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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME



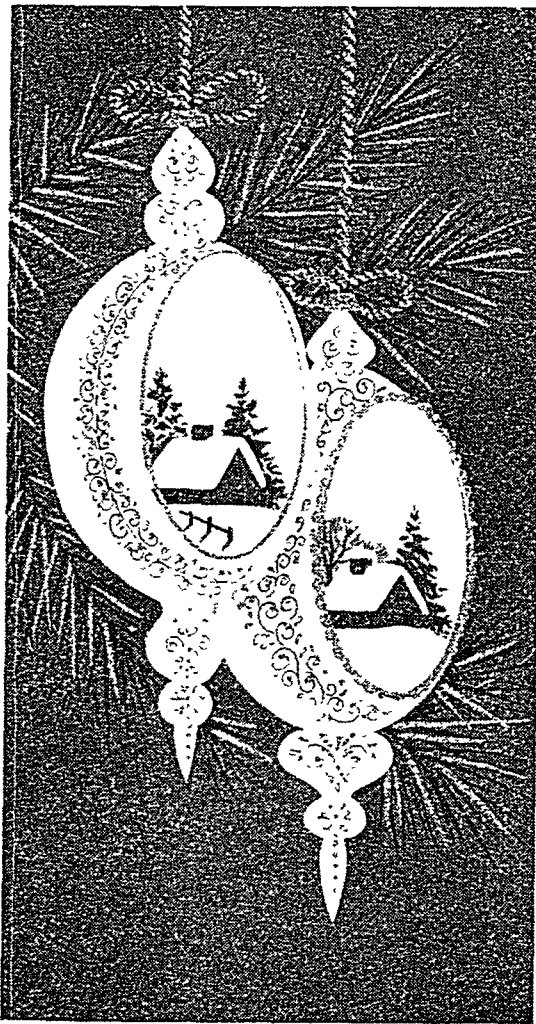
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A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND THE HAPPIEST OF NEW YEARS



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

A Christmas card found its way to our office this week. It happened that last Sunday before the lunch line had opened, a girl from South Bend who worked part time in the South Dining Hall handed out her Christmas cards to the people she worked with. She had a few too many and she went to a table where a few students waited and she wished them a Merry Christmas.



*Have A Merry Christmas
And A Very
Happy New Year!*

Kathryn Ann Peterson

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

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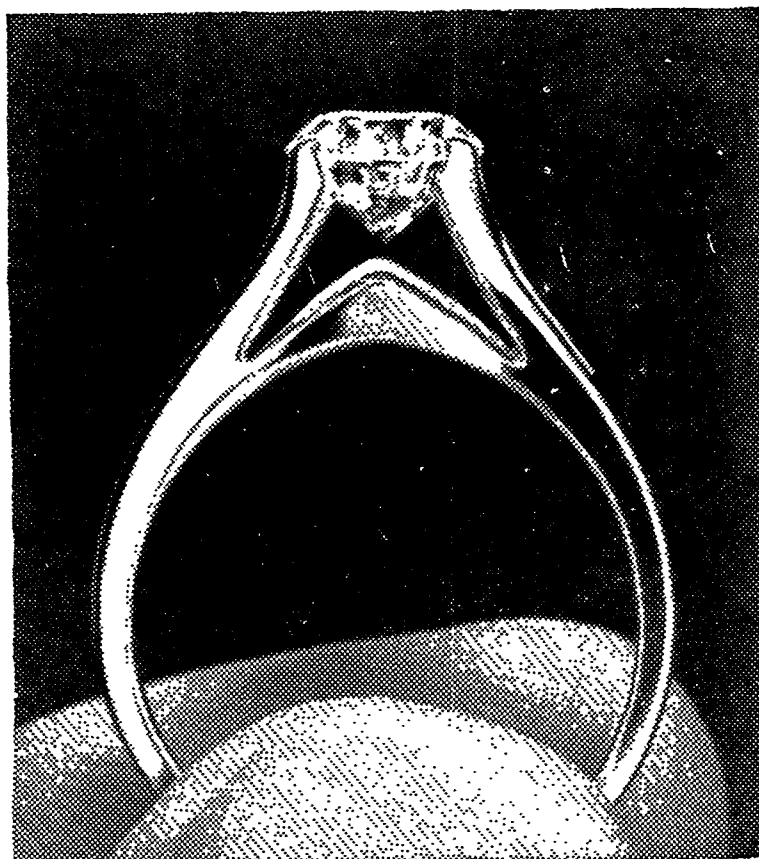
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Student Judiciary

If there is any one element which the present and the immediately past administrations of Notre Dame's Student Government have in common, it is a very particular idea of what the college student should be, both in relation to his university and to his community. The most basic assertion of this concept is that the student is a responsible individual. That the student is no less responsible than any other individual has been amply defended elsewhere.

As a goal, the student is not aiming to become a citizen, an effective member of society, a determiner of policy, or a decision-maker. He is, or rather should be, all of these things already. That there is any doubt at all on this last point reflects a certain disparity. The conflict seems to be between the professed goals of the student and the means at his disposal to reach them, between an espoused responsibility and the absence of corresponding roles. The university produces the leaders of a democratic society. Yet a university can itself be decidedly undemocratic. A statement praising the desirability of responsibility still does not provide a responsible role. Rather, the very definite impression is the subtle distinction involved in describing the student's social role with reference to what he is seeking to become and without reference to what he is. Being a student can be justified for its own sake as well as its pre-role, helping us to become someone better. Too often, we hear the emphasis placed on the former, to the exclusion of the latter.

The point is the necessity of providing on the one hand, and of seeking on the other hand, the roles which do correspond to our abilities and rights and responsibilities. Pragmatically, exhortations to responsibility are utterly worthless without these outlets. Without the appropriate roles, any consideration of responsibility is reduced to a strict academic exercise.

Freedom will never maintain itself. To be retained, it must be exercised. Now, by this final month of 1966, the students of Notre Dame have been charged with more responsibility and won a greater degree of freedom than ever before in this University's long history. As a consequence of the celebrated rules changes of the past September, the students now have the roles. And they are being exercised. A positive response is visible within every hall.

The apathy of the previous years has begun to yield to the new commitments typical of the college students of the sixties. Traditions are no longer a restraint, an obstacle, or an excuse for inaction. The negative and

time-consuming process of combating apathy has been replaced by the considerably more positive pursuit of channeling the enthusiasm and willingness of the student body. At least in this regard, Notre Dame is very much in touch with other American universities. The development of these roles ranks in significance with the acceptance of the Honor Concept and the introduction of the four-year stay halls.

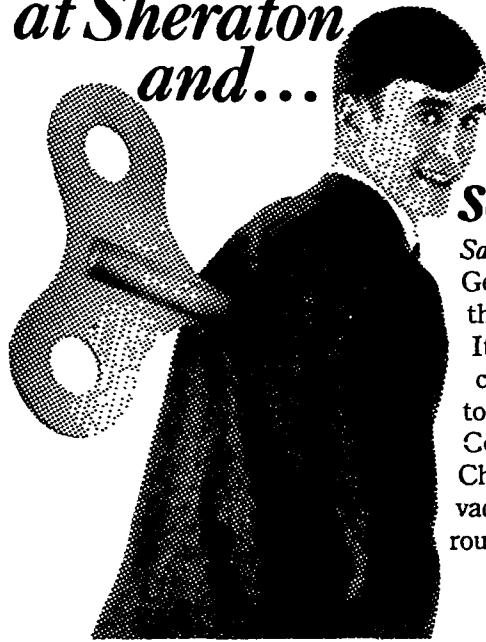
The newest, and to this point least heralded, roles are the hall judicial boards and the campus-wide Student Judiciary Advisory Committee. These allow students to participate in the enforcement of their hall and University regulations. The relevant portion of *The Student Manual* states that "the . . . University Rules come under the jurisdiction of the Dean of Students, and all violations thereof are at the final disposition of the Dean of Students." Thus, the current contributions of these judicial boards are limited to their advisory capacity. However, the fact that students, as a primary and intelligent segment of the University, can contribute something of value to the decision-makers is logical enough.

As a specific example, the Student Advisory Committee is a group of students meeting weekly with Father Simons, Dean of Students, to discuss problems of campus justice and procedures for acting upon violations of regulations, and to offer advisory recommendations of median penalties for cases referred to this board. All permanent delegates to the SJAC represent and are selected by their individual hall councils or their hall judicial boards. In all cases, these delegates are expected to work closely with the hall judicial boards. In its "Statement of Principles and Functions" released last week, the SJAC committed itself to "the ultimate goal . . . [of having] all cases involving violations of regulations referred to the SJAC for decision and disposition." Since the SJAC views itself as an extension of the hall judicial boards, "all cases, insofar as possible, will be referred from the SJAC to the individual hall judicial boards."

The student judiciaries at Notre Dame must continue their initial and substantially positive response to the opportunities offered by the University. They must secure and retain the confidence of the student body if their fundamental concepts are to be understood and respected. Their primary concern should not be with a student "environment" but with questions of law and discipline. The Student Judiciary Advisory Committee must always be an instrument of justice and fairness, and never permit itself to degenerate into merely an instrument for the enforcement of University regulations.

— Tom Conoscenti

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letters

ONE MAN'S RESPONSE

EDITOR:

Whatever his feelings on the DuBay-DePauw controversy, the fair-minded Domer will applaud the University for scheduling Drs. Johnson and Masters. After the report on the relative responsiveness of men and women, however, he may be left wondering just who is Number One.

Robert Hassenger
Department of Sociology

ROOM DIRECTORY

EDITOR:

Last spring, the Student Government placed a referendum before the student body. It involved the addition of one dollar to the Student Government fee included in the semester expenses of each student. This referendum was voted upon and passed, and we naturally assumed that *each student* was to receive a Student Directory as part of the extension of Student Government services made possible by the additional dollar.

Considering the extension of Student Government "services," we fail even to see the one Student Directory for *each* student (save for those students occupying single rooms). In any following referendums we ask that the word *student* not be confused with the word *room*! Thus we all may understand the exact sense of the matter for consideration.

Bill Maturro
126 Pangborn
Mike Jordan
215 Alumni

COCKTAILS IN THE DINING HALL

EDITOR:

In the November 11 issue under "News and Notes," the writer noticed an interesting item concerning the disappearance of soft-drink bottles from the LaFortune Student Center. Although the writer is not cognizant of where the bottles are going, he would not be surprised that the bottles are being pilfered to be used for Molotov cocktails to burn down the South Dining Hall. Everyone will be invited to bring franks and marshmallows to roast over the embers and thus long-suffering students will be able to get at least one decent meal at the aforementioned dining hall.

The writer has had better meals served much more quickly in Army mess halls. He has seen 6,000 men served in two hours in an area smaller than the west wing of the South Dining Hall.

John G. Adorjan
816 Almond Court

EDITOR:

FERMENT IN ALUMNI

The credibility of the SCHOLASTIC will be forever impugned if the "Last Word" continues to exercise its baleful influence on the truth. Case in point for this year is Editor Murray's observations on the inactivity of Alumni Hall which he voiced in the November 18 issue.

Mr. Murray observes that comparisons are "more often than not unfair," but in the great tradition of SCHOLASTIC editors, he makes them anyway. Poor participation in his section's elections is made the cornerstone for a rather scathing attack on Alumni Hall. SCHOLASTIC research was at an even lower ebb than usual, however, for had Editor Murray taken five minutes to walk down the hall to room 255, I could have given him some very interesting statistics. Michael Seng and myself are second-floor prefects in Alumni, and our room was used for our section elections. In section E, 24 out of 27 attended and voted. Section F had 24 out of 25. Section G had 17 out of 23. And those who could not attend usually sent an excuse—and a vote—with their roommates. Since then frequent section meetings have been held with the section representatives and disciplinary board representatives. In addition, our sections have held smokers for four of the five away football games. This is dead, Mr. Murray?

The problem seems to be, I think, a misinterpretation of what hall life is supposed to be. Not everyone feels that the hall is merely a planning commission for parties and outside activities, nor do they choose to measure the hall's success or failure by these criteria. Alumni is currently curtailing outside-the-hall activities in order to provide for the refurnishing of Alumni Tower, which will serve as a hall lounge and meeting room.

In the future, please dig deep, SCHOLASTIC. The facts are really there someplace.

John D. Klier
255 Alumni

LIBERAL OF THE YEAR

EDITOR:

I would like to ask what in the name of Patrick Henry was on the minds of the nominating committee when they chose the nominees for "Patriots of the Year"? If the award had been entitled "Liberal of the Year," then the committee would have done their job in superb fashion. As I write this letter, the selection will already have been made since I notice the election was held on November 17, but I sincerely hope that the seniors were sufficiently versed in the mean-

ing of the word "patriot" to select the only possible choice which I see available in the eleven nominees — and that is General Westmoreland.

G. W. Strake, Jr.
Senior Class President, 1957

A PROTOMARITAL SEX

EDITOR:

Is John Dormsjo for real? In his letter, "A Cloak of Secrecy," in last week's (November 11) SCHOLASTIC, he asserts that the SCHOLASTIC "female staff" exhibits "such interest (or concern?) about the distribution of birth control pills to co-eds" by reason of having reported the Louisiana State University incident in "On Other Campuses." Now how does the objective reporting of any event imply one particular subjective position?

In attacking an alleged double standard in the "access to contraceptives," he obfuscates the distinction between the contraceptives men have had access to "for years" and the contraceptives discussed in the LSU article. Unless male sterility pills have been on the market "for years," I suggest a gross oversight on his part. The fact is that if sexual equality exists, it has been in the fact that both men and women have had access to non-oral contraceptives of a parallel nature for some time.

Then we are told that "premarital intercourse is a human fact of life, but not every participant is promiscuous," and further that "denying access to pills" will aggravate "the situation by helping to precipitate unplanned and premature marriages." It would seem rather apparent that any problematic "situation" exists primarily among the promiscuous. Where the participants are not promiscuous, but have affirmed their mutual commitment in love, intercourse would be protomartial (not simply premarital), and if such a commitment is sincere, marriage could not be "unplanned and premature." However, in cases where promiscuity (a term Mr. Dormsjo fails to define) prevails, the real problem is not the lack of more reliable contraceptives but the paucity of trust, fidelity, mutual concern, love and the commitment which ought to precede marriage and its consummation. Anovulent pills may decrease ovulation, but will they decrease promiscuity? Clearly not. Hence it is irrelevant to blame restrictions on oral contraceptives for "unplanned and premature marriages" when they result from premarital intercourse (not protomartial intercourse) and stem from a kind of promiscuity which no pill can alleviate.

J. Jay Lowery
Off-campus

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news and notes

• THE "COMMUNITY STANDARD" view on pornography needs reassessing, argues the English Department's Peter Michelson in the lead article of the December 10 *New Republic*, "An Apology for Pornography." Michelson samples pornography in print from *Fanny Hill* to Faulkner, and differentiates two kinds. So-called "hard-core" material as *Fanny Hill* "exploits (sex) by providing easy fantasy gratifications." But, he argues, "there is another kind of pornography which might be called *literary*; it is an exploration of human sexuality." This kind (found, for example, in Faulkner's works) "explores this rhythm, its moral and psychic implications, and to the degree that it does this it is poetic." The problem won't be solved by ignoring it, says Michelson. "Not to explore the impulse to pornography is a form of denying human sexuality."

• THE THANKLESS JOB of Social Commissioner that has been vacant for two months was filled over vacation. (Jim Polk is the Social Coordinator. Don't try to understand the difference. Just believe there is one). William J. Betz, a junior accounting major who had previously been Executive Secretary of the Commission, is the new fall guy. One of his first official pronouncements was the result of the student poll held recently to determine what the students want in the way of entertainment on campus. In descending order, the students indicated that they craved: The Mamas and the Papas; the Beach Boys; Peter, Paul and Mary; the Supremes; Bill Cosby; the Tijuana Brass; the Four Tops; the Smothers' Brothers; the Rolling Stones; and Bob Dylan (last, hardly least). Others that proved to be generally popular were the Kingston Trio, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels and Henry Mancini. Those who are being vigorously sought after are The Mamas and the Papas; Peter, Paul and Mary; the Supremes, and the Kingston Trio. Bill Cosby and the Smothers' Brothers are not accepting college dates. Bob Dylan is still racked up by his summer motorcycle accident. Finally, the Tijuana Brass and the Stones are beyond the price range of the Social Commission, which has to cope with the alleged 3,800 capacity of the Stepan Center.

• JOLLY! JOLLY! 'Tis the season to be. But before the Business majors return home in search of holiday spirit they can start the fun tomorrow morning in the lobby of the Business building. There Jack Abbott, ubiquitous President of the Business College (among other things) and various other members of the Business Administration Student Council have planned a Christmas gathering of unheard of proportions. Two-thousand cookies, one-thousand glasses of punch, Christmas carols, a visit from Santa and a message from the Dean should make everyone happy. The lobby itself is highlighted with a twenty-foot Christmas tree and stockings for all Assistant Deans and Department Heads. As a grand finale the world globe, a well-decorated tree atop it, will rise fifteen feet into the air. You'll have to see it to believe it. All 1200 Business majors and faculty members are invited beginning tomorrow morning at 9:00.



• SOME OF you who went on the Michigan State trip are perhaps wondering where your \$15.00 went. Remember? You were supposed to eat a nice dinner in Kalamazoo and go to a nice dance and meet a lot of nice Western Michigan girls. And you didn't. Social Coordinator Jim Polk, although not in possession of exact figures, gave a rough breakdown of the disappearing dough to the SCHO-

LASTIC: ticket \$5.00; lunch, \$1.00; Hate State button; \$.50; busses (3 brought from Chicago) \$7.00; incidentals, the rest (e.g. publicity, stationery, phone calls). 500 students making the trip, at \$15.00 a head, would gross \$7,500. Polk says Student Government made a little over \$200 on the venture although they may still have to shell out \$50-\$100 for the hall in Kalamazoo which was never used. Seems it was Western's version of homecoming or something and that's what happened to the nice girls you were supposed to meet.

• THOSE WITH A YEN for folk music will be glad to know that the "Skiffle" has returned once more to Frankie's basement. Back at its familiar Friday night eight o'clock time, there has been one important change. An admission charge of fifty cents per head is being charged this year, with the hope that eventually outside groups can be brought in. Meanwhile, the best of last year's local talent is back, collecting a small piece of that charge for their efforts.

• DR. SAMUEL SHAPIRO, ND associate professor of history, was recently awarded a grant for a summer institute in American history by the U.S. Office of Education. The institute, approved this month, will involve Dr. Shapiro and three other teachers in Notre Dame's history department. They include: Dr. Vincent De Santis, who specializes in American political history; Dr. James W. Silver, who will cover the Negro in American history; and Dr. Philip Gleason, whose studies include the fields of immigration and ethnic groups. Dr. Shapiro and his colleagues will concentrate mainly on the 20th century.

The institute will be held at Notre Dame for high school teachers in American history.

• ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR of Architecture Kenneth Featherstone has recently returned from Washington where he moderated the annual meeting of the American Institute of Architects. Each of the fifty-five-or-so member schools of architecture sent four representatives to the three-day meeting. Featherstone, as moderator, presided over all the official panels and discussions held.



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I could go for a real swinger.



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3. I know some daring chess openings.

I want a man who's making it happen.



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5. I spend a lot of time in the library.

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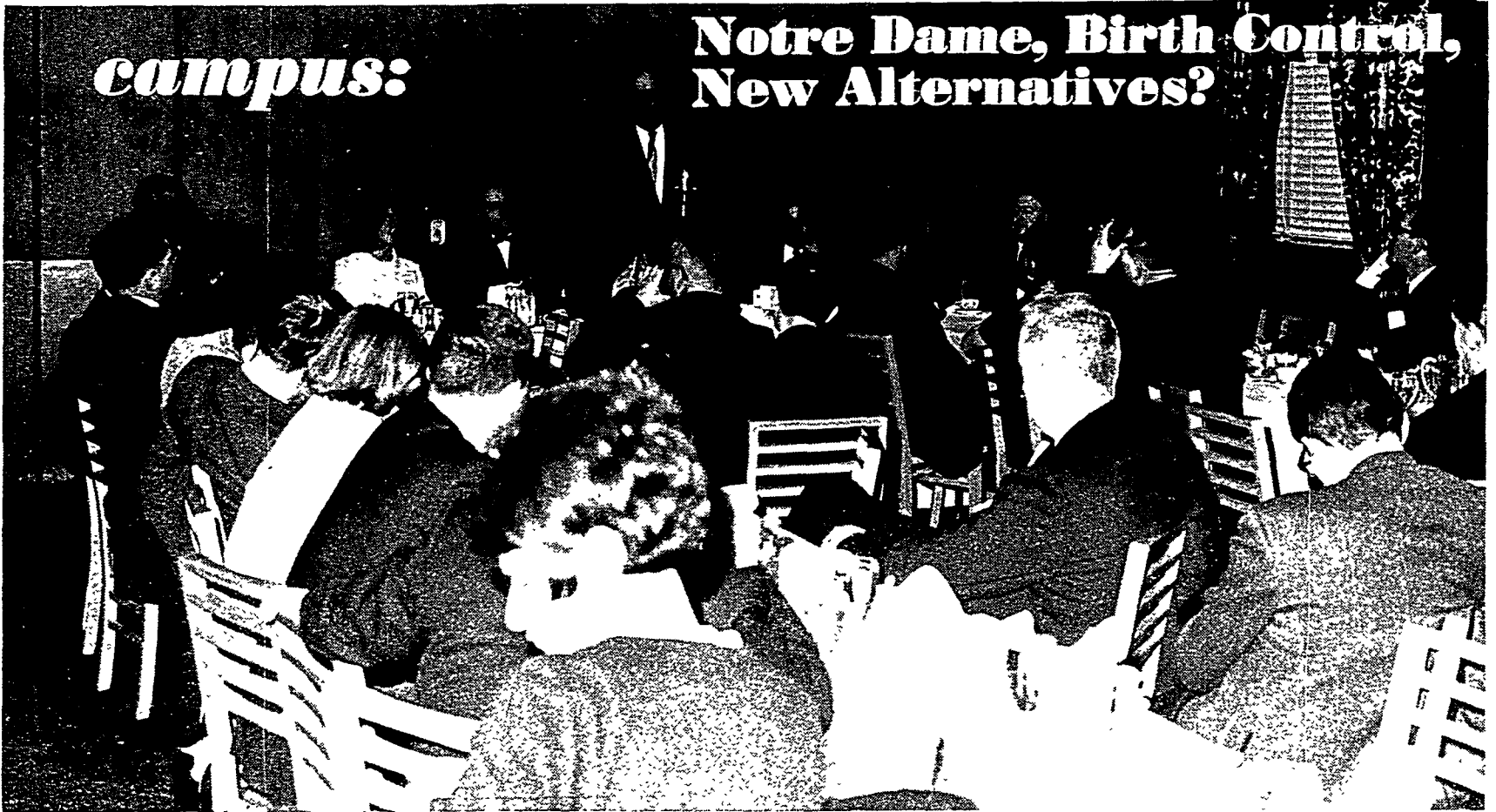
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Notre Dame, Birth Control, New Alternatives?



THE FIFTH NOTRE DAME Conference on Population drew nearly fifty experts from the fields of sociology, theology, law, medicine, and biology. They gathered at the Center for Continuing Education between December 1-3 to discuss this year's theme: the family and population change. The purpose of the conference was to brief the experts on what progress had been made in the study of population rather than to reach any significant conclusion. The conference itself, which is supported by the Ford Foundation, was run very efficiently by Dr. William T. Liu, the director of the Notre Dame Institute for the Study of Population and Social Change.

The population problem is evident in almost every part of the world. Dr. Thomas Carney, a Notre Dame alumnus and head of research at G.D. Searle Company in Chicago, indicated that from a purely statistical standpoint the problem may be greatly magnified within our generation. During that time the population of the world could conceivably climb to four times its present total. To bring his point closer to the present, Dr. Carney stated that this meant a world increase of over 300,000 within the two days the conference was held. For those involved with the population problem, this is, in Carney's words, "a sobering thought, indeed."

Reuben Hill of the University of Minnesota pointed out that while male methods of birth control were most common in the past, many husbands today are seen as "having

no stake in the matter of family control." In fact, in Puerto Rico and other Latin countries, the wife's mother is second only to the husband in the decision making. Pastors and peers also enter into much of the decision making, and these "levels" warrant, in Hill's terms, "more ambitious programs to deal with more decision makers and the elevation of the importance of sex education."

Morality is another important question which falls under the population category. Harold Christensen of Purdue stated that morality must be seen as good or right conduct in terms of absolutes and must be based on empirical observations which he speaks of as normative. A sociological basis for moral behavior is possible only if viewed in the sense of group norms. From the scientific angle, empirical data can be utilized to clarify the alternatives to moral behavior, but value judgements from scientists are valid only in their citizenship role. An attempt at reaching any normative moral behavior is feasible to the scientist only through cross-culture programs. Christensen was involved with such a program dealing with groups of college students in the Mormon country of Utah, students in the Midwest, and students in Denmark. The Denmark sample proved to be the most permissive of the three. They were freer in their ideas of love-making and considered it as a sort of a package, not emphasizing the maintenance of chastity. However, there was also a greater commitment and intention of eventual marriage on the

part of the Danish students. Also in the Denmark sample, more students approved premarital sex than had actually experienced it. But in the Mormon and Midwest samples, more students had experienced it than had approved it. The result is a feeling of guilt for those who feel that they are "stealing" sex, while satisfaction dominates among those who experience sex as a mutual desire. To qualify his remarks, Christensen pointed out that these findings represent only the tendencies of these areas and not, of course, the undeniable rule.

Oral contraception has a definite role in controlling the world's population. In America alone, the birth rate has decreased by one-fifth since 1957, while the use of the pill has grown tremendously. Norman Ryder of the University of Wisconsin feels that these two tendencies parallel each other in a very precise sense. He found that after World War II fertility inflated for women, who were bearing more children at younger ages. This seemingly came to a halt in the early sixties when there was a definite change in the time pattern. Ryder's statements brought up some interesting points for the ensuing discussants. Father Thomas Cochran of Catholic U., believes that the pill and fertility control merely postpone having children and therefore the motivation of the individual couples is of the utmost importance. Father Cochran also pointed to the dilemma of the Catholic parents who are using the pill, which is not traditionally approved by the Church. Michael Val-



JOHNSON AND MASTERS
A Lecture Well Attended



JOHN NOONAN
A "Campus" Interview

ente of Columbia University extended the idea by observing the number of Catholics who have alienated themselves spiritually from the Church as a result of their apparent physical separation because of their use of the pill. According to Valente, the pill can raise ethical problems with the involvement of more of the one-sided decisions as described by Reuben Hill.

Oral contraception is not, of course, the only workable method of birth control. Scientific research companies are presently in heated competition to find even more acceptable methods. Dr. Gordon Perkins of the Ford Foundation reported on a daily pill which would be more solidified and whose cost is insignificant. He spoke of a rubber device which can be slipped under the skin where it secretes a medication which prevents conception. It is now reaching the point that wafers and biscuits may be adequate replacements for the pill. Growing scientific attention is being given to compounds which would intervene between implantation and ovulation. Dr. Carney also had interesting observations on the existing and future methods of birth control. The idea of a sperm bank is fascinating. The husband, in this process, would deposit amounts of sperm at his doctor's office and perform artificial insemination to beget children. The husband could then become sterilized and not worry about the time to have intercourse with his wife. For the women who cannot accept their husbands' sperm there is the bank from which they could receive artificial injections of sperm and thereby conceive. Artificial injections of fertilized eggs are also

possible. This would allow one woman to carry the child of another. Dr. Carney stated that Stanford University has found a way to keep premature embryos alive in an artificial uterus and that the University of Chicago is on the verge of synthesizing human organisms.

Lyle Saunders of the Ford Foundation concluded the conference by bringing out the lack of communication throughout the world in the area of population control. In a final summation, Ronald Freedman of the University of Michigan reflected on what had been a rather poor year for population control. Many problems have arisen and much work remains to be done. Both Freedman and Saunders expressed mild pessimism with the present situation. But the real work of the future will be the education of the world in view of the fantastic scientific findings. Dr. Carney stated that science and all of the other fields are going through a period of "mental masturbation" in which mere discussion sometimes replaces the real challenge of population study: education.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEX

On December 2, Doctors William Masters and Virginia Johnson, the co-authors of the current best seller, *Human Sexual Response*, gave a lecture on an innocuous-sounding but very connotative topic, or so thought many, as evidenced by their attendance at the lecture—"The Physiology of Sex." Fifteen minutes before the lecture began, ND and SMC students had flooded Washington Hall, filling the seats and aisles. Dr. Arthur Rubel of the Sociology Department intro-

duced the distinguished lecturers and remained as moderator throughout the question-and-answer period.

Dr. Masters, who initiated the project in 1954 in Seattle, Washington, which culminated in the best seller, gave a twenty-minute lecture on general concepts and the particular difficulties in doing research for the work. At the time of the project's initiation, any work on sex met a certain amount of resistance. To begin with, there were difficulties in obtaining the only book written on the subject up to that time. The study led to interviews with prostitutes, studies of relevant psychiatric cases, and finally to laboratory work with a number of carefully screened and dedicated men and women.

Masters and Johnson concentrated in three fields: problems of conception, contraceptives and their effects, and human sexual responses.

Study in the field of sexual response is just beginning. Dr. Masters pointed out that until 1960 there had never been a college course concerned with the human sexual response. Whenever a doctor was confronted with problems of sex, contraceptives, or conception, he had to rely on his own experience because courses in sexual psychiatry had not been available in the medical schools. Thus the field is in its pioneering stages.

Following the lecture was a 50-minute question-and-answer period. Some conclusions: A man can never tell how a woman will subjectively respond to intercourse and vice versa.

Impotency in 95 to 97 cases out of 100 is a psychological rather than physiological defect.

Women are generally more physio-



YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE
Beer, Banjos, and the Roaring '20s



OLD POST OFFICE
Possibilities

logically responsive sexually than men. Dr. Masters did note that an exception to this rule occurs during adolescence where both sexes are multiorgasmic.

The use of the pill does not cut down on sexual intensity. But it does leave some women with a sense of psychological loss to their potential reproductive ability. Another effect of the pill is beginning to be seen in a number of very scattered cases where some women have become disinterested in the sexual act altogether. Only further research will tell how widespread this disinterest is—if at all; at the moment, there have been few cases of the defect. The lecture-discussion was characterized by a high level of interest and serious questioning and was most certainly the best-attended lecture in over two years.

CHANGING ROME'S OPINION

"The History of the Development of Christian Marriage" was the topic for an address by a Notre Dame Professor at a recent conference in Washington, D.C. Professor John T. Noonan of the Notre Dame Law School delivered the opening talk at the Conference on Christian Marriage in the Age of Vatican II, held at Catholic University on November 8-10.

Sponsored by many national organizations, among them the Catholic Theological Association, the Canon Law Society of America, and the Guild of Catholic Psychiatrists, the Washington Conference attempted to answer the questions posed by Vatican II's approach to marriage. In his address Professor Noonan noted the following major points.

First: That freedom in the choice of a marriage partner is a right of every man and woman in the world. In the earlier days of the Christian culture, this choice was nonexistent: marriages were arranged by parents. Professor Noonan also pointed out that in the early and even medieval days of Christendom, serfs, peasants and other "lower classes" were hardly even allowed to marry, but rather were forced by their owners to live in simple cohabitation, for the sole purpose of procreation of mankind. Gradually the Church began to teach that everyone is free in the eyes of God to choose a specific partner and to marry that person regardless of his parents' wishes. This eventually came to be considered a right of the individual, and is accepted as such throughout the Christian world today. According to the Church, there can be no physical or authoritative coercion by parents or superiors to marry or not.

Second: The Church for centuries taught that the purpose of marriage was "procreation and education of children." Professor Noonan brought out the point that education in the days of medieval thought meant education to the fullest university degree, the "highest development of the intellectual and spiritual powers of man." Today, however, this idea of education has taken on a new context within the old. It is not the purpose of the parents merely to send a son or daughter to college, but rather to take an integral part in the early education of their children, to actually teach them, from the first moments of communication.

Third: Professor Noonan discussed the place of conjugal love in marital

life. He claims that in marriage today there is a need for love, a need for fidelity, coupled with the insolubility of the marriage union. Hopefully love is implicit in this relationship between husband and wife.

Finally, Dr. Noonan reflected on the lack of treatment in the preconciliar Church of the physical aspect of love in theology. Only in the past thirty years has it even been discussed, and only since Vatican II has it been substantially treated. According to Noonan: "Vatican II was the first council in the Church that ever dealt in the meaning and purposes of marital intercourse."

Immediately following the meeting at Catholic University, Dr. Noonan traveled to Manila, the Philippines, to speak at the World Medical Congress on the "Catholic Church's Position in Regard to Contraception." Here Noonan stressed the point that the norm of the Church with regard to contraception is open to change, and in fact *could* change. He stressed the concept *could*, not will. As yet it has not, but Professor Noonan sees areas and circumstances which could change the opinion of Rome. He states that we must make a distinction between personal values and the norm which protects them. On the subject of "the pill" Professor Noonan claims that it is merely one aspect of contraception, and one which the press blew up out of all proportion.

John T. Noonan is an alumnus of Harvard Law School, and is the author of *Contraception: A History of Its Treatment by the Catholic Theologians and Canonists*, published in 1965. Early next year he will travel to Puerto Rico to speak to the



SAMUEL E. KARFF
Rabbi in the Theology Department



NEW YORK CAMERATA
The Concerts Are Free

South Americans on contraception, much as he did in the Philippines. Last April and June he was in Rome working on the Papal Commission on Population Control, and spoke at the University of Louvain under the patronage of Cardinal Suenens, and to the Irish Theological Union.

MARDI GRAS GOAL: \$37,900

A fire truck, circa 1920, with leather belt drive. Sawdust on the floors in Christ the King Hall, to which peanut shells are to be mixed. Vests. Banjos. Beer at positively ancient prices. And mustaches. Thousands upon thousands of mustaches. These are some of the ingredients for the Mardi Gras' 1967 edition, the theme of which is, improbably enough, "Your Father's Mustache."

And Mardi Gras this year stands to be just as much of an improbable reality as its theme suggests. A string of eleven clubs in major cities throughout the country are supplying the name. They are also supplying vast quantities of atmosphere: as Jim Barry, executive secretary, explains it, the casually frantic "Dixieland, old-time, Roaring Twenties, speakeasy-type" style which has proved very attractive to collegians in places like Boston, where the whole thing started, New York, St. Louis, New Orleans, Ocean City and elsewhere. The newest place "elsewhere" is Chicago's "Old Town," where a YFM club has been in existence for two months.

That club's facilities will be imported in total—banjo bands, waiters, bartenders, garters and straw hats—to Christ the King Hall for the Kick-Off Dance on January 14. The earlier

mentioned fire truck ("You won't believe this thing. It should take us a day just to get it down to South Bend," the 30-year-old head of the enterprise was quoted as saying) and a barbershop quartet from the Glee Club will be making the rounds of the Notre Dame and St. Mary's campuses for at least a week before that.

The February 3 Mardi Gras Ball, although those that are running it don't like to call it a "ball" because one of the innovations planned for this year's event is a social event that is rousingly lively, as opposed to other such dances, will be held in the North Dining Hall. The decorations will, once again, be complements of YFM. The two wings of the building will be piano (non-alcoholic) bars, while the center section will be a reproduction of a Your Father's Mustache club. Meanwhile, to accommodate the number of organizations that want to construct booths for the Carnival, the Mardi Gras committee needs slightly over two Stepan Centers.

What tends to be lost in the midst of all these social manipulations is the fact that the reason, ostensibly, for Mardi Gras is a charitable one. And this year the goal is Lyndon-sized. Anticipated profits from the raffle of the 1967 Baroque Gold Cadillac Calais plus the Mardi Gras weekend activities are in the vicinity of \$37,900. Last year's goal was only \$24,000. One of the reasons for this jump is that one of the Mardi Gras-financed student projects designed to "ease the burden of abject poverty and wretchedness," as General Chairman Don Potter puts it, is the painting of the Student Center.

A new incentive plan is being offered which Rick Dunn, Raffle Chairman, hopes will spur the students to new mercenary heights. Besides the fully equipped \$3500 Triumph T-R 4, two TWA 21-day excursion flight tickets to Paris, a \$650 Honda 160 and a \$425 Honda 90 which four people that have sold at least one book of tickets will win, a 20-percent kickback will be given to all those who sell under ten books, and a 30-percent kickback to those who sell over that amount. Those halls that achieve their quota in sales will be treated to a \$100 beer orgy. (This comes to slightly less than the cost of a glass of ale for every inhabitant of some place like Dillon.)

Even Saint Mary's is being canvassed. An organizational structure across the road that has been termed variously as "aggressive" and "better organized than Notre Dame's" is luring the femmes with two round-trip tickets to New York, a \$400 gift certificate from Bonwit-Teller, and \$50 for the girls from the hall that sells the most tickets.

THE 40 SUGGESTIONS

Any and every authorized campus organization was entitled to present for consideration a suggestion for the use of the old Post Office which will be evacuated in the spring. That was their first mistake, the Local Council of the University, which controls the use of campus buildings, found out recently. Over 40 suggestions have poured in for consideration.

Some of them have been predictable. The bookstore wants the building, presumably to extend the selfless
(Continued on page 33)

on other campuses

• THE UNIVERSITY of Michigan's student government reacted in a rather unique way to a university ban on sit-in demonstrations. They voted to break off relations with the university. The drastic move was in response to action taken by Michigan Vice-President for Student Affairs Richard Cutler who banned such demonstrations if they interfered with the orderly processes of the university. Two such protests were staged in the offices of vice-presidents recently to protest the release of organizational membership lists to the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

• FROM THE CLASSIFIED section of the *Tulane Hullabaloo*: "LOST: one black myna bird with yellow beak. Last seen flying due north from Freret and Broadway. Call Larry Rosenblum. Reward offered." Keep an eye out.

• AN AIR FORCE TF-191 Talon (that's a jet) was stationed on the main quadrangle at St. Mary's College (Concord, Calif.) for recruitment purposes. During the night a group of students hijacked the plane. They

lifted the five-ton bird off its blocks and moved it over a mile around the campus to the front parking lot. The plane was found the next morning, completely gift-wrapped in red and blue paper.

• "Is LEHIGH (Beth., Pa.) pricing itself out of the education field, becoming a 'rich boys' school'?" opens an editorial in a recent issue of that university's school paper, the *Brown and White*. The editorial goes on to say that tuition will be raised another \$200 in 1968 for a total of \$2,000 a year. Is Notre Dame becoming a rich boys' school?

• "'DEMOLITION-WATCHING' Becomes New Campus Sport for Students" headlined the *Marquette Tribune* recently. The article which followed described the wrecking of an ancient orphanage in Milwaukee. Students interviewed at the site were ecstatic over the spectacle. "Rubble. That's what we need around here, more rubble," commented one co-ed while another exclaimed, "The more destruction, the better. I can't think of any-

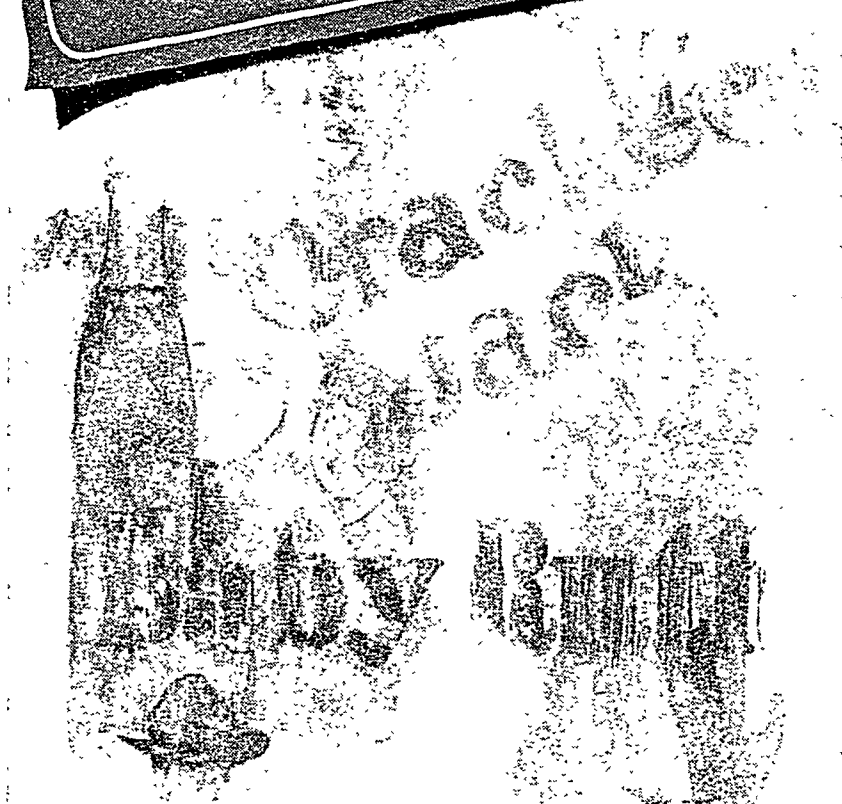
thing at MU that shouldn't be destroyed."

• SIX THOUSAND MALES at Wayne State University got slightly upset last month when they were all classified 1-A by the Detroit draft boards. One of the students, Vartan Kupelian, also editor of the *Wayne State Collegian*, investigated the upset and found the university had neglected to send in the academic standing reports the draft boards had requested. It seems, once again, a broken computer was at fault.

• SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, saw the first "Blessing of the Cars" Mass in the campus parking lot of Santa Clara University. According to the celebrant, a Father Wright, "People have always had things blessed that were important to them. During the time of Our Lord, fishermen wanted their fishing vessels blessed, and war soldiers wanted their guns and tanks blessed. Today, what means more to the college student than his or her own car?"

feiffer





a novel by
JEAN SHEPHERD

Jean Shepherd and the Great American Dream

by **Robert Sheehan**

MANY YEARS AGO, when I was testing a transistor radio I had just built from a Christmas present, my wanderings across the frequency band brought me in contact with an apparent lunatic who had a radio show on which he did nothing but tell stories about himself and try to shout down the commercials. Clearly this was no mean individual, and I soon joined the ranks of those who every night tune to WOR, the favorite station of New York housewives, to listen to its sole contribution to the culture scene, the *Jean Shepherd Show*.

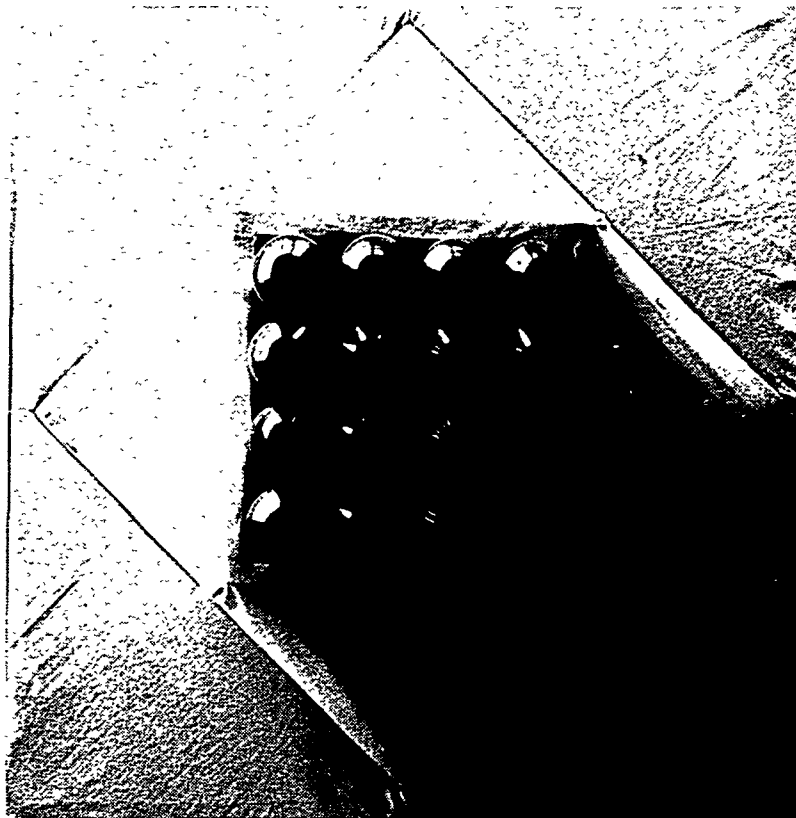
Shepherd's high jinks were legendary. He had been fired from radio stations numerous times for such offenses as doing commercials for products that were not sponsors and causing riots in New York bookstores by incessantly recommending a book that did not exist. There was not an executive at WOR whom he had not insulted on the air, and he found it difficult to keep any sponsor for more than a year. Nevertheless, Shepherd's rabid fans refused to let him be dumped, and he has been rolling merrily along for more than a decade now, dispensing wisdom on one of the most curious shows in radio. He is a difficult phenomenon to describe: his *forte* is telling funny stories, but he is certainly not a comedian (as he learned to his dismay during a recent television appearance); his work has a deeper significance than that. Shepherd depicts what the very essence of the American character is, by dredging up and analyzing the major experiences of his life as a typical Midwestern mill-town brat during the Depression. But at the same time that he brilliantly perceives and exposes many of the follies and fallacies of the American way of life, curiously enough he wholeheartedly and unashamedly embraces them. One admirer has aptly called him a modern-day "noble savage."

Recently a generous selection from his radio broadcasts — somewhat altered in form because of recent appearances in a popular magazine whose readership and editorial policies are frequently the butt of Shepherd's contemptuous jokes, but which pays excellent rates — has appeared in book form under the title *In God We Trust: All Others Pay Cash*, and, Victor Borge notwithstanding, it is one of the most important books of the year. *In God We Trust* is nominally a novel, but old Shepherd fans will realize that all its episodes are the pure, unvarnished truth. "Ralph Parker," the book's protagonist, is of course Shepherd himself, and all the other familiar characters of the Shepherd *corpus* — Flick, Schwartz, Mr. Pulaski, Ludlow Kissel and of course the Old Man — appear under their correct names.

This book is a collection of stories, apparently not interconnected, dealing with a variety of subjects that at first blush would seem of no conceivable interest to any nonsensile person over the age of fourteen: subjects like secret decoder rings, buying penny candy, firecrackers, and writing book reports in grammar school. But Shepherd knows that it is trivia like this that shapes the character of the man the boy will become, and he never fails to point out their significance.

Shepherd's best efforts have a Joycean ring to them: each is capped by that sudden "epiphany" that makes the story comprehensible in retrospect. But the message is always basically the same: the shattering of the boy's rosy delusions, the traumatic process of entering the adult world that is so characteristic of our culture, the abrupt realization of the chasm between the American Dream and life's harsh exigencies. Shepherd always chooses his subject so that the reader cannot escape a constant sense of *deja vu*, the certain knowledge that Shepherd's experiences have been shared in one way or another by everyone, inescapably. Witness this passage

(Continued on page 32)



THAT LITTLE EAST WING IN THE BACK OF O'SHAUGHNESSY HALL

BY ROBERT THOMAS

The objects of art on these following pages are all the products of students in the undergraduate Fine Arts School. As explained in the running copy, the work is all the result of long hours of effort. Some of the drawbacks these students encounter are also mentioned—in the hopes that the best conditions might prevail in the East Wing of O'Shaughnessy Hall.

THEY WERE THERE, all of them, in the Architecture Auditorium to hear a lecture and view a retrospective slide show of the works of New York artist Will Barnet. They were students in the fine arts, painters mostly. They had an easygoing, informal way about them. There was a relaxed, languorous elegance about the way they sat through Fr. Lauck's introduction of Barnet. They were waiting, not anxiously, but interestedly. They wanted to see if Barnet had anything to tell them. He had survived as a painter for a good number of years, decades. They respected that. And he had always been something of a maverick, branching out in his own style, going his own way, in his very personal work. They respected that more.

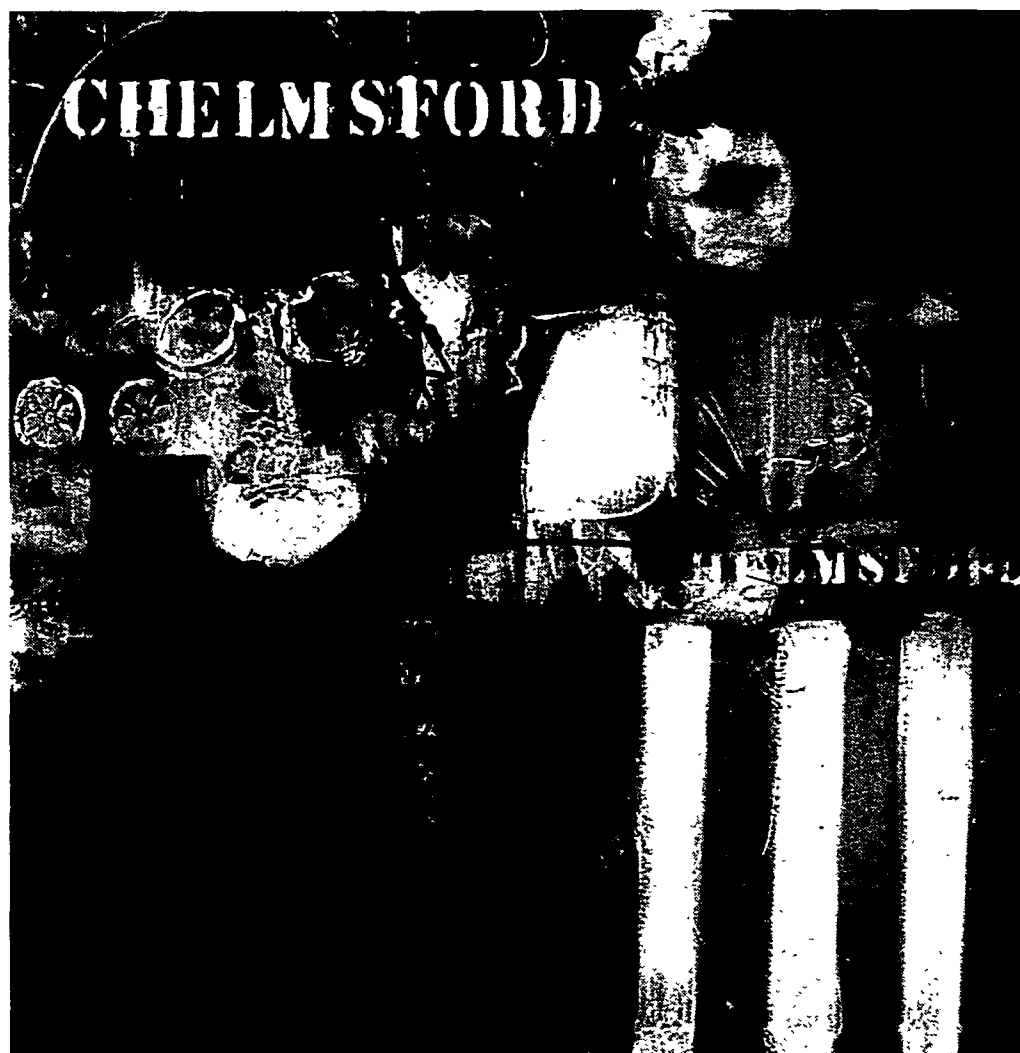
They looked like an audience for Cinema 67 or any other cultural event at Notre Dame. Some of them looked like Republicans; wheat jeans, Weejuns and button-down blue Gants, short hair parted on the side. And there were some turtleneck sweaters. Some had long straight hair that just hung. All their girls did. One of the grad students was in a dark suit and paisley tie. Black leather boots made an occasional appearance. The occasion this time was the rain. They were a representative group of liberal arts students.

But they are different. They approach their work differently from the average student. It means more to them in itself. They are little concerned with where it will get them. They are, or are in the process of becoming, artists. It takes work, hard work, hours of self-criticism and reworking. Grating, depressing frustration is something that they live with more often than they care to admit. A painting must satisfy them, solve the problem posed by the canvas in a way that gives them peace. A true artist does not leave a work until he achieves that peace or despairs of ever attaining it from that work. Persistence is a necessary quality. Fat, lazy painters are never good.

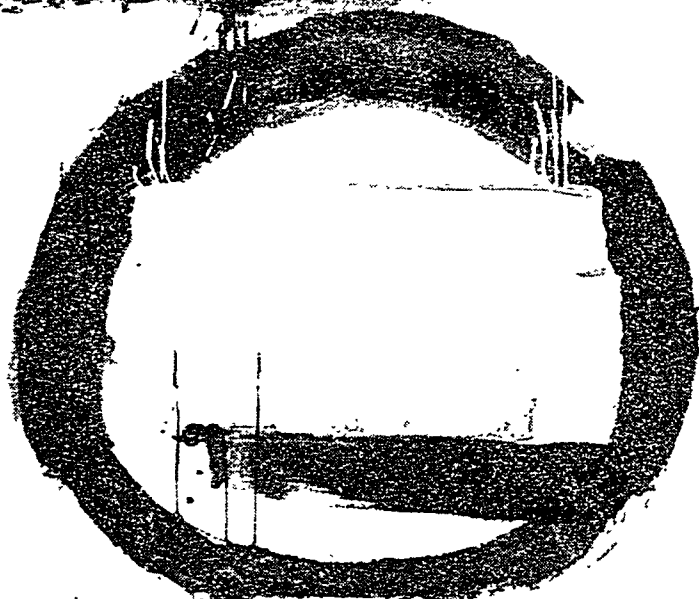
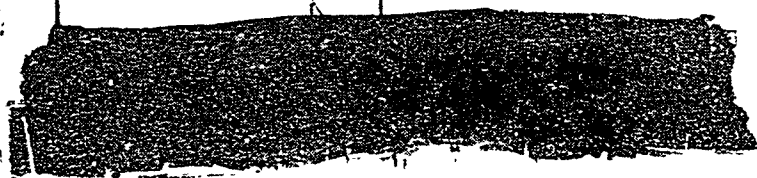
The surface of the canvas poses a problem to the artist. He must fill the area in an artistic fashion. That is, he must create within the framework of certain rules. To allow oneself to stray outside the confines of those rules is to lose the quality of art and degenerate into mere paint-pushing. To remain inside the confines of the rules requires a creative intelligence. The problems posed by the planes made by marks on the two-dimensional canvas require intellectual solutions, a great deal of thought. The planes must interwork somehow, into an organic unity. There is no hit-or-miss slopping of paint. They think about every stroke. Every mark is deliberate.

They occupy that little east wing that leads past the dean's office to the back of O'Shaughnessy Hall. The studios are cramped and each student has his own small, allotted place in which to work. The studios are in an amazing state of disarray. Tubes and cans of paint are scattered about chaotically. Brushes, knives and tape are all over the place. Scores of paintings—completed or still in progress—attack the eye with color.

The small size of the studio area forces them to work close to each other. It promotes a personal closeness among them. They know each

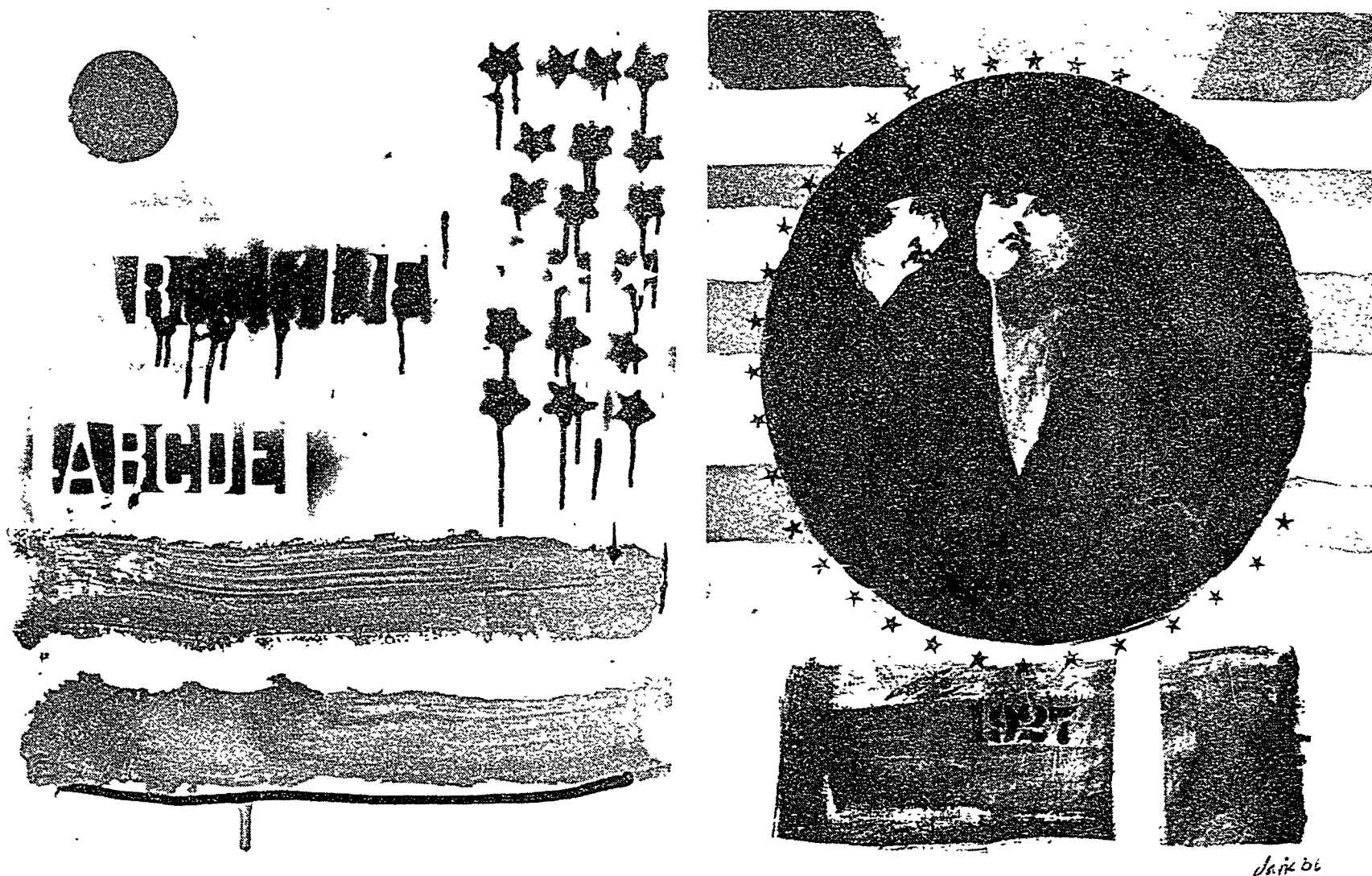


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other well and stick together discussing their art, its techniques, its problems and their various individual attempts at solving them. They are aware of artistic developments outside the University and their conversation is laced with talk of op and pop and kinetic sculpture and galleries, Chicago and New York. They are quite conscious of the fact that they are different from their fellow students here and though they are not cliquish and do not consciously keep nonart students away, they have heard the disparaging and horribly unjust "And they do *this* for credit!" all too often.

They would be the first to say that their primary responsibility is to satisfy themselves in creating good art, but they are not unaware that art has become "more a mass movement in recent years," and that "art is big business." Most of them don't expect



to get rich through art and would eliminate that as a good reason for becoming an artist. The reason that they take up art is that they would not be happy doing anything else. There are far easier and surer ways of making money. They are conscious, though, of people like Andy Warhol, who have made their art very profitable.

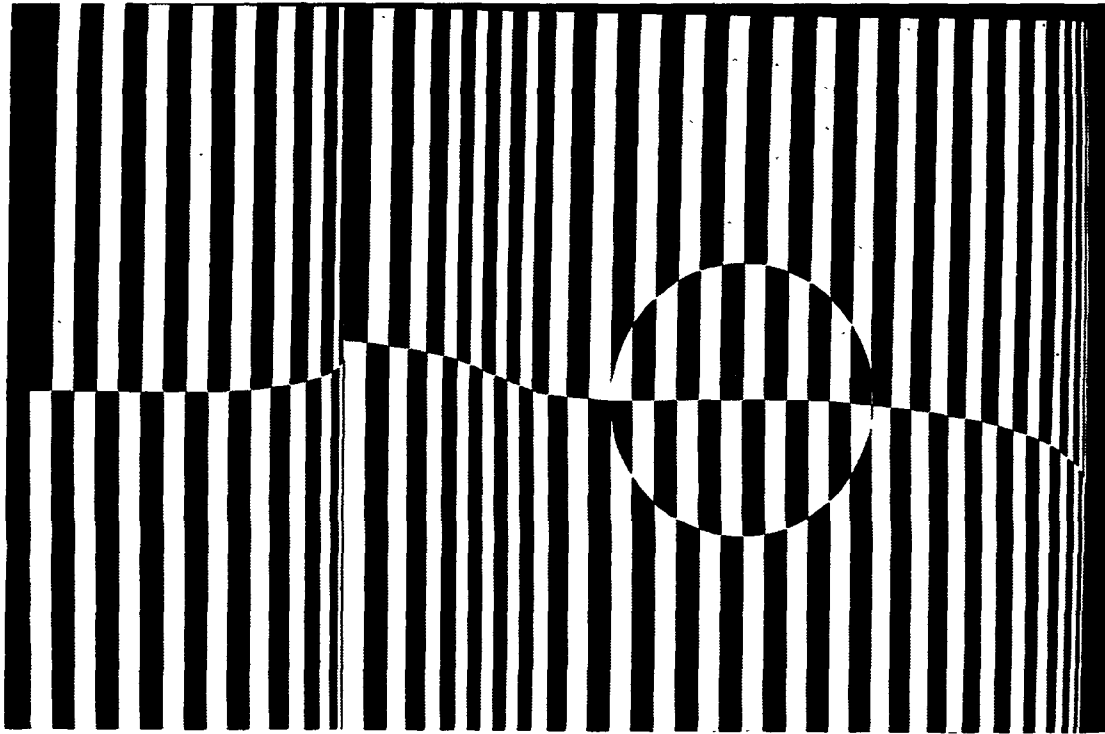
When asked about the art department, many of them are reluctant to speak. Many feel that the department leaves a lot to be desired. They say that money is pathetically short, so short that facilities are limited. They are expected to buy their own paints and materials, a bill that can run to \$200 a semester, on top of paying tuition for their credits. There is some dissatisfaction with the faculty of the department also. Often heard is the comment that professors try too hard to say something com-

plimentary about a student's work rather than offering the constructive criticism that is desired. They feel that they have talent that should be taken seriously and not humored.

When the subject of money is brought up, strong feelings rise to the surface. Art does not bring in government research contracts. Therefore, there is no reason to build up the department. Where does the money go? To the engineers. Art does not produce. It is the common reaction of many laymen, to whom the artist is a parasite, a nonproductive, living off the fruitful labors of others in order to fill a canvas with color. Why don't they DO something! is the oft-heard cry. Their paintings aren't even pictures!

There are others in the Art Department, sculptors and automotive designers and there are interesting things, exciting things being done in

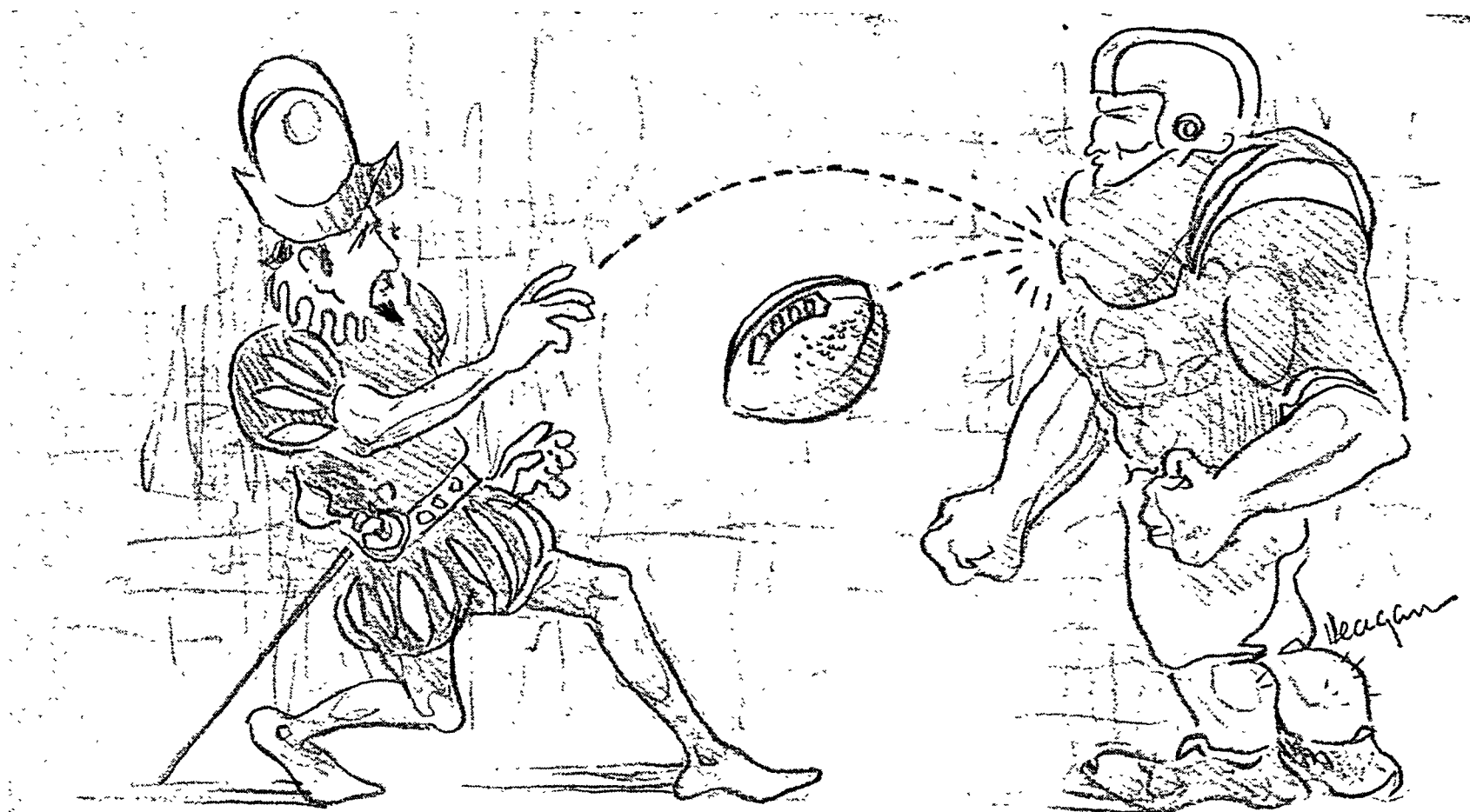




those areas, too, but the main thrust of art at Notre Dame lies with the painters.

They feel they have talent. Each one feels so. They have to. Each painting is a part of them that they hang for public display and criticism. They have to feel that it is good, that

what they are doing is worthwhile. Will Barnet spent quite a bit of time looking at student paintings while he was here. He was impressed. He left here with the feeling that there were indeed, interesting, exciting, worthwhile things being done in art at Notre Dame. ■



Irish Rout Shakespeare!

by D. M. Burns, Jr.

Due to the immediacy of the football wrap-up we weren't able to reach you last week when the news was still warm. So we'll just run through a quick post-mortem on the recent production of The Tempest, though it feels strange to write a review more perfunctory than one of the usual SCHOLASTIC after-the-run-is-almost-completed genus.

THE NOTRE DAME-Saint Mary's Theater scored a stunning upset victory over powerhouse William Shakespeare here the last two weeks, extending their undefeated streak to two after swamping weak sister opponent Graham Greene earlier in the season. The Irish of Fred Syburg, led on the stage by senior lead Terry Franke, scored in every act, as the wily Bard fought back desperately with every tool he had, scoring occasionally on a breakthrough, thanks to his dazzling line play. It was soon clear to all the competent observers, however, what

the outcome of the evening (any of six, with one pro-style Sunday afternoon) would be when the Irish "prevent" defense smothered the Bard's gambling tactics, based on his well-known soliloquies. Hoping for the big moment and a climactic strike, Shakespeare tossed some finely planned rhetoric during the play, only to have the Irish repeatedly bat it down to the stage and audience, dead and out of play. Crowds of Irish well-wishers filed out of the auditorium in a festive mood, very content with the performance of the home team and confident in their recognizable superiority.

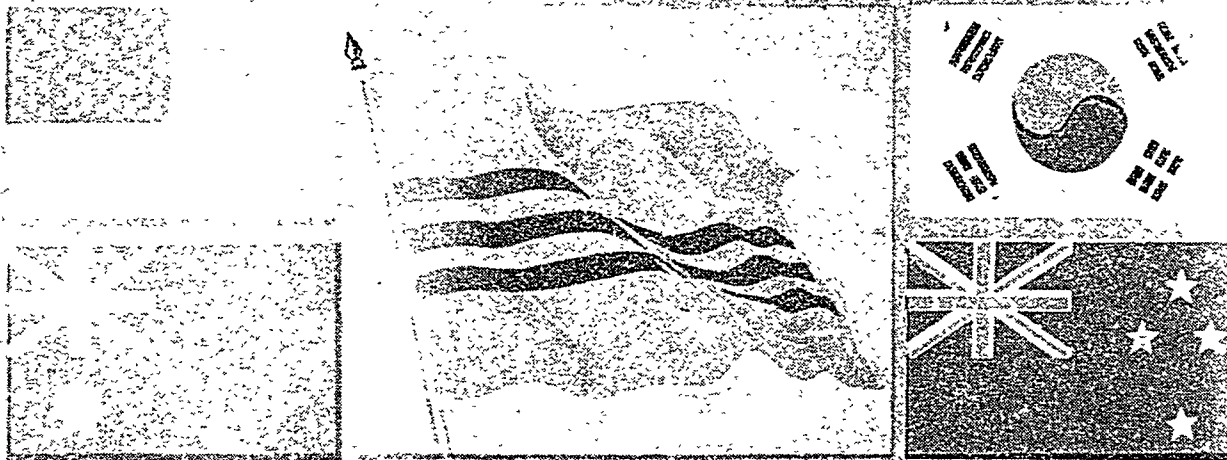
It is hard to say whether the production was disgraceful; that depends, of course, upon what you are willing to accept. The most disheartening facet of this debacle was that this was Mr. Syburg's production of the year, and after *Firebugs* of last year, I was greatly disappointed. It was unlike the production earlier this year, *The Potting Shed*, which can be disparaged all the way from the play's selection down to its goriest details. Why did Director Syburg choose to do a slough-off job on a classic play? Is this one of the many benefits of the newly combined Notre Dame-St. Mary's theater group?

Perhaps, fans, you are hungering for the details of the recent contest, but alas! my respect for the dead is too great and too sincere. You probably would have preferred the book. There are also inherent limits of space and patience.

Few of the actors looked as though they had worked or had been worked upon. In fact, it was clear to me that only Prospero (Franke) and Caliban (Tim Donovan) had even read the play with any understanding. Always granted that there are limitations here in terms of number of people and their interest in and understanding of drama, I don't see the reason for repeating mistakes of the past. This production was an improvement over *The Potting Shed* mainly because of the obvious improvement in script. Caliban's costume, a ragged cloak suggesting the ogres and demons of Bosch and Brueghel, showed a refined use of imagination. Caliban himself (Donovan) showed the most interest in his part and in creating a

(Continued on page 32)

ĐÂY TẤM GIẤY THÔNG HÀNH CÓ GIÁ TRỊ VỚI TẤT CẢ CƠ - QUAN
 QUÂN CHÍNH VIỆT - NAM CỘNG - HÒA VÀ LỰC - LƯỢNG ĐỒNG - MINH.
 SAFE-CONDUCT PASS TO BE HONORED BY ALL VIETNAMESE GOVERNMENT AGENCIES AND ALLIED FORCES
 이 안전보장패쓰는 월남정부와 모든 연합군에 의해 인정된 것입니다.



These are Jack Walker's sixth and seventh letters. His first five, excerpts of which were printed earlier in the SCHOLASTIC (October 7, 1966), described his deployment to Viet Nam from the United States, the duties of a Marine lieutenant in charge of a reconnaissance platoon, and the people of the Viet Nam villages. He writes now of combat and its men. Accompanying Walker's letters were South Vietnamese propaganda leaflets.

23 October '66

THE REALITY OF IT, the reality of a lot of things doesn't hit until the rounds start flying. I can sit on a ship or I can sit back here out of the fight and it really doesn't mean much, my musing about politics and war. But it's hard to keep aware of big-picture politics when I see my troops in the hospitals with heads, hands, legs, and stomachs mutilated. It's hard when human beings are shooting to kill human beings and I can smell the fish odor of a dead Vietnamese falling into my lap. It's hard when I'm shocked out of sleep, probably dreaming of the spring sun at Notre Dame or quiet nights at home, by the clatter of automatic weapons in an ambush. Probably dreaming . . . that's all we think of in the field. That's all the troops talk about, over and above their personal sea stories.

I react in ways totally foreign to me. There are stages of nervousness and everyone is subject to each stage in one sense or another — the first is general anticipation.

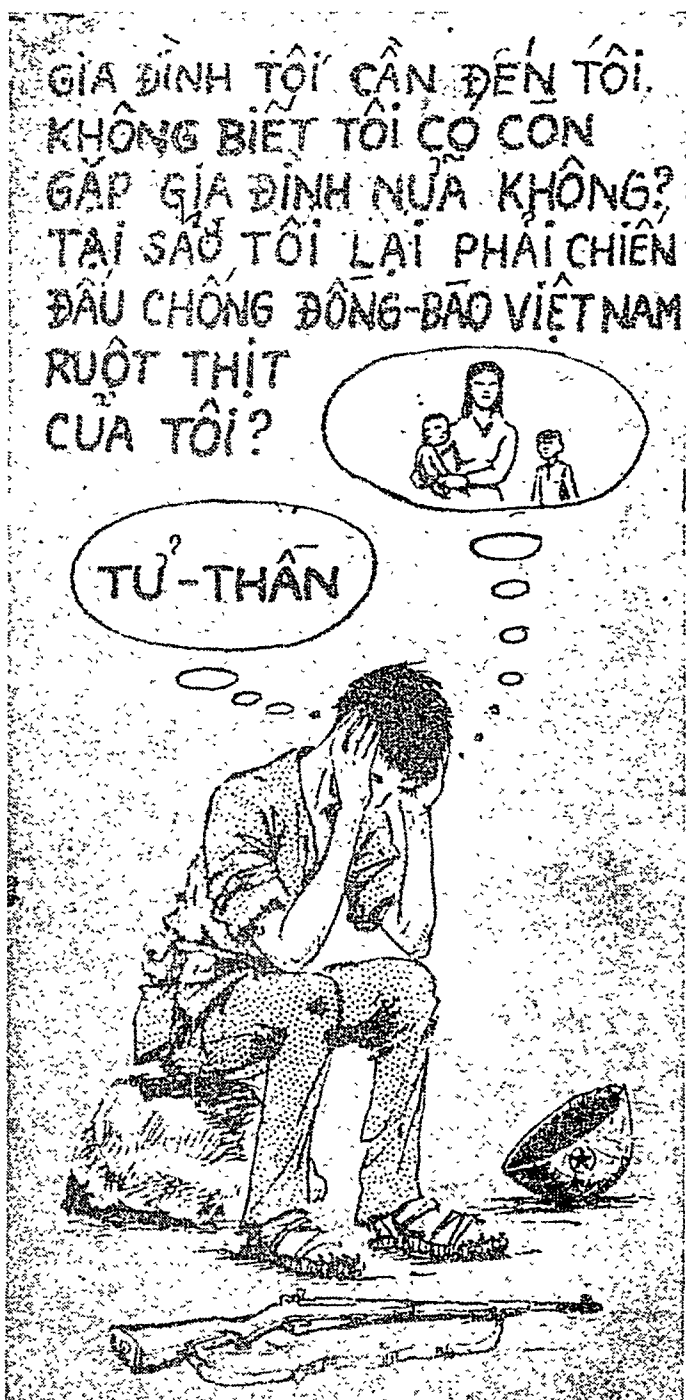
"Then the rounds
 fly and . . .
 he stands there
 or freezes
 and just disbelieves
 for a moment."



One knows he is in it, that weapons may open up any minute, but really there's nothing specific going on. Then the rounds fly and the first reaction is disbelief. He stands there or freezes and just disbelieves for a moment — the length of this moment is the critical period. Then active, intense, bone-shaking fear sets in. Some shake as if in a fit; some continue to freeze; most act from training and instinct, shaking, incoherent, but acting, doing something. Lastly, the period of reality, of a reality never so vivid, is characterized by a touch of insanity in some, by recklessness in others, by clean efficiency in most. I have never been so proud of people as of my Marines in two or three firefights. Eighteen and nineteen years old, but ready to act in any way I decide under fire, and act efficiently, completely.

It's so difficult to describe these things without sounding salty and theatrical. It's just another thing, so alien to any other set of experiences, that I can't communicate. Yet it's not as far out as I thought, if that can ring believable.

The big action seems to be up north near the DMZ. Operation Prairie is only a continuation of Hastings and the Third Marine Division is moving up, lock, stock, and confusion. The First Marine Division is moving from Chu Lai to Danang, and the ROK Marines and the Army will take over the Chu Lai area. If LBJ doesn't hustle up with peace-making the US Forces might very well have a very decisive battle won this winter.



You wouldn't believe the monsoon season. Imagine rain as hard as you've known for 24 hours a day, nearly seven days a week; mud up to ankles and knees, fog, clouds, mist, and so forth, all the time. Still the Viets run around in their coolie hats and water oilcloths loving it. Bare feet, rolled up P.J.'s and betel nuts. We slog around in the mud, cursing, sulking. One wonders at how low a level an East-West dialog must start. We think they're crazy for the way they live and they think we're crazy for being over here as well as the way we live. Sometimes I think they might have the straight scoop.

8 November '66

Election day at home. It's not as remote as one would think — we have access to all the newsmagazines albeit a week or two late, and we have (would you believe) television every night with the Armed Forces version of the evening news. We also have a good newspaper distributed every day on a limited basis. Every Sunday when I'm not in the field I listen to the ND-whomever game on the radio. Notre Dame football is as big here as anywhere, and I've profited as much on side bets here as anywhere, although payment is effected not in greenbacks but in Military Payment Currency or Piasters.

For some unknown reason the VC have been markedly quiet in the last two weeks. The monsoon season has been unusually dry — I came in this morning from patrol, and if we didn't have three rivers to cross, I'd have been able to write it off as my first completely dry patrol. Rain means misery in the bush — if you can imagine being completely wet for five days, hot during the day, cold at night, sleeping with the rain in your face, and humping hills with extra pounds of wetness in your gear, you can imagine the misery. When it's dry, it's not unlike camping out, except for the added tension of being in Charlie's hills.

I ran into a problem during this patrol that I've not had before — leeches. Only once before did Larry the leech get me — this time I picked 48 off my poor corpus and I counted 21 leech bites in the shower this morning. My trouser legs were a mess of blood, and the poor German shepherd scout dogs we had along left a bloody print wherever they stepped. This is a problem the infantry contends with all the time. I've not worked the low ground before so this was my first encounter.

We were in elephant valley, which was an old French hunting reservation before 1946, now a favorite harbor site for the VC. It's a beautiful piece of land about twelve miles east of Danang full of waterfalls, cobblestone roads in need of repair, wild animals and leeches. How many college graduates have had the problem of stepping in wild elephant dung? There must be a better way of making a living.

Morale is no problem. Americans are just plain funny no matter where they are. There are numerous signs and posters around, in addition to the little tidbits of humor sprinkled in all corners that attest to the presence of Americans. There's a sign at ASPI (Ammunition Supply Point) that reads, "Nine out of ten grunts prefer our ammo!" ("Grunt" is the common term applied to infantrymen.) There's an aircraft fuel tank by the Danang airstrip on which is painted, "We don't give Green Stamps. Sorry." Each camp has a barber of Vietnamese extraction — ours is the local village chief. The troops have named him "Ho Chi Minh" and this is the only name he answers to. His wife does a lot of our laundry and answers to "Mrs. Ho Chi." Neither speaks a word of English. I could go on all day about the signs and *bon mots* that indicate "Joe" has arrived. And Joe has always "got gum" as the little villagers know so well. ■

BROTHER CHRISTMAS

by TOM SULLIVAN

BROTHER CHRISTMAS was old now.

In his time, in the days before his conversion, he had been successively digger of ditches and circus roustabout, ship's cook on a Great Lakes ore barge and manager of a Cincinnati burlesque theater. Weary at last of spangled fan dancers, he had laced on his highway shoes and followed the sun west, and the cities along Route 66 were beads in a traveller's rosary, joyful mysteries of service stations and all-night diners. Beside the road at night, in his uneasy sleep, Brother Christmas dreamed of circuses and of black sequins, of foggy lakes and of lonely watches.

He came at last to Los Angeles, found a place playing tambourine and rhythm guitar in a rock band, blowing his mind nightly among the hot lights and howling speakers, giving the secrets of his soul to the trembling steel strings of his Fender guitar, to have them digested by the glowing power tubes, amplified and distorted and finally fed back, larger than life, to the souls of the screaming dancers. He lasted three months. Then, sick unto death of "tonal electronic body explosions and electric thrill jabs," no longer believing the lyrics he sang, the frenzied paeans to Skin Flowers and Mushrooms, hating songs called "Death Chant" and "Grass and Gods in the Treetrunks," he left the group to become a street singer, settling at last in a small square of warm concrete before a night club called Pandora's Box. There, along Sunset Strip, day and night he sang his songs, and the songs became sadder with the days. Still, the life was endurable. The beautiful young people, with their brown skin and fine gold hair, carried nothing but folding money; and the boys, in boots of soft Spanish leather, made great display of slipping him fivers. Obliging, he made great display of accepting them, willing enough to be used, thinking of all the eggs he would buy. For Brother Christmas (although that was not his name in those days) ate nothing but three-minute eggs, preparing them in his small room, timing them by a record called "Satisfaction" which ran three minutes and twenty-four seconds and yielded eggs of optimum consistency.

Those days were past. His conver-

sion, like all good and lasting conversions had been sudden. Sitting in front of Pandora's one smoggy afternoon, watching the parade of screwballs, he was handed a leaflet by a barefoot man wearing a burlap bag. His lips formed lovingly around an obscenity; and he moved to chuck the thing, thought better and read it. In block letters, cheaply printed:

Repent!

Give your loneliness to Christ.

Learn and Live the Way of
Alienation!

Abandon your hope and discover
True Christianity.

Apply: Hermitage of Our Lady of
Angst, Los Angeles, Calif.

With tears in his eyes he thought, "I am a poor screwed-up twentieth-century S.O.B. I will leave my guitar and tambourine and follow Christ." And he did. And he made his way out of LA to the foothills where the hermitage stood on a bluff overlooking the valley. It was bigger than he had expected, a high-rise structure of gleaming white. It rose twenty stories, and at the fifteenth floor two cantilevered transepts projected to make the entire hermitage cruciform. There were three hundred windows and in each an air-conditioning unit. Atop the cross, in neon lights, he read "Jesus Saves!"

To be a monk then, a hermit. After his petition to the Abbot, Brother Christmas was accepted as a postulant; and, after due time, he became a novice, playing the silly games, planting the cabbages upside-down, living the routine, learning the Rule of the community and proving his worthiness. At length, his doubts resolved and his vocation firm, Brother Christmas took his perpetual vows of Silence, Isolation and Despair. On a day in August he entered the hermitage forever.

That had been years ago. Now Brother Christmas occupied a cell in the right transept of the soaring structure, in a wing reserved for those hermits who had grown old in Christ's service. For forty years he had spent his days weaving baskets which would be collected in the evening and burned. For forty years he had stood by his window each night and watched the smoke rise. For forty

years he had never left his doorless cell. Meals and baskets were slipped through a grate. And every evening he received his tape for the next day, a carefully programmed reel of magnetic tape, prepared by the abbot, specially designed to meet his particular spiritual needs.

Christmas Eve, then, Brother Christmas asleep on a thin pad in a corner of the whitewashed cell. Around him, on twenty floors, faceless hermits, never seen by Brother Christmas, groaned and twisted in their sleep. In the center of the cell, on the floor, stood the tape recorder, the only furniture. On the wall was a fold-out picture of a very purely naked young lady, around whose head Brother Christmas had pencilled a simple halo. Above it, the hands of a large electric clock approached twelve. Beneath the clock a neatly lettered sign, "Bethlehem." At two minutes before midnight a relay clicked, and the tape recorder began to whirl. The magnetic tape slipped through the pick-ups. Two fifteen-inch speakers on the north and south walls began to sputter. At precisely twelve a toneless voice intoned, "Arise and bless the Lord!" Brother Christmas rolled automatically from his pad, put on his combat boots, levis and burlap habit, his lips moving in the ritual prayers for vesting. "This day is born to you a Savior" . . . invoked the recorder. "Who is Christ the Lord" responded Brother Christmas.

Up now, he began to take his exercise, moving along the walls in the path worn deep by years of wear. Martial music poured from the speakers. In ten minutes the music and Brother Christmas stopped. He moved to the window and looked out over LA. The gleaming surfaces of the distant Civic Center shimmered with heat. Inversion obscured the horizon. Brother Christmas closed his eyes and thought of Bethlehem where it was 12:15 and cool night. Today was his name day. He felt a twinge of happiness.

Then the air-conditioned unit rattled menacingly and Handel's multi-decibel Alleluias shook dust from the ceiling, then faded to provide background for Richard Burton reading the Roman Martyrology for Christmas day:

In the year, from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus when the whole world was at peace; in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God and Son of the eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become Man of the Virgin Mary.

For a moment Brother Christmas felt a surge of affection for the white buildings and beautiful bodies of the world. He dismissed this emotion quickly as a temptation to weakness. His will moved swiftly to crush it. For a second he thought he saw the walls moving. He shut his eyes tightly. A musical tone from the recorder signalled the beginning of the meditation period. Brother Christmas swallowed a small blue capsule and sat down beside the skull which he kept by his bed. The tone continued steadily. The capsule dissolved, and the drug entered his system. It worked quickly. In fifteen minutes the tone ceased and the meditation began. Brother Christmas lay on the floor now, his eyes dilated and unblinking. The words came to him from far away, from the end of a long tunnel. . . . "There is desert, burning, burning desert" Brother Christmas saw the desert. ". . . Desert to the edge of the horizon, a universe of desert. And in the center of the desert, a theater in the round, a simple structure of polished board without set or scenery. And on this stage

is a single man wearing a tragic mask, circling the stage, strutting his stuff. With magnificent gestures he delivers his speech, his voice ringing, words of great pitch and moment. He is all the tragic players, Oedipus and Agamemnon, Hamlet and Lear. Then he changes his mask and he is all the great clowns, a fool, a jester in motley, Charlie Chaplin walk, Emmet Kelly fall, around the stage circling and countercircling, the wind taking his jibes. Finally, stage center, he stops and removes his last mask. And he faces around and he faces around and he faces around. It is only then that he realizes that his performance has been for no one, that his words and gestures have been for a desert and that above him the sky is empty."

The meditation ended. In the silence the whir of the recorder and the rattle of the air conditioner grew

louder. The psalms of Lauds began, but Brother Christmas missed his responses. Lying on his back, staring at the ceiling, he examined his conscience. He found that he had no hope, that he had purified himself of that terrible plague, emptied his soul of love and, in the very narcissism of his despair, found salvation. Brother Christmas was ready to die. He had passed his days in painless monotony, weaving his baskets and watching his hours pass by. Now he was aware of the last of his minutes and seconds moving like a breeze past his face. He resolved to lie very still and never move again. His breathing was quiet and after a while it was inaudible.

A few days later Brother Christmas did die. Next to his name in the archives of the community appeared the legend: *Mortuus est in odore alienationis.*



... And Frolicked in the Autumn Mist ...

Whither Goest Thou, Folk Music

by Joel Garreau

Last summer, the author worked as a reporter for the Pawtucket (R. I.) Times. In that capacity, he spent four days at the Newport Folk Festival, interviewing performers. This article is the partial result of those four days.

THE VILLAGE Voice last week claimed that folk rock had gone out the other end of its popularity. It's amusing to think that people are already shoveling dirt over the casket of the movement that shocked the folk purists completely only a year and a half ago. That was when Bob Dylan showed up at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival with six-string electrical battle axes and was consequently booed off the stage.

Could it be less than a year ago since the sixth Peter, Paul and Mary album appeared with this remark on its jacket?

"The Beatles have gone folk, Bob Dylan has gone pop, the young bearded set in long hair and levis are digging the Rolling Stones, and even Bob Shelton no longer considers himself the folk music critic of the New York Times. He's now the pop music critic."

Now, the Beatles have disbanded, Dylan is still in traction from his summer cycle confrontation with a tree, and the above-typed set is rioting on the Sunset Strip over the question of their freedom to create a ghetto in their own image and likeness. And only incidentally—whatever happened to Bob Shelton, anyway?

The album whose jacket was quoted above was titled "See What Tomorrow Brings," and fittingly so, for many are waiting to do just that in regard to folk music. What are the trends now in folk music? Is the style on the way out? Is the music form that fostered a multimillion-dollar industry dying?

Not really. The thing is that the whole complexion of the idiom is changing, and many have trouble recognizing the booming phenomenon that is now folk music.

In the late '50's, a reconstructed Civil War ballad, "Tom Dooley,"

caught the imagination of the record-buying populace and swept an obscure group of collegians, the Kingston Trio, to stardom. At the same time, electric cattle prods were being used to herd civil rights activists, and songs like "Birmingham Jail" began to take on new and more immediate meanings. And then came Peter, Paul and Mary, their imitators and successors. By 1962, what was termed the "folk boom" was in full swing.

A reaction soon set in, but before it did, the basic instruments of the idiom, the six-string flat-top guitar, soared in sales. Right behind it were banjos and instruments that had been marked for extinction such as auto-harps, doboros and dulcimers. Big record companies such as Columbia and RCA Victor began to battle the old standbys such as Folkways and the Library of Congress for recording contracts.

Interest in folk music became a fad. Who can forget, no matter how hard they try, the endless numbers of girls with long, very straight (preferably blond) hair and soulful looks?

Nevertheless, Judy Collins, the pretty, 27-year-old folk singer who was one of the directors of the 1966 edition of the Newport Folk Festival, admits that "there was a lot of junk on the market during the folk 'boom'."

After two years of it, the Beatles suddenly broke onto the record scene. Redefining rock and roll, they abandoned typically simplistic three-chord progressions in their music. Then, of course, Dylan started to wrap the Big Beat around meaningful words. And the fads started to congeal around his type. That was when the ugly rumors about folk music's premature demise started.

It's true that amateurs that would be professional folk singers are having a harder time than ever finding jobs. On the other hand, national sales of folk instruments continue to rise, although rock and roll sales have a definite edge.

Disc sales are also holding steady, but they point up some interesting trends. Not surprisingly, interest in

the truly folk music, i.e., that of the ethnicisms of the Appalachians or the Texas State Prison (they really do have a record out recording the soul stirrings of the inmates—strictly for the connoisseur), is less than that in the commercial types such as the now defunct Chad Mitchell Trio, or Peter, Paul and Mary.

However, high on the list of records bought and climbing, are those of the rather esoteric, avant-garde "urban folk singers," one of whom is, or was, Bob Dylan. Tending to turn their attention to electric instruments played in a more or less folk style, their songs are characteristically sophisticated analyses of the problems of a city-oriented society. Such is an example of their type. Wrote the late Dick Farina (who was a noted folk musician in his own right), of Mark Spoelstra, one of the avant-garde: "Spoelstra came to the Hot Springs (in California) at Big Sur from Fresno. He was bearded, bundled in a parka, and his crash helmet clattered from the motorcycle ride along the treacherous south coast. Hot Springs is one metaphysical focus of that elliptical, legendary country. . . ." And so on. Such performers tend to sing songs that smack of this same, somewhat less than journalistic style. Some have called it surrealistic, others worse. But this is where it's at, folk music aficionados will tell you.

This seems to be the key to the whole folk music situation. Any loss in mass popularity is being offset by the new directions in which folk music is going.

Liam Clancy (a member of the folk singing group of the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem who were at Notre Dame recently) was interviewed at the 1966 Newport Folk Festival. The decline in the "boom" came, he says, "when the old songs that had always been around became familiar to the masses." It was at this time, he continues, that "new styles had to be developed . . . there came a polishing of the music . . . the process of change began."

(Continued on page 31)

sidelines



A FAMILY AFFAIR

It had been over a decade since Notre Dame had placed an unusual number of players on the nation's All-American teams, until UPI and the rest came out with their 1966 selections. It was almost a family affair. Nine were named to the first two teams in the UPI polling, six to the first team *Football News*, four to the first team American Coaches Association, and four to *Time* magazine's team. Individually, Tom Regner, Nick Eddy, Alan Page, Pete Duranko and Jim Lynch were listed on almost everyone's super squad, but Captain Lynch received the most esoteric of honors from the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame, in the form of a \$500 grant, one of nine issued yearly to prospective graduate students who spend their spare time on the football field.

THE SUPER SOPHS

The National Championship uproar at Michigan State and Alabama was hardly quenched when Notre Dame blasted USC, 51-0, and received the number-one ranking in both the AP and UPI polls.

But if the Spartans have any respect for omens, they'll accept second place without an argument. Not only has State gone winless in the polls, they've also lost the McArthur Bowl and the Debate of the Decade. The bowl for years has been the most sensible elector of the National Champions, and in 1966 it was split between Notre Dame and the Spartans. Since gold-plated trophies were made to be kept in one piece, Coaches Par-seghian and Daugherty tossed a coin,

and Notre Dame won the bowl until June.

State should have known their luck ran out early in the second quarter back on November 19. The week after the tie, they went to battle the Irish again in the open forum of opinion and debate. The University of Detroit, which has been aching to get back into big-time football, invited the MSU and ND orators to debate the statement: "Our team is the number-one football team in the nation." On Wednesday, November 30, ND Sophomores Pat Raher and Jim Rice faced two Spartans over radio and television and walked off with a bowl of roses, a trophy, and the national championship in the U. of D. Debate Judges Poll. Basing their arguments on Notre Dame's superior statistics, greater number of All-Americans, and the injury-ridden Irish comeback, they scored a 2-1 victory by the vote of the Detroit debate coach and two Wayne State officials.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL (1-3)

Notre Dame 100, Lewis 76.
Toledo 98, Notre Dame 80.
Detroit 75, Notre Dame 74.
Evansville 105, Notre Dame 99.

SWIMMING (2-0)

Notre Dame 70, Eastern Mich. 68 (preseason).
Notre Dame 74, Buffalo 21.
Notre Dame 67, St. Bonaventure 28.

WRESTLING (1-0)

Indiana State Tournament, Roger Fox, second place; heavyweight.
Notre Dame 25, Valparaiso 8.

FENCING (1-0)

Notre Dame 21, Illinois (Chicago Circle) 6.

HOCKEY (2-0)

Notre Dame 4, Beloit (Wisc.) 0.
Notre Dame 9, Lewis 1.

THIS WEEK

DECEMBER 14

Basketball: St. Norbert College at Notre Dame (8:00).

Swimming: Ball State at Muncie, Ind.

DECEMBER 17

Basketball: St. John's at Jamaica, N.Y.

DECEMBER 19

Hockey: Christmas Tourney in Chicago Stadium.

DECEMBER 20

Basketball: Indiana University at Fort Wayne.

Hockey: Second round, Christmas Tourney.

DECEMBER 23

Basketball: U.C.L.A. at Los Angeles.

DECEMBER 25-30

Basketball: Rainbow Classic at Honolulu, Hawaii.

DECEMBER 28

Swimming: Ohio University at Athens, Ohio.

DECEMBER 31

Basketball: Kentucky at Louisville.

JANUARY 6

Fencing: Western Reserve at Cleveland.

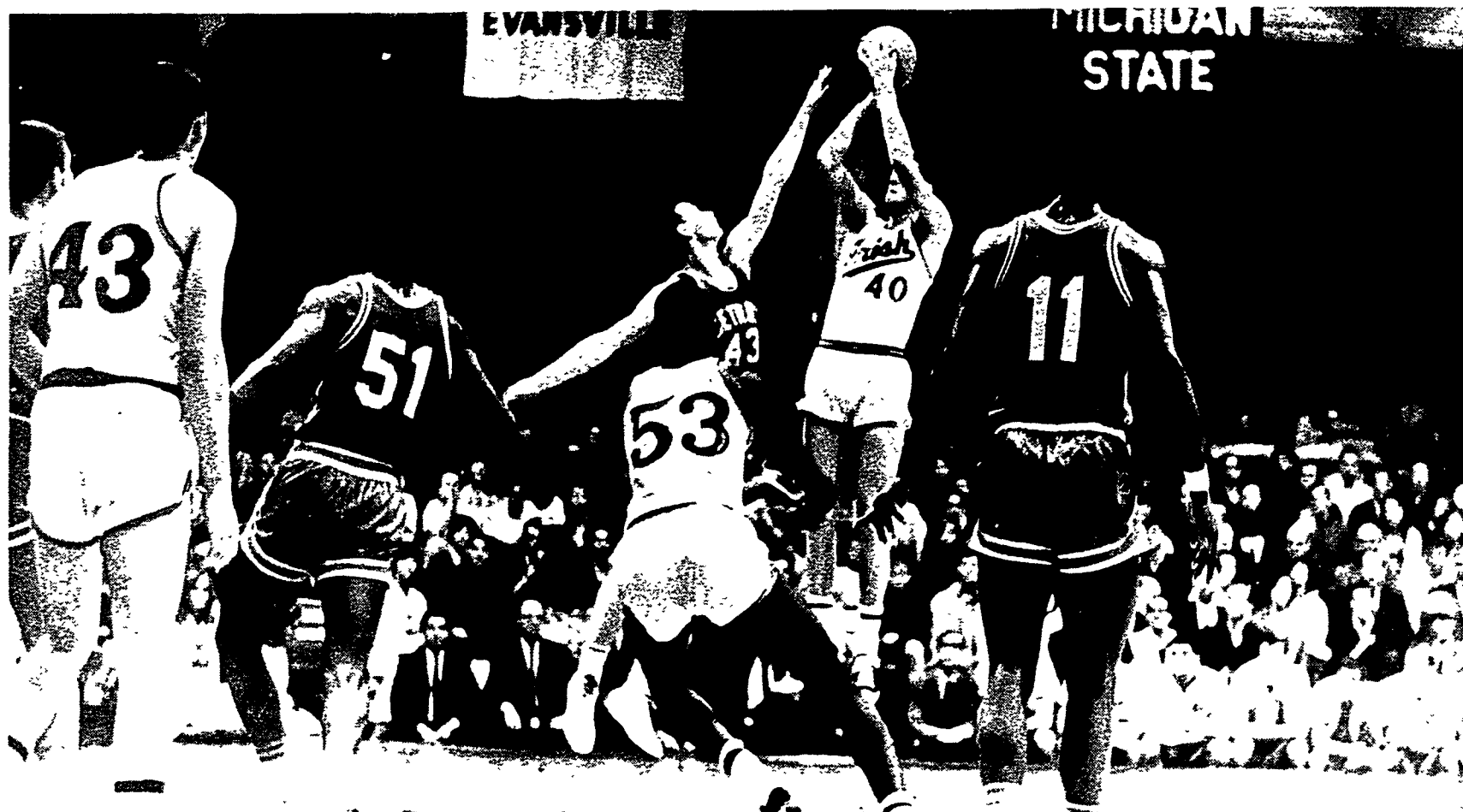
JANUARY 7

Basketball: Air Force Academy at Notre Dame.

Fencing: Cleveland State and Oberlin at Cleveland.

JANUARY 11

Basketball: King's College at Notre Dame.



A FAULTY FLOOR SHOW

by Larry Bright

YOU KNOW how it is the morning after the "night before." You are almost, but not quite, awake. You're thinking to yourself that your condition isn't really all that serious. But one look in the mirror and the truth is out. This was John Dee, as he sat in his office, talking about his "all-nighter," the Detroit game. "It makes you sick to your stomach when you lose like that but you try not to let it show. When a sophomore leads you in scoring and rebounding every night, you know it's got to get better."

Young teams normally experience a period of adjustment in their early games and then gradually blend into a cohesive unit with the confidence that only competition can bring. This was the thesis of the red-eyed Irish coach, talking about the one his team had given away. "Given" because they had seen a nine-point lead compiled in thirty-one minutes of respectable basketball dissolve in nine minutes of what appeared to be Dr. Naismith's first class at the Y.

Dominated by sophomores, the Irish had opened with an easy win over easy Lewis, a game which saw the flashes of good basketball but also the holes, notably 24 errors. Against Toledo, the Irish shortcomings were glaringly exposed as any young team's handicaps would be on their first road trip. But Detroit was the big test. An even match in personnel and experience, the game was viewed as the first accurate measuring of the potential of Notre Dame. Could the holes be filled? Could the sophomores settle into a steady style of play?

If the first half proved anything, it was that Notre Dame had the capacity to jell. The Irish opened to a commanding ten-point lead through the first ten minutes of play. But soon the holes everyone thought plugged, at least for this evening, were opened and the nightmare was on. Detroit's pressing defense forced the Irish into recurring miscues, cutting down on Notre Dame's scoring opportunities while adding fuel to Detroit's comeback. In

fact, Notre Dame was shut out completely for almost two minutes. Despite the desperation efforts of Monahan, the visitors took the lead 72-71 on Brisker's jumper off the tail end of a costly and ridiculous floor error. "It makes you feel embarrassed as a coach when you see things like that," Dee moaned.

Evansville, notorious for their perennial seven-man press, seemed a replay. Off to an early lead, the Irish, hampered by sloppy floor play, fell behind by 11. Their dramatic comeback to tie the score at the end of regulation play was again second-line news to the final score.

What is to come? "With the schedule we play, where the big teams we meet are away from home, we must be at least twenty points better than whoever we face," Dee evaluated.

One factor contributing to this point spread is the foul line, where road games, not to mention close games, are many times decided. From the foul line against Detroit, the Irish shot nine of twenty-three, a .391 percentage. At Evansville, they improved on that somewhat, hitting 64%, still far from what a good college team should shoot. On the other hand, the Irish have outshot most of their opponents from the field. Detroit hit only 39% of their field goals but 80% from the charity line, and won.

Dee had planned to build his offense around Whitmore, who has proved himself at the center post, and Arnzen, whose 22-point average attests to his scoring potential. But the lack of a solid backcourt has diminished their effectiveness. Against Detroit's man-to-man backcourt press, the Irish were able to break half court but seemed to relax afterwards. "We get the ball over the line and then we look for a medal," Dee said, "if we can only capitalize on the advantage of beating one guy, we'll start to improve."

But through four contests, an average of 25 floor errors per game stands as frustrating evidence that the rough edges have yet to be smoothed. ■

Voice in the Crowd

By the time December rolled around in years prior to this one, the collegiate football graduates, the nation's seniors, were gathering around the bargaining tables to talk contract with representatives from both the N.F.L. and their younger but just as willing rival, the A.F.L. Stars like Namath and Huarte could practically name their prices and Jack Snow could even demand that the Vikings trade him to a team that operated in a warmer climate.

Now Steve Spurrier is asking half a million and Nick Eddy has already agreed to a reported two hundred thousand. But today, this year, Spurrier won't be granted his wish because he has lost the one ingredient his predecessors at the contract table had — bargaining power. Despite his Heisman Trophy credentials and the fact that the New York Giants are in dire need of his arm, Spurrier will either take what the Giants deem a suitable sum or look elsewhere for offers, but buyers will be scarce at his list price.

On the surface, this year's draft will undergo a vast revision due to the future merging of the two leagues, but there is a strong and recurring rumor that both leagues will resort to the secret draft in late December, making the scheduled draft in mid-January a formality. Regardless, the college seniors and their personal lawyers will sit back and await the formal results. This year's college senior is in much the same position as a holdout in baseball or any other professional sport. He can either balk for more money and hope that his future employer can't afford not to sign him, or take the chance of being released as a free agent. The only other possibility is an offer from Canada. This year, except in the case of "futures" like Nick Eddy and Pete Duranko, the six-digit figures will be few.

As the winter sports unfold, the presence of sophomores will effect unexpected achievements and excitement in much the same way that Hanratty, Seymour and O'Brien captured the headlines for ten weeks during the football season. Not only were they good print, they became a necessity late in the season. Bob Gladioux filled in brilliantly for Nick Eddy at Lansing and for three quarters of the Southern California game the offense was composed of five sophomores, regulars Seymour and Kuchenberg, and substitutes Tim Monty, Tom McKinley and Coley O'Brien.

The success of the basketball team is in the hands of two more sophomores, Bob Whitmore and Bob Arnzen, who lead the Irish in both the scoring and rebounding departments. Arnzen has twice hit for thirty points and Whitmore has been in double figures in the rebounding column in three of his team's four contests.

When the indoor track season gets under way three additions to Alex Wilson's squad, all sophomores, should enable the Irish to field their strongest team in years. Perennially weak in the sprints and field events, Notre Dame now has the dash men and a high jumper to blend with the always reliable distance and middle distance men. Bill Hurd has recovered from a serious thigh injury and is running his customary 6.2 sixty-yarders in practice. Right on his heels is another sophomore from Norway, Ole Skarstine, who has also been clocked at 6.2 this year. Hurd and Skarstine will double in the 220-yard event and Bill will triple as a broad jumper. For added field strength Ed Broderick will collect valuable points in the high jump where he already holds the Notre Dame indoor record.

Notre Dame will lose nine proven athletes to the pro football ranks this January, but outstanding performances by sophomores will ensure continued success in the seasons to come.

— MIKE BRADLEY

(Continued from page 28)

Although easily to be considered not only a singer of ethnic songs, but an ethnic folk singer, Liam sees this change as hardly unexpected, and what's more, not at all detracting from interest in music such as his. That is, "we're making more money than ever," says he, at the same time that folk-rock, blues, blue-grass, and folk-jazz are carving their own niches.

Earl Scruggs, a bluegrass, country music star of Grand Ole Opry fame who also appeared at Newport, agrees. "Folk music is not necessarily any bigger than it ever was, but it definitely is expanding outwards as the peak of its fad popularity is knocked off."

At any rate, the likes of Pete Seegar, the grand old man of the music, cautioned, as he was walking to a traditional song workshop, "A lot of people think that just because a song is not in the hit parade, a style of music is dead, or out. Tell 'em . . . you tell 'em . . . this is a pile of (vulgarity). You tell 'em that."

And he has a point. Folk seems to be doing what jazz did six or seven years ago. Those "enthusiasts" are being lost who thought they were interested in the music just because the crowd pleasers appealed to them.

Judy Collins muses, "The real interest in traditional folk music is just beginning to take hold. Just look at the Festival (which broke attendance records, while featuring few 'name' performers). In the long run, a wider and more stable interest will develop. One thing evolves from another. People eventually work back to the origins of the music they go for. . . . If they like rock and roll, for example, they'll get back to Nashville and the blues, and so on. It comes in phases. The Kingston Trio led people to enjoy Pete Seegar, who made people become able to appreciate Ed Young and the Southern Fife and Drum Corps. From one thing, you learn to appreciate the other."

"The hootenanny thing was artificial: trumped up by records, television and the like," said Tom Paxton, one of folk music's most prolific songwriters. "If anything has changed for me as a professional since the slackening of the folk 'boom,' it's that I don't have to put up with (things like) small coffee-houses, especially in the Midwest, that had little or no musical value." He, like others, had got to the point that if he had been asked to sing "Puff, the Magic Dragon" just one more time, he was going to breathe fire.

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from "The Counterfeit Secret Circle Member Gets the Message":

"Hurry up! Randy's gotta go!" Now what!

"I'll be right out, ma! Gee whiz!" I shouted hoarsely, sweat dripping off my nose.

S . . . U . . . 15 . . . R . . . E. BE SURE! A message was coming through! Excitement gripped my gut. I was getting The Word: be sure.

14 . 8 . . . T . . . O . . . BE SURE TO what? What was Little Orphan Annie trying to say? 17 . . . 9 DR . . . 16 . . . 12 . . . I . . . 9 . . . N . . . K . . . 32 . . . OVA . . . 19 . . . LT . . . 12 . . . I . . .

I sat for a long moment in that steaming room, staring down at my Indian Chief notebook. A crummy commercial!

Or this; one of the most evocative passages in English literature:

On it went, my mother systematically degrading our lives by simply telling the truth. She invented nothing. Before the Assessor came, we always pretended that the holes in the rug didn't exist and the picture wasn't an original Woolworth; the refrigerator not a crummy piece of tin that soured milk and curdled cream. Here she was, laying it down — the truth. And I am hearing it; a kid. Who loved his home and the things in it.

"No, Ma! Ma, it's our refrigerator! It has great ice cubes! And our great rug! I lay on it and follow the pattern with my eyes! It's a beautiful rug! With gold fringe! Ma, it's not a terrible rug!!"

Who can deny that just such things as these have happened to him, and that it is just such minor events that adumbrate the future courses of our lives. As Shepherd says, we become aware quite early in our lives whether we are destined to be winners or losers: "One crowd goes on to become the Official people, peering out at us from television screens, magazine covers. They are forever appearing in newsreels, carrying attaché cases, surrounded by banks of microphones while the world waits for their decisions and statements. And the rest of us go on to become . . . just us."

Shepherd is a master at digging up minor aspects of American culture that tell more about our society than many more prominent facts. For example, there is this piece from an essay on the Fourth of July:

I remember guys sitting on their front porches, tossing dynamite — I mean *blasting* dynamite! — out on the streets, just for kicks. Northern Indiana is full of primeval types who've drifted up from the restless hills of Kentucky and the gulches of Tennessee, bringing with them suitcases filled with dynamite saved over from the time Grampaw blew up the stumps in the Back Forty. And they brought it to the city with them, because you never can tell, and since they never had any money for fireworks there was only one thing to. . . . Dynamite was the milk of life to the average hillbilly of the day. He celebrated with it, feuded with it, and fished with it.

Shepherd would be the first to admit that he is just as much of a slob as the people about whom he writes, but he would insist that basically almost everyone is. Perhaps that is the stem of his peculiar genius: rarely has America had such a discerning and, at the same time, fully-experienced poet to sing her folkways. It's unfortunate that the latest time capsule has already been sealed, for I feel sure that Shepherd's work will long remain one of the finest portraits of the twentieth-century American social character ever made. ■

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physical, dramatic vehicle for its expression. Mr. Franke, on the other hand, who is by far the most gifted of the locals, seemed disinterested, as though he walked through his part, being very cavalier as to how much of the depth of his role he would study and present in his performance. It seemed as though he only bothered to pick up the easy highlights of his role, though these weren't distinguishably Prospero. In particular, he made very good gestures and deliveries upon entrances and exits where a certain suddenness and vitality seem called for. Perhaps he was bored and couldn't interest himself in working with the circumstances presented.

The stage setting was dull and unimaginative. It resembled a sepulcher and I don't think that is a valid interpretation of Shakespeare's intentions.

The casting was atrocious. Whether there was any unified concept behind it I find a seriously doubtful matter. Ariel (Amanda Crabtree) was like Mickey Rooney's giggling Puck of long ago. Actually she was more like a Las Vegas floor show girl and the crowd loved her "spriting."

The humorous parts, Trinculo (Bill Noe) and Stephano (Warren Bowles), were translated into terms of Jonathan Winters and Bill Cosby, both of whom are fine, on television.

These examples are all symptoms of what seem to be greater problems. It is true that Shakespeare wrote his plays for the Globe Theater and their popular success was immediate. Does this justify such things as the style of delivery of Trinculo and Stephano? Would Shakespeare have presented such imitations in a straightforward manner? By so doing, one is in effect avoiding the play. The scenes stand out as funny, but like "Ed Sullivan Show" routines, they are outside of the workings of the play. It is very similar to punching someone who is unconscious, in that Shakespeare doesn't get the last word in his play though he probably would have loved the irony of the situation.

All of the above raises the question as to the necessity, first of all, of scheduling Shakespeare, and secondly, of keeping to that schedule. *Potting Shed* was a stiff; nothing could be done about that. But why rush through the few great plays the world has, stumbling over your own shoelaces? Do the local directors look ahead selecting plays to see that they can meet cast requirements? Also, why keep something on the schedule when you see the opportunity for a change or the necessity for one? That the locals never do this fits in with the general impression one gets of a "tired" group.

There is no need to go any further with this. I find it particularly embarrassing to review this sort of performance and, more generally, this attitude in the public. No responsibility seems shared by either theater directors or public — they accept each other gladly. There will be a musical once a year, the annual hit, and the crowds will find it "boffo!" Perhaps that is because it will be as cream puff as rooting for your football team. Actually, one shouldn't complain on that score, since interest in anything for which *Time* or the newspapers don't give stars will be lessened here. "Culture" does have friends here — you might have gotten a ride to the play in a Cushmann golf cart, dreadnought class, if you had the right friend. It gets tiring to sigh about the second-rate expressions of a naked, ineffective intellectuality. Certainly such will perdure for several plays and statements and so on. I, for one, am leaving for vacation, and hope to see more significant theatrical attempts. ■

Campus

(Continued from page 15)

service they have provided the student body. The laundry people would like to see it turned into something like a Chinese "no-tickee, no shirtee" establishment, too. The Guidance and Testing Department would like a place to guide and test people in, as would the Psychology Department. The security police want a place to make strategic retreats to. Even the Peace Corps, perpetuating the dust unto dust thing, wants to keep the old mail center in the hands of the government.

Coming closer to reality, one suggestion that received close consideration was for the establishment of a vending service center, not unlike that in the basement of the library. This was turned down because many feared that it would turn the center of campus into a garbage dump and furthermore, would conflict with the business of the pay Caf and the Huddle.

Another idea was to turn it into a "student discussion center." However, since its role is basically passive—that is, not offering services, just a place to congregate—many feel that the Student Center is adequate.

The Senate last Tuesday passed unanimously a motion that would make the place into an on-campus edition of Frankie's, sans brew. Before the new library was built, the proprietor of what is now Louie's owned a restaurant in the east part of the campus where students gathered for pizza and the like. A reincarnation of this type of restaurant-coffeehouse is the gleam in Student Government's eye. The only hurdle left now, according to Tom Holstein, co-sponsor with Tom McKenna of the Senate motion, is to convince the Administration that the idea of a place where you can take a date after a dance or where you can go to find nourishment halfway through an all-nighter, is a good more common than any other suggestion.

OPENING UP THEOLOGY

Commuting to campus is a headache for profs who live in a metropolitan area. Two who feel this problem most acutely are new members of Notre Dame's Theology Dept. Rabbi Samuel E. Karff and Rev. Eusebius A. Stephanou log a total of about seven hundred miles a week in their twice-a-week trips to Notre Dame for classes. Rabbi Karff comes to us from the Sinai Congregation of Chicago, while Father Stephanou is pastor of a Greek Orthodox Church

(Holy Trinity) in Fort Wayne, Ind.

Rabbi Karff's recommendation to Notre Dame comes from an organization known as the Jewish Chautauqua Society, one of whose aims is to place Jewish scholars in teaching positions in non-Jewish educational environments. Rabbi Karff, an authority on Semitic writing, teaches a graduate course in Hebrew literature.

Father Stephanou teaches an undergraduate theology course, "God and Man," plus a graduate study of Greek Orthodox doctrine. He was enlisted for Notre Dame thanks to the efforts of Rev. Albert L. Schlitzer, C.S.C., head of the Theology Department.

"Catholics do not have a corner on theological insights," admits Fr. Schlitzer in explaining the appointments. In the past Catholics have rejected different religious faiths without any investigation, asserting that Roman Catholicism is the only faith acceptable to God, man's sole path to salvation. Now, in the post-Vatican II period, "there is a new spirit, even for common worship and sharing of the faith."

Dialogue among persons holding different ideas and points of view is a vital ingredient in the process of continuing education. While there has long been a creative tension in the political field, only recently has the category of religion opened itself to discussion, exploration, and constructive criticism. The Roman Catholic Church, through the resolutions of the Council, has made its flock aware that everything worthwhile has not been said by Catholics.

The centuries-old separation of the Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Jewish faiths has just now begun to mend, according to Father Schlitzer. More basic than the results of the Council is the realization that Catholics don't know it all. Other people can provide some of the answers, a justification for the appointments of Rabbi Karff and Father Stephanou. Father Schlitzer sees no danger of a loss of faith among students because they have been instructed by non-Catholics. He feels that religion is now becoming less of an institution and more of an individual, personal affair. Today's Catholic is a more mature person, anxious to know more about his faith. One method of study is exchange of information with people of diverse opinions.

In the future the Theology Department hopes to introduce more teachers of other faiths to the Notre Dame intellectual community. Men of the vitality and energy of Father Stephanou and Rabbi Karff can do much to

stimulate academic and personal interest in the study of religion and its relation to the problems of man. Coming up next semester—a Princeton professor to lecture on the history of Protestant worship.

CHAMBER MUSIC

A flute, a cello, a piano—an unusual combination of instruments. But on Wednesday night, December 7, the three were played together as the New York Camerata presented a program in the Saint Mary's Little Theater. The concert was chamber music, an old form of composition for small groups of instruments. The performance—the fifth in the 1966-67 Saint Mary's Music Department series—was unique.

Formed three years ago, the Camerata was organized by three young musicians who enjoyed playing chamber music together. Today it includes William Wittig, flutist and teacher at Ball State University; Charles Forbes, cellist and student of Pablo Casals; and Glenn Jacobsen, pianist and teacher in New York. All have done graduate work on national fellowships and have made individual concert tours.

The program presented here was varied. It included works by composers from the early eighteenth century to the twentieth (Telemann, Haydn, von Weber, Villa Lobos, and Martinu). The response of the more than two hundred people attending the concert was warm, so much so that the Camerata has been asked to return for next year's season.

This season, the Music Department has been aided by an increased budget, making more concerts possible. So far they have presented programs by Terence and Patricia Shook, artists-in-residence; Madeleine Carabo-Cone, innovator in primary music education; Rev. Patrick Maloney, C.S.C., tenor; and the Michiana String Quartet. The concerts are usually free and attendance is higher than last year's.

Later this year the Department will present a combined Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Spring Glee Club Concert and student recitals in addition to the regular concerts. The Department at Saint Mary's has approximately 25 music majors, most concentrating in music education. Plans are being made now by Sister M. Dolorosa, C.S.C., and Rev. G. Carl Hager, C.S.C., heads of the Saint Mary's and Notre Dame departments, for a number of coex music classes next fall and for greater coordination between the ND and SMC departments on concerts. ■

Dan Murray The Last Word



JACK WALKER, a friend, and now four months in Viet Nam, writes again this week of his experience and his thoughts there. The year before I came to Notre Dame he corresponded, telling of the campus, of the football spirit, of studies, of activities. The air of quiet sophistication typical of senior year marked what he wrote.

In Viet Nam he seems a little less certain. Not that he has become half-hearted in his effort, but as he says, "it's hard" to watch troops and civilians die, on both sides.

For us it is not given to be uncertain. The self-righteousness that marks especially the hawks and the doves somehow subtly testifies to our removal from the battlefield. We are too far away to understand.

Pictures pour forth endlessly from Viet Nam. A child in the arms of his deceased mother, a mutilated American soldier, a decapitated VC — pictures of these capture a part of the war but capture it so inadequately that scenes now commonplace inure one to the suffering rather than cause sympathy and compassion. Art Buchwald writes of the possibility of TV instant-replay with stop action now that a Comstat satellite bridges the Pacific. Perhaps the exact moment of death can be captured.

The thought is revolting, and we would prefer to forget. If we seek to withdraw from Viet Nam, there will doubtless be assassinations and re-cremations as there are now. If we stay, the bombs will continue to drop, and many will be sacrificed to secure a ragged remnant of self-determination and freedom for the South Vietnamese. Either way blood will be spilled, and we will be responsible. Carrying a protest placard, waving the flag of freedom will not wash our hands of that blood.

In important respects the Notre Dame student has hidden himself from the realities of the battlefield. It's only natural. To become involved

with the problem through one and one-half-inch headlines in the *South Bend Tribune* is unlikely. There are perpetually Navy and Marine recruiters in the lobby of the dining halls who too much resemble agents for a Mardi Gras raffle, a concert, or a computer dance. And when one can glory in the delight of a National Championship year, why should one suffer over such a problem?

Viet Nam may make the occasion for a good debate, it's fashionable to pray for peace at Mass these days, even prowar students will participate in peace vigils in chapels. But we are far away from Viet Nam, and it seems no matter how much we want to understand, we cannot.

If the battlefield is alien to us and even if "the reality of a lot of things won't hit until the rounds start flying," there are ways in which we experience the very heart of what is involved in the war. It is perhaps best seen in marriage. The husband and wife love each other profoundly, but they are always uncertain as to whether their love is selfish or selfless. There is a certain way in which we as persons are always concerned about what others think of us — and we question whether this is simply vanity or a desire to please others. The nation experiences the same ambiguity: is its concern for Viet Nam selfishness or a real desire to help? Does it act in arrogance or in a desire to help others? And to those who would propose a simple answer to this dilemma, we would recall our own feeling at times of being profoundly two-faced.

The dilemma of Viet Nam we experience concretely in our own lives. But that we should worry about our duplicity as persons and as nations is already a sign of our remorse. In this awareness of a need for forgiveness, in the seeds of humility that we already see in our nation and others as we become more profoundly concerned with the war, lies the hope of Christ's rebirth in 1966.

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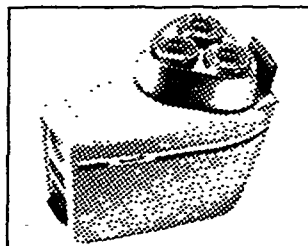


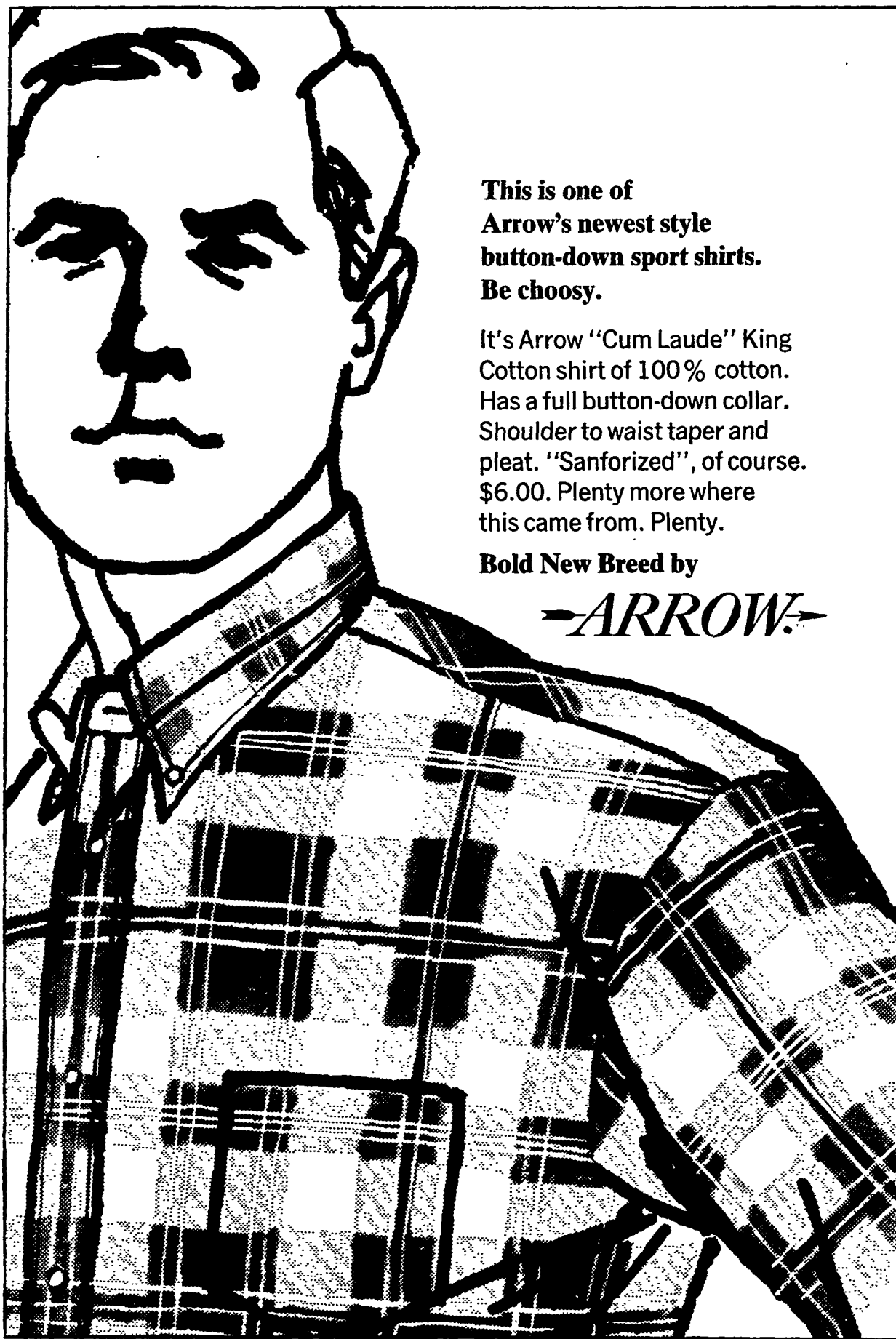
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