

SCHOLASTIC

NOVEMBER 10, 1967



BOOT CAMP IN ACADEMIA

editorial p. 4

campus p. 9



Casual . . . good looking . . . practical . . .

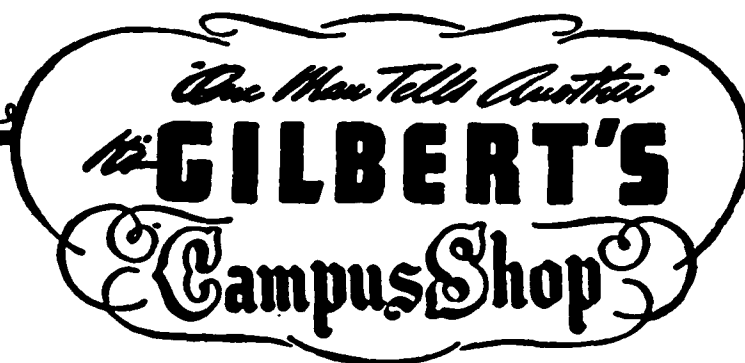
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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME



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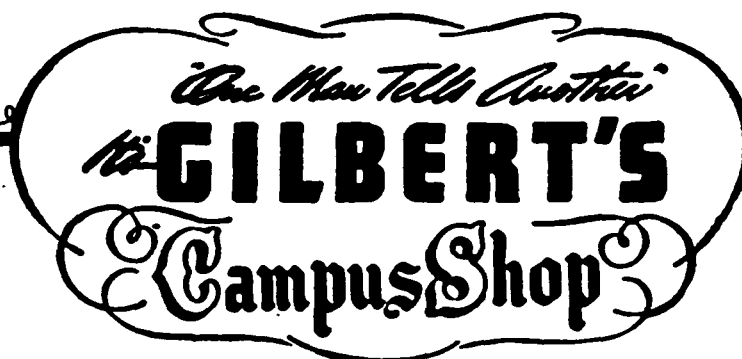
ONE-THIRD

in February

ONE-THIRD

in March

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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Editorials

An Academic Question

In the 1940's, the University of Notre Dame abolished the major program in physical education. Although more and more student athletes could look forward to making their careers as gym teachers or in the burgeoning field of professional football, the decision was made in recognition of the doctrine that the University is an academic institution, and career training is of secondary importance to liberal education.

We do not grant credit for physical education; we don't have an agriculture school or even a journalism department. Notre Dame is a university, not a vocational school; in fact, only a carefully selected Collegiate Scholar or two can prepare for a career in an artistic field like filmmaking or creative writing.

But there is a glaring exception.

A large number of students at this University are engaged in a four-year course as preparation for a decidedly nonacademic career, a military career.

These students devote plenty of time and effort to their training and receive appropriate benefits in return. They are, of course, draft-exempt as students, and can look forward to outranking their college classmates in the service after graduation. All the upperclassmen draw a salary, and many students receive substantial scholarships.

All well and good; we're willing to put up with ROTC, to be awakened at six a.m. by the shouts of the Counter-Insurgency Unit, to watch the chauvinistic God-Country-Notre Dame ethic perpetuated by the ever-present voice of the military. Many students want the program and derive great benefit from it. Why not add one more non-academic activity to the fringe of the University? After all, it pays for itself.

But we do have one objection. We can see no reason for ROTC students to receive academic credit for their basic training program. When hosts of student writers, athletes, musicians and politicians work upwards of 20 hours a week on their career interests while carrying a full load of scholastic courses, it is hard to understand why a student planning to spend two or three years as an officer in the military can drill for a couple of hours, learn some basic theories and shine his shoes while carrying 12 hours of college courses and adding an easy *A* or *B* to his record.

All we ask is consistency. If the Administration sees fit to give academic endorsement to military careerists, it would seem logical to extend the benefits of this vocational-school philosophy to others. We should reinstate the phys ed major, give credit freely for a vast hodgepodge of student activities, and seat Ara in the faculty senate.

The alternative is a sounder course. Let the business of the University be university education, and let activities which have little to do with the University operate as extracurriculars or not at all. Let us provide a training camp if we must, but let us by no means dignify it with the stature of an intellectual enclave.

—T. H.

A Self-Fulfilling Prophecy

In his celebrated Oct. 12 speech, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, after having maintained for years that American troops were in Vietnam to protect the beleaguered democracy of the South from the wanton aggression of the North, now boldly states that our real purpose in the Vietnamese war is to prevent Red China from dominating the rest of Southeast Asia. We have long suspected that Secretary Rusk's noble democratic rhetoric was pure propaganda; we are glad our suspicions have been officially confirmed. Once this rhetoric is removed, it is clear that Secretary Rusk is a staunch upholder of America's "manifest destiny," a form of the same crude destiny upheld by Teddy Roosevelt and his ludicrous Roughriders at the Battle of San Juan Hill. Secretary Rusk's famous calm demeanor is easily explainable; the horrible atrocities caused by our policy of indiscriminate bombing simply do not horrify Secretary Rusk. These "unfortunate occurrences" are but incidental to America's divine mission. Secretary Rusk is a Roughrider in disguise.

Thus it is not hard to discover why Red China brands Secretary Rusk as the foremost American imperialist. Suppose the situation were reversed. Suppose we were threatened by a great military power right near our border. This perfectly describes the Cuban missile crisis of 1963. There, a comfortable ninety miles off our shores, the Soviet Union secretly attempted to supply Cuba with intermediate range nuclear missiles. We rightly demanded their removal. How much more provocation have we given the Chinese? Not only are we bombing within miles of their border, recently indeed even violating their air space by the "accidental" intrusion of two heavily armed fighter bombers, but our own Secretary of State declares flatly that Red China is the ultimate object of our commitment in South Vietnam. Our commitment to prevent China from dominating Southeast Asia now reaches a half-million men and costs millions of dollars a day, this even though our own best sources admit that the Chinese have no regular army troops in either North or South Vietnam. No wonder the Chinese feel threatened by our presence.

Secretary Rusk's statement will become a self-fulfilling prophecy. If by our words and deeds we act as if war with Red China is inevitable, then surely it will be.

— J. M.

21 Extra Hours of Frustration

While this is a Catholic University, not all the students here are so concerned with theology and philosophy that they need to take twenty-one credit hours in the two before graduation. For most students not interested in theology or philosophy these requirements are merely an inconvenience. But for the science major, who from freshman year on must concentrate in the technical subjects pertinent to his field, these requirements can be a serious impediment to his education.

The situation is further aggravated by the poor quality of the theology courses offered. While some improvement has been made by bringing new, capable instructors to the University, a simple examination of the courses being offered this semester will reveal that many of these new instructors are not teaching at the undergraduate level. The inferior quality of these courses adds to the student's frustration and yet the problem lies even deeper than this.

The requirements of a given major must not hinder the education of an individual within that major. The science major is compelled to minor in theology and philosophy and is prevented from pursuing interests he may have in other areas. We do not feel that the theology and philosophy requirements should be abolished; these fields aren't to be ignored. But the number of required courses should be decreased and the student allowed to substitute any liberal arts course of his choice.

— R. M.

c o n t e n t s

Vol. 109 Nov. 10, 1967 No. 7

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CAMPUS

Students, sensitive about ROTC's academic aspects, give the case against militarism in an educational institution on page 9 . . . Mike Smith's death, some seminarian's say on page 10, might indicate a basic malaise in the Church . . . the bookstore cleans up on football weekends—same page . . . the dining hall is the dining hall is the dining hall because of a financial bind, on page 11 . . . governmental witch hunts are back, too . . . St. Mary's and its excavations in the sandbox are reviewed on the next page . . . whatever happened to the Student Body Vice President? . . . onward and upward with the SMC *Crux*, page 13 . . . do-gooders do more good for themselves than anyone else, too . . . what will become of the coat and tie checkers?

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SPORTS

On page 26 Steve Anderson nostalgically reflects on the last 3 years of N.D. football — the "Era of Ara" . . . Basketball begins early in France, and on page 27 the other Irish basketball team reports on its march to Paris and the national championship.

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letters

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers. No letter will be printed without a signature; however, names will be withheld upon request. All letters are subject to condensation and editing. Letters should be addressed to Mike McInerney; Editor, SCHOLASTIC; Notre Dame, Indiana.

KAVANAUGH'S SINCERITY

EDITOR:

The editorial which I wrote two weeks ago to review Fr. Kavanaugh's talk (A Modern Priest Looking: SCHOLASTIC, Oct. 27) has drawn an interesting variety of comment. For example, Mr. Richard Rossie's letter in last week's SCHOLASTIC judged that I had not recognized the sincerity of Kavanaugh. By way of reply I would like to say that Mr. Rossie is wrong.

A man may be sincere and still confused. A man may be honest and yet bewildered. And while I believe Father Kavanaugh is such a man, I hope Mr. Rossie is not.

As the original editorial said, I sympathize with Father Kavanaugh's frustration, but I am not going to ignore his contradictions. Nor will any real friend of the man ignore them.

Because we liked some of the positive and significant elements of Kavanaugh's book does not mean that we honestly can ignore the negative elements of his present position or consider them insignificant. Perhaps Father Kavanaugh is emotionally exhausted. Perhaps he has been exploited by months of personal appearances arranged by his publishers: I simply don't know. But I do believe that he is not going to contribute much to the renewal among Christians by talks as negative and contradictory as the one on our campus.

I felt free to speak my mind, not worried that I would be labeled conservative or liberal by readers who would misunderstand. I was surprised that Father Hesburgh wanted to reprint the editorial in the *New York Times*, but he apparently wanted some reply to an advertisement in which Kavanaugh or his publishers embarrassed the University.

I and a few other students have wondered since whether our President is correct in his judgment that my editorial "represents the attitude of most Notre Dame men." But I will not object for two very basic reasons: first, Fr. Hesburgh is also entitled to his opinion; and second, the term "Notre Dame men" means more than we students who are currently enrolled in the University. It seems

also the great mass of alumni, whom Fr. Hesburgh is in a better position to know than we are. Finally, Fr. Hesburgh acknowledged very sensibly: "There will be other opinions, of course. That's what freedom of ideas is all about."

And that brings us back to the poetic Mr. Rossie, who seems unhappy with the institutional Church as it is. To him I can only say, "Welcome aboard if you want to help us row, rather than jump overboard and try to swim alone." There are a lot of ways that we, who are the Church, can help to reform the Church. For one thing, we can develop a sense of humor! And we can begin to take each other at our word, rather than read hidden meanings into plain statements. For example, Mr. Rossie, I am told that in the Student Senate meetings you have said that you are tired of playing in the sandbox. I believe you, Mr. Rossie, I believe you!

G. R. Bullock
Pangborn Hall

FROM THE DIME STORE

EDITOR:

Congratulations on your October 27 editorials. Mike McInerney's assessment of the Washington Peace March and G. R. Bullock's appraisal of the maverick "Father" Kavanaugh were as sound and acute as anything I have seen in print on either subject. The "plea for indifference" to campus Negroes by Stephanie Phalen was uncommonly sensible.

Let's have more writing of this caliber and fewer contributions from halfhearted champions of marijuana and dime store Robespierres ranting about "revolution." These people display little of the "maturity" the SCHOLASTIC has tried for so many years to encourage in the student body. They represent few save themselves and they contribute nothing that could be called "thought" to contemporary problems. They merely give your magazine and the University a bad name.

Bernard Norling
History Dept.

HAPPY CELIBATE

EDITOR:

Thank you for G. R. Bullock's excellent editorial, "A Modern Priest Looking." It certainly shows that Bullock wasn't taken in by Kavanaugh's emotionalism and with his DO-AS-YOU-DAMN-PLEASE PHILOSOPHY.

Since I was among the third who didn't catch on fire by Kavanaugh's highly emotional, extremely immature, destructive blast against the People of God (THE CHURCH), I just want to go on record as saying

I am a happy dedicated celibate for the Kingdom of God. I believe I am a FULFILLED PERSON.

The Celibate Condition And Sex by Marc Oraison is a small book of 158 pages which would be well worth reading for a better, deeper and true understanding and appreciation of CELIBACY.

Brother Don Fleischhacker, C.S.C.

BOORS AGAIN

EDITOR:

Hats off to the half-dozen mature, responsible, involved students who, in the anonymity of a crowd, had the courage to hoist a meaningful message on a bed sheet at the N.D.-M.S.U. game. In eight years here as an undergraduate and grad student I thought I'd seen everything. But Saturday's "TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF" marks the high point of a growing display of boorishness, immaturity and crudeness put on by a few misfits.

While the nationally televised broadcast probably didn't carry the inane gesture, thousands of fans did see it, numbering among them many children who, like it or not fellows, undoubtedly look up to Notre Dame men (?) for an example to follow.

I just can't believe it.

Michael D. Ciletti, Teaching Asst.
Dept. of Elect. Eng.

SQUADRON LEADER

EDITOR:

Having reviewed the names of those who "Won't Go," as appearing on page 8 of the November 3 issue of the SCHOLASTIC, it is with great apprehension that I await the formation of Captain (Leonard A. Joyce) Midnight and his Secret Squadron.

Frank W. Traynor
820 Notre Dame Ave.

PERSONAL COURAGE

EDITOR:

Surely no greater personal courage has been displayed by any students yet this year than by those unpretentious, aweless few who affixed their names to the anti-induction petition in last week's SCHOLASTIC. Truly these young men display a resolution of which their parents must certainly be proud — in fact, Dad would probably relish the opportunity to show off the page to his colleagues at his next business conference. Or better yet, you bold signers, wouldn't it be a great tribute to your valor and showmanship if your girlfriend could be sent copies of the petition to cherish and revere so long as the memory of your deed shall live.

Ray Cimino
229 Walsh

coming distractions

All Week: "Gente" will be on, in or around the Main Floor of the La Fortune Student Center. Come see what it is.

Some Day? Freshman Football game with Michigan State? Only God knows when and where.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10

5:45 p.m. Time for another shot from that addictive devise. Watch "Moose" Krause's "Inside Sports" (Channel 16).

7:30 p.m. For those of you who still maintain an open mind (both of you), Gen. Harold Johnson, Army Chief of Staff, will speak on "U.S. Containment Policy in Viet Nam" in the Library Auditorium.

8:00 p.m. The good old Weekly Faculty Duplicate Bridge Sessions will be held at the University Club. (For those who aren't in, rumor has it that Duplicate Bridge is just a front for more profitable activities.)

8:30 p.m. Junior Class presents "Return of the Mini-Skirt" at the Laurel Club. "The Banned," from Cincinnati will play. It's \$3.50 (\$3.00 Key Club). Bonus: 25 cents off admission for every girl in a mini-skirt starting at two inches above the knee.

10:15 p.m. "Ara Parseghian Reports" on Pitt's depth (Channel 16). It is also rumored that Ara may also demonstrate his ability to walk on water as well as on Pitt.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11

12:30 p.m. In a hurry to get their "nightmare" over with, Pitt, will meet the Fightin' Irish an hour earlier than usual. If you're not going to Pitt, be sure and watch the world-renowned sports announcer, Bill Ethern, as he misses more names, plays, and numbers than the Panthers miss blocks.

2:00 p.m. It's Cinema '68. *La Notte* in Washington Hall, but — alas. for subscribers only.

8:00 p.m. International Students! Don't miss your chance at real food. Meet in Walsh Hall for a dinner to be followed by entertainment and refreshments.

5:30 p.m. To celebrate Pitt's "nightmare," the Sophomore Class presents "World War Three" at the Mishawaka Conservation Club. The sounds of The Jumping Jacks will explode before you. \$3.50 (\$2.75 Key Club). Buses leave Circle: 7:15, 7:30, 8:30 — SMC: 20 minutes later.

7:15 p.m. "The Professors," second part of continuing series on "The City."

Midnight

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12

11:30 a.m. Join the TV addict who stayed up all night blowing his mind on test patterns and turn to Channel 16 for "Window on Notre Dame." Take a good look at your school.

1:00-5:00 p.m. The Art Gallery presents the last showing of Ralph Rosenberg in the West Gallery.

4:00 p.m. Be careful while playing golf. The unsuspecting player could find himself flattened while teeing off as the Chicago Track Club will be using the course to run Cross-Country.

8:00 p.m. Cinema '68, *La Notte* at Washington Hall.

10:00 p.m. The "Ara Parseghian Show" on Channel 16.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13

7:30 p.m. "Mathematics, the Imagination and Technology" Lecture by Notre Dame's Dr. O. Timothy O'Meara in the Library Auditorium. Sponsored by the Department of Mathematics.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14

7:00 p.m. Continuous showings of the films, *Four Days* and *1000 Days*, concerning the Presidency and assassination of John F. Kennedy, will be at the Continuing Education Center by the Student Union Academic Commission.

8:00 p.m. Amsterdam University String Quartet will perform in the Little Theater.

8:00 p.m. At the Architecture Auditorium, Dr. Richard W. Burk. of Wayne University, will deliver a discourse entitled "The Romanian National Deviation: An Accounting."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15

7:00 p.m. Johnny Dee's traveling basketball squad, resembling Ringling Brothers' circus, makes a voyage to Michigan City for the third Freshmen-Varsity intra-squad contest.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16

8:00 p.m. The future President of General Motors, Louis Nizer, well-known author and attorney, is currently scheduled to speak at the library auditorium.

—Compiled by TERRY GOODWIN

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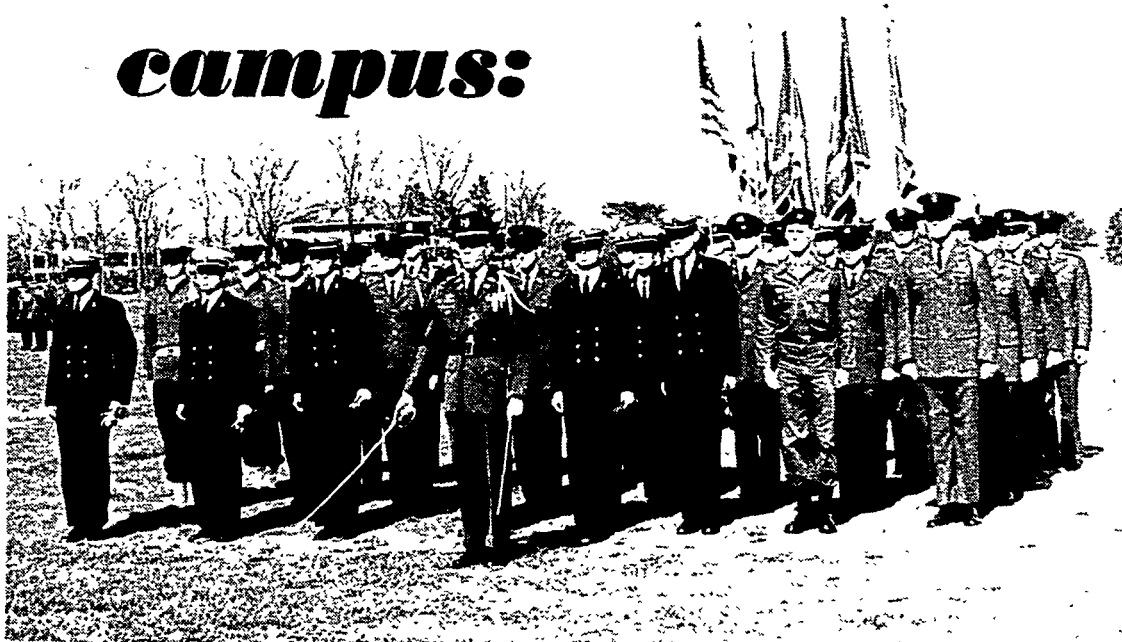
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QUESTIONING THE MILITARY

A group calling itself the Committee for the De-emphasis of ROTC held its first organizational meeting last Sunday night on the third floor of Lyons Hall and announced as its objective the termination of the University's pro-ROTC policies. During the meeting, Thomas Rice, a senior math major, emphasized that the movement was not directed toward the abolition of ROTC, but rather toward withdrawing academic credit from ROTC courses, moderating the role played by the ROTC in freshman orientation, disestablishing the ROTC detachments as University departments headed by full professors, and ending the Presidential Review.

The primary argument marshalled against the present status of the ROTC detachments as University departments is that it empowers them to give academic credit for nonacademic studies. As an example of this, the Committee cites the policy of the College of Arts and Letters which will apply twelve ROTC credits towards the fulfillment of the requirements concerning elective courses. According to Ken Spisard, a member of the Committee, the University should not give credit to a training that fosters unquestioning obedience. "Giving credit to nonthinking is what I'm against."

The second argument against granting ROTC courses academic credit which the Committee presented was that the atmosphere in which the ROTC classes are held is not consistent with the concepts of academic freedom and does not foster meaningful, critical dialogue between the teacher and students. Calling ROTC courses "training, not education," one of the members of the committee read from Army ROTC's *Cadet Regulations*: "Practical instruction is stressed, with the maximum use being made of available training aids and equipment. Applicatory methods are used to the extent feasible. Subjects are presented by demonstration. . . . The lecture-type method of

instruction is kept to a minimum. Classroom recitation is emphasized." Thomas Rice cited his experiences in handing out Vietnam literature as indicating the restrictions upon academic freedom generated by the ROTC system. "I would be passing out Vietnam literature in the lobby of the dining hall," he said, "and some people would walk by me and say, 'I can't take that; I'm in ROTC.' Others would say, 'I won't take it; I'm in ROTC.'"

When contacted for comment upon the contentions of the Committee, Col. Victor J. Ferrarri, Professor of Aerospace Studies, was at great pains to point out that the texts used in Air Force ROTC courses "cover all sides of every issue." He produced a number of books used in AFROTC as evidence of this. Among them was *Protracted Conflict: A Challenging Study of Communist Strategy*. The book was published by the Foreign Policy Research Institute which has been implicated by *Ramparts* magazine as a secretly CIA-funded institution.

Members of the committee are incensed that the commanders of the campus ROTC detachments are afforded the status of full professors by the University. Bill Gehl, a senior economics major said, "This is an insult to the regular faculty who have been here for years and who are not professors — even though the ROTC people do not receive professorial salaries. A professorship is an honor in the academic community; the colonels aren't in it. This is degrading the role of the professor."

Ken Spisard summed up the Committee's position against credit and academic honors for ROTC by saying, "I don't see how instructors and students who have any pride in their work can accept having the military placed on the same plane as the scholarly."

The Committee also turned its attention to freshman orientation during which ROTC is permitted to present its answer to the draft in the form of a two-hour meeting complete with a brochure featuring the signature and face of Fr. Hesburgh. The Committee feels that the conscientious objectors on campus should have a place during freshman orientation and endorsement by Fr. Hesburgh.

When contacted for comment on these matters, Dean Burke of the Freshman Year, who plans freshman orientation, said that his office would consider a request for time for conscientious objectors. Fr. Hesburgh pointed to a speech he delivered in November of 1964 before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in which he supported the individual's right to disobey laws which contravene the dictates of his conscience.

— T. P.



VARIETY IS THE SPICE

"Students everywhere complain about college food services and about dormitories. Probably because no one reprimands them for it . . ." grumbles an official of St. Mary's catered dining hall service. Dormitories are not his concern, but St. Mary's girls have little to beef over as far as the meals served them are concerned.

The SMC "UFO" dining hall was built in 1964. The girls stack their own trays, so there is little kitchen help wandering around aimlessly. Standing in line is reportedly something of a problem at certain times, but it is not the habitual occurrence that Notre Dame students have resigned themselves to. Second and third helpings are allowed to be taken. Lunch, finally, is served from 10:45 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Most girls think the food is satisfactory, and certainly are not considering trading places at table with their malnourished brethren across the road.

"But what would you suggest we do?" petitions Bernard F. Mehall, Notre Dame dining hall manager. "We run the food service on a University-controlled budget, and the money we now receive comes entirely from student fees." This means student board, which is approximately \$230 a student for the allotted 315 meals a semester. If a student goes to three of every four meals, he is only paying a dollar every time he eats. If one concedes that an average dining hall lunch consists of something on a par with weiners, baked beans, soup, salad, dessert and unlimited bread and beverage, it is obviously a buy for a buck. This vast array would cost at least \$1.60 or so anywhere in South Bend, Mr. Mehall points out.

"We serve three hot meals a day, and the student shouldn't complain



HOMECOMING DISPLAY: WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

about the variety of food," says Mr. Mehall. "Actually many guys probably eat better here than at home."

Some improvements were made to the dining halls over the summer, thanks to last year's dining hall demonstration. The continental breakfast is going strong—as strong as coffee, orange juice and a doughnut of questionable freshness can go.

This year, nearly 250 off-campus students have meal cards. There seems to be a fairly high number of on campus students who would like to get rid of theirs, but this cannot be done legally, Mr. Mehall says, because the University is a residential institution and eating on campus is part of its hallowed tradition. Also traditional is the fact that "The dining hall system does not have the budget to renovate an old building like the South Dining Hall," says Mehall.

One St. Mary's official discussing the difference in quality between our food service and theirs put it this way — "The smaller the group, the better the service. St. Mary's is small, and girls don't eat as much as boys. So St. Mary's can afford better service."

—J. O'H.

SOCIAL COMMISSION INVESTIGATION

Rumors: nasty anti-Social Commission and anti-Student Union, linger in the turgid wake of Homecoming; and a group of Howard Hall students have become quite convinced that the rumors of unethical practices within the Social Commission and the Student Union during Homecoming may be the proverbial smoke that will show the way to the proverbial fire.

Objections have centered on the number of football tickets made available to Homecoming II bid winners, and the number of free cars actually made available to people who were supposed to have them—it seems that many more cars should have been available than there were, but nobody knew where the cars had gone.

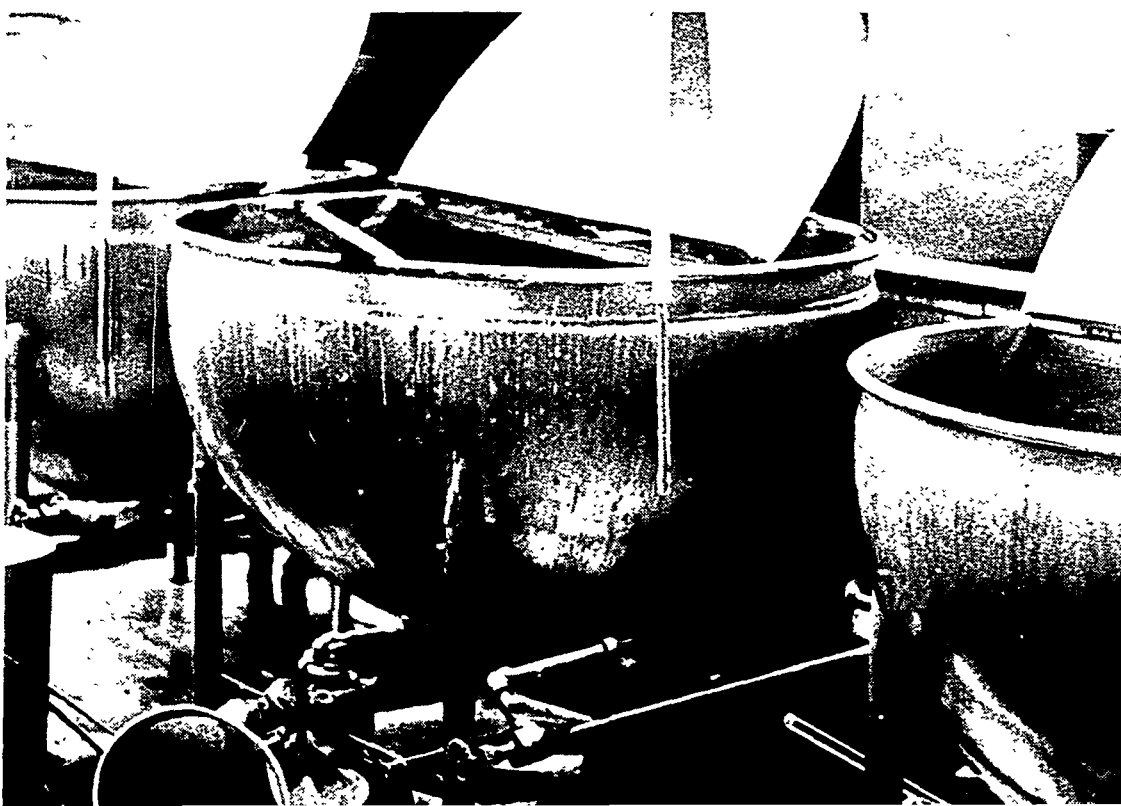
Michael Browning, president of the Student Union, has said, "I think you're going to find out most of this is hearsay." But the people with the complaints are quite sure of themselves. It was very apparent to them that it would be a difficult task to convince Browning that he ought to let his staff be investigated, but they were determined.

Before a meeting Tuesday night between the people from Howard Hall and Michael Browning, one of the group wasn't too pessimistic about the possibility of the inquiry being stopped by those in power. He said, "If the motion is stopped, we'll run an advertisement in the SCHOLASTIC, get some people with some facts, and run our own investigation."

In the middle of all this was Bob Rigney, Alumni senator, and his investigating committee, whose purpose was to decide whether or not an investigation was warranted.

The committee was not impressed at all with the accusations; it called the complaints offered merely "points of mismanagement," and decided that the facts offered did not warrant an investigation, but that the committee would be established "as a watchdog committee of the

DINING HALL: IN THE SOUP FINANCIALLY



SMC AND THE STUDENT POWER THING

REALIZING THEIR RIGHTS

"I don't think students at Catholic women's colleges realize their rights," observed Stevie Wernig, SMC Student Government president. Hoping to make the entire college community aware of the rights and responsibilities of the Saint Mary's student, the Student Government is preparing a Statement of Rights.

Stevie emphasized that "these rights aren't new—they just have not been publicized." She hopes to have the statement ready in February.

Five headings (Social, Personal, Academic, Student Government, and Due Process) have been established. Basic principles (right to self-defense, right to know the course instructor before registering) are being drawn up for each area by the working committee, which consists of administration, faculty, the chairmen of the five committees, and Chairman Wernig.

Each of the five committees, made up of students and faculty, will then take these principles, revise them if necessary, and apply them specifically to the Saint Mary's community. A lawyer will provide help in areas needing legal counsel.

Stevie doesn't anticipate opposition from either faculty or administration for two reasons. One, is that students will be working closely with both groups in drawing up the statement. Second, she envisions the rights to be stated as undeniable.

THE "MOTHER HEN COMPLEX"

The college scene is alive with numerous variations on the sit-in — the love-in, the teach-in. Last Thursday about 100 SMCers were part of the latest — the "bitch-in." According to Student Government leaders, the purpose of the meeting was "to get (the girls) riled up, so they will do something about the "mother hen complex" of the SMC Administration.

The discussion, (which was closed to Administration figures) centered around the Statement of Student Rights which is being prepared. It moved from an attack on the sign-out procedure to the benefits of bolting (staying out all night) to the legal rights of twenty-one-year-olds to make contracts—for example, to rent a car or live off campus. A key system which would allow Seniors to come in whenever they wish was suggested.

An ND student pointed to the recent decision by the Senate to aban-



SBP WERNIG

don the coat and tie rule in the dining halls as an example of a "force of united action for change."

The people working in Student Government feel that Student Government is a tool of the Administration. Now they, and hopefully the whole student body with them, says with Mary Perrone, academic commissioner — "We will not live with it."

SOCIAL CENTER SIT-IN

Meanwhile, locked in St. Mary's Social Center last Friday night were a group of St. Mary's students and their dates, trying to take advantage of the new Social Center hours passed by the SMC Student Government.

Although later weekend hours have been in effect all fall, the Social Center has been closing at 11:45, Student Government efforts to the contrary.

Under the Administration's Grant of Responsibility, Student Government is empowered to regulate hours in campus social areas. The latest measure specified that the Social Center wouldn't close until 1:45 a.m. on Friday and Saturday nights. It was agreed that if Sister Mary Grace did not respond within a week, the hours would be considered acceptable.

Last Friday, the week was up without a response, so Student Government asked the Administration to notify the security force of the change. The guard nonetheless appeared at 11:45 to close up the Center. When the students refused to leave, they were locked in. Ten minutes later, however, word came from above and the security force was instructed to unlock the doors.

On Friday and Saturday nights, St. Mary's Social Center is now open until 1:45 a.m.

Student Union."

Fenech stated that he was spurred on by two higher-ups in Student Government who told of irregularities, but who refused to testify. "We just haven't been able to get enough facts to get an investigation started without their testimony. But there's no use stopping now."

The Student Union Committee of the Student Senate encourages anyone who has any knowledge of any irregularities within the Social Commission or Student Union, to make them known to Bob Rigney, or to Tim Schroeffer, 233 Howard Hall.

— B. Me

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE STUDENT BODY VICE-PRESIDENT?

Often posed during these days of the Johnson Administration has been the question "What's happened to Hubert?" The same question can be asked of the Murphy Administration: "What's happened to Student Body Vice-President Tom McKenna?"

Before the new constitution was adopted, his role was defined as the presiding officer of the student senate, a potentially powerful position.

But now Mr. Murphy chairs the senate meetings himself. And Vice-President Tom McKenna now sees himself as only "the chairman of numerous committees." Says Mr. McKenna: "That vice-president is an individual, with individual duties as specified in the constitution. But the office isn't all that exciting."

His role, according to the constitution's third article, is to preside over all meetings of the senate policy committee, to coordinate all senate committees, to serve as an active member of the Judicial Council, and in the event of Mr. Murphy's inability, to assume the duties of the president.

Chairing the senate policy committee has formed the greater part of Mr. McKenna's work so far. The committee consists of the six stay senators, and is designed to operate side by side with Mr. Murphy's cabinet. Areas of concern include the student union, hall life, student life, human affairs, and public relations. The policy committee's job is to refer bills to appropriate committees, or direct them to the senate floor for debate.

"The vice-president's job is really hazy," said Mr. McKenna, "I really just coordinate all the committees."

One of the leading activists of the Action Student Party last year, Tom McKenna now says "I don't have any causes anymore. Right now I am trying to maintain some sort of feeling here, within the government. I really don't have anything earthshak-

ing to tell you, because it's just not an earthshaking job."

The *New York Times* last Monday placed Mr. Humphrey in Indonesia on his way to Bali. So the question "what's happened to Hubert?" can be resolved: he is traveling. But the answer to the question "what's happened to Tom?" was difficult to find. Mr. McKenna's summed up his plight simply: "The student body vice-president? Well, he sure doesn't get to go anywhere."

— J. F. B.

NEWSPAPER MERGER

Glue sniffing has been a chore in the *Observer* office for some time now, but two weeks ago for the first time the editors of *Crux*, SMC's student newspaper, began to participate. But no one's trying to get high — the glue, or sticky wax, is a legitimate part of the offset-printing process.

Until the last issue, copy submitted to *Crux* on a Sunday did not appear until Friday, and sometimes not until the next Monday. Under a new setup, the Notre Dame Student Union Press does the composition work for *Crux*, (as well as for the *Observer*) and late-breaking stories can be submitted as late as a day in advance of publication. Girls from *Crux* now use the *Observer* facilities to glue the copy and headlines onto paste-up sheets. Not only is the presentation of news more flexible, but editorials can be written or altered as news breaks.

Increased timeliness is another step in *Crux*'s attempted progress from a parochial paper strictly limited to SMC news to "a newspaper that will make this campus more aware," in the words of Mary Chris Jarabeck, one of the editors.

ND students began working as *Crux* staffers for the first time last year, and this year an ND senior is Business Manager. Only last year *Crux* began to supplement the budget allotted the paper by the SMC English department with revenue from advertising. No longer do all the articles revolve around SMC happenings; stories about collegiate, national, and international trends and events which relate to the SMC student are included.

Despite the fact that the *Crux* and the *Observer* are sharing facilities, *Crux*'s editors do not foresee a merger of the two, at least not in the near future. "I think St. Mary's is large enough to need its own newspaper, and I think there is a need for the thoughts and opinions of SMC to be expressed in that paper. Merger with the *Observer* would be absorption," commented Managing Editor Mary Paul.

—K. Car



CRUX IN FLUX



UNEMPLOYED LAW STUDENT

TURKEY IN LAWNDALE

Although most students are anxiously counting off the days until Thanksgiving vacation, a small minority will not return home at the end of the month. The members of the Intercity Council are a part of this minority. This Thanksgiving, while most students are feasting on roast turkey and pumpkin pie and watching football games, the Council will be in Chicago working with the underprivileged in a parish in Lawn-dale.

Some fifteen Notre Dame and St. Mary's students now belong to the recently organized group. All share an interest in sacrificing their time to help the underprivileged. Many have had previous experience, mostly in large city slum areas. A few have worked in the rural communities of Appalachia.

Unlike CILA and some other service organizations on campus, the Council does not run its own projects. Instead, the members work for a variety of established organizations throughout the country. During the academic year the Council will concentrate mainly on the South Bend area, assisting in projects in the Clay Township and in the West Washington area.

Since the Council does not sponsor its own projects, one of its main purposes is to get more students interested in social work and to give them some experience for larger projects during the summer.

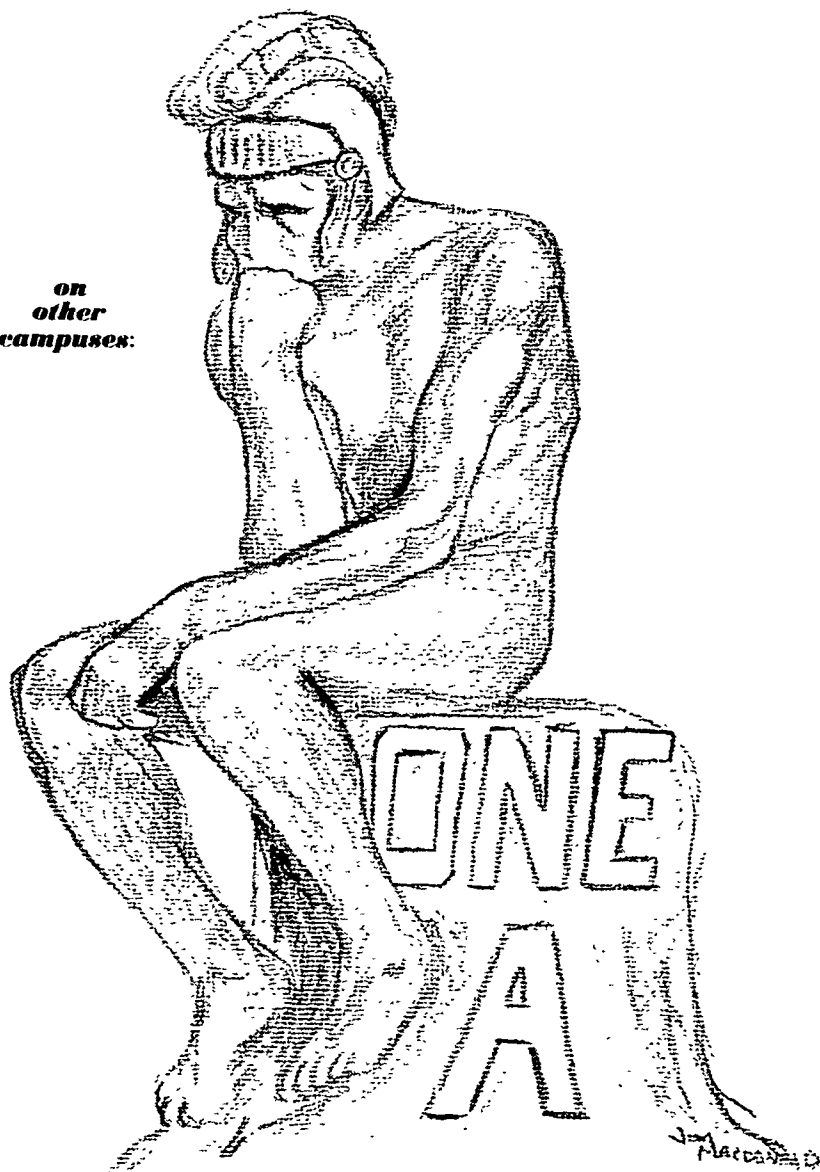
Council chairman Steve Moriarty feels that the amount of good which college students can accomplish in these projects is limited, especially in Negro areas where the colored are apprehensive of aid from the whites. He feels, therefore, that the students get more out of these projects than they can possibly give.

In addition to the Thanksgiving project the Council intends to engage in some project during each vacation period this year. The Council will also set up its members in summer projects.

— G. D.

Amidst the jubilation and rejoicing over the abolition of the coat-and-tie rule, who has there been to turn a concerned eye towards the dining halls' "brown coats," those noble men who devoted one hour out of every day to make a stand for taste and decorum in dress in the elegant surroundings of the dining halls? According to Bernard Mehall, director of the University Food Service, no one has considered the fate of these paragons of vestural virtue for all of them have been laid off.

on
other
campuses:



DRAFT EVASION AT MSU

The nation's first student government-sponsored draft counseling agency has been established at Michigan State University.

Student government officers say the main goals of the agency are to clarify when and how to appeal a draft classification and to seek out ways for persons to get a deferment, including conscientious objection status. If all else fails, they are prepared to supply housing and job information to students and others who flee to Canada to avoid the draft.

Fifteen persons have volunteered to work on the counseling agency so far. Most have had prior experience in Michigan with either the American Friends Service or the Student Peace Union, both of which are anti-draft organizations.

The student president at MSU says that the agency will not become directly involved with aiding draft dodgers, but will instead supply all available information to persons seeking to avoid the draft.

It is illegal to directly aid a person trying to evade induction into the army, so the agency's duties will be only to supply information and to find jobs in Canada for those wishing to avoid the draft.

Counseling agency members say that supplying information, including information on fleeing the country, is

not in conflict with the law unless they physically help the person.

The agency is designed primarily to aid graduate students who can no longer get a student deferment. Under the new draft classification system most undergrads now receive deferments, but graduate deferments are becoming increasingly harder to get. The agency hopes to find ways to help graduate students obtain some type of deferment.

Students facing the draft with a 1-A classification can receive pertinent information about status changes, opportunities within the armed forces and alternatives to actual service.

The area of the agency's operations that might be legally questioned is the agency's stated policy of helping American draft dodgers in Canada find employment. The agency may change that policy rather than risk a court battle.

NO ABC'S FOR ELI'S

Yale University eliminated numerical grading last weekend, substituting in its place a complete pass/fail system. The decision resulted from a poll of 600 undergraduate professors, who voted 10 to 1 in favor of the change. The *Yale Daily News* reported that the change is to take effect immediately, and will remain in effect for a five-year trial period.

Grading will now be done in four

categories, according to the *News*; honors, high pass, pass, and fail. Also abolished were class standings.

DOWN AT BROWN

Far be it from us to maliciously compare Homecoming '67, Notre Dame style, to another university's proposed Spring Weekend '68. However:

The Brown Daily Herald reports that Spring Weekend, as things stand now, will open on Friday with a poetry reading in the afternoon by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and an evening concert by Dionne Warwick. Saturday will begin with a steak breakfast, along with a rock group on the order of Jimi Hendrix or The Youngbloods, or whoever is big at the time. In the afternoon there will be a choice of a picnic with Ian and Sylvia, or theater in the round, some unnamed athletic events, a boat ride, a rock band (as yet undetermined) or just waiting until later when there will be a classical concert with Isaac Stern. In the evening there will be James Brown, the Famous Flames, and his whole review, a forty-two-piece extravaganza for two and one-half hours on the college green. Finally on Sunday, there will be poetry readings again, this time by Allen Ginsberg. Also in the morning will be Alan Sontheim's Indian Music interpretations, and in the afternoon Dizzy Gillespie.

The whole weekend will cost the Brown students \$18 per couple, and stag tickets will go at \$10. Tickets to individual events will also be on sale during the weekend. And to guard against much student unrest, the Junior Class, sponsoring the weekend, will, in the words of the class president, one Ira Magaziner, "provide full refunds for shoot-downs."

TO DE-EMPHASIZE SPORTS

A protest against "academic mediocrity" resulting from an overemphasis on sports at Grambling College was quelled by 500 Louisiana National Guardsmen. Students at the Negro school denied any racial overtones to the demonstration, which involved the chanting of "freedom songs" on the campus during homecoming Saturday. The students called for the Grambling president to resign his other position as the school's baseball coach, through which he has built Grambling into a national small college sports power and a major source of professional athletes.

FOOLING THE SEX SYSTEM

A program in advanced sex education is now under way at the University of Illinois. Although the program was instituted primarily for the

benefit of freshmen, the first lecture drew a more mature audience which declared "this is something we want to know."

The lectures are being conducted by an Illinois professor of physiology who speaks in a fatherly voice and uses color slides to increase the appeal of his talks. He avoids the use of precise terminology, referring to contraceptive pills as "a perfectly legitimate way of fooling the system."

The first audience consisted primarily of women, probably because of a general reluctance by men to admit ignorance of such matters. Some Illini men, however, were brave enough to attend, and one fellow commented, "I've always wanted some idea of what it is all about."

REVIVING GIRL CHEERLEADERS

Last semester there was an attempt by some Lehigh students to get the girls from nearby Cedar Crest College to be cheerleaders at Lehigh's athletic events. The girls were interested, but the ingenious idea fell through. Someone at Lehigh must want girl cheerleaders because the proposal has been revived again.

The major problems now seem to be a lack of funds for uniforms, transportation for the girls, and university approval. Says William Leckonby, Lehigh's director of athletics, "Every year since I have been at Lehigh there has been an attempt to bring girl cheerleaders here, but since Lehigh has been traditionally a men's school perhaps the idea isn't proper."

CHOICE NOT CHANCE

"The Columbia University Food Service offers a dazzling 'tour de force' of chopped meat, mashed potatoes, and lumpy gravy in thousands of hitherto unknown permutations, thus reducing eating at Columbia to an unpleasant necessity." Harping on a common complaint at any college, Columbia's *Jester* continues, "some students choose to subscribe to the yearly food plan, but then again some students choose to swallow live goldfish just for fun, so that really doesn't mean a hell of a lot."

At least they have a choice.

RELEASE OF FEMALE FERVOR

Notre Dame has its interhall football system, but what of Saint Mary's? The unfortunate belles, with the demise of the Maulers, have no way to release their athletic fervor outside of gym classes and trading insults with the ND student section at home games. Maybe we can learn a football lesson from MSU.

The Michigan State *News* reports that a new intramural football league has been formed on campus, and it is co-ed. The games, touch, of course, are scheduled on the spur of the moment, and specific rules improvised as the game is played. There are, however, certain regulations.

First, all games must be between co-eds and men. The men must wear some hobbling device — usually a belt or towel tied around the knees. The women are also given extra downs and a shorter touchdown distance. The

women generally agree that though the game can kill you, it's a lot of fun. The only complaints appear to come from the men, like one particular "athlete" who asked, "How can I hike the ball when my legs are tied?"

COOL SUDS

An air-conditioner with rabies?

Brigham Young University's library has one, or so it seems. The *Daily Universe* reported last week that several BYU students were astonished to see an outpouring of billowy-foamy suds from the cooling tower of the air-conditioner in the J. Reuben Clark Library.

The suds were "definitely not" the result of sensation-seeking vandals, according to Donald Schmidt of the library director's office. He said all doors to the cooling tower enclosure were locked, and attributed the suds to a mechanical failure.

THE NEGRO ON CAMPUS

Some students around the campus have started to wonder if the *Scholastic's* articles the past two weeks on the Negro at Notre Dame have been part of a continuing series. Well, *Hilltops*, student newspaper at predominately white Hartwick College, Oneonta, New York, is beginning a regular column on the subject. Entitled "Salt and Pepper," the column will feature separate writings each week by a Negro student and a white student, selected at random from the Hartwick student body.

feiffer

AS A MATTER OF RACIAL PRIDE WE WANT TO BE CALLED "BLACKS."



WHICH HAS REPLACED THE TERM "AFRO-AMERICAN"



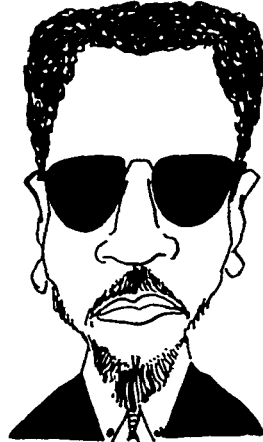
WHICH REPLACED "NEGROES"



WHICH REPLACED "COLORED PEOPLE"



WHICH REPLACED "DARKIES"



WHICH REPLACED "BLACKS."



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The PEZ

Peril

by "Big Jack" as told to Tom Henehan

NOTRE DAME, Ind. (UPI) — A spokesman for the administration of this major Midwestern Catholic college has disclosed the emergence of a new drug cult among a few students here. "We can't control them," said the Holy Cross priest, who preferred to remain nameless. "In the days of LSD and marijuana, it was pretty easy to identify the drug users here. We could keep an eye on them. They were the only longhairs, the only students who talked about God and peace, politics and love. But now, with this PEZ, they all act like babies, and they blend into the rest of the student body so well that we can't keep track of them. There's no telling HOW MANY of our boys are indulging in this forbidden pleasure."

The drug PEZ (an abbreviation for polylysurgic ethyleneacid from Zambia) is legal, sold as candy to children who apparently suffer no damage from eating it. However, in individuals past the age of puberty, PEZ causes regression to childhood behavior.

The drug cult at Notre Dame has regressed to such activities as cheering at football rallies, playing soldiers in the swamps behind the University's Stepan Center building, and arguing about the quality of major-league baseball players. Since these activities are so prevalent at Notre Dame, the informant-priest feels unable to estimate the number of PEZ freaks sheltered under the Golden Dome.

A GROUP of concerned students, including SCHOLASTIC staff members, began an extensive investigation upon learning of this new drug menace. Acknowledging that even the most innocent venture into the underworld of narcotic abuse leads inevitably to the torture of addiction and the bloody crimes of robbery, rape and murder, we felt it our duty to the community to trace this menace back to its roots and stomp it out.

So far, we are still in the preliminary stages of our campaign. We have contented ourselves with the quiet accumulation of data concerning PEZ

as it is in use here at Notre Dame as well as some general data about the growing PEZ cult in other parts of the country. We feel that the time is appropriate for letting the campus at large learn the astounding truths we now know. First, let us present the recorded testimony of one student who had been swept up in the PEZ craze, and some documents starkly denoting the PEZ experience.

... Here it was, this new thing. You know, I'd heard of STP and LSD and DMT, and, of course, everyone knows about FDA. But PEZ? I'd been into a lot of heavy stuff; blow some grass, you know, shoot a little speed, drop acid occasionally. Now, this PEZ! What's the story? I began to hear stories about the regression high, what a groove it was, and I just had to try it.

Every couple weeks, you know, one of the guys in the house drives off for the weekend to cop some stuff. Like last week Sick Jimmy took off for acid in Chicago, the week before I made a run to Detroit for some grass. Well, last month, before I had gotten onto PEZ, we all piled in the car and went east for some New York speed, and on the way back, in a service plaza on the Ohio Turnpike, there it was. In a vending machine —

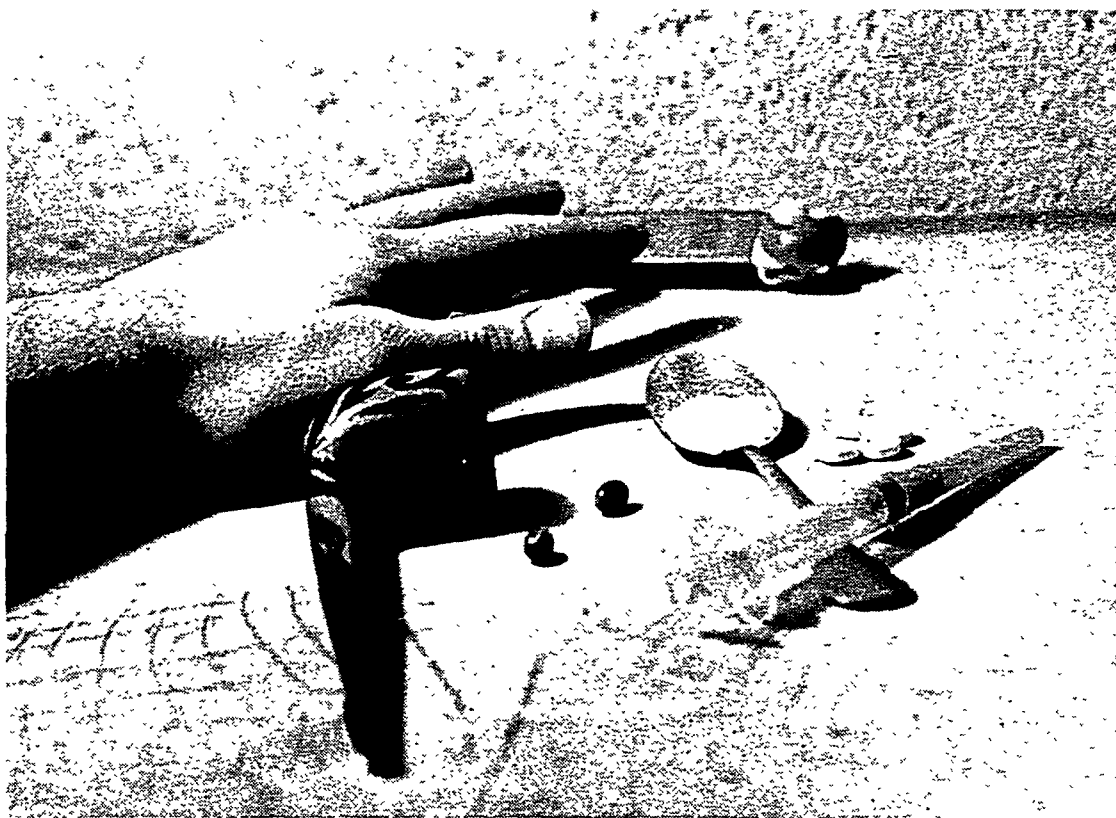


a goddam vending machine, can you picture it? I mean, anyone could cop PEZ, and all you need is a quarter. Wow!

Well, here's how it was. We get into this Howard Johnson, see, and first thing I see is this wild Snow White PEZ dispenser with two packs of the stuff. I was stoned, and this wild pink Snow White face just knocked me out; I had to do this thing. On the road again, I loaded up my Snow White, dropped a couple of PEZ, stoked up my buddies as well.

After a minute or two, Sick Jimmy asked, "Hey, does anybody here remember Stan Lopata?" I was overcome with joy of recalling a boyhood hero (I used to live in Philly, and my dad took me to see the Whiz Kids all the time), but I also lost my ego in an uncontrollable fit of laughter at my childish frame of mind. Instantly everyone in the car shook with howling giggles. I caught my breath just long enough to squeal "Andy Pafko!" and send the guys into a higher-pitched cry of delight. Big Al, unable to speak, drew with his finger on the misty window, "Gus Zernial is Alive!!" and broke down in peals of silly laughter. It was that way all the way home — What a trip! — until J.B. asked why Ed Bouchee had a pink baseball card in '59. Al, who was driving, laughed so hard that he had to pull over near the Elkhart exit. It took an hour to calm down enough to drive safely, since WLS started playing Oldies but Goodies on the car radio and we went nuts when the Fireflies came on with "You were mine/ at the time,/ and the feeling/ was sublime. . ."

Since then, we make regular runs to Bryan, Ohio, the first Ho-Jo's on the Pike. No less than every two weeks, man, because once we get our hands on some PEZ, wow, it's all



THE HUNGRY PEZ FREAK SETTLES FOR NOTHING LESS

over. We just gobble it down and, with some care, we can regress for a week. After a week of normal, you know, young-adulthood scenes, we can't wait to get back into some PEZ, listen to the Oldies sounds and flip baseball cards for keepsies. We even have a club and secret handshake.

It's not an expensive habit, even though you can't buy refills anymore. As far as we know, PEZ is available only in the 25-cent, vending package, two packs of candy with dispenser. We have so many dispensers around the house we don't know what to do. It's such a groove to click their little heads and look at them, but we better start to throw them out, much as it hurts, the living room being so cluttered up. The biggest expense isn't the PEZ anyway; what's keeping me broke is the damn baseball cards. I

can't flip too good when I'm stoned and giggling, and J.B. cleans me out every time. (This student was last observed installing a Captain Video Decoder Kit in the hollowed-out stone of his ND class ring.)

Dr. George Colip announced this morning that a free clinic would open immediately for the care of PEZ outpatients. Concerned about the effects of PEZ on the mind, the body, and the teeth, Dr. Colip quoted famed Viennese psychophysicologist Nestor Bulbas, whose work *A Study of the Effect of the Zambian Polylysurgics Among Postadolescent Human Specimens* is the definitive masterwork in the field:

"PEZ has been shown to be an effective maturity-preventive medicinal that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of mental hygiene and regular professional care."

But, Dr. Colip warns, the sole institute for the study of PEZ is housed in a mysterious castle hidden deep in the Balkans. Dr. Bulbas refuses to divulge the location of his lab, but does occasionally publish treatises concerning the PEZ *weltanschauung* and warns that prolonged use not only locks the mind in a state of permanent regression, but also causes dental growth back into the gums, and a replacement by six-year molars within weeks.

CASE HISTORY (Synthesized from cases reported by several metropolitan hospitals and universities):

Bruce, age 25, was a successful young associate professor. Considered
(Continued on page 31)



NOV. 7

at

Eugene Pajakowski Headquarters

by Thomas Payne

Democratic mayoral nominee, Eugene Pajakowski, suffered a stunning defeat last Tuesday night when the massive support he had expected from South Bend's West Side failed to reach sufficient dimensions necessary for him to even have a fighting chance. In losing to Mayor Allen by 10,400 votes, Pajakowski took seven of the nine Democratic councilmanic candidates down with him. The Democrats were successful only in the 2nd and 6th Districts where incumbent Walter M. Szmowskiak and Raymond C. Zielinski won big, and in the race for city judge which George E. Herendeen won by over 2,500 votes.

Throughout the election, Pajakowski was the victim of vote splitting. In every district, including the 2nd and the 6th where he expected massive support, Pajakowski trailed behind every Democrat involved in a city-wide race. In the 6th district, center of Polish-American power, he got only eight more votes than did Paul E. Krueper, Jr. when he lost to Mayor Allen in 1963, and when there was a West Side revolt (led by Pajakowski) against Krueper. In the 2nd District, Pajakowski got fewer votes than Krueper did in '63.

Probably the biggest factor contributing to the Pajakowski defeat was his inability to take issue with the Allen administration over anything truly important. Mayor Allen ran on his record, which, while not glowing, did leave one with the impression that Allen was competent. The Democratic attempt to indict the Republicans on the basis of crime in the streets was an abject failure. Pajakowski said he would stop crime; Allen said likewise, and the voters dismissed it all as politicking. It is possible that many Negro voters looked upon Pajakowski's strategy in the matter as an appeal for a backlash vote. Allen did better than a Republican would be expected to do in the city's Negro precincts.

Another factor leading to Pajakowski's defeat was revenge taken by some Democrats for Pajakowski's bolt from the party in '63. After he lost a bloody primary to Paul E. Krueper, Jr., Pajakowski refused to endorse the candidate which caused the defeat of the party that year. The ticket splitting indicates the schism may not have yet healed.



at

Lloyd Allen Headquarters

by Jim Britt

An atmosphere of quiet concern soon changed into one of noisy rejoicing, as Republican headquarters witnessed incumbent Lloyd Allen's re-election as mayor of South Bend.

"I am really overwhelmed by my plurality, and am very pleased by it," said Allen, referring to the 10,400 vote margin he gained over Democratic opponent Eugene Pajakowski. Mr. Allen's lead grew steadily during the 45 minutes that he remained at headquarters. The final outcome gave Mayor Allen 27,838 votes, to Mr. Pajakowski's 17,446.

Mr. Allen was one of many Republicans elected in northern Indiana. Carrying all but three of his running mates into office with him, the mayor finds himself with a solid backing in the city council and the South Bend government as a whole. Goshen, Elkhart, and Mishawaka also elected Republican governments, headed by Republican mayors.

At the GOP victory celebration, held at the Eagles Lodge, happiness was the order of the evening. Several hundred people gathered to eat chicken and potato salad and toast their party's good fortune. A minor note of the evening was when the combo played that good old Democratic song "Happy Days Are Here Again," but by that time nobody was in any mood to object.

After meeting Mr. Pajakowski on television, Mayor Allen arrived at the party, and before receiving the cheers of his supporters, spoke with the *SCHOLASTIC* about the election, and about what is to come.

"As I said all through the campaign, the issue was whether or not the record of our administration was acceptable to the people of South Bend. I think tonight's results prove that it was, and I'm very thrilled. I can promise only more of the same."

He spoke of the new cultural center being planned for South Bend, and said that this item was of prime concern to his new administration.

Mayor Allen spoke of recent talks with Notre Dame administrators about cooperation between South Bend and the University, and predicted that "several things will be developing before the end of this year." He refused to comment further on what these things might be.

He then entered the ballroom to the praise of his fellow Republicans. Tuesday night, Lloyd Allen was a very happy man.

IN LAST WEEK'S SCHOLASTIC fifty-nine Notre Dame men announced to the world that they would refuse to serve in any capacity in the Armed Forces while the Vietnam war is in progress.

Explaining his decision to sign the petition a few days later, Tom Gogan appeared relaxed, apparently relieved that he had finally resolved something that had been perplexing him for quite some time, "Our nation's concern for tradition and respectability somehow loses its importance when one considers the present and the future. How can a government that is traditionally a democracy indefinitely continue to wage a war that its people hate? My parents are so concerned with their respectability. But can a person be morally respectable when he disobeys his own conscience? Can one be respectable in the eyes of others when he does not esteem himself?"

It has been the tendency of such one hundred percenters as the DAR's and the American Legion to classify the dissenters to the war under the comprehensive brackets of nihilists and misdirected idealists. However, by definition, it behooves one to find anything comprehensive about Lenny Joyce — for Lenny defies brackets as well as everything else. Recently, Lenny has been confining his revolutionary activities to the Faculty-Student Coffee Hour. It was there in the lounge adjoining the Memorial Library Auditorium over a cup of black coffee that I first confronted Lenny. Leaning back in his chair, with a smile on his lips, he reflected upon the petition and a wide range of topics, "It astonishes me how some can label me a utopian, when supposedly as a nihilist I have renounced all values as worthless to cherish. Something doesn't fit somewhere, but it is probably just as well. It will take the Administration just that much longer to figure me out. People are always tagging me as a Communist. The FBI has even taken it upon itself to tap my phones, maybe on the assumption that I'm an agent of the Teamsters' Union. Anyhow, I'm not a Communist. I'm sure a Communist Party agent could be far more discreet than I've been. As for any charge about overthrowing the government, I'm still working on the Notre Dame government, and I'm sure that with the way things have been going that will keep me busy for a while."

From the many-faceted world of Lenny Joyce, I moved over to BP to talk to Gerry Neski. Gerry explained that his opposition to the war was deep-rooted and that his signing the petition was a culmination of much

soul-searching. His father had served in the last war, and his mother also was stationed overseas as a nurse. Now, his brother is in a training camp and will probably be sent to Vietnam within a few months. Two years ago Gerry had decided to leave the monastery because the priests he came in contact with were "merely robots, unaware of human suffering while enjoying their religion of good cheer and glad tidings." Describing their dogmatic adherence to violence as the only way of doing away with violence, Gerry snapped, "Little do they realize how close to hell their cloistered life is."

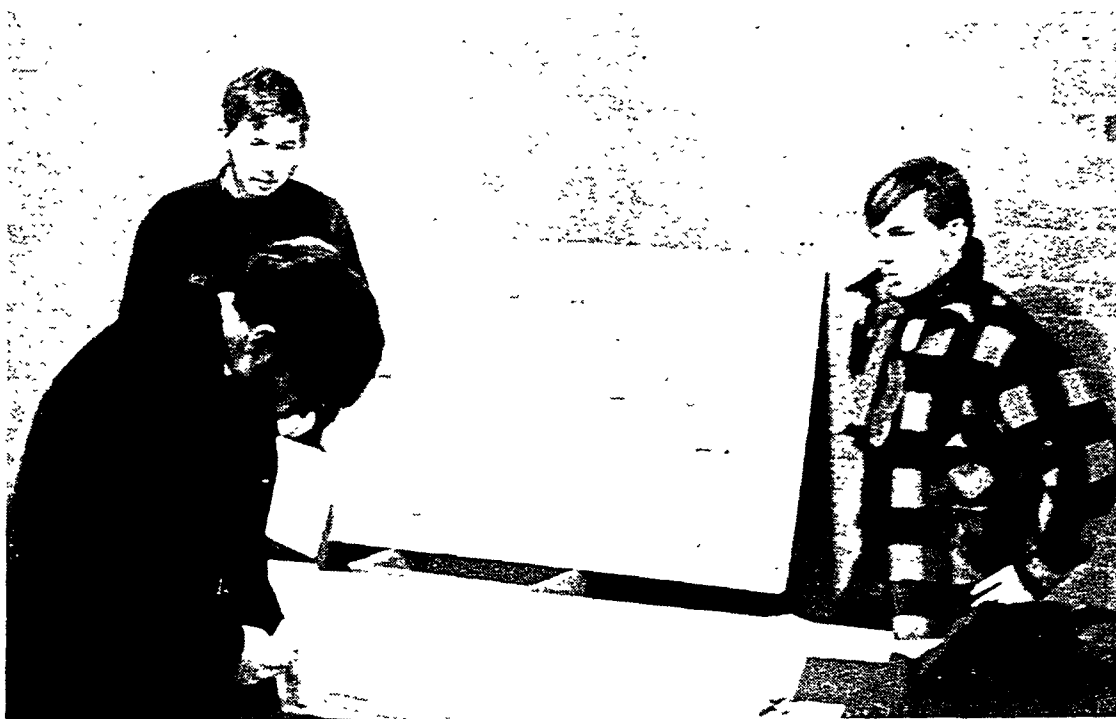
the cities were part of a "third-world rebellion" against America's capitalistic imperialism. Because 1% of all corporations in the United States employ 50% of the working force, O'Brien can see no hope for reform coming from within the system because we are all controlled by the system.

Jerry, like Thoreau in his essay on "Civil Disobedience" may well be preparing the way for a "more glorious and perfect State" which has been imagined, "but not anywhere seen."

For some it is impossible to morally justify the war in Vietnam even though they are not opposed to all

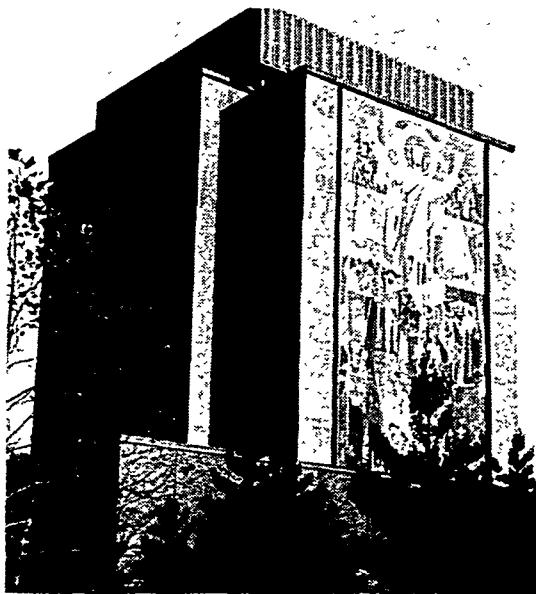
Those Who Won't Go

by John Walbeck



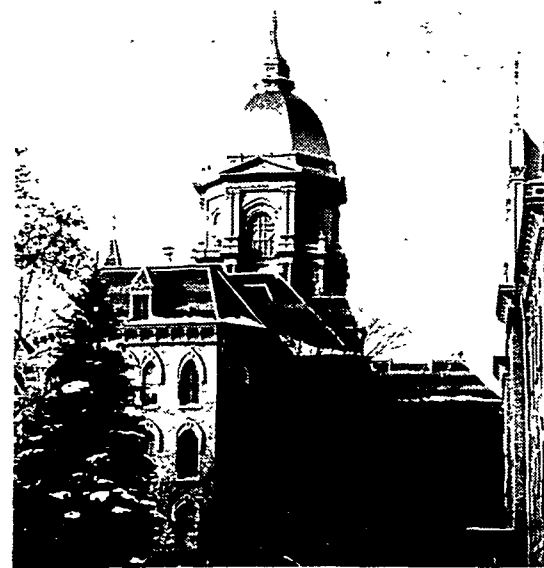
Others have completely lost their faith — both in God and country. Dave Kahn argued, "The war in Vietnam is just another example of America's intolerant self-interest." To this Tom Henahan adds "Dean Rusks's recent statement that the war is aimed at occupation of Vietnam as a fortress against Red China verified my conviction that the war has nothing to do with the freedom of Vietnamese. I must view this war as imperialistic and, thus, immoral." With tongue in cheek, Jerry O'Brien observed, "in saving our face, we are losing our soul." According to him, the riots in

war. CO candidates are often asked to defend their stance against violence as a political act by denouncing violence as a private act (Would you defend your wife if she were attacked?). But "many find it impossible to put personal morality on the macroscopic level proscribed by the government" as Mike Ryan notes in philosophizing on his involvement in the "New Left" movement at Notre Dame. Whether the issue is Administration paternalism or the war in Vietnam, a sense of duty is only fostered when the "impressed" morality coincides with one's intellectual view. ■



MISTAKES THAT GOT AWAY

BY MICHAEL GRANGER



MANY of the recently constructed buildings on the Notre Dame campus, built during the reign of Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, have been the subject of ridicule and criticism by architecture students. For the most part, these buildings were designed by architects who were not fully aware of the people who have to use them.

"A building should serve three purposes," remarks Professor R. J. Schultz of the architecture department. "A work of architecture should fulfill its function and fulfill it well. A dorm, of course, must provide housing for students. A library serves the dual role of not only housing books, but also as a study service. No one will doubt that these buildings do fulfill their functions.

"Secondly, a building must be a pleasant place to be around; it should be comfortable inside.

"Finally, a building must be compatible with other buildings around it in its exterior visual effects. A building that stands out is, in most cases, a bad building. It must blend with its surroundings and remain unobtrusive."

Conflict often does arise between the old architecture built with Old English Collegiate Gothic features, and the modern architecture, which tends toward simplicity, beauty, and frankness. This, though, does not explain such architectural errors as the poorly located O'Shaughnessy Tower and the dungeon-like professors' offices located in the basement of the library.

O'Shaughnessy Hall, as the classic example of a poorly designed building, is often the center of architecture students' jokes. The outside takes the most criticism because the tower should have been placed in the center, parallel with the Rockne Memorial entrance. Professor Schultz, for example, even questions the necessity of a tower. "I really feel it is unnecessary in this context."

Inside O'Shaughnessy, little improves. Low ceilings and inadequate lighting make the halls depressing. Narrow corridors give the building problems with doors, which fling out at students nearly knocking them over. In many instances, the rooms are too small and poorly ventilated. The low water fountains seem to show the final lack of care and awareness the architects demonstrated in designing O'Shaughnessy.

Defending the water fountains, Professor Schultz comments: "These things do happen. With so many things to be considered by the archi-

tect, this was, unfortunately, one obvious mistake that got away."

Even the library, which to many resembles a grain elevator or a warehouse (though it looks so impressive on national television) came under attack by the architecture students. The first two floors are considered well designed, but the other floors lack imagination.

One architecture student views the library as "a bit too pretentious. It attempts to be much too individualistic and not enough a part of a group of buildings. The library just does not fit into the general scheme of the old buildings. The library, as a whole, is out of proportion with the rest of the campus buildings."

The library by its mammoth bulk takes the main focus away from the golden-domed Administration Building, where the emphasis should be placed. When asked if he thought the new high-rise dormitories of the SUMMA program would remedy the situation, Professor Schultz added, "This would only doom the administration offices further. In addition, these dorms might add a more business-like atmosphere to the university."

The professors' offices are located in the basement of the library where they lack windows. "It's sort of like putting them in a dungeon," commented one architecture student. Again, as in the interior of O'Shaughnessy, we see a lack of consideration by the builder for those individuals who use the buildings. Professor Schultz suggested that by making better use of underground space "to house books, not professors," and by making it more rectangular, the library could have fit better into the architecture scheme.

The four newer halls, Keenan-Stanford and Pangborn-Fisher, can make individuals feel cooped up in a prison or a submarine. The long rows of

(Continued on page 30)



THE TRUE CINEMATIC art and the true literary art have discreet limits, the former dealing in the visual representation of external event and the latter in the evocation of the inner reality. There are of course often interesting and effectual infringements on both sides; however, the artistic power of each lies within these limitations imposed by the aesthetic possibility of the individual media. The two are in one sense united, however, by their mutual dependence on narrative, which controls story-line. *Ulysses* provides a particularly good example of the limits of the art of cinema in the "adaptation" of literature to the screen. The novel represents a great experiment in words, myriad resonant levels of the psyche guiding the narrative flow rather than an ubiquitous and self-evidently unified voice. Since story-line is interwoven with the inner

"ineluctable modality of the visible," which oppresses his need for the inner and sovereign reality. Strick's Stephen strolls casually by a benign sea; there is never any suspicion of its danger, the profound threat which the external poses to the inner reality, and which Stephen poses to himself. Another example of Strick's poor judgement is his choice of the Circe (Nighttown) episode as suitable for the screen. The episode, in Joyce's novel, is the climax of various motifs of the internal Bloom, a phantasmagorical *Walpurgisnacht* in which Bloom literally experiences the manifestations of his guilt complex, and indeed, suffers (and exults) throughout. In Strick's version, it is a spectacle of fun and games, simply because the dimensions of the self of Bloom were hitherto undeveloped. It is burlesque, rather than tragicomic, not to be taken seriously. Yet we should take

is facilely projected into the character of Mulligan, thus vitiating them both. Mulligan becomes unequivocally evil, nothing else, almost psychotically "out to get" Stephen. Without the discreet life of the self, Stephen becomes amorphous and bland. The film, without story-line and richness of character, but with the unintelligibility and triviality of inchoate visual symbolism, finally dissolves as a sovereign work of art. Stephen says in *Portrait*, "*ad pulchritudinem tria requiruntur: integritas, consonantia, claritas*" (three things are needed for beauty: wholeness, harmony, and radiance); Strick's film lacks all three.

Yet Strick must be commended for two reasons. First, he captures some of the poignancy of Bloom and Stephen's father-son quest, even though he ignores the real basis on which they are related (the inner life) and in spite of the effeteness of

ULYSSES: THE LIMITS OF CINEMA

by Michael R. Ryan

reality of the characters, Joseph Strick attempted the impossible in his visual "representation" of Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Perhaps more damning to Strick, however, is that instead of concerning himself with the discreetly visual, that is, "real event," he attempts to convert word-motifs into cinematic symbols, which are finally undeveloped and banal, totally lacking their original power of evocation because of the concreteness of the photograph. Strick, then, virtually emasculates the greater dimensions of Joyce's novel. His treatment of scenes such as the Proteus episode is typical. Stephen wanders by the beach, over against the "upswelling tide," his word-thoughts reverberating with the



it seriously, for the episode is crucial in pointing out the difference between Bloom and Molly, Bloom becoming richly ambivalent in light of his adulteries in fantasy, in contradistinction to the clear-cut victim which Strick makes him. Strick fails to develop this important aspect of characters, the opposition of the uniquely spiritual and visceral existence of Bloom to the completely physical life of Molly, and thus the Circe episode is an irrelevancy within the context of the film.

Like Bloom, Stephen also becomes one-dimensional under Strick's heavy hand. Just as Bloom's inner anguish at Molly's cuckold of him is portrayed only through the reactions of others in the film, Stephen's endemic danger

his portrayal of their characters. Second, he provides visual program notes, (with selected readings) to those who have read the novel, and as long as the film is kept within its proper subservience to Joyce's literary work it is a joy to watch. However, within the limits of its media, cinema can and does attain the level of artistic success of great literature, and should not be relegated to functioning as mere program notes. That Strick attempted to transcend the limits of the film is not as much a mistake as the manner in which he chose to do so. A more conscious concern with the discreetly visual ("real event" of the narrative) might have saved Strick from the aesthetic abortion his *Ulysses* finally is. ■

a guide for another college weekend . . .

A GOTHIC skyscraper labeled the "Cathedral of Learning" towers high above the Oakland district of the east side of Pittsburgh. The five-mile radius around this building is the campus of the University of Pittsburgh. In contrast to the Universities of Illinois, Purdue, and Notre Dame, the campus consists of a small plot of lawn and bushes, and a vast tract of buildings, hospitals, and trolley tracks. Oakland is the cultural and academic center of the city where Pitt teams up with Mount Mercy and Chatham Colleges for Women, and Carnegie Institute of Technology. Duquesne University is located just five minutes down the Parkway East in the center of the city commercial district. In all, some twenty thousand students are in this small segment of the city.

The Cathedral of Learning (containing the School of Arts and Letters and the libraries) is famed for its nationality rooms. Found on the perimeter of a stone and concrete Commons Room, these rooms represent twenty countries. Some rooms from the Slavic countries are extremely ornate while others are decorated in a simpler French, German, and Irish country-house motif. Beyond the first floor, the visitor is on his own, riding ex-

press elevators to specified floors and areas of the building. Several of the upper floors are still incomplete. A tour of the Nationality Rooms, however is well worth the time.

Outside, Oakland itself is a hodgepodge of bars and nightclubs. Around the three cylindrical dorms and the Cathedral are small pubs, shops, and restaurants, such as Gustine's (owned by a former Pittsburgh Pirate), the Cum Laude, Panther Bar, and Swizzle Stick. The Hurricane and Crawford's Grill on Center Avenue have good jazz entertainment. Nearly all the spots in the Pitt area are student frequented.

The Encore, featuring the Harold Betters Jazz Quintet, and Fox's are two of the most popular and noisy night spots in the Shadyside area. Nearby, the Cazbah features folk music for those over twenty-one. The Pizza Pub is about two blocks away, another "21 only" spot. The Gaslight Club is also located off Walnut Street. For those who don't have three proofs of identification, there are quieter delicatessens such as The Gazebo, great for lox, bagels, and corned beef. Incidental coffeehouses and parties can usually be discovered in Shadyside's area as the night wears on. It's Pitts-

burgh's smaller version of Oldtown.

The city of Pittsburgh, about ten times the size of South Bend, offers a variety of entertainment. Some movies currently playing are *Camelot*, *The Comedians*, *Gone With the Wind*, *The Birds*, *The Bees*, and *The Italians*, and *Accident*. The Pittsburgh Playhouse, also located in Oakland, is presenting Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* and *Once Upon a Mattress*.

For the football fans the Notre Dame Alumni Association of Pittsburgh will have a gigantic pep rally Friday evening, complete with refreshments, at the Webster Hall Hotel on Fifth Avenue in Oakland. Admission is free, but there will be a bar. It is a good chance to meet other Notre Dame fans who are making the trip.

On Saturday night, the Notre Dame Club of Pittsburgh will hold a victory party at the North Side Knights of Columbus, 939 Western Avenue. Admission is \$3, and girls will be admitted free.

Mount Washington, a quaint village on top of the mountain overlooking the Monongahela River, has several small nightclubs and restaurants. It can be reached by taking the Liberty Bridge and turning right up the Mc-Ardle Expressway just before entering the Liberty Tunnels. The village has brick streets and trolleys and looks out over the entire city. The restaurant, LeMont, with the best in Pittsburgh cuisine, and a sophisticated cocktail lounge, The Edge, offer a spectacular view of the city and unfortunately spectacular prices. The Tin Angel is another cocktail lounge, between LeMont and The Cliff, a quiet bar and restaurant. Bigham's Tavern, on Bigham Street on Mt. Washington, is another club, featuring feature color movies of a few years back. The main street on Mt. Washington where all but Bigham's Tavern are located is Grandview Avenue.

In general, Pittsburgh night life is found in Shadyside, Mt. Washington, and downtown. Undoubtedly, there will be fraternity parties at Pitt and Tech. The Notre Dame Club party at the Knights of Columbus is probably the best place to go if you are under 21.

A tip to those who will be driving through the city — watch out for the trolleys — they have the right of way.

—Babs Gibson ■

. . . and some long-term advice

For those not planning the trip to Pitt, those, in fact, planning only to pick up midterm pink slips and terminate an abortive academic career, the SCHOLASTIC offers some helpful hints.

We cannot locate any data on the infamous Saigon bars, but we can guide those of you choosing a meaningful alternative to military service and the hero's death. Tom Fallath and Tom Casson of Savage House at the University of Toronto have sent intelligence reports on the night life of that leading city of the Friendly Giant to the North.

Experience has taught us that Torontonians, with their delicate sense for high camp, can be counted upon to buy all your now-obsolete college paraphernalia. Toronto, you see, offers not only a haven from the draft, but a potentially unlimited market for Notre Dame jackets.

The Bay, on Bay Street one block

south of Bloor, features waiter Drunken Duncan, a paternal old Scot who is wont to down an entire tray of ales whilst ducking into the men's. A dirty old man, he is more than willing to buy you a round if you are accompanied by a lusty wench. The Embassy, around the corner on Bloor Street, La Place Pigalle, and the Brunswick are other alehouses in the district, and the Gate Hoose caters to those whose taste in stimuli transcends the letter of the law.

The west end of Bloor Street offers a theater district featuring skin movies in the classical Ukrainian mode. For your listening pleasure, radio station CHUM provides a limited (but patriotic) repertoire of old Paul Anka records and 100 versions of Canadian Sunset.

—Kerry Baruth

SCHOLASTIC

Foreign Correspondent

"For Real" Convention

by Paul Bartholomew

IN RECENT YEARS mock national political conventions have become common to many college and university campuses but the Notre Dame version is one of the oldest in the country. It began in 1940 as a feature of American government classes in the Department of Political Science. Instead of having lectures covering the portion of the course dealing with the nomination of a President and Vice President, the students "did it." This first convention was held in the auditorium of the Engineering Building—Cushing Hall—and by comparison with later conventions, it was a minor production. However, the enthusiasm of that first meeting has never been exceeded. In 1944 when World War II had taken most of the students from the campus and left Navy personnel in their stead, the convention was not held. It was reinstated in 1948 and expanded to include the entire student body rather than only members of American government classes. This was therefore the first "big" convention and was held in the Navy Drill Hall (located where the Memorial Library now stands) and subsequent conventions to and including the 1960 meeting were held there.

The 1948 convention evoked a tremendous response on the campus.

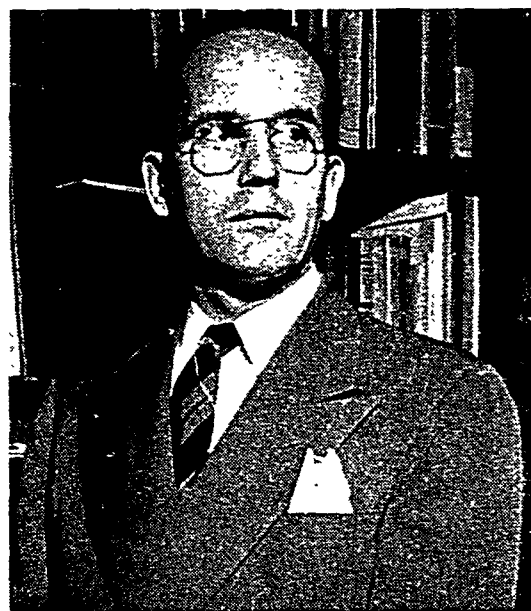


Students entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing. Mathematics, physics, and accounting majors, as well as political science majors, who previously had only heard or read of such things as caucuses and roll calls, found themselves an integral part of the process. It was a huge success by any proper standards.

When 1952 rolled around the St. Mary's girls were invited to join and the girls have been a regular part of the "big show" ever since. The year 1952 also saw the convention attract national attention and prominent speakers began to appear before the meetings. Senators, members of Congress, Mayor Richard Daley and radio news commentator Paul Harvey are among those who have graced the occasion. At the 1960 convention the keynote speaker was Senator Frank Church, the man who two months later was to fill the same role at the Democratic national convention (and which chose the same nominee for President as did the campus meeting). National Democratic Chairman Paul Butler, a Notre Dame alumnus, and National Republican Chairman William Miller, also a Notre Dame alumnus, addressed conventions. In 1964 Senator Saltonstall was the keynoter.

The mock conventions have alternated between Democratic and Republican meetings with the determining factor being the practical situation existing at the time. The 1940 convention was Democratic because the burning issue was the matter of a third term for Franklin D. Roosevelt. At Notre Dame Roosevelt was named as he was later at the Democrat meeting. Paul McNutt of Indiana was the choice for Vice President, an action that was almost duplicated by the Democrats. As noted, no meeting was held in 1944. Then in 1948 when Truman was a sure nominee of the Democrats a Republican convention was held here. Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan was named for the first

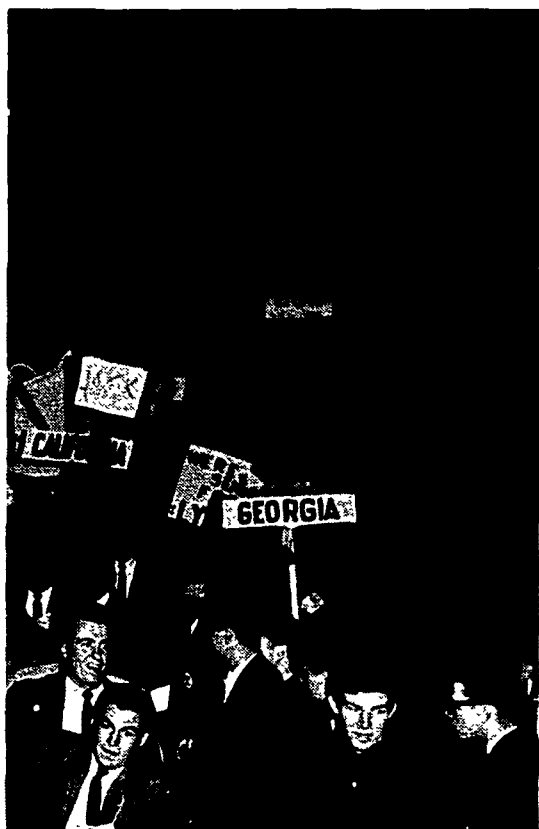
"miss" in six conventions. However, the Notre Dame delegates were right on the Vice Presidential nominee, Earl Warren of California. In 1952 in the midst of the bitter Taft-Eisenhower fight and the near certainty of the Stevenson nomination by the Democrats, another Republican meeting was



held on the campus. Dwight D. Eisenhower was chosen with Earl Warren as his running mate.

The 1956 meeting was Democratic because Eisenhower was certain of the Republican nomination. Out of this came Adlai Stevenson for President and John F. Kennedy for Vice President. The 1960 meeting was also Democratic in the light of the impending fight over Kennedy. The Notre Dame ticket was John F. Kennedy and Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri. Because in 1964 there was no doubt as to the Democratic nominee being Lyndon B. Johnson the campus convention was Republican. The choice for President was Henry Cabot Lodge, then ambassador to Vietnam, and for Vice President Mark O. Hatfield, then Governor of Oregon. This marked the second time the convention has been wrong in its

(Continued on page 30)



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FOOTBALL AROUND CAMPUS

Interhall football dropped its second decision in four weeks to the weatherman last Sunday, leaving the league's future uncertain. When the opening week's games were KO'd by heavy rain, the two leagues split into three in order to finish the regular season on the same projected date, November 19. But last Sunday the wooden goalposts behind Continuing Education were the only hints of where to even look for a football field beneath the snow.

Several key tilts were postponed, the most decisive being the Morrissey-Zahm clash to settle the League III crown. Both unbeaten (but Morrissey once-tied), these two clubs boast unblemished defensive records going into the final league game. In League I the two remaining unbeaten teams, Cavanaugh and Keenan, were to have squared off with the winner coming out on the inside track going into the stretch. And in the scrambled League II race, with four leaders within a half-game of each other, surprising Sorin was to challenge Lyons after exchanging byes with Dillon, whose coach was in New York for the week-end.

All scheduled games are tentatively being moved forward one Sunday. Thanksgiving vacation, however, complicates the schedule further by forcing the league finale back yet another week to December 3. Two objections to making up games during the week are given by the director of intramural athletics, Mr. Napolitano: "A major problem is finding referees during the week, and we also want a doctor always present during the games." If a campus gridiron champion is to be crowned this year, a feasible alternative would appear to be starting a play-off between all the unbeaten teams immediately. The others could get in their remaining games against each other, although without a chance at the championship. Otherwise those teams aiming at the campus title can only play it by ear and hope that the sun shines upon them.

SNOW JOB

Last week's unplayed Freshman game between ND and Michigan State put some hardships on a number of people. Besides the students, who were constantly kept up in the air over when, and indeed if, the game was to be played, several more vital personages were affected. The parents of one player arrived on Tuesday, October 31, for the November 1 game, and remained until Sunday, when the game was postponed for an indefinite period. Far more interesting was the case of Jim Blainey, a freshman



tackle from Toronto. Jim's parents arrived on Tuesday for the scheduled Wednesday game. When the game was postponed until Monday, Jim and his parents left for home. Blainey, it turns out, was finishing up some year-old business — his high school graduation ceremony. After he left town, the game was changed to Sunday afternoon, which would have made it rough on Jim, since he had tickets for a train Sunday night to South Bend. Luckily, Jim called his roommates on Friday evening, and they passed along the revised-revised game date. So Blainey got himself booked on a flight from Toronto to Chicago, with a connecting flight to South Bend, and arrived at Cavanaugh in the midst of an impromptu Freshman Pep Rally. Of course, we all remember what happened Sunday morning. Jim's reaction to this final event in his small-scale Odyssey was unprintable.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

The Northwestern coach, Alex Agase, is noted for his surprise-play a game policy and his fire. (Recall the Miami game.) But Alex had better come up with two new plays and enough fire to make Vulcan look like a water meter reader. The "Notre Dame's Opponents at a Glance" section of the Navy-Notre Dame program indicates that both Iowa and Illinois will be playing at Northwestern tomorrow. It doesn't mention whether the games will be simultaneous or sequential. At any rate, Northwestern, which has had enough trouble winning one game a week, may find that they have spread themselves a little thin on Nov. 11.

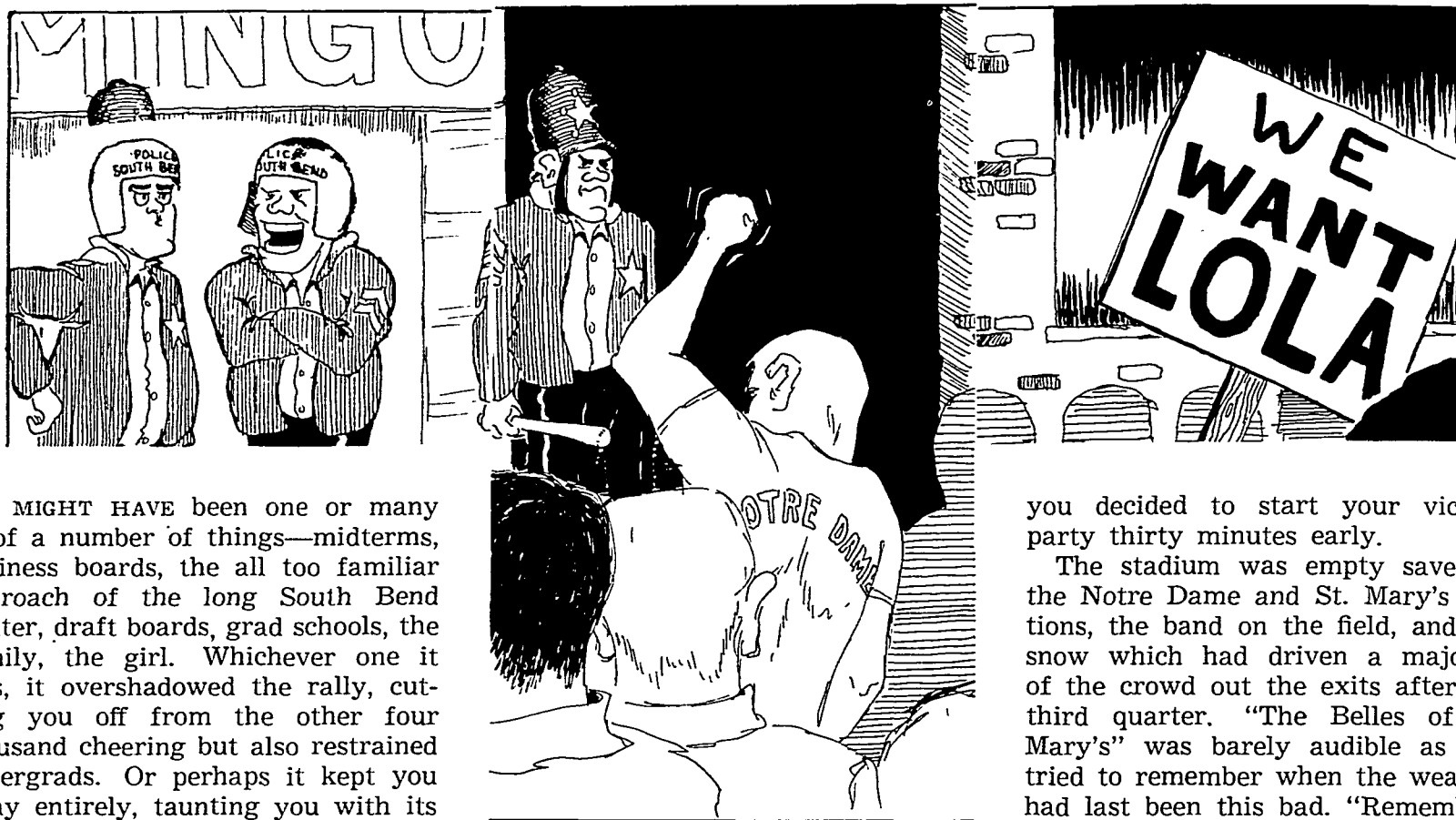
HOCKEY ON THE ROCKS

Anyone who has played baseball with coffee-cup lids and a broom or basketball with gum-balls and a water glass can imagine the frustration of

an ice hockey team without ice. Such is the predicament of the Notre Dame Hockey Club. With their first game against Lewis College coming up on Dec. 3, the stickmen have been exiled to the Carroll Hall gymnasium for their tri-weekly practices. Declining to don roller skates and make like the Bay Area Bombers of Roller Derby fame, they confine their workouts to shooting practice until Thanksgiving, after which the city of South Bend has promised to wave its magic wand — and freeze the Howard Park rink.

This is hockey's last year as a club sport at Notre Dame. Next year, when the Convocation Center is completed, Notre Dame hockey will go big-time; and the team will play their home games inside the Bat Cave annex; one of those domes will shelter an ice rink. But this year the team is in a state of transition; the Administration has endowed them with several hundred dollars more than the traditional club-sport grant. Roger Valdiserri, public relations director for Notre Dame, has been trying to convince the local television station to televise the five home games. Moreover, athletic director Moose Krause has been helping out on the burdensome administrative work. Goalie and General Manager John Barry praised Mr. Krause, "You just have to say something about Mr. Krause; whenever something comes up that we can't handle, he works on it for us."

It is unlikely that the hockey men will let anyone down this year. With all the defensemen returning from last year's 14-5 squad, the main difficulty was expected to be inexperience on the front line. But four talented freshmen (two Junior Olympic players from Chicago and all-league selections from Massachusetts and Minnesota, hockey hotbeds) have been excellent in practice and the team should jell on ice.



IT MIGHT HAVE been one or many of a number of things—midterms, business boards, the all too familiar approach of the long South Bend winter, draft boards, grad schools, the family, the girl. Whichever one it was, it overshadowed the rally, cutting you off from the other four thousand cheering but also restrained undergrads. Or perhaps it kept you away entirely, taunting you with its relative importance and occasionally forcing you to remember, Four years *had* changed you, but in four years you had changed Notre Dame. After tomorrow, the change would be complete.

If you were a Weyer or a Lewis or a Broderick, you had probably attended seventy-five “rallies” in those four years. One third of those were Hate State rallies — one half of those took place in the fall of 1964. It really isn’t that long ago — you were nameless and faceless, idealistic and hopeful; you laughed nervously in the Huddle when Page, Regner, Hardy, Meyer, Carroll, Costa, and Nicola made their postpractice stop; you nodded in agreement when you read that *Sports Illustrated* celebrated the advent of Ara with predictions of a .500 season; you signed in at ten, went to bed at twelve, prayed that we would beat Wisconsin and that Lyndon would save the world from Barry — you had no idea then how much things could change.

It was an impossible dream, but you dreamed it. “Huarte to Snow” was what Jim Morse kept saying on the radio and you had started your college career with a 31-7 win. It rained that night, but you were one of 4,000 students who marched down Notre Dame Avenue to welcome the team. You toyed with the traffic on Angela and you helped start an unfamiliar chant — “We’re Number One.” It was a little foolish but it was college — it was fun.

There were rallies every night and victories every Saturday: 34-15 over Purdue and a sophomore named Griese; the student trip to the Air

For Seniors Only

by Steve Anderson

Force game and the nervous vigil for the plane with the faulty landing gear; the growing momentum from the UCLA and Stanford wins; the 40-0 pasting of Navy coupled with Ohio State’s loss which made us Number One. But the bubble almost burst when Wolski got hurt against Pitt — you held your breath as the defense stiffened on fourth and one at the N.D. 16 to protect the two-point win. You saw Ara on the cover of *Time* and Huarte on the cover of *S.I.*, you talked about the freshman team between food riots in the dining hall, and you learned to Hate State. Nick Eddy went 78 yards on the second play from scrimmage and you had your 34-7 revenge for eight years of frustration — whatever hatred remained was vented on the State band afterward. A week later it was 13 degrees and you sat in six inches of snow, but you stayed the entire game as the Irish mopped up Iowa. Thanksgiving vacation came and you headed home with your Notre Dame jacket as your prized possession. It was 17-0 at half-time of the USC game when

you decided to start your victory party thirty minutes early.

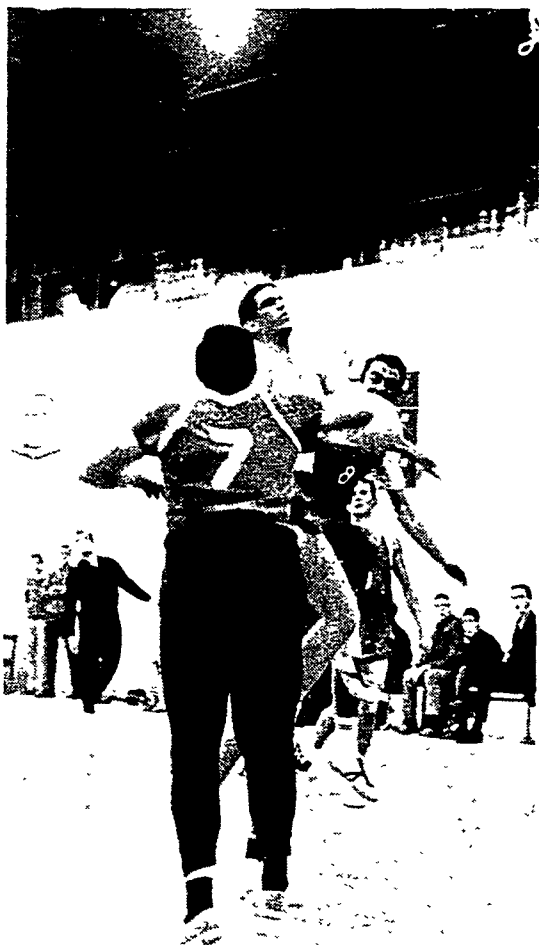
The stadium was empty save for the Notre Dame and St. Mary’s sections, the band on the field, and the snow which had driven a majority of the crowd out the exits after the third quarter. “The Belles of St. Mary’s” was barely audible as you tried to remember when the weather had last been this bad. “Remember” had always been a word with so many meanings but you knew you would always connect it with memories of rain and wind, four Irish backs outgaining Mike Garrett on the ground, and the one great moment of sophomore year. The band was playing the “Victory March” now — the culmination of four years only served to enhance the memory of the third, the year you *had* to feel we could go all the way. “Pride” was the word you had learned that year, and, in particular, had felt at *that* game. You had felt frustration too that day, but no matter what the press might say you had seen pride and courage and determination and you knew at last we were Number One. But you wondered where the 4,000 students were when you drove down an empty Notre Dame Avenue at 8:30 that night.

The night was the coldest of the year and seemed to go hand in hand with the way your mind was working. Twenty football Saturdays had left their mark, but something kept gnawing at you that had to be expressed. It was the promise of 1964 that would never be fulfilled because you, as a senior, would be the last class to remember that promise. It was the promise that you made when you gave the team a twenty-minute ovation after the ’64 Southern Cal game. It was the promise of support for a team that would be expected to win every game from that moment on. It was the promise that wouldn’t be fulfilled because time had changed people and circumstances, creating new pressures and forcing new interests and attitudes. The “Era of Ara” was over.



FIGHTIN' FROGS

by Bob Schmul



ANGERS, FRANCE—Besides Johnny Dee and some perpetual Hoosier Hysteria Harrys, probably not too many South Bend residents have given much thought as yet to the upcoming basketball season. In any event, last week, 4,300 miles from the Irish cagers and Indiana's American Dream, Notre Dame's French farm-club frolicked to a doubleheader win over a pair of teams from the College St. Michel at Chateau-Gontier.

The double-shot of victory began a basketball campaign which could ultimately lead the Angers-based Notre Damers to Paris for the French answer to the NCAA finals. Of course, a 20-game schedule, (including some contests in conference play), lurks ahead.

Against Chateau-Gontier's varsity, the "A" team, spitting and sputtering in the opening minutes like a '54 Studebaker on a frosty morning, finally settled down to spill its dwarfed opponents, 99-46. The "Big" group breezed to a 59-28 victory.

Former freshman Irish cager Jim Crowe was cast in the role of the ugly American during the "A" game. played at Chateau-Gontier's unheated gymnasium, 25 miles north of Angers. Scoring equally adroitly from out and under, he tallied 47 points. Another Jim, McConn this time, tossed in a dozen points in the last quarter of the second half and ended up with 22.

Basketball French Style (played, it is claimed, by Olympic rules), although basically the same as the peach-basket sport invented by Dr. James Naismith in the late 1800's, has lost something in the translation. For example, a cowbell calls the game to order and signals the time-outs. Yes, Virginia, a cowbell. Also, no half-court, ten-second line exists in the French version, and the free-throw lanes seem a kilometer wide.

The heatless auditorium also tended to separate the French from the Americans. Two members of the Chateau-Gontier top team wore long pants during the contest, while the unequipped Americans warded off the chill of the night by employing winter-weight jackets in lieu of warm-up outfits.

Coach? You ask. As Dr. Charles Parnell, director of the Sophomore Year Abroad Program in France and general manager of the two basketball teams explains, "I guess you might say it's like a Russian prisoner of war camp I visited during the second World War. When I asked who was the commanding officer, all the Russians stepped forward. Well, with our teams, everybody's coach."

But then, of course, if you're going to Paris, who needs a coach? ■

The Captain's Table

The last home game of the year was played last Saturday, and there were plenty of unused seats in the press box. Rocky Bleier's disappointment in a good but not great season is at least as deep as anyone's, but, as the Captain points out this week, Notre Dame is not alone in its troubles. His words imply a truth about college football that many of us overlooked in September: a preseason number one rating can mean at least a touchdown's worth of incentive for the opponent. Rocky is not making excuses (a team averaging 35 points per game would hardly need to). He is merely dramatizing some crazy bounces in this football season, and suggesting that maybe there really is a Sports Illustrated jinx.

With three-quarters of the 1967 football season in the books, there has obviously been quite a change from preseason polls and picks. Many people supposedly in the know—sportswriters, broadcasters, and odds-makers—are wondering where they went wrong as favorites have dropped like trapped quarterbacks. But I guess things look a lot simpler on paper than they turn out on the field. Who, for example, had even heard of O. J. Simpson before this year? Who would have thought Phipps would have a day like he did against us? But that's the game of football—it's as unpredictable as Joe Doyle.

Let me cite just a few instances to show what I mean. We went down to Purdue and came back with our hats in our lap. Purdue then lost to Oregon State, who proceeded to tie UCLA. Oregon State was at the mercy of Washington, and Stanford beat the Huskies. According to this line of reasoning, I guess Stanford should beat us.

Take another case: Georgia was beaten by Houston and Mississippi. Mississippi, beaten by Alabama, turned around and beat Houston, but then was tied by LSU.

Or how about this one: Miami (who just ended Virginia Tech's unbeaten hopes), lost its first two games, one of which was at the hands of Penn State. The Nittany Lions were coming off of a loss to Navy. Navy, God bless 'em, tried hard last Saturday. But does that mean Miami will be easier than the midshipman? Don't count on it.

There are many more examples and comparisons that could be given—but the question is, what does all this prove? It proves nothing except how ironic this football season seems to be.

Of course, we can always claim we've been jinxed by *Sports Illustrated*. Try to recall their college football issue of a few months back: their cover boys, (whose troubles I've already traced)—Georgia, Texas, Miami, and us—all were picked by *SI* as most likely to fill that Number One spot. Whether you want to believe it or not, that jinx seems to be there. In '64 we weren't even ranked but ended up third. 1965 found us ranked first. We ended up eighth. Then in '66 we started out fifth and won the National Championship. This year we again started out on top. Of the four that were on the cover only one remains in the top ten—us. Miami didn't get a chance to be ranked after losing two games right off the bat. Georgia got beat by Mississippi but hung in there until their luck ran out against Houston. Super Bill at Texas turned out to be only human and they also dropped their first two games. Then there's us, and you know how that story goes.

I won't try to give you the cut and dried reason as to why things have progressed as they have—everyone, it seems, has their own ideas and opinions. I don't know what the cause of all the upsets is, but I don't want to push our luck. Be it bad breaks, be it luck, or be it a jinx, all I would like to say is: "Please, *SI*, leave us alone."

—BOB "ROCKY" BLEIER

Old Fox Picks

Steve Anderson, in a state of shock over the Yale-Dartmouth outcome, has been farmed out to the Bethel College *Clarion* after having missed his seventh consecutive Miami pick.

MICHIGAN STATE VS. INDIANA: The nation still waits for the Bloomington Miracle to fade but the dream will survive yet another week. State has only the philosophical insights of Duffy in his syndicated newspaper column. Indiana has John Isenbarger in deep punt formation. Somehow the Hoosiers will win.

NORTHWESTERN VS. ILLINOIS and IOWA: Whoever shows up at Evanston (see *SIDELINES*) will find the Wildcats docile hosts. In fact, the way the Purple and White have conducted themselves in recent games, the line of uninvited guests may grow outside the stadium gates.

PENN ST. VS. NORTH CAROLINA ST.: The Mount Nits have been growing more like lions in every game. North Carolina State has not been tested consistently. Penn State will prove that a good Eastern team can always beat a good Southern team.

PURDUE VS. MINNESOTA: Jack Mollenkopf's one-man gang, Leroy Keyes, should be aided and abetted just enough by Mike Phipps to prove the undoing of the plucky Gophers.

TEXAS VS. BAYLOR: Hello, what's this? A Texas team that can pass and a Baylor team that can't. Who'd a thunk it? Bradley and Co. will bring revamped Texas one step further to the Top Ten.

BRYN MAWR VS. RICHMOND: Richmond doesn't give a hoot about the Owls, but the visiting Spiders would seem hopelessly outclassed in this contest. A Bryn Mawr rout on nationwide TV may well force Richmond to re-emphasize academics.

UPSET OF THE WEEK:

YALE VS. PENNSYLVANIA: The Elis look ahead to Princeton and Harvard, and who wouldn't look past the Quakers, who have shown a marked proclivity for nonviolence on the gridiron? In the rugged Ivy League, on any given Saturday—Penn. (An awful Eastern team can always beat a good Eastern team.)

OTHER GAMES:

Army over Utah
Colorado over Kansas
Harvard over Princeton
LSU over Alabama
Tennessee over Tulane
UCLA over Washington
William & Mary over West Virginia
Georgia Tech over Miami
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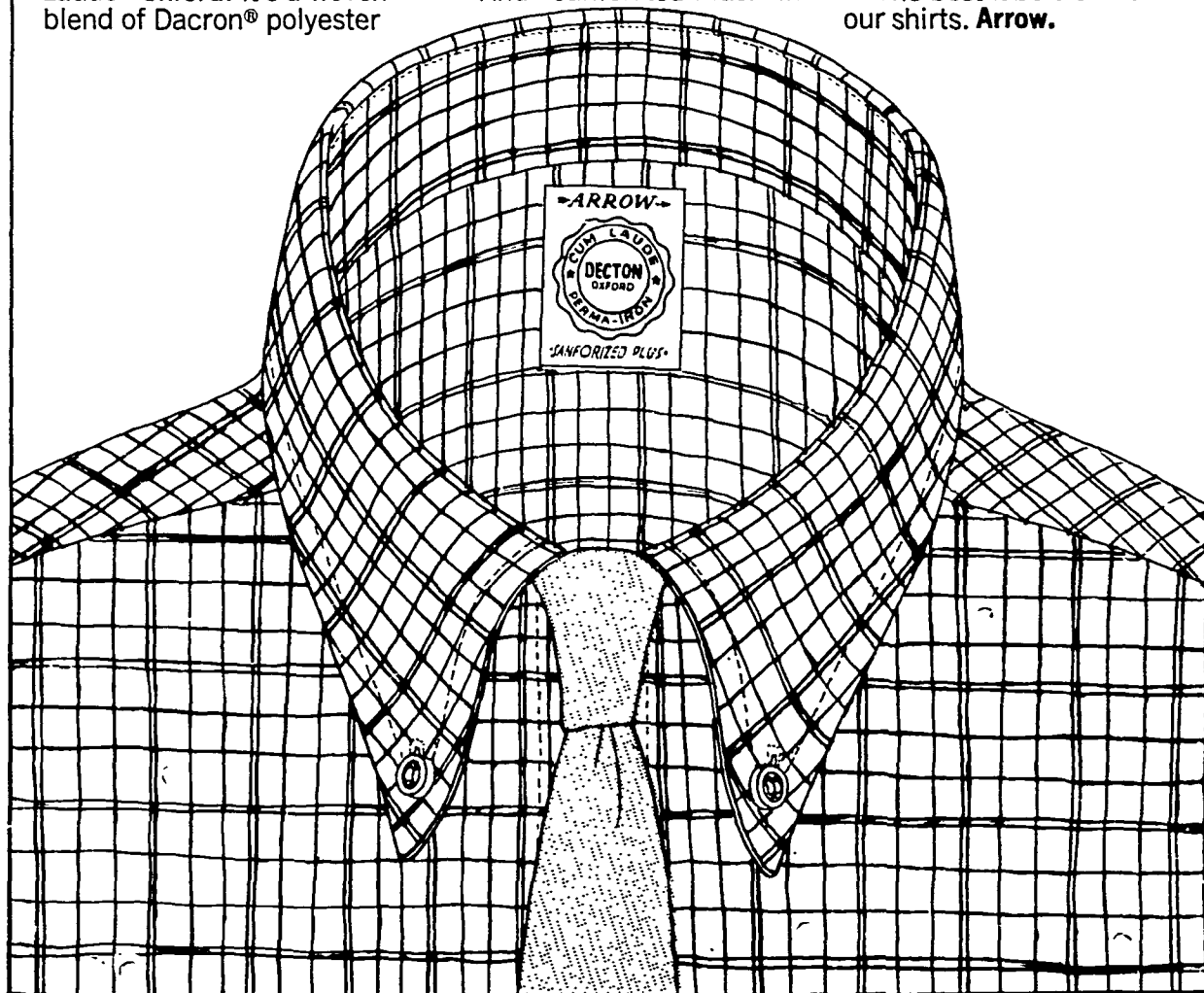
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Convention

(Continued from page 23)

choice of the actual nominee.

Over the years enthusiastic cooperation has been received from "favorite son" candidates. Literature, badges, banners, and even money and advice have been forthcoming from the headquarters of the various candidates. The demonstrations on the floor in support of candidates have given ample evidence of this as well as of student ingenuity. On the campus student leaders establish themselves as managers of the campaigns of these favorites.

Beginning with the 1948 meeting the Academy of Political Science was the sponsor of the mock convention but Student Government became more and more involved and this time, with the decline of the Academy, is to sponsor the convention. Because the Navy Drill Hall was demolished to make way for the new library the 1964 meeting was held in the then new Stepan Center and that will be the site of the 1968 meeting.

Experience proves that there is something about the convention atmosphere that brings the student delegates to enter in all seriousness

into the give-and-take of practical politics. Excitement and tempers sometimes get out of hand. More than once a band or the convention organizer has been called upon to play the National Anthem to bring some semblance of order on the floor. Radio, television, and newspaper coverage has been excellent and has improved with each meeting.

The cosmopolitan makeup of the student body at Notre Dame, with representation from every state in the Union, gives a note of realism that is not present in many university mock conventions where a more geographically restricted student body is found. Here at Notre Dame the student delegates can represent their home states and give expression to the sentiment prevalent there. This may account in part at least for the accuracy of the choices of the convention over the years.

The once-every-four-years meeting offers students an unrivaled opportunity to learn by doing one segment of the game of politics and this in an atmosphere where the mock becomes real, the "make believe" deadly serious, and the whole an educational experience that most students will never again have an opportunity to gain. ■

Mistakes

(Continued from page 18)

doors which are monotonous, and the rooms, ceilings, and hallways, contribute to this prison-like atmosphere.

The Computer Center and the North Dining Hall are adequate buildings, but lack imagination. One student described the Computer Center as "a cliché. There must be a thousand buildings like this across the nation's campuses."

The North Dining Hall lacks a "well-executed interior." With circular tables and neatly decorated walls, St. Mary's cafeteria and their coffee shop serve as an example of an imaginative if not efficient dining hall. "This certainly is not an easy problem," adds Schultz, "trying to serve so many people in such a limited time."

The Continuing Education Center and the Radiation Research Building are two buildings which architecture students unanimously agree are well designed. These buildings appear to be well thought out and planned. They have a certain feeling of class or fineness — that finished feeling which the other buildings lack. Both buildings tend toward simplicity; they do not attempt to be fancy or jazzy. They have a simple, understandable structure or system behind them.

It should be mentioned, in closing, that the Radiation Building was designed by Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill of Chicago, one of the largest and best-known firms in the country. The Kellogg Center was designed by Professor Schultz in conjunction with Mr. Frank Montana, Dean of the Architecture Students. This, in part, may explain the complimentary well-chosen adjectives directed at the last two buildings. ■

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(Continued from page 17)

ered by his peers to be "in" or "hip," he dressed carefully, maintained a posh bachelor's apartment and drove a flashy new sports car. Susan, 23, was one of a bevy of young lovelies frequently seen in Bruce's company. Bruce's first polylysurgic experience occurred on a date with Susan.

Late in the evening, parked on a cliff overlooking the city, Susan offered her escort a tablet of PEZ from her Zorro dispenser. Bruce consumed it eagerly, then asked for a second. Susan supplied another tablet but, concerned about her complexion,

demurred when asked to join him in PEZ.

As the strains of a slow ballad droned from the car radio, Bruce leaned across the seat. Susan, expectant and compliant, was startled when Bruce bent to her ear and whispered, "I'd give it an 83 — The words weren't too hot, but I bet we could dance to it real good."

"What?" squealed Susan; Bruce amended his statement. "Oh, I guess only 75. I wouldn't buy it." He reached for another PEZ.

"Bruce, what's come over you?"

"Nothin', chicky baby, it's just like . . . OH! I left my scout knife in the tree house and we were gonna play mumblety-peg tonight. And

gimme some more canny, will ya!!"

Stunned, she handed him the dispenser.

"Bruce! Where are you going?"

"I gotta put some baseball cards in my spokes, and lemme alone, why doncha. I'm tired of playing house."

Susan persuaded Bruce to get back into the car when he found that he had lost his last Harry Chiti.

"Lookee key, Susie," gurgled Bruce, gesturing at the ignition. "Shiny. Key nice, Susie."

"Bruce, you're drooling on me!" she cried, snatching the dispenser away from him.

"Goo," he murmured; curling into a foetal ball, he smiled dumbly into her face. ■

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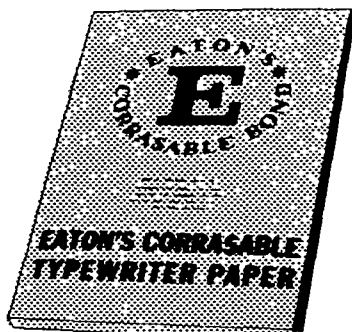
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...

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TOP O' THE MORNIN'

Chuck Perrin and Chuck Schott get the campus jumping for another day.

8:00-8:15 a.m.

THE MORNING REPORT: news, sports.

9:00-11:00 a.m.

FACING EAST

Denny O'Dea and Jim Kachik present music for your early morning letdown.

11:00 a.m.-Noon
IN BETWEEN

Eric Sandeen provides spirited courage to face the trial of lunch.

Noon-12:15 p.m.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT

News, reports.

12:15-1:00 p.m.

HIGH NOON

Curt DeClue with music to do your stomach justice.

1:00-3:00 p.m.

640 SWING STREET

Guy Ferris and Tom Herbstritt emphasize current swing.

3:00-5:00 p.m.

TOPSY

Tom McKay laughs with the Top 25.

5:00-6:00 p.m.

Dave McGovern reminisces through the olden-golden days and predicts the future.

6:00-6:30 p.m.

THE SIX O'CLOCK REPORT

News, commentary, sports.

6:30-7:30 p.m.

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Don Johnson swings gently with music for half-hearted study.

7:30-9:00 p.m.

REQUESTFULLY YOURS

Bryce Parker plays with the audience and their music.

9:00-10:00 p.m.

NITE BEAT

Pete Koyak hangs the world.

10:00-Midnight

THE QUIET ONE

Music to drown out background noise by.

11:00-11:15 p.m.

THE EVENING REPORT

News, sports.

Midnight-1:00 a.m.

NOCTURNE

Nick Ritter with jazz and near jazz to cool the night.

In addition Dateline, a schedule of campus events, is heard at 8:40 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 2:40 p.m., 4:40 p.m., and 8:40 p.m.

WSND news provides capsule coverage of the latest news at :55 past the hour, and a complete report of all campus news at 9:55 p.m.

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The Last Word



FATHER JAMES J. KAVANAUGH'S October 15 appearance at this University and the reaction which it received have by now been well publicized. Those we talked to who attended the "lecture" were shocked by Fr. Kavanaugh's over-emotional tirade against the institutional Church. Those who came to the engineering auditorium came in good faith expecting to hear Fr. Kavanaugh expound upon the need for reform in the Church. But they got a bit more than they had bargained for.

It seems Fr. Kavanaugh is not interested in reform after all. "Your institution can go to hell! I want no part of it. I don't find it in the gospels. I won't be associated with that (the Catholic) Church until it stops telling men struggling with God that they are damned." After lashing out at everything from the Mass and the sacraments to the religious celibacy and hierarchical authority. Fr. Kavanaugh concluded his diatribe by "resigning" from the priesthood.

All well and good, we suppose, if the man is sincere. However after reading the *New York Times* for October 24 we feel justified in calling

his sincerity into question. On page 49M next to a half-page of book ads and the *Times* book review column sits a half-page ad beginning:

"I am resigning from the Catholic priesthood in personal protest against the refusal of the hierarchy of the institutional Church to bring about reform. I announced my resignation before an assembly of students at Notre Dame University because this great University, a short distance from my hometown, represents to me the greatest Catholic center of learning in the country. I can no longer wear the collar nor accept the title of 'Father,' when the institution I represent can cut off from communion the divorced and remarried, can refuse to admit its error in the matter of birth control, can ignore the plea of priests for marriage, can continue to reduce the principles of Christ to instruments of fear and guilt." Well, you get the gist of it after awhile.

But the punchline comes at the end, just below his signature, clearly set off from the above "letter": A MODERN PRIEST LOOKS AT HIS OUTDATED CHURCH. TRIDENT PRESS.

Now Fr. Kavanaugh apparently sees himself as a sort of Brooks Brothers Martin Luther or perhaps the reincarnation of John the Baptist. ("If this be heresy, let it be heresy. The heresy of this generation has always been the greatest insights of the next.") He has chosen to ignore completely Vatican II and the recent Synod. He never did tell us what would be left of the Church after *his* reform ax had been applied to its every institution (a word Kavanaugh despises). For his ideal Church is no church at all. And his idea of reform is that the Church conform to *his* idea of what it should be.

We are all for reform in the Church. God knows It needs reforming. That's what this ecumenical thing is supposed to be all about. But if Fr. Kavanaugh wants to desert the "sinking ship," that's his business. We hope he's a strong swimmer.

Our editorial in our issue of October 27, "A Modern Priest Looking," was clearly meant to be critical of Fr. Kavanaugh's dramatics on this campus last month. It was in no way meant to suggest that the SCHOLASTIC is against reform in the Church. Imagine our surprise then when we opened the November 3 issue of the *Times* to be confronted with an ad similar to Fr. Kavanaugh's, headlined, "IN THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME."

The ad aimed to clear up "some confusion" about Fr. Kavanaugh's

recent appearance at Notre Dame. Then, "What follows is an editorial from this week's issue of *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, our oldest student publication, now in its 100th year. Anyone who knows student publications will realize that today's students think for themselves, say what they mean without advice or censorship to hinder them." A boxed reprint of our editorial followed.

The ad concluded, "This editorial, we believe, justifies some faith in the ability of thoughtful students to learn from experience. We believe this represents the attitude of most Notre Dame men. There will be other opinions, of course. That's what freedom of ideas is all about." The ad was signed, Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., President; and Edmund A. Stephan, Chairman, Board of Trustees; University of Notre Dame.

We were upset over this latter ad for two reasons. One: that one editorial does not fairly represent the SCHOLASTIC and the many varied positions on a whole variety of topics we have been speaking about in our pages this year. We frankly feel used, as Mr. Richard Rossie has so aptly put it. Used because the University is once again overreacting to its sacred "image" during another big money-gathering campaign.

Our second reason for being disturbed is that we were never contacted about reprinting the editorial. It was done without our permission and without regard to our opinion in the matter. In fact on Monday we received a telephone call from a secretary working for a "Mr. Kelly," in "Publicity" asking for permission to reprint the editorial. She didn't say how, why, or what for and seemed quite disturbed when permission was emphatically denied. "Well, all right, but Mr. Kelly is not going to like this."

Sorry about that Mr. Kelly. If the Publicity Office wants to mail out SCHOLASTICS *in toto* to alumni, that's fine. But we will not be taken out of context. We will not spoon-feed our wealthy alumni only those morsels the Administration decides they will find palatable.

If Fr. Kavanaugh used the University to sell his book, the Administration used the SCHOLASTIC to reply and they did it without our knowledge.

There is a lack of communication here and it's as much the Administration's fault as it is our fault. It is one thing for the Administration to *say* it has "faith in the ability of thoughtful students to learn from experience." It is another for them to prove it.

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