

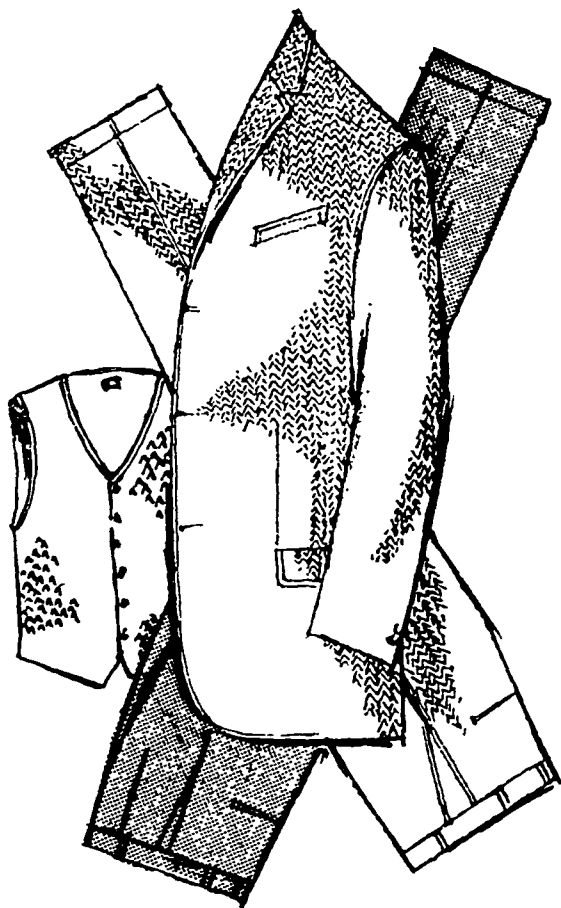


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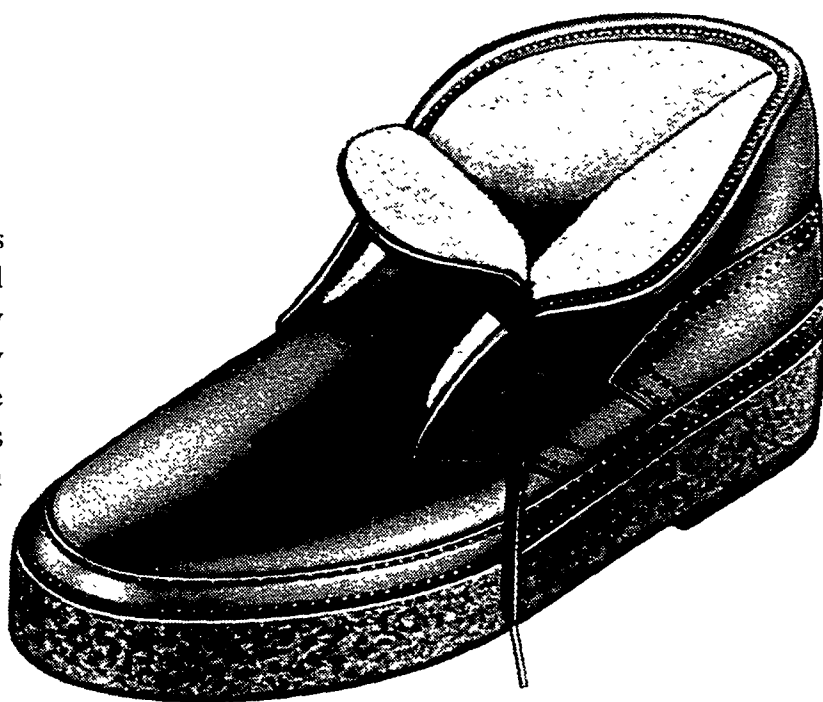


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# Editorials

## This Mighty Scourge

*"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."*

— Abraham Lincoln, Second Inaugural Address.

Last Saturday's march on the Pentagon — by its discordant tone — was tremendously unsatisfying. But then so is this nation's participation in the war which inspired it. One could not help but remember the great 1963 March on Washington and note the violent differences of opinion which have spread across the land over these past four years. Then the question of what should be done seemed clear. And the protesters of that long-gone day spoke loudly, with unity and dignity.

Last Saturday's protest was not the same. The picture was a bad reproduction of the one taken in 1963. Superficially there were similarities: a national protest, the Lincoln Memorial, the signs, the speakers, even the entertainment — Peter, Paul, and Mary. But it was not the same and no one claimed that it was. The era of good feeling is over. The tone at the Pentagon was one of mob violence, not of peaceful protest or protesting for peace. "Anti-war" is no longer synonymous with "pro-peace." A minority of those against the war now feel justified in using violent means to end it.

Four years ago Martin Luther King took the podium before the great temple honoring Lincoln. "I have a dream," he cried and we made his dream our dream and had hope for its fulfillment. How different from what took place at the same scene Saturday. The mood was now one of frustration and despair. Demagogues of all stripes harangued a crowd that could not hear, and for the most part, did not care to applaud screams for civil war and "dreams" of destruction and revolt.

But the great gathering around the reflecting pool was sweetness and light to what was to follow at the Pentagon. Angry hippies "declared war" on the soldiers guarding the massive building, and led charges at lines armed with billy clubs, yelling "We've got to hold the stairs. We won't pull back; we won't surrender."

With their backs literally against the Pentagon wall the marshalls and MPs responded in the only way possible: they clubbed those attempting to push through their lines. This had a somewhat sobering effect on the demonstrators but not enough to contain a large group to the left, who made it past the guards and to the very door of the Pentagon. Without the restrained use of clubs, vicious and brutal as they were, the soldiers would have been helpless to hold back the surging mob of thousands. Throughout the day there were isolated instances of brutality on the part of the Pentagon's guardians; but considering the size and attitude of the mob they faced, the Army reacted with commendable restraint and honor.

The use of force was necessary but tragic. And surely, "this is not the way we put an end to war." The sight of soldiers, uniform and anonymous, snapping to attention and unsheathing bayonets was terrifying.

But it is equally hard to jump on the hippie bandwagon. Can we take "flower power" seriously? Can we honestly say, "This is an intelligent alternative, a workable alternative to the military," when all it seems to be is an attempt to rid the world of order because order is somehow confused with conformity, an attempt to destroy discipline because discipline somehow destroys our "freedom?"

— M. McI.

## Asking Indifference

Several articles in this issue look at the situation of Negroes on these campuses. Vastly outnumbered, they are above all *noticed* by their white counterparts. Whites are curious, even angry, when Negroes date whites. They are resentful when Negroes stick only within their own group. There is a difference between the two groups that makes for a kind of curiosity, a special interest. What is really called for is indifference.

People who are different are separated from the white Catholic middle-class group. The separation, especially at places like this, is not deliberate. Its course is often barely perceptible. We are educated enough to believe equality, to recognize merit. But we are conditioned enough to feel difference. Almost unconsciously we shrink from groups who aren't quite like the rest — harder to understand, to get along with, to like. A shade of difference becomes the darker hue of separation.

On these campuses the results of difference are often ghettos. Groups who are different live together, eat together, go out together. This, we the majority cannot criticize. It is our attitude that makes them feel more comfortable in their own self-asserting groups. If these groups disturb us, we must know we were not apart from their making.

Write an obscene story, violently protest a war, run a dishonest campaign. Few will notice it. Indifference ends when someone violates any one of the dozens of racial taboos. Why should these cause so much more concern? This is a plea for indifference. How's that for a change?

—S. P.

## A Modern Priest Looking

Father James Kavanaugh's recent lecture at Notre Dame was as unsophisticated as a Huey Long harangue: repeatedly emotional, continuously negative and consistently gross. He claimed to be in search of a more authentic Christianity, but not a single grace note of Christian joy relieved the torrent of vindictive hatred that poured from his lips for more than an hour. Somehow the ugly engineering auditorium seemed a strangely appropriate place for the whole sad tale.

The speaker did more than castigate the institutionalized and impersonal Church, mock old bishops and cardinals, and ridicule celebrate priests and nuns. He also chose this drab and public occasion to expose some of the most personal decisions of his life: he has decided to reject basic dogmas touching even the Real Presence and the Trinity itself, he has determined to cut himself off from the Church and the priesthood.

His remarks found some echo in the titters and applause of his overflow audience, but he failed to win their unanimous approval. Perhaps it was the shock of his naked hatred, perhaps it was revulsion from uncalled-for vulgarity, and perhaps it was perception of continued contradiction, but something kept a third of his hearers from ever catching fire.

The liberal Kavanaugh was curiously absolute on many points, including the avowal that there are no absolutes. He exemplified his desire to love people by hurling insults at people like Popes and reporters. He accused most contemporary theologians of intellectual dishonesty, offered to debate them anytime, and then admitted that his own theological formation was ridiculous. He accused Pope Paul of making an arrogant statement on celibacy, and then made several himself. He claimed that he had previously been a dedicated celibate, but had never met a man who gave up marriage for the Kingdom of God. He insisted that the institutional Church will never change, and then asserted that the Bishops had finally accepted ideas which he had proposed in his book. He demanded that dogmas like the Trinity be verified by an echo in the being of man, and yet seemed sadly deaf to the message of that trilogy of husband, wife and child reflected in the very sexuality that constantly preoccupies his mind.

The more Father Kavanaugh talked, the more he sounded like an authoritarian liberal. We can sympathize with his frustration, but not with his public self-defrocking before a group of students. There are more fruitful means of reforming the Church. One is the Synod of bishops now meeting in Rome.

—G. R. BULLOCK

The Student Weekly of the  
University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

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Bill Cullen**NEWS EDITOR:** Joel Garreau**FEATURES EDITOR:** Tom Henahan**SPORTS EDITOR:** Mike McAdams**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Tony Ingraffea, Marty McNamara**BUSINESS MANAGER:** Pete McInerney**CIRCULATION MANAGER:**  
Tim Schlindwein**FACULTY ADVISOR:** Frank O'Malley**CONTRIBUTORS:** Steve Anderson, Bob Bleier, Jim Britt, Mike Ford, Mike Granger, Bob Haight, Lenny Joyce, Dave Tiemeier**COPY AND LAYOUT:** John Dudas, Kippy Gillick, Dave Hirschboeck, Ole Skarstein, Tim Unger, Dick Walsh**STAFF:** Frank Blundo, Ed Bocik, Richard Bruce, K. T. Cannon, Kathy Carbine, Bobbie Clinton, Dave Davis, Mike Davis, Greg Dobbins, Tom Duffy, Steve Freiburger, Terry Goodwin, Jim Grady, Len Groszek, Mike Hollerich, Dave Kennedy, Stephen Kogge, Denny Malloy, Bob Mendes, Bill Michell, Jim Moran, Rich Moran, Larry Mulcaey, Steve Novak, John O'Hara, Skip O'Keefe, Thomas Payne, Jacque Phelan, Fred Quiros, Jim Rowan, Dave Sauers, Mike Schaffer, Robert Search, Mark Seeberg, Ray Serafin, Suzanne Smither, Bill Sweeney, Tom Taylor, John Walbeck, John Zipprich.**COVER PHOTOS:** Mike McInerney*The Scholastic*



# letters

The following letter was received by Father Hesburgh and passed on to the SCHOLASTIC editor.

DEAR FATHER:

I didn't know who else to write to with regards to comments on (some) student conduct at last Saturday's game between Notre Dame and Iowa, so I decided it should be you, since you are the head of the school.

As the father of a Notre Dame man, graduate 1959, I was quite embarrassed to see some of the posters hung on dorm halls and being passed up and down above the students' heads in their section. There isn't any excuse for intended vulgarity. The word BULLSH\*T may not have been spelled out, but the meaning is there. The double-meaning sign, "SMC GIRLS MAKE BOYS ROOT HARDER" is alley intelligence. I did not have the good fortune of attending Notre Dame, or any college for that matter, but I was determined a son of mine would and did. The discipline he experienced was never objectionable so far as he or any of his buddies were concerned, nor did we see beards on some boys or sloppy dress. We saw only a few last Saturday, hopefully it will remain so. We did see dancing on the roof of one of the dorm's entrances and a band playing so you could hear it 500 feet away. We saw a bed sheet on a hall saying, "WE DON'T GIVE A SHEET FOR IOWA." Gutter talk, I'm sure you'll agree. This just doesn't sound like Notre Dame men and I'm sure it's only a small percentage of them doing this, but it would be nice to see it stop.

My chagrin was great because I had not only my wife and daughter with me, but my daughter's boyfriend who is a non-Catholic. He was, to say the least, not impressed with this conduct.

Perhaps this has come to be an accepted thing in this new era of change. I'm told it's a changing world. I don't believe it. The world's the same—only people and their moral values change.

You may not hear from another single soul about these signs and perhaps I'm an old fogey about such things, but I love the Notre Dame tradition, the individualism of its men and I don't ever want to lose this image.

I've been blessed to have accomplished my goal in a boy who became a man at Notre Dame and he is a real man, clean and wholesome. I'm sure 99% there now will be too, but let's

weed out and correct the values of that odd 1%.

My wife and I will be there again on Saturday to see the Southern California game. We hope for an improvement in the signs.

Thank you Father Hesburgh for listening to my complaint.

Andrew E. Maren  
701 S. County Line Road  
Hinsdale, Ill.

B.S.

EDITOR:

Two articles in your October thirteenth issue were unconnected spatially but were very (unconsciously?) united in thought. I refer to a phrase in "MSP's" editorial and to several quotes from the "Captain's Table" by Bob Bleier.

While the former's writing was obviously facetious and the latter's laudably serious, the feelings were similar. "MSP" refers to upcoming game coverage and says that "... microphones will turn only on the Victory March, not the toilet tissue and matching language..." while Captain Bleier speaks of some students "retreating into a boyhood state," "a much lower groove," and becoming "boors." Both were noting of course the chant of "B.S."

After sitting in the married graduate students' section this season I can only add that I too am "ashamed and embarrassed." The otherwise fine appearance and politeness of Notre Dame men, noticed by visitors and returning alumni alike, are so sharply contrasted by this meaningless and inappropriate abuse of free speech that one wonders if we aren't truly seeing "bare-chested boys trying to be men."

After four years in the Marines, three in the Airborne Rangers, and visiting a dozen countries, I don't think I could be termed prudish or provincial. Yet, I do hate to see a school which has been so fine, and which is becoming more so, degraded by a minority who have already "marred the image" and who might continue to do so if this were not brought to their attention. "Closed mouths at the right time"? Certainly; therefore demonstrating not only restraint and discipline, but also common decency, responsibility, and true maturity.

How very strange it would be, in any school other than N.D., for a football player to be concerned with this area, rather than your own student body representatives. Mr. Bleier closes by saying "I would like to ask all of them (guests, relatives, etc.) not to judge this school on the basis of their experience (at one rally)."

Let's hope that he, and the rest of us, are never forced into apologizing for Notre Dame in the future.

Michael R. McKee, '60

## PATRIOTISM DISTORTED

EDITOR:

Pep rallies are all meant in good fun. Why then does Mr. Leahy try to distort them, calling them patriotic? At the risk of sounding fatuous, let me say that patriotism in a broad Christian sense is moral involvement in existing political realities. Football, on the other hand, is a game. If Frank cannot laugh at the whole thing (as Ziggy so admirably did), then it loses all meaning.

True, there are patriots at this University and among them are a number of students who for sufficient moral reasons took part in the Mobilization for Peace in Washington on October 21. The war is a reality, even though some treat it as a game of kill ratios.

At any rate, let us hope that the ABC editors exercise enough discretion to cut Mr. Leahy's oration out of their program.

Tony Sweeney  
420 Lyons

## DISGUSTING THREATS

EDITOR:

This is a copy of a letter sent to Mr. Robert Cahill, Athletic Ticket Manager for the University.

I was on the campus over the past weekend for the Southern California game. While there I learned with no little surprise that you have threatened St. Mary's with the loss of their football tickets in light of some few infractions of their usage of those tickets. The reason given was the increased alumni demand for tickets that has come in recent years.

It really hurt me to see my University sink to such a childish level. I regret that my status as an alumnus is so new as to discount the value of my objections. But object I shall because I believe the threat to be unfair and unworthy of my school and because the justification for it is wholly inadequate.

Notre Dame has always preached that the sport, no matter how glamorous or big-time it became, was for the students primarily: that without this consideration there was no place for it at the school. Yet, at a time when St. Mary's has become so much more a part of the life at Notre Dame and with a greater part foreseen in the future, you threaten to remove one aspect of it that has been favorably avowed in the past and long-lived.

The reason given is both disgusting to me as an alumnus and insignificant  
(Continued on page 40)

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# SENATE

*by bill cullen*

AS I STOOD outside the student amphitheatre until 7:30 p.m., waiting for the 7:00 student senate meeting to begin, I hoped that the new student senate would somehow adopt a new goal: visible, undeniable, and even intrusive *result* in all its dealings. But then Chris Murphy lit up a cigarette (I wondered why he didn't have a cigarette holder), sent someone out for a coke, and confidently convoked the first meeting of the Notre Dame Student Senate. After the reports of his "cabinet," he had someone else pass out a six-page report on his assorted activities over the past few weeks, which he presently read *verbatim* to the already unimpressed senators. Some samples of Murphy's rhetoric:

"... Certainly the social science training and research laboratory students on the undergraduate level will be afforded the opportunity to intensify their involvement in the quest for the answers which will facilitate natural accommodation in a pluralistic society through an interdisciplinary approach to contemporary problems. (Chris faltered three times on this excellent sentence, and finally finished on a flourishing monotone.)

"Each of you must take the initiative and each of you must find the courage to stand among your peers — support them when they are correct and rebuke them when they are wrong. It doesn't take much of a man to flatter someone, it takes one hell of a man to rebuke a man when he is doing something wrong but cute. You will be ridiculed, you will be called a poo-bah, but you will be right . . . (The senator behind me at this point murmured, "Oh, s - - -")

Chris at last acknowledged the presence of the now-impatient senators

by allowing them to vote on a few minor matters. Since Mr. Murphy really didn't seem to know what he was doing while presiding over these motions, I decided to join in the fun by voting too, even though I am not a senator. On one particular motion, I voted twice, both for and against, and was counted both times.

All this while Richard Rossie had been quietly concentrating in his first-row seat, leaning forward as each new speaker advanced to the podium, rising briefly on three occasions to explain certain aspects of his Human Affairs Commission. When the ASP's amendment to the Student Government Constitution was again raised (it had originally been proposed on May 1, 1967, by Bill Kelly), Mr. Rossie calmly offered to speak in its favor. The amendment proposed that Article V, Part D, be deleted from the constitution:

"No organ of the Undergraduate Student Government shall by its actions make any enactment contrary to official University regulations."

Rich reminded the new senators of the old metaphor describing the Notre Dame Student Senate. We have been like boys playing in a sandbox, he said, and everything we did was fine with the Administration as long as we didn't kick sand out of the box or try to get out of it ourselves. He said he felt that one of the best things the new senate could do would be to confront the Administration with the students' problems. He paused and then said firmly, "Ah don't know about you boys, but I'm tired of playing in the sandbox." The senators immediately reacted with loud applause, especially the ASP backbenchers who had submitted the resolution seven months ago. This first motion of the 1967 sand-kicking Student Senate was passed with only one dissenting vote.

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- "THE SCREAMING," says Security Director Arthur Pears, "is going to start" this week about student cars. His office has been checking up on the registrations of cars around campus through the various states, and replies are now being received. On campus students who have had their cars registered with friends off campus, and other students who have cars but have simply failed to register them at all will now, says Mr. Pears, be revealed, and disciplinary action taken against them.

- AN INTERESTING amount of fireworks should be the result of the faculty member panel discussion on Vietnam which will be held under the

tenance men refused any other information except that, "The locks will be changed within the hour." After the evictors left, the peace-niks opened the door with their own key and awaited the security and lock-changing crew, who appeared within minutes with a campus cop for protection. The students were ordered out under threat of disciplinary action and that was that. Father McCarragher, when visited by the Young Christian Students and peace people, said that Father Wilson had long ago promised the office to the travel agents now operating in the over-crowded garret in the Bookstore and that he was "powerless" to change the situation. It is simply un-

rary Society had better come up with an answer, or do some fancy explaining to the Rockefeller Foundation which granted the Center \$9,500 to study the new freshman humanities seminar. (See the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC.) Problems in studying the effectiveness of the program have occurred in finding operational definitions of the well-rounded man to use as a basis for testing.

- "THE NEED of the entire Church is to turn to a loving God and seek Divine enlightenment and Faith in an age when peace and joy is overshadowed by strife and fear." These words by Father Joseph Fey, C.S.C., sum up the rationale behind Pope Paul

## news and notes

auspices of the Student Union Academic Commission and Farley Hall at 2 p.m. Wednesday in Washington Hall. Professors Peter Michelson of the English Department, Gerhart Niemeyer and James Bogle of Government and International Relations, Alexis Rubulis of Modern Languages and Fr. David Burrell of Philosophy will participate. Dave White, head of the discussion project, says, "It is important that the University's role (in the present conflict) be one of instruction tempered with the harsh reality of the war. For the student body of any university must not be satisfied with stock answers for the Administration's present policy." The purpose of the panel discussion, he continues, is "to present different views on Vietnam so that the student body may communicate and, hopefully, come to an understanding of the facts and issues that demand the students' attention."

- BETWEEN the hours of 3 and 6 on Monday afternoon, the old Book Exchange, more recently the YCS office and headquarters for the Notre Dame contingent of the October 21 March on Washington, was picketed by about 15 Notre Dame students. The small group, composed of YCS and pacifist students, was protesting their rude and unannounced eviction from their office space, which shall now be renovated and become the new office of the Notre Dame travel agency. The eviction took place at 12:30 as two of the pacifists arrived at the office to open it for their regular office hours. Met at the door by two members of the ND campus beautification, paper-picker-upper, and glorious leaf-raking crew, they were told simply to "get out" and "no, you can't get your papers and books." The main-

fortunate that Father Wilson "long ago" did not bother to announce this early change of tenants to the YCS people. They expected to keep their office until December 1. At least with the departure of the YCS go also those bearded radicals that would force *Pacem in Terris* upon this quiet world of the United 12 to 22 club.

- Yes, VIRGINIA, WNDU-TV does have another local show besides its newscasts and Bill Etherton's sport shows. *The Professors* will begin its fourth season tomorrow evening following the second feature on *Saturday Night at the Movies*. To open the 1967 season, *The Professors* will present a special five-part series on "The City." Professor James A. Bogle of the Department of Government and International Studies, will be the premiere guest on tomorrow's show. "The City" will undertake a comprehensive review of the challenges and the problems of contemporary urban man, and will further discuss the politics, the theology, and the physical make-up of the city.

- THE *Observer* will now have a chance to share its journalistic "philosophy." Notre Dame's answer to the Chicago *Tribune* has joined with the publications of eleven other colleges in forming a Student Editors Association. The Association will try to promote an exchange of ideas among editors and encourage professionalism in their work. Pat Collins, editor of the *Observer*, is on the Association's executive board.

- How DOES one take the measure of a man? Or of his intellectual rotundity? The University's Center for the Study of Man in Contempo-

VI's proclamation of a Year of Faith, which began on the feasts of Sts. Peter and Paul, June 29. The Notre Dame Community is being asked to join in this celebration by attending a special "Year of Faith" Mass to be celebrated every first Sunday of the month at 5:00 p.m. in Sacred Heart Church. The first of such community Masses will be celebrated by Father Hesburgh on November 5, at which time he will deliver a sermon entitled "The Year of The Faith." Father Fey hopes to obtain a notable preacher for each of these Masses, with the hope that each delivery will effect an individual and community enlightenment.

- A HUSBAND and wife teaching team, Eric and Brigitt Bauer, language teachers at Notre Dame and SMC, have developed a new approach to teaching first-year German. Their method, based on extensive research methods in six years of teaching, makes the study of German not only more enjoyable, but also intellectually beneficial to the student by supposedly putting him in contact with the language as it really is. The emphasis is placed on speech patterns in common usage with motivating topics of cultural, historic, and current interest. Basically, their teaching aids include a basic text and a set of tape recordings to complement the text. Grammar is given a new approach in the basic text; the student does not merely memorize grammar rules, instead he is immersed into the new language experience and learns to contrast grammatical forms of his own language with the foreign language. Fifty percent of their material is programmed for self-study with the help of the tapes, which aid listening comprehension.

## coming distractions

All Week: Tickets will be on sale at the English Department for Paul Shyre's production of "A Whitman Portrait," to be performed Thursday at Washington Hall at 8:30 p.m.

### FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27

All Day: Triangular Cross Country Meet. Notre Dame, Michigan State, and Indiana University harriers compete for top honors.

5:45 p.m. "Inside Sports" with Moose Krause on WNDU-TV.

6:45 p.m. Follow the band to the Cow Palace where the Irish spirits will build an adrenalin reserve for the massacre of the Spartans.

8:00 p.m. *Spoon River Anthology* at Indiana University. South Bend.

8:30 p.m. A mixer in the Stepan Center sponsored by the Student Union Social Commission.

8:30 p.m. Junior Class Mini-Skirt Party. Key Club members \$3.00, all other \$3.50. If your girl's skirt is 14" above her knee, you both get in for free.

*A Streetcar Named Desire* starts its second and final weekend at Washington Hall.

8:30 p.m. The Bearded King of the flugel, Al Hirt, will appear at the Morris Civic Auditorium with Pee Wee and the Young Set (who?). Prices: \$5.00, \$4.00, and \$3.00.

9:00 p.m. Will the real Notre Dame please stand up? The show everyone, but everyone, has been waiting for, "John Davidson at Notre Dame," will be on for your callous perusal of ABC's coverage of Homecoming Weekend. Channel 28.

10:15 p.m. Ara Parseghian previews the Michigan State-Notre Dame contest on the "Ara Parseghian Show," WNDU-TV.

### SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28

1:30 p.m. The Notre Dame Football Theater presents its annual production entitled "Hate State," starring Terry Hanratty, Jim Seymour, Rocky Bleier, Tommy Schoen, and many others. Tickets still available, two for about \$20.

8:00 p.m. *Spoon River Anthology*. (See above.)

8:30 p.m. *A Streetcar Named Desire* (see above).

The soul searchin', mind movin', swingin' sound of those masters of Motown, The Four Tops. Prices: \$3.50-\$4.50.

8:30 p.m. The Purple Gang will be the main attraction at the "Top Deck," as a swinging senior Social Club party raises the roof. Tickets are \$3.00 for Social Club card holders; \$4.00 for all others.

Midnight "The Professors" on WNDU-TV. (See News and Notes.)

### SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29

8:00 p.m. The Christianity and Culture Department of Saint Mary's will sponsor its first of four lectures. George Lindbeck of Yale University will speak at O'Laughlin Auditorium. "A Protestant Re-Assessment of the Reformation."

8:00 p.m. *Spoon River Anthology*. (See above.)

10:00 p.m. Ara Parseghian reviews the Spartan game on WNDU.

### TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31

All Day: Halloween.

7:00 p.m. CILA information meeting in Library Auditorium.

8:00 p.m. The Sophomore Class will sponsor a Halloween Party at the Carriage House, with monster music by the "Cambridge Five." The price is \$3.50 for those outside the clan, \$2.75 for '70 club-card holders. Buses leave circle 7:15, 7:30, 8:15. Leave SMC 7:35, 7:50, 8:35.

8:30 p.m. The Shaggs wail like witches at the Junior Class Halloween Blast.

### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1

All Day: All Saints' Day, no classes. A good day to catch up on sleep and those papers and studying you've been putting off.

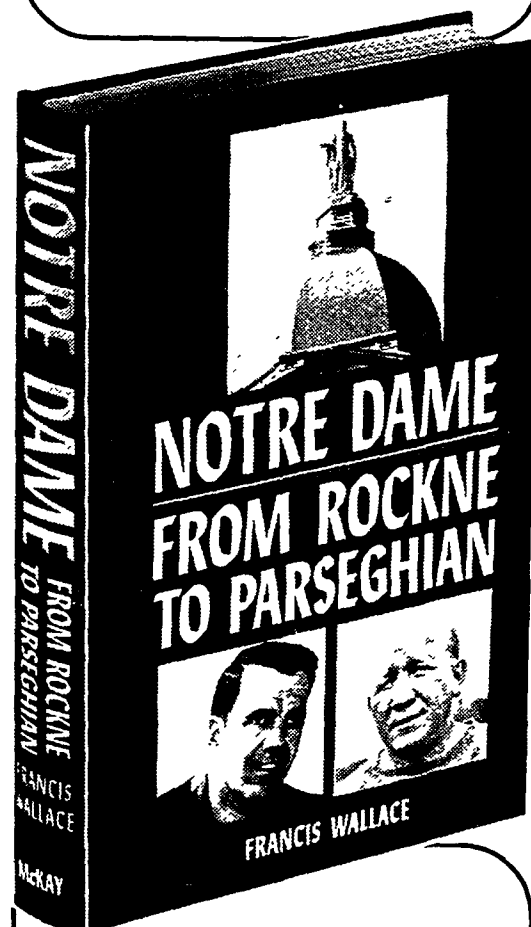
2:00 p.m. Faculty-panel discussion on Vietnam at Washington Hall. (See News and Notes).

8:00 p.m. The Freshman version of Saturday's ND-MSU game will be held at School Field. Admission: \$1.00.

—Compiled by FRANK BLUNDO

## JOHNNY LUJACK says:

"Every Notre Damer and anyone the least bit interested in Notre Dame athletics should buy this book. It is the most comprehensive and deep-rooted of all the books I have read on Notre Dame football. I recommend this book very strongly."



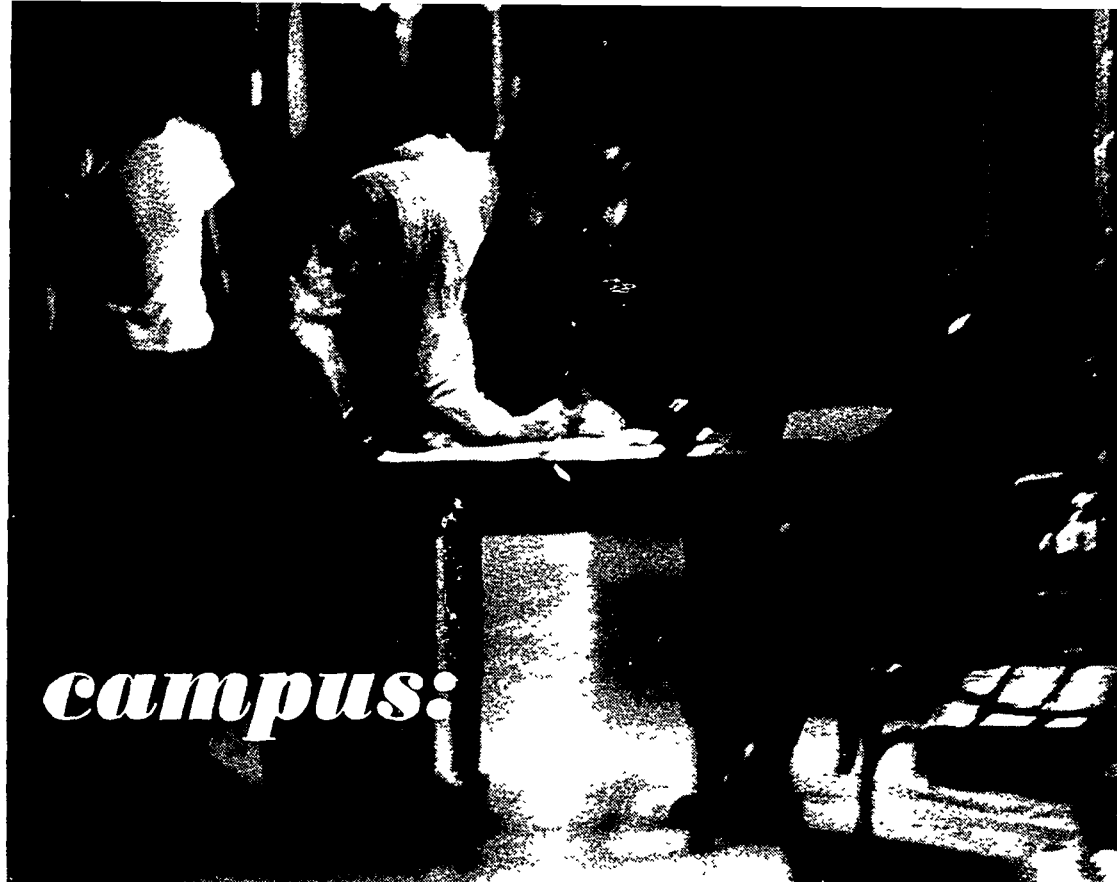
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This new edition of the much praised analysis of Notre Dame's last seven football coaches includes a complete game-by-game account of Notre Dame's 1966 National Championship season.

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## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HALL AUTONOMY?

First O'Brien paints. Then the rules on liquor were being enforced.

"The Administration just took the student body by surprise. We came back relaxed, under the impression that we'd permanently gained something, but meanwhile, the Administration had done some maneuvering of its own." This comment of Craig Fenech, Hall Life Commissioner from Howard Hall, was typical of many students in the halls as they were surveyed for the degrees of autonomy, student government, and disciplinary powers reserved to the hall residents.

If caught violating rules in Badin and Sorin halls, discipline is severe. Neither hall has organized judicial boards and all disciplinary matters are handled by the rectors or Fr. Riehle. Badin, however, is planning to organize a judicial board.

In Badin, two students were reported for having girls in their rooms half an hour after football "parietal hours" had expired. Badin also outlawed the go-go girls on the roof. But residents are perhaps typified well by hall president Mike McCormick as generally "apathetic and more concerned about the future and going on to grad school."

In Sorin, a number of hall-conscious residents have the old complaint of cliques that have distracted from hall unification. Most seniors are just fed up with the idea of the University acting as a "moral guardian."

Pangborn rector Fr. Michael Gavin, early in the year warned the hall's residents not to "break University regulations." Although a section system has been organized, hall president Mike McCarthy is unsure of the role of the hall judicial board. He says

that the board would definitely consider cases involving girls in the hall and drinking. But whether the board's decisions on University regulations would be respected by Fr. Riehle or Fr. Gavin was still undecided.

Fisher does not have an elected president and the section system is hardly organized. Rector Fr. Lloyd Teske, in referring to possible Senate legislation concerning uniform hall constitutions, warned that in the field of hall autonomy, Student Government should not force all halls to conform to set rules. "Each hall should retain its own character . . . hall rules should be made by the student residents without any force from Student Government." Commenting on hall autonomy, Fr. Teske warned that hall autonomy could not "take precedence over University regulation." Thus any hall judicial board will be restricted in its scope. As one resident summed up the situation, "You'd have to call this a conservative hall."

In St. Ed's, hall president John Dyer expressed the view that the hall judicial board should not be a "police force." The board is restricted to considering cases involving "noise and punching holes in the walls." No one looks for girls or booze in the hall, but if found, disciplinary action begins and ends with Fr. Riehle.

"Lyons seems to have experienced a loss in prestige," remarked a dissatisfied resident. Once a fairly sought-after hall, Lyons witnessed a poorer turnout of applicants last spring. Lyons' residents attribute the trend partially to the many rules set down by rector Fr. Edward Shea. All residents, for example, must be checked in every night either during 11:30 room-check or sign-in. Technically, no couches or refrigerators are

permitted although many have them. The hall has no government or judicial board. All infractions are dealt with by Fr. Shea. In general, punishments are light and in-the-know residents don't pay too much attention to the rules.

With the advent of Fr. William Hund, the former fourth-floor prefect at Walsh as rector, Carroll residents feel emancipated. A year ago the University's long-distance runners couldn't even have refrigerators. Now section leaders police their sections and serve on the hall judiciary board. Being isolated from the campus proper, Carroll feels that it is not closely watched. Hall president Ron Mastriana commented, "I don't think the Dean of Students even knows we're here."

The old Cavanaugh that used to threaten dawn patrol is gone but not Miceli. Cavanaugh Hall residents for once seem to be happy with Fr. Matthew Miceli. With sophomores in the hall, setting up sections was comparatively easy. Cavanaugh's freshmen, however, hold all the positions in the hall government. Their homecoming display took first; parties are being planned, and hall spirit is growing. Although sophomores have no curfew, Fr. Miceli still maintains a freshman curfew because he feels he "owes it to the parents."

All's quiet along the Keenan-Stanford front. Most students have little interest in getting around curfews, etc. Rector Fr. James McGrath and Vice-Rector Fr. Jerome Esper have reported that there have been no incidents requiring disciplinary action.

After initial understandings were reached with their new rector, Fr. James Shilts, Farley's judicial board has had a degree of autonomy, according to Jerry Cherubini, the board's chairman. There are fewer girls in the rooms at "illegal hours," he says, chiefly because of the responsibility assumed by the students in enforcing the rules themselves. In the field of academics, Farley's third-floor prefect, Brian Moore, set up a Collegiate Seminar class for Farley residents. The seminar sessions are held twice weekly at 10:45 p.m. in the informal atmosphere of the Farley basement.

With incoming sophs and freshmen painting their rooms, and plans being laid for a Homecoming display, Zahm's "zoo" image was on the way out from the beginning this year. Two weeks ago Zahm ratified a new constitution. An important section concerned the individual's right to absolute privacy in his room, and another article provided for a judicial board.

(Continued on page 38)





**WSND: MORE POWER NEEDED**  
And money: perchance \$90,000



**THE EMPTY THRONE**  
In the uncompleted office

## EXTENDING COMMUNICATIONS

"And that was the Association! Oh yeah, if perchance you have an 8:30 class you're fifteen minutes late." The preceeding is a phrase that has been the first words of the day to more than one Notre Dame man. What loyal ND student has not, at least occassionally, turned his radio dial to 640 and heard a word or two from the voice of campus life, the Irish's own WSND?

And, while the aforementioned student hurriedly dresses, he's no doubt unaware that a dozen fellow students are taking great pains to see that his radio provides him with constant entertainment and a minimum of technical interference. This, as Station Manager Dick Riley will confirm, is no easy task. Much of the equipment necessary to circulate the sounds of WSND throughout the campus is outdated—sometimes by as much as 20 years.

WSND plans to buy new equipment, but the station is plagued by the great woe of capitalism, more things to buy than green stuff to buy them with.

WSND operates on a cash budget (\$11,000 this year) which is derived solely from its commercials. It prides itself on its success as a project quite independent of the University administration. "Besides, the AM station would be a breeze to work on \$11,000 per year," Riley continues.

However, in 1962, WSND acquired an FM license to broadcast on 10 watts (roughly within a 25 mile radius of the campus).

"AM radio belongs entirely to the campus community. It's insular in that it is concerned wholly with Notre Dame. FM radio, on the other hand, reaches out to the community of

South Bend. We don't claim to be the only arm but we're an important arm of communication, an extension of the University to the outside community."

It is the goal of WSND-FM to extend that arm of communication to the fullest capacity. "There isn't an FM station this side of Chicago that can compare with us even now. In fact, we're three times as good as the ones in Chicago," exclaims Riley.

WSND offers real intellectual stimulation and educational opportunities for not only the interested Notre Dame man but the whole northern Indiana region. As an affiliate of National Educational Radio, the station has access to taped programs from all over the country on almost any subject—book reviews, Washington interviews, reports on controversial or unusual topics (one of this season's specials will be on V.D.). It is conceivable for the station to carry, live, many of the lectures given by the great personalities which frequent the University.

But "we need more power! Our programing is already excellent," says Dennis Reader, program director, "but to really extend the educational opportunities of this University to the public, we need at least \$90,000 to expand our facilities."

The University, which has already spent a million dollars on a Continuing Education Center in order to extend itself to the community, is stepping cautiously over considering this proposed radio expansion. The Federal Government is considering now a bill which would appropriate 9 million dollars for educational media. At any rate, it may be three years before the necessary funds become available.

What will WSND do? "We'll be

able to continue broadcasting on our ten watt level clinging by the shoe-strings, draining funds from the AM budget to use for FM," states Reader. This doesn't mean WSND will go plunging into financial oblivion, but it does mean that new and necessary equipment will just have to wait while disgruntled D.J.'s bandage up the old stuff.

—T. G.

## "ON THE STRICT SIDE"

Now that the Student Body President has followed the University President into the rare atmospheres where all the world is one continuous airport, the value of operations such as the United Press International becomes more and more clear.

The U.P.I. ran an interview recently with Father Hesburgh and Mr. Murphy during their whirlwind tour bringing down the G's for SUMMA.

In part, the interview read, "... Notre Dame might merge with several girls' schools—and it isn't known whether they'll all be Roman Catholic.

"Charles Murphy, president of the Notre Dame student body, said it's a big social problem—importing girls.

"When there's four feet of snow on the ground," he said, "it's really bad."

"The rules on girls in dorms at Notre Dame, unlike those at many more liberal schools, remain on the strict side. Mr. Murphy said females are allowed in dorms only between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. on Saturdays during football season.

"Mostly mothers and sisters visit," he said.

"Father Hesburgh, on another subject, is loath to predict that his school won't have a problem with LSD or hippies.





**HARTKE: TOWARDS PEACE**  
Without Rusk and McNamara



**FIREHOUSE 7**  
A three alarm hot potato

"‘We have some students with long hair; I suppose you could compare them to hippies,’ Mr. Murphy, of Falls Church, Va., said. ‘They’re mostly English and music majors.’

"‘I think a lot of problems hippies and LSD users on other campuses have do not exist at Notre Dame. Our students don’t have to opt out to find their identity. There are plenty of wholesome outlets to help them.’

"‘He said student activities attract 87 percent of those enrolled.’

—J.R.G.

## RUMBLINGS OF A MAD SOCIETY

In an appearance in the Stepan Center Monday night, a United States Senator who is also a Democrat appealed to the Administration to halt the bombing of Vietnam, and demanded that immediate steps be taken to seek peace in that war-torn Asian country.

Speaking before a battery of cameras from the nationwide news media, Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana blasted the Johnson Administration for failing to honor the mandate for peace he claimed it was awarded in 1964 by the American voters. "The real issue in 1964," he said, "was whether or not the United States should take to itself a major military commitment in Asia, or a major domestic commitment at home." The Democrats became known as the peace party, he said, while the Republicans became the war party. Remarked the Senator: "Peace and the building of a great society was set against war and the rumblings of a mad society."

But Vance Hartke feels that the mad society is the one with us today, contrary to the mandate for peace and

the Great Society given to Lyndon Johnson by the people.

The Senator counted three "tragic changes," in American policy in Vietnam since Lyndon Johnson has been elected President. The first of these was the "shift from social and political goals to almost purely military goals." The second was the change from the Viet Cong as our enemy to the North Vietnamese as our enemy. The third change, according to Hartke, stemming from the first two, and is that "it is now an American war with the primary objective being an American military victory."

Hartke documented his accusations with brief histories of the statements of Secretaries Rusk and McNamara.

Asked after the speech what *his* plan for peace was the Senator made North Vietnam; on that very day, the the bomb pause, in 1967, which terminated with the bombing again of North Vietnam, on that very day, the United States of America presented a resolution to the United Nations, to take up the issue of Vietnam. We have never called that resolution up for action. We could and should do so. I have said that repeatedly since 1965.

"We have repeatedly urged that the United States of America insist that the Geneva Conference reconvene, and that the Geneva Accords be implemented. We’ve never done that. Those of us who are in this (peace-searching) position, have repeatedly urged that the International Control Commission be requested to take its authority under the Geneva Accords, and supervise a free election in South Vietnam, under Poland, Canada, and India. This has been rejected.

"Now I’m not saying that Hanoi hasn’t been obstinate too, but as long

as the United States thinks of the solution of the war as the unconditional surrender of North Vietnam, there is no chance we can begin the talks, let alone bring about peace.

"There can be no peace unless we have talks. And after talks, negotiations."

Asked whether he would back Lyndon Johnson for re-election in 1968, Hartke replied that "The 1968 election is a long way away. Personally, I am interested in peace before that time. The question of who’s going to be the candidate, Democratic or Republican at this moment is of little concern to me."

To the question "What is preventing Lyndon Johnson from leading the country toward peace?" the Senator answered: "I think that his advisors certainly have demonstrated a lack of understanding: either deliberate deception, or else a very unfortunate miscalculation. Under any circumstances, the past record of his advisors is not which recommends itself for the future."

And in a final question the Senator was asked to define Johnson and McNamara’s ultimate goal, to which he replied: "They are really expecting the collapse of all opposition, including China."

Concluding his prepared remarks, Senator Vance Hartke called on "each and every one of us to pray tonight, as hard as he can, that the future of the world will not be one of regret."

—J.F.B., J.R.G., S.S.

## BURN, BABY, BURN

The plans of South Bend’s Mayor Lloyd Allen to turn the fire house at South Bend and Notre Dame Avenues into a student operated youth



**CLASHMORE MIKE III**  
Successor to a bulldog, yet



**THE LAUNDRY**  
"Clothes today are poorly produced"

center (see SCHOLASTIC interview, p. 21) may never come to fruition if the demands of certain neighborhood residents are heeded. Eugene Pajakowski, the Democratic mayoralty candidate, and Jim Walsh, his council-mannic running mate for the affected district, have listened to these demands and made them their own, thus projecting the fate of the fire house into the hurly-burly world of South Bend politics.

Fire house No. 7 is scheduled to be closed in the second phase of a three phase program to improve, consolidate, and economize South Bend's fire department. Phase one has already been completed with the construction of a central fire facility on Sample Street. Phase two will consist in the construction of a fire station on Marion Street near Michigan Avenue to protect the high value property in the downtown area. When the Marion Street station is completed, Fire House No. 7 will be closed. In the third phase, the pumping equipment at McKinley Street will be moved to Twyckenham and Edison will serve as the first response station for the near northeast side while the Marion Street station goes on second response duty.

According to Mr. Walsh, the residents of the neighborhood around Notre Dame do not object to the plan as a whole since they see consolidation as desirable and necessary. What they do object to, however, is the second phase of the plan in which they feel the fire protection afforded to their neighborhood inadequate. During this phase the nearest station will be two miles away, doubling the response distance. There is a river between the Marion Street station and the area too, and movement of fire

equipment will be impeded by narrow streets and by hills and bridges which ice over in winter.

The near northeast side consists mainly in older frame houses owned by elderly people. According to Walsh, these people are incapable of making any efforts to extinguish fires, and are "scared to death" of the possibility of fire without quick response from fire fighters. The fear is augmented supposedly by occasional fire bombings which have taken place in the past. Besides the University, there are also two schools and two hospitals in the area, also. —T. P.

#### "JAMES THURBER WOULD BE PROUD," OR "PIZZLE ON THE GOAL POST."

Lassie, Rin Tin Tin, Snoopy, and Little Orphan Annie's Sandy are all pooches dear to the hearts of America's children. But boys grow up and go to Notre Dame, and another dog makes his appearance on the scene. His name is Clashmore Mike.

Mike is the official mascot of the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, an Irish Terrier, who accompanies the leprechaun as he covorts merrily onto the field in front of the team.

The first official mascot of the Fighting Irish seems to have been a bulldog, but no one remembers his name, and even a 1941 issue of the SCHOLASTIC refers to his tenure as mascot as "long ago."

Rockne never had a mascot for his teams, and one of his players has remarked that in his day, "the team didn't have any use for such sissy things." During Hunk Anderson's stint as head coach, a terrier named Sean Rhue filled the bill. But he ran away in the Spring of 1933.

after a dissappointing season of five losses.

With the disappearance of Sean, a Chicago dog breeder named Butler presented Coach Elmer Layden with a registered Irish Terrier pup, who became Clashmore Mike I.

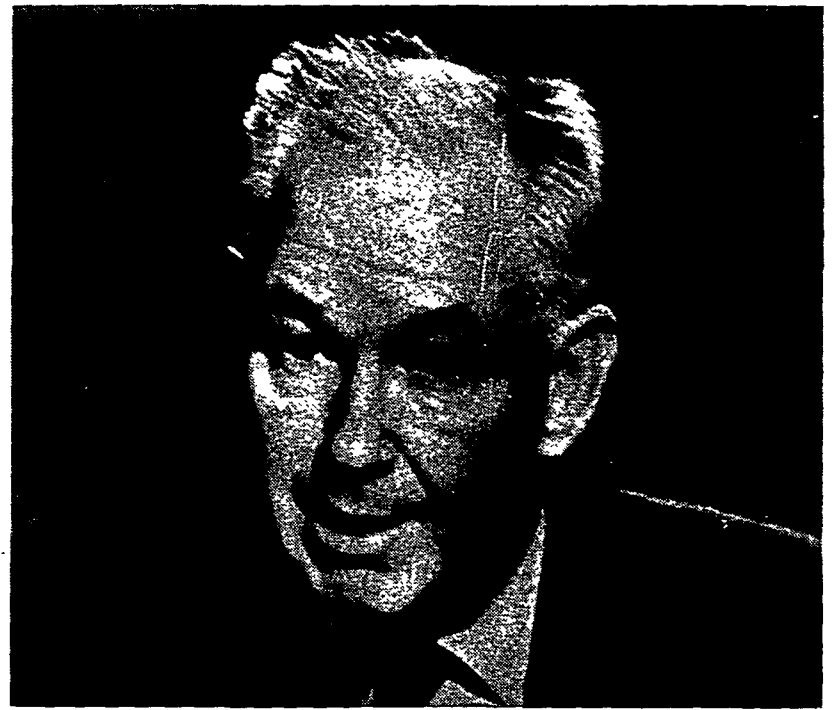
Faithfully serving Layden, McKeever, Devore, and Leahy teams, Mike I finally fell prey to old age, and was replaced in the latter days of the Leahy regime by Mike II. It was Mike II who first donned green and gold, instead of gold and blue, when the Leahy teams wore "true Irish colors" instead of the Notre Dame traditional ones. After many long years as mascot, Mike II began to get feeble and blind, and so was retired this summer to "a good home in the country." The present mascot, Mike III is only a puppy but, according to the leprechaun, Gregg Scott, he lacks none of the spirit of his forebears. The first Clashmore Mike was noted for his trick of running spiritedly through, under, and over hurdles set up in the stadium on the sidelines. Maybe Mike III, whose residence, incidentally, is now a pen under the stadium, will be inspired to even greater heights. —J. F. B.

#### CLEANING WITH T.L.C.

The object of many complaints since it first began operating, St. Michael's Laundry is a busy place. Practice uniforms for the football team, having been put in the laundry at 7:30 the night before, must be cleaned and delivered by noon. Each day, its 150 employees perform their different functions: sorting out, labeling, washing, ironing, sewing, and packaging laundry. Three days are usually necessary for a student's dirty



**LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY**  
An earlier mock political convention



**BIRCHITE WELCH**  
Romulo Betancourt is a pinko

clothes to be processed, though.

The \$2.25 allowance per week is an effort to regulate the daily flow of laundry says Adolph Keglovits, director of the laundry, rather than have a light load one week, and then a load so heavy the next that the employees must work overtime to get the job done.

St. Michael's belongs to the American Institute of Laundry, which analyzes any damaged articles to determine whether the fault was the laundry's, or whether the product itself was of such a poor quality that it didn't last the cleaning process. Mr. Keglovits says, "Many of the articles produced today are poorly produced, and therefore fall apart easily. For instance a blue shirt was brought in recently by a student who said that all the dye had run out—it was the second time that it had been washed." If, however, an article has been damaged by the laundry, retribution is paid with coupons from the dry cleaning booklet totalling the cost of the article.

Regulations are strict on the laundry service, says Mr. Keglovits. Besides being checked by the A.I.L., St. Michael's also undergoes inspection by the company from which it buys its soap. The soap manufacturers check soap content and water temperature to insure that the cleaning process is being carried out properly. Finally the finished product must undergo the scrutiny of the Notre Dame student, St. Michael's severest critic.

Laundering pants is another problem, according to the laundry director. Special machines are needed for slacks, so that the texture will not be damaged. Although coupons are

required for all pants, comparison of the laundry's charge with that of any services in South Bend show that their price are lower. In fact, many prices at St. Michael's are considerably lower than those in town. Mr. Keglovits also likes to point to the "special" services done to benefit the student. Stitching ripped clothing and reversing the collars of ripped shirts are done even though the tears are in the articles before they reach the laundry. Since the prices for dry cleaning are nearly identical with those in the big city, Mr. Keglovits says, "by the time the student pays for buses and so forth, it is far less expensive to get the laundering done here. I do wish, however, that the students put their numbers on their clothing, so as not to slow down production. It is frustrating to find, as we recently did, a laundry bag with no number on it, with the clothes inside it having four different numbers." —L.M.

#### MOCK ACCURACY

As the round of presidential primaries starts drawing political blood this spring, nearly 2,000 Notre Dame and St. Mary's students will converge on Stepan Center for the 1968 Mock Republican National Convention.

Tom Chema, general chairman of the Convention, emphasized that "We are trying to work for accuracy as a Republican convention — the students are supposed to think for themselves, but in the context of a Republican convention."

National rules will be followed as closely as possible, except that time limits will be more strict. Chema expects that all applicants for delegates and alternates will be accepted, because 1,338 delegates and

about 500 alternates will be needed, the same numbers as for the actual convention.

Notre Dame's traditional emphasis on accuracy has brought its convention more national attention than most college conventions. WNDU-TV has indicated interest in televising the proceedings, and the convention committee is working on coverage on national TV and in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and other publications.

Each Notre Dame and St. Mary's student will receive a delegate application form early in November. Delegates will be chosen solely by the order in which forms, with a \$2.00 fee, are returned. (The \$2.00 will pay for the expenses of the convention.)

Campaigning for Rockefeller and Hatfield is already under way, and other probable candidates include Romney, Reagan, Percy, and an assortment of favorite sons. "In order to build up interest in the convention, and to let people know what the candidates stand for," the Academic Commission has invited each of the probable candidates to speak on campus, explained Joe Blake, campus national chairman.

So far Senator Percy of Illinois, Mayor Lindsay of New York, and Senator Baker of Tennessee have expressed interest in coming to Notre Dame. Harold Stassen, the perennial candidate, will be at Notre Dame in November or December, and Robert Taft, Jr., Ohio Congressman, is the tentative keynote speaker of the convention. —K.Car.

#### THIS ONE-WORLD CONSPIRATORIAL CLIQUE

Robert Welch, controversial head of  
(Continued on page 36)



## FROM DISSENT TO RESISTANCE

Washington, D.C. and Oakland, California were not the only objects of concentrated protests this week. "After a full week of picketing, rioting, and eventual arrests, the University of Wisconsin has settled down to a semblance of order," reports the *Chicago Daily News*. A protest springing from Dow Chemical Company job recruiting on campus resulted in a student-faculty strike, which in turn provoked university officials to call in local police, brandishing billy clubs and MACE, a chemical spray irritant. The uproar, supported by 5000 students and about 250 faculty members, is now secondary to the issue at hand, however. The problem now lies jointly in a number of faculty members' refusal to conduct classes in a charged atmosphere where "violence may erupt at any time, with the least provocation;" and a demand by the state legislature to investigate the State Board of Regents.

Ed Schwartz, NSA president, told students that "This is not an isolated incident, this is part of a pattern of student resistance that will sweep the nation, with many more strikes."

In a meeting with faculty members, university chancellor William Sewell said, "The responsibility for the outbreak lies squarely on those who blocked the commerce building and resisted arrest." Many professors refuse to teach classes after the uproar. John Ness, a biology professor, told his students he had "no stomach to teach biology after what happened this week."

The State Legislature on Friday voted 94-5 to re-evaluate the State Board of Regents which now runs the school. They consider the Board ineffectual and overinfluenced by stu-

dent opinion. As Leland McPharland, State Senator from Cudahy County put it, "I'm sick and tired of students running the university. We should throw those guys out and shoot them if necessary."

The Wisconsin problems focused attention on several related actions on other campuses concerning the draft, Vietnam and pacifism.

At Stanford, Anti-Draft week is in full swing. Eighteen members of Stanford's Resistance turned in their draft cards in conjunction with deliberate acts of civil disobedience. The blockade of the Oakland Induction Center resulted in twenty arrests, including pacifist folk singer Joan Baez, who upon her arrest exclaimed, "I've been ready to go to jail for several hours!" John Shippe of the Civil Action Day Committee, predicted that 100-200 persons would be involved in the blockade, and would be prepared to be arrested in waves of twenty, so reported the *Stanford Daily* a week before the protest.

In a related incident the University of Kentucky *Kernel* published the story of a former student arrested by the FBI due to refusal to be inducted into the Army. John Lewis, a "disillusioned VISTA volunteer" was formally charged with refusal to comply with federal law, and placed in cognizance of Prof. Larry Jarpey, the innovator of a "resistance counseling service." Lewis is the first student from Kentucky in recent history to resist the draft.

Another case of the "draft-dodger blues" occurred at Brown University last week. According to the *Brown Daily Herald* there was a progression from "dissent to resistance" by the Campus Action Council. The CAC is supporting three students who turned

in their draft cards to their respective boards. Converting their "peace-nik" line from "We don't like it" to "We don't like it, and we're going to resist it," the organization is receiving aid from, among many, Rev. Van der Haar from Providence College; John Reynolds, a leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Council; and Howard Ballard, head of Rhode Island's Veterans for Peace Organization.

## WE SHAN'T OVERCOME

Peter, Paul and Mary will no longer sing the civil-rights song, reports the esteemed *Michigan State News*. The trio feels that the civil-rights movement, as it was originally conceived, can progress no further in its quest for equality. They claim the individual must find new ways to continue this quest and this is the reason they quit the civil-rights movement.

"The trouble was that a lot of people thought demonstrations were the movement. They weren't," claims spokesman Peter Yarrow.

"At one time, civil rights existed as an individual movement to get the same opportunities for the Negroes as the whites have. Today," continues Yarrow, "it is not meaningful to separate the civil-rights movement from the broader aspects of society. Today, the inequalities that are the plight of the Negroes are the same inequalities that are manifested by our involvement in Vietnam."

Yarrow believes that the nation is suffering from a "cultural disease."

He thinks that "if we are to survive, the next break-through must be an internal understanding of what is beautiful within us. No external system will give this to us. There is no course or social system that will bring about the change. The individual must find it himself."

## A SINISTER BEAST

Bowling Green has a new library. In appearance it is very similar to Notre Dame's. But Bowling Green has something we do not. Bowling Green has Hugo.

Hugo, it seems, is the pride and joy of the new high-rise library on the BG campus. He is an IBM 357 computer, which makes the open stacks and "convenient self-service features" of the library possible. Hugo is part of an automated check-out system, which makes use of IBM cards in the books. All the librarian at the desk has to do is to remove the card from the book, drop it in one of Hugo's slots, and remove it again. That's all there is to it.

But let students beware, for Hugo is a sinister beast. Should anyone attempt to sneak past the turnstiles at



the door with a book he hasn't checked out, Hugo will find him out, the turnstiles will immediately lock, bells will sound, and there will be hundreds of pairs of eyes turned in his direction.

It seems that every book is passed through a magnetizing unit prior to being shelved. Then, when the librarian checks your book out, she slides it over the counter, passing it over a demagnetizing device underneath the surface. The book is thus rendered "safe" and its presence in your briefcase will not be noted by the sensitized turnstiles.

## STATE UNSUPPORTED FREEDOM

The president of the University of Alabama, Dr. Rose, came under attack by Alabama state legislators recently for his refusal to censor the University of Alabama student publication, "Emphasis '67, A World in Revolution." Dr. Rose took a public stand in support of the right of university students to academic freedom. Newspapers published news of the controversy and soon it became a matter of public interest all throughout Alabama. The president of Alabama U. finally won, as it was decided that the legislature cannot force a college student to forfeit his constitutionally protected right of freedom of expression as a condition to his attending a state-supported institution.

## PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR DATA OUTPUT SLOT IS

As football season gets into full swing, everybody who is anybody tries to predict who will win what.

Now Brigham Young University's *Daily Universe* has the University's IBM 7040 Computer in on the act. Each Friday, the *Universe* prints the predictions of the computer and five human members of its board of experts. In nine games of national importance on the weekend of October 14, the computer finished fifth of the six prognosticators, picking only six of the nine correctly. Two of its mistakes were in picking Georgia Tech over Tennessee, and Michigan over Michigan State. The third? Notre Dame over Southern Cal. Which must prove something.

## CANNED FOR CRITICIZING

The faculty at Northern Michigan University asked Governor George Romney to appoint a committee to investigate the sudden dismissal of a history instructor who had criticized administrative policies. After some heated debate, the faculty split over a resolution to boycott classes until the administration reinstated Robert L. McClellan, the 33-year prof in question. Student campus leaders have announced that they would meet to consider class boycotts and demonstrations to protest the firing.

## NSA's REVAMPED IMAGE

The National Student Association is attempting to create a new image this year by emphasizing domestic problems rather than international affairs. By adopting the new policy, NSA hopes to regain the respect it lost last February with the exposé of its dealings with the CIA.

The new NSA president, Edward Schwartz, has promised to expand NSA's educational reform activities and to develop such existing programs as the Tutorial Assistance Program and the "student stress" programs. The NSA will also initiate new programs related to the draft, black power, and student power.

## CAF CHANGE BREWING

An editorial which appeared in the October 17 issue of the *Michigan State News* stated:

"Serving beer in college cafeterias . . . would improve Americans' attitude toward alcohol." . . . A recent news story.

"Tremendous!"

"Beer machines in the cafeterias would undoubtedly help end chronic complaints about cafeteria food, put an end to food riots and engender a more amiable study atmosphere in the residence halls.

"Vending machines in classroom buildings would help students recover from long winter walks through below-zero weather.

"And at football games, beer would guarantee an enthusiastic crowd, in spite of weather, score, or the end of the game.

"To take advantage of this coming trend, Michigan State should begin by converting its now defunct dairy to a brewing school. Somebody in the Agriculture Department could probably invent a cow to give draught beer.

"What a way to raise Spartan Spirits."

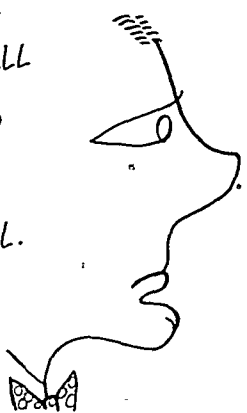
So stated the editorial.

## feiffer

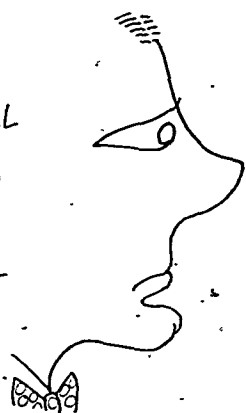
IF I TRY TO STAY IN SCHOOL AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.



IF THEY STILL CALL ME I'LL TRY TO FLUNK THE PHYSICAL.



IF I PASS THE PHYSICAL I'LL TRY TO FLUNK THE INTELLIGENCE TEST.



IF I PASS THE INTELLIGENCE TEST I'LL TELL THEM I'M THE SOLE SUPPORT OF MY DESTITUTE MOTHER.



IF THEY STILL WANT TO TAKE ME I'LL TELL THEM I'M A HOMO-SEXUAL.



IF THEY TAKE ME ANYHOW I'LL TRY TO STAY STATE-SIDE.



IF THEY SEND ME TO VIETNAM I'LL FIGHT



KNOWING I EXHAUSTED EVERY AVENUE OF TRADITIONAL PROTEST BEFORE I KILLED ANYONE.



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# Manchild at Notre Dame

by don wycliff

THIS ARTICLE is supposed to be about the Negro at Notre Dame." After making outlines and writing a number of drafts that dealt with such superficialities as the number of Negroes in the school, the efforts to increase that number, and the social life, I realized how utterly absurd and meaningless such an approach is. For that reason this has become an *article projecting the views of "a Negro at Notre Dame"*; views which paradoxically may also be those of "the Negro at Notre Dame." I excuse the apparent self-centeredness of this piece only by saying as Thoreau did: "I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well."

In the introduction of his book, *Nobody Knows My Name*, James Baldwin writes: "The question of color takes up much space in these pages, but the question of color, especially in this country, operates to hide the graver questions of the self. That is precisely why what we like to call 'the Negro problem' is so tenacious in American life, and so dangerous. The questions which one asks oneself begin, at last, to illuminate

this: Since other people are absolutely necessary to my own development as a person, how am I to relate to white people, by whom I am surrounded and whose attitudes toward me are inevitably determined to some degree by the artificial factor of color?"

If one happens to attend a Negro college, the confrontation can be postponed; one simply is not forced to meet and associate with whites on a personal basis. On the other hand, one can experience a false confrontation, one in which whites are judged when one has had no intimate connection with them. The answer in these cases is generally as false as the confrontation and usually involves a commitment to radical hatred or to "Uncle Tomism."

It is only in situations where a Negro youth lives and associates with whites on an intimate, personal basis that his fundamental question of self has any meaning. Notre Dame, with its peculiarly unintelligible system, so conducive to introspection, is such a situation. Students are thrown together without regard to color and the Negro student confronts himself as man and as Negro.

most Negro students would not admit. It appears in meetings of the "soul brothers," when a suggestion is made that a mass "party-in" be staged at St. Mary's. The purpose ostensibly is to shock the powers-that-be at SMC into recruiting more Negro girls, if only to protect their white ones from Notre Dame's Negroes. Everyone knows in his heart, though he will not admit it openly, that the real purpose is to give each other strength to do what one will not do alone: ask a white girl for a date. This lack of courage arises from that perfectly natural, perfectly reasonable uncertainty and fear of how one will be treated, of how one will be accepted. The same uncertainty is responsible for what some have called "resegregation." This phenomenon appears in the tendency of Negroes to room with Negroes, and to hold "soul" parties.

Another aspect of the problem of confrontation is the tendency of Negro students to believe that white men have given Negroes all they intend for them to have and that it is up to Negroes to take whatever else they expect to get. This is, I believe, the prevalent feeling among Notre Dame's Negro students. It is not without some good, reasonable basis. Negro expectations have become casualties of the Vietnamese war, where Negroes bear a disproportionate share of the burden. Further, Negro students realize that, all the pollsters notwithstanding, there is a great deal of sympathy among members of the Negro middle class, for this same view.

Negroes at Notre Dame realize that the attitudes they adopt toward whites as a result of their experiences here, will to a great degree determine their future relationships with Negroes. A Negro with a Notre Dame degree can easily enter the black upper class. Yet there is a great antipathy toward the typical American middle- and upper-class values among youth of all colors today. I share that antipathy and I believe that the majority of the black students of Notre Dame do also.

What Negro youth want now is dignity; the dignity that comes from acceptance of a man as a man without artificial distinctions. This is what the Negro men of Notre Dame want. The ultimate success of Notre Dame and our nation will depend on whether the white man can deliver. ■



the world, and become one's key to the experience of others. One can only face in others what one can face in oneself." Over the past three summers, that tenacious, dangerous "Negro problem" has exploded into the open and those questions of the self have begun to confront us.

The fundamental question of self for American Negro youth today is

The most frightening and disconcerting aspect of this confrontation is the uncertainty bred by ignorance of the real attitudes of individual whites. In virtually every situation one feels this uncertainty; always there is the nagging question: Does he see me as a person or as a Negro?

The social situation at Notre Dame brings out this uncertainty, which



This week SCHOLASTIC editors Joel Garreau and Bill Cullen interviewed the Abraham Lincoln of South Bend, Republican mayor Lloyd M. Allen. In his own words, Mayor Allen faces an "uphill" battle for re-election against Democratic candidate Eugene Pajakowski and several independents. The mayor's campaign slogan is "Great!" and he tries to show in the following interview that his city government has been just that.

**Scholastic:** Just how difficult will re-election be for you?

**Mayor Allen:** Well, when you start out with two-to-one odds, which is essentially the (Democratic vs. Republican) registration in South Bend, you always have an uphill battle.

**Scholastic:** It seems that the Democrats are united this year, as opposed to previous years . . .

**Mayor Allen:** I couldn't quite agree with that at all. The blood-letting that occurred four years ago hasn't quite healed, although Mr. Pajakowski might possibly have more support than Mr. Kruper did four years ago. The rift in the Democratic party has not healed.

## FIGHTING AN UPHILL BATTLE

**Scholastic:** The civil disturbances in South Bend this summer never reached a serious point. Why?

**Mayor Allen:** The police department did an excellent job; there was no delay in decisions. It was not permitted to get out of hand as it did in other cities such as Detroit and Newark. I'm now persuaded that firmness is absolutely essential. You have to use that amount of force which is necessary to stop it, and you have to do this immediately after they start.

**Scholastic:** Do you think you've lost the support of the Negro voters because of the handling of the situation?

**Mayor Allen:** I don't believe that I have lost it because I don't believe I ever had it.

**Scholastic:** The executive director of your Human Relations Commission, Mr. George Neagu, has been severely criticized by your opponents. Will you keep him at his present position?

**Mayor Allen:** I have made no plans as far as Mr. Neagu's future is concerned. I said I didn't want to comment about him.

**Scholastic:** When Studebaker left South Bend just before your inauguration, many people thought that South Bend would become a ghost town —

**Mayor Allen:** I was pretty scared too.

**Scholastic:** How was South Bend able to stabilize itself economically after this letdown?

**Mayor Allen:** For a number of years, the people who lived here were not very proud of their town. But after this economic traumatic experience, this attitude seemed to reverse itself and people said, "We're not going to sink." It seems to me that citizen participation was the big contributing factor.

**Scholastic:** Your Model Cities program was rejected by your own Republican city council. Couldn't this indicate that you might be unable to significantly change South Bend over the next four years?

**Mayor Allen:** I think we've demonstrated a particular change in these past four years. The complexion of this community has changed entirely.



**Scholastic:** In a city that has definitely defined ethnic groups, open housing is not an issue in the mayoral campaign. Why?

**Mayor Allen:** This administration initiated a Human Relations Commission charged with making that inherent right something that is not only there, but that is implemented. I have a standing offer that if any qualified buyer wants to buy a house anywhere in this city, I will see that he buys that house. There is also a state open-housing ordinance on the books.

**Scholastic:** Is there a city open-housing ordinance?

**Mayor Allen:** There is not. I think the thing to do is proceed on what we've got.

**Scholastic:** Do you have any nonresident professional urbanists in your administration?

**Mayor Allen:** These are words that don't make any sense to me. I'm not aware that such a creature exists. I have insisted, though, that we have qualified people running departments, rather than the traditional political hack, which has been the history of this community.

(Continued on page 36)

THERE WERE over 150 making the trio from South Bend to Washington to add their voices to the national war protest. Notre Dame students were joined by smaller groups from St. Mary's and Indiana University, as well as a carload of black citizens from the West Washington district.

Hank Topper, ND '67 and a law student at Georgetown, arranged accommodations for the South Bend contingent and led a group of less than 100 GU students who marched alongside the Notre Dame people. This combined unit left Georgetown's main gate at 9:20 a.m., using the sidewalks and observing traffic lights, as no parade permit was in effect. Several students bought flowers and offered them to local police and bystanders; all the flowers were accepted with smiles.

*We arrived at Lincoln Memorial at ten o'clock after enjoying the smiles and enduring the jeers of the forty-minute walk through the streets of Georgetown. A jug band was playing God Bless America out of tune as people streamed into the park from every direction. Our ambiguity disappeared with the jeers; every greeting was a smile and we knew we belonged there.*

The assembly at the Memorial was orderly, as a huge crowd settled around the reflecting pool according to a group affiliations: veterans in one section, nationality groups in another, students here, pacifists there.

*We sat in a small circle around the nearest tree to protect ourselves from the morning sun. We talked of what we were to do and where we were to go. A digger, with his cardboard box full of food, gave us candy and scooter*

## Confrontation:



**by Tom Henahan and Mike Ryan**

*pies. He accepted our thanks with a nod and moved on to the next group. Christmas morning.*

A long program of speeches blared through a powerful sound system, but most of the assembly chose to talk among themselves rather than listen to the loudspeakers.

*Those on the speakers' stand spouted ideology, but we had heard it all before and somehow it was less important than the people sitting around us. A dwarf-like man in a wheel-chair played a harmonica. He might have been grotesque, but here he was an integral part of a beautiful scene, and we could pass*

*beyond his gnarled frame and accept him as a man. We felt good.*

Ten became one o'clock, the wonder left us and we lay on the hills above the reflecting pool, our picket signs with their words of profound resentment over our faces, accepting the respite of peace. We were awakened when a black woman on folk guitar sang "Hell no/We won't go" in the hard, sad rhythm of Delta blues. We sang with her, bringing back to ourselves the reason we were there.

At the end of the afternoon's speeches, the parade to the Pentagon began to assemble and march across the Potomac. The crowd had dwinned.



dled, but one Notre Dame student counted heads, timed the march, and computed an estimate of 125,000.

*We moved out at three o'clock, thousands and thousands of people, arms intertwined, across the bridge to the Pentagon. Mentors, blue tissue pinned to their arms, frantically warned us to ignore hecklers and to stay in line. We chanted slogans as we walked, helping to overcome the fear of attack, but the people we passed on the way were few and sympathetic, and the hands on the arms slackened their grip.*

The marchers who proceeded all the way across the Pentagon lawn and mammoth parking lot were met by federal marshals, national guardsmen and military police. An angry crowd of young radicals tried to burst through the lines of guards; the soldiers subdued and arrested the front line of active resisters.

*Some of the people in front were trying to break through a line of a hundred MP's and marshals, and were beaten back with clubs and rifle butts. A man with long blonde hair staggered by us, the bottom half of his face caved in, spouting blood on the black concrete, screaming, "The VC didn't do this, man; they did it." The girl at his arm was crying.*

Notre Dame mobilization chairman Don Hynes, who was up in front of the crowd at the main entrance to speak to radicals and military and plead over a bullhorn in an effort to prevent violence, was among those affected by a teargas attack. The location of the bomb and the slope of the hill saved the violent front lines from the effects of gassing; passive onlookers and peaceful organizers like Hynes were the victims.

*We stood rigid, chanting, "Peace,*



*now!" at the troops. Suddenly, they slipped gas masks over their helmets and dropped three shells as they charged through the crowd. People ran in every direction, choking, overcome by the gas. Troops with bayonets fixed advanced toward us. Two girls at our side turned to run, but couldn't make it through the crowd, and were beaten by rifle butts. We could see their faces twisted in pain, blood pouring from their scalps as they fell to the ground.*

*"... an assistant secretary of defense, Dick Fryklund, announced, 'Our information is that there was no tear gas used. It was not used by any Federal people: We are told it was used by the demonstrators.'"*

*—Washington Post, Sunday, Oct. 22. Long into the night, the "apron"*

*or porch of the Pentagon was covered with passive resisters sitting-in. Cut off from the ramp by several lines of troops and marshals, they depended upon supporters to deliver water, food, and medicine from the lawn. Jack Lavelle of Notre Dame stayed until 1:50 A.M. Sunday, scaling the fifteen-foot wall on a rope to deliver water to the demonstrators. As the evening wore on, Lavelle reports, the resisters linked arms and legs as they sat on the concrete as a defense against the increasingly impatient marshals. Unable to tear any young men from this phalanx, a marshal would periodically beat up a girl. Two girls were dragged into the Pentagon building; repeated calls over a bullhorn failed to persuade officials to return the girls or disclose their whereabouts.*

*"Restraint Works Well for the Army," read the front page headline of the Sunday Post. The wire-service stories told of a small, unruly demonstration, effectively but mercifully contained by noble soldiers. The crowd was reported at 55,000; smaller than the April 15 mobilization in New York, this march showed a rise in the popularity of Johnson and his war.*

*We worked our way down the hill, away from the blood and screams of pain, dazed by the horror of violence and suffering. We admired those who suicidally threw themselves in front of the arc of clubs and felt profound sorrow for those wounded as they tried to escape. It was the blood, the blood that was in our minds, and the terror that no matter how much we spilled from our bodies, there would be no difference between today and yesterday.*



# That ever-groovin' Streetcar

## by Dave Kahn



"Then what is good . . . the obsessive interest in human affairs plus a certain amount of compassion and moral conviction . . . 'In the time of your life, live!' The time is short . . . and the monosyllable of the clock is loss, loss, loss, unless you devote your heart to its opposition."

—Tennessee Williams,  
November 30, 1947

THAT STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE is still grinding along the tracks, even at this hour. Its deafening screeches, the crescendo of its motor roar can be detected even through the sixties' pandemonium of urban noise and psychedelic experience.

*Streetcar* is not the same tragic slice of life that O'Neill or Miller plays would have to offer. Its realism is diminished by Williams' irrepressible lyricism; its impact lightened by its diffractive eleven scenes. And there is no final resolution, no unifying sequence to bring order out of chaos. *Streetcar* is not a well-planned Sunday afternoon excursion, it is a difficult, erratic ride into the confusion of Hadesian darkness.

Blanche Dubois comes to Elysian Fields, a tenement-lined cow-path in rustic New Orleans. She manages to uncover the private antagonisms of her sister's joyful marriage, the union of Stella and Stanley Kowalski. Blanche's manner is annoyingly self-righteous, tactless, too personal. Her speech is proudly refined, articulate, and literary. Blanche's disorientation is suggested by her shaking dependency on the bottle, her exhaustive neurasthenia, and at last confirmed by her final psychosis.

Stanley, her household rival, apart from a massive ghetto complex, seems

preoccupied with nothing more than his own physiological processes. The kidney precedes the soul! Stella's baby — his baby — is Stanley's primary motivation. Poker, bowling, alcohol are signals by which Williams points at the very vegetative nature of Stanley's existence.

Those who wish to play the protagonist-antagonist game, to picture Blanche as a delicate butterfly demolished in a struggle of brute force, will inevitably misunderstand the play. The composite of Blanche's abnormal sensitivities, her ego-id crises, her external prettiness is not Williams' definitive ideal of modern women ruined by oppressive circumstance. No more should Stanley's shortsightedness, his ruling appetites, and hot temper be interpreted as villainous or inhuman. Williams has merely arranged the meeting of two radically different people. Within one field of action, he has placed two poles of diverse human behavior.

But Doucette's Stanley does not adequately fill in Blanche's opposite. His portrayal was subdued; Stanley seemed thoughtful, controlled, even refined at times. That devastating



slap which he lowered upon Stella in a fit of drunken rage was more like slapstick and the audience laughed. Director Harvey may have feared overacting and thus restrained Doucette's performance, but overacting was necessary to emphasize the

slim dimensionality of Stanley's character. Father Harvey's Stanley could not properly neutralize Blanche's



singularity, a singularity which tipped the balance of the play. In a word, Miss Muench should never have had the outstanding performance which permitted her a solo curtain call.

Miss Muench's acting failed to convey Blanche's extreme of human behavior. Blanche's unwillingness to submit to the gruesome binds of the present, her determination to mingle the *then* with the *now* were not highlighted enough. Those famous lines "How about taking a swim," which informed the audience of Blanche's illness were neglected; spoken too fast. Blanche's psychosis was not verified by Miss Muench's acting, as much as it was confirmed by the doctor's surprise entrance at the end of the play.

To make mention of the secondary roles, the casting of Mitch and Stella was so well done that David Graham and Karen O'Donnell achieved success in their roles with a minimum of acting.

Do not anticipate professionalism from University Theater's production of *Streetcar*. But rather enjoy the fact that Father Harvey and his cast cherish acting almost as much as Tennessee Williams loved the variety and intensity of human affairs, and with that in mind a pleasant evening will be insured.

# A Frenchman Views Bach

by Gaspard de la Nuit

THE devastating psychological implications of the fact that I (on account of certain irritating financial circumstances I won't detail here) shall be compelled to spend the next few months of my life, at least, in the Midwestern United States were, in no small degree, mitigated by the discovery Tuesday last, that a countryman of mine would be presenting an organ recital in "Sacred Heart Church" on the campus of "Notre Dame University" on Thursday. Countrywoman, in fact: Mademoiselle Marie-Claire Alain. If the very name "Notre Dame" itself were not sufficient to stir the heart of an exile (at least one who did not yet know what it signified in the Midwestern United States), certainly the profile of the charming young lady on the poster would have been ample cause for pleasant expectations—of one sort or another.

The program was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in  
D minor.....Vincent Lubeck  
Choral: "*Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier*" (BWV 730).....J. S. Bach  
Choral: "*Liebster Jesus, wir sind hier*" (BWV 731).....J. S. Bach  
Trio Sonata No. 3 in  
D Minor.....J. S. Bach  
Fantasie and Fugue in  
G minor.....J. S. Bach  
In Festo Corporis Christi  
.....Anton Heiller  
    Ante Introitum, Post  
    Offertorium  
    Post Communionem, Post  
    Benedictionem  
Fantasie in A.....Cesar Franck  
Variations on a theme of  
    Clement Janequin..Jehan Alain  
Le Jardin Suspendu..Jehan Alain  
Litanies .....Jehan Alain  
Improvisation..Marie-Claire Alain

The opening Lubeck prelude was rather imposing—grand, even. During the course of it I couldn't help exploring the present custom of including works of these North German composers merely to provide a context for the Bach in the program. What a fate for a composer (especially a composer of occasionally fine works)—to be regarded as only historically significant! But the justice

of this judgment was made apparent in the subsequent fugue.

Constructed on a theme based on a motif of three repeated notes, it betrayed a lack of precisely that delicate sensitivity to the relation of subject theme and the fugal form which Bach possessed to an uncanny degree. The theme itself contained the key to the fugue's ineffectiveness: no matter how polyphonically convoluted it later became, the piece never attained to solidity. This was due both to the chinky character of the theme (which allowed light through the "holes" between the repeated notes) and the unimaginative deployment of it throughout the various layers of the fugue's texture, which only served to heighten the impression of perforation: one could look straight through the piece, so to speak, through the chinks in the theme in each layer. But to be powerful, a fugue must have opacity; we cannot be strained through it, but must be caught at some point by a cumulative thickening of texture and so be carried along inevitably to the conclusion.

The two versions of "*Liebster Jesu*" suffered, I felt, from an insufficient attention to the specifically vocal character of the choral theme; this was most egregious at the end of the first, where the release was abrupt and thoroughly characteristic of a keyboard instrument, and *not* of a voice. According to a tradition which seems to have been established regarding the performance of such transcriptions, Mlle. Alain's registration was such as to emphasize the vocal line so strongly and unremittingly that the characteristic interplay between it and the accompanying figures of the original was lost. My quarrel in this respect is not so much with Mlle. Alain, then, as with that tradition.

The trio sonata was a technical *tour de force*, although that fact could have easily escaped one unacquainted with keyboard technique, because of its disingenuous gracefulness and engaging character. The uniform allotment of technical difficulties to both right and left hands and feet, so characteristic of Bach, presents formidable difficulties of co-ordination, and it is a tribute to Mlle. Alain's



## MOVIES

*Ulysses*—The problems of cinematically interpreting a literary collage of such complexity nearly proved insurmountable. But apparently not quite. Despite a restrictive bout with censorship, the screen production emerges as both authentic and independent. A needed change for the Avon at 6:00, 8:45.

*The Hour of the Guns*—And yet another Western, made for that elusive "adult" audience. Stars Maverick, Ryan, and "Any Wednesday" Robards. Slake that lust for violence, compliments of the State, at 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20.

*The Family Way*—Hayley may get the billing, but Dad and Hywel Bennett steal the show. An excellent and very poignant vignette, with a fine musical scoring by Paul McCartney. At the Colfax; call 233-4532.

*Point Blank* — Whatever charisma Marvin succeeded in gathering about him since the Oscar has been erased by his casting in this senseless affront to dignity and good taste. Another triumph, in spades, for the Granada, at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30.

— F. X. Maier

technique that it came off without sounding labored. But she must claim the defects of her merits: the performance was so unvaryingly perfect (the fact that only one registration and dynamic level was used throughout hurt too) that I'm afraid that, to those unaware what technical obstacles were being negotiated with such equanimity, the piece might have tended to sound interminable.

The high point of the evening was the *Fantasie and Fugue in G minor*. The shattering opening chord of the Prelude and the long pedal point with the sequence of harmonic alterations above it leading, at long last, to a resolution (like a swimmer struggling desperately to the surface in order to breathe) never fail to rouse me to the highest pitch of nervous excitement. And the fugue! That inexorable fugue—paradigm example of the imposition of mind on the primeval

(Continued on page 36)





# CILA

The Council for the International Lay Apostolate (CILA) is a student-run organization which for the past six years has sponsored two-month summer projects in various Latin American countries and in several cities in the United States. Last summer's projects included Bolivia, Colombia, Mexico, Peru, Spanish Harlem, and Harrisburg.

With a present membership of fifty-five Notre Dame and St. Mary's students, CILA has steadily grown from the original five Notre Dame students who made the first projects six years ago. CILA has recently acquired a room in the Halfway House.

In conjunction with its current membership drive, there will be a slide show and discussion of the summer projects, Tuesday, October 31, at 7:00 PM in the Library Auditorium.

## BOLIVIA

The Bolivian project this year (the first) consisted of Bill Matturro, Jack Balinsky, John May, Tom Phillips, and Bill Brown. Three men worked on the construction of a school in a mountain village outside the city of Cochabamba, Bolivia's second largest metropolis. Two men helped in the building of a community center in a poor *barrio* a few miles west of that same city.

Some of our more interesting experiences: the near lynching of a bearded project member at a government antiguerrilla demonstration; the balloon-decorated Fourth of July celebration in the mountains; the very welcome good meals and Masses during the weekends in the city with our American and Bolivian friends; the many sicknesses that were finally overcome; and the deep and lasting friendships formed with clergy, friends, and each other that made the summer so valuable.

BILL MATTURRO



## MEXICO

Eleven members took part in last summer's double project in Mexico, making this the year's largest single CILA project. The two projects were set in entirely different climates.

In Tacambaro, scenically situated 5,500 feet in the mountains, Steve Bender, Tony Hooper, Ken McCandless, Juan Nieto, and I worked in a community housing project set up by a cooperative of construction workers. Working with tools and techniques that have been handed down for centuries in the construction of cobblestone streets, we came to appreciate the dignity of manual labor and shared with our fellow workers the pride of craftsmen. We hoped to convey to them our willingness to help implement *their* ambitions and plans for self-betterment, and not force upon them our ideas of what they really needed or should do. Still, when our advice was sought, we offered constructive criticism. With this attitude of sharing, we found our advice was respected and more often requested.

Nancy Abramowski, Joan Claffey, and Norah Sullivan worked with two public-health nurses in Tacambaro, giving smallpox vaccinations. They also taught English classes to the many desiring to learn.

In the much smaller community of San Lucas, located in the aptly named *tierra caliente*, or "hot land," Bill Leahy, Craig O'Connor, and Tom Zurcher finished con-







a trap to be escaped if one can. But, working closely with the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), we attempted to alert the local residents to their own potential power to both change their environment and to make better use of facilities already available, ultimately leading to a healthy community atmosphere.

Typically, we tutored OEO classes in English and math during the morning, and spent our afternoons organizing other activities which included camping trips, a basketball league, free movies, and work at a local community center.

But our days were rarely typical.

One morning, while strolling down 100th Street, we were stopped by a group that had spied my guitar. After a brief exchange, we discovered the only song we knew in common was *Guantanamera*. Without further delay, we all joined in; no one worried that it was 2 a.m.

Then there was the time a solitary man asked if he could play my guitar. While strumming a sad ballad, he accompanied his playing by telling me he had just been made a new father, but that he was unable to support the child. In a period of depression he had taken his first shot of heroin in two years. All I could do was listen.

One evening three of us "supervisors" demonstrated our skills by taking three kids to a Stevie Wonder concert in Central Park. On returning, two of the kids were somehow misplaced on the subway. The outing ended up taking more time than we had expected.

A million little things add up. No longer will Harlem be a cluster of dark faces framed in a window seen from the New York Central.

STEVE JOHN

struction of a small school which had been started the year before. Due to temperatures which often reached 110 degrees, they were forced to work at a slower pace than those of us in Tacambaro.

Perhaps the highlight of our summer was the choosing of lots among the construction workers of Tacambaro. Plots of land, now covered with banana trees but which later would be lined with homes, were numbered between the completed streets, and a drawing was held to determine who received each plot. A fiesta was planned after the drawing, and the local bishop officiated. Obviously anxious and a little nervous, the workers each drew a number out of a hat while another revealed his choice to the rest. Having worked with each of the men for seven weeks, we couldn't help but share their joy when they chose a good plot location, and felt their disappointment when they didn't. When the drawings were completed, our co-workers honored us by naming the street we had all constructed *Calle Universidad de Notre Dame*. We were never so proud, or so humble.

JOHN ABIDE

## SPANISH HARLEM

On 100th Street in Spanish Harlem this summer, Bob Kelley and myself engaged in a variety of activities in which we sought to instill in the residents a desire of community development based on local initiative.

Too often Harlem is thought of as a hopeless ghetto,



# Peanut Butter on Cardboard

by Jim Pellegrin

DAD AND I WERE driving over to visit Ed Mramer. We were on the freeway, and the wind noises were loud enough so we didn't need to talk. We were both thinking about Ed.

Just as we pulled off the freeway, I was seeing Ed's face in my mind. The sudden silence embarrassed me, and I began to talk. Dad drove and listened.

"— Boy, what a face that guy had. And that red nose of his. Geez."

Ed Mramer had a remarkable face. Ed had big eyes that he always stretched wide open and a shiny, bald forehead that was always sunburned.

But Ed's real facial trademark was a big red nose. Dad said that Ed's red nose came from high blood pressure, but it seemed to me that it came from laughing. It was as if laughter lit up Ed's nose. The harder Ed laughed, the redder his nose got.

"— That guy could sure laugh, O.K. That nose of his . . . redder and redder. And what a hell of a talker."

Ed Mramer was a talker. Three or four times a year, he and his wife would come to our house to sit around the kitchen table with us and talk. When the Mramers sat around our

kitchen table, everybody laughed. While the smaller kids watched TV in the living room, Ed would tell Mom and Dad and me (and perhaps my oldest younger brother) about his fishing expeditions in Canada. Ed talked with his whole body. Once he got started, he waved his arms and looked very hard into our faces and moved around a lot in his chair. For some reason, he never gave his wife an opportunity to say anything, even though she sat with him in his rowboat for two weeks every year. But although he was always arguing, always outtalking someone else, Ed ended each burst of words in a fit of red-nosed laughter.

"— All those cookies. Geez, could that guy eat."

For some time, Ed had been eating less and less every time he visited us. But it wasn't long ago that he ate all of whatever he could reach. When Mom placed a tin of cookies on the table, Ed would eat every one of them in the course of a single evening, downing them methodically and quietly, one cookie every five or six minutes. When we caught him at this game, we all laughed, and Ed would quickly tell us stories (true stories) about his eating adventures on the home front.

In his own home, Ed's eating was a battle in which his wife was the enemy. One of Ed's favorite strategies was hiding jars of peanut butter in secret locations throughout the house. When his wife left the house for any reason, Ed would open up a jar of his private peanut butter stock and down it at one sitting.

Ed loved peanut butter on anything. One evening, he ran through a list of the things he had eaten under his peanut butter: peanut butter and bread, peanut butter and eggs, peanut butter and pancakes — peanut butter and everything. As Ed finished his list and his laughing, I interjected "peanut butter on cardboard?"

Before this interruption, I hadn't said a word all evening, and everyone was surprised by my comment, first because I had said anything at all, and second, because I had said something funny. After a few seconds of amazed silence, the whole table laughed very hard for a minute or so. Then the



conversation began again, while I and my cardboard were forgotten. But Ed didn't forget for long. Fifteen minutes later, he began to murmur "peanut butter and cardboard" very softly to himself. Within five more minutes, he had launched into one of his most violent laughing fits. His nose got redder and redder, until it was redder than it had ever been before, and Ed finally had to leave the room in order to settle down. In a few moments, Ed recovered sufficiently to reenter the kitchen and the conversation. But this murmuring-reddening-recovering cycle repeated itself many times before Ed finally walked out the door laughing "peanut butter on cardboard."

"— Peanut butter on cardboard. I never saw so much laughing. God, that was funny."

I glanced down at the brown paper bag on the seat beside me. Inside the bag was a peanut butter and cardboard sandwich. Two pieces of thin cardboard with a blob of peanut butter in between. I was embarrassed when Dad caught me in the kitchen making it, but Ed would like it. Just to remember.

"Well, we're here," Dad sighed, as we pulled into Mramer's driveway. "Yeah, we're here, O.K.," I said, softly. We were both feeling very awkward.

Ed's wife met us at the door. She led us into the living room, introduced us to two women who were sitting on the sofa, and sat us down. "I'll tell him you're here. He's been waiting for you," she said, and then she walked behind a wall and yelled into a bedroom, "Ed, they're here — Jimmy and Jack."

Ed didn't say anything; no one said anything. There was a faint noise from within like furniture being moved around. As Mrs. Mramer reentered the living room and sat down in a chair facing all of us, the two women began to talk nervously and absently about their latest trip to Spain. Dad and I listened and nodded and looked at everything in the room but Mrs. Mramer's face.

I couldn't avoid her face for very long, and when my eyes finally caught her eyes, I blurted out, "Well, how is he?" more loudly than I wanted to.

The Spain conversation ended abruptly, and everyone waited in silence for an answer. Mrs. Mramer didn't look away, or shake her head, or apologize. She just looked at me and let her eyes get shiny.

In the silence that followed, a low, regular, pulsing sound filled the room. I had never heard this sound before, but in a moment I realized what was happening. Ed Mramer was sobbing

in his bedroom, and we all heard him. Mrs. Mramer's eyes were getting shinier and shinier. No one moved and no one said anything. We all sat and listened to Ed Mramer sobbing in his bedroom.

Then I had to talk. "I'll go in and see him. I don't care." As I was blurt-ing this out clumsily, I stumbled behind the partitioning wall and walked toward Ed's bedroom. I hesitated for a few moments in front of the door, and as I stood there I could hear Ed's sobs so distinctly that I could feel them shaking me as they were shak-



ing him. It was suddenly very difficult for me to open that door.

The bedroom was filled with the stagnant, moist smell of a man too much in a closed place. It was the smell of a hospital room where a man has been lying in bed for days. Ed Mramer was lying in bed on his belly. He was wearing thin red pajamas, and he had no sheet or cover pulled over him in the afternoon heat. He kept his face turned toward the wall opposite the door. When he heard the door open, he stopped sobbing out loud, even though he couldn't stop the steady heaving of his body.

"Ed," I said, so softly that at first I thought he hadn't heard me. Then, much louder, "it's me, Jim."

Once he had heard my voice, Ed strained for a moment, trying to gain control over himself. He finally turned his head toward the door, wiping his eyes with his pajama sleeve. He did not look toward me, but he motioned with his left hand for me to open the top drawer of the dresser which faced the side of his bed. When I had pulled the drawer open, Ed grabbed it with his left hand and pulled himself up into a sitting position. He placed his hands in his lap, his left hand over his right hand. I sat down beside him on the bed.

Ed stared blankly at the hands in his lap, letting his chin rest on his chest. After a few seconds, he squeezed his eyelids together very tightly and shook his head slowly from side to side. I could feel the sobs building up, little by little, in his body, and in a moment, Ed was crying softly and inwardly, making no sound.

After what seemed hours to me, I had to talk again. "Ed, look. We came over to make you happy. Huh, Ed?"

After I said that, I could feel Ed trying hard to control himself. His body heaved more and more gently now, and Ed raised his head a little, even though he still looked away from my face.

*(Continued on page 38)*

# IDENTITY IN LEADERSHIP

*This address was given by Mike McCauley, representative from Notre Dame, to the IDENTITY '67 conference held at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, on October 19-22.*

*IDENTITY '67 brought together student leaders from universities and colleges throughout the world and pitted their insights and opinions against a distinguished panel of educators and leaders of industry and government representing "the establishment."*

*The universities invited to the conference were Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, Harvard, Notre Dame, MIT, Vassar, Tulane, Stanford, Skidmore, West Point, McGill of Montreal, Oberlin, and City College of New York. Representatives from the older generation included Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, President of The Rockefeller University; George Strichman, President of Colt Industries, which manufactures the controversial M-16 rifle used in Vietnam; J. Eric Jonsson, Mayor of Dallas, Texas; John F. Morse, Chairman of the Johnson Administration's Commission on Federal Relations, American Council on Education; Nelson Rockefeller, Governor of New York; and Senator Mark Hatfield.*

*The result was an extraordinary variety of views and a rare synthesis of what makes the youth of today tick—his attitudes, his rejection of societal values, and his individual search for meaning and identity.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER wrote in *Intruder in the Dust* of the human heart in conflict with itself: "Some things you must always be unable to bear. Some things you must never stop refusing to bear—injustice, and outrage, and dishonor, and shame—no matter how young you are or how old you ever get. Just refuse to bear them."

This I feel is the cry of our generation—a generation which looks uneasily to its inheritance—a generation

which refuses to live in a society which accepts as inevitable "injustice and outrage and dishonor and shame." Yes, our generation has made it clear that it will refuse to bear this unbearable burden, but what will it carry in its place? Will this generation only substitute more unfounded illusions for this societal sickness—illusions which will only promote more injustice and suffering as those illusions fade before cold reality? Or will this generation somehow strike a sensitive cord in the mystery of truth and human existence? Will it somehow take command of the forces of human existence, learn from the mistakes of human history, and begin to build a better world?

The challenge to our generation is not a new one. It is a call for genuine identity in leadership, and this call has been heard for centuries. Perhaps it was first articulated by Plato in his *Republic*: "Unless either philosophers become kings in their countries or those who are now called kings and rulers come to be sufficiently inspired with a genuine desire for wisdom—unless that is to say—political power and philosophy meet together—there can be no rest from troubles."

The challenge is clear: men must take command of their society and order their existence by combining the search for knowledge and truth with the practical application of that truth in the political world.

Our generation — tinged with the youthful addiction to idealism—must not lose that idealism. Rather it must be ready to take command in a world in which forces are at work to dehumanize and depersonalize even the strongest of men. We must seek our own identity in leadership by first finding our own individual identity and worth as human beings. Within that discovery of self, we will find something of the unity and beauty of all human existence. The search for self-identity will lead us to our identity in leadership—the power to combine the ideal with the practical.

As leaders we must seek more than just the support of those we lead. We must encourage the questioning of our society and its values. We look around us and we see our nation enveloped by a foreign policy of our own creation—one which is so directionless, uncontrolled, and out of date that it has consumed men in a war in which no one will be the victor. We see deep cleavages in a nation which preaches equality for all men but acts out of a deep-rooted hate and ignorance. We see a nation in which citizens destroy, loot, and kill because they will not acknowledge the simple fact that the color of a man's skin does not alter

his dignity and pride as a human person. We see our country realizing that poverty and ignorance thrive in the ghettos of our beautiful cities, but we also see that our nation is not able to cope with that misery. Each day our politicians go deeper and deeper into the problems of urban unrest—looking for a political answer that is not there.

The leadership that I am speaking of today means more than the mere ability to rationally manipulate and maintain various power factors of a particular society in order to merely stabilize physical existence. The leadership I speak of is one in which the identity of the human person is not compromised. One in which the best of men can morally and spiritually uplift their fellow men in the great tasks of common action expressive in the highest goals of friendship, brotherhood, and love. Indeed, the good man—the good leader—can only actualize his individual existence when in communion with his fellow man.

Our generation asks not for paradise or for an unattainable Utopia. We ask not for something that is so ideal that it can never be realized. But we do demand decisive, pertinent, and constructive action to alleviate the outstanding inequities and human sufferings in order that men might engage themselves in higher human pursuits. Concomitant with such an endeavor are leaders who can combine the search for truth and the power of the political world—leaders who are responsive to both technical demands and moral concerns—men who can unify government, business, and the academic world. As leaders of tomorrow, we must seek ways of uniting the untapped resources of the mind in search for truth and good with the power that gives our nation its direction.

As Galbraith stated in *The Affluent Society*: "The basic demand on America will be on its resources of ability, intelligence, and education. The test will be less upon the effectiveness of our material investment than the effectiveness of our investment in men. Education, no less than national defense or foreign assistance, is in the public domain."

Truly, the search for identity in leadership must rest within our individual search for ourselves, knowledge, and truth—with the ultimate goal being a leadership which can begin to solve the puzzle of human existence. The search for identity in leadership, though not new, is the burden of our generation — intensified by our history, and dictated by the cries of men who look to us to realize the dignity of all humanity. ■



## THE GIRLS, THE KITE, AND OTHER THINGS

When Sienna Heights College arrived at the Friday night registration party with a crew consisting of no less than 14 girls, it was immediately apparent that this year's Notre Dame Invitational Regatta would be no regatta *ordinaire*.

Dry-throated and bloodshot-eyed, sailors from Marquette, Ohio State, Ohio U., Notre Dame and "sailorettes" from Sienna Heights found Saturday morning gusty and Diamond Lake icy. Buried in turtle-necks and foul-weather gear, most of the crews struggled with their pre-race preparations. One Ohio U. crew, however, noting that Purdue and Wisconsin had failed to show, casually un-cartopped their Flying Junior, launched it, and spent a lazy day sailing while their mates raced.

Andy O'Connor, the captain of last year's Notre Dame racing team on a five-day sabbatical from his night classes at Boston U., flew in to compose the Regatta Committee (along with Kathy O'Laughlin, his faithful crew from St. Mary's). They did a masterful job of setting up the course, raising preparatory signals, blowing whistles, and firing cannons. However, when the B Division teams sailed out from the yacht club and onto the course, they found Kathy and Andy flying a kite off the committee barge. The sailboats' masts came dangerously close to the kite string, and Andy warned that the line was an above-water extension of the committee barge, and, therefore, any competing boats that touched the string would be disqualified. Marquette was only the first team to ignore this

rather liberal interpretation of racing regulations and sailed into the string, plunging the kite into the lake. Since the crash boat was busy aiding a cap-sized boat at the time, it was unfortunately unable to rescue the kite.

But late Saturday afternoon as the committee barge was being towed into the yacht club, the indomitable kite rose again to dance in the orange sunset. Notre Dame won the Regatta, but with parties, kites and Siena Heights nobody really lost.

## DEUS EX MACHINA

Visitors to Coach Johnny Dee's early season basketball practices report that the Irish may field a completely automated team this year. Coach Dee has already unveiled a set of marvelous machines to the Field-house crowd. The favorite with the fans to date is the automatic rebounder. This little gadget, which fits into the basket and looks and sounds like a Huddle milkshake blender, kicks out, in various directions, any ball shot into the basket, while Dee's potential rebounders wait patiently to practice tip-ins. The rebound tower, which stands basket-high, places the ball in position for rebounding. (The only trouble so far has been in convincing the current crop of precocious freshmen to pull the ball down instead of lifting it gently off the platform.) Coach Dee will probably resist the temptation to trade Captain Bob Arnzen to Spalding Sports Equipment for wheeled sneakers or a basketball Iron Mike, but he is toying with the possibility of starting a portable brick wall at mid-court when the Irish square off against Lou "Mini-Mountain" Alcindor on December 23.

## AND YOU THINK YOU HAVE PROBLEMS, MR. CAHILL

Once again this week Bob Cahill, the Notre Dame ticket manager, will face the wrath of thousands of Alumni and would-be Alumni who simply *must* have tickets for MSU and won't take no for an answer. But even Mr. Cahill has never seen the likes of October 16's Great Ticket Riot. Hundreds of mass minds and their physical counterparts clamored for free tickets to the John Davidson Show in a sport so fierce that rugby players opted out, preferring the rigors of the scrum to the man-versus-mob contest for admission to the concert. In a gritty exhibition that made the storming of the Bastille look like Queen of the May ceremonies, the lobby of the South Dining Hall resembled Little Big Horn with the social commission agent portraying General Custer.

Once amid the crowd, the average individual became a mere appendage of a ruthless organism. Progress toward or retreat from the ticket table was subject to the random spasms and pulsations of the monster. Coats were torn; shoes were battered; it was like dollar day at Macy's.

As the herd stampeded forward, they nearly pinned the ticket agent between the table and the wall; but he, his eyes flooded with terror, managed to escape to the top of the table in the style of a Spanish flamenco dancer, crying, "Stop, stop; now, hold it!"

But all did not go for naught; later that evening, a Notre Dame tradition was revived as signs began to appear in the Huddle: "For Sale: Two John Davidson Tickets." It's nice to know football isn't the whole show at Notre Dame.

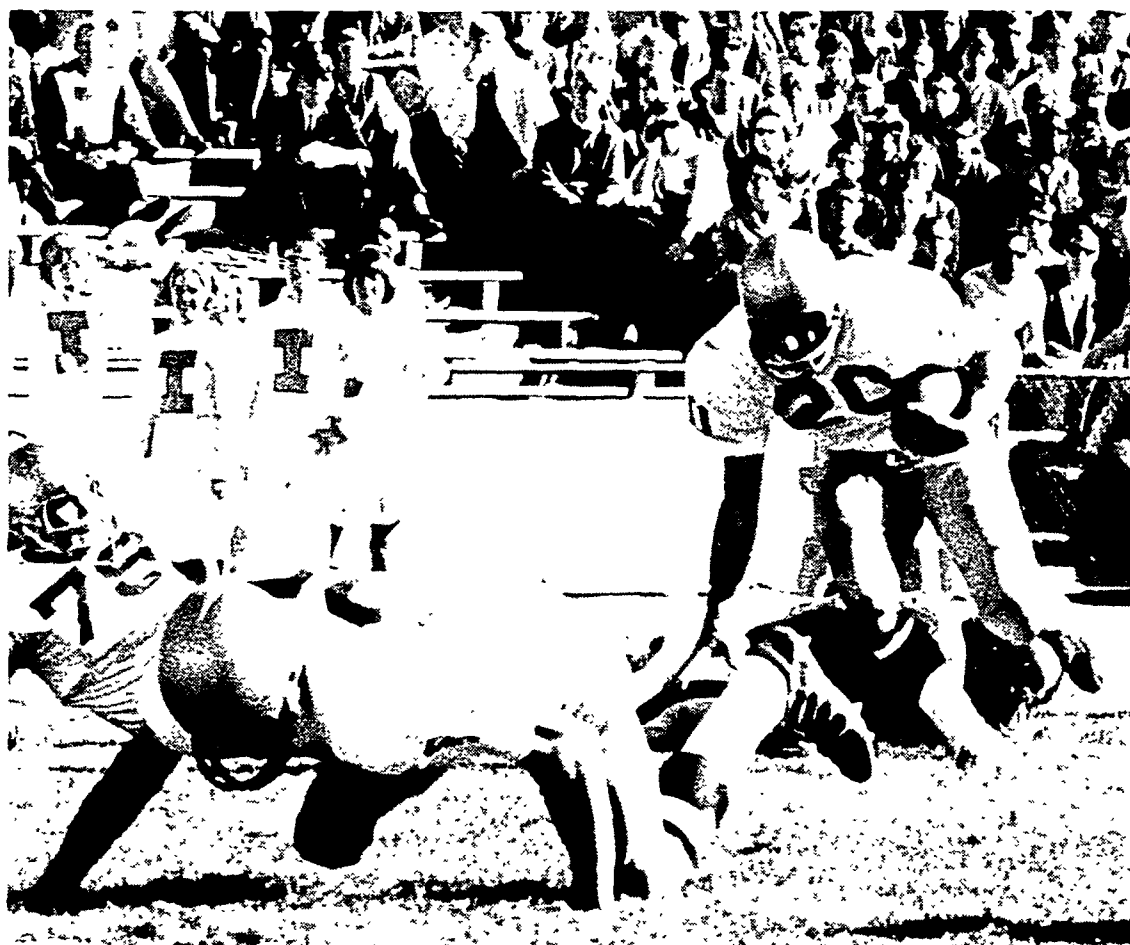


# BUBBLES, BOBS, AND BESS

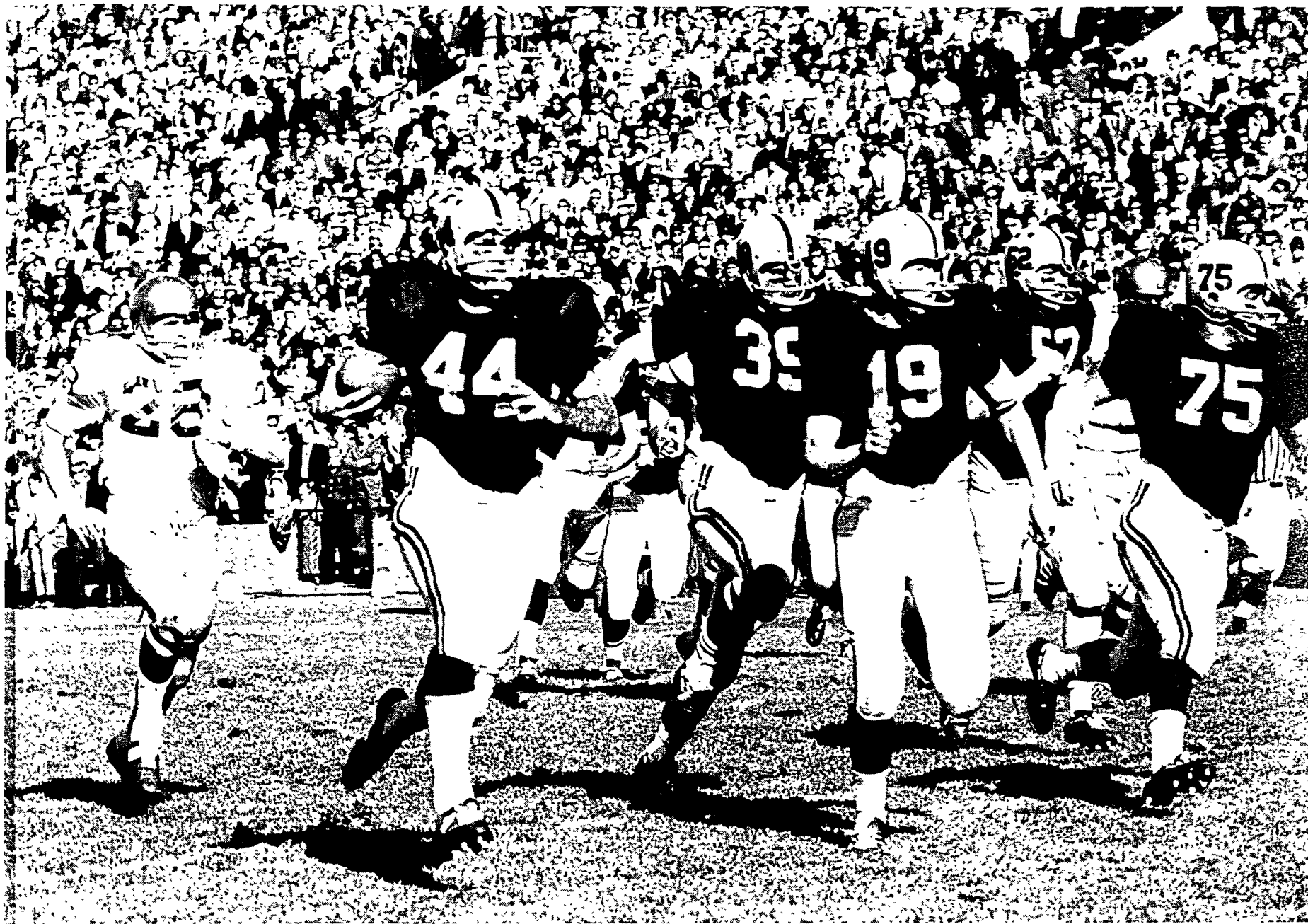
Champagne flowed at the University of Illinois last Saturday and the toastmaster was a Frenchman with a taste for wine. Bob Gladioux was the foreigner who bubbled his way through the Illini defense for 105 yards and two touchdowns. Joining in the festivities was Jim Seymour, who was tall enough to catch five passes, two of which were good for touchdowns. In doing so he set a new career pass-reception record, outdistancing Joe Heap's old record of 71 receptions.

The credit for keeping the cork on the Illini offense goes to Bob Kuechenberg and the defensive team for holding the Illini scoreless all day. Kuechenberg set up the first score of the afternoon by nailing Charlie Baiether after a broken-punt play on the Illinois 15-yard line. Safety Tom Quinn, standing in for Tom Schoen, raced 60 yards with a punt return to give the defense the last say. Even Joe Azzaro got to soak his foot in the effervescence, after kicking his first two field goals of the year.

But not everybody ended the day smiling as Terry Hanratty helped Ron Bess give the Illini a little something to cheer about. Led by a pack of blockers, Bess returned one interception for a touchdown and another for 77 yards. But, despite the efforts of Bess, the sounds of corks popping were few in Champaign Saturday, although at least one amazed manager noted that Notre Dame's water bucket was . . . bubbling?







# The Captain's Table

*Diversity oftentimes brings out the best in persons or groups. When Rocky Bleier wrote the "Captain's Table" before the USC game two weeks ago, he had some important and not very complimentary things to say about the Notre Dame student body at pep rallies. Admittedly, the trouble was being caused by a minority, and for Southern Cal there was notable improvement. This week Rocky looks back to the unfortunate USC game, and comments on the great majority of students who, like the team they cheer for, have a great deal of character and "never quit."*

Last week the SCHOLASTIC wasn't printed, so I didn't get a chance to tell you what was on my mind. Maybe it was for the best. We had Southern California in our grasp and then let them slip through our fingers, and my thoughts after that game would not have been very tame in print. But this week things turned out a lot better and we finally played together—both the offense and defense turned in good performances. There is much I could say on Illinois, yet there is a thought left over from the Southern Cal game that is sticking in my mind.

Much has been said both good and bad about the student body. We have been praised and criticized in the past and will continue to be in the future—there is just no way of getting around it because of the attention we draw. It is said that one should take the good with the bad—we had taken the good, riding high with success and maybe becoming a little apathetic. Now we also have taken the bad, and we've done it with much *more* poise than I thought we had.

With this in mind I would like to speak to you not as a student, or as a Notre Dame man, but as a ballplayer—a ballplayer who, like everyone else, gets depressed, worried, and frustrated, especially when things don't go right on a particular Saturday afternoon. It seems a shame to work and to work hard for five long days a week—to know you can win, to shut the offense off, to attack their defense the best possible way—only to come up and beat yourself. This is the one thing a team never can count on. And, let's face it, that's just what happened.

But when you stand on the sidelines in the closing minutes, with your team behind and with no possible way to win—yet with no one giving up—you wonder what it's all about.

Then you catch a faint sound of "We never give up" and it begins to grow. (Yes, we heard it.) Then you hear the Notre Dame Victory March and now you realize what it's all about. A lump forms in your throat and pride swells in your eyes, and your only thought is that you let a lot of people down who were counting on you.

Now, I know why Notre Dame is such a great school and has a great Student Body.

—BOB "ROCKY" BLEIER

## Anderson Picks

**AUBURN VS. MIAMI:** The big games are in the South this weekend and the winner of this game can look forward to a Top Ten berth and a probable bowl bid. Auburn has beaten Clemson and Georgia Tech by a total of 40 points the past two weeks, has scored 172 points in five games this season, and should score one six-pointer more than the sometimes sensational but often sporadic Hurricane machine.

**HOUSTON VS. MISSISSIPPI:** This would be a top game anywhere, but the fact that it's a home game for the Rebels heightens the drama. Warren McVea, Don Bean, and teammates will make believers out of the SEC tomorrow.

**LOUISIANA STATE VS. TENNESSEE:** Upsets are made in matchups like this one. LSU has the backs who can break a game open on one play, but logic dictates that a team that can stop Auburn, Georgia Tech, and the Bear on successive weekends can handle the Bengals.

**ALABAMA VS. CLEMSON:** Two of the season's biggest disappointments tangle in what should be a wide-open battle. After losing at home for the third time since 1956, practice will be closed in Birmingham this week. The feeling here is that the Bear can tread water for one more week.

**INDIANA VS. ARIZONA:** Excerpts from Bob Pille's Top Ten in the *Sun-Times*: "Indiana—No. 4; Minnesota—No. 10." Among the unranked: N.D., Houston, Miami, Auburn, Alabama. Just out of spite—Arizona is the choice on Saturday night.

### UPSET OF THE WEEK:

**RICE VS. TEXAS:** Tradition makes Texas the odds-on choice to nip the Owls and win the Southwest Conference. But Rice has been the surprise team of the year so far and will complete their comeback to the big time with a hard-fought win tomorrow.

### OTHER GAMES:

Penn State over Syracuse  
Florida State over Mississippi State  
North Carolina State over Duke  
South Carolina over Maryland  
Georgia Tech over Tulane  
Minnesota over Michigan  
Oklahoma over Missouri  
Texas Tech over Southern Methodist  
Wyoming over Arizona State  
Colorado over Oklahoma State  
Southern California over Oregon  
Sorin over Alumni

Last week: 12-6-0, .667

Totals: 49-21-1, .700

# Voice in the Crowd

"REMEMBER" won't work anymore. Maybe once in every decade a chant gets started that relates directly to one game, is picked up by both players and students, and produces electrifying results on the field. The Southern Cal game of 1965 had the "REMEMBER" cheer, and it has to be *the* one for this decade. We can't have it, it belongs to Tony Carey and Nick Rassas and the Class of '65.

Two weeks ago another Southern Cal was playing another Notre Dame, and winning, and some students decided to go with their ace-in-the-hole: "Remember, Remember, Remember." It didn't work, first of all, because magic only lives once; it didn't work because the team on the field was not a part of the cheer, and it just couldn't identify. But the main reason that "Remember" didn't work against Southern Cal and probably won't work again is that, in a funny way, it was phony.

During the 1964 and 1965 seasons, when the world of winning football was new and exciting, midnight pep rallies on the steps of Sorin and "Remember" chants came easy because they were spontaneous. They hadn't been held religiously in the past, and everybody was involved because they wanted to be, not because they felt guilty about not really caring. It was only natural to want *our* years at Notre Dame to be as astounding and vibrant as they had been for the people before us, and so chants and rallies continued. They're just as loud and long as ever, and any outsider would swear they're for real. For some of us they are. But for many of us—let's face it—they're a bore, a necessary evil that must be confronted if the Notre Dame Spirit is to go on.

The Notre Dame spirit? Ten of the most frustrating seasons imaginable didn't even dent it, and pep rallies of half the present size won't hurt either. There is only one thing that will affect the Notre Dame spirit, and it won't *hurt* the incredible atmosphere of football here, it'll *kill* it—phoniness.

If there is a certain amount of phoniness among us genuine rah-rahs, it's going to be hard to root out because it is decidedly not hypocritical. The guys who are cheering for touchdowns when they don't feel a thing aren't doing it because they want to snow somebody; they do it because they used to get excited and honestly want to be excited again.

The question, then, is why aren't some of us turned on by the team anymore? The national press supplies one symptom, anyway. We're the bad guys these days, and that's something that never happened to Notre Dame (on a national level) before. The Michigan State game brought it out in the open—if only because publications like *Sports Illustrated* had to sell magazines when the whole country had already seen everything on its TV screens. Some opposition to Notre Dame came about because of an unusual circumstance and a few unexpectedly weak opponents. Notre Dame rolled up a big score on USC because it was playing a mathematical game with the pollsters for the National Championship. Notre Dame defeated Duke, 64-0, because Duke was decimated with injuries and couldn't have held its own against our third team. The same has been true this year in games with Iowa and Illinois: any coach will play his starters for at least a full half to prevent them from getting rusty. But the press saw the final scores, and Notre Dame became a bully.

Okay, Notre Dame's the victim of a bum rap, but that certainly didn't fool most of the students. What may have fooled some is the myth of invincibility. Just because ND looks like a machine on the field doesn't mean that it is—those are just guys in the uniforms, and they have school trouble and family trouble just like anyone else. They're not the bad guys; they look invincible because they worked just a little bit harder than the teams they play.

Michigan State will demand all the fight Notre Dame can muster. If you don't really "Remember" what State has done to our last two seasons, don't fake it. But before anyone turns his back on the team tomorrow, he should remember this: Bubba Smith called *us* sissies last year, we could have answered but we didn't. Charley Thornhill covered Don Gmitter's face with spit last year, he could have broken Thornhill's head but he didn't. Notre Dame will be worth a heartfelt cheer tomorrow—Notre Dame will be the good guy.

—MIKE MCADAMS

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## Bach

(Continued from page 25)

chaos: massive rational juggernaut, that yet does not lumber along, but glides unhurriedly and undeviatingly toward its destination like some huge ship in the night. What sort of man must this Johann Sebastian Bach have been, to command at his fingertips such awesome power.

The remaining section of the program was important psychologically, serving to reacclimatize the listener to the world outside. Had the program ended at this point, I doubt whether I could have moved from my seat at its conclusion.

Unfortunately a matter requiring my immediate attention had arisen which necessitated my immediate departure after the concert, and I had to forego the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Pity. . . .

—PETE KIRWIN

## Campus

(Continued from page 17)

the John Birch Society, spoke in Stepan Center on Tuesday night. Following his talk, Mr. Welch expatiated on the Communist conspiracy in America for two SCHOLASTIC reporters.

SCHOLASTIC: First of all, what is the size of the John Birch Society in America?

Robert Welch: As to the size, we started telling you something over a year ago that we were between sixty thousand and one hundred thousand members, and that we did not want to pinpoint any closer than that for a number of reasons: in the first place it's changing all the time. In the meantime, in the last year, we have far more than doubled our effectiveness by the formation of ad hoc committees. Our special committees like

the TACT and the TRAIN committees have been formed where we have five Birchers, maybe, and twenty non-Birchers, or twenty Birchers and a hundred non-Birchers working together, in which we have been able to increase our effectiveness and influence.

SCHOLASTIC: Of the leading people being considered for the presidency next year, can you tell us which would be acceptable to your society?

Welch: No. In the first place, there's no such thing as being acceptable to the Society, because the members of the Society disagree among themselves so completely. In the second place, I can't offer even any hint what the Society might or might not do because that would be construed as my trying to make a suggestion to our members, or in some way to influence their vote. We don't do it. We can't do it! We'd tear the Society

## Mayor Allen

(Continued from page 21)

Scholastic: In relation to Notre Dame, has the city administration utilized the facilities of the University at all?

Mayor Allen: I suspect that we have not done the job that we could have done in this area. We ought to be taking advantage of a good many more facilities — in the field of sociology, engineering, and computer science.

Scholastic: Do you know that the University has a graduate program in Urban Design?

Mayor Allen: Yes . . . uh. . . I'm aware of that now. I continue to say that the problems of urban areas are the paramount domestic problems that exist in the United States, and they continue to be punctuated by some few people getting to the point where they explode and you have a disorder.

Scholastic: Can you give any reason why the area around Notre Dame has not been more developed commercially?

Mayor Allen: It is not good planning that it should develop commercially —

Scholastic: With a market of 7,000 students that depend on the city?

Mayor Allen: I do not presume to be a planner. My planning department does that for me.

Scholastic: Wouldn't you think it a feasible idea to encourage more shops and stores in that area, or even to make it more attractive residentially?

Mayor Allen: First you have to have people who are willing to invest capital in an area that has been victimized by vandalism over a number of years.

Scholastic: There has been a marked step-up in raids by the ABC on the bars and taverns frequented by the Notre Dame students. Is there any reason for that to occur just before November?

Mayor Allen: Oh, I think that this is a periodic thing that occurs. . . .

Scholastic: Like about every four years?

Mayor Allen: No. This doesn't have anything to do with the mayoral campaign. It normally occurs in the spring of the year, when the sap starts to run, and all you guys get pretty frisky.

Scholastic: Would you consider sending your own city narcotics agents onto the campus for investigative purposes?

Mayor Allen: Oh, I might.

Scholastic: Does that include liquor agents too?

Mayor Allen: You don't have liquor on campus, do you? Surely not.

Scholastic: Since there are a number of students doing social work such as tutoring in and around the city, why has there been no co-ordination with your Human Relations Commission? It would seem that this Commission would know where the most serious problems are, and yet there has been no effort on your part to harness the tremendous social energy of the Notre Dame students. Why?

Mayor Allen: It's a pretty good question, and I don't have a ready answer. I don't think that we have done a good enough job in getting students involved in activities here. It gets pretty rough to develop these programs, and I don't know whether they should be stimulated at the University or down here at City Hall, but certainly there ought to be more cooperation than there is now.

Scholastic: Do you have any specific plans along these lines?

Mayor Allen: Although it's terribly politically inexpedient of me to mention it, there has in the past been considerable interest amongst some Notre Dame students in operating the No. 7 Fire Station as a neighborhood recreation center. It seems to me that No. 7 affords an ideal opportunity for this type of thing, and we have had our recreation director involved in some preliminary conversation with Father Joyce. However, we have not developed anything specific on this matter.

Scholastic: Thank you.

all apart.

**SCHOLASTIC:** Sir, do you think the John Birch Society is well received on college campuses?

**Welch:** The John Birch Society is well received when and wherever we have a chance to present it but in general we have not had that chance at all, and consequently all the people on the campuses know is what they have read in the liberal press, or worse, what they have heard from liberal professors, and a good many of them are slanted that way, so that the prejudice is against us.

**SCHOLASTIC:** Sir, in line with what you said in your speech about the end not justifying the means, what do you think of something like the Supreme Court's requiring American Communists to register as the agents of a foreign government? Is this a violation of their constitutional rights?

**Welch:** It's phony! You see, practically half of the Communist commissars coming up go through this motion — Sukarno, Nasser in Egypt, over and over — of outlawing the Communist party. All it does is . . . it does nothing! They're just going through the motions. The Communists go on just the same. Romulo Betancourt is a great illustration. He's sitting up there on his throne for his five years as president of Venezuela, helping to destroy all the anti-Communists in Venezuela. This is typical of the deception of the whole thing; I see no reason why our country should get into that position and go through this nonsense of outlawing the Communist party, which is just an act, is all it is. I won't even bother to get into what the constitutional basis might be, or the principles involved. It doesn't mean a thing.

**SCHOLASTIC:** Sir, what do you think of the anti-war demonstration in Washington last weekend?

**Welch:** I think that it was intended to help bring about confusion and dissension and bitterness in the minds of the people and I think it was such a flop that it didn't serve the Communist purposes as well as they thought it would.

**SCHOLASTIC:** William Buckley has said that you fail to distinguish between the Communists and, let's say, an ineffectual liberal. Can you make a distinction between the two?

**Welch:** Oh, sure! Very easily. We're talking about people who are deliberately and consciously trying to bring the rule of this one-world, conspiratorial clique. That's quite different from a liberal who's an honest socialist.  
— M.S., J.W.

Oct. 27, 1967

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(Continued from page 13)

Fr. Thomas Blantz, the former second-floor prefect turned rector, says he will cooperate with the hall as long as the residents initiate their reforms and take the responsibility for their decisions. Hall president Paul Kreuzkamp terms the atmosphere as "encouraging student responsibility and participation." Section spirit is high.

Across from Zahm, Breen-Phillips, traditionally a freshman dorm, has gone limited stay hall and is picking its residents rather than packing them in. President Richard Meehan said, "Always before the (hall) government fell on one man's shoulders — usually the rector. Any organized structure . . . was nonexistent." B-P has changed. Boasting the campus' best hall newsletter, the *Pace-Setter* even rated a letter from Fr. Hesburgh in its latest issue. Assessing each resident \$5, the hall remodeled its basement and recreation room. The judicial board handles all disciplinary matters that are not serious enough to come to the attention of Fr. Riehle. As in Zahm and Farley, drinking is a matter of discretion. "If you're dumb enough to get caught, you'll get what's coming to you," said Meehan while taking a swig of orange juice.

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On the main quad, Alumni (often termed "the least successful stay hall") has a new rector, Fr. Joseph O'Neill. Fr. O'Neill has eased up on many restrictions. Girls are allowed in the hall on weekends and liquor tolerated but discretion is still the name of the game. Alumni residents are said to have turned out in numbers of 20 and 30 for their Homecoming display. Alumni is presently in the process of organizing a judicial board.

Last year, Walsh gave most freshmen the impression of being "wide open" . . . girls any time . . . drinking. . . . This year a stricter guard has been assigned to the hall. Patrolling the hall mainly between 11-12 p.m., the guards turn all "culprits" over to Fr. Riehle for disciplinary action. Walsh thought it had other problems . . . freshmen in the hall. However, the noisy, rowdy water fights never materialized. Most residents feel that Walsh has a "better organized hall government" this year, but no judicial board has been organized as of this writing.

The basic principle regulating Morrissey Manor is "don't violate the good order of the hall." Morrissey has three provisional hall presidents and elections are being planned. The section leaders meet weekly with the rector, Fr. David Burrell. The judicial board has tried three cases, one involving a resident caught drinking outside the hall. Beer and girls are tolerated — nobody goes looking for trouble.

Dillon, the largest hall on campus, has few rules. Rector Fr. James Flanagan believes that the students in Dillon should decide for themselves what they want. Many sections are without prefects and sign-in sheets, but there have been few problems. Cooperation and consideration within the sections have provided for strong section spirit, thus also hall spirit.

Fledgling Holy Cross Hall has already organized its section system, and a judicial board will be set up in the near future. The hall rector, Fr. Joseph Hoffman, is anxious to give the residents the chance to govern themselves. At present there are no rules for the hall and the residents don't intend to establish many outside of "hall order."

In Howard, co-president Gordon Hunt states decisively that "we don't have hall autonomy." Students violating University regulations are reported directly to Mr. Pears, head of the campus police, and Fr. Riehle. His prediction is that most students over 21 after a brief exposure to the good things brought by "hall autonomy" will move off campus.

— T.D., J.A., G.D., B.Me., J.O'H.

(Continued from page 29)

With his left hand, Ed suddenly lifted up his right arm by the wrist and held it for a moment a few inches above his lap. His right hand swung limply as the arm was lifted up, and when Ed released his grip, the right hand fell back into his lap with a slapping sound. Ed repeated this motion twice, shaking his head from side to side. Then he let his head fall. He stared at the hands in his lap, one on top of the other, and he began to cry again.

After Ed did that with his hand, I had to look away from his face. For a moment I let my eyes wander around the room, and they settled on a tangle of advertising pamphlets in the opened dresser drawer directly in front of me. In all, there were fifteen or twenty different pamphlets, and they were opened up and spread randomly around the drawer as if someone had been thumbing through them carelessly. I could read the bold print on some of the covers: MOUNTAIN SPRINGS RESORT, MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, CANADA. CRAWFORD LAKE — FISHING, CAMPING, CANOEING. Nearly all the pamphlets had color photographs of clear, blue lakes with green pines and snow-peaked mountains in the background. There were also many pictures of smiling, white-hatted fishermen holding up long strings of northern pike and muskie.

While I was staring at the pamphlets, Ed began to motion with his good hand toward the door. He shook his head apologetically, as if he wanted me to leave. Then, for the first time since I had entered the room, I thought of the brown paper bag in my hands.

"Ed, I brought you something. Peanut butter on cardboard. Remember? It really is . . . I made it. Remember? Shit, did we laugh that night. Geez, I remember . . ."

I pushed the bag under Ed's left hand, and, as I did so, I noticed how thin Ed's legs had become. The bag made a loud crackling sound as Ed squeezed it. He stopped crying for a moment and sat motionless, holding his breath. Then he sighed deeply and began to murmur, "Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy . . ." as he shook his head from side to side. Ed barely moved his lips. The words, muffled and barely audible at first, trailed off into an indistinct murmur, as if Ed were walking away from me as he tried to speak. "Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy . . ."

As Ed stopped murmuring, he slowly raised his left hand toward his mouth. He opened his mouth a little

with obvious pain and pointed toward it with his left index finger. As he pointed very slowly, back and forth, back and forth, he shook his head from side to side and squeezed his eyes shut. Then he dropped his hand into his lap and let his chin fall to his chest.

I couldn't look at his face. My eyes fixed on the window beside Ed's bed. The window framed a blue sky, a very blue sky, and a few handfuls of green maple leaves that were shimmering in the wind. The window was shut tight.

But I wasn't seeing the blue sky and the green leaves. In my mind, I was seeing Ed Mramer's face. I was seeing Ed's big red nose. But I kept staring at the window.

"Goddammit, Ed, I remember. Your

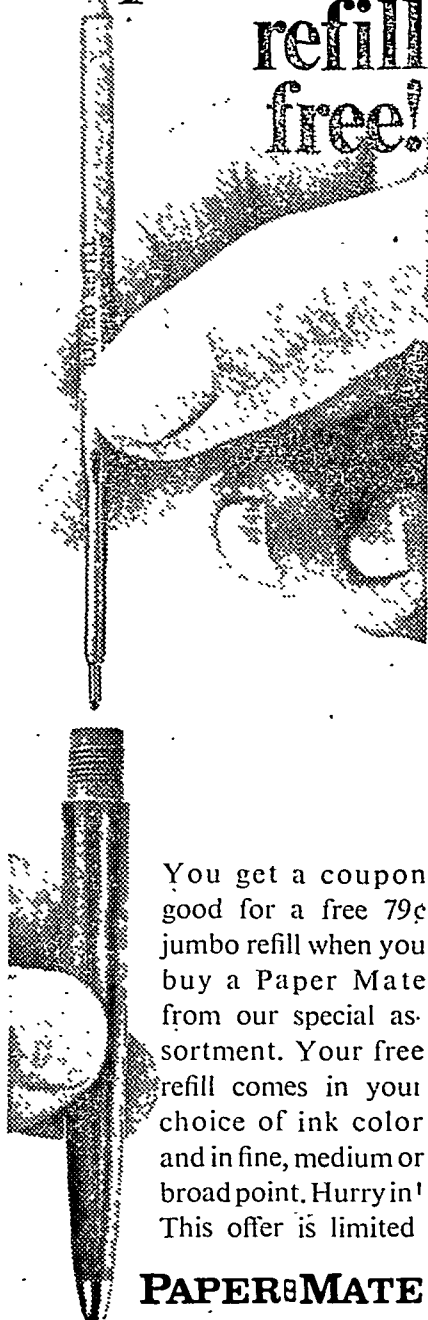
face is still in my head. And it's still the same. Your eyes and your nose, they're still the same. Your nose, Ed. Goddammit, you've still got your nose. I remember . . ."

I hadn't meant to say anything, but when I finished, I looked into Ed's face. At the same time, Ed lifted his head and opened his eyes to look at my face. We smiled at each other with our eyes. His eyes and his nose were still the same. For a moment, they were the same. Then Ed squeezed his eyes shut and let his head fall, and we both started to cry.

A few moments later my eyes were shiny as I got up from the bed and left the room. "Good-bye, Ed," I said,

softly. Ed didn't raise his head. As I entered the living room, the conversation stopped and Mrs. Mramer looked up at me from her chair. My eyes got shinier when I saw hers, and I was embarrassed in front of Dad. Dad saw what was happening, and he looked at Mrs. Mramer to tell her that he wanted to get me out of there. She understood, and as she led us to the door, she said, "The doctors don't know what it is. They can't do anything for him. Nothing." It was quiet for a moment at the front door as we shook her hand silently. In that moment, the three of us — Mrs. Mramer, Dad, and I — stood still and listened to Ed Mramer sobbing in his bedroom. ■

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## Letters

(Continued from page 7)

next to the above. Sure, alumni demand has increased in recent years—the past four years to be exact. How heavy was the demand just before that; how do you explain all those empty seats that the alumni could have had then? Certainly the fifty-two hundred graduates these past four years have not increased the demand that much. Yet all that time St. Mary's had bought their tickets. Oh, how often we have heard the old season-ticket holder praised and protected because of his loyalty during those "lean years"—and their only connection with the school is financial. Why cannot the same be applied to St. Mary's? As just one alumnus, I request that you withdraw that threat.

Paul T. Buennagel  
Class of 1967

### BANAL CONSPIRACIES

EDITOR:

After observing the banality of the Notre Dame undergraduate for three years, it is extraordinarily reassuring to find that our graduate students are No. 1 too.

In your heart you know Jim Wruck's right. There is a plot reaching from Mike Browning which will eventually deny the graduate student his historic and inalienable right to Homecoming.

Bobbsey Brady  
231 Fisher

### HYSTERICAL IMAGE

EDITOR:

It's gratifying to note that, amid the changing fortunes of time, and the perpetual clamor for student responsibility, our representatives on the Social Commission are possessed of a modicum of sanity, not to mention

administrational *savoir faire*. Witness: The distribution of tickets for the two John Davidson concerts. Truly a remarkable study in mass hysteria and, indeed, a fitting prologue to the projected image which ABC will present: The All-American University.

Edward R. Fahy  
429 Lyons Hall  
James R. Kachik  
401 Morrissey

### HEAVY-HANDED RELEVANCE

EDITOR:

Bill Cullen's editorial "Old Metal Under Old Brightness" discusses some inadequacies of the College of Arts and Letters. He says that it reflects a "mediocre posture" and claims that "things like the angelic order are still being talked about over in O'Shaughnessy Hall." Surely Mr. Cullen does not believe this. Although he is right in calling for educational improvement here at Notre Dame, he is carried away by his dramatic rhetoric which clearly misrepresents the Liberal Arts College. It is surely an understatement to say that the angelic order is no longer being discussed in O'Shaughnessy Hall. I personally doubt whether it has ever been *seriously* discussed there. Like so many other Catholics, Mr. Cullen has a chip

on his shoulder. In his genuine concern for immediacy and "relevance," he is overacting to certain excesses that have long since been buried and which certainly do not now exist in Arts and Letters.

Mr. Cullen speaks of *suffisance*. He might well have mentioned *ennui*. The heavy-handed rhetoric of his editorial is a good example of both.

John Melsheimer  
426 Walsh

### RUNNING ANTS

EDITOR:

The Sept. 29 editorial is partially correct in saying the only connection between narcotics and marijuana is that it is illegal. Although marijuana might make a person happy, it is wrong to say it cannot hurt a person.

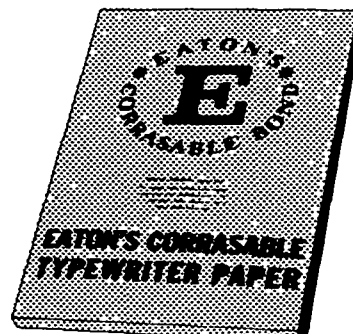
A lot of confusion regarding the effects of marijuana results from petty quibbling about addiction or habituation. Physicians usually agree that no physical dependence or tolerance is demonstrated by users, and although continuous use may be associated with psychiatric illness, few chronic users are admitted to psychiatric facilities. However, marijuana can cause an epidermal sensation as of ants running over a person. It increases thirst and appetite. Large doses can cause nau-

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sea, emesis, diarrhea, or constipation. It causes hallucinations, delirium, and alternate crying and laughing. Chronic exposure can produce brain lesions. Marked dilation of the eyes results. Respiration is usually decreased. Unco-ordination with a therapeutic dose can result, and larger doses produce spasm of contracting muscles. (As observed by James C. Munich, Ph.D., Member, Advisory Committee, U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Council on Mental Health and Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence.)

Marijuana may not be addictive, it may make you happy, but it is not harmless.

Michael D. Bresnahan  
325 Pangborn

#### PSYCHIC DEPENDENCE

In your editorial in the SCHOLASTIC of 9/29/67, "Why Keep Off the Grass?" you asked for some evidence that marijuana is detrimental to a community.

Dr. Benjamin Kissin, Director of

Alcoholism, Division of the Department of Psychiatry, of State University of New York Downstate Medical Center, Brooklyn, New York, states "Marijuana can cause a state of psychic dependance."

If you would like to follow up on this, it might be a good thing to write to Doctor Kissin and ask his views on the subject.

The SCHOLASTIC, as usual, provides stimulating reading. Not that I agree with some of the articles but I do like the work you and your staff are doing.

Brother Jonas Moran, C.S.C.

*Experience has shown that a large number of perfectly legal objects, such as women, good Scotch and electric blankets "can cause a state of psychic dependance (sic)" in man.—Ed.*

#### PITY HIM

EDITOR:

In the past few months, many people have asked me what I think about Father James Kavanaugh. It is fortunate that he spoke here at Notre

Dame; for his performance last Sunday demonstrated rather convincingly that he is not someone we need to *think* about at all. He does not appeal on the level of thought and he cannot be responded to on that level. At best he is to be pitied. He is a man of many problems, a few highly unoriginal insights, and an exceedingly dull vocabulary of the Holden Caulfield sort. When he found it necessary to descend to making coarse jests at the expense of a woman student, a Sister who had asked him a perfectly courteous question, Mister Kavanaugh forfeited his right to be listened to as a serious critic of anything whatsoever. Perhaps we would do better to stay with those whom Kavanaugh dismissed so lightly and so arrogantly — Rahner, Schillebeeckx, and Courtney Murray among them. They, at least, have not inflicted upon us their throes of adolescence. Would that the same were true of Angry Young Man Kavanaugh.

Grad student, Theology  
(Name withheld upon request)

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Mike  
McInerney

# The Last Word



**E**IGHT SCHOLASTIC STAFFERS were in the milieu of some 130 or so Notre Dame students who flew, rode, drove, and hitched to last Saturday's March on the Pentagon. The result of our efforts is spread throughout this issue. We felt it was important to cover this event, particularly considering the number of ND students who made the trip.

Of course standing on a trampled hedge atop the main steps of the Pentagon for five hours was carrying the "up tight" thing a little far. Wedged between a student from Fordham and two photographers from the Associated Press we got to wondering how the hedge felt about it all. Realizing at any moment we might be trampled under panicky hippies and MPs, it was easy to identify with the hedge.

But the hedge was in no mood to return our sympathy. It kept scraping

at our ankles, threatening our delicate balance above the crowd. Magnanimously we overlooked the hedge's violence. Everyone has rights. We figured if we got out of this confrontation with the military alive, we would at least be saved the horror of confronting the Pentagon gardener Monday morning.

As you can see we made it back intact and have photos and copy to show for our pains. We had little trouble with plane connections in and out of Washington; our only real difficulty came shortly after arrival Thursday night as we sought in vain for the Holy Cross seminary where we were told we could stay. After an hour or so of wandering with suitcase over the hilly area north of that part of the city that is Catholic University (and waking up a convent of Mexican nuns at 4 a.m.), we located a phone, made a call, and gave the secret password: "David Burrell sent me." It worked and we soon found ourselves in a seminary suite for the weekend, complete with private bath. Thank you, Frs. Burrell, Trippanier, Brother Manuel and Holy Cross Missions, Washington, D.C.

**B**ACK HOME IN INDIANA we take note of campus concern over the war. A Draft Counseling Service has been set up by Senior Ned Buchbinder. The first meeting for anyone with questions about the draft law will be held this Sunday at 3:30 near the flagpole on the main quad. Ned and his staff of 10 have spent the last month in preparing themselves to provide this needed service to the student body. They have received help from the American Friends Service Committee, a Quaker group expert on the labyrinthine mysteries of the U.S. draft law, who have offices in every major American city.

What kind of help can this group give you? Take an example. You're a senior and your annual 2-S deferment ran out September 15, even though you applied for an extension last May. At present you are neither 1-A nor 2-S and you're starting to get just a teensy bit worried when you receive in the mail Form 140 from your local board. It says in effect: "You must personally request a 2-S deferment by signing on the dotted line below and returning this form to us." You realize they are proceeding a little differently this year, but since you don't know a thing about the draft law and want to put your mind at ease, you sign, mail, and receive your new card shortly thereafter.

But if you sign Form 140 you will be ineligible to apply for a 3-A dependency deferment. One reason you

might want to be 3-A is that you can be deferred for as long as 18 years (during which time: a. the war may end; b. the world may end; c. you may end; d. other).

The reason for the deferment and for the 18 years is that you just might be a father and your child will be dependent on you for approximately that amount of time.

If you are thinking of getting married in June right after graduation and do not want to get drafted, do *not* sign Form 140. Wait. You will eventually be classified 1-A. When you receive your induction notice, immediately apply for a 1-SC. (Everyone is entitled to one 1-SC. It is an automatic one-year deferment for those receiving induction notices who have completed 75 percent of their undergraduate education.)

In June you graduate, get married, and hold on to the 1-SC which lasts to September. Over the summer your wife gets pregnant. If she doesn't get pregnant, you don't get a 3-A. If she gets pregnant and you can prove it to your local board, you're free for (count 'em) 18 years. By then you'll be 40 years old and if they draft you it will be because the commies will have landed and will be shooting up your front lawn in which case you will be forced to either fight or run anyway.

**O**NE LAST WORD concerning the previous issue's "Last Word." And we'll be more explicit this time: We think the University should buy a fully equipped ambulance to have on standby twenty-four hours a day. We think they can afford this. The day after our last issue came out Freshman Jim Butler (430 Keenan) was walking downtown alone when he was attacked by a couple of unknown assailants for no apparent reason. Pounded in the face, his forearm slashed by a knife, he returned to campus in a state of shock. He managed to sign in covering his arm, but he passed out upon reaching the second floor.

Friends asked the guard to call an ambulance. The guard suggested they call a cab. After Butler had fainted a second time, his friends pleaded with the guard again. Forty minutes after Butler first arrived back at Keenan the guard finally called the Security Police station wagon, which is used for emergencies only. Luckily Butler was not too badly injured although we saw the six-inch gash which had to be stitched closed. He was lucky. One of the other 5000 on-campus students may not be so lucky in the future. Can the University take that chance?



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Jim  
Breen



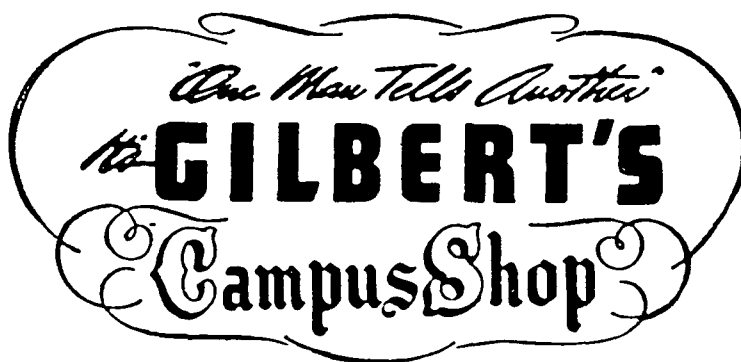
STOP IN SOON . . . IT'S YOUR STORE . . .

Hilton  
Gramps,  
*Manager*



## "A SATISFIED CUSTOMER"

This is the goal of all of the men shown here. These men staff our Campus Shop . . . they are professionals in serving you, and in meeting your particular apparel needs; they were carefully chosen for their talent in serving university men. Personnel of this caliber selling top quality, university styled clothing is our successful formula for "a satisfied customer".



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