scrimmage with the

College All-Stars; they attended "art" movies on campus; and they applauded at the performance of *South Pacific* in South Bend. The entire summer process involved showing these students what middle-class life was like, with their counsellors especially introducing them to this different life. And when the summer ended, many of the boys began to think: maybe that's the way things can be for us.

But one summer can't possibly set them on the sure road up; and this is precisely why everyone connected with the program feels the necessity of keeping up a strong contact with these fifty students in order to maintain their interest. Mr. Sniegowski has taken the lead here, continuing independently, at his own home, a seminar series which sprang up in the evenings last summer. The group as a whole has attempted—and plans—to bring the students out to the campus several times this year, chiefly for cultural activities. To date, they have had a private talk with James Farmer, the former head of CORE; a last-minute attempt to gather them to see *The Fantasticks* failed. A movement is afoot to have the students tutored by those at the University studying for their Master of Arts in Teaching degree. This, Mr. Sniegowski's seminars, and local cultural activities are apparently to keep the student interest up until next summer, when the program will expand its curriculum to include speech, drama, science, and foreign languages.

It will indeed be interesting to compare next year's progress with this year's. While this first year, being the first year, was probably as successful as could be expected, certain criticisms arise from participants in the project. Chief among these is the complaint of lack of adequate planning and leadership at the center—that is, project director Dean Thompson; and much of this criticism concerns itself especially with the period between summers.

One can be sure, however, that this is not due to laziness or disinterest; far more likely, Dr. Thompson may understandably have trouble doubling in brass. It may be that the program, if it is to strive to fulfill the greatest expectations, will require a full-time directory. All attempts ought to be made to establish such a position, for the success of Upward Bound may depend upon it. And its success is not a list of statistics; but fifty hands clapping at the theater; eighteen minds with a professor in the evening; one tongue not saying, "Man, you must be sick!"



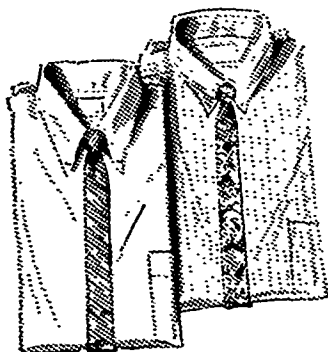
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VAN HEUSEN®

younger by design

View of Death

(Continued from page 20)

ous man in the world is the man who has nothing to lose — knowing that beneath your frail and oft-buffed exterior lies the means to ring down the curtain on somebody's hopes and aspirations?

You now begin to realize that you're a failure at being a failure. Your self-respect had for its foundation the way in which you coped with your living conditions — knowing that there was an ultimate resolution at hand. Destruction.

Yet you cannot think of one decent way to kill a (mentally inferior, naturally — which makes it even worse) girl.

But then the girl whom you four hours ago helped to kill your best friend calls to tip you that your victim will be at the Memorial Library that night, and she will be wearing an orange poor boy sweater, is 5' 11", and weighs 110 pounds.

This is the time when all the things that make you what you are (but let's not get into that) give you the power to make one of the first decisive moves of your life.

You put on your dark-blue, three-piece suit, adding the one paisley tie you own, and shine your good shoes. You shave and add a little English Leather. Smiling a Class-B movie smile to yourself, you slip on your London Fog — almost as an after-thought. And you stride out the door, heading east.

The lock on the construction company's trailer behind Nieuwland Science doesn't give, dammit, and, of course, you don't know how to pick it. But leaning up against the forms in the pit below stands what you came for. Getting down there you slip and get mud on the seat of your Maincoat, which is disgusting, but you come away with your weapon.

So when the ghostly apparition of what just has to be your victim glides around the corner of the field-house and starts the long walk up the glaringly white concrete walk towards the library, you are ready.

As you crouch behind Moses, you know that this kill must be truly professional. But then what could be more appropriate in a murder next to the hushed, brightly lit library, than one soundless, neat, subtle — discreet. Your muscles tense as she rounds the low marble wall. You tiptoe out from behind your screen. And you begin to lift the Jackson and Walker no. 442 twelve-pound sledge from your shoulder. ■

Campus

(Continued from page 14)

partment till it purchased automated equipment. But the sales staff is still busy enough to have put books in shops across the country and the world, with a full-time sales office now operating in London.

In the past few years the former prejudice against Catholic writing because of its usual bias has disappeared, and the Press is, according to its head, "making a mark in the academic world . . . we are not very far from being the best and biggest Catholic scholarly publisher in the United States." ■

Sections

(Continued from page 17)

organized and, according to Chairman Bradley, the Council is just beginning to learn that "delegating too much responsibility doesn't bring action."

Over on what used to be the freshman quad, a different breed of problems is arising and being dealt with by rectors, prefects, and the upperclass advisors who have been instrumental in getting hall life organized. Energetic and willing, the freshmen have taken an active part in planned activities (it's their only outlet), but it appears that without the constant presence of the upperclass advisors, a fully effective job cannot be done. Thus, one of the major problems that will plague the first-year halls for as long as they remain outside of the four-year stay-hall program is the lack of upperclass residents. Even in Cavanaugh, where there are a token number of upperclassmen, the problem remains one of encouraging real involvement in sectional affairs. Cavanaugh's eleven sections apparently got off to a good start from the very beginning. "In the first few hectic days," reports one section leader, "section living helped bring out the bashfulness in each of us." Campus organizational representatives were brought in, intersectional athletic contests were sponsored. A picnic-mixer was held in early October, and later in the month a gala mixer. According to a specially prepared report, the freshman advisory program in Cavanaugh was aimed at directing new students away from the ill effects of "the rigor and social oppressiveness of college life," and possible victimization by "authoritarian personalities." As with the other freshman halls, the success of the program cannot yet be determined.

Though Keenan and Stanford are still technically separated, and will have instituted their own hall councils and review boards, they seem to be operating under the general guidance of Keenan rector Fr. James McGrath, C.S.C. Disciplinary boards will include the hall prefects, who have also been sitting as advisors at hall council meetings. Some minor behavioral problems have already been dealt with informally within the involved sections, and a joint Keenan-Stanford homecoming venture appears to have been quite successful. Stanford threw a very pleasant Halloween party in the student center, and Keenan's intrahall football squad has reached the finals of the campus-wide competition. Asked what they wanted most from their section, several men from Keenan piped unhesitatingly, "Beer parties, beer parties, beer parties." And they're also pretty happy about the fact that when the freshman football players act up, it's up to the section leader himself to ask them to quiet down. ("Who will put the bell around the neck of the cat?") One Keenan leader gives free haircuts to the men of his section. As for real disciplinary problems, there have been none. Reports Stanford rector Father Jerome Esper, C.S.C., a freshman at his job himself, "In general, I've been very comfortable." And someday, that's just how it is going to be—for just about everybody. ■

Dan Murray

The Last Word



COMPARISONS ARE more often than not unfair, but we could not help but wonder throughout last week in researching the Dillon article and editorial why its twin, Alumni, could be so dead next to such a lively hall. Perhaps I spend less time in the hall now than in either of my two previous years there, but it seems to me that less is going on in Alumni than ever. Meanwhile its neighbor prospers.

My own experience borders on the embittering. Last year the Alumni hall council refused to implement the sectional plan. One result was that the hall government, reinvigorated by an active president and the presence of enthusiastic freshmen, soon found the obstacle of disinterest too great to overcome. As last year's Blue Circle stay hall report to the Administration noted, "freshmen enthusiasm for hall government has, in Alumni and Dillon, greatly diminished."

Dissatisfaction with class rather than section representation on the hall council became widespread and resulted in the hall council's decision to implement a modified sectional plan this fall. Unlike the plan employed this year in Dillon, the hall president was to be elected in the spring of the preceding year so that continuity could be preserved and advance planning made.

The modification proved fatal. Unlike Dillon where thirty students returned early, only three Alumni residents participated in the initial planning. They drew up rules immediately, sacrificing participation for effectiveness. The sectional divisions were in some cases artificial because priority was given to numerical equality over naturalness of geographical divisions. For continuity and advance planning, spontaneity and the natural emergence of leaders were sacrificed.

The results were predictable. I found myself not in the section with my own wing, but with another corridor. The rules having already been formulated, sections had little impetus to meet: there were no issues to discuss. One day the prefect posted a sign announcing a section leader election; the next night (a Friday) the election was held. A friend next door who was absent was elected by two or three votes to one; another person and I ganged up on my roommate to elect him hall disciplinary board member. It was all a farce.

Since then no section meetings have been held. The section leader came by my room the other night to find out which rooms were in his section; he didn't even know. Because of lack

of contact such as the sectional system offers, I can count as friends no freshmen in the hall, and most of those with whom I associate are generally the same group as in past years. All of which is a very stifling experience.

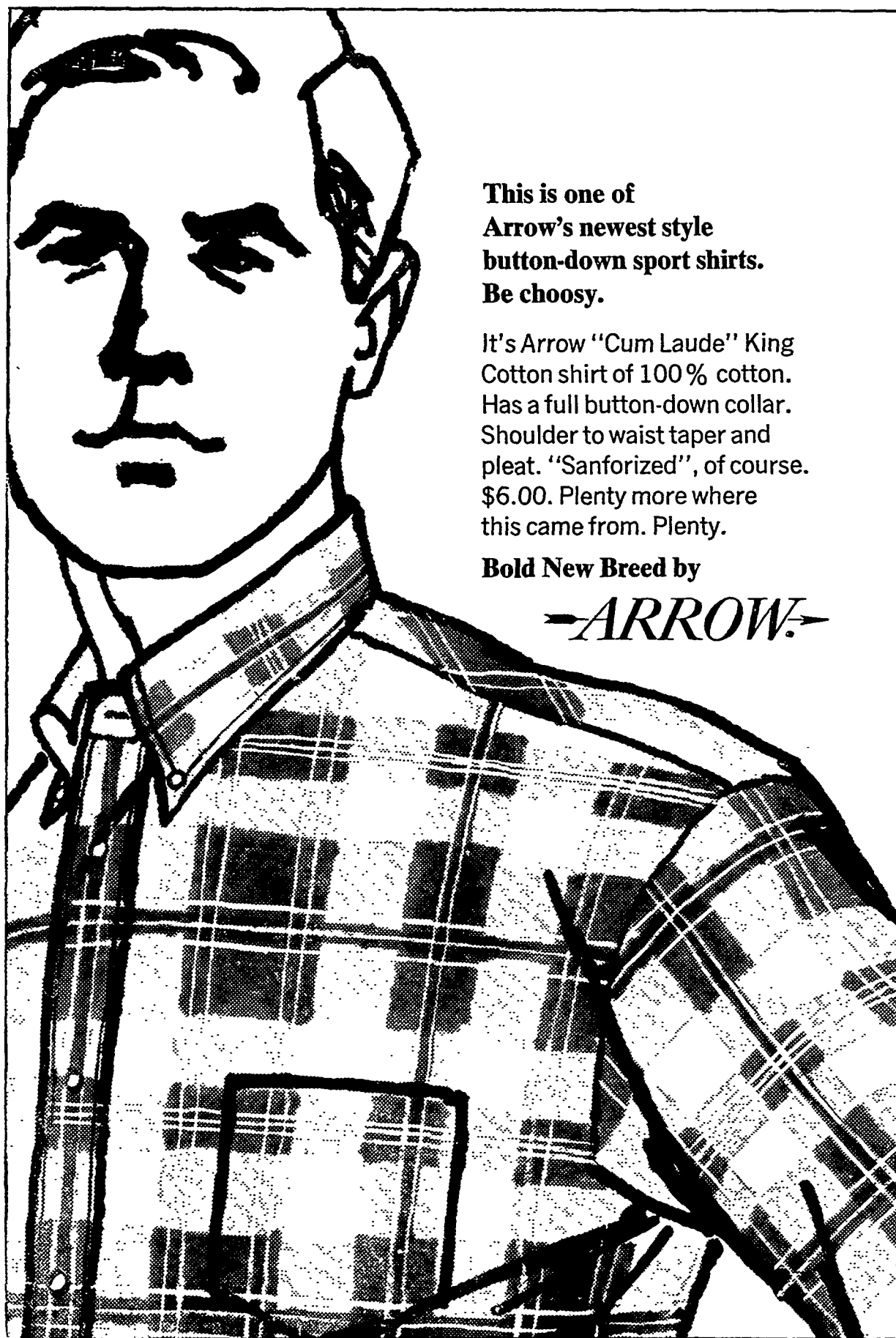
Perhaps some students in the hall will assume leadership as was the case in Dillon which, like Alumni this year, had a weak section system last year. Maybe a trial period of weakness is required. Hopefully the hall can profit from its mistakes.

DESPITE A PUBLICITY buildup, the meeting of Michigan State and Notre Dame students last Wednesday night in Marshall, Michigan, proved to be a rather docile affair. Four MSU students who are all officers in student government asked Jim Fish to relay a request to ND students to stay off the field at halftime, since Michigan State University's regulations prohibit spectators' entering the field during the game. As they do for all MSU games, police will enforce the rule. The MSU students understand our desire to support the team, but with a student body of 35,000 at East Lansing it is simply not feasible for students to come onto the field at halftime. To our mind their request is reasonable; we are confident that our students, few though they are at the game, will cooperate.

If the MSU representatives' account of student ticket distribution there is correct, then we at Notre Dame should be quite grateful for Ticket Manager Robert Cahill's system. Michigan State students have to pick up their tickets the week before each home game (for tomorrow's game the line began to form Saturday for ticket distribution Monday morning). Because of the immense size of the MSU student body, the senior section alone stretches from the 50 to the 20-yard line. Sometimes there are more students than seats, and students find when they get to the stadium that their seats are nonexistent. The Athletic Department after ticket distribution of the student section capacity simply reduces from 15 to 12 the number of inches allotted to each seat, and the students are expected to squeeze in.

BY THE NEXT regular issue of the SCHOLASTIC (December 16), Notre Dame's 1966 football fortunes will have been finally determined.

To the team, one more incentive to win: the SCHOLASTIC staff bet a keg of beer on the game with the Michigan State News. Please slake our thirst.



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