



THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
1967-68

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS

VOLUME 109 - Notre Dame, Indiana, Sept. 22, 1967 - No. 1

EDITORIAL

It was the first time in the history of the Scholastic Year that the entire staff of the University of Notre Dame gathered together to discuss the future of the publication. The staff members, representing all the schools of the University, met in the Notre Dame Clubhouse to discuss the future of the Scholastic Year. The meeting was held on September 15, 1967, and was attended by approximately 100 members of the staff. The meeting was presided over by the University President, and the minutes of the meeting were published in the Scholastic Year.

The Scholastic Year is a publication of the University of Notre Dame, and it is the responsibility of the staff to ensure that it remains a valuable and interesting publication for the students. The staff members discussed the future of the Scholastic Year in terms of its content, its format, and its distribution. They discussed the need for more articles on current events and the need for more student-written articles. They also discussed the need for a more professional and polished presentation of the publication.

The staff members agreed that the Scholastic Year should continue to be a publication that is both informative and entertaining. They agreed that the Scholastic Year should provide the students with a forum in which they can express their views on current events and share their experiences with their fellow students. They also agreed that the Scholastic Year should be a publication that is both well-written and well-presented.

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UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

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SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

Vol. 109 Sept. 22, 1967 No. 1



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Editorials

The Time Has Come

The time has come for a reasonable alternative to our present policy in Vietnam. The rise of public dissatisfaction about the Vietnamese conflict and its possible effects on the 1968 presidential campaign is noted as often as the progress of the war itself. But this dissatisfaction alone is not enough. It must be directed; it must be shaped into a positive program for action capable of popular support. We must not allow the present policy to win by default.

Our present policy is committed to defend South Vietnam from outside aggression from the North. It proposes the doctrine of gradual military escalation as the solution to the conflict. The leading spokesmen for this position claim a controlled increase of our land and air forces can raise the price of North Vietnamese aggression to levels that would make continued aggression prohibitive.

It seems fair to ask the supporters of this doctrine just what those prohibitive military levels are. This they are unable to do. It seems clear therefore a continuation of this policy must be rejected as wishful thinking, a vain hope unsupported by even the slightest indications of future success. If this policy were at all productive, there would have been favorable signs long before now. It would be foolish to persist with this doctrine which, in its three years of operation, has been so barren of results.

The time has come for us to declare in both public and private, to both North and South Vietnam, the United Nations, and to the rest of the world that we no longer belong in South Vietnam. We must recognize the primary responsibility for the defense of South Vietnam lies upon the South Vietnamese themselves. If aggression from the North continues, the evidence should be brought before the United Nations.

For aside from any moral considerations, it is simply not in our best interests to continue our unilateral military action in Vietnam. Once we state our intention to pull out of Vietnam, we should stop the bombing of the North and begin to gradually cut down our land operations as a sign of our sincerity. We should once more announce our desire to negotiate directly with North Vietnam.

In the meantime we should put the Vietnam issue before the United Nations. Diplomacy should be given a chance to resolve the conflict where military escalation has failed.

— J. M.

The Scholastic

This Campus, This Year

This past summer a seminar on academic freedom sponsored by the North American Region of the International Federation of Catholic Universities (of which Fr. Hesburgh is president) was held on property owned by Notre Dame at Land O'Lakes, Wisconsin, from July 21-23.

The seminar was an outgrowth of many things, chiefly a growing awareness among Catholics of need for a new look at their brand of education and its goals sparked by the uproar over sudden-death teacher firings at St. John's University in Brooklyn a year and a half ago and the more recent and similar controversy at Catholic University.

Following the St. John's blowup Notre Dame was quick to gather scholars together for a seminar held here in April, 1966, to discuss academic freedom, the fruits of which appeared in a book published last spring, "Academic Freedom and the Catholic University," which the SCHOLASTIC reviewed.

That first seminar was in good part a reaction to the renewed charges of authoritarianism to which Catholic universities have frequently been subjected—at least in this country—through most of their history.

Notre Dame has always been in the forefront in rebutting such attacks. Its first — albeit defensive — gesture to clear the air after St. John's turned to the positive this summer at Land O'Lakes and can be read in a small yellow pamphlet, "The Idea of the Catholic University."

The pamphlet contains a document, signed by 26 religious and lay leaders of Catholic universities around the country including Georgetown, Boston, Catholic, St. Louis, Fordham, and Laval universities, and, of course, Notre Dame, entitled "Statement on the Nature of the Contemporary Catholic University."

The statement, short and necessarily vague, is not meant to be a final word. It is a reaffirmation of the stated goal of the Catholic university: that of teaching the revealed truths of God to man. Yet the statement's main thrust concerns academic freedom at such a university.

The statement says in part, "To perform its teaching and research functions effectively the Catholic university must have a true autonomy and academic freedom in the face of authority of whatever kind, lay or clerical, external to the academic community itself."

This, of course, says nothing of the degree of autonomy that should be allowed *within* the academic community, i.e., the day-to-day operation of a university regarding faculty roles and student freedom — the very problems which prompted the seminar. But the statement as a whole implies at least a growing awareness of these questions and a new sympathy toward those whom it has sometimes ignored in the past.

Notre Dame's leadership in the search to answer these complicated, delicate problems is obvious. We will be watching for the immediate forms this new commitment of academic freedom will take — on this campus, this year.

— M. McI.

Good Public Relations

The University has announced the undertaking of another contribution drive called SUMMA. This past summer *Insight* magazine, which is mailed to parents, alumni and other potential contributors to University coffers, was used to prepare this group for SUMMA.

The article, "New Metal under Old Brightness" was not intended to be a detailed study of the University but a collection of anecdotes which would capture the personality of this campus. The article, however, relied heavily on sentimentality: the fight song is quoted, Rockne, Parseghian, Tom Dooley and the "great old Notre Dame heritage" are all referred to. Since SUMMA is an attempt to raise money the large group which thinks of Notre Dame only in terms of these heart-warming stories must be placated.

Throughout the article it is emphasized Notre Dame students are clean-cut men not at all like those beat-looking (the author's own anachronism) intellectuals so often seen on other campuses. The author finds a great deal of satisfaction in that Notre Dame students dress alike, look alike and will not tolerate deviations from the norm. It is emphasized the students put social pressure on anyone wearing a beard or long hair. The author sees no incompatibility in this example of intolerance and the concept of freedom inherent in the idea of a university.

The author describes the student body to be an extremely happy group and only briefly mentions there is some discontent since students cannot meet women in a natural, informal manner. Having mentioned this he quickly points out a halfway house is being built and there are now many women on campus, living in Lewis Hall. The frustrated student is only frustrated more by the author's lack of understanding of the problem.

If the University is to grow and become a better university, and perhaps even a great university, money is required. This money must come from parents, alumni and friends. The people in public relations know how to get this money; all it takes are pictures of Fr. Hesburgh and Ara Parseghian, a bit of sentiment and some reassuring that, while some liberalizing has been done and rules abandoned, Notre Dame is still a conservative university where the students are happy and well-controlled.

It is certainly ironic that to build a better university the benefactors must first be convinced the student body isn't open to all points of view but in fact will only tolerate those conforming to the established code. One can only wonder, suppose SUMMA and all post-SUMMA drives are successful and Notre Dame does become one of the great universities of the world with students sampling many different opinions and points of view — will the unsuspecting benefactors have been cheated?

— R. M.

contents

Vol. 109 Sept. 22, 1967 No. 1

EDITORIALS

The Time Has Come	4
This Campus, This Year	5
Good Public Relations	5

FEATURES

Summer in the City	18
Reports from Detroit, South Bend, Plainfield, Providence, Cincinnati, Milwaukee	
To the Oncoming Freshmen	22
1630 of you must do something for ten months	
Back to the Streets	23
Boredom . . . booze . . . riots . . . cops and jail	
Halfway and Hoping	24
Photos of the new ND-SMC Social Center	
New Deans	26
Science and Engineering get new guiding heads	
The Guiding Hand	27
Notre Dame: Riehle the Catholic Bob Jones?	
The Federal Government Spends its Summer	28
Summer interns see a quiet Washington	
A Break With Convention	29
Your student president returns from NSA	
Letter	30
No kidding! This came in our mail	
The Making of the Team — 1967	32
P-R-I-D-E means Number One	
The Captain's Table	34
Rocky Bleier begins a new <i>Scholastic</i> column	

DEPARTMENTS

Coming Distractions	8	Feiffer	17
News and Notes	9	Sidelines	31
Magazine Rack: Esquire and Playboy	10	Schedule	34
Movies	10	Voice in the Crowd	35
Campus	11	Football Picks	35
On Other Campuses	16	The Last Word	42

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ATTENTION OFF-CAMPUS STUDENTS

Mail service of the Scholastic begins with the Oct. 6 issue. Pick up your copy in the Off-campus office until then.

Our mailing information comes exclusively from the Office of the Dean of Students.

coming distractions

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

- All Day Latest date for all class changes. Speak now or forever get up at eight o'clock in the morning.
- 9:30 a.m. A meeting of the advisory council of the library in the director's conference room at the Memorial Library.
- 11:45 a.m. A luncheon for the advisory council of the law school at the Morris Inn.
- 1:30 p.m. A meeting for the advisory council for the law school at the Center for Continuing Education.
- 4:30 p.m. Prof. Meir Reichaw from the Israel Institute of Technology will speak on "Some Applications of Fixed Point Theorems," in room 226 of the Computing Center. Sponsored by the Department of Mathematics, it is open to the public.
- 5:45 p.m. "Inside Sports," with Moose Krause, Notre Dame athletic director, WNDU-TV, Channel 16. Welcome back to the football season.
- 6:45 p.m. The closest you will ever come to knowing how it was with the Paris mob on Bastille Day or any historical equivalent that comes to mind. Pep rally in the fieldhouse. Follow the band. Immediately followed by another noteworthy experience. A Mixer At Stepan Center, sponsored by the Student Government Social Commission. Swallow your pride and go. It's only 50 cents admission, and maybe it could be the inspiration for a book or something.
- 10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports" on WNDU-TV, Channel 16. See remarks at 5:45.
- 8:30 p.m. Post rally "Bear Hug" at the Laurel Club with the Shaggs, sponsored by the Class of '69.
- 10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports" on WNDU-TV, Channel 16. See remarks at 5:45.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

- All Day Deadline for Homecoming lottery by mail.
- 8:45 a.m. Breakfast for the advisory council of the law school at the Morris Inn.
- 9:30 a.m. A meeting of the advisory council for the library in the director's conference room at the Memorial Library. Why is it that the library council doesn't rate breakfast in the Morris Inn?
- 1:30 p.m. California versus what is reputed to be the biggest defensive forward four short of the Los Angeles Rams. In the stadium.
- 8:00 p.m. Dionne Warwick at the Stepan Center, sponsored by the Social Commission. Admission, \$4 and \$5. The public is invited.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

- 11:00 a.m. Formal opening of Notre Dame's 126th academic year with a concelebrated Solemn Mass in Sacred Heart Church. Principal celebrant will be Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., executive vice president of the university. Sermon by Rev. John E. Walsh, C.S.C., vice president for academic affairs.
- 1:00 a.m. Mixer, sponsored by the Class of '69 in the Rathskellar. Admission, \$1.
- 10:00 p.m. "The Ara Parseghian Show" on WNDU-TV, Channel 16. If the show holds true to last year's script; The Man will explain why California was really an outstanding team, although they lost by over 30 points, and then he will proceed to worry the campus with descriptions of how good Purdue is.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

- All Day Absolute, final, no way around it deadline for Homecoming lottery by mail.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 THROUGH THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

The horrible knowledge that classes are really with us begins to sink in. This is no time for distractions.

DO PRIESTS

- Cut Ribbons at Civic Affairs?
- Wrestle with Bookkeeping?
- Balance the Budget?
- Shuffle Papers?

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news and notes

• Now that Notre Dame grants more financial aid to academically qualified students than to athletes, the University has been approved for a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Dr. Bernard J. Kohlbrenner led a committee of Notre Dame faculty seeking the charter. The Society, which was founded in 1776 to encourage liberal education, grants it charters to member teachers in a college rather than to the administrations; Kohlbrenner is one of 35 Phi Beta Kappas on the faculty. The Society's 28th Triennial Council approved the petition from Notre Dame, as well as from Michigan State, St. Louis, the Davis and Santa Barbara campuses of California, and Macalester, Morehouse, and Muhlenberg Colleges. Now, there are 184 chapters among the 2,300 institutions of higher learning in the United States; Notre Dame is the sixth Catholic school so honored.

• NOW IN THE TALKING STAGES is an addition to the Notre Dame stadium. Mr. M. Robert Cahill, athletic ticket manager, explained that this possibility grows out of the great demand for reserved tickets. The reserved seating capacity of the stadium, which includes temporary field seats but not box seats, is 56,979. This year is the first in the history of ND football when individual game public ticket sales have been impossible. All of the seats have been allotted to priority groups of which the ND faculty (with a limit of two each) have 1,250, the students and wives have 7,750, contributing alumni (with a limit of two each) have a minimum of 10,000, parents of students (also with a limit of two each) have 4,000, visiting teams have a maximum of 6,500 with any slack to be taken up by contributing alumni and parents. St. Mary's has 1,000, and ND's Administration and all other requirements have 3,479. The cut causing the greatest local stir is that of the SMC seats. A statement issued by the Football Committee reads: "This college for women located only a mile away from the stadium has been traditionally considered a part of our student cheering section. However, the thousand allotted does not accommodate all of St. Mary's enrollment." But with this possible addition to the stadium, SMC can take heart with all others craving a glance at 22 men knocking their heads together on a Saturday afternoon.

• FOUR STUDENTS have allegedly been hired by the local authorities to keep

the police informed on narcotics activity at Notre Dame. Put that in your pipe.

• You'll never guess who is the token priest on Lyndon Johnson's general advisory committee on foreign assistance programs. Yes, well, Father Hesburgh in his new post will help advise the president on policies, problems and implementation of foreign aid programs, along with Rudolph A. Peterson, president of the Bank of America in San Francisco and Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS.

• ALTHOUGH PUCCI has yet to make his mark on the Saint Mary's campus, that event may not be too far away. Besides being given the option of using their baptismal names, this summer the Sisters of the Holy Cross were allowed to change their habits from the old radar dish to a more



modern outfit. Relatively. Reports from across the road indicate that this has left some of the nuns in rather dire straits. One sister, shocking as it may seem, was seen walking around the campus with black penny loafers. Another was overheard in Penney's yard-goods section complaining that since she kicked the habit, she had nothing to wear.

• With foreign campuses having opened up to Notre Dame students at the rate of one per year for the past three years it's not too hard to understand why this academic year will be a banner one for the Sophomore Year Abroad. A total of 78 Notre Dame and seven Saint Mary's students will be taking courses at Innsbruck University in Austria, the Catholic University of the West in Angers, France

and the University of Sophia in Tokyo. The SMC girls are all in Angers.

• TO ELIMINATE the lines that have always seemed endless for the Homecoming Dance ticket lottery, the Student Union in a flash of inspiration has decided to conduct the lottery by mail this year. In order to put yourself in the running for the October 13 dance, mail a \$6 check made out to Student Union Fund and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 427, Notre Dame, Ind. The dance, which Student Union President Mike Browning swears will be extravagantly impressive, will feature Stan Rubin and his 15-piece orchestra.

• ONE OF THE MOST NOTED MEN in the growing Pentecostal movement is now a member of the Notre Dame faculty. Dr. William Storrey of the theology department formerly taught at Duquesne University, where he was an integral part of the first known campus Pentecostal happenings. Dr. Storrey, in fact, has already participated in a week-long series of campus meetings with representatives from such schools as Duquesne, Michigan, MSU, and Pittsburgh. The purpose of the talks was to prepare for several Pentecostal weekends to be held here in the future. Dr. Storrey, who received his doctorate in theology at Notre Dame, will be teaching medieval studies and a graduate course in liturgy here.

• STARTING THIS YEAR OFF with a surefire success, the St. Mary's Social Commission plans to cater to the narcissistic complexes of the Notre Dame men. In answer to numerous complaints, there will soon be a mirror in the SMC Social Center's men's room. Oh, reflections of the way life used to be.

• EARLIER THIS SUMMER, Dr. Kang Sung Jong, a former research associate in chemistry at Notre Dame was erroneously implicated as a spy by the South Korean government. A hurried investigation of Dr. Kang's activities revealed no spy links at Notre Dame. In the meantime, the South Korean CIA (that's really what they call their intelligence network) had admitted the error and Dr. Kang was in turn praised for his help in breaking up the insidious communist spy ring in which he earlier was thought to have participated. He was given a free plane ticket back to America and is now inscrutably teaching at N. Y. U.

Magazine Rack

Rejoice, fellow Fighting Irish! You are a college student in the year nineteen hundred sixty-seven, and henceforth you shall be known to all as boss, as hip, as groovy; you are what's happenin', baby!

Or so we are told by *Esquire* magazine.

The introduction to the September issue's back-to-campus section sets the tone for a hodgepodge of idiocy, fun and frolic, and occasional brilliance compiled by an editorial staff who know where it's at, man, but you know they just ain't there. I mean, how hip do you have to be to know that Mouse Studios of Hashbury is bound to be out of sight? The *Esquire* bourbon drinkers take pride in letting you in on a fact quite obvious to the SCHOLASTIC as early as last May: that Frodo is dead. The magazine forgot to put tongue in cheek when identifying the Oriental holy book *I Ching* as the "psychedelic buddy" of the recent American tale of alienated dopedom, *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Theologians and mystics would find a rare common cause with nihilistic hopheads in objecting to this insulting and naive attempt at world wisdom.

On the other hand, Gina Berriault provides an excellent study of David Harris, student president at Stanford. Searching and sympathetic, her article reveals a vocal dissenter as an object neither of bigoted scorn nor of idiot delight; we see Harris reverent and humble in the face of the unknown, unyielding in the face of cruelty and stupidity. He commands the respect even of the Delta Taus who shaved his head last winter. (Harris was the draft-resister who was scheduled to speak at Notre Dame last spring over National Educational Television; his local board forced a cancellation.)

Don't be too quick to congratulate The Magazine for Men for this excellent article; the young lady's report on an outstanding student is drawn as a parallel to a piece on another Californian whose only claim to fame is the not-altogether-original statement that "Johnson's war in Vietnam makes America puke."

The silly section continues with a big exposé on the new look in love-generation roommates. *Esquire* apparently found four couples in need of a buck or two who were willing to pose for pictures — or more likely hired eight professional models to pose as co-ed roomies. Of course, this kind of thing has always gone on, but previous generations weren't pretentious enough to call themselves college roommates; those who were brash boasted, "We're shacking," while the smart ones kept their mouths shut.

There are interesting articles on the state of academe at San Francisco State and on the love scene at Columbia, where the Warmth movement is shown saving a great university where jocks and grubs and hippies ignore one another and nobody has a good word for the Barnard girls. A familiar situation, wouldn't you say? This particular article is a must for everyone attempting to organize co-ex anything, since it details the wild success of Warmth's kite-flying, sand-castle-building, communal-farming nonorganization.

"Confessions of a Campus Pot Dealer" follows. Skip it, unless you want practical advice for setting up a local franchise, not an advisable move at the present moment. The student author is no De Quincey. However, pages 104 and 105 justify the entire magazine, providing before-and-after photos of former collegians now rock musicians. You can see Art Garfunkel with a crew cut. You can see John Sebastian when he was a greaser. You can see Plebe John Phillips at Annapolis before he became a Papa. You can read the academic credentials of the Fugs, who may not be clean or decent but who certainly are smart buggers. You can have some fun.

For those of you whose parents don't let you get it at home: last month's *Playboy* rated Notre Dame Number 2.

— TOM HENEHAN



MOVIES

AVON: Do not listen to what I have to say about *I, a Woman*. Instead, find someone with a libido level akin to yours who has managed to sit through the film and act on his recommendation, for attendance is determined not critically but vicariously. Either way, despite your "Notre Damer" status, you will be short-circuited.

Anyone interested in seeing *The Conjugal Bed* must remember that his ticket will be interpreted as a desire for *Woman*. This will cause the Avon to be tied up with this fake for another week, an awful truth he must bear on his conscience. (Times: call 288-7800)

COLFAX: *Auteur* critics could explain away a junky film like Howard Hawk's *Red Line 7000* by insinuating that neither reviewer nor audience perceives the structure of this *cineaste's* total message, of which 7000 is an integral part. No such luck for *Grand Prix*. Rawboned guys with perfect beards: "I want to be champion." Their lovely but troubled girls: "I want to be free." The smell of the greasepit all over. How this film could win the Academy Award for best color cinematography, against the fantastic fluidity of *The Professionals* or the finely textured, albeit erratic advances of *A Man and a Woman*, is beyond me. (*Grand*: 2:00, 7:00)

GRANADA: *To Sir With Love* is another chapter in Sidney Pwahteay's saga of the existential Stepin Fetchit. The film is a perfect example of how to date a work of art/craft. (Times: call 233-7301)

STATE: Someone actually had the guts to make a movie about a golf pro at a swank club and "what he does," *Banning*.

Fathom. Raquel Welch sets visions of sugar plums dancing in one's head. I learned the bit about Santa Claus when I was seven. (Times: call 233-1676)

— MARTY MCNAMARA



GREAT LEAP FORWARD

Heinous communist propaganda has apparently seeped through to the administration of our beloved institution. A \$25,000,000 Five-Year Plan, variously known as Challenge III, IV, V, VI, and VII, or by its official title, SUMMA, sounds as if it were planned with one eye on Mao's Little Red Book. The name of the game is instant economic development.

Plans for three high-rise residence halls, faculty development, and further growth of the graduate schools are three primary objectives of the Great Leap Forward. An inaugural dinner held early last week launched into orbit SUMMA.

But before 300 capitalistic commissars from the different regions of the country attended the dinner, a press conference was held. Thirty top reporters were wined and dined in the two-day skull session. The publicity gambit was successful as the papers ran stories concerning SUMMA, including front-page stories in both Chicago morning papers.

In order to further indoctrinate committee members on the correct procedure to collect the \$52,000,000, 240 divisional leaders, 36 board of trustees members, and other elites were flown to the national SUMMA conference. Even Ara Parseghian, well-known theorist on the psychology of persuasion lectured on the importance of organization and planning.

The new twin eleven-story towers, necessitated by crowded conditions in the student concentration dorms plus the many students in off-campus exile will accommodate 1500 undergraduates. These buildings will be constructed between the Library and Stepan Center. Barring any strikes or work stoppages, the new buildings will be completed by the time the freshman class becomes seniors.

Students living in the twin towers will share certain common facilities, including a chapel and recreation rooms. Eventually, at the heart of the quadrangle, a church will be erected designed to meet the religious needs of the newly formed community. In addition, dining hall facilities will be expanded at the North Dining Hall. The total cost of these dorms is \$9,000,000.

The largest segment of the SUMMA program — \$20,000,000 — is earmarked for faculty development. Not only will this keep salaries competitive, but more important, the funds will be used for faculty growth. The main thrust of faculty development lies in the creation of forty fully endowed professorships. An endowed professorship, usually reserved for full professors, implies special dignity and esteem amongst the teacher's fellow comrades. Private universities which have them possess a distinct advantage in attracting faculty members.

At an expense of \$6,000,000, SUMMA will generate support for several new graduate enterprises, too, including the new business school, and the doctoral program in something as reactionary as theology. The college of science expects to initiate graduate interdisciplinary programs in ten important fields. Funds also will be allocated for the new graduate program in urban studies, and the development of the psychology department to the doctoral level.

—M. G.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

Forget the rumors that the old post office will be converted into a pizza parlor, or even a soda fountain. It won't even be used as a halfway house for Carroll Hall students as they trudge wearily to O'Shaughnessy.

The campus council of the Knights of Columbus, a group that includes alumni, faculty, and students, have turned over \$500,000 for the building that construction workers probably vetoed as a possible lunchroom site.

Of course, there's more to the deal than meets the eye. The cash is actually a donation that will be invested and the income used to establish the K. of C. Scholarship Fund, which will provide financial assistance to worthy undergraduates. The scholarship can help recruit not only disadvantaged youths who have college potential, but also foreign students.

An additional \$200,000 will be used to renovate the interior of the old post office under the direction of Mr. Frank Montana, head of the architecture department. A new heating system and electrical wiring unit will be added, plus the building will be completely air-conditioned.

The most difficult part of the construction will be the building of a basement. This lower level will hold the council chamber's meeting hall, a recreational room, and storage space.

An additional 800 square feet will be annexed to the main floor. Plans for provisions on this floor include general administrative offices, a television lounge, a study area, and a kitchen.

Construction is due to begin in 10 days, and hopefully will be completed by spring.

—M. G.

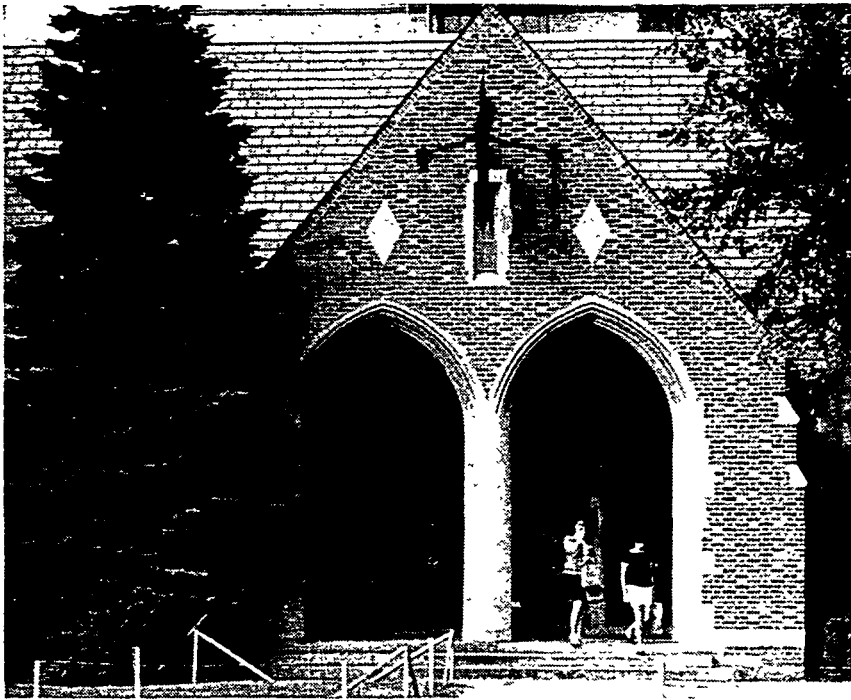
BASICALLY CONCRETE FACT

"Our goal will be, of course, to put out a good newspaper. And," continued Patrick Collins, journalistic magnate of *The Observer*, a student newspaper, "after three issues we feel we've had a solid start with everything based on concrete fact."

The student government paper has conceived an ambitious program which eluded its predecessors. For the first semester, biweekly issues on Monday and Thursday will be supplemented by a combination news-sports super program to be sold for ten cents.

The financial burden of the paper will be largely borne by advertising. But the Notre Dame student government fee and a \$2.50 subscription charge for Notre Dame faculty and St. Mary's students and faculty have insured that Collins' ship will be "financially secure" for the first semester.

Although laying no claims as a prognosticator, Collins suspects that apartments and student residence, "pot," alcoholic beverages on campus, and the integrity of student officials



OLD POST OFFICE HELPS THE POOR
The \$500,000 goes to scholarships



NOT TO SEED TROUBLE
"But, granted, not necessarily complete news"

will be among the more sensational headlines. "It's impossible to say at this time what the news will be much less our editorial policy on a given issue."

Referring to a recent *Time* article which gave the news advantage to a morning paper, Collins said that *The Observer* would be distributed to the halls before noon. "We hope to place the emphasis on fast-breaking events. Being able to insert articles within one and a half hours of distribution, insures news, though granted not necessarily complete news."

Answering a query as to a recent editorial blasting the leasing of the post office to the Knights of Columbus, Collins said, "An editorial doesn't always purport to possessing all the facts. Our policy called for opposition to the K. of C. acquisition."

The Observer chief closed, "We believe there is enough news on campus without creating it. Despite its sometimes spectacular appearance, the paper isn't actually meant to seed trouble."

—D.T.

LAW OF AVERAGES REPEALED

Last June, the Office of Admissions sent out telegrams of acceptance to a number of hopeful applicants. The Law of Averages assured them that most of these applicants would have made arrangements elsewhere at that late date, and that very few would confirm their acceptances and show up in September. But lo, the insecurity of these times and the perfidy of mathematicians! The Law of Averages was broken and more eager frosh showed up than were expected. The Office of Student Accounts, faced with the problem of finding storage space

for over 100 bodies was forced to open Holy Cross Hall to house 80 of the freshmen; the others have been scattered through various upper class halls.

The freshmen, however, will not suffer from the admissions error as much as off-campus upperclassmen. It had originally been planned to move those off-campus students who wished to live on campus into Holy Cross Hall; the unexpected number of freshmen will make it very difficult to move very many off-campus students into dormitory facilities.

—T.P.

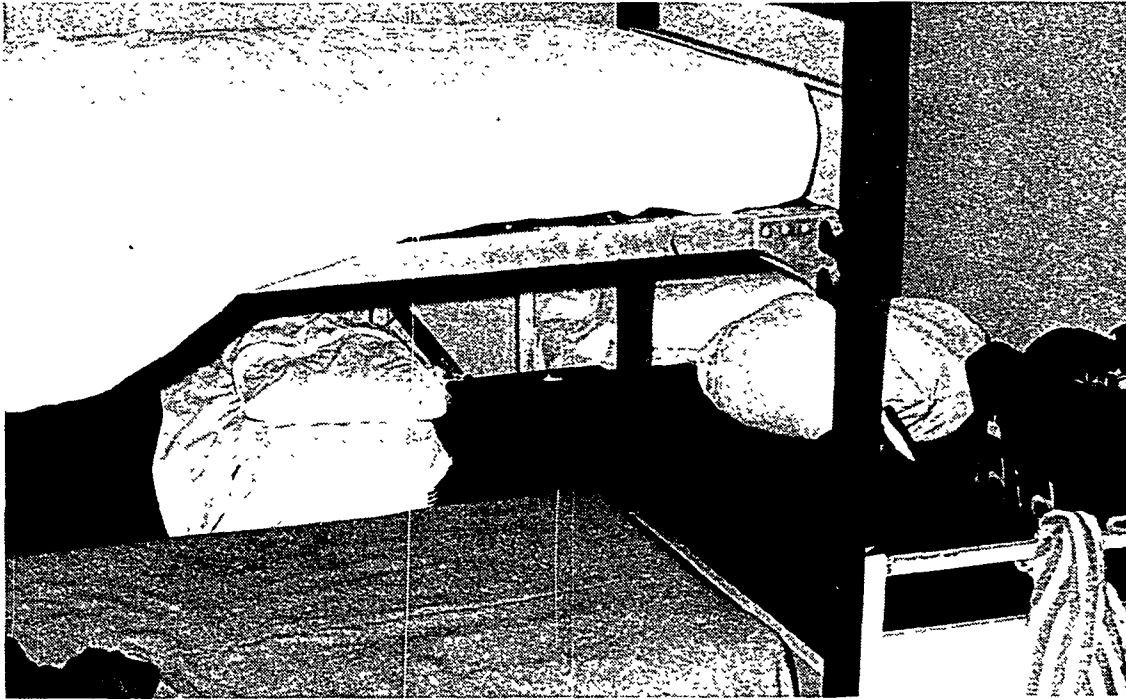
UPWARD BOUND

To outline Notre Dame's Upward Bound Program is not an easy task for there are no constants. It is composed completely of variables — people. There are the faculty members who, with their personalities, each bring a different approach to their work; there are the counselors whose personalities will either activate, stimulate or repel the students they live with in Lyons Hall; there's the administration (Dr. R. J. Thompson, Asst. Dean of Arts and Letters and Mr. John Kromkowski), who set the tone of the whole program; finally there are the students — 52 individuals requiring individual attention. These students vary from the highly articulate Negro interested in civil rights with a B average in high school to the cool, disinterested white kid from the Family and Children's Center who can read 1,100 words a minute, punt a football 60 yards and is completely turned off because nobody gives a damn about him; from the varsity football player who never had a creative thought in high school be-

cause nobody asked him to, to the kid who has a good chance of dropping out of high school in November because it's too hard and what difference does it make anyway — and on it goes for 52 desperate cases. The one thing they do have in common is money, or rather, the lack of it. To be admitted to the program a boy's parents (more often parent) must show an income of \$2,000 or less, with a possible \$500 additional for each dependent. Another thing which a majority of the boys have in common is grades. That most of them range between F's and C's is for the most part not truly representative of the boys' intelligence. Brother James Everett, C.S.C., a guidance counselor from Holy Trinity H.S. in Chicago lived with the students and counselors in Lyons and administered tests, showing that most of the youths were above or around average intelligence.

The purpose of the program is to get the high school students from St. Joseph County, who participate in it, into some type of post-secondary education which would raise their level of living economically.

The students lived on campus for seven weeks during the summer and attended two morning classes, English and math, with a study period in between. The afternoon consisted of either developmental reading or language arts followed by art, filmmaking, French or sociology (whichever the student chose), with physical education on alternate days. These courses were conducted largely by N.D. faculty. The courses were designed specifically to *not* serve a remedial function but rather broaden a person or enlarge his capacity and heighten his interest in any academic



THE PERFDY OF MATHEMATICIANS

You say it's a little crowded in your room?

activities he will encounter afterwards. This type of thinking explains the creativity and lack of regimentation one normally finds in a summer high school program; certain requirements do not have to be met and thus the student and teacher are free to explore in no set pattern.

And, observers say, the program has helped the students grow. Thirty five of the previous summer's fifty students returned this past summer and reportedly leadership in the youths' student council was much more evident, as was greater willingness to accept responsibilities. Think of Watts and this is of tremendous importance.

—Mike Lehan

GRANDIOSE SCALE

Special guest at this year's Homecoming will be the American Broadcasting Corporation. The Social Commission announces that ABC will film a special called "College Homecoming '67," on the October 14 weekend and will air it on Friday, October 27, at 10 p.m. eastern time. National coverage will force the entire Homecoming affair onto a grander scale. Hall decorations, more elaborate than in past years, will be financed by student government, says Mike Browning, Student Union president. To generate enthusiasm on the part of hall inmates, twenty girls from SMC will be assigned to help decorate each hall.

The Homecoming Dance goes formal this year, with music to be provided by Stan Rubin. Social Commissioner Tom Nelson announces that the lottery for the Homecoming Dance will be conducted by mail this year. (See *News and Notes*.) Tux fittings will be on September 25 and October

3 and 5. Deadline for entering your girl in the Queen's Contest is Sept. 27.

ABC, looking for the full spectrum of campus life in the fall of '67, will tape interviews with students on October 9 and 10. On October 14 hall decorations and the homecoming parade will be filmed. On the 18th and 19th ABC will tape performances by John Davidson, George Carlin, Spanky and Our Gang, and a female vocalist, yet unnamed.

Fifteen hundred tickets are available for Homecoming, which, incidentally, revolves around a football game between Notre Dame and Southern Cal.

The concert schedule announced by the Social Commission for the first semester includes Dionne Warwick, the New Christy Minstrels, Johnny Rivers, the Fifth Dimension, and the Four Tops.

Social Commission activities with St. Mary's will include a kite-flying contest and a possible Sadie Hawkins dance.

Social Commissioner Nelson expressed the hope that the Halfway House will provide a place for smaller, less formal affairs than are usually handled by the Social Commission. He stressed that the Commission does not always have to operate on the grandiose scale of a concert at Stepan. "We're not trying to force the classes out of the date party business," says Nelson, "but we may force more originality on the class parties."

—M. S.

ACTIVISTICALLY RECRUITING

A rather hastily organized "activist" meeting for freshmen Sunday night drew an unusually active response from the class of '71. Con-



DIONNE WARWICK

Coming tomorrow night

ceived the previous day by seniors Jack Sepkowski, Don Hynes, and soph Tim McCarry, the purpose of the meeting was to acquaint the freshmen with the various peace, civil-rights and student-involvement organizations on campus. Drawing a crowd of more than 75 in Farley Hall, the discussion also served to acquaint, and possibly unite, the potential freshmen activists with each other.

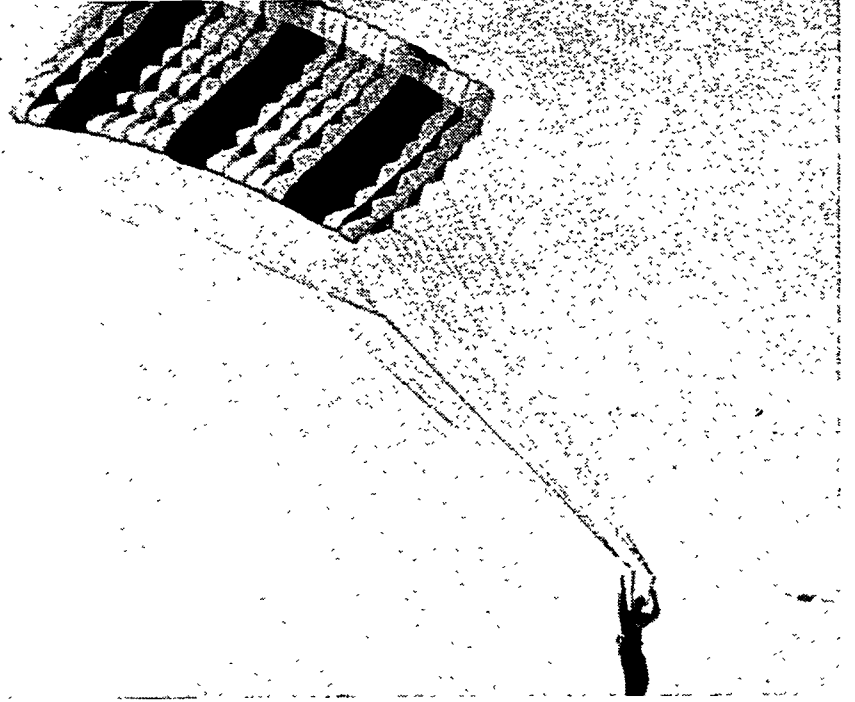
Intended as an orientation and not as a formal argument of issues, the meeting itself consisted of short talks given by the leaders of various student movements. Among the major speakers were Student Body Vice-President Tom McKenna, Civil-Rights Commissioner Jerry O'Brien, and Steve Weeg, chairman of the Committee on Minority Enrollment.

Don Hynes first spoke on campus opposition to the Vietnam war. He asked if any of the incoming freshmen had participated in any antiwar or civil-rights marches. There were very few hands raised in response. The specific organizations mentioned were the Michiana Committee Against the War In Vietnam, an ND-town organization with school representative Lenny Joyce, and an ND branch of the National Mobilization for Peace. This is a movement formed in conjunction with the march on Washington to be held on October 21. Hynes also spoke of an upcoming Oxford-style formal debate on the war, to take place in the basement of Frankie's.

Following Hynes, Steve Weeg discussed the past achievements and present goals of COME. He spoke of a nearly 200 percent increase in Negro enrollment this year — raising the number of Negroes on campus to



ASPer JON SHERRY
"Freshman disorientation"



SAVING 60 PERCENT OF SHOT DOWN FLYERS
The air war goes on

about 50. Weeg also stated prospects of increasing the enrollment of Mexican-Americans this year. After Weeg spoke, Jerry O'Brien impressed the freshmen with the need for active participation in national and local civil-rights movements.

The final part of the meeting was devoted to the meaning of student involvement in university affairs. Chuck Sheridan stated the need for "student consciousness" and the right of the student "to at least participate" in school administration. Tom McKenna then discussed the role of the Action Student Party in this respect. "We should," he said, "be concerned very much with educational reform."

—R.S.

PROVING A PARAFOIL

In spite of the fact that the Department of Defense has known about the parafoil for well over three years, it was only recently that that government agency showed more than a passing interest.

The parafoil, a development of Notre Dame's department of aerospace engineering, is the combination kite and parachute device which was seen over the campus last spring, and which Dr. John D. Nicolaides, head of the department, promises will be seen again soon. Manned parafoil operation, such as that seen on the campus last spring, is the current state of research. But there is more to come.

Pennsylvania Congressman Richard S. Schweiker became interested in the parafoil after last April's manned flights over Notre Dame, widely publicized on national television. After a presentation by Nicolaides in Washington, all four branches of the

military became interested, and the Notre Dame professor and his assistants staged a manned demonstration of the parafoil at the Marine activity center at Quantico, Virginia. Congressman Schweiker then wrote the Secretary of Defense, advising that the government start a "crash program to insure top priority evaluation and production" of the self-inflating flying parafoil.

Dr. Nicolaides was soon notified that the Navy desired to test the parafoil for crew survival as soon as possible. The Marines and Air Force are also extremely interested. Two aspects of manned parafoil operation are particularly significant to the military at the present time. These are manned recovery of space flight vehicles, and the ascending flight program, a product of last spring's operations.

Also being given top priority in parafoil research is the use of the parafoil return to ground safely pilots who bail out. A top level Navy aviation official has estimated that the parafoil might save as many as 60 percent of the flyers forced to bail out over North Vietnam and Communist-held territory in South Vietnam.

The Department of Defense is giving the parafoil top priority in its research investigations, and contracts from the Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force are expected within a matter of days. These will help Notre Dame to "proof out and finalize" the parafoil for full service to the military and NASA. Specially screened military personnel will be trained on the campus in the parafoil's use and mechanics, and then will be "coached" in jumps at their own activities.

Already interested is Major Terry Turner, Marine officer instructor at Notre Dame's NROTC Unit. The major jumped with the parafoil last spring and summer, and is one of the men who helped Nicolaides test it out in its initial manned phases.

Supply delivery in Vietnam, aerial targetry, pilot recovery, and radar assistance to the Apollo moonshot program, are all immediate concerns of the parafoil's developers. But the biggest part of all is convincing the Space Administration that the invention is the most suitable device available for returning spacecraft to earth safely. That is the ultimate goal, as seen presently by Dr. Nicolaides. As he put it:

"We would like very much the job of bringing astronauts back to earth. We are confident that the parafoil is the only way to do it. The recovery mission is the great job . . . helping these men to fly around like birds will hopefully convince NASA and the Congress that this is the route to go . . . why we are now as close to being birds as man has ever come."

—J.B.

BIG PLANS

"A well-oiled, sensitive, and dynamic machine" is what SBP Chris Murphy calls his administration, and he points with some pride to the diversity and ability of his cabinet.

Latest product of Student Government's ingenuity is the "ombudsman," an all-purpose troubleshooter able to cut through red tape with his bare hands and to reconcile differences between the student and Fr. Riehle at a single bound. Disguised as Steve Anderson, the ombudsman will crystallize Murphy's plan to put Stu-



STUDENT OMBUDSMAN STEVE ANDERSON
Part of a "sensitive" Student Government



MENTAL ILLNESS
From drug addiction to student suicide

dent Government on a more personal basis. Assisting Anderson will be Ray Perry, whose experience with the Dean of Students' Office involves being suspended for a semester for riding in an illegal car.

Major stress in the coming year will be laid on academics and hall life. "Priority," says Murphy, "will be given to teacher-course evaluation and evaluation of the Freshman Year of Studies." A Senate academic council will be set up, corresponding to the academic committee now existing within the University administration. It is hoped, Murphy says, that Student Government will eventually obtain a seat on the University's academic council. This is a touchy point, because the council deals with several areas held by the faculty as sacrosanct, most especially tenure. Murphy, however, denies that Student Government wants to have anything to do with tenure, or with any other of the faculty's domestic problems. Rather, Murphy says, Student Government wants to remind the faculty that "students *are* involved in the learning process."

Along with course evaluation, notes Student Union head Mike Browning, there will be emphasis on changes in the present cut system and on adoption of a pass-fail system for certain subjects. Cuts would be on a "2X+1" basis for freshmen, unlimited for upperclassmen. The pass-fail system would apply to theology and to elective courses outside the major field, and, possibly, to philosophy courses.

In line with the hall-life concern will be the establishment of a dorm study group to advise the university on what comforts should be built into the proposed high-rise dorms. Student

Government will press for the development of a suite system, perhaps along the line of the library's fourteenth floor.

Browning notes that Student Government will seek "meaningful action" in the hall councils, as well as "reform and more widespread use of the hall judicial system."

Murphy adds that Student Government would like to help the student "broaden the life experience," which is supposed to mean that he wants to make both students and university a little more human. Two programs will be aimed at finding out what makes students run. Both are based on small discussion groups. A "Student Stress" program is aimed at getting students to talk about what irritates them in university life. Also coming up is a "Sensitivity Training Program" made up of co-ex discussion groups. Chief aim of this training is to break down the facades which, it is said, Notre Dame and St. Mary's students erect, and then release the tension which artificial relations impose. The whole experience, says Murphy, is liable to be quite emotional, and should lead to real communication. Each group will consist of seven boys and seven girls, selected from a pool of volunteers.

Much of the administrative burden which formerly fell on the SBP will now be assumed by the Student Union.

Student Union's academic section, under Chuck Nau, plans a lecture series that is politically oriented, in line with the '68 Presidential Campaign. It is hoped that all major candidates will put in an appearance. First speaker will be Oregon's Mark Hatfield, who will appear next week. Special events will be the Interna-

tional Forum and next March's mock political convention. The convention will involve some 500-2000 people.

Student Services, under Jim Mulhern, announces the establishment of a Calendar Office, designed to keep too many big parties from happening on the same night. Such problems.

The Transportation Commission, says Mulhern, will be expanded, and an information service established for vacationing students. For the benefit of those whose vacationing takes them to Europe there will be a manager of transportation to handle European travel.

It should be an interesting year.

—M.S.

AN UNMENTIONABLE TOPIC

Not too many years ago, the problem of mental illness bore a stigma which made it an unmentionable topic in public conversation. The mentally ill were committed to a vegetable existence, separated from a guilty but adamant society by the walls of an institution. Slowly the attitude of society has begun to change, barriers are being broken down. However, the future success of the mental health movement lies with the socially aware college student, according to Mike Burman, president of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Mental Health Chapter.

The Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Mental Health Chapter began three years ago with a small group of volunteers working at the Northern Indiana State Children's Hospital. It has grown to an organization of over two hundred volunteers working in three separate projects. Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students help fill a void in the patient's life, created by critical

(Continued on page 39)



ADMINISTRATION SHAKEUP

Often called the most exclusive club in the world, next only perhaps to a slightly less ancient body — the British House of Lords, the centuries old Roman Curia of the Church has at long last been revamped. In an announcement last month, Pope Paul VI kept his four year old promise that the central government of the Church would be reformed. It had been a promise many liberals had not expected the Italian Pope to keep.

The Curia, dominated by conservative Italian cardinals and bishops, forms the administrative departments and high courts of the Church, and in general advise the Pope. Until the Pope's recent statement, appointment to the Curia was for life. Present changes call for the abolition of lifetime offices for cardinals and other officials, and a reduction of the term of office to five years. In the case of exceptional talent, the Pope may renew the term of office. The highest administrators of the Church, the Cardinal-Prefects of Congregations, must resign immediately upon the death of a reigning Pope, and all major officials of the Curia must leave office within three months after the election of a successor to the deceased Pope. That is not to say, however, that they may not be reappointed to

their old offices again.

Chief advisor to the bishop of that small campus within Rome has for years been the Papal Secretary of State. Under the new edict, this office will take on new significance, as the cardinal who fills it will be the Pope's closest collaborator, with a much strengthened role.

Of note in this period of "post Vatican II" renewal, has been the trend of the Church to move away from the antique and the traditional. In the light of his trend, offices of the Curia which no longer are relevant have been abolished and ones which are felt necessary to our society have been established. The Congregation of Ceremonies, and the Secretariat of Briefs for Princes have both been suppressed. New curial offices include the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, the Secretariat for Non-Christian Religions, and the Secretariat for Non-believers. Also created in the past few months are the Council for the Laity and the Commission for Justice and Peace.

In the announcement, given in the form of an apostolic constitution on "The Government of the Universal Church," Pope Paul answered criticism that the Curia should be totally abolished. The Pope wrote: "Certainly no doubt can be raised about the need

for the Roman Curia. For how could the Supreme Pontiff, weighed down by so many great burdens, alone, without advisors or assistants, bear that burden which arises from the care of all the churches? It is equally necessary that the Roman curia be kept intact both in its basic structure and its close relationship with the Roman Pontiff, that is, as an organic instrument he uses in exercising the supreme power which 'according to the institution of Christ . . . he holds over the entire Church.' "

The trend toward removing the strong Italian influence in the Church can be seen in the makeup of the commission which drew up the reformation plans for the Pope. The commission was made up of only two Italians, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, and a Scot.

Like all central governments, the Curia has for centuries been plagued with its own red tape. In an attempt to cut down the severe formality and regal splendor which sometimes brings various Curial offices into conflict with each other, there will be greater coordination between the different branches of the Curia. In addition to "cabinet" meetings on a regular basis, there will be "mixed meetings on various levels, to avoid dispersion of energy, waste of time, uncertainty over competency, and eventual clash between decisions."

On a lesser scale, the often meaningless names of some curial offices are being changed. The Consistorial Congregation will become the Bishops Congregation. The Conciliar Congregation becomes the Clergy Congregation (which will now include deacons as well as priests.) The Office of Seminaries and Universities will be called the Congregation for Catholic Education, and while retaining its old title of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, that office will also be called the Congregation for Evangelization of Nations.

Perhaps most significant and most necessary of all the changes announced, however, is the simple statement that laymen may now be called into the Curia as consultants. Never before has the role of the laity been so recognized. And in addition to the presence of cardinals on Curial commissions, at least seven bishops from dioceses outside of Rome will be added to each Congregation.

Pope John prayed for it. The Vatican Council recommended it. Pope Paul promised it. Now four years later, the reformation of the Roman curia is a reality, a further step in fulfilling Pope John's dying words: "U^t Unum Sint," . . . "That all may be one."

SPOKEY CRISIS

Officials at the University of Illinois were reported "concerned" last week when the presence of more than 5,000 bicycles on the campus became known. It seems that students this year have decided that walking is old hat, and that the only way to go these days is on a bicycle. Tandems, motorcycles, old-fashioned bikes, and other odd modes of transportation have made walking about Illinois a dangerous occupation, according to the *Daily Illini*.

A formal warning to cyclists was issued by the Assistant Superintendent of the University Motor Vehicle Division, to "exercise due regard at alltimes" for pedestrians. One-way bicycle traffic lanes have been set up on all walkways, and there are numerous "paths" for two-wheeled vehicles, so that "there really is no reason for cyclists to even use the walkways." Bicycle riders are requested to yield to pedestrians at all sidewalks and designated pedestrian crossings. And for night riders, regulations call for a white light to be suspended on the front of the vehicle, visible for at least 500 feet.

By Sunday, October 1, all bicycles must be registered with the University Administration, the result of which will be a yellow sticker on the bumper of every bicycle judged to be legal and safe for operation on the campus. If a cyclist dares to affront officials by parking an unregistered bicycle on university property, he will be fined \$3. Procedures for capturing the offenders have not yet been out-

lined, however there is a wall chart with thousands of bicycle serial numbers on the wall of the Motor Vehicle Department, Asst. Director Donald Hoferkamp reported.

Of course, over 100 wily students have invented false serial numbers for their craft, and Director Hoferkamp is not really sure how to tell a real one from a false one.

And so, a crisis has loomed on the horizon of the Illinois campus. A crisis in the form of 5,000 bicycles. We have relatively few bicycles at Notre Dame, and so ordinances regulating their use are not anticipated. But what about that white International Scout with the bubble gum top . . . ?

DISSATISFIED SOUL

Negro students at the University of Kentucky held their second Bitch-In in six months last week to tell people just what it's like to be a soul brother at the university.

A Bitch-In is just one of several major projects outlined at the initial meetings of the Campus Committee on Human Rights.

Other projects were:

—Attempting to integrate fraternities and sororities.

—Organizing a structured forum among professors, Negro and white students.

—Setting up a display table at the Activities Fair in the Great Hall of the Student Center where students may talk about Negro life at the university.

—Initiating a major recruiting drive to get more Negro students to attend the University of Kentucky.

NEED N.D. FOOTBALL TICKETS?

So you think emotions run high before a Notre Dame home football game? Think of what it is like at colleges which have Notre Dame listed as their home game. Their one chance to see Ara Parseghian's crew.

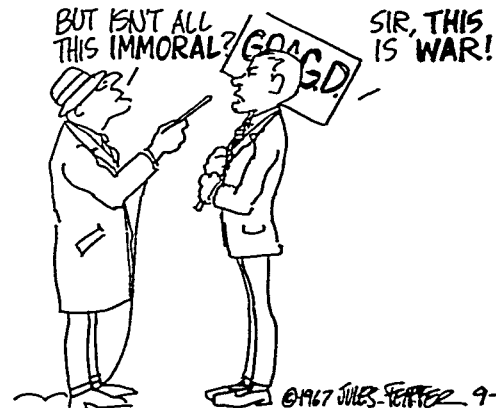
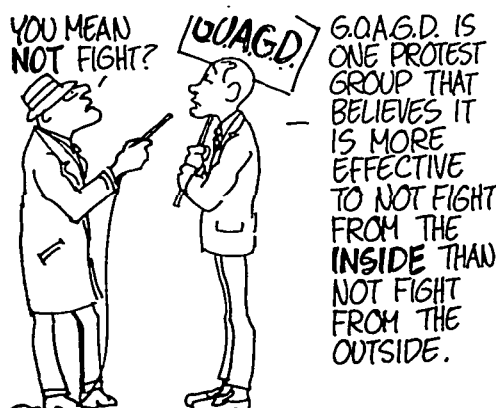
In the *Daily Illini*, the student paper for the University of Illinois, almost a full-page ad is devoted to athletic ticket sales, with the heading, "STUDENTS ONLY, You Can Get Your Tickets For The Notre Dame Game."

So for those students who want to see the Notre Dame-Illinois contest, send your check to 100 Assembly Hall. There is just one catch. You'll get tickets for all Illinois home games. The price though is just \$12.

HOWDY WEEK

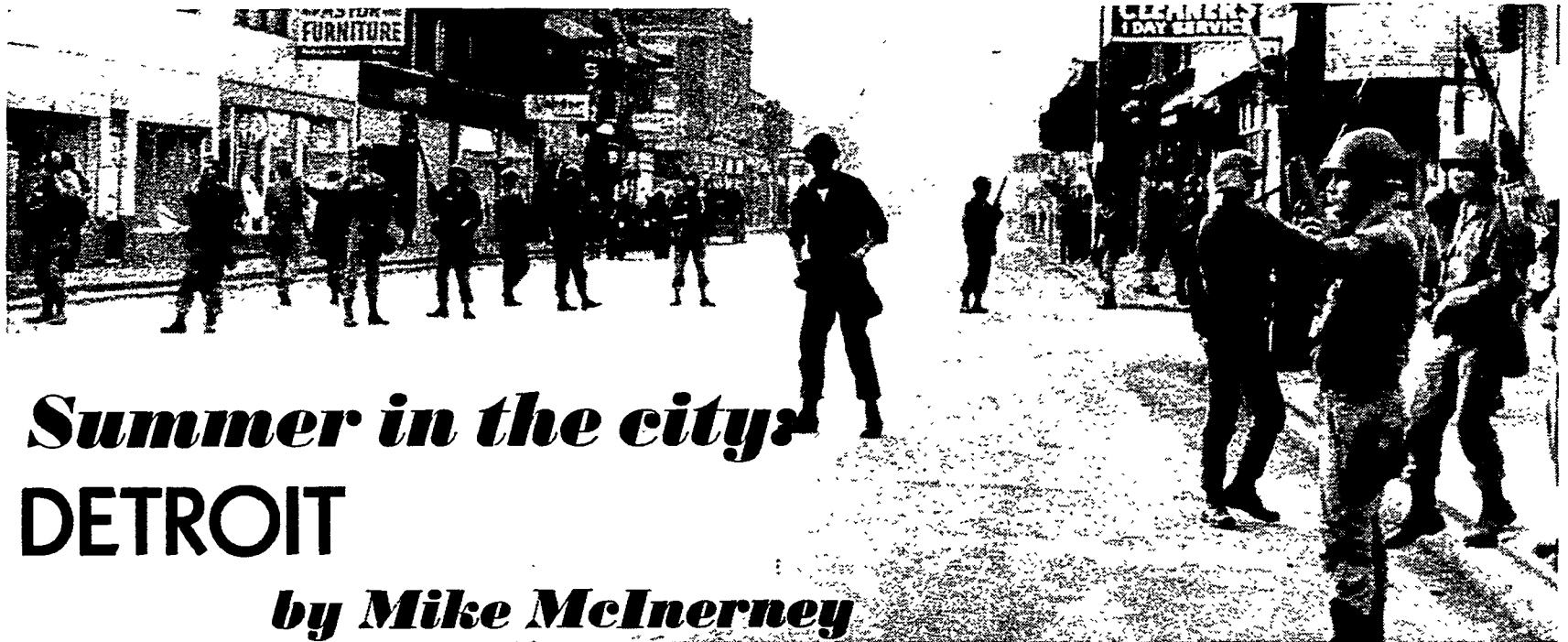
Beginning college, traumatic experience that it is, presents the conscientious administration and student government with the problem of making the freshman feel at ease in his new surroundings. The University of Oklahoma approaches the problem in a unique way, derived from the legendary homespun character of the plains states. OU officials, out to convince the freshman that the administration is, after all, just folks, have termed their orientation program "Howdy Week." The program is more or less the standard one followed by most colleges, but someone at OU must believe that there's something in a name.

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Summer in the city: **DETROIT**

by Mike McInerney

"NICE" said the Detroit Free Press of the weather for Monday, July 24, 1967. Less Humid. High 76-83, Low 60-66. It was to be nice all that week and this was odd for Detroit this summer. The weather for the most part had been bad—smoggy, cold—all over the state. Michigan would lose a million dollars and more in tourism from the weather, alewives — and riots.

The day before, Sunday, the feature page of the Free Press ran a story by Staff Writer William Serrin headlined "The Guard . . . Is It Worth \$1.5 Million to Give 8,500 Men 2 Weeks At Camp Grayling?"

Serrin reported: "Large numbers of Guard officers and men are sloppy in uniform and bearing. Many are just plain fat. At Camp Grayling, regular Army advisors, lean and creased,

can be picked out at dozens of paces.

"Many Guardsmen give no indication that they sense any urgency about their training. To many, summer camp is a two-week vacation, although certainly no Maine Coast, chocked, as it is, with mosquitoes, flies and dust.

"Negro Guardsmen are virtually nonexistent.

"Besides its combat missions, the Guard has requirements to provide order in a domestic emergency—say a tornado or race riot."

Soon, the Michigan National Guard would be as out of control as the race riot which broke out on 12th Street in the early hours of the same Sunday morning on which the Free Press story appeared.

12th Street runs one-way, north-south and is packed with traffic and

people. People walking, shopping, standing, so crowded it becomes quickly obvious to anyone that here is a mob, potentially an explosive one, ready to be set off at the least provocation.

Most of the city spent the day unaware of the disturbance on 12th. It was only toward evening as the sun began to set that the news media first admitted the true seriousness of the situation. Even the first reports seemed no cause for alarm. It was only when it was announced firemen and equipment were being forced to leave the area, to leave a 100 block area burning out of control, only then did real fear settle on Detroit.

Looking out a suburban kitchen window at children playing across the street in the warm air of a summer

(Continued on page 39)



SOUTH BEND

by Lenny Joyce

At point-blank range the grey cop exploded his shotgun into Melvin Phillips leg. Subsequently, after a series of exploratory operations, the shredded tissue, the bloody pulp, once a leg was amputated. Among other complications Melvin has developed a heart pump block for which he will receive yet another operation. He has no insurance; his wife will have a baby in December.

The case of Melvin Phillips is merely the most sensational event to occur in South Bend this summer during the so-called riots by the so-called Negroes in the wilderness of North America.

Unlike some writers, I hope my biases will be obvious throughout this article; it is the only honest way to write. For, like C. Wright Mills, "I claim to be objective, not detached."

The following is a brief report from one of several Notre Dame students who spent the summer working on the West Side at the Washington Neighborhood Center. The Center, strategically located across the street from the Happy Days Tavern, Little Johnnies and the pool room, is a creature of St. Augustine's Catholic Church under the leadership of Fr. Daniel Peil. Intended to be a community center serving a variety of neighborhood needs, political-social-economic, the center more realistically operates as a youth recreation club. (This year attempts will be made to transform it into the former function, under the direction of Mr. Fate Echols, former All-American.) As such it is perhaps the best in town and is perceived in this way by the 200 or so black youth that flock to it. From the vantage point of living and working at the core of poverty in South Bend and the scene of much of the rebellion, I think there is perhaps another story, the black story, of what happened. And since some altogether curious rumors are circulating around the University concerning this summer

(as well as the relationship of the ND students to certain events), the task becomes more urgent.

First, some simple facts and a few comments on the condition of South Bend. Within the city there are four black ghetto areas, ranging in degree of poverty and desperation from the very neglected La Salle Park and West Washington areas to the relatively more affluent (although still very



poor) East Side and Ohio-Kesey communities. (Because of spatial limitations I will not consider the fairly scattered 300 or so Mexican-American migrant families who reside in S.B., nor the poor white communities such as the one which festers behind the Stepan Center, unnoticed.)

There are 14,000 black people in relation to an overall population of 130,000 in S.B., slightly above the national average of 10% but significantly below the black concentration of the larger urban areas. However, the sociological patterns leading to

the increasing ghettoization of Afro-americans are also apparent in South Bend. A two-way process is occurring in the nation today: on the one hand, masses of poor blacks have been migrating to the Northern urban areas or their Southern prototypes. Couple it with a fantastic population growth and we get an idea of what has taken place.

On the other hand there has been the large scale exodus of middle-class whites to the suburbs, fleeing blacks, taxes or blight. The symptoms of such a transition are already in evidence in the West Washington area. To be more explicit about the matter, the 1960 census (taken in 1959) records an 11% Negro population for Census Tract 19 (West Washington area). In 1967 this tract is almost entirely Negro. An urban renewal project (or human removal, if you will) almost without exception tends to pack poor black people into ever-crowded areas without a concomitant construction of low cost and decent housing. Such a project was completed in the Chapin Street area pushing the people over into the adjacent West Washington section, while the whites vacated to Caucasia.

Given the present reactionary Congress with its racist refusal to pass progressive social legislation; given Johnson's "liberal" war of aggression with its vast fiscal outlays; given, in short, the present condition of North America, it is bitterly remembered by Afroamericans that over one million dollars in only five days was allocated to suppress the Newark rebellion, all of which went for police armaments and munitions. Buddy, can you spare a dime?

One more case before we get into a consideration of the events of this summer. In 1959 a city government planning commission for South Bend recreational facilities made the following notations: an 18-hole golf course (serving the affluent) and a La Salle Park Recreation Center (serving the poor in the worst ghetto) would both be constructed. However, the board promised, the center would go up first because the need was greatest there. Both would cost in the area of half a million dollars. Today, some nine years later the golf course has long been in fully landscaped operation while the center remains "in the planning stages." At the height of the "riots," white and Negro lackeys were sent throughout the black communities displaying a scale model of the proposed center to the youth. No one believed them. Since this is all within the nature of the American system, you pays your

(Continued on page 37)

PLAINFIELD

by *Bill Cullen*

Plainfield is a hot, humid place during the summer. There're a lot of mosquitoes too. Most people in town have air-conditioners or fans, and they sit on green screened-in porches at night. But on the West End of town, where most of the Negroes live, the houses have no porches and it's sticky and moist inside, especially when the July heat seeps in through the half-opened windows. The young Negroes get pretty hot during the day over there, and because they don't have jobs for the summer, they get bored too. So, they like to get together on summer nights and talk about having their own business someday, or about how a friend's car was just repossessed. This summer on the night of July 16, they did something a little different. They killed a cop. Stomped him to death in their light summer shoes. And it didn't even seem to them that they had killed a man because he didn't bleed very much once they got him on the ground.

My neighbor, Mrs. Rosenthal, won't go to Miron's anymore to buy her new dresses because she'd have to drive through the West End to get there. During all the trouble, she was a little scared that they might try to get into our part of town. But the National Guard sealed off the whole West End in order to keep them boxed in. They just let them burn and loot all their own stores and homes. And so the young ones did burn and loot, because they were sick. Sick of what had sealed them off from the other part of town all their lives, before the lines of white soldiers had surrounded the West End. Sick too of their own ignorant minds, dulled by \$5,280-a-year teachers, and giving only confused stammers instead of the clear answers they wanted.

From the grassy hill in front of the Drake House, just on our side of the blockade of jeeps and tanks, you could see five or six blocks down into the West End. A lot of people came and set up lawn-chairs on the hill in order to watch the other half of their town being destroyed. Mrs. Rosenthal went on over with her husband, who carried the two lawn chairs and a pair of fine German binoculars he had gotten during the war. From the edge of his chair, he focused the lenses constantly, scanning the littered streets beyond the barrage of tanks and jeeps. He muttered grumpily when he spied the lifeless blue form of Sergeant Gleason still lying on the sidewalk, and then handed the binoculars to his wife who wanted to look too. A little blond-haired boy with a confident look passed right in front of their chairs, selling lemonade because it was so hot outside that night. Mrs. Rosenthal sat and drank two or three glasses, chattering excitedly, craning her neck in the direction of each new burst of gunfire.

It was soon getting dark though, and the mosquitoes began to bother the people on the lawn. At about nine o'clock, they reluctantly folded up their lawn chairs, and carefully picked up all the discarded paper cups from the grass before leaving (George Washington had slept at the Drake House on September 16, 1776, and the state of New Jersey had made it into a monument to the American Revolution).

Things have quieted down now. The Guardsmen are gone, and some of the West End store owners are already back in business. Some good people from Plainfield suggested that a fund for the widow of Sergeant Gleason would be proper, and so they collected money from all the other good people in Plainfield. They got \$42,360;

(Continued on page 36)

PROVIDENCE

by *Joel Garreau*

Monday night of the first week of August was just taunting cops and general harassment — nothing much compared to the cities that had been troubled around New Jersey, New York, and the rest of New England. However, the night staffs at the local newspapers were just going around slack-jawed in utter disbelief at the number of phone calls they had been getting from their (white) readers who supposedly had hot tips about the all-out revolt that the Negroes were supposed to launch at any moment.

Reports were received about the hundreds of guerrilla-trained Detroit Negroes camping on the outskirts of the South Providence Negro neighborhood. Then, too, there were the reports of the Molotov cocktails that were being mass produced and stockpiled. And so it went.

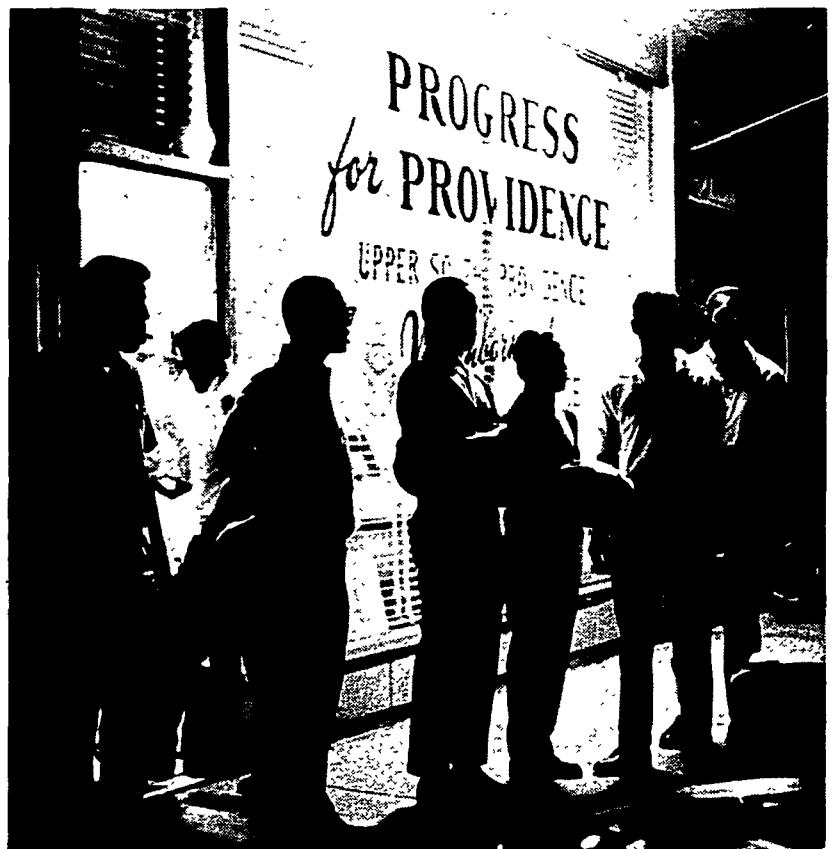
By Tuesday night, the white community had an excellent case of nerves, and the blacks suddenly found everybody expecting them to riot. Which is not a very good reason to start something serious, but it's as good as any. So that night shots rang out and things started burning. And a good number of people braced themselves for the rapid urban blackening that had struck in so many other places.

But Providence was the city that never had to sweep through the cinders. The police had put an enormous amount of thought into what they would do if trouble started, and within ten minutes of the first shot that was fired in anger, they did it.

Sweeping in 300 city police officers, officials cordoned off the riot area. As thoroughly as is possible in a tenement area, all traffic in vehicles and most traffic on foot was stopped. Meanwhile, a second, looser line was established completely encircling the first one. This slowed down the white red-necks who wanted to make trouble. It was a smart move, because as it turned out, almost as much trouble ended up being caused by whites as by Negroes.

Meanwhile, back-up offers of help were received from

(Continued on page 36)



CINCINNATI

by Dave Tiemeier

In early April, 1967, in a series of spectacular proceedings, Negro Postel Laskey was convicted of the first-degree murder of Barbara Bowman. By the second week of June, two months of spring showers had failed to dampen Negro resentment — the feeling blacks had again been made the victim of “white justice.”

Peter Frakes is a Negro — not a Carmichael or a King, or a Brown, just a simple American citizen who has had to endure inferior consumer products, inferior living conditions, and a second-rate citizenship. On Sunday, June 11, 1967, Peter Frakes with a sandwich-board sign went into the streets mutely crying for “Justice for Laskey.” He was arrested for “interfering with pedestrian and vehicular traffic.”

The previous week, local police had risked charges of “police harassment” in breaking up Avondale crowds loitering at Reading and Rockdale roads. Now, on Monday night, June 12, 300 gathered to hear Leonard Ball of SNCC continue the Laskey protest. Coupled with the early summer heat and long-time Negro inactivity, the spark ignited the fire. Leaving the meeting at the Samuel Ach Junior High School, bands of roving Negroes went on a destructive binge that started with Torf’s Drug Store and Sears, Roebuck & Co. and ended only after six fires had lit the area and 24 stores, not bearing the “Soul Brother” label, were de-windowed.

Emil Dansker, 54-year-old *Cincinnati Enquirer* reporter, confronted an older Negro man at the scene. “They said it couldn’t happen in Cincinnati.” “Yeah? Well, it’s happening.” A short time later, Dansker was socked by a Negro youth who demanded to know what he, Dansker, was doing there. William C. Wichman, City Manager, was quick to the defense. “We did not break it (the meeting) up. The police are damned if they do and damned if they don’t.”

The following morning, 25 Negroes headed by Dr. Bruce Green, NAACP President, presented 11 demands to the City Council including requests that money be lent to buy out white tradesmen in the area, more employment be offered to Negro youth, Negro drivers be provided for the area’s delivery trucks, and investigation be made into the “panic of policemen.” The Council listened and then went into a costly caucus.

Although many admitted the rioting was that of a gang of hoodlums, definitely not condoned by Negro leaders, the Negro sense of nothingness was not that easily cooled. Negro Robert Washington lamented, “It’s like you’re not a human being.” Late Monday and early Tuesday, the word went around, “Man, somebody’s going to be killed.” “Man, we’re ready.” Tuesday, June 13, 1,000 Ohio National Guardsmen were called in.

The City Manager ordered alcohol sales to be cut off. Two persons were shot. When 12 rioters were given one year in the workhouse and fined \$500, they began a protest march before the judge’s bench. Guardsmen were rushed to court. At the Council’s racial hearing, Rev. Otis Moss, Jr., paraphrased the Negro youths: “He (the last generation) was beaten when he prayed, he was beaten when he sang; now we’ll do it our way.”

By June 16, riots, brewed from what Margaret Josten of the *Enquirer* called “bad landlords, bad tenants, big rats,” were quelled. Only the lack of sniper fire, which characterized Detroit and Newark, prevented the skirmishes from growing into protracted warfare.

(Continued on page 36)

MILWAUKEE

by Tom Henahan

“What do they want? We let them in our schools and restaurants, give them the vote, dole out welfare money for their bastard babies. Why are they rioting?”

Whitey took time out from his turkey dinner this summer to ask why his black brother wasn’t eating salad and thanking him with a shiny smile and a shuffle. If he wondered why “the Negro wasn’t satisfied,” if he couldn’t deduce “the cause of the riots” without a politically safe, hand-picked committee, he sure wasn’t paying attention to Milwaukee. There, Mayor Henry Maier provided the classic



damning instance of Northern white hypocrisy as Father James Groppi gave the Movement, black and white, a show of heroism to become the greatest rallying point since Selma.

The Milwaukee ghetto erupted in July, following what had become a standard pattern — tenements were taken down and six-packs and TV’s taken home as the young, angry blacks took a slice of the pie away from the slumlords and merchants who had been taking their money and their pride. It was minor, among ’67 riots, but Maier slammed down an unprecedented 24-hour curfew; weeks later, Milwaukee’s first-class citizens enjoyed their privilege of rank; after the Southside Polish attacked open-housing demonstrators with rocks and bottles, Maier slapped their wrists with a “voluntary curfew” during the late evening hours.

And, at the head of that open-housing march, reviled by his old neighbors and brutalized by cops professing his religion, a balding, bespectacled little priest was taking a beating. But he kept coming back for more, and, after a summer of H. Rap, Stokely and Floyd, Father Groppi reminded us that white men as well as black must question and restrain the power structure if we are to survive, be they men of God, men of compassion, or men of common sense. ■

To the Oncoming Freshmen

by Bill Cullen
& Tom Henehan

of those college students you used to read about in *Reader's Digest*. Feel lonely, alienated, *angst*-ridden? Gain some security; build yourself an image — a new you! Here are three popular types; just follow our easy instructions:

THE JOCK: Wear low-cut black sneakers (Chuck Taylor's Converse All-Stars), white socks, levis, and one of those overpriced Notre Dame sweat shirts. A Rugby jacket is *de rigueur* for first-class jockhood, though hard to get unless you're masochistic enough to play Rugby. Know all the words to the alma mater, and try to tear yourself away from the Rock

be a drug problem at a school like Notre Dame."

IV. *Polish Jokes will not be tolerated in the dining halls, busses, taxicabs, campus police headquarters, or while your bed is being made. Prudence in fact demands the Notre Dame Man refrain from such behavior at all times.*

V. *Students may have women guests in student rooms only on occasions announced by the Dean of Students. Would we kid you?*

So you see that all of us are driven from our cozy rooms in the search for interpersonal communication. The Circle is the place to quickly establish meaningful relationships. And anyhow, since you don't have a car, you *have* to hitchhike in order to get anywhere. (Incidentally, you don't need a sign marked "Downtown," where else is there to go?) If your new friends really do give you a ride downtown, you can try again at the Aquinas bookstore, where the least scholastic hitchhiking is done.

For the more ambitious freshmen, little Saint Mary's College nestles 'neath the trees beyond the Dixie. Perhaps you have been wondering why the road to Saint Mary's is straight and narrow. Well, if you manage to get a date with one of the lovely belles, you'll learn. Fast. But, naturally, you'll want to get in touch with your date beforehand. It is possible to get through to her by phone — between 7:00 and 7:10 a.m. — but U.S. mail is cheaper and usually faster. As for places to go, Brother Gorch will find you some fine little corners at the Student Center for mutual exchange through stimulating discussion. If they're all taken, the SCHOLASTIC office on the fourth floor is willing, for an exorbitant rate, to rent floor space.

VI. *In conclusion, the SCHOLASTIC offers some suggestions for the football season:*

—Learn the overhand method of throwing toilet paper for pep rallies. (Grab a handful of napkins at the dining hall on Friday night for "personal use.")

—Don't try to walk clockwise around the Rathskeller on Sunday afternoon.

—The most super-keen thing you can do is to put a sign on the Dome.

If you've become disillusioned with the Notre Dame scene already, wait until mid-February, that's when things really move out. And remember, only 151 days left until Mardi Gras!



To the oncoming freshmen: page 51 of the Student Guide.

I. *Ignore all freshman guides.*

II. *The University forbids the drinking of beer or other intoxicants by students under the age of 21.*

—Rocco's and Corby's offer excellent off-campus entertainment for you, the younger Notre Dame man.

—Call Corby's "Kubiak's" and you can pass as a mundane South Bender. (By the way, this Corby's is not to be confused with Corby Hall, home of Father Hesburgh. Drop by for a visit any time. No kidding.)

—The Golden Dome and the Library are always lit up at night. They'll help you find your way home when you're lit up at night.

III. *Proper attire is required for the University dining halls, chapels, and classrooms.*

Boys, you're away from home for the first time. You've left a comfortable suburban home for a cold, crowded Irish ghetto. You're now one

at least once a day in order to stand around the Huddle bulletin board and play the jukebox. Frequent haircuts are optional, but you should try to shave your rosy cheeks at least twice daily.

THE INTELLECTUAL: Let it be known that you own a huge stock of books (If you can't read, quote Marshall McLuhan, join the Film Society, and pass over your lack of a library by saying, "But, I'm not a linear person!"). Spend your afternoons at the Coffee Hour and your evenings at Louie's; buy a green bookbag, and register as soon as possible for the General Program.

THE HIPPIE: Of course, a beard is a good idea, but if you don't have one already, don't conform with all your classmates by growing one in October. Never wear a shirt under your sweater or socks under your boots. The South Bend winter may tempt you to go straight, but you can keep your feet warm with winter-green liniment. Avoid Zahm Hall and class. Practice a sly smile for those who tell you, "There certainly couldn't

During the summer three Notre Dame students — Lenny Joyce, Bob Steinmetz, and Dan Lewis — established a project in the West Washington ghetto area which will be carried on this fall by seniors Paul Higgins, Terry Adrian, Jim Schaefer, and juniors Jerry O'Brien and Jim Chapman. Here Bob gives his impressions of the project.

It seems to me that every social problem has two parts to it: a part that you can express mathematically, compute, and put on paper, and a part, equally important, which is less concrete and more difficult to demonstrate, especially to someone who has not yet experienced the same thing as you. Like explaining to someone who is blind what is red — well, you might say that it is one of the primary colors, a visual sensation which has a wavelength of 650 millimicrons but I doubt whether that blind person would understand unless you told him what red meant to you personally: a warm color, heat, sun, and even then his understanding would be imperfect. I guess understanding a black ghetto is much the same: you need both the statistics of the sociologist and the insights of some social workers. Since Mr. Joyce has given us the figures about the West Washington area, the so-called South Bend riots, and the black man in America today, I would like to give the other part of our experience: a personal interpretation of what the summer meant to me.

Why does one spend the summer in a black ghetto? For a number of reasons, all of them not wholly unselfish. I guess I have a tinge of that white-guilt complex which blacks like to play upon; to me though it's more a tinge of justice (a white word): a feeling of collective guilt because I'm a member of a society which perpetuates racial injustice. . . . There is another reason for working in a ghetto; it gives you prestige back in the white world; you are suddenly an expert on "the Negro problem" in America: "Listen to what I say, man, because I've got all the answers" . . . but I guess the biggest reason was that I had the time to do it and I felt that something must be done, now, today, no matter how insignificant.

I am in hip language a "honkey," a "grey guy", a white man with all the implications that it carries — there is no doubt of this in my mind after the summer. I am not black, even though I've wished at certain times I was. And the so-called "Negro" is just that — as the Spanish word translates — black. He is not "colored" or "chocolate" or whatever cute phrase you wish to use — he is black . . . black



BACK TO THE STREETS . . . BOREDOM BOOZE . . . RIOTS . . . COPS & JAIL

by Bob Steinmetz

. . . black in the eyes of the white man and is just beginning to realize and be proud of that fact himself. The sociologist would call it "an attempt to establish a common identity and unity." Black Power (not the Black Power chant of the screaming streets which gets all the publicity but the Black Power which silently strives for unity and self-determination among black people which the press chooses to ignore) helps in the establishing of this common identity, it teaches the black man pride in his race, in his color, and in his history and culture. We as white men should respect this attempt at dignity and call the Negro by the name he wishes: "black man." . . . *The Black Man* by Dorothy Moody, age 16: I sleep at night / When the stars are bright, / And dream of the black man's / Flight through life. / I wake in the morn / Refreshed and fine, / But still the black man / Is on my mind. / Soon at noon / I come to know, / That the black man / Has no place to go. / By dinner time / My mind is clear, / To the fact that the black man / Was never here . . . Langston Hughes . . . A tall, slim tree . . . / Night coming tenderly / Black like me . . . And what does black connote in our white society—

dirt, filth, the bad guy wears the black hat, evil. Is it any wonder, then, that the black man has for so long been ashamed of his race, his color, and deprived of his dignity . . . Black is beautiful, baby!

The Washington Neighborhood Center, directly across from the Happy Days Tavern, was at the heart of most of our activities this summer. It is a "drop-in" center, open Monday — Saturday from 3 to 11 p.m., and caters for the most part to youth recreation. But on Sunday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights there were regularly scheduled programs instead of open recreation: dances, movies, discussions, poetry readings. But on other nights and during the afternoons there was the usual ping-pong, checkers, chess, cards, and just socializing; the usual arguments over who had winners on the back table or whether the ball hit the edge. Most of the guys that come to the center have been in trouble with the police at least once, some have been or are waiting to go to Boy's State. Some are dope pushers but very few take the stuff. Everyone drinks and most are concerned about the war and their draft status. . . . On the wall is a poster of Malcolm X ("He was ready. Are

(Continued on page 38)



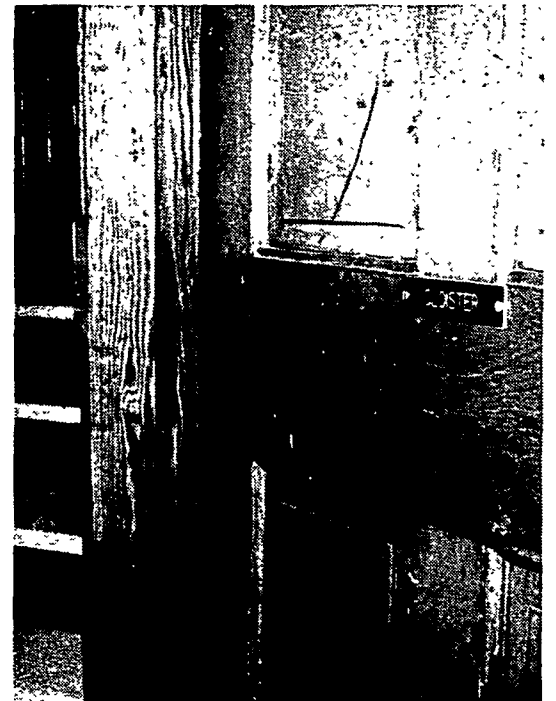
HALFWAY AND HOPING

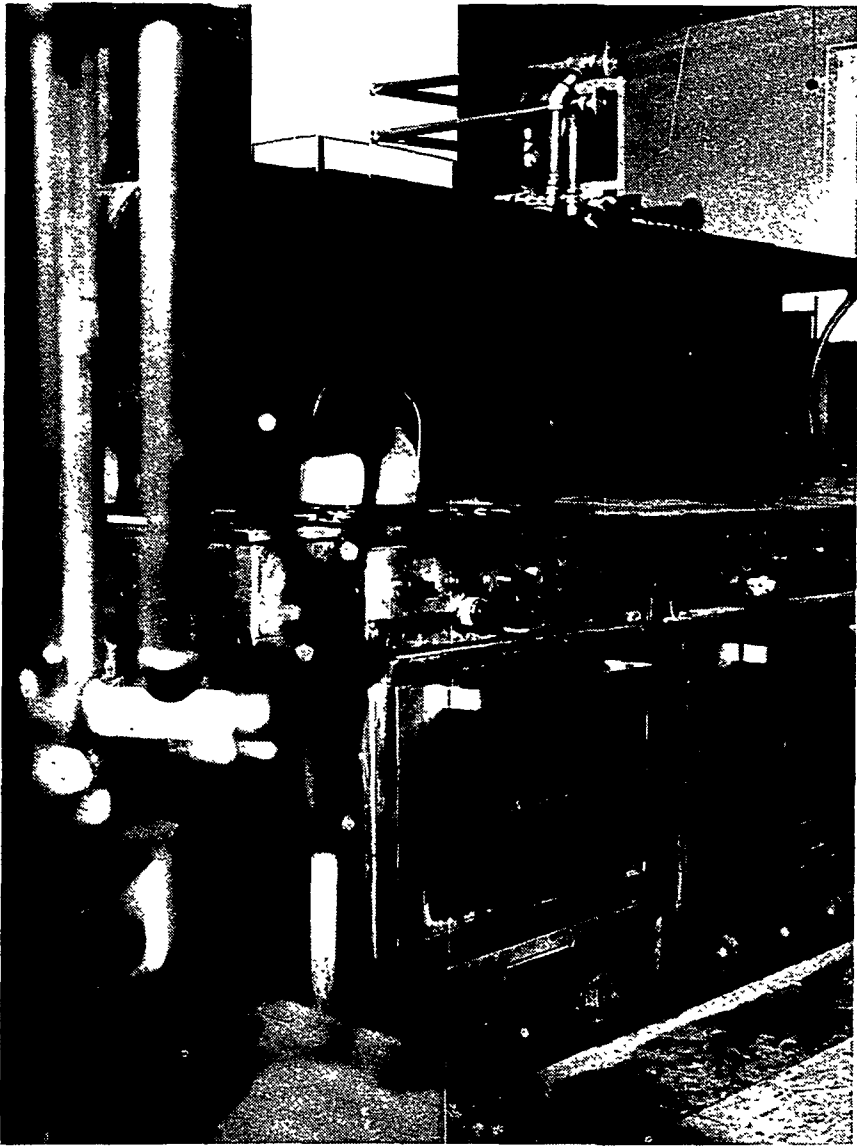
Holy Cross Junior Seminary is now our nineteenth student dormitory. Father James Burtchaell is masterminding the conversion of other seminary facilities to the long-awaited ND-SMC joint social center. Father Joseph Hoffman will serve as rector of the hall.



Father Burtchaell is visualising a successful future for the project as he guides the SCHOLASTIC around the lakefront.

The dorm houses seven students in a former convent area built for the nuns who staffed the small infirmary. Although only one group can claim a private cloister, the hall is naturally divided into sections, none bigger than eight rooms.





Espresso coffee and ice cream by day and steaks and Italian cuisine in the evening will be the menu starting September 28, when Frank and Pasquale Anastasio close their Quo Vadis restaurant and open for business at Holy Cross.

No one knows how much this venture is costing the university; Fr. Hesburgh has been uncommonly generous, and is prepared to run this social necessity at a loss; however, Father Burtchaell feels it is more likely that the center will soon be subsidizing the University.



One of the last vestiges of the old Holy Cross is this unused infirmary room; soon, the cast-iron beds will be gone, replaced by TV, stereo, and comfortable furniture.



NEW DEANS



DR. BERNARD WALDMAN

Dr. Bernard Waldman is the new dean of the College of Science. Dr. Waldman is a nuclear physicist and has been a member of the Notre Dame faculty for 29 years.

Dr. Waldman has been the director of the Midwestern Universities Research Association (MURA), a research center for nuclear physics and is now connected with the Universities Research Association (URA) which is now planning the 200 billion electron-volt accelerator to be built at Weston, Ill.

Dr. Waldman is also guiding the growth of the College of Science. At present the building which will house the new Van de Graaf is nearing completion; it is hoped that the new accelerator will be ready for experiments next summer. Also, the new Life Sciences building is now being constructed south of the library. When this is completed the building will house the Departments of Biology and Microbiology and also the experimental apparatus of the Lobund Laboratory. Looking further into the future, a new chemistry building is now in the preliminary planning stage.

Besides these additions to the physical plant Dr. Waldman wishes to increase the number of students enrolled in the college, both graduates and undergraduates. Dr. Waldman points out that there are about 600 students in the College of Science and approximately 300 of these are premedical students; he believes the college has the facilities to educate many more in the other departments. The plan is to increase the enrollment of the College of Science without increasing the total enrollment of the University; this is to be accomplished by recruiting more science intents for the freshman year. This program has already begun in the New York area where Dr. Pollard of the Lobund Laboratory will give a seminar to prep school science teachers and their students.

Another of the new dean's concerns is the curriculum. Dr. Waldman would like to see more flexibility in the curriculum especially during the senior year. In connection with this the dean would also like to continue reducing the number of credits required for graduation until the desired number, 128, is reached.

Dr. Joseph Hogan, who was engineering dean at the University of Missouri, has been appointed dean of the College of Engineering. Dr. Hogan has taught electrical engineering at the University of Missouri, has done research in the areas of induction motor design, power analysis and controls system, and has authored several technical publications.

One of the major activities of the new dean is the planning of the new 4.5 million dollar engineering building. This building will contain classrooms, offices and laboratories and will be financed in part by SUMMA.

Another new project in the college is Themis. Dr. Hogan is especially proud of the college's involvement in this program, which is supported by the Department of Defense. It had been found that there were only a few places in the nation which had the capability to solve certain pressing problems. Themis is an attempt to establish new centers of excellence. Of 469 proposals submitted, 50 were funded; one of those that were funded was the Notre Dame proposal which is concerned with deep-sea engineering. The project involves many of the departments of the college and many different aspects of the problem such as: structural, hydrodynamical and thermodynamical considerations.

Dr. Hogan is also concerned with increasing the number of undergraduates in the college. The program used is similar to that of the College of Science; the intention is to recruit among high schools to increase the number of qualified intents applying for admission. It is hoped the enrollment of these two colleges can be increased while holding the total undergraduate enrollment constant.

DR. JOSEPH HOGAN



The Guiding Hand

An Interview with the New Dean of Students

Last year, Father James Riehle was the rector of Sorin Hall, the Assistant Dean of Students, and the moderator of the Detroit Club. This year he has only one job: Dean of Students. He makes the final decision on all disciplinary matters, the buck stops with him. Joel Garreau, Tom Henehan and Bill Cullen of the SCHOLASTIC report the results of their interview with him.

Scholastic: Father, the big issue last year was hall autonomy. Do you intend to limit hall autonomy in any way or will you let the rectors run their halls as they see fit?

Father Riehle: My problem, of course, is to deal with the disciplinary problems on campus. Last year an attempt was made by Father Simons to put some of this into the students, and my opinion is that, in the halls that assumed the responsibility, the students did a good job. I think that if the students want hall autonomy, they have to assume a certain amount of responsibility and be willing to accept the rules that are laid down. This whole hall autonomy system is still in flux, I think, and is still being evaluated.

Scholastic: If the rector of a stay-hall, which has both freshmen and upperclassmen, sets up more stringent rules than the rector of a strictly upperclass hall, would you go along with this?

Father Riehle: In many instances, the rector controls what the hall is like, and this is just about the way we'd have to play it, I think.

Scholastic: Have there been any difficulties with the hall disciplinary board system?

Father Riehle: The difficulty any time you have a hall board is the inequity of it. One hall may be very severe, and another may not be very severe. It all depends where a student lives. The rectors have all talked about this, and are concerned about it, and so this is why that, ultimately, the Dean of Students has to make a final decision on these things, because of the inequity.

Scholastic: Do you intend to interfere with the rector's administration of his own hall?

Father Riehle: That depends a lot on what happens. I don't anticipate anything like this. I'm still the one though that has to make the final decision about discipline on campus. If a particular hall is up for grabs, then something will have to be done about it. I hope it doesn't happen, I don't think it will.

Scholastic: Are you planning to liberalize the rules regarding female visitors in the halls?

Father Riehle: No, they'll be allowed in the halls only on special occasions, when it's convenient for them to use the hall facilities. The halls are not set up for this kind of an arrangement. Many of the students just don't want them around.

Scholastic: Then the only thing preventing you from allowing girls in the rooms now is the structure of the hall? Are there no moral questions involved?

Father Riehle: This might be a problem also. To be perfectly honest with you, this might be the reason for the

rule, at least one reason that is a very strong one, that is to avoid opening up an additional possibility of easy access to . . . well . . . you know.

Scholastic: You don't really think that many students don't want girls in their rooms, do you?

Father Riehle: I said many don't want to be bothered. They had this petition around last year, girls in the rooms any time from noon to midnight, any day of the week. Well, this is just ridiculous. I'm sure that if this was passed, the majority of students, probably after a month, would overthrow the thing. I just think that, all in all, considering every viewpoint, [the present rule] is the best thing for Notre Dame.

I'm not opposed to boys and girls getting together, this is fine. They need this; I think that all boys get their refinement from their mothers more than their fathers, and I think that this is good. You hear a lot about "well, I'd like to study with my girl friend" — this might be good, but I don't think you can study better with someone in the room that's bothering you. This is just my own personal experience; I was a salesman before I was a priest, and I had work to do, and you just shut off things like this, if you have work to do and you're serious about it.

Scholastic: Will the new rule allowing students over 21 to have apartments mean that the rule forbidding students under 21 from having apartments will be more strictly enforced?

Father Riehle: I would think so. If it comes to our attention that a student is living in an apartment where he's not supposed to be, and he is under 21, then we'll just have to take steps to see that he doesn't stay there. When a student registers, he has to put down his address. Now this, of course, can always be changed, but this is a matter of honor with the students. If a student registers an address, and then lives at another address, he's subject to disciplinary action anyway because it's a regulation of the University that we must know where they live. We've made a change in the rule because the students have asked for it, basically, and there is a need for opening up because of the shortage of houses.

Scholastic: What was the rationale behind forbidding apartments to students under 21?

Father Riehle: Well, I don't think it was an arbitrary one. Students under 21 are still tied in with the parental relationship, and most parents want their sons to live on campus.

Scholastic: Do you foresee any change in the rule that forbids scholarship holders from living off campus?

Father Riehle: The University is not about to pay some apartment owner for housing a football player.

Scholastic: There's a rumor that the rule about on-campus students having cars will be relaxed at the end of the first semester. Is this true?

Father Riehle: No, I don't anticipate this at all.

(Continued on page 36)

The Federal Government Spends Its Summer

by Stephanie Phalen

Washington's mine. The fact that 15,000 other college students also call it theirs doesn't matter. It's mine. I earned it along with the \$700 I took from the Treasurer of the United States this summer for being a Congressional intern.

Several years ago Congress appropriated money for a program of summer employment in Washington for college students. To encourage young people with an interest in government, they set up intern programs on Capitol Hill and in various federal agencies. Hopefully, the summer experience would entice students to plan a government career. It would take some of the work off the shoulders of about-to-vacation employees. And a Washington summer would show students a great deal about how the federal government works. Each year 15,000 students come to Washington for these jobs. About 1,500 of them work for Congress, whose intern program is most sought after.

Usually, interns are somewhat disappointed with what they find. A job in Washington sounds glamorous and important. Interns are neither glamorous nor important. They run mimeograph newsletters and sit in front of robotype machines. They learn that the personal-looking letters members of Congress send out are done by machines while interns watch the machines depress its own keys. All they type is the "Dear Mr. Jones." On senators' letters, even the signature is written by a magic machine.

The closest an intern comes to working on a piece of legislation is usually a trip to the Office of Legislative Counsel to pick up a folder. And instead of writing their congressman's speeches, most interns find themselves drafting letters to the constituents who write Washington. High-school debaters, service academy hopefuls, and mothers with Army sons suffering toothache get sympathetic letters written by interns. Interns learn to write in the lofty style and highly colored language expected of a member of Congress, to say in three paragraphs what one sentence could convey.

But the nonessential nature of interns' work is sometimes good. Be-

cause most of them are not really needed in their offices, they're free to watch sessions of the House or listen to testimony before a Senate committee. If at first they feel guilty—they're being paid for the hours spent away from their office—they soon learn to accept it as the government. A few interns do work hard, but in most offices the real work is only for the professionals.

Yet, interns manage to make national news each year. This summer 130 signed an anti-Vietnam letter and the Interns for Presidential Honesty threatened to boycott the usual Presidential speech to all interns on the White House lawn. Though the letter caused an uproar over the right of the students as Congressional employees to dissent, it was quickly quieted. And the boycott failed to take place because the usual Presidential invitation to the White House failed to come. Thus were the interns perhaps punished for their activism.

Less active, less glamorous sounding and more hard working are the interns in the various departments and agencies of the federal government. Only a few are really "interns" who come under the same sort of program the Congress has. The majority of summer agency employees are vacation replacements who spend their days filing and typing, earning salaries at the GS-3 level of \$130 take-home every other week. There it's not much different from Congressional internship. But even the State Department can't come close to matching the atmosphere on Capitol Hill.

That's why anyone thinking of working in Washington should try his congressman or senator first. Political pull can help, but promptness and persistence work as well. Those who really want to be interns apply early by writing to the man they hope to work for. If they fail there, working and living in Washington is still more than worthwhile. By scoring high on the test given at local colleges in February or walking into the Civil Service Commission in Washington able to type 40 words per minute, or by pestering their congressmen to find them agency jobs, a position can be found. Thousands of students arrive in Washington each June looking for sum-

mer work. Nearly all are hired. The federal government is a many-headed and -armed creature.

Summer housing in Washington is only a little harder to find. It's best to come with a large group of friends, enough to rent a house big enough for parties and cheap enough when split six or 10 or 12 ways. But friends and roommates are easy to find. The 15,000 students are concentrated in certain areas of the city, and sometimes no one seems to be over 25. Beer and wine are legal at 18, so Georgetown is exciting for a part of the summer at least.

A fun summer is one reason for the migration which each year makes Washington the address of 15,000 extra young people who arrive from every section of the country. With its galleries, riverside concerts, Mall programs, and other events, often free, the city is pleasantly full of activity. Intern programs have frequent parties, and interns themselves fill their houses and apartments on weekend nights.

Notre Dame has a program each year to encourage students to go to Washington. It tries to tell people how to apply to their congressman, when to register for the office and science assistant test in February, what to do about summer housing. This summer about two dozen students arrived in Washington from Notre Dame. Half of them rented a high white house just off Connecticut. Some worked for the government — as interns or as summer employees. A few cleaned canals. Ask any of them about their summer. When they say "great," they mean it.

A summer in Washington, especially on the Hill, is not important for the money it brings or the job it provides. Most interns come home with near-empty pockets and only a few new skills in typing, filing, and running errands. For money and responsible jobs, everyone should stay at home. In Washington it's the atmosphere that counts. It's the chance to watch powerful people at work, to see what happens behind the newspaper stories. For some, the taste of Washington is intoxicating. Many come back summer after summer, and then to stay. ■



(The Student Government has participated in NSA Congresses in the past, but only on the periphery and with a very small delegation. This summer, Chris Murphy and several student representatives, including seven sophomores and juniors, set out to change all that by more active participation in the Congress. Notre Dame delegates were reportedly more vocal than anticipated, yet Murphy, this year's Student Body President, returned with these rather optimistic impressions.)

This, the XXth Congress of the National Student Association, looked to be one of the most exciting in the history of the Association. With the publication of the *Ramparts* exposé last February the existence of the NSA was threatened. Many wondered whether or not the membership would remain intact after the Congress. With this weakening of the fabric of NSA, groups formed to espouse various solutions to the NSA-CIA dilemma. Thus it was that the Students for a Democratic Society held a "Counter Congress" on the same campus as the NSA Congress. Radicals from the University of Michigan and Wayne State pushed for the abolishment of the National Student Association and the establishment of a National Union of Students affiliated with the AFL-CIO based on individual student membership. The Conservatives from the University of North Carolina and the University of Utah came to remold NSA into a strictly service-oriented organization. Again the sic-wics (Small Catholic Women's Colleges), constituting 43% of the electorate, came for their two-week, conscience-satisfying excursion into the left.

Topics relevant to us as students at the University of Notre Dame which were discussed at the conference included Student Power and The Draft. The Student Power legisla-

tion states that "Students have been subjected to search without a warrant, arbitrary social regulations by administrations and double jeopardy by administration and civil courts. In addition, a United States Supreme Court decision of June 1967 has granted to all minors those rights which have heretofore been granted to United States citizens in legal proceedings." The legislation delineated eight areas of concern which should be controlled by joint student-faculty-administration committees. These are: 1) course requirements, 2) academic calendar, 3) admissions policy, 4) financial aid policies, 5) building and grounds planning, 6) hiring and dismissal of faculty and administrative personnel, 7) any and all university and college services (e.g., bookstore, food service), 8) grading systems and appeals on grades. While I believe in the concept of student power, I disagree with some of the specifics here. We shall articulate our position on these specifics in later articles and distribute information.

A resolution calling for the abolishment of the draft was passed by the Congress. A voluntary army would replace the present system of con-

universities throughout this country and has proven to be quite successful, as has been the free university. Both of these are closer to being implemented at Notre Dame due to the knowledge gained by attending the Congress. The most important thing the Notre Dame Student Government could do in the next year is to obtain a seat on the Academic Council. Community governing is a major issue in the university today. It has been developed and is successful at many of the more academically prestigious universities in the United States. If it can work there, why not at Notre Dame? This question will be answered or alleviated in the next year and NSA has afforded us the opportunity to move ahead in this area. Thus through the assistance of the Student Government Information Service, an office of NSA, we should be able to obtain the background material necessary to forge ahead in many areas in the next year. Educational reform is our primary target.

Due to a grant received last year from NSA, the Notre Dame Student Government, with the help of the Sociology Club and the Sociology Department, is conducting an in-depth study of student stress in the Univer-

A Break With Convention

by Chris Murphy

scription for it "obviates the necessity for the government to depend on the support of the people in its actions." Until such time as this could take place a number of specific reforms were suggested for immediate adoption by the Selective Service System. Also passed by the Congress was a resolution on Faculty Rights affirming the rights of the professor. Specific areas included Academic Freedom, the right to a private and political life free of institutional censorship, and freedom from double jeopardy in the case of the employing institution.

The Notre Dame delegation was quite active during the Congress. Our delegates attended many different program workshops, issue seminars, and other related functions. Much information was gathered about educational reform and should prove to be quite useful in our first attempt at teacher-course evaluation. The pass-fail system has been adopted at many

sity. Last year the program was not too successful; however, new direction has been set and we are well on our way. Students from a number of testing areas will be broken down into sensitivity training groups. Through a nondirective process these groups will be asked to discuss problems facing students today. As various viewpoints on life in the University are crystallized, further questions for mass testing will be developed. These, coupled with the standard cues (e.g., environmental and basic personality cues) will provide a statistical basis for the report and will facilitate following the development of a class as it proceeds through the university process. Notre Dame has been given quite a bite of latitude in developing its own program and looks to become a model for other campuses. With the results of this study we hope to be able to get at the root of many problems facing the student and then in some way alleviate them.

LETTER

22 May 1967
The Editor
The Scholastic
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana

Dear ed.,

Old daddio here used to spend quite a bit of time kibitzing in the publications office at ND 20 years ago and I just guess this is the reason that some of this stuff you guys are putting out now is so intristing to me. In them days we mostly hung our hats in a little room on the main floor of the main building to the right on yer way to Jim's old grad office.

I am going to admit right off that you guys in this day are much smarter than we was in our day. In fact, I betcha admissions would call out the guard and not let us past Lexy Coquillard's tombstone if they seen us coming now.

Our publications hq. wern't much as rooms go terday but we had a big jolly polock priest in charge there who you will now find planted in the Community Cemetary.

I don't know why they let me in that room everyday 'cause I didn't do much 'cept peek over shoulders, steel pictures and listen to this very plump guy mouth off. Anyway, my whole gang seemed to show up regular and some of us got wild ideas (at least they might have been considered wild for that unenlightened age) but chub-byo seemed to open his yap and he did spend a lotta time 'splaining to us why this and that might not be so wise, in fact, we might even regret what we was thinking of publishing — tomorrow or next year. His theme was that what we printed just might be read and this glop might influence someone in someway. It could be a good influence and it could be something else.

In addition to being a mighty good guy with the publications people this blackrobe was a positive sensation in the pulpit. After one of his sermons we didn't know whether to applaud, cheer or sing the "Victory March" but being regimented dumkopfs we just knelt there and said Hail Marys. This guy would have made Billy Graham

look like he needed elocution lessons but my dear friend died, quite young, weighing about 50#.

I even read about the few fellers you got out there now who don't approve of Viet Nam, Patriotism Awards and all that BS. Golly, gee whiz, when I think how stoopid we was in '42 — all breakin' our necks to sign up — they even took all 122# of me — then had the nerve to send me to the middle of Texas for summer training and to the middle of Utah for winter training afore turning me over to old pistol-packin' Patton in Krautland. They even dumpted me off the boat in damn near mid Atlantic and made me wade into France — at 2 AM — in January — with a full field pack, rifle, steel hat and my typewriter!

I noted what Shooster said about our young men should meat up with broads who we can respect and think



of marryin' rather than "female camp followers who haunt campus towns". Well, all I can say is, begeesus, no one ever accused me of bein' a homebody out there in the sticks of Indiana but I durn well never heard of a female camp follower at ND. All them ladies of ill repute must have moved in on you guys since '48. The worst I ever seen out there was a hermorphidite at the circus on ND Ave. This sin cost me a quarter but I got rid of the whole terrible mess immediately in the confessional.

That "merger" article on ND & St. Marys was reel intristing. I honest to goodness don't have no objections to girls (I have a wife, 4 daughters, 2 bitches, some obviously female guppies, a formerly female pussycat and, besides which, my favorite university is named after a dame) but my great age and experience leads me to warn you that there just may be plenty of time at a later date for you to get too far mixed up with babes. Tis said that you can't live with them and

you can't live without them — so — I urge your group to give this problem a lot more thought because I think that this could only hurt ND. I know that Kinsey said that a male reaches his "peak" at the age of 16 but don't worry too much about all of this wasted time because nature keeps this whole business going for generations.

Black Mack's idea about a "half-way house" might be a good idea because, at your age, it might be better to go half way rather than all the way. Now I look upon your wanting all night broads and booze in the bedrooms or call them hall bedroom-living rooms if you insist. Regardless, these 3 Bs do make for interisting conversation. There is some kind of silly law about minors imbibing and old mom and pop might not think so much of the idea but lets forget about these trivialities and consider the more important aspects.

Unquestionably, all night broads and booze in your rooms would stimulate your senses and would give out a festive atmosphere, but there might be some joker nearby who just might want or have to study — which is supposed to be the whole object of this "in" spot. In addition, our cell-like rooms, sans closets, are not always very neat nor are they lavishly furnished which does not make for gracious drinking, lounging or entertaining. If some of the boys are going to insist on this tho I think I would hold out for room service or, at the very least, ice machines in every hall — with buckets! If there is anything that I hate it is hot likker.

Also, since I hear religion is "out" out there now for about 50% of you, maybe you could whip up the other unneeded half of the chapels and convert them for use as discotecks.

Again on sex, the one thing in all these here writings that I thought was conspicuuous by its absence, was the PILL — or is that next? It would be really ingenious if we could talk one of our reel brainy guys into coming up with a boy pill. If we could produce this we could darn well eliminate population and put Syntex right out of business. You guys get the formula and I'll arrange the financing with some old codgers that I know.

I could have used Pills myself because besides all them girls that I got that I mentioned before I also have 3 sons — and then there were 4 more that didn't make it. Pills is the coming thing and you have to use them regular 'cause once the babies arrive it is pretty tough decidin' which ones you is goin' to keep and which ones you is goin' to throw back.

I note that old grads are "stereo-
(Continued on page 41)



sidelines

ODE TO BUDDY GENE

And so it fell upon George Kunz, Rene Torrado, Terry Brennan, Vito Racanelli, et al., to perform for the veterans on rookie night. The coaches had already been taken care of in earlier skits, and trainer Gene Paszkiet seemed ripe for the barb. The result, as reported in *melancholia* by punter Torrado (lyrics to music *On Top of Old Smoky*):

"All of the members of the skit except myself are sitting around the front of the room. They are wearing trainer's caps and green jock shirts with the word *Trainer* taped onto their shirts. They are nonchalantly ripping off strips of tape and throwing them around. Then I walk in wearing but my undershirt and T-shirt, and I complain about the rough day ahead which is sort of a joke among the ballplayers — 'Well it looks like another tough day on the old field. I'll need one hell of a tape job for this knee of mine to make it through the day. Hey, trainer (to George Kunz), Is Gene around?'"

George — "No, Gene is not around at the moment. What can I do for you?"

Myself — "I need my knee taped and I won't let anybody tape my knee but Gene."

George (looking sort of offended) — "Well, I can do as good a job as he can."

Here Vito Racanelli breaks in and says — "What are you talking about? Haven't you heard of the legend of Gino the Trainer?"

At this point, Terry Brennan strums his guitar and walks to the center of the room and everyone gathers around him and begins to sing.

1
In South Bend, Indiana
A rumor has spread
Old Gino the Trainer
Has rocks in his head.

2
When Gene was in high school
They say he was fierce
But now all he's good for
Is two short draught beers.

3
His hands they will tremble
And his mind won't work right
Cause Gino tipped too many
At Woodward's last night

4
He'll wrap you and tape you
And sing you a song
But the treatment won't help you
Because he did it all wrong

5
Old Gino's not really that bad
This is only for fun,
But don't ever try him
(Pause and music stops)
Or it's your — — .
(mimicking De Cicco)

THE ALL-TIME, ALL-TIME LIST

Amid the annual pre-season flurry of football predictions and forecasts, Notre Dame's own propaganda sheet, *The Notre Dame Football Guide*, has made its appearance on the newsstand. The 1967 edition features 82 pages of players' pictures in various frightening poses, including a close-up of kicker Torrado's bare foot. The climax to these exaggerated photos and the masses of statistics traditionally expected of the *Football Guide* is a section entitled "All-time Notre Dame Lineups." Included are the lineup, height, and weight for the 80 teams that Notre Dame has fielded since 1887.

Statistics like these do not compile themselves; in fact it took Steve Boda, a New York advertising executive, five years of after-hours work to do the

job. His sources included 3,000 accounts of 665 games collected since his boyhood days in South Bend. Major league baseball has managed to keep track of itself since the 1800's, but football records prior to 1930 are nonexistent. Boda had counted on Notre Dame programs, which date back to 1920, for the bulk of his information, until he discovered Knute Rockne's cute habit of deflating the height and weight of his players to deceive his opponents. Finally, he resorted to recollections of the players themselves, sending questionnaires to 200 players, captains, and coaches of those years.

The letters went to players across the country, to former stars as well as unknowns. Of the 200 letters sent out, only five failed to reply. The returns brought some levity to Boda's task: Uncovered was Notre Dame's heaviest player, Frank Milbauer, who weighed in at 285 lbs. and played for Rockne in 1923. His exploits on the field never reached matching proportions, however, "because I was born 40 years too soon. Rockne wouldn't play me then because I was too big." Humility also proved the rule, as Frank Carideo wrote, "make me second team," giving top billing to Jim Brady who shared the quarterbacking job with Carideo in 1928. Likewise, Sherwood Dixon, a center on the 1917 squad and later lieutenant governor of Illinois, responded, "don't overplay me. . . . I was a skinny second-rater. I played a lot of football between Monday and Friday."

If Notre Dame does, as it appears, have the most thoroughly documented collegiate record book, the credit is due not only to Boda but to Roger Valdiserri, Herb Jones, and 195 football players with long memories who helped to compile what seems to be the ultimate in record listings, the all-time, all-time list.

The Making of the Team

1967

Looking more the professional psychologist than the insidest insider, Rocky Bleier remarked, "the only psychological difference at this time between this and last year's team is one of more confidence. Last year we had neither proven individual performers nor confidence we could work well as a team. This year we have only to mold already great players into another great team. And we'll know if that's going to happen in the first quarter against Cal."

By TONY INGRAFFEA

A football season is a lifetime. Notre Dame football was reborn into nobility August 28, 1967, a prodigious child and heir to a memory, a very proud memory. Not all football teams are born equal. Notre Dame has inherited more, much more, ability than most, and thrives in a home atmosphere very conducive to success. But even at Notre Dame, a football season is a lifetime, and the players who play



and the coaches who coach are each year born, evolve, perhaps thrive, almost always pass on. Very few teams live two seasons, chances for three are infinitesimal. But the many doctors, the thousands of philosophers, the few sages of football have prophesied long life to the champion, to Notre Dame. They perhaps now see, believe, that Notre Dame has the key to football immortality again, and it's not physical strength. Try character. Try confidence. Try pride.

All right, team, it's four weeks to premier and you're an infant wearing a man's crown. It's 7 a.m. in Farley Hall and the managers shout open 52 doors to awaken you. No laughter, no groans, just resolution, like the first day at kindergarten you didn't cry because Mom wasn't staying. Two-a-days, training table, and study periods to rebuild summer-swelled bodies and

Above, Coach Ray patiently explains the meaning of pride to Larry Schumacher, while, below, Schumacher demonstrates the phenomenon.





Parseghian's role involves more than mastering strategy and execution—he also must pick a dog-tired team off the floor after a two-a-day session. A few well-chosen words, a clap of the hands (above) and team morale soars.

time-lapsed memories, but John Ray spells football P-R-I-D-E. Is it easier to have pride when your last performance was a smash hit?

Rocky and Number-One lead calisthenics and you sweat off a dozen Saturday nights because Coach Wally Moore tells you "you gotta beat the Russians" and you really should be tough "for your sister's honor." Simple, prodding, interim psychology that only carries you to tomorrow when you search each other's eyes for something which isn't yet there, so it's an off day, the Whites score three and Ara calls you donkeys.

You're in the locker room; a stereo "C'mon baby, light my fire . . ." is empty greeting. All you think of is the drag it is from stadium to North Dining Hall where a gallon of orange drink will hold you through the after-dinner meeting. Is it easy to be proud when you were asleep three hours before 10:30 lights out?

Two weeks and you're adolescent, and the coaches respond to your maturity. "If I were to tie your hands behind your back, Jockisch, you'd call me cruel, wouldn't you?" soft-tones Coach Ray. "Well, then, if you don't get some pride in your position and

use your arms as you've been taught," he softly inflects, "I may just do that, and," booming, "let that man smash you into the ground."

Two weeks and there's that tingling sensation when Paul Snow takes an O'Brien bomb in the first Stadium scrimmage, a smirk from Ara when Zimmerman scores four, a back pat when McCoy deplans a screen pass. Pride is a creeping, sneaky sort of thing.

You read the pulp and gloss, team, public report cards that read, as one Midwest inspector concluded:

Number One — Green Bay Packers
 Number Two — Notre Dame
 Number Three—Everybody Else
 Playing Football

Read that and you feel a click inside you, like a spring cocking back one more notch. But there are nine other teams playing college football which will make 400 thrusts at your goal line. Is it pride to smirk when you think that the last person they'll have to pass to get there is an All-American?

Coach Shoultz berates "bend a mile but never break." Never break. You're young, it's only the third week but

suddenly California is a common name at practice. Two-a-days, hell on body and morale, are over, and your concentration is intensifying, narrowing. Never break. How young is California?

Now it's your last Stadium scrimmage, donkeys. Furlong breaks Schoen's tackle to complete a long scoring pass. Schoen misjudges an easy pass deflection. Furlong again. A team grows up anew every season; you can't inherit last season's concentration. Grow your own, donkeys.

It's Rookie Night, the traditional graduation from pre-fall practice to the season, your lifetime. The evening is hilarious — you cut the coaches and they cut you. Wally Moore's practice scattering UFO, Ara's white sox, Bill Hurd on sax and Coach Pagna on bass. Hurd's fingers play 9.3, Pagna's eyes say bomb. You read it. Is it pride? And after the skits, "Showed some real talent there, boys. I was beginning to wonder if you had any." Ara. Number One.

California tomorrow. You respect a Proud Memory, nine other teams don't, but they'll soon respect you. California tomorrow. Win and they'll call you a man.

The Captain's Table

This is the first in a series of weekly reports which will appear in the SCHOLASTIC throughout the football season. In THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE Irish Captain Rocky Bleier will variously discuss upcoming opponents, review Notre Dame's progress, and relate pertinent inside developments.

The "Rat" took the snap from the "Worm" and handed off to the "Toad" who found his way through the line behind "Cro-man" and "Big Swat."

They call college football a science, a serious business, a game for the tough-minded man. The businesslike pressure of college football truly does exist; yet when eighty or so young men gather together, they seem to have a way of living with the pressure. If the N.D. football team got in and out of the huddle as they do over a hundred times a day, with the single thought of winning the National Championship, they would soon fall apart from the pressure connected with that thought.

Along this same line of thought, an important asset of a football player is that he's natural. Nick Eddy didn't have to think about which way to fake a defensive halfback, he just did it — he was natural. But a Notre Dame football player is natural in another way. If the man standing next to him in the huddle looks like a toad, he'll probably call him "Toad." Nicknames have a way of easing the tension and pressure. It's hard to imagine what the Notre Dame football team would be like if I always had to call Terry Hanratty—"Terry Hanratty" and Steve Quinn — "Steve Quinn."

But the pressure is tough. It's tough on the veterans but much more so on the rookies — especially for those who fill in the vacancies left by graduation. The pressure of assuming a former star's role is a lot more demanding than the normal responsibilities of holding down a starting position.

Naturally, the first game has a little added pressure — this is where we find out how good we are and if pre-fall workouts have paid off. Finding out can sometimes be a frightening experience. There's always the urge to sit back and ride high on last year's reputation.

When we meet Cal on Saturday, we had best be relaxed and not choke. We must be ready to accept the challenge that's put in front of us tomorrow and that waits for us during the next ten weeks. Cal is not going to roll over and play dead. Publicity and last season's record have put a crown on our head; ten teams want a shot at it.

The first is California, and they have the credentials that any college coach would want. They have an arm in their quarterback, Barry Bronk, who wound up higher in the statistics than either Hanratty or O'Brien. On the receiving end they have a 6'7" split end in Wayne Stewart, an All-Coast defensive back last year. And I understand they have more J.C. transfers than any other West Coast team. What I've said doesn't make them great, but it does make them dangerous.

—BOB "ROCKY" BLEIER

WHILE YOU WERE GONE

BASEBALL: (17-8-1)

Notre Dame 5, Toledo 4
Notre Dame 2, Toledo 4
Valparaiso 10, Notre Dame 6
Notre Dame 17, Ohio U 7
Notre Dame 9, Ohio U 5
Notre Dame 5, Valparaiso 1

TENNIS: (14-2)

Eastern Collegiate Invitational:

Singles Champion:
Jasjit Singh (16-0) Notre Dame

Doubles Champion:
Singh and Bill Brown (15-1)
Notre Dame

TRACK:

Central Collegiate Conference Championship: Notre Dame finished tenth in twenty four team field.

GOLF: (15-4)

Notre Dame 759, Northern Illinois 784, Western Illinois 779
Lafayette Tournament (Fifth Place)
Purdue, Illinois, Ohio State, Indiana,
Notre Dame, Northwestern

SCHEDULE

Football: California at Notre Dame
1:30 P.M.

Soccer:

Oct. 7	Indiana State	10:00 A.M.
Oct. 14	Southern Illinois	10:30 A.M.
Oct. 25	Goshen	3:30 P.M.
Oct. 29	Toledo	2:00 P.M.

Cross Country:

Oct. 7	Iowa at ND (4 Miles)	10:00 A.M.
Oct. 13	ND Invitational (4 Miles)	2:00 P.M.
Oct. 20	Kent State and Bowling Green at Kent State	
Oct. 27	Indiana and MSU (5 Miles)	4:00 P.M.

Voice in the Crowd

This week we begin a new column in the SCHOLASTIC sports section, one which we hope will continue throughout the year—*The Captain's Table*. The column has the advantage of directly linking a vital performer with the student body which comprises, in effect, his audience and chief critic. During the football season, Rocky Bleier can help shrink the credibility gap between player and fan—when a team is number one, whether on the field, in the press, or both, the everyday walking around-and-scratching student tends to view Saturday's gods apocryphically. With their constant ten week meeting-to films-to class-to practice-to bed ritual, these headliners are rarely seen by most of us, much less heard. So that's why we asked Rocky to take time out once a week and jot down his thoughts. It's reassuring, sometimes, to find out that these guys aren't just machines, that they feel pressure and handle it pretty much the way we do (or wish we did): by joking and by working so hard they're too tired to choke.

Not surprisingly, Bleier chose "pressure" as his topic for this first issue. He could have talked in depth about California's personnel, or about the new punt rule which threatens to make healthy backs and ends obsolete; but if you sat down with any Notre Dame football player the day before the opening game, he'd tell you about the pressure. It's always there, it's part of the burden of "wearing the crown," and it takes a champion to face up to it and still keep cool. Apparently Rocky Bleier and the team he leads have done just that.

Let's say, then, that Notre Dame has licked the pressure. Even if the mental aspect of football (team morale, tempo, "cool") is 50% of the game, there's still that other nagging 50%, the physical capacity of the team. Any New York bartender or Hoosier schoolmaster can of course brief you on Notre Dame physical capacity. "Shake a tree at Notre Dame and out will fall a half dozen high school quarterbacks." (That one came out before the 1965 season, when it appeared the Irish might have a quarterbacking problem. On third and ten, the Irish did.) The truth is, once the admittedly superb front line is out of there, even Notre Dame limps a bit. After all, if you're claiming that nobody else's *first* team belongs on the same field with ND, how can you expect any second unit to pick up the slack. Which brings us to a subdivision of the physical aspect: injuries. We've got plenty. One of the strongest lines in the country can be assembled just from the list of Irish players who have missed a week or more of practice sessions due to injury:

Ends—Brian Stenger, Kevin Hardy, Jay Ziznewski, George Kunz

Tackles—Mike Kucmicz, Rudy Konieczny

Guards—Tom McKinley, Tim Monty

Center—Steve Quinn

Hardy's problem is as frustrating as it is familiar. His back trouble is on-again off-again, and was expected. But it has also prevented him from taking part in calisthenics and conditioning drills—and when he goes all the way in scrimmage, it shows. Behind Hardy and Stenger at defensive end is mainly inexperience, and this is one position where the demands are so heavy that inexperience can be suicide. In John Ray's 4-4-3 setup, the end is expected to crash through to the ballcarrier, rather than merely box and turn the play inside to the tackles. But unlike many defenses, which ask the end to crash but take away outside responsibilities, Hardy and Stenger must at the same time guard the outside for an end run or pitchout. Rookies should not be thrown into a situation like *that*.

Two years ago Notre Dame opened against California, and then as now the big story was pre-game injuries. Hardy missed the game and the season, Jim Lynch was protecting a leg injury and Mike Wadsworth and Harry Long both had knee trouble. We got by Cal then despite the injuries, and we should do it again. That will leave only nine other teams who can make their season by knocking off Notre Dame.

What all this comes down to is that nobody in his right mind should expect the Irish to get through teams like Purdue, MSU, Georgia Tech and Miami unbeaten and number one. With that in mind, I'll put my money on Notre Dame to finish the year unbeaten and number one.

—MIKE MCADAMS

Anderson Picks

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VS. TEXAS: While the Longhorns have been getting royal treatment from the press, the Trojans have been setting out to erase the stain of November 26, 1966. Texas won't stop them.

ALABAMA VS. FLORIDA STATE: Rumor has it that Bear Bryant was hit by a motorboat during his afternoon walk yesterday. The Tide promptly adopted the slogan, "Win one for the Bear," and tomorrow they will.

KENTUCKY VS. INDIANA: Ready, fans! This all-important battle will prove one thing: the worst team in the SEC is better than the worst in the Big 10.

MIAMI VS. NORTHWESTERN: There is a young coach named Tate, threatened with a horrible fate; the alumni's reason is an undefeated season—and Northwestern looks very second-rate.

MORRIS BROWN VS. BETHUNE-COOKMAN: Remember RPI? This year the Morris Brown Wolverines, coached by Major J. Powell, Jr., try to find the way back to the top. But Bethune-Cookman looks too formidable to this observer.

ARKANSAS VS. OKLAHOMA STATE: "Sooeey, Pig!" The Razorbacks have really taken on a tiger for their opener, but should prevail in a close one.

PURDUE VS. TEXAS A&M: Jack Mollenkopf complains about quarterback problems, but after watching a 5'5" Q.B. take A&M apart last Saturday, we'll have to wait until next week to feel sorry for poor Jack.

GEORGIA VS. MISSISSIPPI STATE: Dooley's Dogs may stomp over MSU, but it looks like they took a raincheck on the National Championship when they made out their schedule.

UPSET OF THE WEEK:

HOUSTON VS. MICHIGAN STATE: Michigan State has a lot of things going for it, including the home field, but the explosive Cougar offense will give the green Spartan defense an education in the pitfalls of looking ahead.

OTHER GAMES:

Colorado over Oregon
Michigan over Duke
Illinois over Florida
Southern Methodist over Missouri
Navy over Penn State
Army over Virginia
Washington over Wisconsin
Texas Christian over Iowa
Georgia Tech over Vanderbilt

The Guiding Hand

(Continued from page 27)

Scholastic: Father, about the marijuana situation, do you intend to go out again and seek out students who are using marijuana off campus?

Father Riehle: You say "again," we haven't done this yet. It's just like anything else, if a student is picked up downtown for stealing in one of the department stores, it's brought to our attention, and it's in the rules that anyone who is arrested or fined publicly is subject to disciplinary action by the Dean of Students.

Scholastic: Will your office then limit its drug control to the Notre Dame campus, or do you intend to have any control in this matter over off-campus students?

Father Riehle: It's in the regulations that *any* student having in his possession, using, or having under his control any hallucinatory drug will be subject to disciplinary action by the Dean of Students.

Scholastic: But it would be the job of the South Bend police to find this out, and you wouldn't send out security policemen for investigative purposes.

Father Riehle: It all depends. If we got a report from neighbors, for instance, and this happens quite often [we might consider it]. Last year in an instance like this, the off-campus disciplinary board handled it. Now whether the off-campus board would handle a question of hallucinatory drugs, this is something entirely different. It hasn't come up yet, and I don't know what would happen in the actual matter. We don't anticipate patrolling the streets, just like we don't patrol the bars at night to see who is under 21 and who isn't under 21, although this used to be done in the past.

Plainfield

(Continued from page 20)

just about everybody contributed. I've also heard that some outsiders will be starting one or two new projects in the West End. We didn't have any before July 16, because there are something like 3,000 other small cities just like Plainfield. Anyway, these new people will be strangers, and what can they possibly do except stir up the trash that lives over there? They don't even live in Plainfield. It's our town. But Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal can't help out because they sell things all day, and they usually watch TV at night because they're pretty tired. And, of course, I can't do anything because I have to go to the University.

Providence

(Continued from page 20)

the police departments in surrounding cities. These were never needed, but an offer of 100 of Rhode Island's highly respected crack state troopers was accepted, and these began to mobilize. In the meantime, National Guardsmen began to gather at their armories around the state, just in case.

But the Providence police had things fairly well in hand. With extremely tight gunfire control, they pushed down the streets, flushing snipers and getting people off the streets. The one word for their methods was professional. By the time the state troopers began to arrive with a few armored cars, the gunfire had for all practical pur-

poses ended. Fire equipment had flat tires, some buildings were scorched, and a number of people were injured, but miraculously, nothing extremely serious had happened. Seeing very soon that they were outnumbered and outgunned, those that would redress their grievances with an automatic weapon pulled a tactical retreat.

But Wednesday was the day. It was obvious to everyone, both peacemakers and the troublemakers, that several hundred policemen couldn't be kept in an area no bigger than one mile square forever.

So, Wednesday, Mayor James H. Doorley (who is a Notre Dame graduate), under emergency powers granted him by the city fathers, clamped down a 9 p.m. to dawn curfew on South Providence, and in the move that saved his city, allowed an organization called Progress for Providence try to enforce it.

Progress for Providence is the local branch of the War on Poverty, and had already achieved a certain amount of respect from the Negro community for its ability to find job and educational opportunities for the people of the neighborhood. Besides its services, it was appreciated because it was extensively staffed by Negroes, as opposed to many poverty programs.

Wednesday night, at 9, when the curfew was to go into effect, the tension was so bad that out in the middle of a shopping center parking lot in the center of the previous night's riot area, the reporters, social workers, and the police in the two lone police cars in the area were speaking in whispers.

As the collective wristwatches marked the hour, area Negroes working for Progress for Providence moved out wearing helmets borrowed from a college marching band. Glistening white, the headgear was the world's best target. As two of the workers walked toward the crowd gathered around the steps of Muhammad's Mosque of Islam, hands gripped radio mikes that would summon the poised riot squads massed around the downtown police station, about five minutes by siren from South Providence, in case something went wrong.

But miraculously — the crowd began to quiver around its edges, and then began to break up, and the people started going toward their homes. The workers followed the stragglers, talking to them, convincing them that they should clear the streets. By 10 or 11, the people in the parking lot began to feel safe, or if not exactly safe, at least not in the middle of a war zone.

It had worked. The police, by reacting with an overwhelming but largely leashed show of force on Tuesday night when the first shots rang out, had stalled the riot. And then, by making themselves scarce and letting the people of the ghettos try to control their own turf, they had allowed the area to be quieted down. Reason had prevailed on both sides. It was a simple formula horribly infrequently attained in other cities.

Cincinnati

(Continued from page 21)

June 21 finally saw the fruition of the riots, City Council declared that while law and order stand for all, housing violations would be more strictly enforced and recreational facilities and job opportunities would be expanded.

Ironically, Roy Wilkins on May 8, had predicted in New York that if Negro youth employment was not drastically increased, there would be no preventing summer riots. But, after all, Avondale, Cincinnati, is the kind of place in which a riot really isn't expected to occur. Why, it's almost middle class. "Yeah? Well, it happened."

South Bend

(Continued from page 19)

money and you doesn't get your choice/ain't freedom grand?

On July 25-27 the Afroamerican peoples of South Bend, along with soul brothers across the country (indeed, the world) served notice to a system which doesn't, as a matter of fact, notice. The message was simple and unmistakable, although the press blew it. As Malcolm X Shabazz phrased it before his assassination, "It's freedom for everybody, or freedom for nobody. Brothers and sisters, it's time to stop singing and start swinging."

The disturbance began, properly enough, in La Salle Park, not with black youths and firebombs but rather with white youths and racist epithets. It is practically a daily occurrence in any of the ghettos for drunken whites to drive through the streets yelling "Nigger, nigger, etc." Although these incidents (indicative of the atmosphere here) served as the immediate provocation, and I have already discussed above the more general social incitement, the summer was also replete with occasions of brutal police action. Once such incident took place at the Washington Neighborhood Center on the night of July 4 after a dance, and was witnessed by the Notre Dame students. Some individual fights broke out (not unusual, but less frequent than at the Top Deck where blacks are not overly welcomed), to which the police were unfortunately called. Attired in neo-fascist gear suggestive of the Angels, they admirably accomplished the task of inciting a riot. One paragon of order and law, James Robinson, screamed "You niggers, go home you black bastards" at the slowly dispersing youths, thus fomenting a barrage of bottles and rocks. He had punctuated his insults with a reckless revolver. (Subsequently and quietly Robinson was transferred to another part of the city as a result of community protest.)

Racism and prejudice on the part of law officers were officially recognized recently when *Time* reported a study showing 45% of the white officers in the U.S. to have prejudicial attitudes; Negro cops also showed a relatively high percentage. The latter case merely specifies a way in which the American system forces black people into self-denigration as a means of survival. Robinson is a Negro.

The most terrible event of the three-day black rebellion and police riot (inseparable concepts) happened in La Salle Park on the night of July 26. An official meeting between the Com-

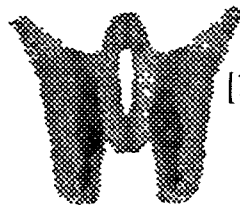
mon Council of South Bend and the Youth Government, a spontaneous group of Afroamericans arising from the rebellion, was held to discuss solutions to the problem. As the participants emerged from the fruitful conference, police came to the scene, apparently in ignorance of the meeting's purpose, to protect firemen who were extinguishing a blazing automobile. Although the people were merely looking on and in no way disturbing the fire fighters or police, the latter panicked and began to force the crowd back into the building. Concerning what happened next there are two versions: what the people there say and what the police there say. The first claims that with no provocation the police began firing through the window of the storefront at the youths, wounding several. The second insists that a gun was fired from *inside* the building at the police, who then responded accordingly. Let us consider the police side a little closer.

A public inquiry of the disturbance was conducted during August by the Board of Public Safety. Under oath Captain Nester P. Stachowicz, the commanding officer and also the first to run inside the building with machine gun ablaze, testified that he "saw a flash inside the building, heard an explosion and the plate glass window shattered. Then I opened the door and ran inside the center. To me it seemed like the group was going to charge" which is when he made the split decision to pepper the room with bullets. However, immediately preceding this statement he claimed that when he entered from the front "everyone scrambled to the rear, I guess because I had a gun and they were afraid." No, sitting at the tedious hearings one was amazed to witness the Board pass quickly over this blatant inconsistency. You can't have it both ways, Captain, at least in a "split moment": either the youths were scrambling toward the rear or rushing toward the front. (Incidentally, the center is no larger than the International Room.) Stachowicz and others also testified that they saw no one leave the center after the alleged flash from inside (as indeed they couldn't); upon searching all those present as well as the room itself no firearms of any sort were found. Because of the lighting arrangements that evening it is even doubtful that a gun flash could have been seen.

Moments later Melvin Phillips was shot. Some claim that he was told to run by a policeman and summarily attacked by two K-9 dogs against a fence; a cop ran over and blasted him in the leg, ironically enough almost castrating Mr. Phillips.

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Test yourself...
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[1] A cockfight?
A moth?
A moth-eaten
cockfight?



[2] Giraffes in high foliage?
Scooters in a head-on
collision?
TOT Staplers?
(TOT Staplers!? What in...)

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ANSWERS: 1. If you see a cockfight:
you're aggressive. A moth: you're regre-
sive. A moth-eaten cockfight: Boy, are
you schizo! 2. The giraffes: you strive
against adversity. Scooters colliding:
you court adversity. TOT Staplers: you
should go into advertising!

All in all 11 black youths were shot by police; only two officers were injured, both bitten by their own dogs. (This last little piece of "black humor" greatly pleased some people.)

A united black community demanded the suspension of the three cops involved in the shooting before the Board of Public Safety proceeded to any other business, partly as a show of good faith. The mayor said no, the Board claimed nonsense, and black

people figured nobody knows. Pointing out that state law prohibited the dismissal of police officers until after a hearing, the executive director of the Human Relations Council and Fair Employment Practices Committee of South Bend, George Neague, suggested that the officers be "temporarily relieved of duty" pending the outcome of the inquiry, a standard practice in New York and several other states. Despite the obvious efficacy of this compromise the white power structure remained intransigent.

Fermon Thomas, one of the leaders of the Youth Government, happened to be home from active duty in Vietnam with bullet wounds in his leg. His feelings on *that* war are "Hell, my fight is here!"

To help quell the rebellion peacefully Mayor Allen instituted the Civilian Task Force composed of local youths and adults, although the police systematically refused recognition or cooperation. One member of the CTF, a 34-year-old man, showed his special identification pass, signed by the mayor, to an officer who replied, "I got orders to shoot anything that's black and moves."

And so they did.

Streets

(Continued from page 23)

you?") and one of Muhammed Ali with his fist clenched. Directly below is a display of famous Negroes in history. . . . Crispus Attacks, the first man to die for freedom in this country and ironically a black man, Langston Hughes, Frederick Douglass, and so on. . . . Gin on Saturday / Church on Sunday / My God! / Babies and gin and church / And women and Sunday . . . the cycle of the ghetto.

The riots this summer brought the problem of the black man in white America to a head while it forced white America to take a long, hard look at the black ghetto and its inhabitants. Riot, rebellion, uprising, disturbance, call it what you will, something happened those three days in South Bend in late July that caused Mayor Allen to call up 2,000 National Guardsmen and caused police to line the streets of our fair community like it was a jungle in South Vietnam, armed with sawed-off shotguns, (fingers on the trigger at all times), night-sticks, dogs . . . a man at the hearings on the riots held in the Library Auditorium — "South Bend was no Detroit or Newark. You didn't have a riot here because there were people who were trying to stop it," he tried to stop it and a dog bit him . . . firebombing on Washington

and Walnut; Melvin Phillips lying in bed with a heart condition and a stump for a leg all because he wanted to go home.

Why do these people do these things? . . . Why? . . . Why? *Harlem* by Langston Hughes . . . What happens to a dream deferred? / Does it dry up / like a raisin in the sun? / or fester like a sore- / And they run? / Does it stink like rotten meat? / Or crust and sugar over —/ like syrupy sweet? / Maybe it just sags / like a heavy load. Or does it *explode*? . . . Senator Edward Brooke from Mass. has said that he deplores the violence that took place in our streets this summer (riots are bad business for everybody, but mainly for the rioters themselves) but also wonders if it wasn't a reaction to another type of violence, the slow, invisible murder of the ghetto dweller . . . death by suffocation and frustration . . . 13 kids in an apartment the size of two B-P triples . . . can't move to the spacious suburbs because they can't afford it and even if they could, South Bend has no open-housing ordinance, their home probably would be bombed . . . father leaves the family because he can't support it, has a job as a janitor, makes \$54.40 a week, can't get a really good job because the good jobs are union jobs and unions don't let no blackman in . . . mother on welfare, the more kids she has the more money she gets, yet the money she gets for each child is still inadequate to feed and clothe him, turns to prostitution . . . kids kicked out on the street at a very early age; pushers, addicts, and drunks are on their front steps, school means nothing to them, they're interested in learning a trade and getting out of the ghetto but South Bend has very limited vocational facilities; the older ones (17-22) have really no place to go . . . can't go to the parks, too old, can't go to the centers, they're only baby-sitters for the younger ones there, maybe a few dances . . . eventually back to the street . . . boredom . . . booze . . . dope . . . gangs . . . riots . . . cops and jail . . . *Another Man Has Died* by Charles Franklin, black teenager . . . Another man has died. / Give away his clothing to relatives, / Lying in wait beneath the oil furnace. / Under the celler steps / Cowering from sight behind the shower curtain. Give his money away, / To the casketmaker; / To the priest; / To the garbageman; / To the slut in his bedroom. / Walk on the million universes that / the winds have torn from the desert / And urinate on the temple. / I guess I'll die again. / I do it so much now . . . so much. / What a shame / What a damn shame. ■

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WESTINGHOUSE NEWS

AFFILIATE

(Continued from page 18)

evening it seemed that it must be some other place or some other time they were talking about, not here, not now, not just a few miles away.

It all came closer to home as the week drew on, as the city burned, as the city burned, as people became afraid: the young co-worker who lived with his pregnant wife within the danger zone—and no one was any too sure just where that was; the bus drivers in their empty buses, the little knots of people standing here and there on corners, wondering, waiting. And occasionally, the usually ordinary sight of a firetruck screaming down Michigan Avenue would bring undue attention with its two Army guards, bayonets fixed, riding shotgun on the backboard.

Work went on though, almost as usual. Almost. People working in downtown skyscrapers spent their coffee breaks gazing out the window at the distant smoke rising from somewhere “— and just how far away was that fire?” Or was it fire at all? Any other day it might have been smoke from the auto plants, the Ford Roughplant, or Chrysler, or Cadillac plants. But there was much to much of it and the plants were shut down. The auto workers were staying home.

The memory returned of the Arab construction worker gesturing to a Negro co-worker some weeks before during the Arab-Israeli war: “They have made a battlefield of my country,” he had said then, and now it was happening in Detroit.

There is no ghetto in Detroit, no slum in the strict sense, nothing one can point to and say, “There is Detroit’s problem area. There is our slum.” And that was terrifying. Not knowing where, let alone why, and how far would “they” go anyway? Hearing the same stories one had heard for the past two summers of rioting, but this time hearing differently. This time the names of the places were recognizable and they were connected with arson, looting, sniping, and death.

Detroit was supposedly the city of good race relations. Everyone said so—before the riot. Consequently no one had any ready answers after it was over. Who started it was and is an academic question. Why it started has always been known: discrimination in employment, discrimination in housing, years of neglect, breakdown of law and order among negroes from broken-down families, white apathy, and “nobody talks to anybody anymore.”

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Campus

(Continued from page 15)

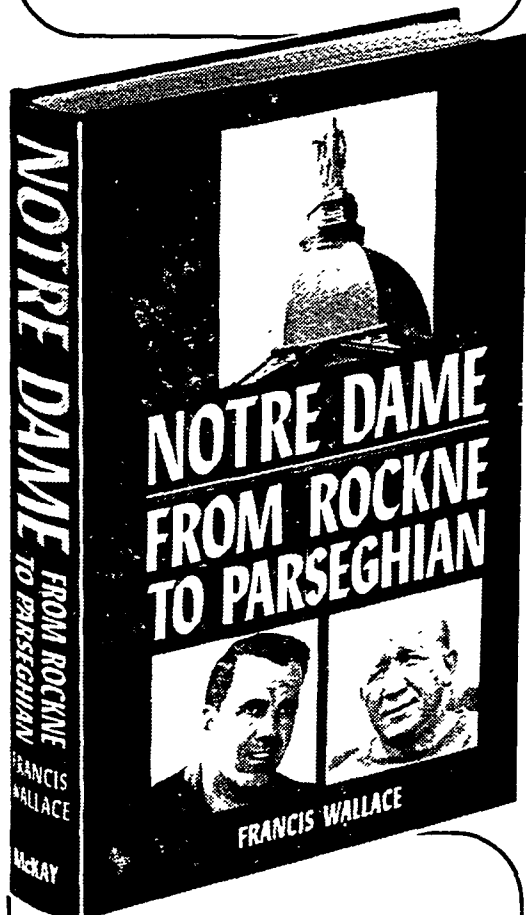
shortages of staff and programs for supplementary recreation, occupation and other forms of constructive therapy.

Whether working in the classrooms, game rooms or swimming pool at the Children's Hospital, the gym at the Mishawaka Family and Children's Center or the adult wards at the

Norman Beatty Memorial Hospital, interested students are doing a job which only they can do, says Burman. They attempt to provide care and understanding for these patients and to offer them friendship in order to help re-establish contact with the outside world which means so much to an institutionalized person. This can only be done with the aid of the individual attention which the volunteer brings to the patient.

JOHNNY LUJACK says:

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While the organization is founded on volunteer projects, the Mental Health Chapter has several other objectives. The chapter hopes to educate the student body in all areas of mental health, to provide the beginnings of social awareness which will carry over into the adult community, and to encourage vocations to the social services. It will sponsor educational films and lectures covering a myriad of topics ranging from drug addiction to student suicide, and will conduct tours of state hospitals in order to familiarize the students with mental illness and its treatment.

The success of the ND-SMC Mental Health Chapter lies with the individual volunteer and his work, says its head. It doesn't take much time to be a volunteer, Burman claims, involving a Sunday afternoon twice a month, or one or two hours weekly at the minimum; the maximum is boundless as any veteran will tell you. It takes no special talent, merely a deep interest in people and a desire to help those who need and deserve our help. Volunteers neither ask for nor receive any reward except that of self-satisfaction, and many meaningful friendships with other volunteers here and across the road.

—Mike Burman

SHAPING UP

Almost as fast as new campus construction started going up this summer, old buildings were renovated. "Typical, routine maintenance" was the way Fr. Wilson, University Executive Vice-President summed up the summer work costing almost half a million dollars.

Three dorms and Sacred Heart Church were among the buildings which were redecorated or in some manner improved. In addition, a new dorm was leased to the University. It would seem that all that's left is a plastic dome over the football stadium.

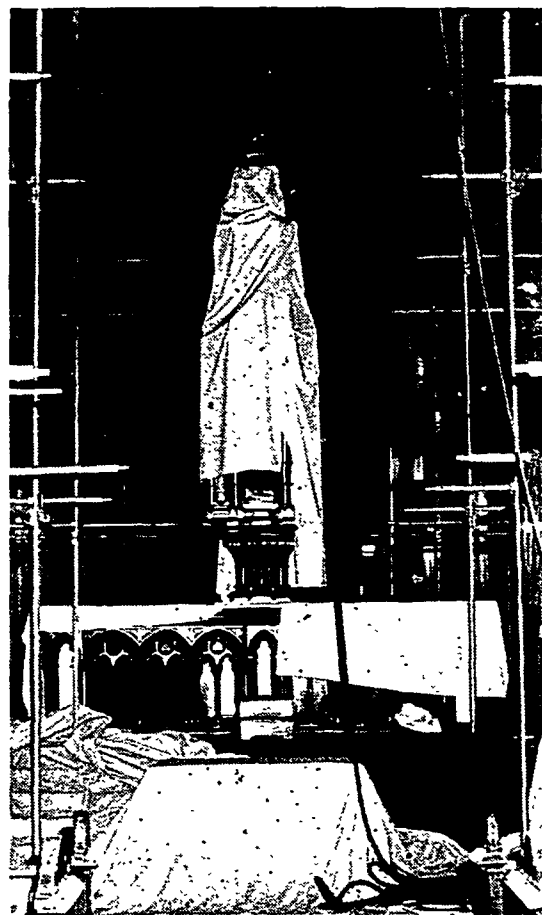
Those students who find it convenient to attend Sunday Mass — at Sacred Heart that is — will notice several changes. Though the remodeling job will not be completed until Christmas, emphasis is on simplicity. In keeping with the liberal movement of the Catholic Church, the Communion rail has been removed. The Church has been repainted white, reducing the feeling which has been likened to stir-craziness. Many of the statues have been removed, though it is not certain whether this change will be permanent.

Morrissey Manor was rewired in order to relieve the overloaded circuits. Completely new piping was in-

stalled in the ancient (1899) but tradition-filled Sorin Hall. New showers and faucets, guaranteed not to leak (want to bet), have been added. Three new rooms were made into a parlor for the many female guests, but Fr. Wilson is quick to point out that other rooms were doubled up to compensate for the loss. Sorin along with Badin was repainted.

Holy Cross Hall, which accommodates 150 students, has become the 19th dorm. The one-time dorm for high-school seminarians has been leased to the University for 10 years. Fr. John Hoffman, ex-university chaplain, has been appointed rector of the hall which will share the Holy Cross building with a halfway house.

Growing pains at the administrative



THE ALTAR AT SACRED HEART
To reduce stir-craziness

level have necessitated more office space at the golden-domed edifice. Second-floor parlors were removed in favor of office space. The Educational and Guidance Counseling Office of Mr. McCabe was redone.

The bookstore has a new look. The bowling alleys were removed from the basement allowing for more storage space. The capacity of the main floor has been increased by a third.

And lastly, off-campus students with cars will notice the new curbing put in around the Circle and the repaving of Notre Dame Ave. leading to the Main Entrance.

—M. G.

Letter

(Continued from page 30)

types" and think "in terms of football and beer — who accepts his inherited Catholicism" also, they might be conformists who have "middle class vices". I also got a letter yesterday from an ND employee who said "from my own experience I know that Philadelphians are the most provincial group of people I have ever met." Hells bells, man, I am at the bottom of the ladder because I have to bow my head and admit to partially being the "carbon copy man ND tends to put out" because I do like beer and football games — sorry about that Chief! With me the "stereotype" about ends here because I don't fit in with the "inherited catholicism" and ND was the only Catholic school that I ever attended. I also take exception to being put in the conformist category. Just ask my wife and friends about my conformity. Not many of my forefathers were Catholics and my Methodist father even refused to set foot on the campus for my graduation — or to attend a football game. Now how about all that and I wonder how many other old grads will take exception to being placed in pigeon holes.

My readings seem to have led me to one conclusion which I am unable to substantiate and this is that the leaders, both young and older, of this hippy wing at ND may not have ever raised any children or, at least, they may not have their own reaching maturity in these times. Possibly they never sat up all night with a sick baby or maybe they never even changed a diaper. Possibly they never had any aspirations for their get, but most all parents that I know are the opposite and want everything that they can get their hands on for the young. We wouldn't need parents, professors and universities if we all arrived educated, mature and healthy.

Since we were not born smart, parents must entrust their offspring to the most responsible educators that they can find and afford and this is a very perplexing problem. What and where is comprehensive and responsible education in this age?

It seems that in recent times our clergy has kicked the pedestals from beneath themselves in their moral leadership and in advising parents what is right and wrong, and have blamed it on ecumenism and aggiornamento." Unfortunately, clerical authority is waning as is the authority of even the cop on the beat. Them guys ain't nothing no more.

To whom do we and our children now look for guidance when we read

of LSD, psychological clinics, panty raids, hippies and see and hear the works of immature loud mouths sounding off and using the blue and gold NOTRE DAME podium as their stage? Are these people trespassing on the property of someone else? I don't know.

Say now, wouldn't it have been great if Schrag had left the question mark out of his Harper's title?

If you boys are ever hard up for material I suggest you look up some of the now unfamiliar names on the markers in the ND cemetery. I suggest that you inspect on tip toes because there may be a very few rotten apples down there too which you would not want to wake up. The huge balance shouldn't be disturbed either 'cause it was their sweat and worry of many years standing that made Notre Dame what it is today and they are entitled to rest in peace after the job that has always been considered well done.

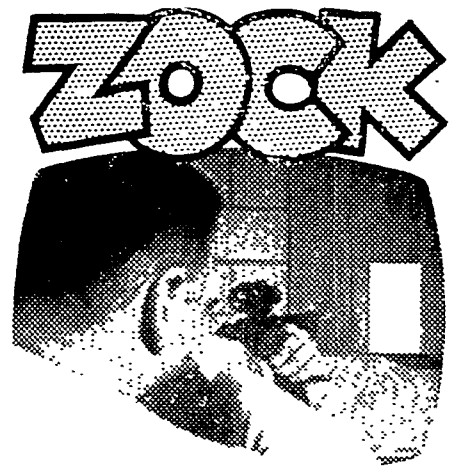
These, now dead, non-hippies built a pretty good foundation for us and you to build on and I hope that we and you use creative, modern and sensible materials to further this construction.

Those that now carry on and including the Vacant Chair and #2 have made most significant contributions too and I'll just betcha that they are doing some old fashion soul searching these days wondering what is right and what is wrong within the structure of Vatican II. I never knew #2 very well but #1 amply spread himself around in my time. He was a prefect in Badin, taught religion and soc, said Mass in Farley for the married kids of Fertile Valley (this was before Farley had pews and the chapel was filled with coaches and screaming babies) and he had a few very over-worked \$20 bills that kept many a student financially respectable and with food on his table. #1 said Mass like he was dead serious. Made you feel almost like joining up and he rattled off those long evening litanies like a show off — he never peeked at the lyrics.

Well, all I can say is that I hope everyone is doing everything for the best and I'll close by telling you another thing my old Irish resort pastor said and that is—when you finally get to the Pearly Gates you're going to have to answer for yourself only. HE ain't going to let you blame any of your sins of omission or commission on anyone else. HE gave YOU a conscience and you dang well better use it — or words to that effect.

Yours truly,
Barton B. Johnson '48

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The Last Word



SALUTATORY! Thus were the students and faculty of the University of Notre Dame greeted one hundred years ago this month as a new publication was seen for the first time on campus. Called the SCHOLASTIC YEAR, the masthead declared the "magazine" (actually a small eight page pamphlet) would be "published weekly at Notre Dame" and be "devoted to the interests of the students."

Looking back this week over the past century to our modest beginnings in 1867 we note similarities and differences in both the SCHOLASTIC and Notre Dame.

Pages one (the cover), two, and eight of issue number one are reproduced on our centennial cover this week. The Annunciation was apparently still of news value at the time although there was no cover story to go with it inside. Presumably, everyone knew the story back then.

That first cover must have been a popular one. The first editor reran it every week for the next two months (after which covers were done away with altogether for the next fifty years or more.) Fr. McCarragher has suggested we could save the University a good deal of money by reviving the old custom but the staff doesn't think much of the idea.

As you can see we enjoyed a rather unique relationship with a sister publication, AVE MARIA. A little too unique in fact: they got top billing on the cover. The reason for this was somewhat suspiciously explained on page two:

"In order to make the SCHOLASTIC YEAR a healthy and long-lived paper we have connected it with AVE MARIA, a well-established periodical. We have engrafted the tender bud on a strong vigorous tree. But the SCHOLASTIC YEAR will be adjoined only to the edition of the AVE MARIA intended for parents.

"We do not wish it to be thought that we are making the AVE MARIA a special medium for advertising the College and Academy," said the editor, the Rev. N. H. Gillespie (students didn't take over the editing until January of the following year).

"We are thus explicit, because always in the inception of an undertaking, there are many speculation concerning *motives*." Would a GREAT university stoop to advertising itself? Certainly not! We hope the University will forgive us if we have misinterpreted this Insight of ours.

Our bud is still growing on Ave's tree and although the graft may have slipped a few times over the years our relationship has been a "strong and vigorous one." We exchange articles

occasionally, old SCHOLASTIC editors usually find their way back for a sabbatical of a year or more as an Ave associate editor (latest returnee is '65-'66 Editor John Twohey, a prefect on the fourth floor of Walsh this year and part-time instructor in Communication Arts), and of course the SCHOLASTIC is published by the AVE MARIA press located at the north end of campus.

WE WELCOME our new arrivals to campus, all 1630 of them. They need no advice from us being the most brilliant, intellectual, physically fit and public-spirited, etc. group of freshmen ever to grace our poor old walls. So speaks the computer.

Instead we'll just share part of a letter written by the parent of another freshman (both parent and freshman son now long deceased) to the Rev. W. Corby, C.S.C., then president of the University dated August 31, 1867:

"Rev. and Dear Sir. — I send my son, under the care of —, to be entered as a student in the University of Notre Dame. Of course I have all the solicitude for his welfare, both spiritual and temporal, which is natural in the paternal heart. He is young, and of course needs constant supervision over his morals, as well as mental development; but I have every confidence in the watchfulness, care, and discipline for which our University has acquired so wide a reputation, and hope that he may be found docile and observant of all the rules of the Institution, and that you may have no cause of serious complaint."

Our own advice to the class of 1971, given freely, begins on page 22. The picture on that page comes to us courtesy of an old grad, from the class of 1922, Robert P. Galloway. He writes us: "I thought you might want a picture of when Notre Dame students were young. These are the Minims of Notre Dame; the picture was taken in 1916."

A FINAL word is in order concerning the OBSERVER which appeared on Monday. Aside from the journalistic ethics involved (which we believe were grossly violated), ridiculing a student's misfortune on the front page solely for sensationalism and then implying guilt to the publication of which the student was formerly a member cannot be justified by any stretch of the imagination. For this "news" story (which by the way was a month old when it appeared Monday), the OBSERVER owes the student involved, the SCHOLASTIC, and the student body, a public apology.

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Rasmussen's also offer Jockey Underwear by Cooper, Adler Hosiery, and Swank Jewelry. When you browse through Rasmussen's you will also see full lines of Pendleton Clothes, Norman Hilton Clothes, and Baker Clothes.

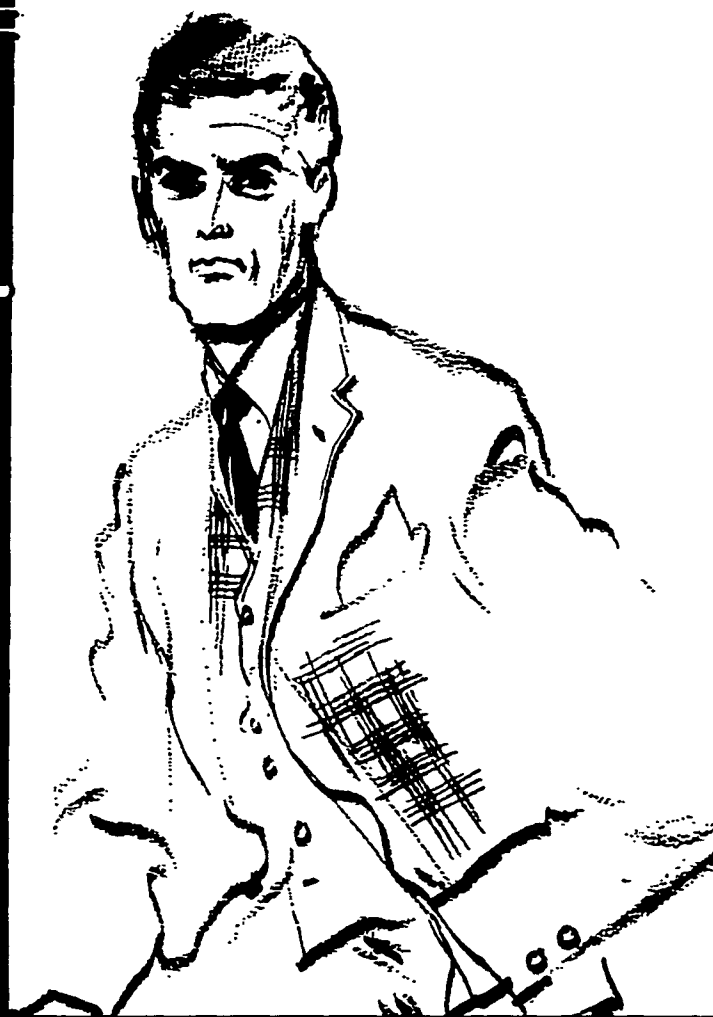
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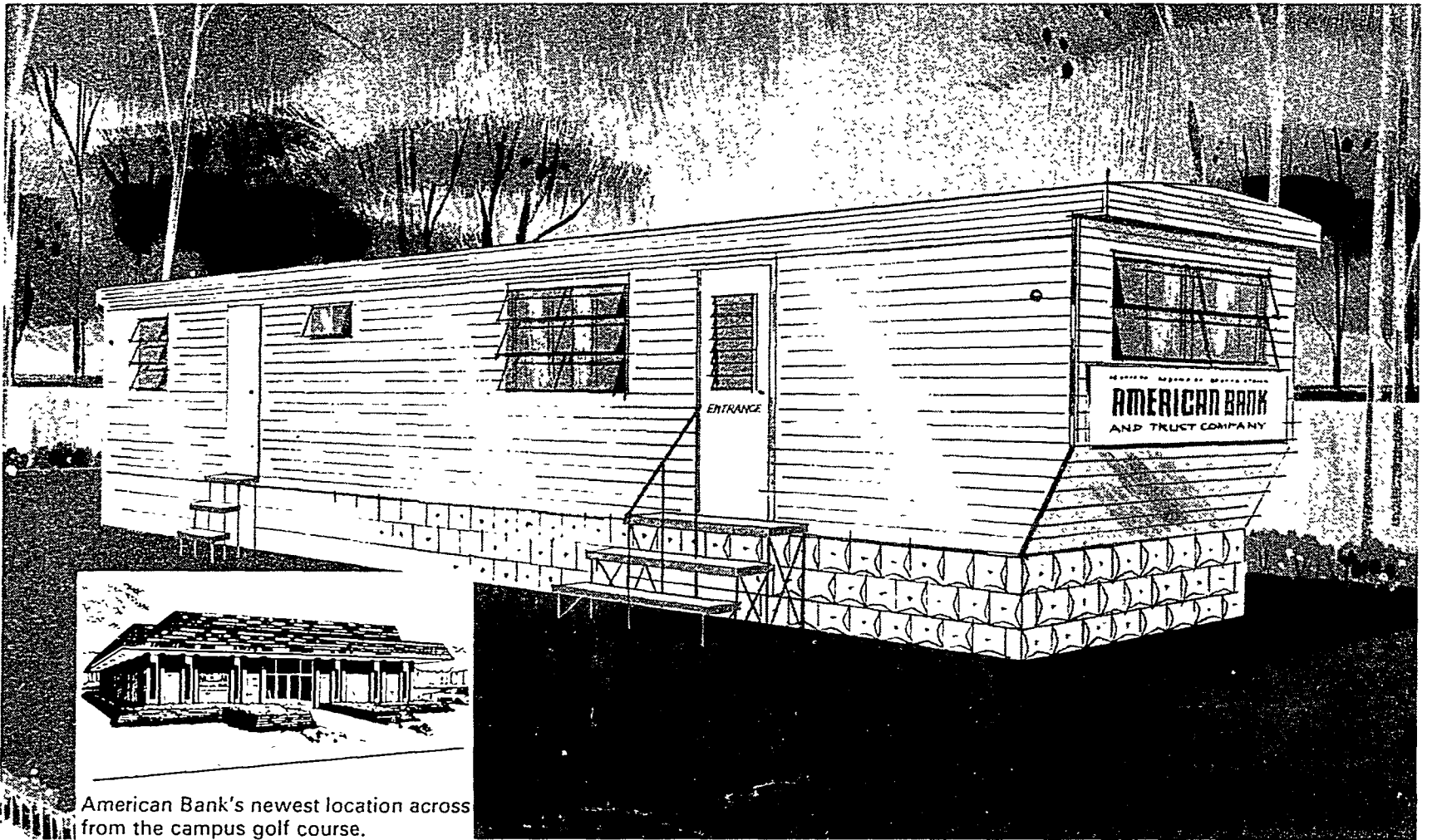
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