

SCHOLASTIC

OCTOBER 13, 1966



HOME COMING 1967



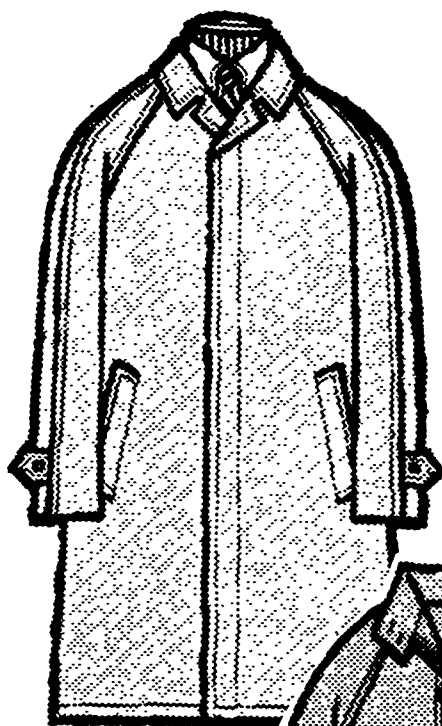
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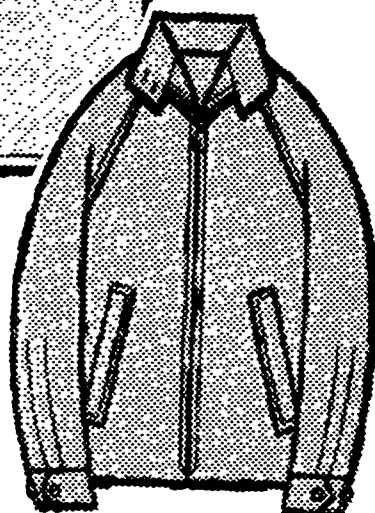
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And Now, the Senate

Soon the 1967-1968 Student Senate will convene for the first time. The student body made its voice known two days ago as to just who will partake in that first meeting. And while as usual, most students chose to ignore the colorless election process, a fair proportion did make their feelings known. This is more than we could have hoped for a scant three years ago when the Senate was busy ignoring the campus, spending its meetings debating national and international issues.

So if one agrees that opinion (whether right or wrong) is preferable to the vast apathy of yesteryear, then we can say the student body has progressed a little. An important few seek to "dust off" the University, replace a loose brick here or there, polish up the all-important image. These few, as members of last year's Senate, were for the most part members of the Action Student Party.

Beginning with the free speech controversy in September of last year, the ASP under the leadership of Senators Paul Higgins and Larry Broderick showed admirable initiative in pointing the Senate toward discussion of relative issues. With only six members out of a total Senate membership of forty-plus, the ASP raised the level of debate, minimized the nonsense, and by the end of the year had succeeded in bringing even non-ASP senators to a level of seriousness which would have been unbelievable only a few years ago.

Aiming for a greater Senate say this year, the ASP fielded a slate of 23 candidates. Thirteen of those 23 will see the Senate open its year later this month. Thus ASP has doubled its representation over last year, and its influence, once shaky, is greater than ever. But this increase does not tell the whole story (see "News and Notes"). Three of the thirteen (including Broderick, and Student Body Vice-President Tom McKenna) are stay senators from last year. Five more (Higgins, Jim Schafer, Don Hynes, Terry Adrian, Ed Kickham) compose the entire off-campus representation and only ten percent of the 1500 OC students cared to vote. Only five (including Jon Sherry, party chairman) were chosen from the dorms. Denny O'Dea, last spring's ASP opposition to Chris Murphy for student body president, lost a comeback bid in Walsh.

Obviously the students at large are still bugabooed over the chimera of "radicalism" which the ASP has never been able to get rid of. Such fears are completely unfounded if last year's Senate record is any criteria. But the ASP, while losing voter support in some sense has really little to complain of. All their "big men" with the exception of O'Dea are in. These men are competent and reliable. Many have worked and are working on the West Washington project, and other similar social service projects in South Bend. Their tone is one of reason, not radicalism. They, and the Senate as a whole, deserve our support this year.

— M. McI.

The Scholastic

Have Fun and Be Good

On October 27th, Everyman will be able to watch ABC's "Homecoming '67" for a long look at A Big Notre Dame Weekend.

He'll see the typical Notre Dame man making it in everything that's fun. Floats, signs, girls, drinks, friends, concerts, dances, cheers. After all, the Notre Dame man has been having these typical Homecomings for years. Except this year Everyman, all over the whole country, can share the fun, the excitement, the color, the thrill, the pageantry. Joe College can at last come home.

On October 28th, Everyman will watch the NCAA College Football Game of the Week to see Notre Dame the Champions.

He'll see the "we" that makes every Notre Dame man "number one" by identification. License to drink lots, move fast, talk man-like. After all, Notre Dame builds fine strong men. And because television tries not to offend its viewers, its microphones will turn only on the Victory March, not the toilet tissue and matching language, the shouts of "kill" that mean just that.

On October 29th, Everyman will be satisfied. Notre Dame is still full of nice clean kids who still have the old undergraduate frolics with nice Catholic sweethearts after they cheer-cheer-for-old-Notre-Dame on crisp October afternoons. Berkeley may have dirty longhairs and Harvard, football-hating intellectuals. But Notre Dame, they're different—so nice, so full of spirit, so . . . All-American, Notre Dame, they're all right.

—M. S. P.

Old Metal Under Old Brightness

Life at Notre Dame is a vast amorphous hulk of sight and sound. Lectures, rallies, and classes. Parties, meetings, and papers. In the opinion of the Administration which runs this University, there exists an all-ordering response to this complexity: *bourgeois* Catholicism. The Dome is an appropriate shelter for these *bien-pensants*.

The College of Arts and Letters reflects this mediocre posture in its own approach to education. Since Father Sorin and his successors have already delineated the human condition with the help of Augustine and Aquinas, the Liberal Arts College must outwardly operate within certain sectarian confines, confines which no longer have relevance in world of genuine twentieth-century thought. Things like the angelic order are still being talked about over in O'Shaughnessy Hall.

Liberal Arts majors have only to analyze the magnificent body of accumulated truth, and then to frantically reconcile these stale formulations with their ever-awake inner selves. Their chore is to work down from the great absolutes, desperately trying to really believe, to really accept. New revisions of a very, very old road map *à destination fixe* are regularly placed in their tensed hands, and they are paternally led along the way to the truth and the life. Isn't it enough for them to decide the best way to get to where they have been told they are going?

The teaching method of the Arts and Letters College, though unrelated to any philosophical considerations, adds to this pervading air of *suffisance*. The stress is on facts, as many as you can cram into your mind in one semester. It is important to be knowledgeable. You must prepare yourself to healthily assimilate a vast amount of print, only becoming sick enough to vomit it all up at mid-terms and finals. Ten novels a semester. The more you read the better the course. Rubbish. Students are not computers; they do not feel satisfied with their studies simply because they have been well-programmed by their professors.

The manner in which culture is viewed at this University is perhaps indicative of the kind of results one gets from these philosophical and pedagogical assumptions. Many students view culture as something you "get," as something you gather information about. Obsessed with historical classifications of art, they never imagine that they may heighten their own awareness of the world and of themselves through contact with a true work of art. Their only relation with someone like George Roualt is that they know the dates and titles of a few of his works. *Hommes de bien, bons chrétiens, sans faute ni conviction*, they are probably ideal Notre Dame graduates.

—W. L. C

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The Scholastic

letters

GONE TO POT

EDITOR:

I conclude that the September 29 issue of the SCHOLASTIC has gone completely to pot!

Lest error be perpetuated, contributor Mike Granger's description of "New Buildings" (page 13) requires some correction. The Administration looks forward to the completion of the new LIFE SCIENCE CENTER. The Lobund Institute will occupy the section currently under construction; the "annex," a section approximately three times as large as the present construction, will house the Departments of Biology and Microbiology, their teaching and research laboratories and the associated units — the Mosquito Genetics Project, the Nieuwland-Greene Herbarium and the *American Midland Naturalist*.

Robert E. Gordon
Professor of Biology

NOT-SO-OBJECTIVE LENNY

EDITOR:

Lenny Joyce may claim objectivity but there was in my estimation little evidence of it in his account of civil disturbances in South Bend this summer. In addition to being incomplete and distorted, virtually every factual statement he makes is erroneous. To mention just a few, the Ohio-Keasey area is the most impoverished of the Negro neighborhoods, not "relatively prosperous"; the West Washington area, at least as defined by the West Washington Association, is only 35 percent Negro, not an all-black ghetto as implied by the article; there were in 1960 fewer than 13,000 Negroes in South Bend, not 14,000 as reported; the population of South Bend was over 132,000, not 130,000; the proportion of Negroes in South Bend is less than, not more than, the proportion in the national population; the 1960 census was taken in 1960 and not in 1959.

It seems to me the SCHOLASTIC owes its readers a more scholarly and judicious discussion of these events including Mr. Joyce's role than he himself has provided.

Richard A. Lamanna
Assistant Professor

NO REPLY

EDITOR:

A story, appearing in Monday's issue of the *Observer*, regarding charges of rigging the "Homecoming Lottery," failed to bring to light the true issue which is the integrity of the Social Commission. The *Observer*

article told only half the story. Here is the rest. Having attended the Homecoming Dance in previous years, as graduate students we were amazed to discover that no graduate student won a bid this year. We questioned both Mike Browning, Student Union President, and Tom Nelson, Social Commissioner. They repeatedly insisted (in the presence of several witnesses) that the "lottery" was run on the Univac 1107 computer and that graduate students were included in the "program."

Since they could not prove this, we began to probe further. Chris Murphy, SBP, promised to check on the "lottery" and call us back. (Chris, have you forgotten our number?) In two days we compiled enough evidence to prove that the "lottery" was neither random nor computerized.

This information was submitted to Father Charles McCarragher, Vice-president of Student Affairs, on Wednesday afternoon, October 4. At his request, copies of the evidence were immediately given to the SCHOLASTIC, which had already gone to press, and to Pat Collins, *Observer* Editor, who was preparing the Thursday edition. The story broke last Monday in the *Observer*.

The *Observer* omitted critical facts which prove that the "lottery" was not a random drawing. The bids were, in fact, ordered as our original evidence showed. Consider the sixth column of the I.D. numbers on the list of the "randomly chosen winners." Those with bid numbers 78 through 127 have a "5" as the sixth digit of their I.D. number, and this sixth column correspondence is continued for the majority of the other winners according to the table below.

Bid numbers	Sixth digit of the I.D.
78-127	5
128-194	6
195-241	7
242-303	8
304-373	9
374-428	0
429-480	1
481-537	2
538-603	3
604-650	4

For example:

I.D. #641342575 was bid number 485. Since "2" is the sixth digit, it had to fall between 481 and 537.

This correlation is also present in the bids for Homecoming II. We marked the lists in the Huddle to demonstrate this ordering.

According to the *Observer* article, Mr. Browning stated that "The cards were just picked like a drawing." Does it still look like a random draw-

ing? Curiously enough, the computer listings in the Huddle were removed after we had marked them.

We questioned the responsible leaders in Student Government and received conflicting answers. We then uncovered conclusive facts and attempted to make this information known to the students through the *Observer*. Suddenly, Mike Browning changed his story, contending that "the computer was not used and that the Social Commission never said it was going to be

(Continued on page 30)

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- 2:00 p.m. Cross-Country Meet: Notre Dame Invitational.
 3:10 p.m. Professor Peter Beckman, University of Colorado, will speak on "Scattering of Electromagnetic Waves by Lunar and Rough Surfaces." Wouldn't miss it for the world.
 4:10 p.m. The third of Peter C. Reilly Lectures by Harry B. Gray, "Solution Structure of Ferrio Complexes with Suggestions for Biological Systems." Room 123 of Nieuland Science Hall.
 5:45 p.m. Moose Krause unveils battle plans for the "Fall of Troy" on his weekly show, "Inside Sports," WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
 6:45 p.m. All the atrocities of the Trojan War compact in a one-hour pep rally at the usual spot.
 8:30 p.m. Four Seasons' Concert at the Morris Civic Auditorium. Teenyboppers and social stoppers welcomed.
 8:30 p.m. Homecoming III presented by the Class of '69 at Christ the King. Advanced limited ticket sales. \$4.00 for key club members, \$4.50 for others. All you can handle.
 9:00 p.m. Homecoming II in LaFortune Student Center. Semi-formal attire. By bid only. Couples preferred.
 10:00 p.m. Homecoming I at Stepan Center. Formal attire. By bid only.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14

- All Day General Dwight D. Eisenhower, onetime U.S. President, you recall him, don't you? celebrates his birthday.
 1:30 p.m. Watch as Notre Dame makes orange juice of O. J. Simpson. At the usual place.
 8:30 p.m. Johnny Rivers and the Fifth Dimension at Stepan Center. \$4.00 and \$5.00 for those "not on the poor side of town."

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15

- 10:00 a.m. For those who are still three sheets to the wind from the Homecoming festivities, SMC and ND Sailing Regatta at St. Joseph Lake.
 11:00 a.m. Homecoming Mass in Sacred Heart. Brunch in Morris Inn immediately following.
 1:30 p.m. For those whose sadistic tendencies were not squelched by Saturday's skirmish, select best armor for the opening joust of the inter-hall football league.
 1:30 p.m. Junior touch football, final sign-ups. 237 Sorin.
 3:00 p.m. The Rev. James J. Kavanaugh, author of *A Modern Priest Looks At His Outdated Church*, will give his version of the "Vatican Rock." In Engineering Auditorium.
 10:00 p.m. In epic dimensions, Ara will narrate how the mighty Trojan fell prostrate to the wrath of the Irish, on the "Ara Parseghian Show," WNDU-TV, Channel 16.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16

- 8:00 p.m. Nobel Prize recipient, Willard F. Libby, will open the Challenge in Science Lecture series with an address entitled "Man in Nature."

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17

- 8:00 p.m. For all Meter men, Thomas J. Musial's Collegiate Seminar lecture, "Plato's Quarrel with Poetry," Memorial Library Auditorium.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18

- 4:00 p.m. Tickets for *A Streetcar Named Desire* go on sale.
 7:15 p.m. Dr. John Canty will speak on "Logic and the Foundations of Mathematics."
 8:30 p.m. John Davidson brings television to ND. Guests will include comedian George Carlin, folk singer Judy Collins, Spanky and Our Gang, and the Notre Dame Glee Club. At Stepan Center.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19

- 8:30 p.m. John Davidson's second showing for ABC. See above.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20

- All Day A two-day "Symposium on Contemporary Atheism" will meet at St. Mary's Little Theater. There will be lectures on Marxist Atheism, Atheistic Existentialism, and the "Death of God" theology.
 8:30 p.m. *A Streetcar Named Desire*, presented by the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theater, at Washington Hall.
 10:30 p.m. WSBT, Channel 22, presents *The Lives of the Bengal Lancers*. A million-dollar feature.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21

- 1:30 p.m. ND travels to Champaign to meet the Illini.
 8:00 p.m. Class of '69 party at the Laurel Club.
 8:30 p.m. *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

- 2:00 p.m. Matinee, *A Streetcar Named Desire*.
 10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports." WNDU-TV.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23

- 8:00 p.m. U.S. Sen. Vance Hartke, who has forewarned administration plans to invade North Vietnam, will further expound on "Vietnam and the Democratic Party."

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24

- 8:00 p.m. Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society, will stampede logic and the Radical Liberalism of Dwight Eisenhower in Notre Dame's equivalent of Frisco's Cow Palace, the Memorial Library Auditorium.

—Compiled by JOHN WALBECK

NO SCHOLASTIC NEXT WEEK

Like it or lump it, early mid-terms in archaeology and advanced Sanskrit have forced the erudite Scholastic staff to engage in a week of study.



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news and notes

• ONE COULD SPECULATE forever about the meaning of the setback the student bondy handed the majority of the ASP senatorial candidates Wednesday. While the ASP ideals as expressed in its platform (see *Campus*) was the touchstone for most of the candidates, it seemed that the ASP party label was the kiss of death on campus. Dennie O'Dea was beaten by Pat Dowd, in Walsh. Bill Kelly, the ASP's incumbent senator in Dillon, also was defeated. In short, of the 23 ASP candidates running, ten won. Of these, only five won on campus. The other five wins came in a clean ASP sweep of the five off-campus senate seats, by a large margin. Old time ASPer's Ed Kickham, Terry Adrian, Don Hynes, and Paul Higgins were joined by Jim Schaefer in the representation of the off-campus contingent. Kickham feels that this victory was due to the fact that the "students off-campus are still getting a raw deal (from the University) and . . . they must have felt the party could help them."

On campus, last year's unsuccessful SBVP candidate Tom Holstein found that a basically ASP-ish platform with overtones of national issues was not the key to success. He was defeated by Mike Mead. ASP man Jon Sherry, chairman of the party's central committee, won in Lyons along with non-ASP John Rank, in the closest race on campus. Phil McKenna, cousin to SBVP Tom McKenna, lost in Morrissey to non-ASP Dave Meekison and Jim Doyle, in another close race. Tom Duffy won in Zahm, along with John Genetti.

But when the dust had settled, Tom McKenna's hopes for an ASP majority in the Senate, and even his lesser hopes for at least 20 votes in that body, were dashed. But that, he said, was not going to slow the party down. "Our strategy," said he, drawing battle lines, "will be to present as many bills as we can in the first few sessions, and nurse them through all year."

• FOR THOSE of you who missed the short, back-pages Associated Press story about it, Woody Guthrie, the guiding light of American folk music through the 30's, died last week in Creedmore State Hospital in Queens, New York. He was 55, and had suffered for about 15 years from Huntington's disease, an illness that destroys muscle coordination. But people like that never die, really. At last summer's Newport (R.I.) Folk Festival one of the journalists covering

the event was heard to mention that Guthrie might just as well have been there for the number of his songs that were being sung by everyone from the "modern, urban" folk singers to the more ethnic types from the hills. And then as if that wasn't enough, on the last night of the Festival, one of the more exciting new performers to show up on the allegedly tired folk scene in a long time played. The name of the talented 19-year-old was Arlo Guthrie. He is the oldest son of Woody.

• PITY THE POOR Notre Dame student who's going to have his Homecoming date sleep in his Hertz Rent-a-Car. Some 150 men who received Homecoming bids were rejected in their attempt to secure hotel or motel accommodations for their girl. The reputation of the "destructive" Notre Dame student, compounded by the fact that the Social Commission did not decide on the Southern California game as the Homecoming date until late spring (the commission originally wanted Michigan State as the Homecoming game), accounts for the lack of beds.

• "IT WOULD BE rather presumptuous of me to go over and tell St. Mary's girls how to regulate their dating habits." And so Tom Nelson, social commissioner, squashed the rumor that the ND Social Commission had instigated a meeting for SMC freshmen to tell them it was "naughty, naughty to shoot down Notre Dame boys." The basis for the story were workshops held last Monday night in each SMC dorm to help the freshmen talk over the switch from high school to college dating and from living at home to living in a dorm. Fran Peterson, SMC social commissioner, explained that the meetings had been discussed this summer, and were not scheduled as a result of a bumper crop of frosh shoot-downs.

• IF ANYONE can find a way to get to Champaign, Illinois next Saturday and is stumped for what to do following the game, Bob Hope will be doing a show there that night. Hope, who will fly in from Miami for the per-

formance, should be pleased with the fact that he should be performing to a full house. *The Daily Illini* reports that students waited in long lines to purchase specially priced student tickets. There still are some tickets available, despite the huge turnout, which are scheduled to be sold to the general public.

• "I'VE COME NOT to praise God, but to bury him." A "Symposium on Contemporary Atheism" will meet at St. Mary's Little Theatre on October 20 and 21. There will be lectures on Marxist Atheism, Atheistic Existentialism and the "Death of God" theology followed by student-faculty panel discussions.

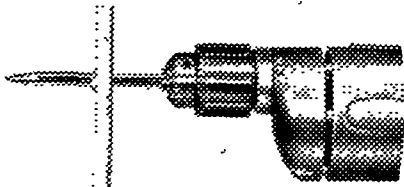
• POSSESSED of some kind of journalistic zeal, the residents of Breen-Phillips Hall have published the *Pace Setter*, a newspaper especially written for B-P. It includes news of importance to freshmen in general and to all residents of Breen-Phillips. Editors are Mike Kelly and Greg Adolph. Perhaps the most amazing part of the *Pace Setter* is that it has survived for three weeks, some kind of a record in hall newspapers.

• IN 1959, WILLARD F. LIBBY was awarded the Albert Einstein Medal. In 1960, he received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for his nuclear applications in science. This Monday night, October 16, 1967, Dr. Libby will address the University on "Man in Nature" at the Library Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. As a specialist in radiochemistry, he became renowned for his work at the University of Chicago on natural radiocarbon and its application to dating of ancient archaeological artifacts. Now at the University of Colorado, he is also recognized for his work with natural tritium and its use in geophysics. Among his 190 publications is his third edition of *Radiocarbon Dating* and a short piece on "Man's Place in the Physical Universe" which will be his theme Monday. This will be the first of the College of Science's Challenges in Science Lectures and will be followed by a mixer in the adjoining lounge.

• THIS is National Press Week. Rejoice.



POW

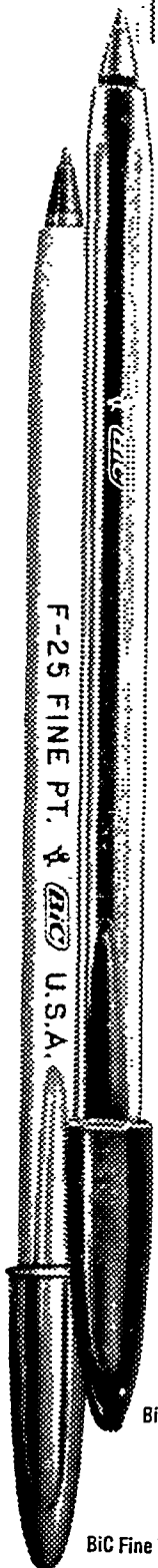


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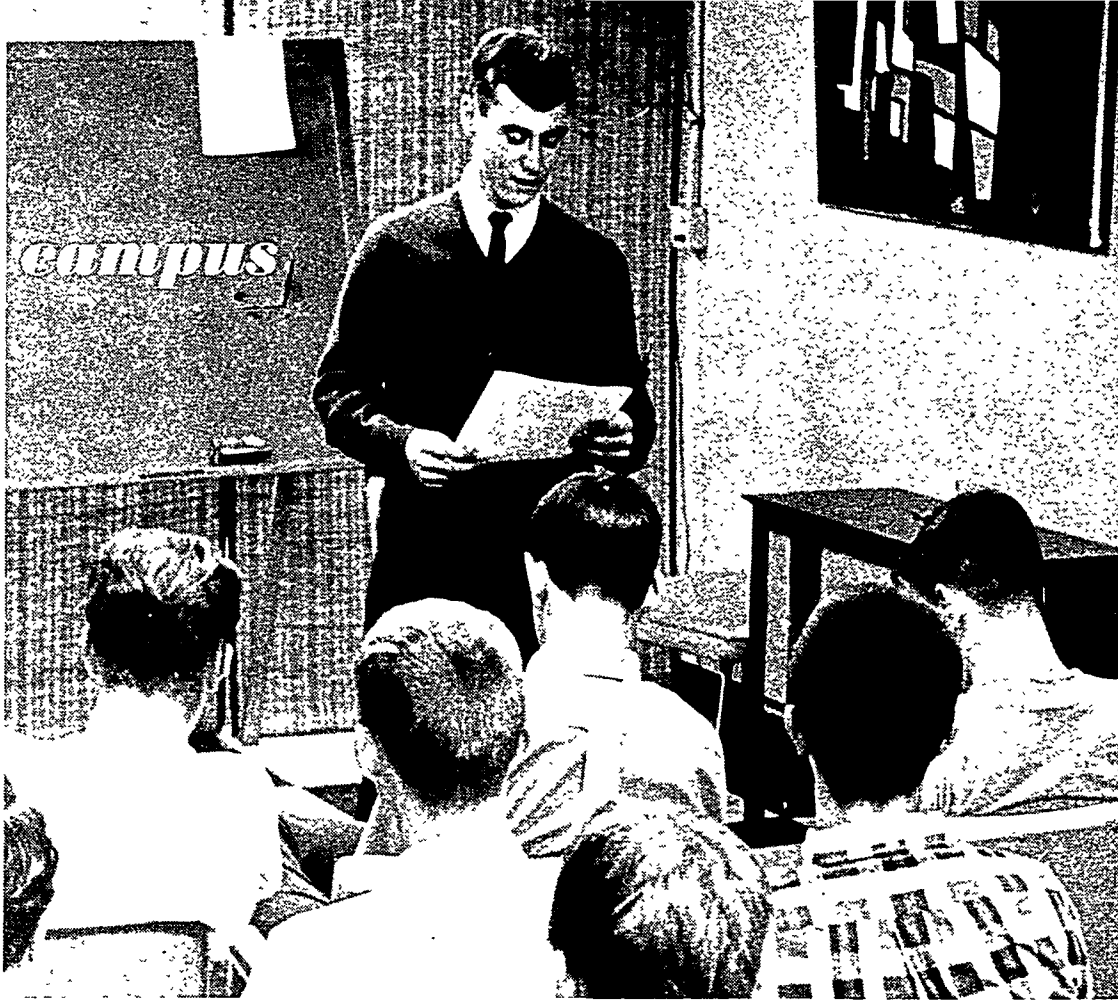
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SENATE ELECTIONS: WELL-ORDERED FUTILITY

"Do You Give a Damn?" read the first brochure in the senate election campaign. Put out by the Public Relations Commission of student government, the four-page pamphlet posed that question to Notre Dame's student body.

But even student government couldn't reach everybody with their plea for student response. Holy Cross Hall never received their quota of the "Damn" sheets, until candidate Tom Holstein passed them out, two days before the election. The off-campus students didn't get theirs either, for a variety of reasons. But those students who did get a copy of P. R. man Richard Rossie's leaflet, and who bothered to read it, found a succinct recap of major issues facing the students of Du Lac. Issues like stay hall, student rights, and academic freedom.

Not intended as a plug for any candidate, the leaflet attempted to give a rationale for caring; a rationale for paying attention to the campaigns, and for voting on last Wednesday. That's how it all started.

The ASP came next, with its platform drawn up under the aegis of its first party congress, held on Sunday the 1st of October. The party brought up the issues dealt with in the commission's leaflet, and made them its own. And ASP senatorial candidates took the platform, interpreted it to suit their needs, and presented it to their hall mates in a variety of colors and disguises.

In pre-election reflection, ASP Student Body Vice-President Tom Mc-

Kenna felt confident that the party would make an admirable showing in the election, and if indeed it did not win a majority of the seats in the Senate, at least it would be in a position to wield considerable power.

In few halls was there really any controversy. Badin, for instance, didn't really have a campaign until election eve, when candidates Tom Moore and Paul Nowak debated each other for the hall's one Senate seat. Both candidates favored liberalization, student involvement in the University administration, and Moore went along with the party line, being an ASP candidate.

On the freshman quad, the main issue was hall representation. The general tone of the campaign took the old slant of "make our hall number one," and a typical poster was found in Keenan, promising "Free Sex, 5¢ Beer, and Better Hall Parties." Another candidate on the freshman quad ran with signs stating that he had sex appeal.

Cavanaugh's four candidates didn't espouse the ASP, but ran on the assumption that if elected, each one of them would do "what you guys want." There was no real clash of issues, or attempt to present the ideas of either the party platform or the student government pamphlet.

Many freshmen expressed confusion over just exactly what their senators would do once elected. Still other freshmen didn't really know enough about things like stay hall, parietal hours, and student rights to formulate a decision.

Pat Dowd, one of last spring's defeated vice-presidential candidates ran

once again on his "a choice not an echo" slogan in Walsh. Indeed, Walsh was the proving ground for last year's losers, as ASP potentate Denny O'Deavied for the other Senate seat.

The dining hall figured considerably in Fisher's race. Gordon Beeler, the junior candidate for that hall's lone seat, based his campaign on his having worked last year with the Food Services Director, Bernard Mehall, to improve dining hall conditions. The other candidate, sophomore Mike Pohlmeier espoused ASP ideas without saddling himself with its label.

Morrissey saw one candidate campaigning from a hospital bed with a broken foot, while the other two office seekers (the ASP man was Tom McKenna's cousin) began their visitations during election week itself. And in Pangborn there were two candidates running unopposed for two seats. Tom Kassin and Jim Sherer actually combed the hall looking for someone to join them in the race, so that a semblance of a choice would be present. They found no one.

And so it went, back and forth, across the campus, within the halls. Across the lake, in Holy Cross, the other defeated SBVP candidate, "reachable" Tom Holstein, totally reversed his image of last spring. Holstein, remembered by many as the down buttoned three-piece suited candidate of last spring, became a more informal mod-attired aspirant this fall. Running on the principle that Notre Dame students should become more aware of and involved in national issues, and generally supporting ASP's outlook, Holstein was yet another candidate who shunned the party label. He felt he could do more as an independent.

The off-campus students had more than their share of problems. The candidates didn't know how to disseminate their material, the voters didn't know who was running, and election rules prevented the off-campus aspirants from campaigning on walls or outside surfaces. Why the foul-up? The main reason according to Off-Campus Commissioner Ron Larimer was the lack of a list of the students who were living elsewhere than in the residence halls. Student government doesn't have one, the off-campus office doesn't have one, and the Dean of Students doesn't have one. With no list, the candidates couldn't mail any leaflets, get in touch with any potential supporters, or circulate any material whatever.

The entire campaign was possessed this year of very little initiative, and even less imagination. The ASP candidates took the party line and



BIG TIME LOSERS TRY AGAIN
O'Dea and Holstein: politics in the blood



PROF. LORCH
Key cepts for frosh

followed it. The rest of the field either took the party's issues but not its name, or didn't really stand much of anywhere.

Tom McKenna, when asked about his view of the campaign as a whole, said that the most significant thing he saw, from the ASP's point of view, was that the party organization sprung from within the halls, and not from any central organization. He reaffirmed the principle that there was "room for individuals within the party framework, and that this is one of the real beauties of the party."

Speaking from the tower of Morrissey, former campus politico Ron Messina had these observations on the election and its issues: "The ASP has really established itself as a whole, but I don't think they will get their majority in the Senate, if only for the fact that the University is slowly progressing to liberalism." The number of candidates who ran with the party's ideas, and without its label seems to bear Messina's words out. McKenna also felt that this was significant, for even if the ASP didn't get a majority, he felt its ideas would prevail in this year's Senate.

The election is over. It was a quiet election, compared with those in the past. Some of the big names were still around; names like Holstein, Dowd, and O'Dea. Others, like Messina, were notably absent. A spirit of confusion seemed to be the general mood, and the question "Do you give a damn?" was lost in the shuffle of the same ideas expressed over and over again.

On Wednesday night, it was the opinion of a good many students that no one had really given them any-

thing to give a damn about, and yet another page was written in Notre Dame's history of an apathetic student body.

—J.F.B.; D.F.K.; R.S.; L.G.

EXPERIMENTAL CONFRONTATION

There is a new look this year in the perennially new freshman year of studies liberal arts program. Under the direction of Professor Thomas Lorch, the chairman of freshman English, a "freshman introduction to the humanities" seminar has been added to the curriculum.

Seminar classes meet twice a week for a two-hour discussion period concerning assigned reading for the week. A weekly five-page exercise dealing with the discussion topic is further expected of each student. The student receives six hours of credit for this semester, and is not required to take the Rhetoric and Composition and philosophy/theology courses taken by the rest of the freshmen. Moderators for the course are from the English, philosophy, and theology departments.

The purpose of this course, as explained in a letter sent to all incoming freshmen during the summer, is first to provide the student with training in the fundamental skills of reading, writing, and thinking which will be necessary in further courses. In this respect, the Humanities Seminar parallels the rest of the standard freshman program. However, differences arise in connection with the aspect of the program concerned with introducing the freshman to the area where the humanities and the religious commitment of the University meet. Where the regular frosh courses concern specific disciplines, the semi-

nar is supposed to confront the student with questions on the nature of man and his relationship to the world around him.

"The program is similar in some respects to programs at Wesleyan and Beloit," explains Professor Lorch. "One notable difference," continues Lorch, "is that our seminar is not set up historically, and, in fact, does not deal with history as such. Instead, it concentrates on ideas, and it includes inquiries into philosophy and theology that are not found in other programs."

Commenting on the progress of the program, Lorch stated: "The humanities seminar is in the experimental stage. Decisions regarding the next school year will be made in February and March, and it would be impossible to evaluate the progress of the program until then. If it appears successful, we plan to expand the seminar to include a larger portion of the incoming class."

At present, there are 180 freshmen in the seminar program.

—J. M.

THE FURRY INVADERS

That large truck with the bright red claws was in the process of hoisting a garbage bin outside of Morrissey Manor aloft recently, and the mixed residue of a football weekend was about to start a trip to the University trash heap, when two large rats crawled out of the bin and sped away past a number of dumfounded parents.

These rodents, obviously well fed, are part of an intrenched clan of rats which appears to be infesting the west end of the Main Quad. Residents in Morrissey and Lyons have reported



RODENTS RAMPART
Going to get gassed



TWO "AWARE" OF MIGRANTS
Bitter irony in activism

the brown furry menaces in several different circumstances during recent weeks. One student even witnessed one at the opposite end of the campus, crawling along by the statue of Moses at the Library. There was a lot of worry last year about the appearance of skunks in the vicinity of Carroll Hall, but now Notre Dame has an even greater problem.

The proximity of the lakes may help to explain the reason why the rats have chosen this particular area to settle down in. Maybe they mistook Father Duck's daily offerings as an invitation to them to also make their homes here. Rats are something to contend with, though.

Those in charge of coping with them are the Double A Exterminating Company of South Bend. Brought in by the maintenance department, they have implemented a relatively final solution to what Edwin Lyon, director of maintenance termed a "particularly delicate problem because of all the ducks." After much "talk, thought and study," the decision was made to gas all the holes of the rats. Mr. Lyon despairs of ever killing all the rats, but he feels that this will take care of the majority of them.

Until the final solution is worked out, however, the only solution is to grin and bear it. New York has recently passed a rat control bill, and Congress is considering one in committee right now. And the Student Senate will be meeting in a matter of weeks.

GOOD NEWS WEEK

What do you think of South Bend's "anti-capitalist" newspaper? Are you aware of the percentage of unemploy-

ment in South Bend? What about racial discrimination? What is the state policy on open housing? What is being done for migrant workers? For the mentally ill? Does anyone care? The Human Affairs Commission (HAC) of St. Mary's and Notre Dame sponsored an "Awareness Day" last Sunday to make people conscious of these questions.

Each organization under HAC's wing — Friends of the Migrants, The Neighborhood Study Help Program, CILA, The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, the civil rights groups, mental health volunteers and Pace workers — provided both a booth and a lecture outlining its project for the year. HAC itself, which is sponsoring a student exchange with Xavier, a predominantly Negro university in New Orleans, was also represented.

The editor of the *Reformer*, South Bend's new ethnic newspaper, asked for student support through subscriptions and volunteer help. He characterized the paper's purpose as "anti-capitalist" because it promotes a system which values money over people.

Emphasizing the importance of being aware of the community in which one lives, Sister Caroline, CSC, an active participant in South Bend affairs, pointed out the small percentage of Negro students at both SMC and ND, as well as the fact that students can pressure the administration to establish recruiting programs for minority groups.

Dr. R. W. Chamblee, a South Bend Negro physician who is active in civil rights saw the problem of the Negro as basically a problem of dignity and economics. He claimed that the mean average income of the Negro now is the same as the white's during the De-

pression. This average has not risen in the last fifteen years, he said.

"Awareness Day" was a worthwhile, if rather lengthy, happening, participants agreed. The irony of it, however, was that the people who were there were the ones who were already sure of their "awareness."

—J. P.

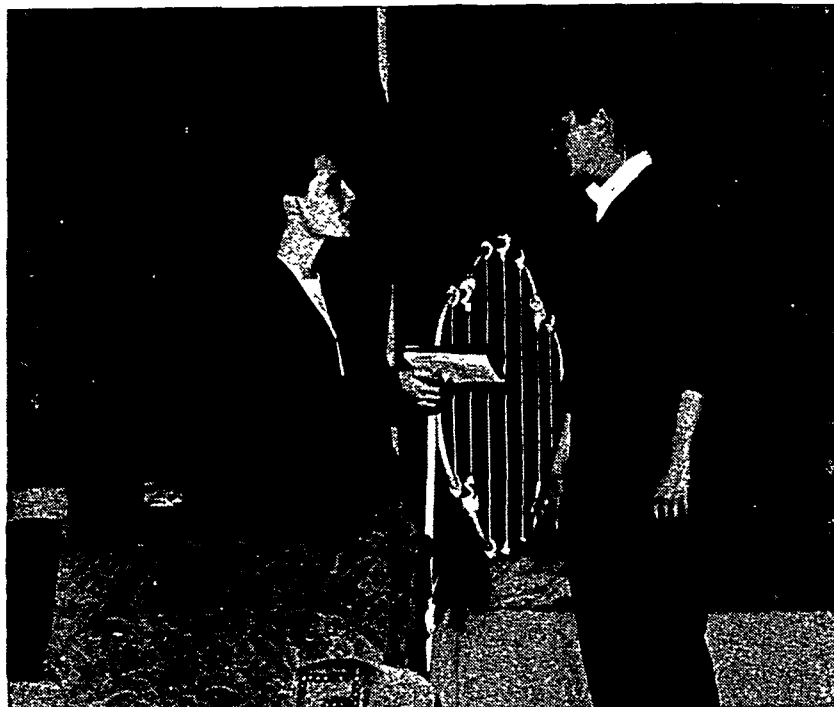
UNUSUAL COINCIDENCES OF INTERESTS

The fact that it doesn't cost anything isn't the only thing free about the Free University — you can also study anything you'd like. As outlined by Mary Perrone, St. Mary's academic commissioner and Dennis O'Dea, the Free University, hopefully, will consist of a number of very small groups, each with three to ten students and a selected "guide" as contrasted to "instructor" from the faculty of ND or St. Mary's. Each of these groups will discuss a subject which they all have decided to be of common interest; the Free University is now accepting suggestions for topics, any topics whatsoever, from students who'd like to participate. A board will examine all suggestions received and arrange meetings for those with the same subjects in mind. After the first meeting, the group can meet whenever and wherever it pleases.

There is no trouble expected in forming the groups, considering the number of students on the two campuses, and the coincidence of interests which has been found to exist: even at a very small information meeting on Oct. 5, several groups were quickly and easily formed to discuss such topics as hallucinogenic drugs, the Christ figure in modern times and marital theology.



MARY PERRONE, DENNIS O'DEA, BOB WALSH
The fittingness of a Free University



DISRUPTION OF A POLISH HOME
Tennessee Williams' best

These are predictably popular topics. But there is no limit to the range of possible topics — one student at the meeting cautiously presented cooking as a topic. Miss Perrone spontaneously replied with a vigorous, "It fits!" This seemed to fire the group's imagination. A torrent of suggestions followed: *Modern Art Forms*, *Etiquette*, *Bar Tending*, *China*, "personal involvement." Enthusiasm grew with a little encouragement from Miss Perrone: "The Free University would create a situation where you can be heard and where you feel free to be heard. College is to be lived. It shouldn't be just 50-minute lectures and drudgery." And, according to Miss Perrone, participation in a Free University group with its intense personal involvement, compared with the very low-intensity classroom-type instruction, would be an invaluable experience in self-education and learning from other people, in addition to being far more pleasurable.

Another student said rather cryptically, "Being a senior, all I'm looking for is people." O'Dea answered, "And that's the central concern of the University concept."

Mary Perrone thinks this type of learning will eventually become so popular that the entire atmosphere of learning on this campus will be changed. Marshall McLuhan is on her side — he thinks anything that involves people more than the present outdated techniques of education will prosper. Anyone desiring some of this good fresh McLuhanesque involvement is encouraged to send a postcard with name, topic of interest and questions to Free University, Box 362. It would warm good old Marshall's heart.

—B. Me.

UNIQUE LOVABLE PERSONS

Engaged in a new program to "discover themselves as unique, lovable persons able to relate to others who are also unique lovable persons," a dozen or so St. Mary's girls have formed "basic encounter groups" under the direction of Fr. Roman Ladewski, quoted above. Coordination with Notre Dame is expected within a few months' time.

Basic-encounter groups attempt to form a community of six to ten people who relate to each other as persons, who openly communicate with each other. Fr. Ladewski, Director of Religious Counseling at SMC, pointed out that the purpose of the groups is not spiritual, although a renewed interest in spiritual matters might be one result.

How do the groups effect such communication? "Say what you feel like saying" is Fr. Ladewski's frequent prompting. Emotions often block communication. If the members of the group vent their feelings, they can then communicate directly with each other, without any pretenses.

What topics are appropriate? Anything the group wishes to explore. For instance, at one meeting the problems a girl faces when dating a younger boy led to a discussion of social conventions in general, and to man's tendency to categorize people.

Important in such a group is the willingness to be honest and open. After a group has met several times, the trust among the members deepens and the discussion can become more personal, Fr. Ladewski commented.

Such groups actually present a whole new educational concept. Instead of learning in a structural, traditional pattern, the participants learn

to become aware of other persons, to adapt to others, and thus to learn continuously in any situation.

At present, Fr. Ladewski is meeting with one group of girls on Tuesday afternoons and another on Tuesday evenings, each for three hours. The program will be expanded to include times convenient for ND students and faculty, as well as others at SMC. Weekends or entire days structured around basic-encounter meetings will probably be offered eventually.

Fr. Joseph Simons, former disciplinarian, spent this summer instructing others on techniques of guiding such a group at an institution in California which Fr. Ladewski and Sister Catherine Mary of SMC attended. Plans for such groups at ND with Fr. Simons as facilitator are not final yet. The plans will depend largely on the response; time also presents a problem. Sue Strittmatter, a St. Mary's sophomore, found that while "the group helped me realize how important feelings are," and termed the experience "worthwhile," she couldn't devote an entire evening each week to the meetings.

However, Fr. Ladewski is optimistic, and feels that the "results so far are definitely positive." Those interested can contact Fr. Ladewski in Holy Cross Hall at St. Mary's.

—K. Car.

DECADENCE AND DISTRESS

Now diligently running through their muscle-limbering exercises are the members of the cast of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the first presentation of the 1967-68 Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre. The Pulitzer Prize winning play is the first work by

(Continued on page 32)



AN IMPETUS FOR CHANGE

Notre Dame's Free University held its first informational meeting last week. There are other schools, however, that have gone beyond informing and started to organize. One of these, Stanford University, has had over 150 students enroll, according to the *Daily Stanford*. The Midpeninsula Free University is offering close to 100 seminars and projects, ranging from Japanese pottery making to a seminar on religion and radical politics. The catalog of course offerings states that "a revolution in American education is required to meet today's needs, and a new type of education, a free university, must provide the impetus for change."

The MPFU has developed to such an extent that it has decided by majority vote to oppose both the draft and the war in Vietnam. The MPFU is also engaged in setting up a co-operative store which will be run by the members.

Michigan State is organizing a free university, too, reports the *State News*. In an editorial as well as a news story, the paper said that in the past, instructors have proven to be more enthusiastic than students. There are hopes for success this year since the Student Academic Commission is giving the "Free U" its "financial aid and a certain air of legitimacy." The current Free University experiment is designed to reflect the percentage of MSU students who seek the opportunity for independent study in an atmosphere of complete freedom. The editors believe "its success or failure will reflect on the sincerity of all who have called so loudly for academic self-responsibility."

While registration is not required to attend classes, anyone who does

register must attend. Among the courses offered at MSU are: Ideological Conflict in the Politics of the International Trade Union Organizations; A Survey of Twentieth Century Science Fiction; Compositional Photography; Nature of the Modern University; China Since the Revolution; Black Power; Classical Guitar Lessons; Discussion on *Catch 22*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and *A Delicate Balance*; Parapsychology; Semantics; Identity; Oriental Poetry and Its Philosophy; Poetry Workshop; and Discussion of Understanding Media.

DOUBLE-TAKE

The editors of the University of California student newspaper are greatly disturbed by Berkeley Chancellor Roger W. Heyns' statement that the University of California is a calm and disciplined university and that parents don't have to worry about their children becoming radicals, hippies, or other such nonsense. The California student paper suggests that maybe Chancellor Heyns should take a better look at what's going on.

TOUGALOO BOMBING

The home of Dr. William Bush, executive dean of Tougaloo College, was damaged by a bomb last week while Bush and his wife slept. No one was injured. The blast shattered windows, blew out the double rear door and knocked away the eaves. Authorities said the bomb was a "high order explosive," similar to dynamite. FBI agents from Jackson, Mississippi, have begun an investigation. Tougaloo has been a stronghold of civil-rights militants but has not been a center of unrest for several months.

THE PROBLEMS OF POSITIVE THINKING

Birth-control information will be provided for co-eds of the U. of Toronto, courtesy of the student council.

According to the Criminal Code of Canada such an education program would be illegal. Council president Tom Faulkner said if the council were prosecuted, he might have to go to jail.

The Toronto student health service already advises married couples and sometimes single students on contraception. The staff also gives prescriptions for "the pill" to married students, engaged couples, and sometimes single students living together.

The student council birth-control information, said Pres. Faulkner, is mainly directed toward freshman co-eds.

LUV, LUV, LUV

"Loving hippies endorse love! Gov. John Love, that is," reports the *Colorado Daily*. Although the hippie is committed to being nonpolitical, this breach of hippie policy is summed up in the words of Dave Nelson, hippie spokesman, "Love is a pretty magical word for us."

What does Gov. Love say to this unexpected vote of confidence? "Good Lord, I can't even think of a comment!"

MINI-SKIRTS AND THE D.H.Q.'s

Stanford University may not be the home of the world's most brilliant thinkers or the nation's best football team, but it has solved the age-old problem of how to make a miserable, college-cafeteria lunch palatable. The food is still the same slop, but the way it's served makes the difference. Stanford men just sit and watch as mini-skirted broads pour their coffee and smile.

The clincher is that they're complaining yet. It seems that the university is being overcome by a massive rash of caffeine-induced insomnia.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATIONS

The Saint Mary's girls who have been blessed with their new curfew should take a look around, because they're still way behind. At University of New Hampshire and nearby Ball State, curfews have been, in effect, *eliminated* for some female students. At New Hampshire, the new freedoms are restricted to seniors and those girls over 21, while at Ball State, junior and senior girls have been emancipated. The systems, as reported by the *Ball State News* and *The New Hampshire*, are very similar. While the girls are required to sign out so that they can be reached in an

emergency, they don't have to come back until 7 a.m. If they arrive back at their dorms between 11 p.m. and 7, they need only go to a centrally located office and show their identification and they are allowed into their halls. Sophomores at Ball State are also allowed to report late, but their names, unlike those of the juniors and seniors, are recorded. The latest anyone has checked in thus far has been 4:30.

MAYBE THERE IS A CERTAIN EXCITEMENT IN DRINKING

Last week it was reported that Holy Cross had legalized drinking on campus. We are pleased to pass along the information that the new rule appears very popular — so much so, that the College Trustees are thinking of opening a bar on campus, and downtown merchants report that sales of used refrigerators are booming.

Trustees are checking with their lawyers to see if they can legally allow a bar to be placed on campus. The Student Review Board has already suggested a location, and now it's strictly up to the lawyers.

As for refrigerators, a downtown Worcester (Mass.) store ran an ad on a Sunday stating that they indeed had a stock of used machines. The stock didn't last long — by Tuesday it was gone.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON

In the fine tradition of women's regulations and Notre Dame dining-hall rules, the Louisiana State University Dean of Men has issued a direc-

tive describing what is appropriate in men's dress. A male who asks for a candy bar at the Student Union and has his shirt out "can be removed from the area and referred to the disciplinary authorities of the university." If he tries to eat in the university cafeteria and neglects to wear socks, the same applies. The directive says that you've got to wear socks, keep your shirt tucked in, and avoid wearing bedroom slippers. If a male student has failed to comply with these rules, he has "reflected discredit on university standards of dress." If he does it again, he is overtly breaking a university regulation.

DRAFT RESISTANCE

A University of Florida student was arrested recently after trying to stop a bus carrying men to Jacksonville, Florida, to be officially inducted into the U.S. Army. The driver stopped the bus because he thought maybe the student wanted to get on, but was wrong, and his faith in American youth was shattered. He had the student arrested.

As the bus was ready to leave, a number of demonstrators carried signs opposing the draft and condemning the war in Viet Nam. When picketers stood in front of the bus, a cheer went up inside. Police moved in and arrested three prospective doughboys.

DEADLY EAST LANSING WINTERS

Compliments of the Federal Government, many students at Michigan State University will now have to brave the storms of East Lansing un-

protected. At least that was the case last week, as the campus learned that the U.S. Public Health Service had not released MSU's customary dosage of flu serum. Due to a delay in the inspection of cultures produced by certain pharmaceutical companies, the shots, ordinarily given at registration time, were not available this year. But the serum was expected to be released shortly, and once again the East Lansing Student Union could take on the temporary appearance of a clinic. Before the snow falls, they hope.

T-P RASCALS

Letter in the *Daily Tar Heel* last week:

Dear Editor:

During the Young Rascals concert Saturday evening, politeness at the University of North Carolina reached an unfortunate nadir.

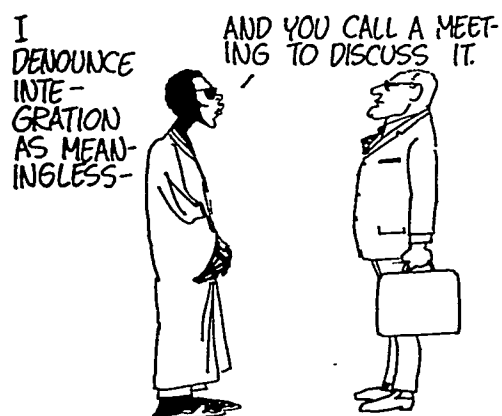
Never before have I seen a university audience: (1) throw rolls of toilet paper at each other; (2) throw toilet-paper rolls at the performers.

I find it not only appalling that some University of North Carolina students would find it acceptable behavior to throw rolls of toilet paper during a concert, but also that the audience appeared to condone and even encourage this type of action.

CRYPTIC CARD

We recently received a postcard with the following stamped on the back: "Gov. Volpe suppressed U. of Mass. Magazine 'Yahoo' for making fun of a Catholic Priest."

feiffer



"ROLLING THUNDER": AN APPRAISAL

by H. J. DOVE

It was 9:25 a.m. on April 21, 1945, when B-17s of the U.S. Eighth Air Force delivered the 363rd, and final, Western air raid on Berlin. For forty-four months the capital of Hitler's Reich had been under aerial bombardment: "precision" American attacks by day, saturation British raids by night. Ten square miles of the city had been pulverized; nearly half of Berlin's civilian dwellings had been damaged or destroyed. Yet almost two-thirds of the city's factories

the backyards of the world with old technologies." Atomic weapons have made total war meaningless. Limited wars, on the other hand, offer an opportunity to relive the halcyon days for World War Two when, as Feldmarschall Albert Kesselring testified, "dive bombing and terror attacks on civilians, combined with heavy bombing, proved Germany's undoing." Nonetheless, it took massive ground invasions from East and West to knock Germany out of the war. In

and SAM missiles — was built-up along the 17th Parallel. American bombers have destroyed more than 3,000 trucks since February, 1965, but the cost has been over 600 aircraft, 500 pilots, and two billion dollars. Air attacks, it is now admitted, destroy only 20% of the material headed south.

2) *Objective:* to "bomb" Hanoi to the conference table by destroying both its will to fight and ability to fight. *Result:* Hanoi has refused to engage in any kind of negotiations until bombing is "unconditionally" halted. North Vietnamese morale, like that of the blitzed residents of London, Hamburg, and Berlin, has stiffened rather than weakened. The economy of North, with only 15% of the gross national product generated by industry, has been found to enjoy what the late Bernard Fall called the "invulnerability of underdevelopment."

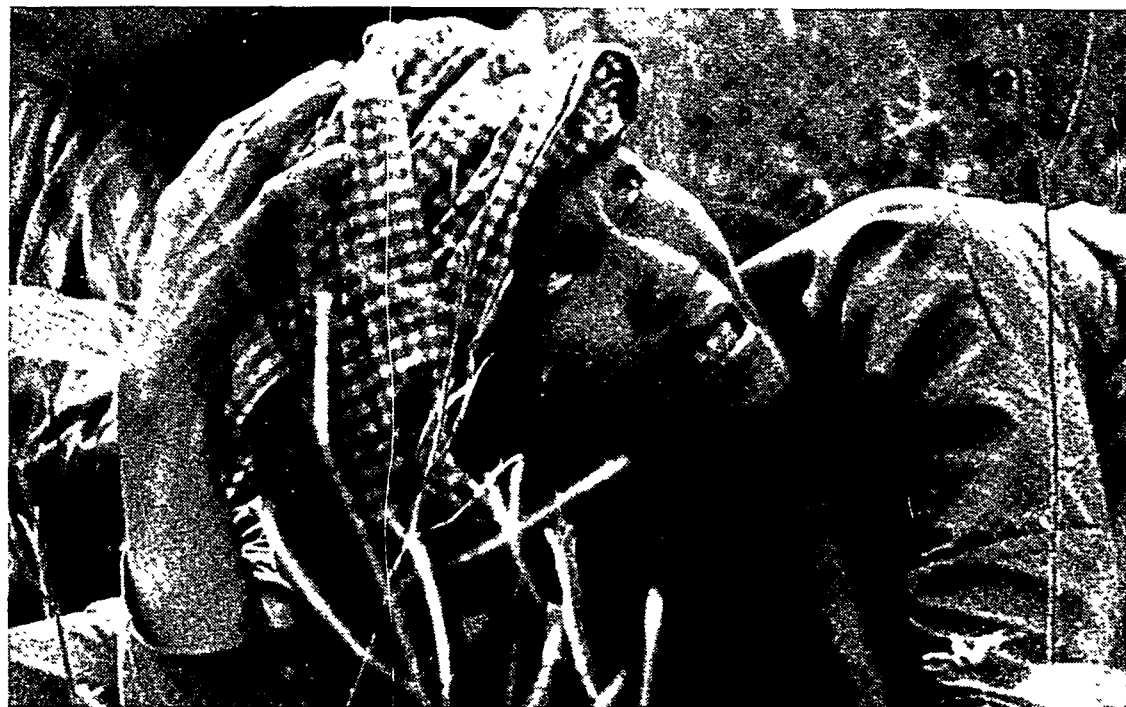
3) *Objective:* to bolster the morale of the Saigon Government. *Result:* The survival of the military junta of Ky (and now Thieu), a new class of *nouveaux* mandarins who, Neil Sheehan has suggested, "combine the worst of two cultures — the pretentiousness of native mandarins and the rigidity of the French colonial officers and administrators.

On each count, then, the continuation of Operation Rolling Thunder seems the least productive aspect of the war in Viet Nam. It is, additionally, the least defensible aspect. Whatever commitment we may have to defend our colony in the south can hardly be construed as a commitment to bomb the north; whatever freedom of action President Johnson acquired through the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was no blank check to pulverize a nation with which the U.S. is not even at war. Furthermore, the recent deliberate decision to bomb civilian areas of Hanoi has admittedly no military significance. Secretary of Defense McNamara has testified that bombing operations are being continued (and intensified) primarily because they "contribute to morale in South Viet Nam."

* *

Political decisions should be made on the basis of human consequences — the results for people, not for doctrines or manufactured "commitments." The Communists, despite their professed materialism, have ap-

(Continued on page 32)



were still functioning, and civilian morale showed no signs of collapse. Postwar ground surveys of bombing results revealed that for most of the war German production increased under the impetus of bombing, and the national will to resist actually stiffened.

Two decades later, the date was October 13, 1967. U.S. Air Force and Navy fighter-bombers flew more than a hundred missions over North Viet Nam, striking at roads, bridges and rail lines. For more than thirty months the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam had been under almost continuous bombardment. The railroad town at Phuly had been obliterated; more than twenty percent of the civilian housing in the city of Namdinh had been pulverized by "precision" bombing. Nonetheless, the Hanoi regime continued to effectively supply men and material to insurgent and regular forces in South Viet Nam.

"WHENEVER hot wars are necessary these days," says Marshall McLuhan, "we conduct them in

Viet Nam, "victory through airpower" proponents have at their disposal more than a 1000 supersonic aircraft, plus an innumerable assortment of Mk-81s, Mk-83s, and Mk-84s, but, unless *Ramparts* is to be believed, there isn't going to be any invasion of North Viet Nam.

There isn't going to be any victory through airpower, either. "Bomber generals" and their Congressional supporters to the contrary, it is no secret that the aerial assault against the North has been the least effective aspect of our war effort in Viet Nam. Today, after more than two and one-half years of "Rolling Thunder," the code-name for the bombing campaign north of the 17th parallel, the balance sheet of stated objectives and actual results reads about as follows:

1) *Objective:* to interdict the movement of men, munitions, and supplies to South Viet Nam. *Result:* Infiltration of North Vietnamese increased from 4,000 to 50,000; all indigenous Viet Cong units were completely equipped with Communist bloc arms; a 35,000-man "invasion force" — equipped with 152 mm artillery

NOTRE DAME: A CASE STUDY IN ROLE CONFUSION



This week the SCHOLASTIC interviews Dr. Fred Fenster, noted social scientist. Dr. Fenster has just completed a year of secret research on his sociological analysis of student life here at Notre Dame. His book, entitled Notre Dame: A Case Study in Role Confusion, will be published next spring by Readable Books. Dr. Fenster has taught at America's finest universities, receiving his Ph.D. from Chicago in 1953. He is co-author of The History of Sociology from Herodotus to Durkheim and is editor of A Basic Bibliography of the Social Sciences. He is perhaps best known for his classic text Introduction to the Behavior of Rats. Dr. Fenster has kindly permitted Contributing Editor John Melsheimer to read his unfinished manuscript for this interview.

Scholastic: Dr. Fenster, suppose we start off with the title of your book. Just what is role confusion?

Dr. Fenster: Basically role confusion is another form of the classic identity crisis. It occurs when the individual is unsure of himself, unsure of the role he is to play in our modern technological society. He panics and assumes many different roles in a frantic attempt to define his identity. This can only worsen his situation. Meanwhile the individual's affective domain continues to be bombarded by a great variety of hostile stimuli, stimuli which are now quite beyond the capabilities of his already frayed decision-making process. His decision-making process further disintegrates, leaving the individual

virtually incapable of action. Role confusion is nothing less than a state of complete and utter disorientation.

Scholastic: This doesn't sound good. What can be done to eliminate this problem?

Dr. Fenster: Well, you see, it's not really a question of whether role confusion is good or bad. This happens to be a pet peeve of mine. I don't really know *for certain* what can be done to eliminate the problem of role confusion. But in any case your first question expresses a value judgment and therefore lies outside the realm of a purely scientific description. In order to obtain a truly accurate account, from which we can eventually derive a solution, the scientist must avoid placing value judgments upon his empirical determinations. I personally try to avoid such normative terms like "good" and "bad" and where absolutely unavoidable, it is "best" to place them in italics or quotation marks to indicate their disputed character. As to what can be done about this . . . "problem," if you like, I think that once the relevant phenomena is analyzed and the variables isolated, then a clinic can be set up to deal with these individuals and hopefully . . . cure them.

Scholastic: All right then. How does this role confusion manifest itself here at Notre Dame? Is everyone susceptible to it?

Dr. Fenster: Yes. Everyone is surely susceptible to it. But I'm glad to report that only 20% to 30% of the students are actually victims of this phenomenon. Notre Dame is quite unusual in this respect. Most other universities exhibit a much higher rate of this . . . difficulty.

Scholastic: Why is this, do you think?

Dr. Fenster: Well, at Notre Dame you don't have many of the important variables operative. The sex, the religious background, the middle-class milieu, generally speaking, the intelligence, the race, almost all of the traditionally important variables are kept constant here. Therefore, if role confusion is still observed to occur, as it is, there must be another variable which is the true cause. All the standard socioeconomic and psychoanalytic methods broke down completely here. I believe that my investigations represent pioneer work.

Scholastic: How do you proceed then? How did you find the true cause of role confusion?

Dr. Fenster: This is a really interesting question. I had been researching here for two months, studying class profiles, plotting graphs and charts to see what was the correlation between the behavior and the few variables that were left. I was not having much success. But one night as I was going home after a severe cold-

front had just moved in, I went down to my basement where I keep my rats for my continuing investigations of rat behavior. I noticed when I went down to the basement to check on them and to run some basic graphs and charts, that after the cold front had moved in, there was a noticeable difference in their behavior. For example, I noticed that the noise emitted by my rats had greatly lessened from what it had been just a few hours before. This despite the fact that the room temperature had not changed appreciably. I had already established in a previous study on rats that noise, or more specifically the number of squeaks emitted by rats per unit



time is a crucial measure of a rat's stability. I therefore concluded, or rather hypothesized, that ambience, that is the external weather conditions might somehow affect the number of squeaks emitted by my rats and hence influence their stability.

Scholastic: This certainly is a novel hypothesis, Dr. Fenster. Could you elaborate? I don't quite see your point.

Dr. Fenster: The point is that the weather is certainly as valid an environmental factor as any other factor. Social scientists all over the world are coming to realize that the complete environment must be taken into account, not just the socioeconomic factors in which great progress has undoubtedly been made. Taking rats then as my paradigm case, I sought to apply it to the behavior of Notre Dame students and conjectured whether there was a correlation between the weather, the wind, the rain, the humidity, the barometric pressure and the temperature upon man's behavior, more specifically upon Notre Dame students' behavior.

Scholastic: Well, what did you find? Did you find that weather conditions did indeed influence the actions of people here at Notre Dame?

Dr. Fenster: It's hard to determine if the weather influences the actions of everyone but certainly in the case of role confusion some explanation must be offered to explain *this* behavior when all other explanations seem futile.

Scholastic: What evidence did you have to support your hypothesis that the weather does in fact affect the behavior of those evincing role confusion?

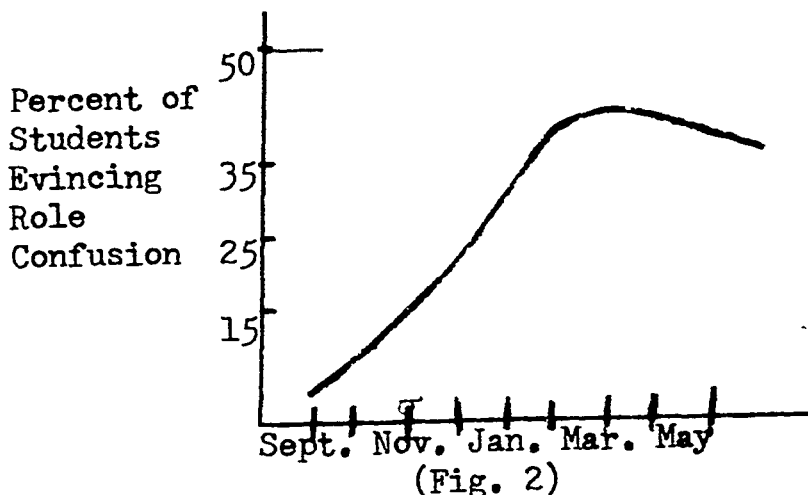
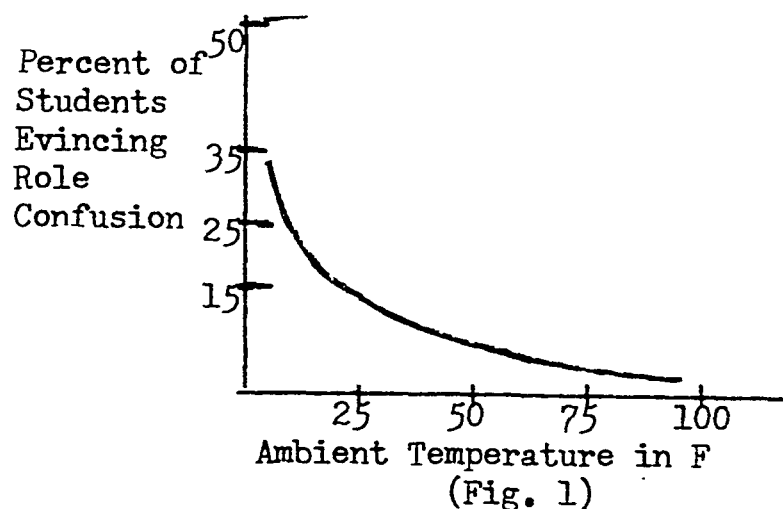
Dr. Fenster: Role confusion as I have already defined it is prevalent in the winter. Referring back to my rat paradigm, I hypothesized that a decrease in ambient tem-

perature increased the possibility of role confusion. Obviously, not everyone enduring a cold winter will contract role confusion, but it does encourage the likelihood of its occurrence. Let me show you this graph (Fig. 1) which plots the percent of the Notre Dame student body evincing role confusion versus the ambient temperature. Of course, the ambient temperature is only one of the many variables that constitute the weather but I think it can be shown that the temperature is representative of all of them. That would require further analysis but I think it can be shown. Taking, then, weather as our prime example, we see quite clearly that as the ambient temperature decreases, the number of cases of role confusion increases dramatically. This can be expressed

mathematically as $N = \frac{c}{t}$ where N equals the percent of

students exhibiting role confusion, t equals the ambient temperature, and c represents the sum of all the other weather conditions expressed as a constant. In the next graph (Fig. 2) we see the relation of role confusion to the school year. As you can easily see, the number of cases increases to its maximum during mid-January, the coldest part of the year. This period, that is mid-January, also corresponds with the semester examinations. This congruence of the semester examinations, a time of stress anyway, with the cold weather provides the "best" evidence of the true causes of this phenomenon. It is certainly impressive to note that the number of cases of role confusion reaches its apex at the very time where temperature reaches its minimum value. Not only this but as you know the weather here at Notre Dame continues cold, often late into April or May. This explains why, contrary to natural inclinations the individual student does not bounce back from his exams but rather continues in this lethargy induced by the cold temperatures. Very often this means that his second semester is worse than his first. The individual student often does not snap out of his lethargy until well into the summer

(Continued on page 33)



Exposure of the Celluloid Mystique Cinema '68

by MARTY McNAMARA



A KIRA KUROSAWA'S samurai films (e.g., *Rashomon*, *The Magnificent Seven*, *Castle of the Spider's Web*) leave one exhausted from their savage, relentless depiction of violence as a code of life. But when he turns to modern times, he generally produces films such as *Ikiru*, a tiresome hunk of nicely composed goo akin to the pseudo-profound tear jerkers *Joan of Arc* by Dreyer or *One Potato, Two Potato*, so popular with Bosley Crowther and the amalgamated, liberated nuns of America.

Ikiru is the Kurosawa Professor Edward Fischer has selected for his Screen Arts class. This means that once again I will overhear the CA students leaving the overcrowded Architecture Auditorium muttering that the highly touted Kurosawa "is just plain boring."

Because of his weekly column in *Ave Maria* and summer courses for the rosy-cheeked sisters, Mr. Fischer has become easily the most influential man in Catholic film circles (although this may be as much a misnomer as Catholic university). He and the double-chinned, cocktail-party critics are primarily responsible for the constant recurrence of Federico Fellini's clownish swipes at the foibles of modern man and Ingmar Bergman's labyrinthine allegories of the sensitive soul's "quest" for truth in Catholic colleges, or communities' film series.

To latch on to a *La Dolce Vita* or a *Blow Up* as an example of "serious cinema" merely because it possesses a symbolic structure that is handy to work with and/or questions on a

high school level of the now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep doctrines is taking the easy way out. For, in the final analysis, all these films say is "Sometimes, Ah get de blues; get offa ma back, big, bad world!"

This year the Notre Dame Student-Faculty Film Society will present a program designed to combat the notion that there are only two kinds of film: the flimsy claptrap that gives you an excuse to get her into the drive-in and the bad "art" film that gives you a headache. The condensed home football season and a \$2000 debt due to mismanagement of funds in previous years and stolen equipment have delayed the opening of Cinema '68 until November 11. However, changes in administrative policy and the existence of the student union documentary film series will mean that the film society can ignore the debts and concentrate on providing only quality features. The society and the student organizations connected with the arts are committed to the edification of the campus as well as its entertainment, and thus must secure the finest examples usually neglected by commercial theaters and television stations with chain suppliers and financial considerations. This year, then, will see explorations of the works of the Kawalerowiczs, Kobayashis, Kalatazovs, and Kazans, the artists whose popular acclaim cannot match that of inferior directors, the mainstream heavyweights: the Fellinis and Bergmans, the Lumets and Claytons.

Cinema '68 will span the last five decades, and have representatives



from every major film capital of the world, as well as an excellent collection of short subjects. By itself, it provides a comprehensive selection of proven masterpieces from the biting irony of beautifully controlled surrealism in Buñuel's *Viridiana* to the basic emotions in Satyajit Ray's personal document, *Pather Panchali*.

But these are not the kind of standbys that find their way to your local billing every summer. These are the buried gems from filmmakers whose personalities or ideologies lacked that universal appeal insuring success. Indeed, the film society's screening of Bernardo Bertolucci's multiaward winner *Before the Revolution* will be the Midwest premiere.

Every film in the yearlong series was selected not only for its outstanding quality, but also for its contribution to the creative interplay among directors. The historical significance of Murnau's *The Last Laugh* is obvious, but tracing the influence of Olmi's *The Fiances* is much more difficult. Actually, had one seen *The Fiances* prior to the recent *Loves of*



a Blonde, *Loves* would have seemed as hackneyed as *Morgan* did to those acquainted with *The Knack* and *Billy Liar*, or as *The Pawnbroker* did to one who had seen *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. Placing our members in a position where they are able to critically outline influences on a film as on any work of art is a prime objective of the society.

Today, even when it is taken for granted that film is art, the vocabulary of the secular critic has not developed to the point where a film can be placed in the context of a particular period, school, or genre. And this is doubly unfortunate since

Western ways of thought in recent years.

Films from special areas of concentration are evident in the series proper too. *This Sporting Life*, among the best of the early sixties, "ashcan" films, from Britain, *The Letter That Never Was Sent*, a great story in the romantic adventure world; and the *Tight Little Island*, from Alec Guinness' fabulous collection of black comedies in the early fifties are but a few.

If possible, we will screen the long-delayed Cinema Grotesque program sometime in November; however, the selection of these horror classics must



the cinema has evolved as a folk art with its hero figures having a great deal of impact on the American set of values, making serious study of the genre film vital.

To encourage this mode of thought on a campus already well exposed to film as a medium because of the social situation, the society will sponsor several festivals hinging on Cinema '68 and having to do with areas seldom touched by commercial theaters. Perhaps most important will be a program of Japanese films exploring the assimilation of Western structures and techniques into the Eastern mentality. The way in which their notorious attention to detail and their distinct morality are preserved within this framework reflects the effective merger of Eastern and

remain in secret to insure that no one will give away the endings.

Lastly are the festivals recapping the work of one man, exemplifying either a sustained body of work or the ability to shift from one style to another without any loss in effectiveness. Most likely, the first director to be so honored will be Briton Bryan Forbes, who has turned out in rapid succession a children's story for adults, a hard-core ashcan drama, a tense crime show, an even tenser war story, a Victorian comedy, and a fictional essay.

The exact names and dates of the series are forthcoming, so too the barrage of festive films. However, it can be assumed now that, if the film society shows a Kurosawa, it will be *Throne of Blood*. ■

“Vous faites bien de poser la question!”

MANY QUESTIONS have indeed been asked about the sophomore year of studies in Angers, France. Did it work? The forty Notre Dame and St. Mary's students who were there, were they satisfied? Some of the more relevant questions deserve a response. We, the students who actually spent this now-controversial year abroad, are perhaps in a position to focus factually on the involved issues, to discuss them intelligibly, and even to finally express a few evaluative observations.

The central goal was certainly integration into French society. Despite some entirely normal first-semester difficulties, the problem of fitting into this new universe was handled well by our director, Doctor Charles Parnell. Half of us lived in private homes for the first part of the school year; the other half, in the state-owned students' dormitory. The original plan was to switch at the end of the first semester, but many of those living in private homes wanted to stay where they were: they had formed close attachments to their “families.” For instance, John Dudas’ “mother,” Madame Briant was so friendly that she sponsored three planned parties and at least 100 improvised ones for us in her own home. So many of us ate dinner over there so often that at times there wasn't a bit of *fromage* left for Monsieur Briant when he came home from a hard day in the nursery business. By the end of May, Madame knew the name of everyone in the group (except George McLaughlin's, her other American “son,” who was simply designated *celui-la*).

The first year of a foreign study program is not like an Army paratroop jump. You don't invade another culture, expecting to be totally assimilated within a month. Angers had never been in contact with Americans before; we were the first organized group of foreign students to come to this provincial capital in western France. So no amount of advance planning could have produced fifty families banging on Doctor Parnell's door the day after our arrival, begging for American boarders. We stayed where we could. We gradually made friends with the people of

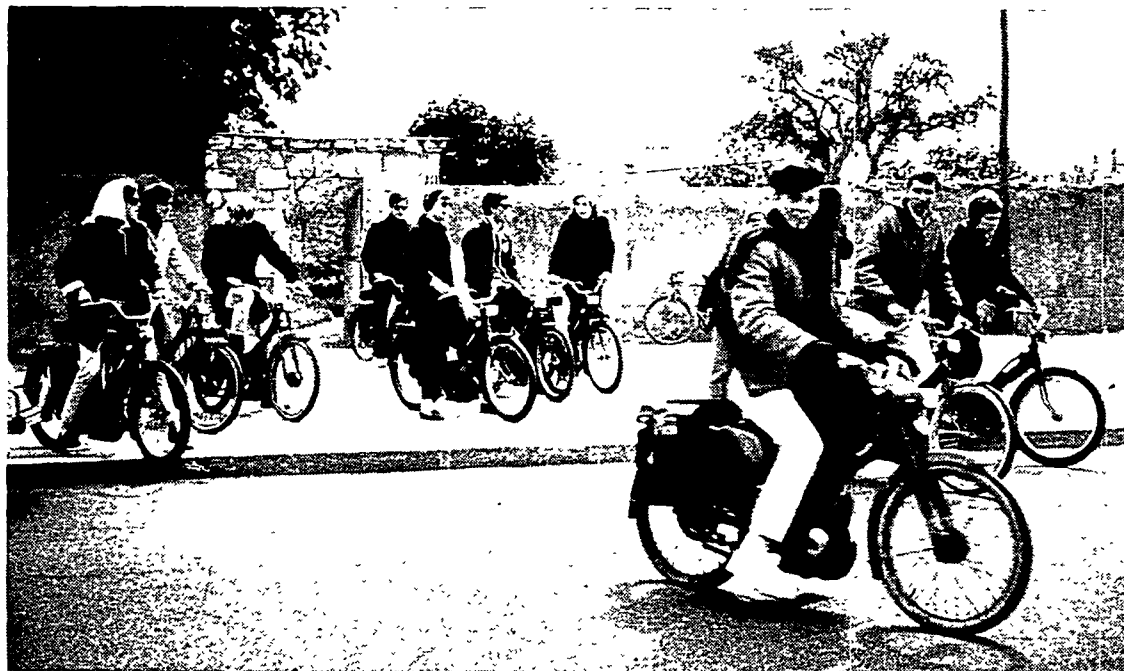
Angers, and we were gradually received into their homes. With the help of our director, we improved the housing situation in the second semester, improved it in such a way that assimilation into French family life was a reality for all of us who were serious about taking the step.

We were in Angers to learn too. But in order to learn, we had to know first how to listen, how to respond in French. Registering for the same courses as the French students would have been absurd. Exactly as if a young Frenchman with no previous practical need to speak English would register as a student at Notre Dame, and then try to pass five sophomore-level courses. Our director provided well for this inevitable early weakness in the language: we all underwent an intensive five-week training program. We were exposed to so much French grammar, composition, and conversation that one of us, Paul Schroeder, began to speak French in his sleep. “*Dix, neuf, huit, sept . . . où est-tu, Monique?*”

Regular classes began on October 16 in the International Center for French Studies. We were with about sixty other foreign students, from Viet Nam to Finland, many of whom were already exceptionally fluent in French. Each of us took courses according to his level, moving up to a more challenging course if he felt he could handle it. Several of the professors were exceptional: Monsieur

Dumas, the dean of the law school, taught French Political Institutions; l'Abbé Baron, doctor of philosophy at the University of Paris, French Philosophy; and Monsieur Deschamps, an artist well-known in Angers for his frequent expositions and lectures, French Art. Furthermore, we were allowed to audit *any* course in *any* of the various university departments; Doctor Parnell left the matter entirely up to our own initiative. A few students made an even greater jump in the second semester, taking full-credit courses along with the French students. In short, the program was effectively geared to our progressive ability in the language. And the program worked. Keith Palka who flunked his first literature dissertation in October, was so far advanced by June that his final paper, a forceful insight into a novel of Georges Bernanos, was printed in the literary section of the city newspaper.

It has been suggested that we had neither the time nor the means to take advantage of the travel opportunities of a year in Europe. The six-week spring break of the Innsbruck students has been tearfully evoked. But the fact is that the French university calendar is not the same as the Austrian university calendar, and, since we were in France at a French university, our director thought it would be a good idea to follow the French calendar. However, upon our request, Doctor





Parnell did ask the dean of the Arts College on two occasions for a few extra days vacation, and we were granted this extension.

It is true though that we did not have cars. But neither did the French students, and unless you wanted to play the superior American capitalist, you didn't have one either. We travelled around town as all the French students did, on bicycles and small motorcycles. And for longer trips in Europe, train is the cheapest and fastest way to get wherever you're going. So this is the way we went, often meeting new people on the way.

Our time outside of class wasn't spent at football games and mixers, but elsewhere, at cafés, around dinner tables, and in little United Nations gatherings in the *Brasserie*. The French students were eager to know us. We went to their parties, their dances, visited their homes, and are still in close contact with many of them. For those of us who were less inclined to meet new people on our own, an elaborate program of dinner invitations, weekend visits, and vacation trips was set up by our director with the participation of about fifty local families. All of us chose ourselves just how many of these invitations we would accept. The singers and actors in our group performed often, before audiences all over the province. *Le type blond* in your group, that Chuck Perrin, is he really Mick Jagger's brother? And do you really think that Lance Davis is better than the whole *Comédie de l'Ouest*?

We also met literally hundreds of people by means of makeshift sports teams. Our SMC *mademoiselles* mangled a French girls' soccer team

early in the year, thanks mainly to the alert clipping of Barb Dowd. The basketball team which the guys formed played seventeen games, half of them on the road throughout the province, winning fifteen of them, and losing the last game by one point to the university champions of France. Pete Agnew was a kind of local hero by the end of the year because he could dunk the ball and score thirty-five points a game.

We all had a good year, and we were upset to hear that some people back at Notre Dame were thinking that we had wasted the year, that the program didn't work. It *did* work because we were a lot less aware of ourselves and the world one year ago than we are now.

Maturity is a key word in understanding this exciting year abroad. At all times and under every circumstance Doctor Parnell treated us as intellectually and emotionally mature

adults. In no way did he stomp us into the soil of French society and then keep his foot on our heads to make sure we stayed there. He merely arranged to have the entrance constantly open; whether we wanted to go in or not was our own business. And we feel that we did make this delicate *entrée* into a totally new way of life.

Without our parents and our long-time friends, without the environmental distractions of American living, we felt deeply down at times during these ten months. At every instant we sensed ourselves challenged by the language, by the never-ending need to adapt, and by our own intense self-questioning of previously postulated cultural values. We knew well, each one of us, that the success or failure of this year depended entirely upon ourselves. And we were glad of it, of this rare chance for total self-determination. We wouldn't have wanted it to turn out differently.

Peter Agnew	Wayne Howard
Barbara Arim	Sue Janney
George Arkedis	Joe Kramer
Cathy Baldwin	Steve Krchma
Phyllis Banks	John Lacy
Clare Baptisti	Jeff Larkin
Meg Bruckner	Michele Levene
Brian Cavanaugh	Andy Magazzu
Bill Cullen	Tim Mannion
Ellen Danna	George McLaughlin
Lance Davis	Bob Narucki
Tom Dechant	Pat O'Grady
Dan Diggles	Keith Palka
Bill Dionne	Chuck Perrin
Barb Dowd	John Sawaya
John Dudas	Paul Schroeder
Terry Dwyer	Chuck Sheedy
Margo Endres	Suzanne Smither
Paulette Fehlig	Sue Stuecheli
Pat Frazier	Tim Unger
Dave Hirschboeck	Barbara Webber



BEER IN CHAMPAIGN

by John Criner of the University of Illinois

STUDENTS of both Notre Dame and the University of Illinois are anxiously awaiting the upcoming football game between the two schools. Since South Bend is reasonably close to Champaign, Notre Dame students will comprise a good portion of the capacity crowd at Memorial Stadium. After the game, Notre Dame and Illinois students alike will want to celebrate their victory — or attempt to forget their loss — with some golden brew at one of the many Champaign-Urbana pubs.

WHERE IT'S AT. If you were making the rounds and wanted to start at the bottom, the first stop would be the Midway Cafe. The atmosphere is one of smoke, urine, and vomit. Even freshmen have little trouble getting served there, but "Middy's" is primarily a hideaway for underage alcoholics, pinball enthusiasts, and fraternity pledges.

The next stop would be the infamous Kams, whose main claim to fame is the big raid of '66. The atmosphere is similar to that of Midway's, but the patrons are of a slightly higher class and even include girls. Kams — "the supermarket tavern, where students meet students" — is a must for every tour of U. of I. campus attractions.

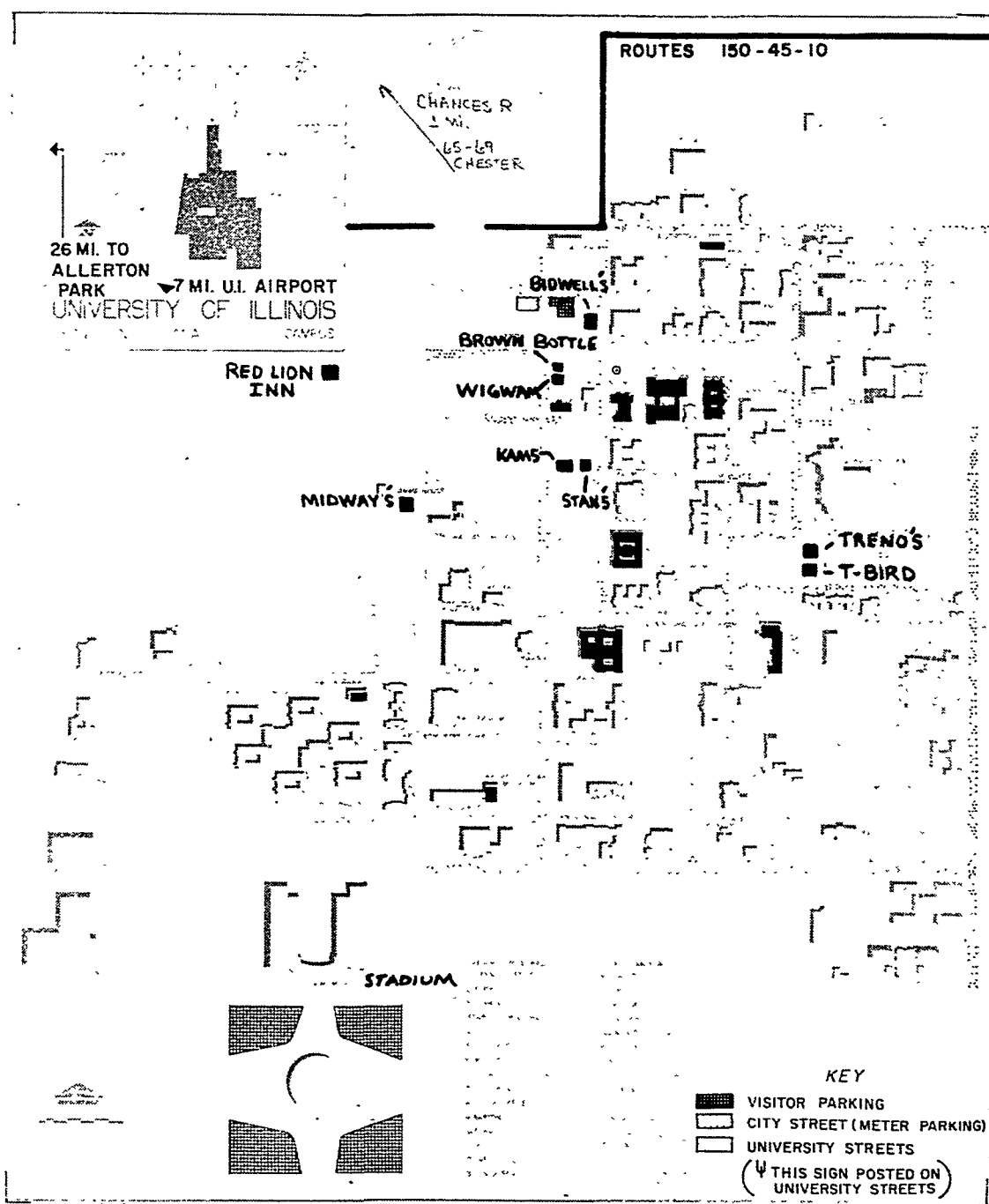
After a quick beer at Stan Wallace's Gridiron, where not too much is happening, you go north one block to the Wigwam. Although it is patronized mostly by graduate students, the Wigwam is known for its good pizza and beer. Next door to the Wigwam is the Brown Bottle. It is an attractive place and often features a Dixieland band. However, if you are an underclassman, you are out of luck — they check I.D.'s at the door.

After you leave the Brown Bottle, you travel across the quad into Urbana and to the Thunderbird. A quiet atmosphere prevails at the T-Bird, which is more like a restaurant than a tavern. However, the three floors of the T-Bird provide ample room to enjoy several pitchers of draught beer.

(Continued on page 32)

TABLE OF BARS

Where	On Draught	Atmosphere	Music	Carding
Chances R	Michelob	TOPS	Band & Dancing	Usually
Red Lion	Schlitz	Swinging	Band & Dancing	Seldom
Treno's	Pabst	Friendly	Juke	Usually
Brown Bottle	Schlitz	Quaint	Band	Always
Thunderbird	Michelob	Restaurant	Band or Juke	Seldom
Kams	Budweiser	Wild	Band or Juke	Seldom
Wigwam	Miller's	Quiet	Juke	Seldom
Stan's	Miller's	Quiet	Juke	Usually
Midway's	Miller's	Arm Pit	Toilet Flushing	Never





sidelines

THE STREAK GOES ON

Last year the bigwigs in the Big Ten condescended to freshman football games on a trial basis, and opened the gates for Notre Dame's yearlings to get in a little intercollegiate head knocking. The results, you may remember, were smashing. True, only two games were scheduled (by Big Ten decree), but those two games were enough to preview guys like Bob Jockisch, Jeff Zimmerman, and Bobo Olsen. They also were enough to tease us with memories of Jay Ziznewski breaking blocks and enemy ball carriers' heads with equal abandon—Ziznewski's knee trouble has kept him on the bench, where that knee hurts the fans more than it does him.

But freshman coach Wally Moore promises more where that came from, and whatever Notre Dame has got will be on display November first in a rather ideal setting: a holiday (All Saints' Day) evening game with a few of the boys who turned out for the team up at the State University in Michigan. Of course, ND-MSU games, even on the freshman level, don't inspire much more excitement than the average everyday nuclear war, and it was apparent in last November's game that the Notre Dame freshmen don't like Michigan State any more than upperclassmen—in the game, played before a sellout 15,000 crowd at East Lansing High School field, the Irish and Spartans battered each other viciously until Ed Ziegler's field goal gave Notre Dame a 30-27

win. What that accomplished was to set up a rematch, except that this time around the field will be the scene of those local high school extravaganzas, School Field. If you intend to see the freshmen extend their lengthy winning streak (they also beat Pitt last year for 2 in a row), it might be a good idea to get that ticket now. They'll go on sale in South Bend pretty soon, where people fill School Field every week to see games like Mishawaka vs. Jimtown. And if there's one thing the freshman team doesn't need, it's the Victory March as sung by the Mishawaka Maroon booster club.

NO HARRIER THAN THOU

King Kong versus Godzilla, Batman against Captain Nice, Lenny Joyce takes on Fr. Hesburgh: this was the scene as Iowa's cross-country team accompanied the football entourage to the fragrant plains of South Bend last Saturday morning. Iowa had upstaged the rest of the Big Ten last year, and the original cast returned this season. Notre Dame featured what Coach Alex Wilson calls his best team ever.

The Irish harriers have been running as much as fifteen miles daily ever since June. Included in their drills are guerilla expeditions along Highway 31 and slalom practice on the Burke Memorial Golf Course. In a typically epic drill, they might run five continuous miles at alternate speeds of fast (four and a half minutes) and slow (five and a half minutes).

But neither Iowa nor Notre Dame was to be appeased in the Battle of Burke Memorial. The Irish, led by

Bob Walsh who took second place in 19:40, showed great balance but lost five points in the final three hundred yards of the four-mile race as Iowa's Larry Wiczorch's 19:19 effort paced his team to a fast finish and a 28-28 deadlock. Unofficial sources report that Notre Dame will attempt to escalate the offensive in the Notre Dame Invitational at 2:00 p.m. today.

AHR-OOOO

Chris Murphy's latest creation, the Ombudsman, has had some strange complaints since taking office, but the one lodged by a resident of the first floor of Sorin was definitely out of the ordinary. It seems that a noise emanating from the basement of Sorin at irregular hours was creating an epidemic of insomnia throughout the rest of the hall. Investigation revealed that the noise was a coyote call directed towards defensive captain Dave "Coyote" Martin, a resident of Shawnee Mission, Kansas. The offenders have promised to curb the disturbance, although some of them vowed to take their cry out of the basement and into the stadium tomorrow afternoon.

THE RATINGS

UPI	
1. USC	4-0
2. Purdue	3-0
3. Georgia	3-0
4. UCLA	4-0
5. Notre Dame	2-1
6. Colorado	3-0
7. Alabama	2-0-1
8. Nebraska	3-0
9. North Carolina State	3-0
10. Houston	3-1



YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW

"Can number one come back?" For the answer to that, just question anyone around Iowa City, Iowa, this week. In a game that has generously been called "the great fallout," Notre Dame picked up the pieces and did what it had vowed all week it would do: Arise! But Iowa isn't Southern Cal, and if Notre Dame truly is to come back, we'll all find out together along about 4:00 tomorrow.

by Bill Sweeney

IT'S SUNDAY NOW. Yesterday you received a lesson in defeat. Now you're eating dinner with the teammates and coaches you've been living with for more than a month. A bus-boy passes. "Gee, you can almost hear a pin drop tonight," he whispers. "Usually, you can't hear yourself talk." Yes, yesterday was a long day—every frustrating minute of it. The mistakes, the breaks, Ara's words, and the long ride home pass through your mind as you remember the defeat that was Purdue. But, despite this, you try to forget yesterday as Ara turns your thoughts to the necessity of tomorrow. He tells you that we lost like men and that there are eight more games we can't lose.

Time erodes everything they say, and so it is when the hitting starts on Cartier and the reminders of the past fade away. The clobber board hanging in the locker room states the case: "If you can meet triumph and disaster, and treat those imposters

just the same. . . . Iowa is our next challenge—somewhere we must remold an iron-clad *unity*, an armor of pride." That same pride stings a little, however, when you realize that the No. 1 that someone designed with adhesive tape on the side of Ara's truck no longer belongs to you.

Practice is executed with a new fervor as the mistakes of Lafayette are isolated and corrected. "Don't throw that ball away, Hanratty, not even in practice," yells Parseghian. The defense too comes in for its share of hell. "Get that blocker quick, quick! You look like an old man, Jockisch." Yet, amid all the exhortations you start to pick up the pieces and re-form the pride and confidence you used to have.

As the days bring you closer to Saturday you can begin to see the spirit pick up. The men who cried after Purdue now yell, "C'mon, we gotta get ourselves ready for these guys. Let's shake it up this time around." Practice is lively on Thurs-

day and when the horn blows, a chant goes up, "first down, second down, third down pass, let's knock the Hawkeyes on their" You've been playing ball here four years now and you know this team is ready for Iowa.

Friday brings with it a light workout and the pep rally. It's not the best rally you've seen, but it's not bad for a game like Iowa. Steve Quinn gets up and tells you we can still be number one if we win the next eight games. Then that ghost out of the past, Johnny Lujack, tells you, "I don't know how you can gain 485 yards and lose a ball game, but Iowa will pay for that tomorrow." As you laugh at Quinn's roommate and listen soberly to the saintly Lujack, you know that Iowa will be beaten tomorrow, because this team is ready with all the pride and confidence of number one. Lujack says it all—"Notre Dame, win, lose, or draw is always number one."

With Saturday comes the reality

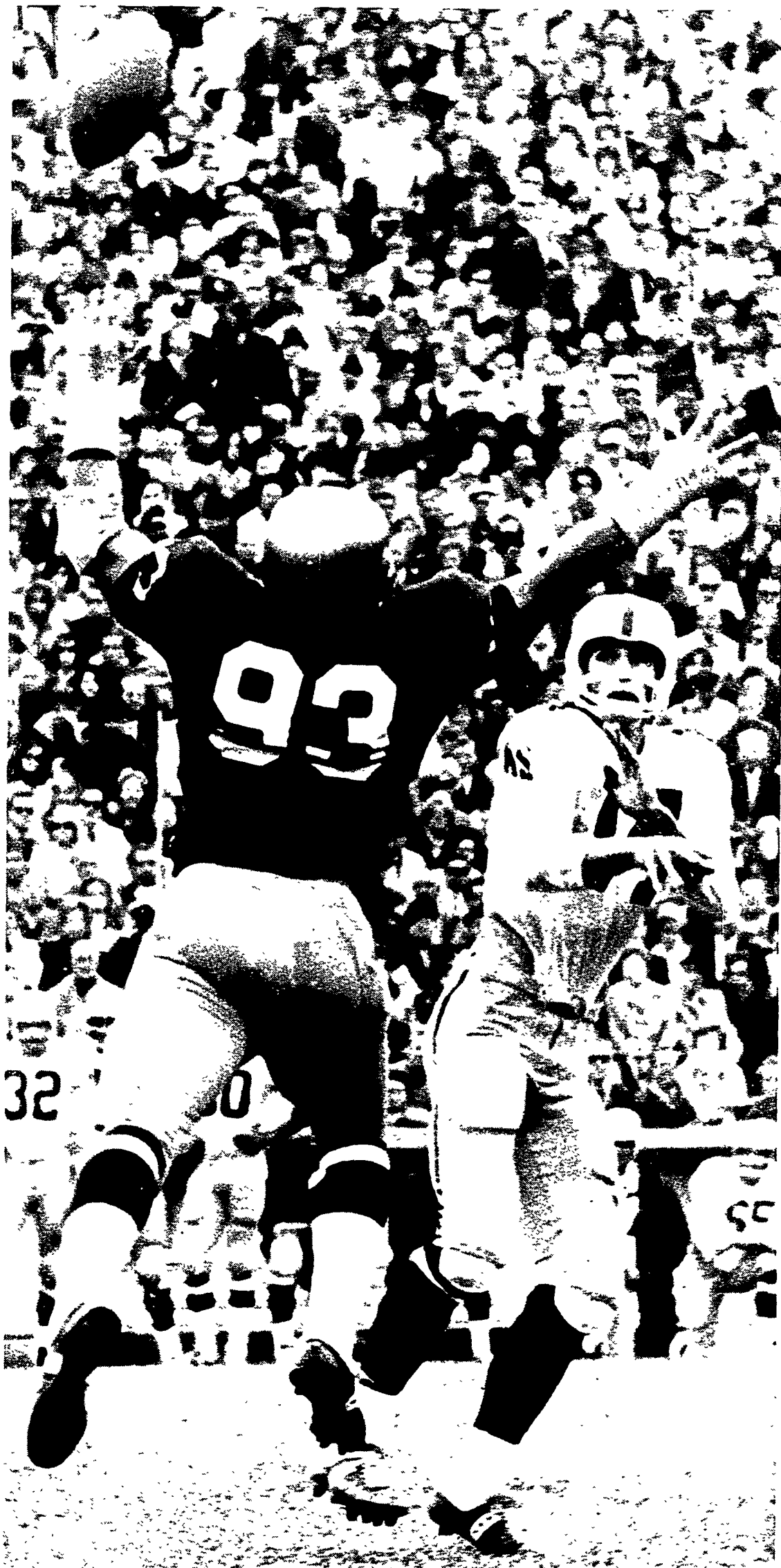
The defensive four still has some improving to do if it is to stop the lightning fast USC backs. But there has been marked improvement since Purdue, such as the end play of Chick Lauck (above), here blocking an Ed Podolak pass.

of today. Sixty thousand people are waiting for you to prove yourself. Purdue posed the questions and exposed the weaknesses. Now the questions and doubts must be answered. Come one o'clock and you're all alone. It's up to you and twenty-one other guys to write the story of today's game.

The action starts with a good defensive series and a break which finally goes your way. The offense stalls on the one-yard line, though, and you begin to wonder. Then a quick kick and a good return, and the offense comes alive. For thirty minutes both offense and defense look superb. Zimmerman cracks into the end zone for his third touchdown; now you know you have a running game back again. The mistakes of yesterday are forgotten and those of today are few. You laugh when you see the dynamic duo of Hanratty and Hanratty playing volleyball with the Iowa line, because you know your team has come back. The reserves finish the day and the score is anticlimactic to the comeback you made today. But victory's duration is short in your business. Your coach makes you forget both yesterday and today, allowing only an eye for tomorrow.

And tomorrow appears to be quite an eyeful. For tomorrow's challenge will be greater than that of Iowa's. Southern California comes here the number-one team in the country. It hurts to remember that they used to refer to your team that way. You still like to think you're better than they are, though. You made mistakes at Purdue, but you came back against Iowa.

You didn't expect Iowa to be too tough, but you *know* Southern Cal will be. Names like Simpson, Yary, and Young will replace the unknowns from Iowa on the clobber board. Their schedule is just as tough as yours is. Neither Texas nor Michigan State could stop them and last week they trounced Stanford. They also know the Irish are on the rebound. But, there is another reason, too. You hurt their pride last year, and they'd like to make you look like Iowa. But you have *something* they don't. Call it Notre Dame pride or something else, but it says you won't be beaten tomorrow, nor the tomorrow after that. ■



The Ruggers Roll On

by Ray Serafin

LAST SATURDAY Notre Dame's rugby club carried with pride and considerable distinction a long-standing tradition of excellence, brutally smashing the University of Chicago 31-0 behind Stepan Center. They were not a precision rugby machine, but the Fighting Croats left little doubt that another highly successful season was just beginning.

Nine of this year's starting fifteen were freshmen when the Irish won the country's mythical national championship, and five of them played important roles in last year's 9-4-1 season. They've patented their own style of winning, blending aggressiveness and quickness to force and capitalize on early mistakes and take the steam out of their opponent before he knows he's in a game. In football you can establish a pattern for the game by dominating your position from the first series of downs, and in rugby the opening moments are just as decisive. A blocked kick and the alertness of wing Lloyd Adams had the Irish on the scoreboard with a three-point "try" before two minutes were up, and having touched the ball down directly behind the goalposts it was elementary for Dick Carrigan to place-kick the first of his three conversions from that angle. That made it 5-0, which, as it turned out, was all the Irish needed.

Chicago made several mistakes at the outset, not the least of which was showing up, after they were already 45 minutes late. They took the field with all the élan of a high school team that was being asked to scrimmage the Packers. At the half, by which time Drndak, Adams, and Jay Fiorello had added three more tries and the ungracious hosts led 18-0, Chicago was as chagrined as William Webb Ellis, an undergraduate at an English prep school called Rugby, must have been back in 1823. Ellis, frustrated at being unable to kick a bouncing "football," impetuously decided to carry it across the goal line, a move which constituted a flagrant disdain for the game's rules although his unpremeditated action turned out to be inspiration for the adoption of



a new sport popularly called "Rugby's game." Unfortunately for Chicago they couldn't even manage Ellis' feat of crossing the goal line, legally or not. Whether in fact they ever realized the full significance of being able to run with the ball remains unknown since they were invariably separated rather rudely from said ball while still pondering the wonder of having touched it.

Basically the Irish juggernaut put Chicago in trouble by punting deep into their territory and then sending down guys like Mike "Mad Dog" Brennan to make sure the ball stayed there, often by forcing a scrum. "Scrummage" resembles football's "scrummage," with the radical difference being that a scrum begins with neither team in possession of the ball. Technically. But the way the Irish forwards were pushing Chicago around the field, Notre Dame always ended up with the ball. Of course, after Brian Murphy succeeded in rendering a Chicago player bloody well stretched out and immovable on the ground as he blocked the poor victim's attempted kick, the noticeable reluctance on the visitors' part to pick up a loose ball became quite understandable. When they did get so bold as to try to advance, in one direction or another, the sureness and authoritative-ness of captain

Tommy Gibbs' tackles resembled those of Jim Lynch. The pummeled ruggers from Chitown started wishing they had signed up for something less punishing, like Marine boot camp. Offensively the explosive outside wing three-quarter Bill Kenealy (see cut) provided the longest runs of the day in a sport that allows no blocking. "Wheels" finished the day with two tries and a pair of conversions for 10 points, one more than Dick Carrigan, who did everything everywhere.

Occasional lack of smoothness in the backfield was perhaps the only pessimistic note of the game for the Irish, but it can be expected that practice will help coordinate the option keep-or-lateral plays. The club's moderator, Prof. Featherstone, claimed from the outset of practice that the club had the makings of a speedy and excellent all-around team, and the 31-0 score agreed with him 100%. Is an unbeaten season in the offing? *That* will be a neat trick. Next Easter the club travels to Ireland, where rugby is a big-time spectator sport and where a school's reward for winning an important rugby match includes the official dropping of classes for one to three days. In a country like Ireland, don't be surprised if the fans fall in love with this team. ■

The Captain's Table

The number one topic in everybody's mind this week is the number one team—Southern California. Rocky Bleier, perhaps more than anyone, anticipates USC with the relish befitting a great opportunity and challenge. It would be easy for him to talk for hours on the subject. But there was something else on Rocky's mind this week, something that has bugged the whole team this year—the nonsense at pep rallies which does more harm for the team than good. It's embarrassing for a player or guest to stand up at a rally and have 2,000 people insult him with obscenities, or ignore him while they admire their own power to make noise. Pep rallies were invented to psyche the team: this year they've only distracted it. Bleier's words this week reflect the opinion of the team, coaches, and hopefully, most of the student body:

How sweet victory is! There is no long trip home, no excuses to be made, no mental or physical letdown. We have bounced back and we are on our way. Since things seem to go right with victory, I would like to turn my attention to another subject which has been brought up to me and which I wanted to say something about — pep rallies.

The rally has seemed to become an excuse — an excuse for getting drunk, for building pyramids, for picking up a girl, for retreating into our boyhood state. Why go to the rally — no one seems interested enough to listen to the speaker or give him the respect that is demanded. I just feel sorry for those who are interested. One solution may be a better P.A. system. An alternate and easier remedy would be closed mouths at the right time.

The crowd, the enthusiasm, and the spirit are there, but the interest seems to be lacking. The principal idea of the rally seems to be gone and it seems that we have fallen into a much lower groove or rut. The rally is not that of Notre Dame men, but seems to have been taken over by social boors. Cries of "Bullshit, bullshit" and "We love you" interrupting the speaker, bare-chested boys trying to be men, and beer wheeling drunks imposing themselves on single girls have marred the image. The vulgarity is that of boors, not of men. It seems that what we have considered spirit really just noise and what we have considered enthusiasm is just chaos.

I, not as a player or captain, but as a person representing this University, feel ashamed and embarrassed. I feel embarrassed for the lack of respect not only for our great speakers, but also for our own ball players who speak. *Enthusiasm doesn't rule out courtesy!*

I feel ashamed for the image and idea that guests, fans, relatives, and friends must form in their minds when they leave a rally. I would like to ask all of them not to judge this school on the basis of their experience at one rally.

— BOB "ROCKY" BLEIER

Anderson Picks

MISSOURI VS. COLORADO: With the Big Eight title and a Top Ten berth at stake, Colorado will shake out of its lethargy and cage the clawless Tigers.

LOUISIANA STATE VS. MIAMI: The Bengals have been the surprise of the SEC this year while the Hurricanes have been somewhat the reverse. Miami came back strong last week, but not strong enough to handle LSU in Baton Rouge.

TENNESSEE VS. GEORGIA TECH: Two fine defenses and two great half-backs oppose each other on Saturday. The name of the game is quarterback, though, and a flip of the coin comes up with the Vol's Dewey Warren as the difference.

NAVY VS. SYRACUSE: The timeless battle of a good Navy offense against a great Syracuse defense loses luster when you realize that the Orangemen have to rely entirely on Larry Csonka to light the scoreboard. Navy takes one more stride towards the Lambert Trophy.

TEXAS VS. OKLAHOMA: The "Go, 'Horns" signs have been set aside for another year, but no Texas season is a disappointment when Darrell Royal rounds up the Sooners. The eyes of Texas will smile favorably upon him.

XAVIER VS. CINCINNATI: Bill Tepe, Sorin Hall prefect and former defensive captain of the Muskies, stands poised on the fourteenth floor of the Library while awaiting the outcome of this traditional battle. Alma Mater won't let you down, Bill. MICHIGAN STATE VS. MICHIGAN: After a three-game victory famine, our friend Duffy finally rediscovered the joys of winning. The hapless Wolves will let Duffy rest in peace for another week.

UPSET OF THE WEEK:

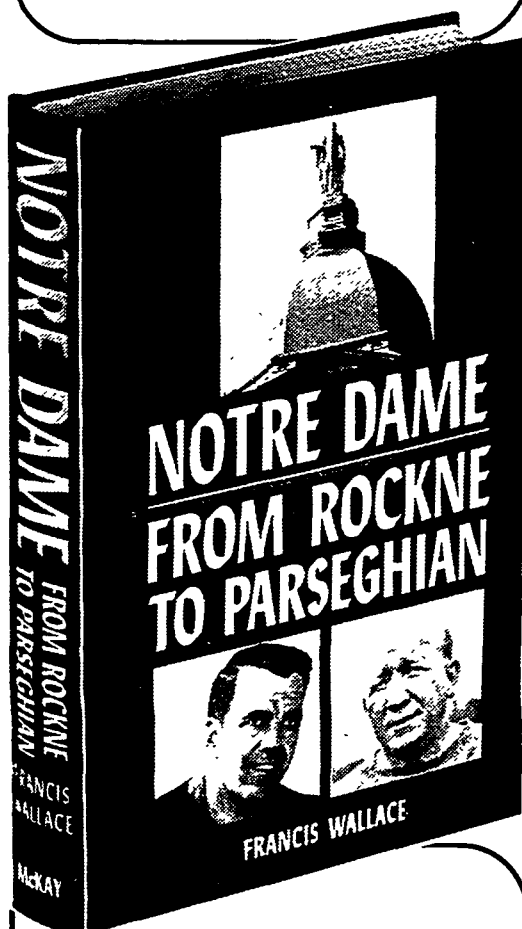
PURDUE VS. OHIO STATE: A funny thing happened to Purdue the last time they visited Columbus in 1965. With Woody Hayes pointing for this one with a solid defense and an improving offense, we should all get ready for another laugh at the Boiler-makers' expense.

OTHER GAMES:

Clemson over Auburn
South Carolina over Florida State
Georgia over Mississippi
Rice over Northwestern
Army over Southern Methodist
Texas Tech over Texas A&M
Washington over Oregon
UCLA over California
North Carolina State over Maryland
Minnesota over Illinois
Last Week: 12-5-0, .706
Total: 37-15-1, .712

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Campus

(Continued from 14)

Tennessee Williams to be presented at the University. Generally considered to be Williams' best play, *Streetcar* is a modern tragedy in the tradition of *Death of A Salesman* and *Long Day's Journey into Night*, two previous campus presentations.

Streetcar is the story of Blanche DuBois, who is seen at the start of the play as a pitiful, neurotic, decadent Southern belle and who gradually goes downhill from there. Blanche invades the home of her younger sister, Stella, and her husband, Stanley Kowalski. From the beginning her arrival portends a disruption of the Kowalski home. Blanche's complaining about her nerves while dwelling on past glories irritates the incompassionate Stanley. Meanwhile, she becomes acquainted with Stanley's friend, Mitch, and responds to his polite advances. But Blanche's presence soon puts Stanley and Stella at odds, and the tension mounts to a climax. In anger Stanley reveals the truth about Blanche's past to Mitch, who has been thinking of marrying her and who is the one man who might have rescued her from her agony.

The role of the distressed Southern belle will be taken by Judy Muench. A senior drama major, Miss Muench has formerly played leading roles in *The Potting Shed* and *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Following the footsteps of Marlon Brando will be Notre Dame sophomore Marty Doucette in his first leading role. Before landing the role of Stanley Kowalski, Marty had previous experience playing principal roles in *The Potting Shed* and *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. One incentive for Marty will be the fact that it was this role that established Brando's career and subsequently turned him forever loose on Hollywood.

Other principals include David Graham as the mother-dominated Mitch and Karen O'Donnell as the self-effacing Stella Kowalski. Nine other students, two of whom are newcomers, round out the cast with a crew of about a dozen involved in backstage activities. Fr. Arthur Harvey, CSC, will direct.

Streetcar will run for six performances in Washington Hall, three per week for two weeks, starting Friday night, October 20. Tickets will go on sale October 18, and the box office will remain open daily from 4 to 6; 4 to 9 on performance nights. Reservations may also be made by phone.

—G. D.

Letters

(Continued from page 7)

used" (from Monday's issue of the *Observer*).

We were under the impression that the lottery was computerized. Father McCarragher was under the same impression. Were you? Where would you go if you sought a responsible answer? To your student government? That's where we went.

The student body has received privileges that were unmentionable in the days of morning checks and midnight lights. Now your student government is demanding a voice in the administration of the University and yet it cannot even run an honest lottery.

James R. Wruck '64
Hal Feeney '65

A RADICAL APPEAL

EDITOR:

Encased in our 11 by 13 wombs and "mealocratic" timocracy, we, the illustrious students of Notre Dame (We're #1, all right, kill 'em, Irish) du Lac, have an appalling proclivity to forget that there is a real (really!) world out there, and someday, kiddies, we'll be forced to recognize ourselves as part of it. That's right, sports fans; however, by the time we free ourselves of the adumbration of the Golden Dome and go screaming into the light, that world may be shattered into thousands of tiny little pieces. Who is this guy kidding, right?

Take a look past your ND sweat shirt. The USA is exploding. The black man is kidding himself to get into the middle class the (aren't they just terrible, Ralph?) hippies are dropping out of. Why? Simply, both have absolutely nothing to lose. In this Great Society, 90% of the wealth is owned by under 10% of the populace. Money means power. Democracy? Hardly. So frustration sets in, whether you're black or hirsute, and you sit on a street corner and hate or drop acid and love. You can't change a damn thing and you know it.

You say you feel no frustration? You've got your bottle and your football team and what more could any normal red-blooded guy want? Yes, my manicured coxcombs, but it won't last. The black man wants in, and you'd better open the door or he'll break it down. Do you blame him? When you ain't got nothin', you've got nothin' to lose. And those smelly hippies? Well, they know, just a little better than you do, that maybe *carpe diem* is preferable to the living death of the nowhere Establishment.

You say you're still going to work
(Continued on page 32)

Do you buy a shirt or a label?

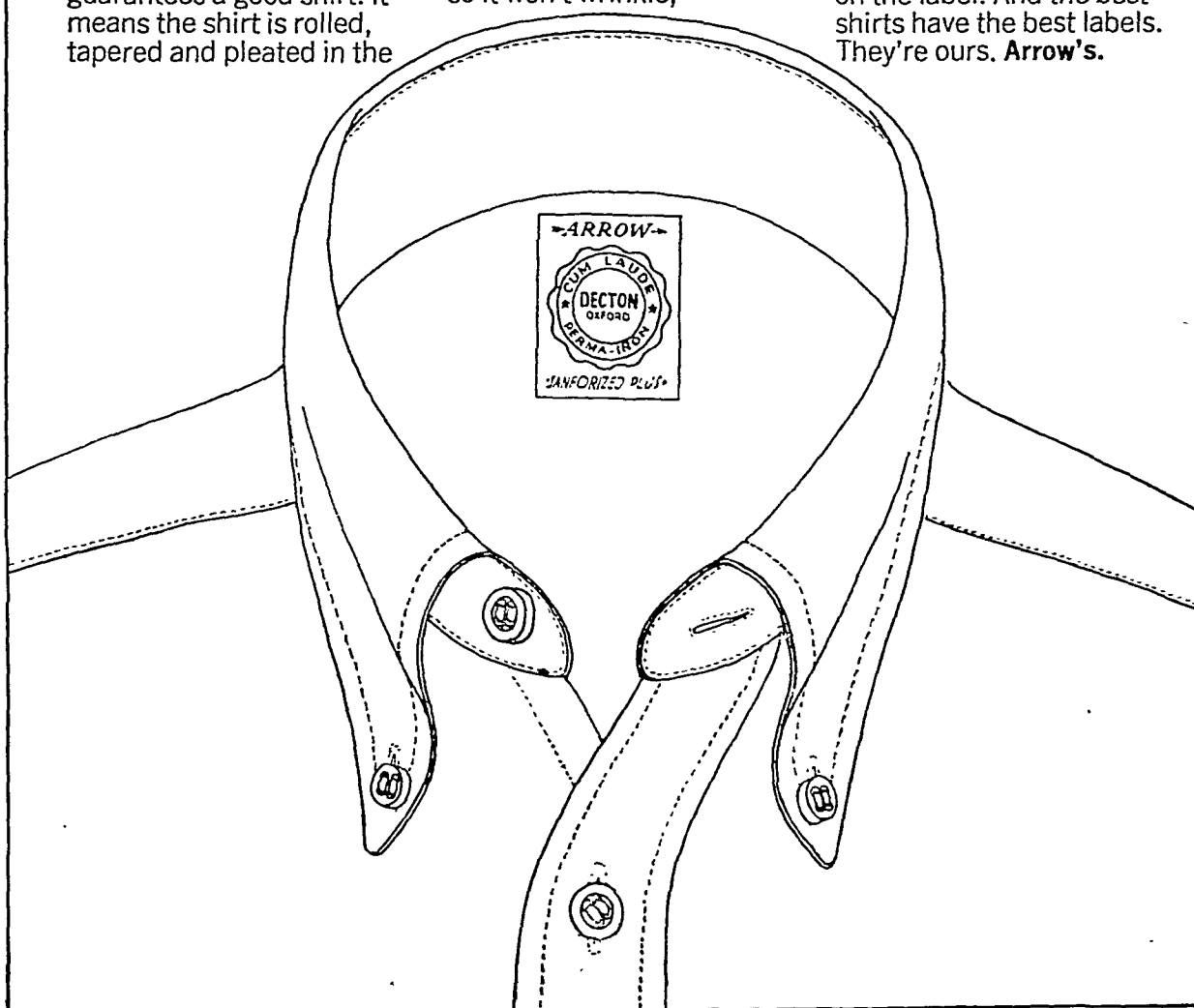
If you're looking for a short-sleeved oxford shirt with a button-down collar, that's what you buy. After you've checked the label. Because a good label guarantees a good shirt. It means the shirt is rolled, tapered and pleated in the

right places. And is styled to last.

The label on this short-sleeved button-down says "Cum Laude" Oxford. It tells you the shirt is Perma-Iron so it won't wrinkle,

"Sanforized-Plus" and tapered. It comes in canary, green, purple, orange and white. For \$7.00.

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Letters

(Continued from page 30)

your shaved head off for that \$15,000 a year and that split-level house and two late-model cars? You don't have a chance. Listen. The system in which you're working demands self-destruction. The military budget of the US is over 100 billion dollars. That's more than the total revenue from the income tax of every wage earner.

We are a consumer society. That money must be spent. Which means war. Which means alienation of the rest of the world, which is growing at a much faster rate than the US. Which means death. How do you like that? No more football, no more booze, no more split-level houses. Forget the morality of the whole thing; I am appealing to your sense of self-preservation.

And here's the pitch. Some of us think the world could be a nice place in which to live. We're tired of the way things are happening in the US. Show LBJ that he can't get away with destroying the world, the US and us with it. Come to Washington Oct. 21. You may miss one football game, but maybe you'll be able to see another in ten years.

Michael R. Ryan
Lyons Hall

Rolling Thunder

(Continued from page 17)

parently understood this better than the United States, which claims to fight for spiritual values, e.g., "freedom." The National Liberation Front, or Viet Cong, if you will, has correctly identified as its central objective the human beings who make up the nation of South Viet Nam. On the Allied side, military considerations and the protection of a particular power group seem to be overriding objectives.

Yesterday American aircraft bombed North Viet Nam to "bolster morale" in Saigon. Today, 600 South Vietnamese towns and villages are classified as "secure" out of a total of 13,000. Tonight the South Vietnamese army will refuse to fight. And tomorrow — be it 1967 or 1977 — the Allies are going to have to grant amnesty to 200,000 Viet Cong to pacify South Viet Nam. These men, comrades from two decades of struggle, will go into politics and soon become members of the Saigon Government. Is it worth thousands of Vietnamese and American dead to try to stave off the inevitable?

If the United States has not chosen what one wit has called a "Rotter-

dam policy in the North and a Dominican policy in the South" — i.e., saturation terror bombing of North Vietnam as the Luftwaffe did in Holland in 1940, and saturation with ground troops (perhaps 1.5 million?) until the enemy is simply smothered — but is sincerely interested in a negotiated settlement as it continues to claim, then is it not time to halt "unconditionally" (the word does not mean "permanently") the bombing of North Vietnam, and open negotiations for an immediate cease-fire and stabilization of forces? "Rolling Thunder" may have failed as a military weapon; it may yet succeed as a diplomatic chip.

Beer in Champaign

(Continued from page 24)

In the same block as the Thunderbird is one of the most popular spots on campus — Treno's, known for its ice-cold beer. The inside is similar to a Spanish sidewalk cafe, and provides a pleasant and friendly surrounding for drinking with a girl or a gang of guys. Although the carding is heavy, Treno's is one of the swingiest places on campus.

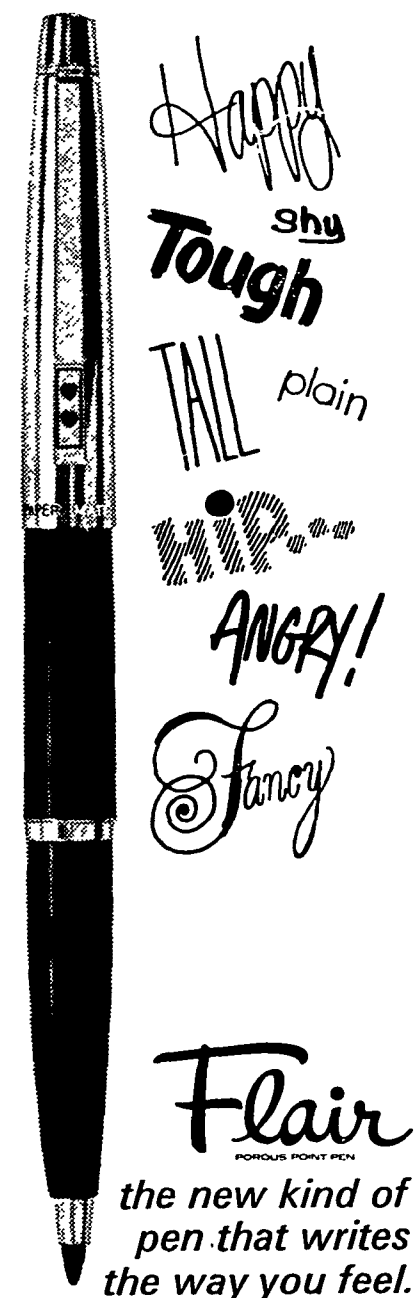
You now travel back to Champaign to the liveliest spot on campus — the Red Lion Inn, which actually resembles an old English pub. Although there is an admission charge, and beer is \$.45 a mug, the Red Lion is always packed to capacity on the weekend. There is always one of the top bands on campus playing while the minute dance floor is jammed — allowing each couple about one square foot of room to trip the light fantastic. With a choice of light or dark draught beer, everyone has a blast at the Red Lion.

Chances are the last stop on your tour is one of the top places in downstate Illinois — Chances R, which resembles a speak-easy from the Roaring 20's. Featuring great bands, go-go girls, and mixed drinks, Chances R is really "where it's at" at the U. of I. Like the Red Lion, nearly everyone at Chances R is with a date. Unfortunately, Chances R is about a mile from campus, but once you find it, be prepared to spend some money and have a great time.

After making all the rounds, you're sure to find at least one place to suit your tastes. Of course, there are other bars off campus, such as the Tumble Inn and the Village Inn.

All you Notre Dame students are sure welcome to help us Illini celebrate the second Big Ten victory over N.D.

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Role Confusion

(Continued from page 19)

when the temperature is warm, at which point he is out of school.

Scholastic: What can be done about this? What can be done to control these weather factors that influence our behavior?

Dr. Fenster: Well, it certainly gives impetus to the overthrowal of Mark Twain's old proverb, "Everybody talks about but no one ever does anything about the weather." This ought to encourage us to control our weather conditions as we have tried to control our poverty, our racial prejudice, etc. The influence of the weather is no less serious a factor in determining our behavior than any of the others. I myself consider that the war on poverty only removes the very superficial causes of discontent in our society. Perhaps if a complete analysis of all factors were conducted, people would discover that temperature . . . that is weather affects our behavior a great deal more than traditional social science had thought possible.

Scholastic: Has traditional social science, then, opposed your views on the importance of the weather upon men's lives?

Dr. Fenster: Yes, to be perfectly frank with you, it has. I can't understand the reason for the antagonism. In putting forth my theory of role confusion, I obviously limited it to a controlled situation like Notre Dame. I make no claims that the validity of the rat paradigm extends beyond the immediate confines of Notre Dame. It may just be an exception to the general rule, as yet undiscovered.

But all in all, I am confident that through my work a true synthesis of all environmental factors can be achieved. My theory does not seek to destroy any one particular approach, let us say the economic approach. Rather it seeks to complement, to complete it, to integrate it with all other factors that are also important. Anyway, this would be my hope.

Scholastic: Thank you, Dr. Fenster. You certainly have given us a "good" analysis of student life here at Notre Dame. ■

Mike
McInerney

The Last Word



WE'VE JUST FINISHED a dinner of sorts in the South Dining Hall. Our stomach is sending out distress signals but after a month of practice we are "in shape" and with luck will reach Thanksgiving. We say to our stomach, "Stomach, get tough." Stomach obeys.

We get up, feeling more confident about reaching the relative safety of our dorm room before the 6:30 hurricane sweeps down from Lake Michigan to inundate the main quad. A bit queasy we slowly head toward the exit. Then it happens. The student in front of us is crying. "I can't eat another one. I can't hurt my stomach anymore." Slowly his arm falls and slowly the icky, sweet, sloppy sickly pink popsicle slips from his hand onto the floor in front of our unsuspecting feet.

But we do not see it. Our heads are filled with visions of Thanksgiving turkey and our eyes are clouded. Suddenly the popsicle strikes with the speed of a cobra. We cry out but it is too late. We crash to the floor but before passing out we feel our weakened back give out a short but terrifying snap.

It seems hours pass but it is only seconds. As the cloud lifts from our eyes we look up into the face of a giant sophomore jock. "Hey you, get up. Ya sick or what? Ain't ya got no PRIDE??" He kicks us in spite and moves on.

With all the pitiable strength we can muster we pull ourselves along the floor and down the hard, cold concrete steps, outside, where the first drops of rain are beginning to fall.

Things are beginning to get tense. Sprawled on the sidewalk we see approaching, gun at his side, a campus cop. What to do? Scream for help? No, this might aggravate him; he might shoot first. Best to play dead. This we do (we are near death anyway). He passes us by.

"Hey, you better get up off the sidewalk. I think it's really gonna pour." We raise our head, painfully, once again. It's our roommate. "Help. The Infirmary. Please." He picks us up, tucks us under his arm, and heads into the night. To the kindly doctors, the kindly nurses, the warm room, the soft bed.

"Hey, Nurse, my roommate's got a broken back. I think you better call an ambulance." "Ambulette, *ambulette*," corrects the nurse. "We used to have an ambulette last year for this sort of thing but it really belongs to the Security Police and they need it for Police Protection and for storing the liquor they confiscate from students drinking in the dorms. Fr. McCarragher says we can only have it for an *emergency*. Can't your friend walk to the hospital in town?" "Gee, I don't think so, being on the brink of death and all." "Well, couldn't you carry him? It's only four miles." "Gee, ordinarily I would, but I'm kinda scared with the hurricane coming and all."

"Well I'm terribly sorry but we're under orders from Fr. McCarragher and after all he *does* pay our salaries and he *is* our boss and besides the University is broke and can't afford an ambulance." "Gee, well that's O.K. Nurse. You gotta look out for yourself just like the rest of us."

The next thing we remember is hanging limp over our roommate's arm, barely conscious, standing at the circle, thumbing for a ride, any ride. It's raining harder now and the sewers are starting to clog up. Suddenly, in the distance, a siren! It's the ambulette coming to save us at last. Closer, closer, then, without warning, our roommate panics, drops us in the gutter, and runs, runs.

We try a shout but it comes out a whisper. Too late, our roommate's body makes a beautiful arc from the bumper to the bushes back of Alumni. The ambulette drives on, oblivious, relentless, toward Dillon and the Security Police's Greatest Adventure: the capture of a bootleg still built into a corner of Room 388.

As even our subconscious mind sinks for the last time, we make out the dim but distinct sound of Thompson machine guns mixed with cherry bombs as the assault on Dillon begins.

The water level is rising faster now, over our lips, closing in on our nostrils. But before giving up our ghost we let out a small, ironic, tragic-sad smile as we think of Fr. McCarragher, isolated in this soundproof, bulletproof Student Center office. We know it's not waterproof.

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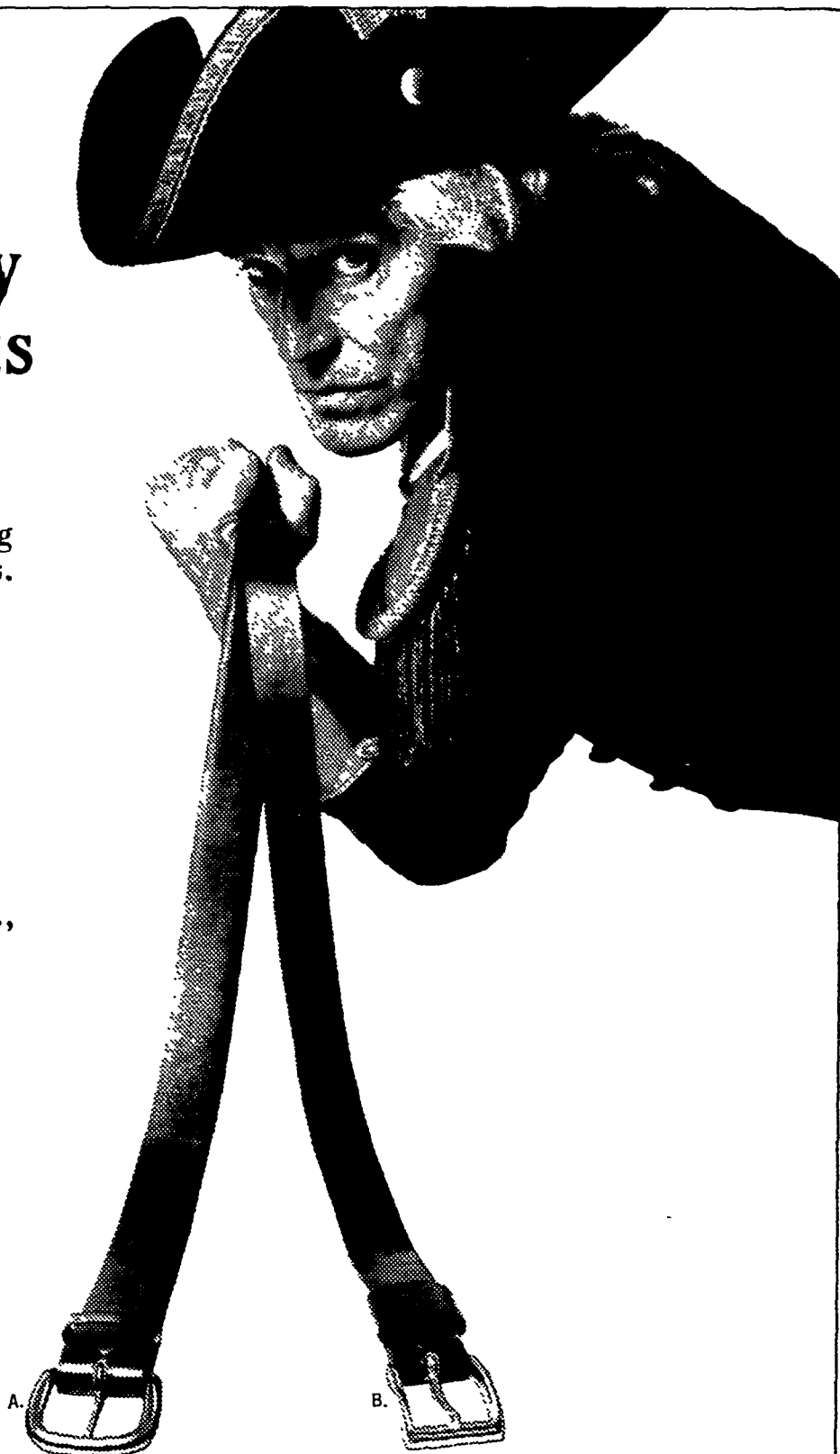
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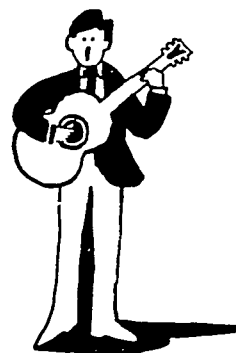
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Oct. 27 9-10 p.m. C.S.T.
ABC-TV Network**



TICKET DISTRIBUTION:

**Monday & Tuesday —
October 16 & 17**

**Dining Halls, Off-campus Office,
Reignbeaux**