

*Francis Clark*

# **SCHOLASTIC**

**NOVEMBER 17, 1967**



*RA Walsh*



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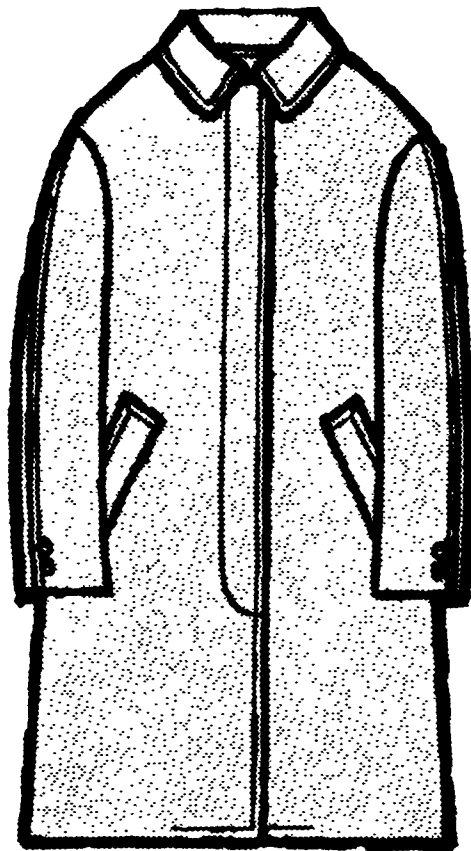
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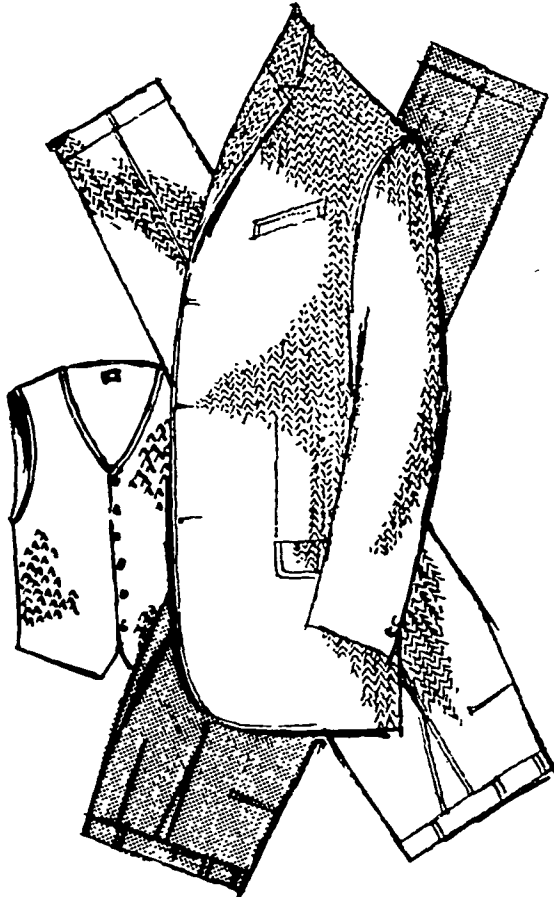
ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME



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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

# Editorials

## A Generation in Retrospect

This started out as such a promising decade.

It seemed such a happy coincidence, to be entering one's adolescence in 1960. We can't tell whether this was because of the nature of 13- and 14-year-olds — who tend to look at things in terms of black and white, good or bad; or whether the first part of our decade really did have some magic to it. But that is not the point. An unprecedented change of attitude of an entire generation has occurred between the time of the freedom rides and the present period, when the head of the Selective Service system, after consultation with the White House, has issued a directive ordering draft boards to induct into the Army those who actively indicate their dissatisfaction with the status quo.

*"We shall overcome, we shall overcome, we shall overcome, someday."*

With faint feelings of embarrassment, we remember what it was like to be truly dedicated to an ideal of harmony among men. We think back to the fresh-faced civil rights workers on a voter registration drive in the South naively attempting to establish a "dialogue" with the rednecks who attempted to intimidate them.

We also remember that there was a time when official support for such emotions was at hand. We remember when the Peace Corps seemed such a valid alternative to force. We recall when the bayonets were not fixed in our direction, but towards those who would prevent a Negro from enrolling at Ole Miss.

In short, we look at the frustration and division and grimness on the faces of our friends, and think back to the times when we had inspirations and heroes. And we remember those accurate barometers of our feelings then — the songs we sang — and are depressed.

*Come gather round people wherever you roam,  
And admit that the waters around you have grown,  
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone,  
If your time to you is worth saving.  
And you'd better start swimming or you'll sink like a  
stone —  
For the times, they are a changin'.*

We can't tell, now, whether the times have changed, or, in fact, if they ever will. But we know that our generation's enormous amount of energy that had been constructively tapped less than five years before has been turned inwards, or has been diffused or scattered, or has been forced more or less underground in order to oppose the war in Vietnam.

It seems such an unbearable prostitution, because this started off as such a promising decade.

— J. G.

*The Scholastic*

## An Effective Alternative

The search for the most patriotic man is necessarily futile and one that only a most presumptuous person would undertake. Clearly, no man can judge the patriotism of another.

The members of the senior class have seen Everett Dirksen and William Westmoreland proclaimed patriots; the first because he agreed to put in an appearance at Stepan Center and the second by application of the well-known equality: General plus hero equals patriot. It is not surprising that many seniors wish to abolish the award.

But how is this to be accomplished? Obviously one can't vote for the man he considers to be the best candidate, for this is playing the game, consenting to "patriot picking." The suggestion has been made that a vote for the most absurd candidate, Paul Harvey, is the best way to vote against the award. But this view is too naive. There are some people who take Harvey's candidacy seriously; and with an added "protest vote" he could probably win the election. Such a protest accomplishes nothing.

We feel there is an effective alternative. We urge the seniors to write, "No" on their ballots to express their refusal to pass judgment on the patriotism of the men nominated and their desire to see the Patriot of the Year Award abolished.

—R. M.

## No More Mistakes

The past architectural mistakes on the Notre Dame campus have often been the objects of severe criticism and jokes, but the important question is what about the future? What will the new high-rise dormitories, the dining hall addition, and the new biology, chemistry and engineering buildings be like? Will they become new mistakes costing almost \$20,000,000?

Once completed, a building is designed to last for a half-century or more. You cannot simply tear it down because it is an unsatisfactory solution; you are stuck with it. But, you can demand that steps be taken to prevent such waste in the future.

Because Notre Dame is intent on becoming a completely residential university and students will be expected to spend the greater part of four years going to classes here and living in a dormitory, it seems that the physical quality of the new buildings should be an issue of vital importance. What is being done to improve the quality of hall life, classroom and laboratory spaces? Will there continue to be monotonous rooms off endless corridors of glazed tile and concrete block? Will the new dorms have study and lounge areas? In view of University policy concerning parietal hours will there be suitable places to bring a girl into the hall and entertain her?

Only the most naive would suggest that a university is great because of its physical plant. That is a quality given to a university by its faculty and students. A great university, however, should be housed in an exciting and stimulating environment. And this, it seems, has not been done at Notre Dame. The fact that most of the buildings considered to have serious faults are the work of one architectural firm, would seem to indicate the desirability of changing architects.

Other schools have hired some of the finest architects in the country and have had outstanding buildings added to their campuses. But, let it be clearly understood that a great building is not one that is a monument unto itself or to the architect. Rather it is one that creatively and imaginatively houses the function for which it was designed. Does the building work? Does it do something to improve the environment of the people who use it? Does it complement its surroundings and not try to dominate them? Architecture is not building for its own sake, but it is designed for the needs and uses of people. A building is a tool that people use, and although people can use inefficient tools, they do not perform to the best of their ability.

It is about time that Notre Dame began to build an exciting physical environment to house its intellectual and athletic greatness. In fact the SCHOLASTIC believes the very next building should be the product of an international design competition.

—John Maves

**c o n t e n t s**

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**CAMPUS**

Far be it from us to indicate that the whole draft thing is beyond belief, but see page 10 . . . SMC's ASP likes the way it's going over there, on page 11 . . . the infirmity practices "bad medicine," on the same page . . . the ramifications of conscientious objection are being looked into on page 12 . . . believe it or not, the Cosa Nostra has arrived here . . . more student power talks . . . on page 13, teen drunks, hopefully, will be helped . . . B-P strikes again.

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**SPORTS**

With the interhall football season drawing to a close, Keenan and Lyons have emerged as the teams to beat, but Zahm can't be (p. 21) . . . the second "Sideline" traces the vestural eccentricities of the Irish Guard . . . Georgia Tech and Miami renew ancient quarrels as the Irish prepare for a "Big Week in the Deep South" . . . On page 24, Steve Anderson attempts to redeem himself for his uncanny misses in Miami games . . . Steve likes the Irish in this week's "picks" . . . the Voice in the Crowd warns of a growing threat to Notre Dame's recruiting monopoly: the rise of Catholic club football throughout the country.

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# Letters

## IN DEFENSE OF ROTC

EDITOR:

If all you ask is consistency, then you must maintain that career training of any type is of secondary importance to liberal education. I am inclined to agree with you, but I feel you have an obligation to spell out what seems to be the only logical conclusions of such argument: many, if not all, of the courses in engineering, business, and even science (notably pre-med) must be discarded along with the ROTC curriculum if the criterion of university education is indeed a liberal education. The only college in the University that in theory lacks the taint of careerism is the College of Arts and Letters. For the most part, engineering students become engineers and business students become businessmen; neither group pursues a course of academics that is an end in itself, as does the serious liberal-arts student.

And if freedom is the fundamental worth of the liberal education, then, again, you can hardly use such a standard to justify the existence of any course at this University that restricts the free play of intellect by the very nature of the subject matter: technical subjects of any breed whatsoever. Thus, you are asserting that something neither free nor liberal has no place in the university. You may be right, but I wonder if you are ready to advocate the conversion of Notre Dame into a campus of English majors. Other considerations of the place of ROTC on the campus are simply organizational, hence, peripheral: there are numerous easy A-B courses in the College of Arts and Letters; "professor" is just a word (and one which applies to any technical instructor of sufficient competence and seniority).

Kevin McCarthy

## ROTC NOT ALONE

EDITOR:

The "academic question" editorial in the November 10 SCHOLASTIC, and the position of the Committee for the Deemphasis of ROTC, contain some assumptions which I feel are problematic at best . . . and which need to be explored more thoroughly.

The most noticeably false of these assumptions is that our University is a university geared primarily to the attainment of a liberal education. As a long-term General Program student and a member of CAP, I confess that sometimes I wish this were so. I have been extremely fortunate in the number of professors who have acquainted

me with the manifold advantage of a truly liberal education. But to take such a position as the SCHOLASTIC's is to largely ignore Notre Dame's colleges of business, engineering, and science. Does anyone want to maintain that the Wall Street broker, the civil engineer, or the NASA physicist are not pursuing a vocation? The most ironic commentary on the SCHOLASTIC's summary "reading-out" of three-fourths of the school's colleges may be found on the next page of the same issue — where the SCHOLASTIC proclaims that the science major "who from freshman year on must concentrate in the technical subjects pertinent to his field," doesn't have the time to take his theology and philosophy requirements.

The SCHOLASTIC contradicts itself in this connection once more when it proudly proclaims the absence of a journalism department . . . conveniently forgetting its own laments of recent years concerning this lack.

But this point is sufficiently well made. Not wishing to accuse the SCHOLASTIC of perpetuating a chauvinistic, liberal - snobbish - pseudo - Harvard ethic, we will presuppose their simple forgetfulness.

Of more importance is the attitude of the ROTC-deemphasis people toward the academic stature of the ROTC courses. Their arguments seem to fall into two major categories, which I shall treat in turn.

The first, and weaker, is that the ROTC courses are not only simplistic but do not foster meaningful dialogue between teachers and students. Taking these points in reverse order, it seems to me that meaningful dialogue is a distant goal, not a present accomplishment; that I've suffered through a lot of strictly one-way lectures in the enclaves of O'Shaughnessy Hall; and that the best faculty-student dialogues are achieved outside the classroom (a feat possible in the ROTC building as well as the library). As for the charge of simplicitude, I must admit that ROTC courses *per se* are not the roughest courses at Notre Dame. But there are two factors which must be considered here. The first is that ROTC instructors are notoriously concerned with the success of their students in the rest of their curriculum. Since the University is still illiberal enough to require success in certain courses to obtain a degree, the student who might wish to devote more time to a more rigorous course in military science would be, in many cases, unable to do so. The second, which also relates critically to the second argument of the ROTC-deemphasis people, is that most ROTC courses are as rough

as you want to make them. That is, the subject matter is not intrinsically child's play; the application of thought and reflection, as in so many fields, can prove extremely fruitful.

This leads us to the second and more critical of the Committee's charges against the ROTC courses . . . and that is that military training is inherently nonacademic in nature — in fact, "nonthinking." This is the graver of the two since it reflects a common and extremely dangerous assumption on the part of many people that the military profession requires not brains but sheer automation. In fact, the military science, as so many others, has made tremendous strides in the past several hundred years. Success in this field requires, to an ever-increasing degree the assimilation of the complex technical aspects of the modern military organization; the hybridization of military and political principles in a rapidly changing society, and the absorption of the timeless principles of strategy, taken from the past and applied painstakingly to the present.

A flaw in our existing academic structure — and only history will reveal its magnitude — is that these undeniably intellectual disciplines are left for the service colleges to impart, with the inevitable result that the short-term ROTC lieutenant often fails to perform efficiently.

At any rate, I hope I have said enough to initiate some doubts in the minds of those holding the ever-recurring tenet that the "military" is unalterably inferior to the scholarly and civilian. That tenet has been proven fallacious by our tragic unpreparedness in every conflict since the Revolution.

Perhaps it is time the liberal mentality which has proven itself beneficial many times over to this country, learned that the profession of arms is an object for study, not ignorance.

Peter Herrly  
Off-Campus

*There is a basic confusion evident in these letters, a failure to see that a technical study is not necessarily a vocational study. Although the study of physics, for example, often leads to a career as a physicist, the intellectual complexity of the discipline stands for itself. People get doctorates in physics (and in management, industrial design, etc.) and colleges offer majors in these primarily technical subjects which often lead to careers.*

*Not even the service academies of-*  
(Continued on page 26)

## coming distractions

All Week: Photographs by Barbara Blondeau and prints and paintings by Ronald Penkoff at the Moreau Gallery at SMC.

### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Evening South Bend's newest collegiate hangout will formally open. The Delphic Oracle, on the site of the old Quo Vadis on LaSalle Street. Strobe lights, incense and the sonics of Captain Electric and the Flying Lapels will assail three of the senses and a snack bar will fulfill the fourth. How you manage to experience a little touch depends on you.

6:45 p.m. *Stalag 17*, forerunner of Hogan's Heroes, plays in the Engineering Auditorium. Admission: 25 cents.

8:00 p.m. James Brown will be dealing up enough soul to fill the Morris Civic Auditorium. Tickets at the door.

8:30 p.m. If only Julius Caesar could attend the Class of '69's "Toga Party" at the Laurel Club, he could save \$1 off the regular \$3.50 (\$3 for key clubbers) as can anyone wearing a toga. Free bread and cheese, along with six bottles of vino as door prizes. The Jumping Jacks accompanied by the soul sound of South Bend's own Incas.

9:15 p.m. *Stalag 17*

### SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18

1:00 p.m. Smoker at Giuseppe's. Free bus from circle at noon.

2:00 p.m. "Tight Little Island." Cinema '68, Engineering Auditorium.

After the O. J. Simpson and Gary Beban star on WJVA-TV as U.S.C. plays Tech game: U.C.L.A.

7:15 p.m. The Sophomore Class, in conjunction with Cavanaugh Hall, will present "A Pink Slip Party" with reduced rates for those (girls) with (wearing) pink slips. Buses leave the circle at 7:15, 7:30 and 8:30 for the Mishawaka Conservation Club, stopping at SMC 20 minutes later.

8:00 p.m. The Knights of the Fox reunion party promises a liquid diet and "entertaining" flicks. Tickets from Bill Follette at the ROTC building.

8:00 p.m. "Tight Little Island."

### SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19

1:00 to 5:00 p.m. The opening of a "Drawings From the Galeria Arte Mexicano" exhibit in O'Shaughnessy's West Gallery. The Walter R. Beardsley Collection including works by Rodin, Ernst and Chagall in the East Gallery.

2:00 p.m. and "Tight Little Island."

8:00 p.m.

3:00 p.m. Co-ex discussion, Rev. Ernin McMullin speaks on "The Phenomena of Man." Co-ex volleyball at 2:00 p.m. in St. Angela's Hall.

### MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20

Supper: Freedom fast. The money saved by decreased food requirements in the dining halls will be given to charities.

8:00 p.m. Dr. Ralph M. McInerny will lecture on "Aquinas as a Moralist" in the Library Auditorium.

### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

The beginning of Thanksgiving vacation officially after the last class.

### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24

The Met Club will hold its Thanksgiving dance in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt, Madison Avenue at 45th Street. Semi-formal.

### THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30

8:00 p.m. George Mosse of the University of Wisconsin speaks on "The Appeal of Nazi Culture" in the Little Theatre, SMC.

### ALL DECEMBER:

The Moreau Art Gallery at SMC presents "Chateau of Chambord."

### FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1

8:30 p.m. The first showing of Molière's play, "The School for Wives," at SMC. After severe struggles with our conscience, we refrain from comment.

### WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6

Those interested in conserving museums, works of art, pornography collections, etc., can benefit from Alfred Jakstas, Conservator of Paintings at the Art Institute of Chicago when he speaks on the problems of museum conservation.

### SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9

National Program for Graduate School Selection. Check with your advisor for particulars.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10

8:00 p.m. SMC's Christmas Glee Club Concert.

### MONDAY, DECEMBER 11

8:00 p.m. *Shadow and Splendor*, the story of Empress Elizabeth in Austria, at SMC. It features Howdee Meyers and Lucia Perrigo, if that helps.

— Compiled by Bob Haight

## WSND PROGRAM LISTINGS

### Monday thru Friday

• • •

7:00-9:00 a.m.

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.



# SENATE

*by bill cullen*



JAMES JOYCE once said that he was trying "to refine the narrator out of existence." The student Senate meeting Wednesday night needed no narrator to explain what went on—the senators finally, finally have asserted themselves, articulately, forcefully. The bone of contention was more "action" by the ASP, a motion presented by Jon Sherry:

- I. The student body of this university shall have the power to make and enforce all rules and regulations pertaining to the government and welfare of the student community as a whole.
- II. A. The Student Senate, the General Assembly of Students when it meets, and referendums shall be the sole authorities for making the rules and regulations of the student community except in those areas where the halls, being competent to govern themselves, have exclusive jurisdiction.
- B. The Student Judiciary shall be the sole authority to enforce the student community's code of behavior.
- C. The Student Judiciary shall consist of a Campus Judicial

Board and an Off-Campus Judicial Board.

- III. A. Each hall shall have the power to make and enforce all rules and regulations pertaining to the government and welfare of that hall community.
- B. Each hall government shall be the sole authority for regulating and enforcing its own rules and regulations.

(The General Assembly of Students mentioned in section II—A will take place on January 4th and 5th under the chairmanship of Tom McKenna)

Jon Sherry first spoke quietly for four or five minutes in favor of the motion. His *rationale* was clear and simple: this motion would provide the general basis for future specific reforms in the area of student life.

But the "barber-shop" faction of the Senate rose in flushed indignation—those who would deferentially limit the Senate's activities to pleasant talk about the weather, those who are meticulously grooming themselves for future positions as smiling city clerks—neat, clean-shaven, all—but they really got scalped Wednesday night.

Speaker after speaker took the floor to support the motion, in spite of the

barbers' obvious disapproval. One was Tom Moore from Badin Hall.

"I have enough faith in the students to believe that they can make viable, workable laws for themselves."

Stay Senator Larry Broderick:

"If we can't pass this motion, why even be here now, why don't we get up and leave? . . . Does the Administration tell the faculty how to live? Does it tell them to go right home after class, not to drink, and to have only three kids?"

The "barber shop" faction saw that the bandwagon was starting to roll, and so they tempered outright opposition with bits of compromising affability, hoping thus to clip the wings of this all-important motion:

"Personally, I, I am in *complete* agreement with the basic philosophy of this motion, howeva . . ." Then again, perhaps they were only looking for an extra-large tip from Father O'Neill, the advisor to the Senate, who at this time was rather nervously fondling his nose.

Tom Brislen, Hall Life Coordinator, finally ended debate with an emotional plea for passage of the motion: "This is the most important thing the Notre Dame Student Senate has ever done."

# campus

## WINDY DRAFT'S MAN

The collegian's favorite father image, Lieut. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Selective Service director, did it again last week. In a letter to all local draft boards, he recommended that college students who physically interfere with military recruitment on campus be subject to immediate induction into the Armed Forces.

The letter, dated October 26, noted that deferments were "given only when they serve the national interest," and that Hershey did not consider interference with recruitment to be in the national interest. Although the letter make no mention of the demonstrations at Oberlin College where a Navy recruiter was trapped in his car for four hours, a spokesman for the General made it clear in the story that he considers such interference with a recruiting officer to be illegal. "There's nothing new in this," the spokesman said. "It's been here in the law all along. The attitude now is 'let's enforce the law.'"

When contacted in Washington by the SCHOLASTIC for comment, Major Elvin Higdon, the General's public information officer, gave the following rather specious rationale for the letter. According to the Major, the Selective Service Act gives to every "boy" over eighteen the duty and *right* to serve in the Armed Forces. Consequently, any interference with this *right* is a violation of the Selective Service Act. This violation renders the alleged culprit susceptible of being declared "1-A delinquent," and subject to immediate induction.

The Major went on to say that Hershey has been delegated Presidential power under the Act to establish and carry out rules and regulations for the administration of the Act, hence his letter was in order. (When the issuance of the letter was announced to newsmen, the General's office was at pains to point out that the letter was written upon the General's delegated power, with the knowledge, but not necessarily approval of the White House.)

Investigation into the position of

Hershey's office raises a number of interesting questions and reveals certain glaring contradictions. The first, posed by a spokesman for the Indiana Civil Liberties Union, asks by what very novel interpretation of the law the Selective Service Office conclude that interference with *recruitment* violates the Selective Act.

According to the Major, Congress, thru the Act, grants to every young man the *right* and duty to serve in the Armed Forces. Section 1b of the Act reads: "The Congress . . . declares that in a free society the obligations and privileges of serving in the armed forces . . . should be shared generally. . . ." However, in the section of the Act enumerating offenses against it and establishing penalties, interfering with *recruitment* is not listed as being offensive. To be sure, interference with the administration of the *Act* by violent or other means is declared offensive, but according to the ICLU spokesman, recruitment of officers such as that which was scheduled to take place at Oberlin can in no way be construed as being authorized under the administration of the Selective Service Act. The spokesman went on to say that it is illegal to block a man in his car for four hours, but it is a violation of state, not federal law.

This observation leads to a second question concerning the competence, under the Act and in the practical order, of the local draft boards as investigative, enforcing and punitive institutions. Major Higdon conceded, in fact insisted, that they were not designated as such under the Act. The traditions of this country demand that no individual be deemed guilty of an illegal act unless his guilt be proved to the satisfaction of twelve good men in open court, also.

Officials of the St. Joseph County Draft Boards, when contacted for comment, conceded that no draft board, composed primarily of persons with little knowledge of law and little time to dedicate to the equitable disposition of cases, and before which



LEWIS B. HERSHEY  
AND SIGN-UP PROCEDURE

no lawyers are permitted, can possibly be considered as a duly authorized court. Certainly service in the Armed Forces was not intended by Congress as a punitive measure, too.

The most confusing and contradictory facet of the position of the General's office, however, is the claim that the directions contained in the letter are in the national interest. The ICLU spokesman said that these directions are being used to suppress the expression of opinion and to make super-courts out of the draft boards. Even if one grants that physically impeding recruitment is not in the national interest, it is difficult to see how the Armed Forces will benefit by having their ranks filled with those who are motivated by such an animus against the war and the military that they risk punishment to give witness to their opinions. One is reminded of the abortive attempt of the German High Command to stifle the German peace movement in 1918. Peace agitators and Socialists were drafted and sent to the front in hopes that they would be killed there. Instead, they brought their peace leaflets with them and hastened the German military collapse. The case of the four sailors who jumped ship in Japan this week is another illustration of the point; they deserted in protest over the Vietnamese war.

—T. P.



BETTY DOERR  
AND SIGN-OUT PROCEDURE

#### WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE A.S.P. AT S.M.C.?

Last winter was what might be termed "St. Mary's winter of discontent." However, even with all the complaining, little was being done. Then, last spring, six girls decided that it was time for action, and out of this came St. Mary's version of the Action Student Party.

St. Mary's, they felt, should not be simply a finishing school to produce the "well-rounded" woman, but a college where the student could be considered an intelligent, responsible person, and for this reason they felt that they should be given a voice in governing themselves.

About the same time that the ASP was forming, there started the Monday Mop-up sheets — a series of notices pinned up in the classroom section of Le Mans, which were sarcastic comments on the situation at SMC. They helped in bringing grievances to the surface, but again there was no action. The ASP supplied the action as they put up candidates for spring elections, and, for the first time, the elections contained real issues and were not simply popularity contests.

Out of the elections came four ASP senators. The new Academic Commissioner, Mary Perrone, was another ASP'er, and she is now making her campaign promises a reality: her

committee has instituted a pass-fail grade experiment, begun work on course evaluations, and helped establish the free university.

Stevie Wernig, S.B.P., ran on a program of student rights and won. Immediately after her election, a committee was formed to do research which will result in a statement declaring certain student rights in all areas — social rights, academic rights, rights under the law, and so forth. It is significant that the initial committee included three of the six ASP'ers who first formed the party.

What has happened to the party itself this year? Says Betty Doerr, that SMC "radical" who more or less was head of the party, "We feel that Student Government has begun this year to deal with the real issues relevant to the St. Mary's student. Rather than have an organized party to dig up issues, then, the concerned student can now work with student government, whether or not she holds an office."

Things are not yet rosy at St. Mary's; there are still many legitimate complaints, such as the outmoded sign-in procedure. But Miss Doerr said, "Last spring we tried to show that ASP is not so much a party, but a state of mind, requiring not only criticism, but action to back it up. As long as student government handles the issues, a party isn't needed, for the ASP idea still exists. If their activities grind to a halt, however, it is conceivable that the party will reappear."

— L. M.

#### STRETCHER CASES

Amidst these turbulent times of dissent, conflict and struggle for power, everyone is included, even

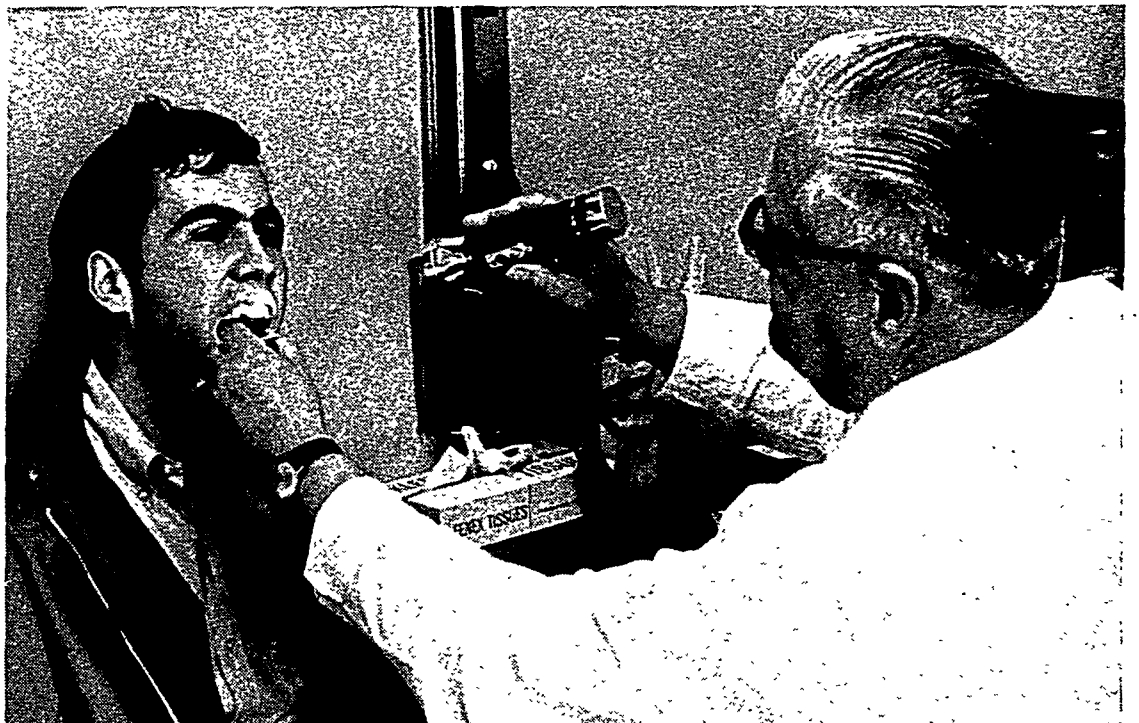
the campus police and the infirmary.

One of the two station wagons belonging to the Security Police is equipped to serve as an ambulette, and last year was used to transport students to St. Joseph's Hospital, where major surgery and X-rays are done. This allegedly hampered the police's operations, however, and so this year Fr. McCarragher has restricted its use to "extreme emergencies or stretcher cases only." Says Arthur Pears, head of the Campus Police, "If a student can walk or sit down, he can take a taxi." The reason he gave was that the ambulette was being overused — "Everyone with a toothache would call up and ask to be taken to his dentist." He stated emphatically that the ambulette would not go to St. Joe's Hospital for anything except stretcher (basket?) cases. After graduating to guns this year, the Campus Police are no longer going to tolerate the use of their prowler car for taxiing.

Dr. George Colip says, "My compassion is with the student." The Head Doctor disapproved of the restriction on the use of the ambulette because it would decrease efficiency of the Infirmary which, he says, "last year, saved the lives of at least six boys by early diagnosis of hemorrhage or malignancy. In a way, having no ambulette forces us to practice bad medicine, because any sprain or strain should be X-rayed, which can be done only at St. Joe's Hospital. All of our emergencies must be sent to St. Joe's."

Both sides have merit, but what Fr. McCarragher says, goes. One merely must hope that if a campus policeman shoots anyone with his gun, he will be accurate enough to make it a stretcher case.

— B. Me.



DR. COLIP AND A POTENTIAL BASKET CASE

## WHISPERS OF OBJECTION

It has often been whispered that war does not determine who is right — only who is left. This past week the whispers resulted in the formal announcement that a conscientious objection counseling service is being established under the direction of the University's Guidance and Testing Center. According to Father Joseph Simons, head of the service, it was necessitated by growing student uneasiness concerning the war. In outlining the purpose of the counseling facilities, Father Simons explained, "It has come to our attention the large number of student who were unable to cope with the decision of conscientious objection on an individual basis without some sort of professional guidance. The aid of the service is not, however, to find ways to get around or out of the draft, but, to the contrary, to focus rather than instruct. By having discussion groups concerning various aspects of conscientious objection — the effect on friends, its relation to religious beliefs, other ways of serving, etc. — one will get a chance to share his experiences as well as to learn of others, and perhaps in the process acquire a deeper perspective of the consequences of his decision."

The first discussion group will meet Nov. 28 in the Guidance and Testing office. Although only twenty so far have shown interest in the program, C.O. Ned Buchbinder, who was instrumental in forming the service, is enthusiastic over the opportunities offered by the discussion groups. "Over a cup of coffee I can get off my chest problems that have been bothering me



**FR. SIMONS  
DEEPENING THE PERSPECTIVE**

for some time. The advantage of the program is that grouped together are persons who have faced similar difficulties, but at the same time, as individuals, each has a different point of view."

Father Simons added that in placing these different perspectives in the

student's mind, the counseling service will rightly leave it to the student to determine what is right. Although the new student counseling service will not discover who is right, it should be helpful in ascertaining that more are left — if only undisturbed at best.  
—J. W.

## THE BLACK HAND

Rumor has it that a "Little Mafia" is operating on Campus. Although Director of Security Arthur Pears has denied knowledge of such a group, recent events lend strong support to this rumor. A gang of ND residents are reported to have been roaming the campus at night, brutally beating lone students. Three ND juniors were robbed Sunday night by two hoods on their way back from St. Mary's. Then there was the incident at Gilbert's.

Various accounts of the Gilbert's affair have been spread around the campus. The following is Mr. Pears' version. Nearly two weeks ago, some students from Morrissey Hall notified Pears' office that pieces of their luggage had been stolen. Pears called the Railway Express office and told the checker to be on the lookout for stolen luggage. Soon after the Gilbert's robbery, two fellows tried to ship two trunks and a valpak through REA. The checker noticed that the names on the trunk were different from those on the fellows' ID cards. He refused to send the trunks, and when the pair left, the clerk phoned the security office. Last Thursday, the South Bend police brought eight or ten students caught fighting in South Bend into Mr. Pears' office.

Acting on a hunch, he called the REA checker and asked him to come over. The checker was able to identify two of the intrepid warriors as the fellows who tried to slip the stolen luggage past him. An investigation of the luggage revealed that loot from the Gilbert's robbery was indeed contained within the trunks. The two, Jamie Lee Bucknell, an off-campus student, and Ernie Balionis, a resident of Morrissey Hall, were then transported to the St. Joseph County Sheriff's Office. They are now free on bail. Thus, the campus police got their men—finally. Whether or not the alleged thieves will be prosecuted is another question.

Director Pears claims too that rooms have recently been found ransacked. According to the script, one member of the gang would call a person on the phone and engage him in a conversation while the rest of the gang would enter his room. Thieves also ply their trade when a student goes to take a shower or force down a meal without locking his door. He stressed that the rate of larceny is greatest right before a holiday. Thanksgiving vacation begins in five days. So if you want your room intact, lock your door, close your transom, or pay what the "Mafia" asks.  
—D. K.

## STUDENT POWER: WILY AND RESOURCEFUL

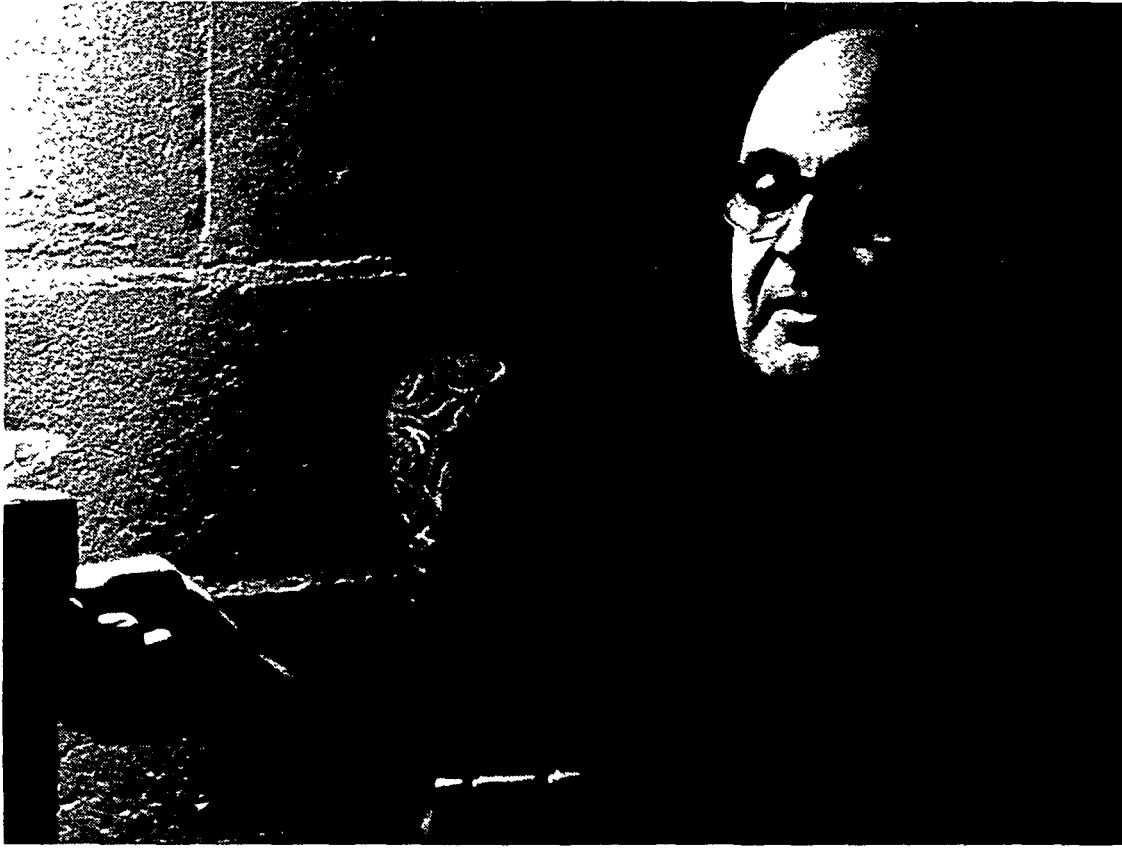
How can students become resourceful in the fight for student power? This is the question which will hopefully be answered at the National Student Power Conference at the University of Minnesota this weekend. About a half dozen student delegates from Notre Dame are present at the conference and will exchange ideas with delegations from other member colleges of the National Student Association.

The theme of the conference is the demand for student power. According to NSA, ultimately student power involves the building of an independent student government capable of cooperating with the faculty in planning curriculum and participating with the administration in making the basic

decisions of the university.

The agenda for the conference includes an analysis of campus power structures and a discussion of strategies and tactics. These tactics include how to build organizations and to sustain pressure, how to mobilize strategically and pull back when necessary, how to use the courts and how to gain access to sympathetic educators from the outside. The NSA hopes that once the students are more knowledgeable about these things, the drive for student power across the nation's campuses will be unified.

The Notre Dame delegation is comprised of representatives from student government and the free university. In addition to serving as a delegate, Stay-Senator Richard Rosie will participate in a panel discussion on social freedom. NSA campus



**MUSCLES DOWN THE BOOZE DRAIN**

coordinator Bob Rigney cites the delegation's attendance at the conference as another example of Notre Dame's recent desire to become more involved in the affairs of the National Student Association.

— G. D.

**JUDO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

A Jesuit came all the way from Portland, Oregon, to South Bend last week for the sake of a bunch of drunks. Father Barney Nixon obviously likes teen-age tipplers, and has founded a muscular organization

named JUDO to help the drinkers who have been trying to drown their sorrows. And some of the ND-SMC students who heard him talk at St. Joseph High recently were impressed with his ideas.

After years of "helpless" discussion on alcoholism, Father Nixon says he realized that early and excessive drinking points to a partially neglected problem. "I see talented people going down the drain because of booze," says the priest, "and I wonder if I can't get the guy before he jumps."

Father's prescription includes not only the stimulant of spiritual motivation but also the fresh air of some friends and a steady diet of social exercise, especially judo or boxing. All of this is designed to help cure the resentment, dissatisfaction, and frustration that makes so many withdraw into their steins.

JUDO has room for more than those who have walked the "wet drunk" road. Its members also welcome the "dry drunks," young people who have looked for escape in pills, glue sniffing, and other unreasonable facsimiles. Older teen-agers and college-age students team up to help the younger ones.

On the ND campus, interest has been shown by students such as Coley O'Brien, Denny Williams, Marc Bayless and Jim Ruzicka, who are now promoting the formation of a local branch of JUDO, and are trying to enlist volunteers from Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

The guys will obviously help with the boxing and judo. It's not clear what the girls will do: perhaps offer the friendship.

The SCHOLASTIC is not the only campus publication starting free distribution across the road. Breen-Phillip's *Pace-Setter* this week will join up with a portion of SMC's Holy Cross Hall is putting out one hall newspaper. St. Mary's will write one or two pages of the newspaper each week, and B-P will write two other pages.

**feiffer**

POLITICS IS A LIE.

SO I DROPPED OUT OF POLITICS.

POLITICS USES HISTORY.

SO I QUIT STUDYING HISTORY.

HISTORY IS PRINTED IN BOOKS.

SO I QUIT READING BOOKS.

BOOKS ARE MADE UP OF WORDS.

SO I QUIT KNOWING WORDS.

Give to the Poor

11-12

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A FEW short months ago — May 5, 1967, to be exact — the University's Board of Trustees bestowed their final approval on the much-ballyhooed *Faculty Manual*. Its appearance marked the close of the first chapter whose modest beginning was marked in June, 1965, by the assumption of Rev. John E. Walsh, C.S.C., to the Academic Vice-Presidency and the earliest drafts of the manual by Associate Academic Vice-President Dr. Thomas Stewart. The University at the time was faced with the problem of striking a balance, in the words of Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, "between the possibility of the fullest measure of faculty involvement for the betterment of the University . . . as well as the possibility for administrative action." In its two-year shuffle between University committees and faculty referenda, little has survived in the manual which could be called un-

what haphazard, depending on individual departments. The philosophers actually held a preliminary election to determine which of its members would represent them on the College of Arts and Letters ballot. Some departments introduced the element of surprise by not releasing the names of their nominees until the day of the election.

The divergence between the popular conceptions of a faculty senate and faculty conceptions of the faculty senate was discussed with Dr. Vasta

ers information on academic matters affecting the faculty as a whole, seeks to formulate faculty opinion . . . receives from other groups in the University items requiring consideration by the faculty."

Faculty members, through their college and departmental committees, have for a long time exercised a voice in the hiring of new faculty members, the establishment of tenure standards, and the promoting of colleagues. However, the union of the college faculties is new and could re-

# Faculty Senate: An Open Forum?

by Dave Tiemeier

expected. If the manual eventually leads to a new, practical definition of the role of faculty on the Notre Dame campus outside the classroom, it will have to come from Article IV, Section 3, Subsection (b) — The Faculty Senate.

Ironically, the establishment of a campus-wide faculty organization was plagued by the heretofore present faculty disorganization. Elections, completed in the second month of school, have just been verified, with the representatives awaiting word from someone, somewhere, to begin deliberations. Fifty-five positions were divided among the undergraduate colleges, the School of Law, Computing Center, University Library, and the Special Professional Faculty, on the basis of one Senator for every ten faculty members, with each division receiving at least one representative. Nomination of candidates was some-

of the English Department and the campus chapter of the American Association of University Professors. "I believe that the faculty wishes to respect the prerogatives of the Holy Cross Fathers. We are interested not in control but in participation in the academic life. This is borne out in the statement accepted by the faculty for the new manual." The Academic Council consisting of equal numbers of administration and faculty is the policy-making body. Under the aegis of the new manual, the Senate "gath-

sult in more effective administration-faculty relations.

The crucial element in this definition lies in: "receives from other groups in the University items requiring consideration by the faculty." Standing alone to this time has been the AAUP campus chapter (approximately 40% of the Notre Dame teaching/research faculty) which, proponents maintain, tries to define, safeguard, and promote the ideals of academic freedom. The ac-

(Continued on page 28)

FACULTY



WHEN Professor Thomas J. Stritch recently saw the effects of some improvements and redecoration in Sacred Heart Church, he said, "Well, it's clean." Others have not been so laconic in their comments, and the general summary of their response to the "cleaner" campus church seems to be: "Fellows, you've done a good job so far, but surely there's a lot more to be done."

The improvements which have been made tend to increase the beauty and the authenticity of the building itself. Faked tiles and hackneyed stencil designs have disappeared. The dingy and the gaudy have been reduced. Walls and ceilings have been washed and repainted in warm tones. Interrupted columns have been restored, with fine details resurrected from a smother of gold leaf. Much of the pretentiousness of the church is gone, and the whole effect is more honest and relaxing. Even the shocking chapel of relics has been tastefully redone.

Beyond the accenting of architectural and structural values by Mr. Bernard Greunke, Sr., of Conrad Schmitt Studios, a few things have been changed to improve the church in a functional sense. The amplified-sound system and the pipe organ are now in good condition. The communication between clergy and people has been helped by the removal of the large ceremonial pulpit and communion rail, which had become impediments rather than assets.

It is not clear, however, whether the campus community can look forward to this kind of basic improvement which has been part of the updating of famous medieval churches all over Europe. The restoration of the historic old Cathedral of Mexico City, now in progress, has served to raise the very question which Notre Dame must face: should churches be allowed to become so unsuited for meaningful worship that they become museums, or would this ossification give the lie to the Church's incarnational desire to embrace and sanctify every cultural development? The future of Sacred Heart Church may cause the Administration to consider again the scriptural adage newly phrased: man is not made for the church building, but the church building is made for man.

The whole question becomes more pointed when one considers the glaring contradictions in this center of worship which have not been resolved. The huge tabernacle which dominates the church is not only an embarrassing and awkward holdover from another age which adored the Eucharist



## The Updated Church?

by G. R. Bullock

rather than received it: this exaggerated and insecure "safe" destroys any legitimate attempt to focus the church on the altar of sacrifice, the logical center of worship. In a side chapel, the tabernacle might continue to amaze and delight the weekend tourists, but in its present position it is no small obstacle to those who want to create a more clearly defined place of community prayer for the present generation of Notre Dame men.

Other clutter impedes this same definition. The two truncated and golden "wedding cake" altars still draw the eye to the ambulatory, even though they serve no purpose except to occupy the dusters for hours. And, incredibly, the old confessionals so far have not been replaced, even though they are awkward curiosities to the uninitiated and iron maidens to the experienced. Since the organ is now used at most Masses, both confessors and penitents find it almost impossible to hear each other in these confessionals designed for an era that expected silence in church.

The problem of seating also remains unsolved, since the existing pews, so paralyzingly close to each other, hinder the flexibility which is a feature of many European churches which offer the worshipper an individual chair and invite him to be one of the "circumstantes" gathered close around the altar.

In the fact of these difficulties, the University officials may be tempted to opt for the museum solution despite its unorthodox implications. But the new church, planned as part of the SUMMA complex, would be much farther away from most of the halls whose residents already find it far enough to walk to Sacred Heart. And, seen in a wider perspective, the complete renovation of this University church could be significant for the whole Church in America. The hemisphere includes thousands of churches like this one where the liturgy is failing to come to life because some of the men in charge naturally hesitate to shelve the old concepts of space and its furniture for the new and unexpected needs of the People of God. Here and there, as at Cuernavaca, courage has shown what can be done, but no place in this same situation could match the influence for the good of the University of Notre Dame. If what has been begun so well is carried to its logical conclusion, if the University understands itself as a total teaching environment even in its church, then Notre Dame may make a unique and exemplary contribution to the thoughtful renewal of worship all across this land. ■



Photos by Camilo Vergara,  
now on display in the  
Student Center's first floor  
lobby. Through Tuesday.

*gente . . .*





IT HAS BEEN four years.  
 You can look at it  
 From a window in the library.  
 On a dirt and storm gray afternoon  
 See only the black roofs of buildings  
 The handful of spires that form  
 Such sharp outlines  
 On the orange sky  
 Of the just-passed sun.  
 Recall your first excited view of it  
 On a dark night when the mist  
 Encircled the feeble lights  
 From the lampposts,  
 Making them dance, reflecting colors.

It was quiet then, as now.  
 There were no shouts, no calls.  
 You were alone, yourself, not  
 A St. Mary's girl or even a woman.  
 You were yourself,  
 Without limit, without category.  
 You were ready for four years of  
 Feeling, knowing, discovering.  
 The only Notre Dame you'd take  
 Was what fit your growing self.  
 The only St. Mary's you'd accept  
 Was that which you then needed.  
 Did you?

You have learned to close  
 Your mind to grossness, to look  
 Straight ahead as you walk  
 And erase all sign of smiling.  
 You have discovered that these  
 Are signs to ridicule by many.  
 Calling you snobbish, unfriendly,  
 Because you are forced so well  
 Into the mold that Notre Dame  
 Has always thought you fit.  
 Though you resent their casting,  
 You retaliate by labeling them.  
 Soon the categories prove apt.

You have walked in the library  
 Hearing whispered obscenities  
 As you pass a table,  
 Seen groups of boys leer at night  
 Strutting in Notre Dame jackets,  
 And following you with calls



# MYTH

by  
**Stephanie  
 Phalen**

To beds and public bathrooms.  
 So full of arrogance and filth  
 That friends from other schools  
 Say, "That can't be frequent.  
 If indeed it happens at all."

You have gone to some mixers  
 When you were a freshman, curious  
 Where you saw the lines of boys  
 Who would not ask a girl to dance  
 Though she was pretty and lonely.  
 Instead they pointed at her  
 And spoke low, laughing  
 With their superior knowledge  
 Proved by talk and SAT scores.

You have taken coex classes  
 To find out what makes Notre Dame  
 Feel they're so much better.  
 And you've found  
 The work, grades, and interest  
 Are pretty much the same.  
 So that the patronizing views  
 You accepted in other years  
 Can no longer go unchallenged  
 Since the veil's corner is lifted.  
 When a boy tells you St. Mary's  
 Is only a finishing school,  
 You tell him why he's wrong.  
 It does nothing to his attitude  
 Since his faith in Notre Dame  
 His shield, is impenetrable.

You have refused many dates  
 Usually because you had another.  
 On the phone you were embarrassed  
 Or sounded practiced smooth  
 Because it is hard to tell  
 Someone nice that you like him . . .  
 But not that well.  
 Boys choose who they want to date.  
 Must girls accept each boy?  
 But when he doesn't call again  
 You know he thinks it doesn't matter  
 To you since you're St. Mary's,  
 Out for a good, expensive time  
 And a very cool, rich husband.  
 You know he'll tell his friends

St. Mary's girls aren't worth it  
 And maybe you weren't worth it  
 For him, though many would be,  
 But he'll never try to find them.  
 You gaily say, "His worse luck."  
 But it's your worse luck as well.  
 And there's nothing you can do.

But in the end you surmount them,  
 The hackneyed stereotypes learned  
 In your first days here.  
 You take a friend, or group,  
 Loving them as what each is,  
 Not once thinking of such things  
 As schools or social classes.  
 Then categories mean nothing.  
 They have so little to do  
 With the greater things  
 A life must in the end be.  
 To worry about them is as  
 Foolish as to subscribe to them.  
 If you in your growing  
 Have risen above such casting,  
 It is enough.  
 You have come to the point.

So after it all you return  
 To where you were that first time  
 In wet shadows of a fall night  
 Feeling just you, yourself  
 With no one calling or looking  
 At you as anything, except  
 As one-person-you, unique  
 In all history and open  
 To all sensation, no less.  
 Where it was lost?  
 Maybe in a hot crowded room full  
 Of sweaty bodies and warm beer,  
 Or on a telephone when you  
 Say "no" sweetly and finally,  
 On any of a hundred Saturdays,  
 On any day with rain.  
 Just now it's found again  
 Above the clear roof lines and  
 Outside the gray buildings,  
 Watching a lone figure disappear,  
 Now after four years the same.

But why did it take so long? ■



# WHAT A STUPID THING TO THINK ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS

by Jack Crawford

I WAS OUT in my back yard, playing croquet. I was playing by myself, because it seems no one else in this whole world likes to play croquet except me. My mother came out and asked me what I was doing. I told her I was watering the lawn, and I must have said it kind of sarcastically and all because she started crying and telling me I had no respect for her and if my father were here I wouldn't act like that. The last part didn't make a whole lot of sense because my father was sitting right there; sound asleep, but sitting there all the same. I told her I didn't mean to be rude but that I had just broken my favorite croquet mallet and I was a little on edge. She was very sympathetic and asked me how I broke my favorite mallet. I didn't want to go to the trouble of a long explanation, so I told her I just forgot and hit the ball with the wrong end. She didn't know any better.

I asked her why she had come out to see me. I thought maybe she might like to play a few games. As much as I can't get along with her, I'd play croquet with just about anybody. She said she couldn't play right now but would very much like to play later. I think she was putting me on.

She said that she had come out to tell me something very important. I asked her if she remembered what it was and naturally she said no. After a few minutes of deliberation, she woke up my father and started saying something about "it was time we had a good long talk with our son." Since I was the only boy in the family, I kind of sensed I was in for trouble. My father asked her if it couldn't wait till after dinner. My father's always putting things off till after dinner.

My mother said my grade report for the spring semester had just arrived. Now, I was sure I was in for trouble. She told my father that be-

cause of my low average they didn't want me back at Northwestern this fall. I thought maybe she was just exaggerating like she usually does, so I sort of grabbed the envelope she had in her hand. She started crying again and told me she didn't know what to say to me. This was kind of a coincidence, because after I read the letter, I didn't really have a whole lot to say either.

There was no doubt about it; they really didn't want me back. In fact, not only didn't they want me back, they weren't gonna *let* me back! My father finally got up and started walking over to me to read the letter. I could tell the whole thing was starting to disturb him a little. I mean besides the fact he was going to have to settle this thing before dinner.

He must have read that letter for

about ten minutes, and it was actually a very short letter. About every minute or so he'd shake his head and say "Humph." When my father starts shaking his head and saying "Humph," I can always tell that the situation is starting to disturb him a little.

Everything was so quiet and dramatic and all that I couldn't stand the pressure, so I went back to the stupid croquet game and made a real nice shot through the last two rings and against the post.

I don't think anyone really appreciated it.

## II

I drove over to my best friend's house to tell him that I wasn't going back to Northwestern this fall. I wasn't in real good shape because this whole thing was beginning to shake me up quite a bit. Not that



I was entirely too crazy about Northwestern or anything, because to tell you the truth, I always thought the place was kind of snobbish. It's just that I never really considered doing anything else this fall except going back to good, old snobbish NU.

My best friend was washing his car out in front of his house. There were two other guys with him, one of which was a pretty reasonable type guy and the other a genuine ass. I'm not sure they were too happy to see me because they probably figured I was there to borrow money or something. They all said, "Hi, how ya doing," but somehow I felt they weren't overly concerned with how I was doing at the time. I told them I had just gotten my grade report for the spring semester and that I wasn't going back to school. My two friends stopped washing the car and stood up and said, "No shit" and "You're kidding," which made me feel pretty good because you could tell they were getting concerned. The genuine ass just kept polishing the side-view mirror and asked me if I was going to enlist or wait to get drafted. I hadn't thought about the draft at all until then and I felt like hitting the guy in the stomach for bringing it up.

My two friends asked me what I was going to do and I told them I didn't know. They started giving me all kinds of suggestions but they could tell that I was too worried to listen. I grabbed a sponge and started wiping off the front end of the car but my heart wasn't really in it. They asked me if I had told Jane yet, because Jane happens to be my girl. She's very attractive and popular and all and sometimes I wonder what she's doing with an average type guy like me. Especially, an average type guy who doesn't go to Northwestern anymore.

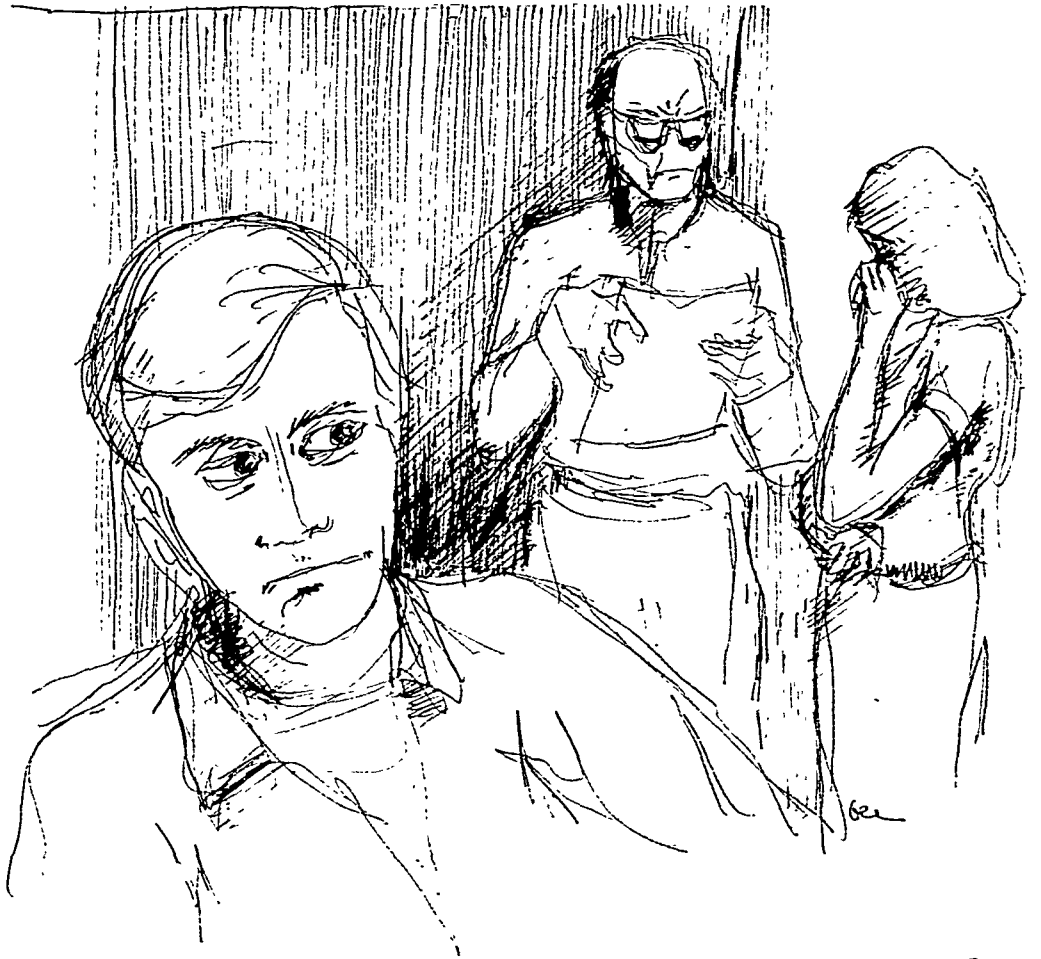
I hadn't even thought about what Jane would say and now that I thought about it, I began to get sick. When she asked me what I was studying to be, I would always tell her I was going to be a doctor or a bank president. I just never had the heart to say I was majoring in physical education.

After working on the same part of the car for about twenty minutes, it was starting to look pretty good and I was even considering staying and helping them out because it was taking my mind off everything. But then the genuine ass started saying things like, "maybe you can get a job in the steel mills." I know it wouldn't be long before I hit him in the stomach, so I decided to leave and head for Jane's house.

As I was pulling away, I noticed that the ass was still polishing that same side-view mirror. If you ask a genuine ass to help you wash your car, I guess you can't really expect him to get much further than the side-view mirror.

### III

I had completely forgotten that Jane was working tonight and before I realized it, I was already inside her house, talking to her parents. Her mother and father didn't really hate me or anything, it just seemed that they never took to me too well. Somehow, I had the feeling that they were going to take to me even less when they found out I had just flunked out of school.



Her father asked me how Illinois' football team looked this year. He always thought I went to Illinois. I was glad his wife corrected him and told him I went to Northwestern because I didn't want to make him feel dumb. It's never too wise to make your girl's father feel dumb. Then he asked me how Northwestern's football team looked this year. You could tell he was a real football nut. I really didn't have any idea how Northwestern's team looked and at the time, I could have cared even less. But I didn't want to make him think I was queer and didn't like sports, so I told him that with a few breaks, we could expect a good season. He seemed satisfied.

I could see that they were starting to get around to more personal ques-

tions, like whether or not I was going back to school this fall, so I was very relieved when Jane's little brother offered to challenge me to a game of back-yard wiffleball. Jane's mother tried to tell the kid that I was much too old for that sort of thing. I assured her that I would gladly sacrifice the time just to entertain the youngster. I think if they ever knew just how much I enjoyed playing wiffleball, they wouldn't let me date Jane anymore. You see, they're not necessarily bad people, they're just not the type of people who go in for wiffleball or croquet.

Jane's brother beat me pretty bad but I wasn't overly upset about it because I was having a real good time. Before I left, I gave him a note and

told him to give it to Jane and not to forget about it. He said he wouldn't forget and I believed him. I knew that if I gave the note to Jane's mother, she'd forget. She was just that kind of person.

### IV

I must have driven for hours and when I came home everyone was asleep. I quickly discovered that I had forgotten my key and was locked out of the house. I didn't really feel like waking up my parents to let me in. I mean, they were never too happy with me when I'd pound on the door at one in the morning anyway, and in light of recent circumstances, it could have been a very depressing experience. I sat down on the back

*(Continued on page 29)*

... DOWN THE MOUNTAIN WALLS  
FROM WHERE PAN'S CAVERN IS  
INTOLERABLE MUSIC FALLS ...

--W. B. YEATS

## "NEWS FOR THE DELPHIC ORACLE"

By JACK LAVELLE



UNLESS I am wrong in my premise that our new music has become the new folk religion of American, perhaps world, youth, South Bend is about to get its first look at the temple of the future. Or something like that. Rock music has produced its demi-gods like the Beatles, Stones, Dylan, and the rest, and the cults that have formed around these groups have occasioned some unrest in the middle-class parental bastions of Americana. Just what is it that makes Mick Jagger appealing to you, they ask their sixteen year-old daughter. And she doesn't know. Or won't say.

Oh yes, the Delphic Oracle is opening, maybe even tonight if the gods will it. If so, why not take a trip down there? I don't think you will be bored by what is going on. Interesting things may happen within your own microcosm.

People living on either coast in LA, SF, or NY may recognize what is taking place. Donovan stutters about "The Trip" on Sunset Strip, everyone has his unintelligible poster advertising Jefferson Airplane at the Fillmore, and the Electric Circus *may* be "the ultimate in legal entertainment." Why not South Bend? Eddie Kurtz (to be known herein as Captain Electric) had thoughts somewhat on the same order. "I had no money, but I said, 'I'm gonna get me a band, and get me a place, and do it.'" And what

good Captain's wardrobe would be complete without a set of genyouwine Flying Lapels? Yes, Flying.

With \$300 came a skinny guy from Texas, the band fell together, the Anastasios went big time, and here comes the Oracle. Volunteers painted the walls, and everything that looked as if it would enjoy it, a most shocking shade of black. Steve Heagan, artist-in-exile, offered to do a window and a wall, John Fleming got this light show together, and still all those black paintbrushes. The local Building Commission Bummer Squad decided to thwart, as it were, the

original plans for opening night last week, so Capt. E. quietly hopes for the unveiling tonight.

John Lennon wasn't joking when he made his comment about his gang being more popular than Jesus Christ. He found himself in an unusual posture for a mortal. He was worshiped. When he, George, Paul and Ringo went on tour, their Crusades rivaled anything that Billy Graham or Oral Roberts have ever been able to stage. If religion is to be measured by the amount of personal response evoked (e.g. the Southern Baptists) the First Church of Rock 'n Roll was a success as far back as Elvis.

Lately it has been realized that mass musico-gladiatorial spectacles are leading to an artistic cul-de-sac, until a more effective means of presenting the medium's message are devised. So, the Beatles, still divine but less emotionally so, have retreated to the studio, Dylan to who knows where, and the Rolling Stones to jail.

Rock music has grown up. As any form of quasi-religion, it must begin simple and build a faithful, if tasteless, following. Thus the fourteen-year-old bepimpled groupie finds herself in a curious parallel with the aged Irish and Polish and Italian  
(Continued on page 27)





## *sidelines*

### LEAGUE I

#### TEAM TO BEAT: KEENAN

Taking advantage of disorganized and dissension-ridden opponent, *Keenan* (2-0) knocked off injury-riddled *Cavanaugh* (2-1) last week, 15-6, to gain the top spot in the league race as the clubs head down the stretch. Keenan scored first on a sweep by halfback Charley McLurkin in the first period, and put it away with a fourth quarter score by quarterback Bob Mysliwiak. In between, Bob White, subbing at QB for injured Craig Digilio, threw a touchdown strike to Bud Clifford for Cavanaugh's only score. In the only other game scheduled in this division, *Holy Cross* (0-2) forfeited to *Breen-Phillips* (1-2), 1-0.

### LEAGUE II

#### TEAM TO BEAT: LYONS

*Sorin*, (1-0-1) which drew a bye last week, appears to be in for trouble the next two weeks. *St. Edward's* (1-2) meets Sorin this week on what halfback Marty Berry described as "St. Ed's Homecoming" Sunday. Berry says it will "be the biggest weekend of the season. There is even a rumor that Allan Sack will return for the game. We're going to wipe up Sorin." They did beat *Alumni* (0-1-1) last week, 14-0, with the aforementioned Mr. Berry scoring a two-point conversion, after a touchdown by Lou Falzoronto, the TD coming on a 50-yd. pass from quarterback Pat Malloy. Bob Neubauer scored the other TD on a five-yard plunge. Defensively, the line looked good, and Ed's got

excellent field position repeatedly, thanks to the defense and the punting of Eric Sandeen, who averaged over 40 yds. per boot. *Lyons* (2-0), a 12-0 victor over Dillon, is also "up for Sorin." The Lions got two touchdowns from Tom Fieweger, and held *Dillon* (1-2) to a pair of first downs.

### LEAGUE III

#### CHAMPION: ZAHM

*Zahm* (2-0-1), battled from behind to tie *Morrissey* (1-0-2), 6-6, and clinch the league III title. (See page 22.) In the other game scheduled in the division, Farley (0-2-1) forfeited to *Off-Campus* (1-2).

— Steve Novak

### SCHEDULE

With the season drawing to a close, we give you a schedule of remaining action which will decide the championship in Leagues I and II.

#### NOVEMBER 19

Holy Cross-Keenan  
Cavanaugh-Stanford  
Lyons-Alumni  
St. Ed's-Sorin

#### NOVEMBER 26 (unless games are played earlier by mutual agreement)

Stanford-Holy Cross  
Keenan-Breen Philips  
Sorin-Lyons  
Alumni-Dillon

### ONLY THEIR DRESSER KNOWS FOR SURE

Not many people around Notre Dame know who John Fyfe is, but the product of John Fyfe's work goes

on display every football Saturday. For John Fyfe is the father, moderator, dresser, and chaperon for the high-kicking Irish Guard. Ten years ago Fyfe came from Scotland and went looking for the nearest Scottish hamlet in the U.S.A. He must have found it at Notre Dame, because for ten years he has been tending to many diverse needs of Notre Dame. Employed himself at the LOBUND laboratory, even Mrs. Fyfe was at one time employed by the Dining Hall until the Indiana Department of Weights and Measures forced her resignation for issuing excessively large portions to students.

More unique than Fyfe himself are the traditions that he brings with him from Scotland. Tradition has it that Scots must wear their kilts sans undergarments of any sort. Rumor says that Fyfe rigidly enforces not only exact authenticity of dress, but this last tidbit of tradition, too. Recently, Scots abandoned their tradition when the introduction of double-deck buses in Scotland produced an embarrassing situation for the Scots. But, at Notre Dame the old tradition supposedly lives on. Not only does it make for some chilly Guardsmen on Saturdays, but some embarrassing moments for a man who kicks too high or spins too fast. Last year the Guard was allowed to execute three-quarter-spin turns during the Old-Timers' game, but since then Fr. McCarragher's more conservative dictates prevailed. Only eight Guardsmen and Mr. Fyfe know the truth and nobody is talking. When you ask them all they do is laugh.



# ZAHMBIES GET A SCARE

BY RAY SERAFIN

The first time you wander behind Continuing Education on an autumn Sunday, you think you've walked into one of those quaint football movies that are shown on late television, and you wonder where ol' 98, Tom Harmon, is, or maybe it was Crazylegs Hirsch who starred in this epic. Everything from the players' obsolete helmets to the mingling of participants and spectators on the sidelines suggest that you are no longer in the blasé age of the jet set. So bring in two unbeaten powerhouses with archaic names like Morrissey and Zahm to battle for the championship of an obscure conference called League III, and you've got a throwback to what football untainted by commercialism must have been; you've got a Notre Dame interhall football game.

Morrissey returns the opening kickoff to their own 35; now this should develop into a contest between two punters because it's impossible to develop much of an offense in a few weeks of practice, right? Except that Dane Lupo takes a pitchout, skirts left end and isn't wrestled down until he's past midfield. Lupo and his running mate Kent Casey take turns slicing through startlingly huge holes for another pair of first downs. Then Lupo cracks 17 yards to the 11, Jim Beran dives to the 5, and finally Lupo sweeps in for the score. John Gerrein's attempted conversion is blocked, but Morrissey looks capable of controlling the ball game with an offense so basic it would make Woody Hayes proud.

Zahm's offense revolves around flashy halfback Don Clancy but it lacks consistency. From his halfback position, Clancy's option to pass makes him a more dangerous runner, and once it is only a desperation tackle by safety Bob Osar that keeps Morrissey clinging to a 6-0 margin. Two second-quarter Zahm threats are halted by the interceptions of Matt Naegle and Tom Walsh. Something, too, is now plaguing Morrissey, something known as defensive tackle Phil Kucera, whose increasingly frequent ventures into Morrissey's backfield are having an upsetting effect on that early momentum.

At half time the two benches are a study in contrast. The Morrissey squad, ecstatic and emotional, taste



MORRISSEY BACK DANE LUPO REPEATEDLY STUNG ZAHM ON OFF-TACKLE SLANTS AND SCORED MORRISSEY'S ONLY T.D.



ZAHM SELDOM BROKE RUNNERS INTO THE CLEAR, BUT THEY HAD IT WHEN THEY NEEDED IT AND FINALLY PUSHED ACROSS THE CHAMPIONSHIP-WINNING T.D.

the sweetness of the championship. For that brief moment in time everyone feels part of and proud of a team and the only words are exhortations to "hit, baby, *drive* that shoulder into 'em!" On the Zahm side of the field the atmosphere is subdued as the second-half strategy was plotted. Since Morrissey had suffered a tie earlier in the season. Zahm needs only a tie to escape with the championship.

Calmly confident Zahm elects to start the second half by kicking off, but Morrissey's enthusiasm carries over and they roll to two quick first downs. Then on fourth down and one, Morrissey runs their surest ground gainer, the off-tackle slant; but Zahm has switched to a wide tackle, 5-4, to stop exactly that play and the drive that could have clinched the game is halted. Don Clancy has been moved to quarterback, the position he held down last year. Clancy rolls to the right on a "Bob Belden special," shakes off a wave of would-be defenders, cuts back against the flow of pursuit, picks up his blockers — touchdown Zahm! The stunned Morrissey defense piles up Carl Rak on the try for the extra point, but 6-6 is as good as a win for Zahm.

Now it's Morrissey's quarterback Rick Luoke who provides the heroics in the face of pressure. Luoke had first come out for football five days earlier when he had finished using his arm at shortstop in Jake Kline's fall baseball workouts. John Maturi grabs two of his passes for 18 yards and the ball is on the Zahm 35, with the officials indicating four minutes remaining in the game. On fourth down and 10, Luoke scrambles and lofts a pass that is tipped once, twice, until finally Dane Lupo dives and clutches the ball on the 18.

If this were one of those melodramatic movies Morrissey would score, but it isn't after all, and so they don't. Instead the game ends anticlimactically when Zahm recovers a fumble two plays later and runs out the clock. Zahm is officially the champion, darkness is falling quickly, it seems like a couple of miles back to campus and you wish you would've brought your gloves. But you can't remember having more fun at a football game in quite a while.

Tomorrow and next Friday night Notre Dame will be in the South to renew two rivalries — Georgia Tech has been both hotly contested and richly rewarding for the Irish. Miami has been tougher and may become tougher still. Every game in a series has bearing on the ones which will follow, and in the week of November 17 a lot of pride and memories will be on the line.

A PEEK at Roger Valdiserri's files will tell you that the Notre Dame-Georgia Tech rivalry dates back to 1922, when the Irish defeated Tech, 13-3. Since then, the gridiron has

Notre Dame was braced tonight to defend its ranking as the nation's No. 1 football power against the challenge of a Georgia Tech eleven that has not experienced defeat in a thirty-one game streak dating back to 1950.

Although the Irish were favored by a touchdown, Coach Frank Leahy took a characteristically gloomy view of his team's prospects.

"We have done nothing to deserve our top rating," bemoaned the master. "I just hope Coach Dodd is in a merciful mood."

Coach Dodd had no mercy, but his Yellow Jackets were overly benev-

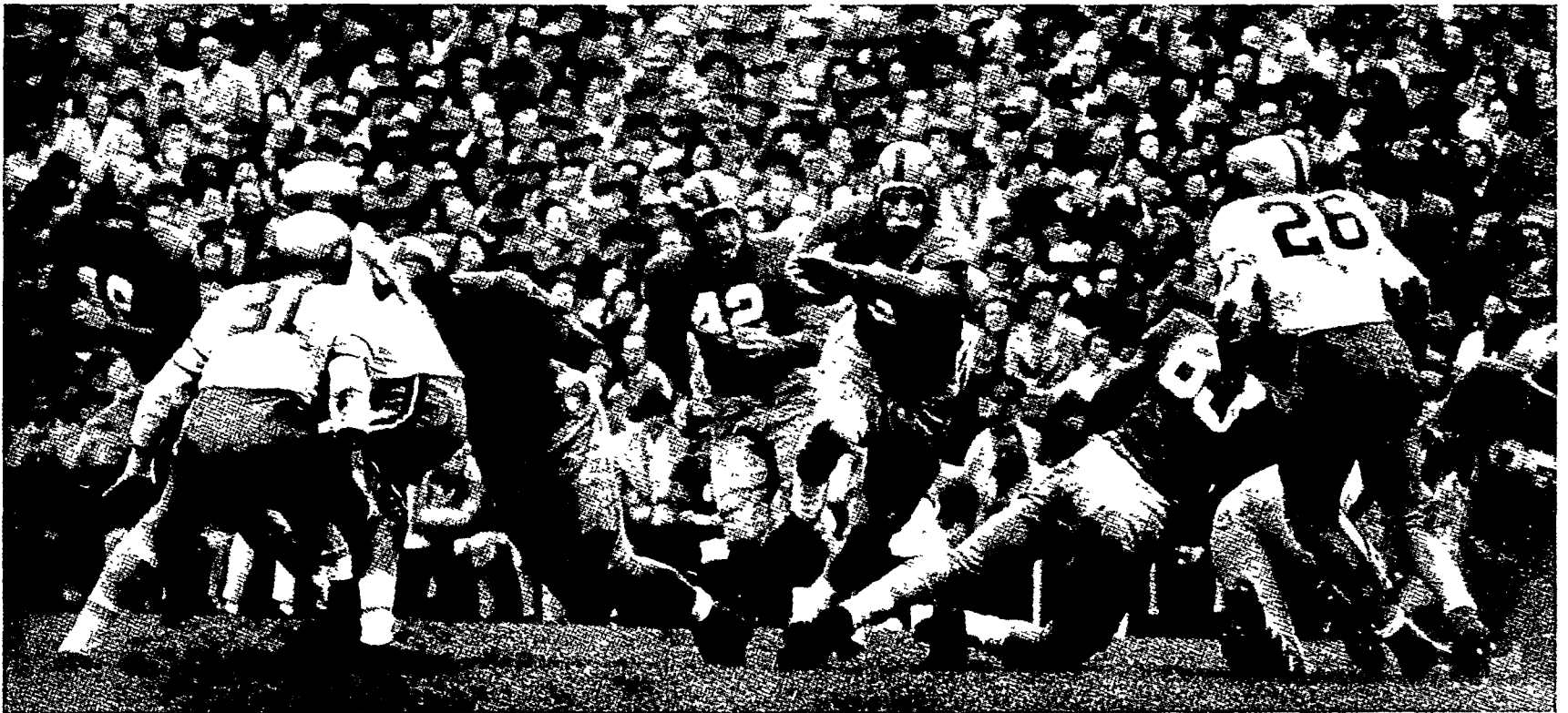
Although only of recent vintage, the Irish series with the Hurricanes of Miami has, in many ways, been every bit as exciting as the gridiron battles of N.D.-Georgia Tech. If anything, this year's clash will be a grudge match. The N.D.-Miami series began in 1955, as described by the *Dome*:

"To the dismay of many of the 75,685 who jammed the Orange Bowl, the Hurricanes of Miami became the third straight shutout victim of the Irish, who triumphed 14-0.

"The stubbornness of the Notre Dame front wall and the clutch passing of Quarterback Paul Hornung,

## Big Week in the Deep South

By MARK SEEBURG



seen the two meet eighteen times, the Irish winning 15 of the contests.

The series has been marked with more than its share of close ones. Between 1938 and 1940, the margin of victory in each game was less than six points. Notre Dame entered their 1942 game with Tech hoping to extend their series victory streak to six. The Irish's cocky attitude was displayed in an issue of the *SCHOLASTIC* the preceding week:

"All the peaches in Georgia shrivel these days when the name of the great casting ace, Bertelli, is sounded." But the game turned out to be anything but peachy-keen as Tech defeated the Irish, 13-6.

Perhaps the greatest of all N.D.-Georgia Tech games was the 1953 classic (see cut) which found Notre Dame putting its No. 1 laurels on the line. Said the *New York Times* on the eve of the game:

olent — a fumbled pass from center in the Tech end zone gave Notre Dame the spirit-busting, game-winning touchdown, as the *Times*' Sunday edition reported:

Georgia Tech's string of football games without defeat was snapped at thirty-one today by Notre Dame. With an exciting display of power that did much to justify their ranking as the nation's No. 1 team, the Irish downed the Southeastern Conference Champions, 27-14, before an overflow crowd of 58,254 at Notre Dame Stadium.

The excitement was even too great for Coach Leahy's weak stomach, as he collapsed in the dressing room, with what was described as a "muscular spasm of the abdominal region."

It was another six years before Tech had a chance to avenge the victory-halting loss. The 1959 affair found N.D. at the short end, 14-10.

were the decisive features of the battle."

The 1960 clash found the Irish on the other side of the fence, 28-21. The *Dome* reports:

"Notre Dame's impressive performance against Pittsburgh was quickly cancelled by the angry Hurricanes of Miami. Daryle Lamonica did his best to counteract Miami's tidal wave of touchdowns, but his solid passing attack was not enough to offset the Hurricanes bid for a possible Orange Bowl invitation." In 1965, of course, Notre Dame was tied by the Hurricanes in a 0-0 deadlock.

Notre Dame's destruction of Atlanta may not be as catastrophic as Billy T. Sherman's. However, the swath of mayhem wrought through the South by Ara's Army should lead right to the decisive confrontation at the sea — Miami Beach style. ■

# Voice in the Crowd

Jim Murray, the caustic and controversial sports reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, was theorizing on Notre Dame football, and why it gets players from places like Redmond, Washington and Bal Harbour, Florida: "I very definitely think that Notre Dame has an edge when it comes to their nationwide recruiting. . . . I think this is particularly true when you realize that many of the old Catholic football powers—like Fordham for example—have now dropped football. The good Catholic player who wants to go to a Catholic college naturally turns to Notre Dame."

Murray's remarks were made in 1965 (they helped sooth the wounds of a 28-7 drubbing which USC endured the following Saturday); for the most part they are equally valid today. But Catholic colleges everywhere are crammed with Irish, Italians, and Poles, and if there is one thing these groups have in common, it's a love for relaxation in the form of vicious, brutal headknocking: football. And indications are that students in Catholic schools are no longer willing to watch Notre Dame on TV and vicariously identify.

It's Sunday morning, October 22, and you open your morning paper to "College Football Results:" Army 22, Southern Methodist 20; Colorado 19, Missouri 7; Fordham 31, St. John's 3. What was that Jim Murray said about Fordham dropping football? Well, Fordham did, and that team you see in the paper is only a club. A look into the Fordham program, though, shows that Catholic club football teams have no sympathy for two-hand touch, and they just may have their eyes on people like Holy Cross in the near future.

The Fordham-St. John's game was no casual get-together. The Redmen played a quarterback named Jack McCauley who reportedly runs the hundred in 9.6 seconds. The halfback in their single wing attack, Jody Crieger, straggles along in 10 flat. But St. John's real strength, it appears, is in their kicking game. They have soccer-style kicker Deter Heckler of Sweden for field goals, and since soccer players aren't always equipped to combat the violence of American football, St. John's has a *second* soccer style kicker from Peru named Alfredo.

How, then, did Fordham ever win the game? The Rams had a few unclublike weapons of their own. Pete Schmerge was one—he's a transfer from Holy Cross, believe it or not; the team had come off a psychological bombardment known in the Bronx as Psyche-up Week, including a monstrous bonfire which hopefully would blaze into the 1984 basketball season; and the game itself was the Rams' Homecoming—it drew 5,000 fans.

The Fordham situation is not unique among Catholic colleges. Their schedule involves games with Marquette in Wisconsin, Georgetown in Washington, and the University of the South in Tennessee. The Fordham game in Tennessee, furthermore, gives proof of the seriousness of club football. The Rams are already preparing Remember week for next year after South, leading 48-7, kicked a 37 yard field goal with six seconds remaining. (And how many soccer-style kickers do *they* have?) The 51-7 humiliation alone could encourage Fordham to go hunting for high school stars. And the Fordham name, apparently, is still magic: Georgetown bypassed the natural rivalry with Catholic U. to make Fordham their Homecoming game.

The list of Catholic colleges with ambitious football programs grows each year. Canisius fielded a team this year for the first time since 1949, is playing club powerhouse Adelphi and another new Catholic team, Scranton. Like Fordham, Georgetown, and St. John's, Canisius takes football seriously enough to scout opponents: Ed Cosgrove, a tackle-linebacker for Adelphi, was described by Canisius as "a legend in his own time at the Garden City campus. . . . He is generally considered to have the makings of a pro football player."

The rise of Catholic club football, besides indicating the desire of students for intercollegiate competition, just may be a preview of something much bigger: a Catholic conference. No threat to Notre Dame recruiting right now, of course. These teams are only clubs. But then, so is the Notre Dame hockey team.

—MIKE McADAMS

## Anderson Picks

NOVEMBER 18:

UCLA VS. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: The Trojan's bubble burst last weekend while the Bruins played their best game of the year. With the National Championship, Heisman Trophy, and Rose Bowl on the line, and with UCLA still mindful of last year's bowl game snub, this has to rate as the game of the year. Look for the Bruins and Beban in Pasadena on New Year's.

INDIANA VS. MINNESOTA: Even if you don't believe in God, at least accept the Hoosiers as proof that miracles do happen. We'll give the dream one more week.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE VS. CLEMSON: A conference championship and bowl game await the winner of a game which should restore respectability to the ACC. State looked better in losing last week than they have in winning most of their games. They're the pick here in a close one.

NOVEMBER 23:

TEXAS VS. TEXAS A&M: Typical of this unusual season are those two fine representatives of the state of Texas. Both started horrendously, recovered slowly, and have surged in recent weeks. The Cinderella slipper fits the Aggies' foot — A&M in a minor upset.

OKLAHOMA VS. NEBRASKA: The surprising Sooners have completely outclassed the Big Eight this season. Nebraska is no match for Granville Liggins and the stingiest defense in the country.

NOVEMBER 25:

PURDUE VS. INDIANA: The "Dream Game" of 1967 pits these two high-ranked Hoosier squads in mortal combat for the coveted Big Ten title. John Isenbarger will punt every time, Harry Gonso won't throw interceptions and the defense will be tough — sad to say, the Hoosiers' best just won't be good enough in a close and exciting game.

NOVEMBER 24:

NOTRE DAME VS. MIAMI: Don't breathe a word of this to the UPI or Bob Pille, but the best team in the country at the end of the season might just be decided here. The Irish have conquered the errors which plagued them earlier, while Miami has developed a potent offense to go with one of the best defenses in the country. Irish passing will be the difference in a game contested, for the most part, between the 20's.



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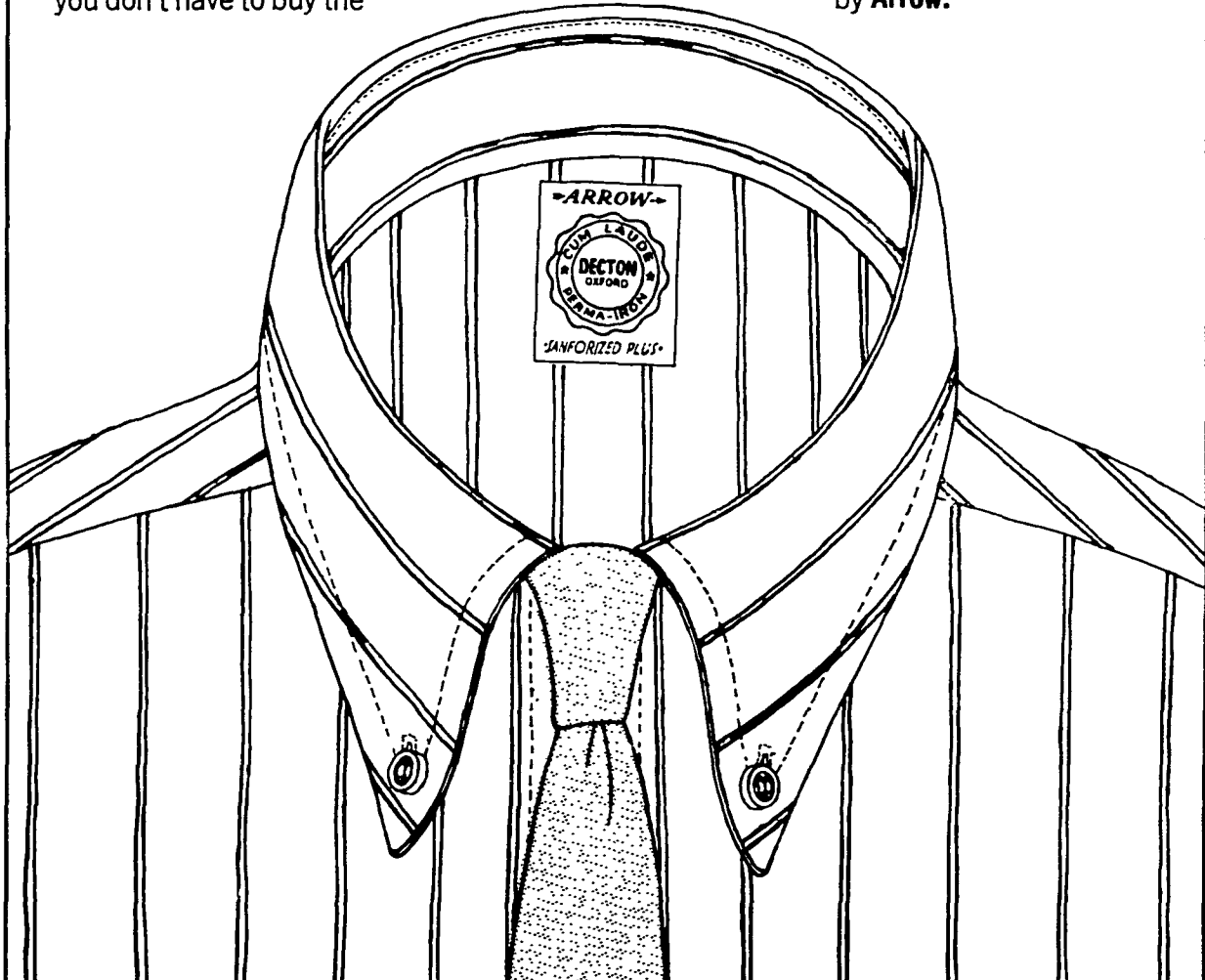
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## Letters

(Continued from page 7)  
fer their major programs in military science and we have yet to meet a mil-sci Ph.D. This seems to indicate a distinction between ROTC activities and the endeavors of the science, en-

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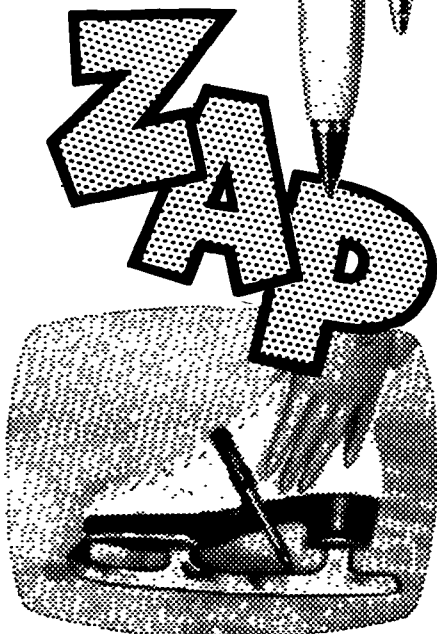
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gineering, and business colleges: military science is not a subtle or complex or deep intellectual discipline. It is a vocational subject, not in the sense of a pre-med program, but after the order of typing and shorthand. "Non-thinking" is indeed the term for the memorization of milestones in military history or of simple basic tenets of tactics (and, of course, for shoe-shining, shaving, etc.)—Ed.

### PATRIOTISM TO MANKIND

EDITOR:

Your editorial about Patriot-Pickers in the November 3 issue certainly makes a lot of sense. The University should discontinue this award and replace it with something more relevant to a Catholic university.

In the first place patriotism is a neutral attribute. Its moral value is completely determined by its object. In this respect it is much like loyalty. Do we commend the loyalty of precinct captains who steal votes wholesale to insure the election of their beloved leader? Do we commend the patriotism of the SS troops who sacrificed their lives for Nazi Germany? Who can deny their patriotism?

Secondly, it is truly difficult to determine who is the true patriot when the government is embarked on such a dubious venture as the war in Vietnam. Who loves their country more, the Joint Chiefs of Staff who daily urge on escalation of the conflict and a total defeat of Ho Chi Minh or the United Council of Churches whose leaders beg the government to discontinue its bombing of North Vietnam and regain the moral posture once characteristic of the United States?

How about an award for the Philanthropist of the Year in the true sense of the word — a lover of mankind.

Terry Brennan  
213 Sorin

### ON THE PATRIOT AWARD

EDITOR:

If memory serves, Mr. Stevenson received the "Patriot of the Year" award in 1963, not 1964, as your last issue stated. The 1964 recipient was Colonel John Glenn.

I was there in 1963 to hear Mr. Stevenson's remarks on patriotism and peace, and I do not think that they are related to the arguments of those who have sought to abolish or alter the award. I am not defending the award, nor condemning the attempts to abolish it, but merely pointing out that it is unfair to construe Mr. Stevenson's speech as support for these attempts.

My personal feeling is that the award is in drastic need of reap-

praisal; but the arguments for this are strong enough to stand up on their own, without artificial support from the statements of past recipients.

J. M. Geist  
638 N. St. Louis

### SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

EDITOR:

In the October 27 issue of the SCHOLASTIC under the article, "Confrontation," there was a photograph of a student carrying a sign saying: "Notre Dame Says War Is Nuts." My point is not whether war is nuts, but rather what does Notre Dame say. Though a person goes to Notre Dame, it does not give him the right to tell the outside world what Notre Dame says, but only what Joe Smith, student, thinks. Till this date, Notre Dame has said nothing and will say nothing till a referendum on the war is taken.

Ray Maddalone  
Curtis De Clue  
Jack Cumford  
John M. Radovich

### ENCORE, ENCORE

EDITOR:

My hat is off to "Ziggy" and the Notre Dame Social Commission. Such a display of "Irish hospitality and tact," as they demonstrated at the Neil Diamond concert last Saturday evening, is certainly to be noted (if not lauded).

When Mr. Diamond, during the course of giving one of the finer performances by an entertainer at ND, ran a minute past the concert curfew time of 11:30, he was promptly forced to stop — even while he pleaded for an extra five minutes and then would have settled for time enough for a final song with which to close his show. Amid the clamor and entreating applause of a receptive audience, the management remained unrelenting. They simply cut off the supply of electricity to the instruments and microphones. Another first for Notre Dame . . . and a last for a return by a fine performer.

Dan Tutko  
920 E. Madison

### FOR THE DISSENTERS

EDITOR:

I would like to express my admiration to the students who were willing to advertise in the SCHOLASTIC their refusal to have anything to do with American aggression in Vietnam. Theirs is a courageous and clean gesture that a man must salute and support—whatever the consequences may be in this vilely obsessed time.

Joseph M. Duffy, Jr.

*The Scholastic*

## Delphic Oracle

(Continued from page 20)

*ladies who, through constant dotage, have kept the Catholic Church alive for so many centuries. But, as a movement finds within itself a potential art form, it will become sophisticated until it sheds the simplistic boorishness on which it nursed.*

*The new groups, mostly from the West Coast, have recently taken off into the mixed media scene, combining light and sound to present a total, hopefully even tactile, experience. Luminous paint under black light comes alive and walks off the wall at you. If you aren't quick enough to escape, you may be devoured. Liquid light from overhead projectors is splashed on the walls, mixed and vibrated to the mood and tempo of the band. Then there is the killer strobe. If the operator of this device (a powerful white light which flashes on and off many times a second) is particularly hostile you may just leave your mind behind as you fly out of the room. For a period the strobe is comic, everything appearing a 1920's movie, but then the effect turns cosmic. It is our animal masochism which delights in this new brain cleanser-torture.*

This seems to be what the Oracle light show has in mind. Two weeks ago a dress rehearsal of sorts was presented in the Architecture Building, the Beaux Arts (rhymes with Mozart's) Ball. Strobes distorting time and amoebic liquid light producing a vibrating kinetic—you somehow forgot you were in a classroom building. This is success for the artist, when he makes you realize where he is, dismembering where you were.

*Folk and urban blues are the roots of our best new music. The most articulate new groups have an extensive background in the Muddy Waters style; Country Joe and the Fish can knock your socks off when they play straight electrified blues with harmonica and organ backing guitar and drums. It is now a logical extension of form to jump from blues to the new "psychedelic" sound; the paradox of white boys playing black music leads to a different colored sound and a new style.*

This seems to be where the Flying Lapels are now headed. They try to give their own interpretation to other people's songs, using different tempos, electronic feedback and new arrangements. There is something happening here, you realize, when you hear "Hey Joe" played a la Hendrix and Love, all in the same song framework. Listen, and you hear Donovan's fragile "Young Girl Blues" with a sort

of Vanilla Fudge thing done on it. The Lapels are very far off from an effective presentation, but there is a struggle towards a type of artistic rock that has never been seen around here. We seem to be on the break out

from the sloppy pimple-music prison of the Shamrocks and Shaggs.

So go to the Oracle. Eric Burdon says, "It will be worth it, not for the sake of the song, but for your own peace of mind." ■

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\*T.M. of DuPont

## Faculty Senate

(Continued from page 14)

tion taken in any given instance by AAUP groups has ranged from the initial consideration of the problem, to the hiring of lawyers for a professor's defense in contract disputes, to censure of an institution in an AAUP bulletin (for example, St. John's University).

Although the activities of the local chapter have not been so spectacular, the group in the past has become involved in questions of academic free-

dom and student press censorship. Two major difficulties have plagued the AAUP, in the opinion of its present head Dr. Edward Manier, philosophy professor. "We have not represented the faculty as a whole and thus have, at times, had difficulty articulating academic principles which are unsullied by practical considerations." Dr. Manier, himself elected to the Senate, doesn't believe that the Senate will be free of the dilemma, but "since it will represent the entire faculty, acceptance and implementation and compromise will be possible."

Secondly, the Senate will be in a debating position with the administration, "which is a much more effective context in which to work." Finally, unlike the AAUP, whose agenda depended solely on AAUP initiative, the Faculty Senate stands as an open forum which a student-body group can approach for support in a question of academic freedom. The extent to which faculty members will actually establish themselves outside the classroom will be determined by academic guidelines. Said Dr. Edward Vasta, chairman of the AAUP Faculty Participation Committee, "If hall life would affect academic achievement, the faculty would be interested."

In 1966, the AAUP, in conjunction with the American Council on Education, published the "Statement on Government of Colleges and Universities." It was based on an "inescapable interdependence" among administration, faculty, and students. "The faculty has primary responsibility for such fundamental areas as curriculum, subject matter and methods of instruction, research, faculty status and those aspects of student life which relate to the educational process."

While this statement has been accepted only in a modified version at Notre Dame, the very fact of this acceptance and its encasement in a real three-dimensional body — the Senate — may hold promise for the future.

Arts and Letters Assistant Dean Plunkett said that the actual business of the Senate will be unknown until it begins to meet. Several of the new Senators themselves confess to a vagueness as to what will be tackled by whom. Some fear that it will become a glorified debating society. The ambiguity of the manual statement has tended to add to the mystery. Still the Faculty Senate could easily surpass it and other more vociferous organizations in marking and applying the many dimensions of academic freedom. It could. Perhaps chapter two will prove to be more interesting reading.

Members of the faculty who have been elected so far and their respective colleges are these:

*Law School:* Edward J. Murphy.

*College of Arts and Letters:* Fr. Leonard Banas, Fr. Ernest Bartell, Paul Bartholomew, Paul Bosco, George Brinkley, Fr. David Burrell, Fr. James Burtchaell, Robert Caponigri, Frederick Crosson, Peter Grande, Seymour Gross, John Kennedy, Thomas Lorch, Edward Manier, Paul McLane, Harry Nielsen, Bernard Norling, Robert Nuner, Robert O'Brien, James Robinson, Stephen



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# TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

## INTERVIEWING ON CAMPUS

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Rogers, John Santos, John Scannell, Stanley Sessler, Marshall Smelser, Thomas Swartz, Robert Vasoli, John Williams.

*College of Science:* H. A. Bender, S. E. Darden, N. B. Haaser, G. F. Hennion, E. M. Winkler, R. P. MacIntosh, S. W. Mihelich, D. J. Pasto, R. C. Taliaferro, J. A. Tihen, R. V. Bretthauer, W. M. Failey, B. Pollak, B. S. Wostmann, G. L. Jones.

*College of Engineering:* Francis Kobayashi, Francesco Montana, Walter Shilts, James Carberry, Kenneth Lauer, William Berry, John Lucey, Nicholas Fiore.

## At A Time Like This

(Continued from page 19)

steps and seriously considered the idea of bawling or something because I was very discouraged and distraught. I looked out at the grass and discovered that my mother hadn't bothered to take the croquet set in. I'm sure as much as she cared about croquet it would have sat there until Christmas.

I picked up a mallet and started to play around a little. The moon was kind of full and you could see fairly well.

All of a sudden, this car pulls up in the alley and out steps ol' Jane. I about crapped in my pants because I couldn't figure out how Jane's parents would let her out, it being so late and all. Even though her hair was pretty messed up and you could tell she'd gotten dressed in a hurry, she looked absolutely terrific. It's funny, but if you've got the right situation, a girl who appears pretty lousy can actually look very terrific.

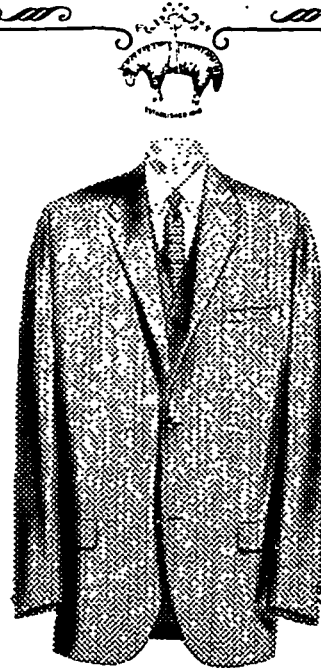
I asked her how she got out and she said she had snuck out. I asked her why she came and she said she thought she should. Just the way she said it, showed she wasn't putting me on or anything. I just sort of stood there for a while because I couldn't think of anything to say. It wasn't the most romantic setting in the whole world, I mean, me standing there with the stupid croquet mallet in my hand, but all the same, I walked over and kissed her real hard. I thought for sure she was going to start preaching to me about what I should do and how I had to learn to adjust to the responsibilities of adult life. But she just stood there and kissed me for a while and then she picked up the other mallet and starts hitting the stupid croquet balls around. I asked her if she'd like to play a game, I mean just for the hell of it and all. She said she would and I really think she wanted to. She couldn't play too well, but she never

got stupid like some girls do when they can't play a game very well and they start breaking the rules and everything.

Now, I don't want you to get the idea that we did this all night, because then you'll probably think we're really queer or something. In fact, after one game, we hopped in Jane's car and took off for the beach. I asked ol' Jane to marry me that morning and she came right out and said yes.

Now, you might wonder how come I haven't told you about how I finally

got into this crappy junior college, and how they finally drafted me, and how right now I'm sort of drifting from job to job. But I don't really feel like telling you all that right now, because I married Jane this morning, and laying here tonight, with her asleep in my arms, it's funny as hell, but all I can think of is that damned stupid croquet game at one in the morning. And if you think I'm queer because I'm thinking about that right now, I'm not too sure I care. ■



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# Mike McInerney

## The Last Word

OUR COVER . . . an American soldier twice abstracted from the war of which he is so much a part. For an instant he was forced to stop; for a breath, for a short rest, before pushing on. Then the camera removed him permanently from that existence, and made him a symbol in a magazine. Now our artist, Dick Walsh, removes him a second time, abstracting him to stark black on white. We have caught Sisyphus at the bottom of his hill, leaning on his rock. Soon now, he will be forced to pick up his burden and climb again.

One wishes to ask him: Where are you going? What are you doing? Why and for how long? We ask these questions honestly and openly. But no real answer is forthcoming. The figure remains utterly and eternally silent. There is only one thing we can be sure of. In just one moment he will stand, uncap his gun, and move on. And to what? No one knows. And we move with him.

“GENTE” IS PEOPLE and the photo essay featured elsewhere in these pages is a celebration of same.

Camilo Vergara, a senior in architecture, took the photos and with a few friends put together the artful one-man show now on view on the student center's first floor through this weekend. The photos Camilo lent us are from his show.

In passing, Camilo expressed some of the frustration felt by other creative ones among us. These few are (not by choice) in a sort of catatonic state most of the time (the fall seems to be a particularly bad season). They have something to say to us but feel hemmed in by the place. There is the *Juggler* of course and the film society, the annual student art show and last year began the Arts Festival. But the art show is for art students and as for the others, some would rather speak with a smaller voice. They have a difficult time finding *any* voice at Notre Dame.

Mr. Vergara tells us of a story by Jean Genet wherein a *pissoir* in the middle of Paris becomes a most facile vehicle for artistic scribbings of great merit. Now LaFortune, while a *pissoir* of sorts, just does not inspire much of anything. The couches are the only aesthetically pleasing pieces in the house.

Still we must do with what we have (but not what is possibly being *planned* for us — see our page 5 editorial — especially if it's “in the spirit of Notre Dame”). Perhaps the Art Gallery can sponsor some program or at least find some space for our creative “non-art” students. If they don't, who will?

SOME OF YOU out there read *Newsweek*. Every week. And some of you don't. Those of you who do read *Newsweek* probably have been looking more at the pictures lately than actually reading. And with good reason. There has been more to look at. Much more.

Some of you buy *Newsweek* at your local newsstand. And that means

the Huddle. When you heard a whole lot of Jane Fonda was on the cover of *Newsweek* last week you hurried right down to your local newsstand. To see it and to buy it. And when you got there you trained your eyes with the speed of a bullet on the spot where the *Newsweeks* are usually kept. And there it was — not.

In its stead was—*Scientific American*. With those big beautiful black letters on all that luscious white space and all topped off with one of those cute little machines *Scientific American* always has on the cover.

So you coyly said to the counter mistress, “*Newsweek*, please.” And she, a little less coyly, looked you right in the eye and replied, “They're sold out.” “On Tuesday afternoon?” But you put on the pressure and eventually the truth came out: “The priest took them away.” Now you really played it cool and asked her about the weather and then real quick, “Which priest?” And she giggled and twittered but didn't say. . . . It used to be monthly trips into town for *Playboy*. But for *Newsweek*?

WE COULDN'T possibly head home for Thanksgiving without producing proof of our centennial celebration which at last *did* come off. The evidence is below. From left to right, '63-'64 editor Tom Hoobler, whose kibitzing helped remind us not to take ourselves too seriously; '64-'65 editor Mel Noel, a giant among scrawny men; '65-'66 editor John Twohey, who planned and executed the whole thing and who says he has even bigger (is it possible?) plans for next semester; and yours truly, who was very grateful to be included. The '66-'67 editor (and missing link) Dan Murray found it impossible to attend due to the state of shock he entered as a result of being forced into watching the John Davidson show from beginning to end in the presence of his Harvard roommates.





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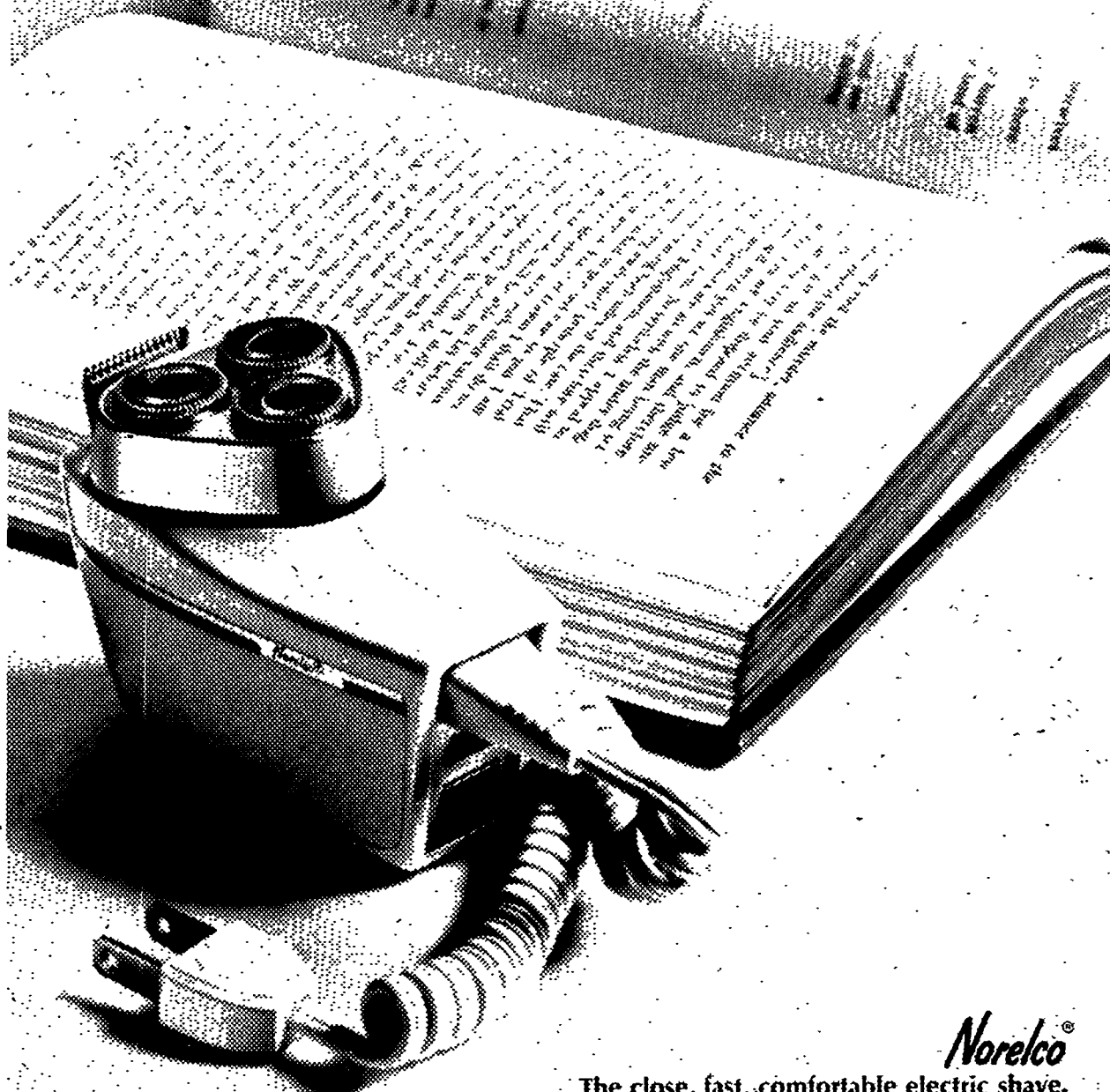
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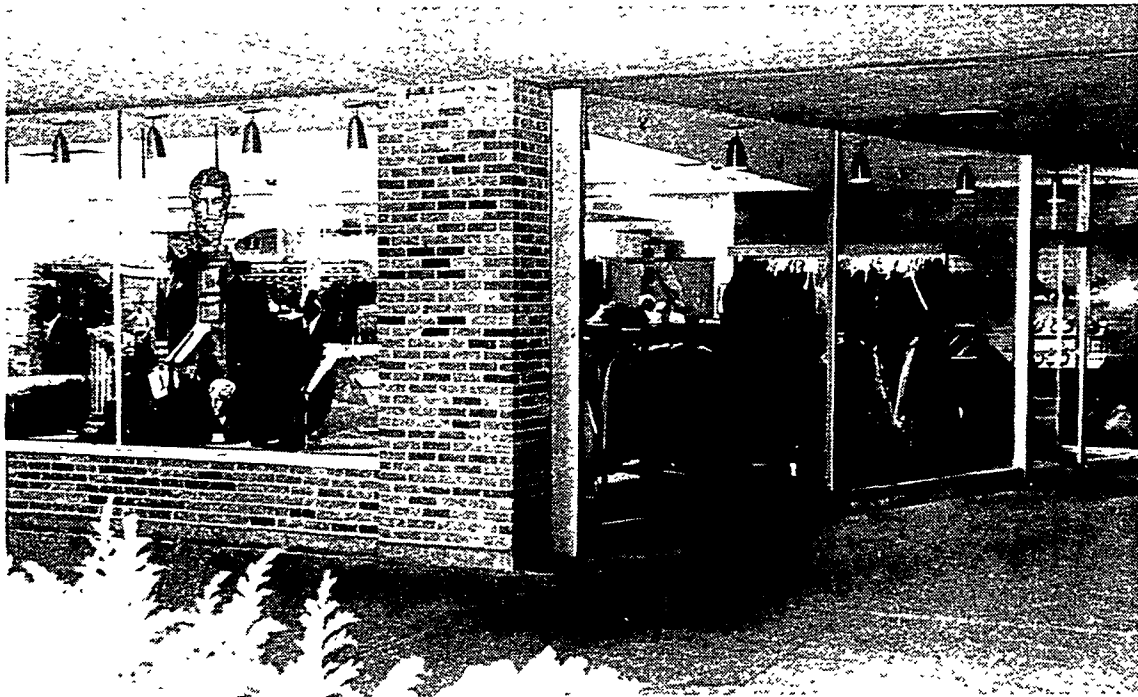
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