

MARCH 15, 1968 **SCHOLASTIC**

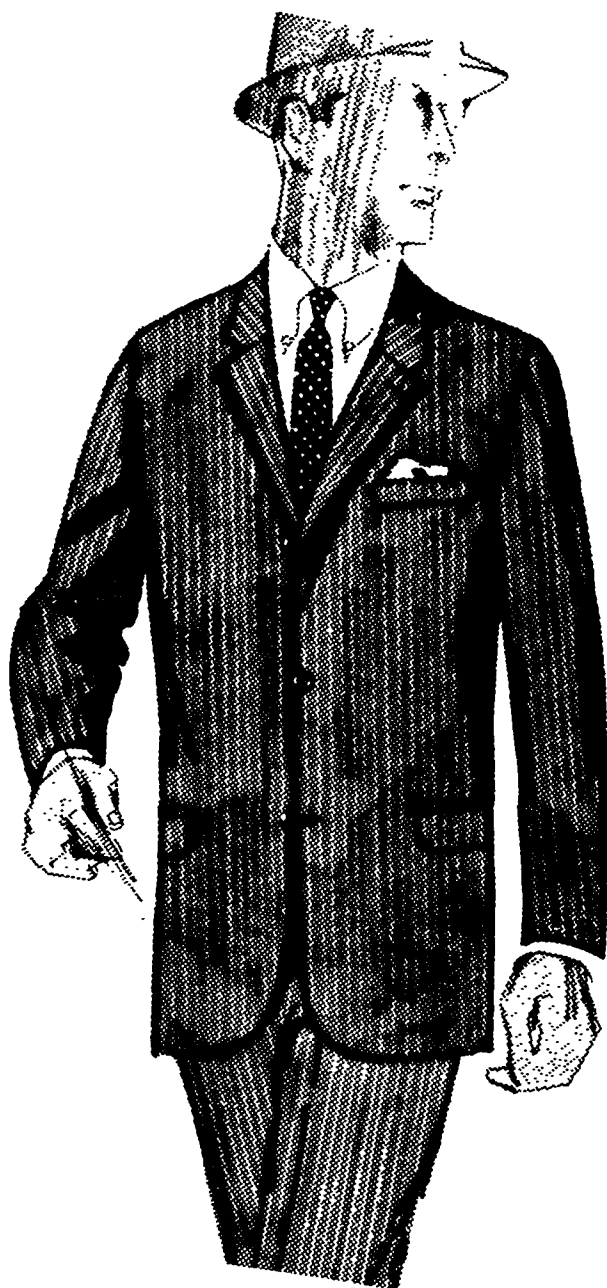


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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Editorials

Democracy On Trial

There are many reasons for participating in the Mock Convention. It is, of course, the biggest and best mixer of the year. For the aspiring politician, it offers the supreme pleasure of manipulating hundreds of people and an arena to display one's rhetorical skill. And everyone gets to wear funny hats, carry banners and parade through the aisles. A splendid time is guaranteed for all.

But it should not be forgotten, despite the carnival atmosphere, the convention does have a serious purpose. There is only one issue facing America today, and that is the Vietnam war. No matter how one purposes to end the war, one must realize that two distinct plans must be presented to the American public in November. The electorate is entitled to alternatives to bombing and escalation and it is the duty of the Republican Party, the opposition party, to provide these alternatives. More bombing is not an alternative to bombing; more efficient escalation is not an alternative to escalation; Richard Nixon is not an alternative to Lyndon Johnson. A Nixon-Johnson campaign would be a mocking indictment of the democratic process, the very process we claim to defend in South Vietnam.

The delegates to the Mock Convention must act, inspired by the hope, no matter how slim, that Nixon's nomination is not inevitable. The convention will be covered by the national news media; its actions will not be inconsequential. There is only one possible Republican candidate who strongly opposes the Administration policy on this issue. Since the convention is more than mere play, it must nominate a peace candidate, it must nominate Mark Hatfield.

—R. M.

The Scholastic

Hampton County

In South Bend, Indiana, young men play cards, gripe about cars and dates, sleep through meals, and occasionally crank out a term paper or two.

In Hampton County, North Carolina, black men plow fields — other men's fields — by day, and toss at night on mattresses of cornhusks. They don't own cars and they don't send their sons to universities and they don't even eat very well. And there are no 20-year-old dependent children in Hampton County.

What, ask the columnists, are we going to do about "The Negro Problem"? In the cities, young black men are insisting, loudly and impolitely, upon the rights they have learned are theirs. It's Black Power, baby, ain't no whitey gonna lead *us* to civil righteous promised land.

But there are no cities in Hampton County. And there are no young men in Hampton County. No youth because there is no hope because there is no freedom.

And, although voter registration drives are passé, they need one, now, in Hampton County, where black people sit on shanty porches without expectations, bent under years of humiliation and fear.

Oh, certainly, the vote is not a cure-all; but the mere act of registration would be the gesture of hope that these people have never known.

There is much to be given in Hampton County, but there is much to be gained, too. These people have managed to live, to maintain their communities and families and their individual dignity, without money or self-importance. To live with these people, even for a week, would be a lesson and a privilege.

Some students will spend Easter vacation in Hampton County. They will try to register voters. They are meeting with John Walsh in the Student Center Sunday night, and he tells me they need cars and that more students are welcome. See if you can help out.

— T. H.

R.S.V.P.

Father Hesburgh has confidence that at least two women's colleges will relocate in the near future on this campus. Already, Barat College, through Father Hesburgh's encouragement, has initiated a study concerning possible "alignment" with the University. Other schools have or soon will be approached.

What is the yardstick against which the quality of a proposed sister school will be measured? Will it include the quality of the faculty, administration and student body? Will its teaching system — its philosophy of education — be taken into consideration? Will a degree of progressiveness in its entire attitude toward the college experience be demanded? Or will the measure merely be the willingness and/or the financial ability of the school to relocate in South Bend?

As per usual, the student body, faculty and alumni have not been told, even though the project has gone as far as the instigation of the Barat study. We can appreciate the delicateness of the subject, and the consequent need for confidential negotiations. This does not mean that the Administration, if it in fact does have an overall idea of what a productive liaison would look like, should not present it to public scrutiny.

We have seen more than one important decision made here and presented to the rest of the University *fait accompli* to appreciate the value of such a system. For that reason, we propose that one of the schools Notre Dame make every effort to bring here be Webster College. The nature of its educational environment, as described by its president, Jacqueline Grennan, could be of immense value to Notre Dame.

Webster's extensive electives system, which encompasses even such previously sacrosanct required courses as theology, their deeply religious, yet nondenominational commitment, and their general attitudes toward student life (see pages 30-31) would be a welcome influence here.

And that, after all, is what the cluster college idea is all about if it is anything more than an expensive, perpetual mixer.

— J. G.

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CAMPUS

Yes, Dennis, there is a Patriot of the Year . . . the Academic Council Acts to cure an academic allergy . . . ever wonder why you cheat? Find out on page 11 . . . We're in the money! . . . Riley comes down from his O'Shaughnessy Tower . . . V.C. at N.D. — Impossible? . . . "Oh, the Masons and the Catholics must be friends . . . Pg. 12 . . . SMC's "evening of opera" . . . that red hat eludes Fr. Hesburgh again, or did it . . . Rumor has it that the FM in WSND AM-FM stands for Financial Mess — for all this and more read page 13.

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SPORTS

Nappy's Bengal boxers are at it again, pounding away from their own little attic in the Fieldhouse . . . South Carolina has taken up the Notre Dame spirit over the dead bodies of the Carolina Cops . . . Huzzahs for the St. Mary's girl who decided to take on the combined Rugby forces of ND and John Carroll . . . (p. 63) . . . The whole Rugby picture is portrayed on page 34 . . . Dixie Restovich sums up the season and previews the NIT in the conclusion of "The Hustler from Dixie" . . . The Voice in the Crowd celebrates the most successful winter season in years, and mourns the untapped possibilities of the grapplers. The fencers are further immortalized, and Jake Kline's baseball squad opens spring training right here in South Bend (p. 36).

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The Scholastic

letters

THE WEEKLY POLL

EDITOR:

Although regrettable that a dispute of such proportion should rend the SCHOLASTIC staff, your actions and the editorial (Feb. 23) explaining them demonstrate courage and assure the orderly growth of the magazine. It is unthinkable that every time a staff member disagrees with magazine policy he should resort to the mimeo machine to voice his dissent. Publication of a magazine is a shared enterprise and necessarily involves some subordination of the ego to the group effort.

I must dispute, however, the editorial's implication that an unbridgeable chasm existed between seniors and underclassmen on last year's staff. Every effort was made to increase participation in the magazine by all staff members. For the first time in the magazine's history an editorial board was formed so that editorial decisions would not represent one person's whim. One of the specific duties of each of the members of this board was to seek out and weigh the opinions of all the staff members (one member of the board was assigned to each department). And again another first for the SCHOLASTIC, a full night's conference with all staff members was held at the Old College in the early spring. The editorial board compiled a list of the suggestions made and agreed upon at the meeting: this list was used through the remainder of the year and 99% of it was implemented. The most notable of the suggestions adopted: endorsement of an SBP (against the editor's better judgment).

Informally and through formal structures we attempted to assure maximum participation in the development of the magazine. Participation, however, is not to be equated with control. Senior editors assume their positions presumably because they have demonstrated discernment and good judgment. Readers do not turn to the SCHOLASTIC to see who had the majority on the staff this week — a weekly Gallup Poll. They expect quality, not quantity. A work of art is not necessarily the result of a majority vote.

Dan Murray

Yes, Dan.—Ed.

GOOD-BYE, TOM

EDITOR:

Ever since I met Tom two years ago, I had wanted to visit Notre Dame, his school, to see for myself the great university from whence came

such a wonderful guy. I was only too overjoyed to accept his invitation to Mardi Gras.

As I leave Notre Dame and Tom behind now, I can still hear Marvin Gaye's impressive comment on the fashions of the day, and I still remember the very tastefully-done radio program in Stepan on Saturday night, especially the part when all of us girls were invited to spend 15 minutes in the back seat of a car with your hideous announcer. I noted too all about campus the advertisements for the coming of Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts, who no doubt must be virtual idols to all of you.

I will always remember Notre Dame and Mardi Gras; I'm only sorry it had to end this way, Tom.

Carol

THE TINY MINORITY

EDITOR:

I'm sending a copy of this letter to you in the expectation that the editors of *The Alumnus* will not see fit to print even a part of it. Perhaps it's unfair to assume such censorship, but I would like to be sure that the idea of nation-wide, collective draft resistance enjoys fairly wide circulation at Notre Dame. If the idea already has some currency, then my letter may be irrelevant. If not, I hope you, and SCHOLASTIC readers, would be interested in these views of what must be a tiny minority of Notre Dame alumni.

David Clennon

196 Park Street

New Haven, Connecticut 06511

February 27, 1968

Editor

The Notre Dame Alumnus

Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

Dear Sir:

Lt. JAMES EMIL PAVLICEK, '65. Another life squandered in the Great American Adventure in Southeast Asia. I don't remember a PAVLICEK from my tour at Notre Dame, so I can't claim to mourn him. But maybe those who do remember him; who knew him; who liked him; who taught him; who loved him; maybe one of those who knew JAMES PAVLICEK will accept his death as a shock treatment, cut off his own daily anaesthetic shot of mindless patriotism, and begin to wonder what the carnage is really all about. Only then can it be said that JAMES PAVLICEK's death was not all in vain.

I assume he was prepared to meet his death, trained to kill and be killed, by the same ROTC program which you tentatively "review" in your January-February issue. It's a Fact of Life. After that title, the rest of the "review" is superfluous — "a

fact of life" is a neat summary of your unthinking, uncritical attitude towards an institution so in need of a thorough examination. That irresponsible, shrugging attitude, especially on the campus of a major university, only contributes to the overdevelopment of our military muscle and encourages the kind of Administration thinking, now almost a reflex, which jumps at military "solutions" as soon as our adolescent foreign policy fails diplomatically.

With respect to the "review" there is only one other point. The alternatives you list "For those opposed to military service in general, or to service during the war in Vietnam. . .," those alternatives predictably do not include one of the simplest and surest courses of action: Turn in your Selective Service Registration card to the Justice Department and mail your latest reclassification card to your local draft board, notifying them that you will no longer cooperate in a system of mass-murder. This action, almost automatically, qualifies you for membership in an organization called The Resistance, and for a stay in a federal prison of up to five years. The personal consequences of this action are bound to be severe — for most, army life would be softer and shorter. And the political consequences are vexingly problematic — I myself indulge in a profound and daily-justified pessimism about the resurrection of the national conscience. Personally and politically, a bad bet, but in these times it's about all a decent young fellow can do for openers.

David Clennon, '65

THE FROZEN LAKE

Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, President
Notre Dame University

Notre Dame, Indiana

Dear Father Hesburgh:

The sick-humored Last Supper picture on the January 12 SCHOLASTIC is the last straw in a declining lack of responsibility on the part of the Notre Dame administration.

What is the justification for this irreverence?

Are the students so much in control that they can ridicule one of the basic events in the life of Christ?

If a Catholic University permits its students to insult our faith, what justification is there for a Catholic University?

I doubt you'll see such irreverence at any Protestant schools. Are we so anxious to prove we're ecumenical that we'll permit any parody on our religious belief — or doesn't Notre Dame have anything to do with any faith anymore?

(Continued on page 37)

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS

is an approach that graduating seniors and employers can ill afford. Because we are responsible for performing all contract audits for the Department of Defense as well as audits for such agencies as the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Peace Corps, and the Atomic Energy Commission, we must use the latest approach to problems and techniques which include audit through computers, statistical sampling, and graphic and computational analyses. We're looking for those who see themselves in upper level supervisory and executive positions in the near future. Look this way if you can see that far.

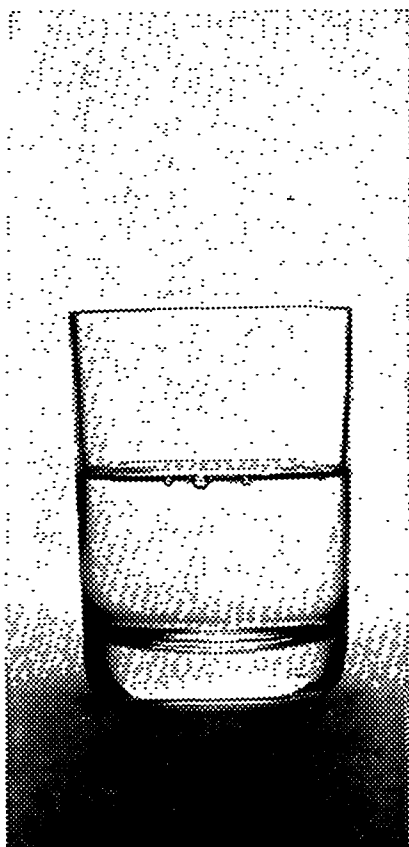
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All Week

Notre Dame Art Gallery O'Shaughnessy Hall: East Gallery, one-man show of sculpture and drawings by Rev. Anthony J. Lauck, C.S.C., Art Gallery Director. West Gallery, the Ernst Anspach collections of African primitive art, starting March 17.
Architecture Gallery: a photography account of the famous Chateau of Chambord.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15 The Ides of March

10:00 a.m. Last-stand effort of the Marines in the South Dining Hall. The Marine Corps Representatives will brave demonstrators and pickets as they wind up a week-long battle for officer candidates. 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.
4:10 p.m. Another P.C. Reilly lecture: Professor Albert Eschenmoser, Room 123 Nieuwland Science Hall.
All Day NCAA Track meet in Detroit, thru March 16.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16

1:00 p.m. ND's fantastic fencers take on Wayne State in the Fieldhouse. Time to be posted by Sports Info.
The basketball team climaxes the season with the NIT. The first-round game is with Army at Madison Square Garden or the local TV.
2:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. Cinema '68 presents *This Sporting Life*, in Washington Hall.
8:00 p.m. The Frosh Social Commission and Cavanaugh Hall team up for an Irish shindig at the Mishawaka Conservation Club. Busses leave the Circle at 7:15, 7:35, and 8:00 for SMC. Price: \$3.25, '71 Clubbers \$2.75. Irish Innkeepers will be there along with Bud's wife, Micki-Lobe, for entertainment.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17

Confucius say: IRISH you a Happy St. Patrick's Day. Other great Irishmen, like Corby, Frankie, and Sweeney, will be wishing the spirits of St. Pat's one day earlier.
2:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. Cinema '68 repeats its showing of *This Sporting Life*, in Washington Hall.

MONDAY, MARCH 18

4:10 p.m. The 1959 Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Severo Ochoa, begins a three-part lecture in Room 123 of Nieuwland Science Hall.
4:15 p.m. The Distinguished Lecture Series presents Edward Maupin from the Esalen Institute in the Library Auditorium. "The Psychology of Meditation" is his topic.
7:00 p.m. *Never on Sunday* at 7:00 and 9:30 at Washington Hall Admission \$.75.
8:00 p.m. Adlai Stevenson III speaks on "The Politics of Excellence" stressing his father's part in modern American political life. In the Library Auditorium.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19 A Black Tuesday

7:00 p.m. and 10:15 p.m. The Academic Commission's Free Film Series presents films in conjunction with the Mock Political Convention in the Kellogg Center Auditorium.
8:45 p.m. *The Making of a President 1960* is the first show and *The Making of a President 1964* is the second film which will be followed by a repeat of the 1960 making.
8:00 p.m. The Marriage Institute's second lecture in Washington Hall. Dr. Louis Dupré speaks on "Moral Problems in Responsible Parenthood."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20

2:30 p.m. The Mock Political Convention opens amid the fanfare of press and campaign propaganda as ND-SMC select their Republican Presidential candidate. Robert Taft, Jr., speaks at the opening session.
4:10 p.m. Dr. S. Ochoa delivers his second Nieuwland lecture in Room 123 Nieuwland Science Hall.
Dinner hour Last Junior Parent Weekend Ticket Sales in the dining halls.
7:00 p.m. and 11:00 p.m. "The Parable" in the Center for Continuing Education, courtesy of the Student Academic Commission.
8:00 p.m. Lecture at I.U. extension, "A Suggested Solution for Viet Nam," by Professor David Steinburg.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21 Pink slips are fast approaching!

2:30 p.m. The Mock Political Convention Continues with Governor John Volpe of Massachusetts as the featured introductory speaker.
8:00 p.m. The Orchestra San Pietro in O'Laughlin Auditorium at St. Mary's College.
8:15 p.m. Dual pianists: Siegal and Ruttenburg in the Library Auditorium. Also earlier in the day at 10:30 a.m.

—Compiled by JOHN ZIPPRICH

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Dr. T. R. Pilot

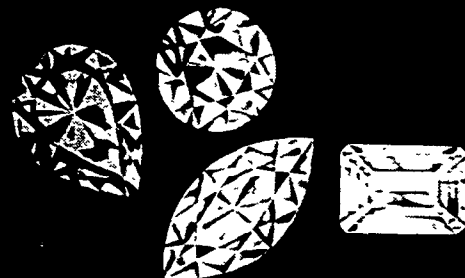
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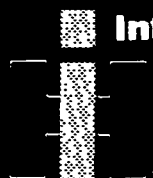
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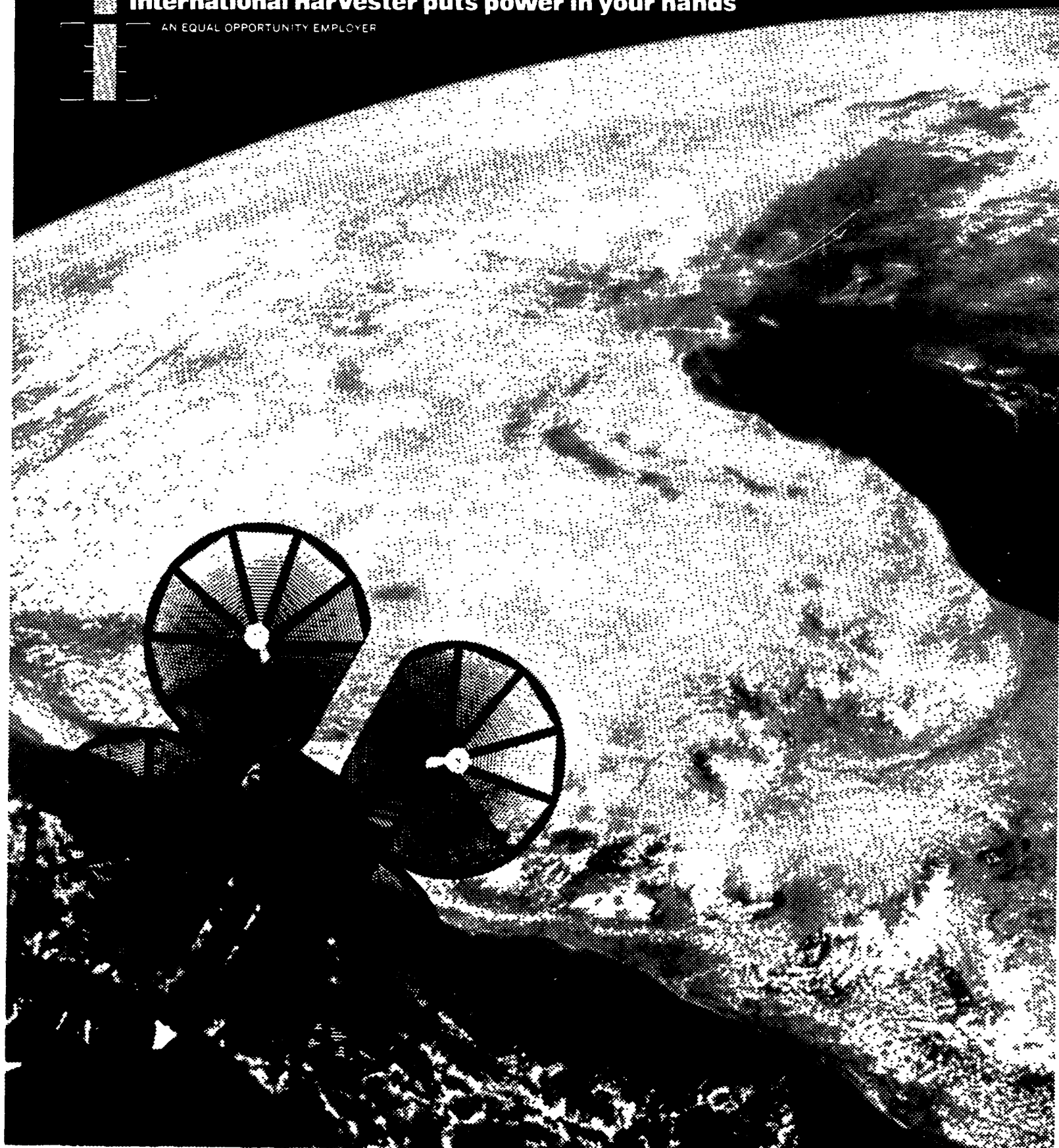
What's a down-to-earth outfit like us doing way out here?

For a company with a name like International Harvester we're pretty far out. Right now we're making antennae for spacecraft, and we're developing an intricate communications plant to be left on the moon by the Apollo astronauts. We're already producing gas turbines—and an ingenious jet aircraft ducting system that makes possible takeoffs and landings in about the space between the chicken coop and the farmhouse. We're also leaders in motor trucks, farm equipment, construction equipment—three vital fields for tomorrow. Now our broad exploration of power is leading us in many other exciting directions. All of them spell more opportunity for you. Get more details at your College Placement Office. How about soon?



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A FUN EVENING, ENJOYED BY ALL
WHERE WERE THE TEA AND COOKIES?

THE SAM ANSON MEMORIAL STORY OF THE WEEK

The Honorable John W. Gardner appeared at the University of Notre Dame last week for its annual presentation of the "Arbitrators of all Patriotic Reality Chosen One Who Could Make It of the Year Award."

Mr. Gardner, nevertheless, gave a nice little speech with little mention of urban problems, the Viet Nam war, or anything else most of the students in the audience wanted to hear him discuss.

Father Joyce warmed the hearts of the alumni in the audience by giving the same speech his friend Calvin Coolidge had liked so well.

Jon Sherry wasn't too bad, according to our arbitrator of rhetorical fitness, while Minton was his usual brilliant self while reciting the introduction and "greeting" published in the evening's program which will certainly be treasured by all 300 people there, thirty seniors amongst them.

OF COURSE, IT HAD TO HAPPEN

Fulfilling "core curriculum" requirements will no longer occupy three-fifths of the SMC girls' class time. At a recent meeting of St. Mary's Academic Affairs Council, requirements in theology, philosophy, English, and foreign language were slashed, effective with the incoming freshman class.

Instead of the five semester courses in theology, four in philosophy, and four in English needed under the old system, two of each will fulfill the requirements. The language total was cut by two hours.

The contrast with Notre Dame's requirements in the College of Arts and

Letters, for example, is marked, although ND's are currently being revised. For a B.A., a Notre Dame student must complete twelve hours in philosophy, in theology, and in English. Even now, in the fields of history, social science, and languages, the St. Mary's curriculum demands fewer hours than Notre Dame's.

Why the change? "Students have in recent years become allergic to coercion, and a curriculum must take into account prevalent trends," pointed out one faculty member of the Academic Affairs Council. Another emphasized that the revision "will put the respon-

campus

sibility on the student to learn what they want to learn, and thus should result in more satisfaction for both staff and students."

Discussion of such a reduction began three years ago, and the machinery was set up by the Curriculum Studies committee last May. The fact that action was finally taken "is connected with the accelerated pace of action that is part of Fr. McGrath's administration," noted one council member. As one indication of the link, the council now meets as often in one month as it did previously in a year.

Two problems associated with the current revision have attracted the attention of students and faculty. One, the provisions are not retroactive, and two, the B.S. degree requirements have not been revised as yet.

Petitions have been circulated in the freshmen, sophomore, and junior classes to have the lower requirements apply to the present students, although a similar proposal was defeated in the Council earlier. It is expected that the B.S. requirements will be scaled down. If not, students in the sciences will have to take more philosophy and theology than those in the humanities.

CHEATS

It almost goes without saying that students cheat in an effort to better their grade in a particular course. Experience the Honor Council has had would tend to indicate that most often the grade a student cheats to attain is a "C" or a "D" and not an "A" or "B." Thus cheating seems to be more or less a desperate "last ditch" attempt to complete course work favorably. This, naturally, does not mean that no one with a high average cheats—certainly there are such cases. The point is that cheating and poor work are often associated.

When individual cases are examined, the reason for this comes clear. Students who are in grade trouble are more apt to panic when an important exam is given, when they have not finished a paper due shortly, or when confronted with completing an important lab assignment. In many respects, they lose their objectivity and are so concerned about receiving a favorable mark that they do things that they would otherwise think better of. This sort of pressure does not restrict itself to those about to fail a course. Pressure from home, pressure to keep a certain grade level for a scholarship, or pressure to live up to past performances sometimes come into play.

Another thing important to realize is that, again judging from past indications, as far as cheating on examinations is concerned, students do not usually blatantly premeditate their actions. That is, the panic earlier described does not set in until after the student realizes that he can not successfully complete the examination. If the exam is one very important to his final grade, the student cheats, not as a rational alternative carefully calculated in advance, but as an irrational result of his immediate predicament.

Even though this is the most frequent cause, it would be incorrect to assume it as the one and only cause

of cheating. Individuals cheat for many other personal reasons, and it is impossible to categorize the many possibilities. However, one other reason, never stated but often present, stands out as a major cause for cheating. That is the attitude of the professor in an individual course.

The average student, even when confronted with an accusation, seldom uses the attitude of the prof as an excuse for his actions; yet what the professor says about the Honor Concept, even if he complies with its terms, is instrumental in determining the attitude of the class participants. It is commonly accepted that an instructor in a classroom is an "authority figure;" and whether they like it or not, students tend to regard what he says as very important. A professor who aggressively denounces the honor system positively increases the chances that students will cheat in his class. The honor system is built on a very delicate balance of pride, personal integrity, and community concern. In the position that he is in, an instructor can easily destroy this balance.

Thus perhaps the two greatest reasons why student violate the Honor Concept is because of their own fears about passing a particular course and the attitude of the professor in the classroom.

THAT'S WHERE IT COMES FROM

The University of Notre Dame received \$1,579,765 from the second largest number of alumni contributors in its history, according to a financial statement released by James W. Frick, vice-president for public relations and development.

Slightly less than half the number of alumni — 13,500 — contributed to the University, a slight drop from the 1966 record. The decrease in contributors was attributed to the fact that many alumni made pledges toward the SUMMA project in lieu of year-end cash gifts.

The Class of '40 total of \$109,000 led all classes, while the Class of '54 had the highest percentage of giving with 57.66 percent contributing.

THE MARCH REPLACEMENTS

Campus radio station WSND announced this week that John Sturm has replaced Dick Riley as station manager. Sturm's former position as AM Program Director will be occupied by Tom McKay.

Other changes include John Simna as FM Program Director, Luke Griffin as Business Manager, Pete Nardi as Music Director, and Curt DeClue as Chief Announcer.



GENERAL EASTLESSEA GETTING HIS MILITARY MIND BLOWN

V.C. AT N.D.

In their never-ending war against truth, justice and the American way, the NLF attempted last week to infiltrate the ROTC system, that noble provider of mighty cannon fodder, of the University of Notre Dame.

The V.C. unit was spotted by General Eastlessea of the U.S. Army, why spread the alarm among the cadets who were gathered for a lecture on "The Asian Flu, Mao's Ally in America." In the ensuing battle the cadets received only light casualties while killing 153 of the fiendish yellow devils.

GREAT NEWS FROM THE ECUMENICAL BATTLEFIELD

From aloofness and distrust to friendship and goodwill summarizes the sharp change in attitude between Catholics and Masons in the United States during the last eight years, and much of the credit for this dramatic about-face belongs to a research theologian at the University of Notre Dame.

The Rev. John A. O'Brien, the priest who has nursed the rapprochement along, took a well-deserved bow last month when national leaders of the Scottish Rite Masons and of the Knights of Columbus met in South Bend, Ind., and announced that their respective members would work together on domestic and international problems facing the nation.

Father O'Brien's own ecumenical hopes started during the 22 years he spent as chaplain for Catholic students at the University of Illinois. He fostered a spirit of cooperation between two social fraternities, one composed of Masons and the other of Catholics, which set a pattern for Catholic-Protestant relations on the large Midwest campus.

His off-campus ecumenical campaign had its origin in October of 1960 when, heartened by a Masonic leader's repudiation of an anti-Catholic campaign against presidential contender John F. Kennedy, Father O'Brien sent the man, George E. Bushnell, a former Michigan Supreme Court justice, a note of commendation. Three months later, Father O'Brien, Bushnell and four other Masonic leaders met for dinner on the Notre Dame campus, and from this meeting has stemmed the cooperative effort between Masons and Catholics

BUDDHIST FANATIC ENGAGING IN BACTERIOLOGICAL WARFARE SHOWN WITH 15 OF HIS 400 CAPTORS



now visible in virtually every community.

The next milestone came on August 1, 1964, when Father O'Brien was invited to speak at a Masonic gathering in South Bend, the first time in the United States that a priest had addressed a meeting of Masons. "We are all children of the same Father, and it is about time that we put our brotherhood into practice," Father O'Brien told an appreciative audience.

In the next two years, Father O'Brien spoke at Masonic gatherings in East St. Louis, Ill., Dayton, Ohio, and French Lick, Ind. The Masons made him an ambassador of goodwill, and he still treasures the scroll given him on the occasion. From the outset, he returned his speaker's honoraria to the Masons for their charitable work.

Meanwhile, the spirit spread across the nation. On the grass-roots level, local Knights and Masonic groups started scheduling joint social activities such as dinners and golf tournaments.

"Not a week goes by without some new indication of increasing cooperation between the Catholics and the Masons," said Father O'Brien. The next step, he believes, must be a Church commission to investigate removal of present obstacles to Catholic membership in the Masons. "The obstacles to Catholic membership in the Masons are either imaginary ones or could easily be removed without compromising any basic Masonic principles," he told a Danville, Ill., Consistory of Scottish Rite Masons recently, adding that in his opinion the ban against Catholic membership in the Masons stemmed from historical conditions in the 19th century.

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING

Two contemporary one-act operas will be presented by SMC's Department of Music in the Little Theater as the annual "evening of opera."

Sunday Excursion by Alec Wilder and *Captain Lovelock* by John Duke will be presented March 22, 23, and 24 at 8:00 p.m. each evening. Both operas are in English and might be found to be rather interesting developments of a 400-year-old art form.

RED HATS ARE HARD TO GET

Pope Paul VI last week named 47-year-old Auxiliary Bishop Terence Cooke to succeed the late Francis Cardinal Spellman as Catholic Archbishop of New York. The post in the nation's second largest archdiocese traditionally carries with it the red hat of cardinal.

The hope that the Rev. T. H. Hes-

burgh, C.S.C., of happy acquaintance, would receive the position was widely expressed on campus.

Fr. Cooke's appointment was a bit of a surprise as his name was not mentioned as a likely successor. He was considered too young and possibly too liberal to be given control of one of the nation's richest and most powerful archdioceses.

It is certainly surprising how the position of a great man can often be filled by one not much publicized or considered as ambitious, who is young and liberal, but still is chosen.

THE SOUND OF INSOLVENCY

"This is WSND, 640 radio, broadcasting from Notre Dame." So goes the slogan that identifies the financially-troubled campus station. It is frustrating to work with old, untrustworthy equipment, in facilities that badly need renovation. It was perhaps this frustration, or maybe it revolved around a difference of opinion on the allocation of funds, that caused a split between H. Bryce Parker and the WSND management. The basis of this difficulty, though, lies in an inability to raise money.

WSND functions solely on the proceeds of its advertising revenues. It gets no money from the Administration nor from the student government. In actuality, WSND is two radio stations, AM and FM, running independent of each other.

Most students are familiar with the AM. The FM, on the other hand, broadcasts fine arts and educational programs, emphasizing classical music and cultural shows. A great deal of money has been spent in improving the FM programming and the results



SOUNDPROOFING ALL THE WALLS
SHORTS IN THE EQUIPMENT

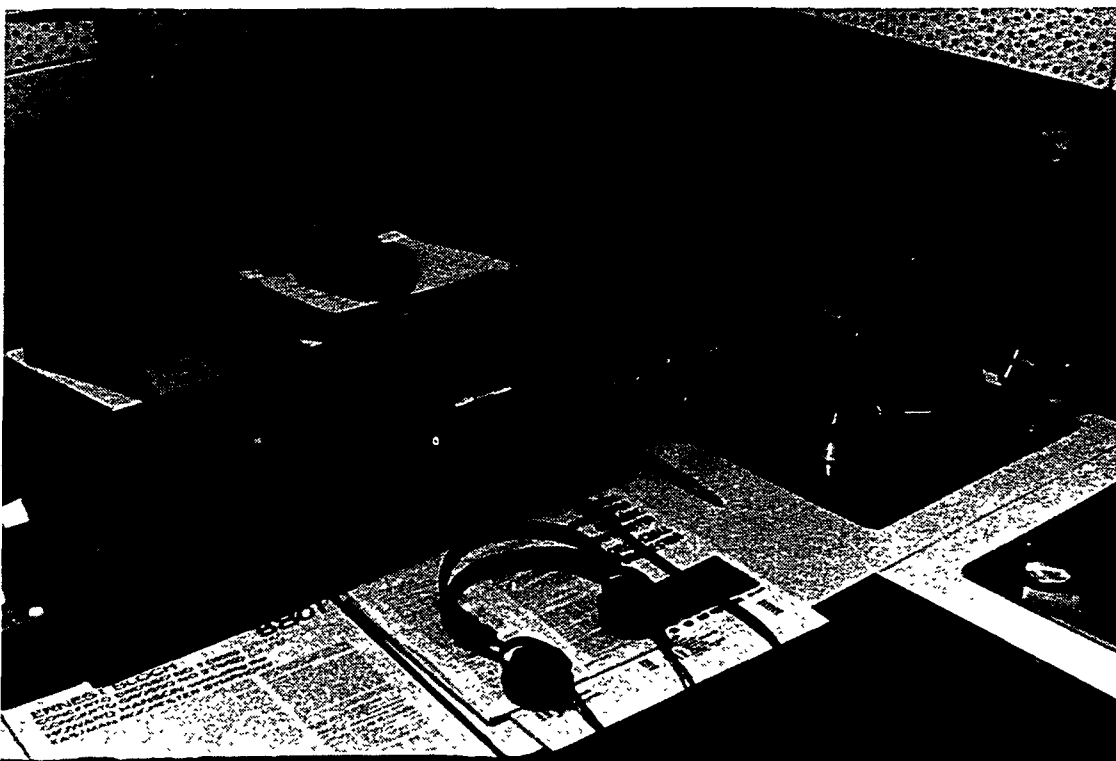
of this effort has made WSND-FM the best FM station in the area.

The financial problem is obvious, that of attempting to support two stations on AM's advertising. The general expenses incurred by the AM combined with FM leave WSND in a terrible financial crisis.

There are two possible remedies: a loan from the University, or the subsidy of FM by another organization. Dick Riley, WSND ex-station manager, has asked the University for \$5,000 for next year so that WSND might continue. "Certainly," says Riley, "a university with an operating budget in the millions can afford a mere \$5,000 for the continuation of WSND—a remodeled WSND AM-FM."

SOUND STUDIO B

MORE MEN ELECTOCUTED HERE THAN AT SING SING



EMPATHY NOT EXOPHTHALMOS

The suggestion has been made, by a committee of concerned students, that in order to create more student-Administration empathy, that Fr. Hesburgh, Fr. Joyce, and Fr. McCaragher may increase their professed great understanding of the problems of being a student at this great institution, that true, personal, pastoral relationships may once again spring up between the C.S.C. and students, the above-mentioned gentlemen move from their appointed rooms in their presbyteries to share a triple on the fourth floor of Breen Phillips Hall.

I. A.Y.



Mr. Big

JUDGMENT BY YOUR PEARS

It will be truly unfortunate if the cop involved in the Morrissey Manor pornography raid is fired; for one notices something after many encounters with the campus dicks, they're scared stiff, at least most of them.

As many of the gentlemen on the force are not exactly young, the jobs they hold here, if lost, can not easily be replaced by another. It is unimaginably hard for a 55-year-old man to get employment. So they follow the Security Office Orders to the letter and show their enthusiasm by overdoing it a bit.

Just as most of the gate guards are deathly afraid to let you drive that 300 pound of sketching paper on campus (even though it's raining) because you don't have a pass, the keepers of order in the halls are a bit nervous about offending Mr. Big by not enforcing some rule that they think exists but can't prove in writing.

So Mr. Big scares the cops into super-security, then fires one for his enthusiasm? Certainly not, not even Mr. Big is that nasty.

Thoughts on a Mystery

The following is taken from "Thinking Things Over" by Vermont Royster in the Wall Street Journal, Tuesday, March 5, 1968.

“ONE OF THE MYSTERIES of the time and place is why a talent for good writing suddenly sprouts in a certain college or state, and then develops into a tradition that other generations keep alive.”

The mystery prober is James Reston, writing in a recent issue of the *New York Times*, and the cause of his wonder is the University of North Carolina, once a small, quiet school nestled amidst some trees and now a huge, bustling university complex sprawling all over the landscape.

It has also cast its spell among others from far away who have come here to dwell awhile, finding it a place nourishing of talent and soothing of the spirit. These children by adoption are as varied as Betty Smith, whose tree first grew in Brooklyn, and Carl Sandburg, whose poetry first flowered in Illinois.

And if anybody will concede that lesser breeds, such as journalists, can also reflect “good writing” the list is almost endless. With no effort at all the Alumni Office can name you half-a-score of the nation's leading newspapers whose editors are campus veterans, which is more boasting than can be done about its ex-football players. Mr. Reston's own paper, come to think of it, is among them, since Clifton Daniel, the *New York Times'* managing editor, and Tom Wicker, its chief Washington correspondent, speak with Chapel Hill accents.

* * *

But not editors alone. The roll-call includes Joe Mitchell of the *New Yorker*, Roger Mudd of CBS, Charles Kuralt of CBS, Curry Kirkpatrick of *Sports Illustrated*, and Louis Kraar, who's somewhere in Vietnam for *Time-Life*, as well as son Richard Reston, a stray chip off the old block who writes from Moscow for the *Los Angeles Times*.

A catalog, however, is not an explanation. For that an inquiring visitor might look first at the *Daily Tar Heel*, the campus newspaper which last month celebrated its 75th anniversary, and beyond that at the minds of the men, some of them men long gone, who tilled the soil in which the newspaper has flourished. The look might even reveal something about what a university ought to be.

The first thing to notice is that the *Daily Tar Heel* is strictly an amateur operation. While it profits from proximity to a good journalism school, it operates entirely independently and without adult supervision. This means, of course, that it's often amateurish, and sometimes silly in the causes for which it cudgels. There's no one around to assure a professional polish or mature judgment.

Yet when happenstance has given it a season of able youngsters, it has enjoyed proud years; there have been moments when it was as influential as any newspaper in the state. More importantly, in good years and in bad, it has had a vitality that appealed to the curious, the inquiring and the irreverent of each generation.

Consequently its alumni include many who distinguished themselves in other fields than writing or journalism. Its former editors include at least two presidents of the university itself and a clutch of governors, Senators, judges and corporation presidents.

Still, a campus newspaper, even a good one, is not unusual enough to explain Mr. Reston's mystery. The probe must go deeper.

Here, sooner or later, the inquirer comes up against the tradition of the university itself. It was founded in an era when men thought of education as being primarily what we now call the humanities: History, language, law and philosophy. All of these involve both inquiry and writing. Well into the 20th century all its presidents were humanists and its curricula heavily weighted by the humanities. And although it now offers almost every subject imaginable, the tradition of inquiry and writing about the results of inquiry has somehow survived.

It hasn't been easy. The irreverent young can be awfully irritating, and a populace aroused by the young's irreverence can be troublesome. Both have often tried the patience of those entrusted with the university. There have been times when the deans and chancellors would gladly have dispensed with some of the more outspoken penmen on the campus, and

(Continued on page 38)

on other campuses

YOU TOO CAN BE LIGHTLY CASUALTIED

In an effort to see what the effect of the new draft directives would have on students, the *Colorado Daily* interviewed the Colorado Selective Service Director, Allan Roush, recently. The results were not too encouraging.

Roush said "about 95 per cent" of those drafted during the 2-3 months following graduation will be males just out of colleges and universities.

In populous areas like Denver, Roush added, "it's possible all those drafted — 100 per cent — will be college graduates."

He also said the Selective Service expects only about 10 per cent of the college group drafted to be exempted on physical or mental grounds after examination. In a normal group of draftees, about 50 per cent are rejected after the process of mental and physical testing.

LEGAL RAMIFICATIONS

Pediatricians at the Stanford School of Medicine announced recently they will refuse to report to the police cases resulting from the use of LSD and other hallucinatory drugs.

The doctors said their concern was with the medical welfare of drug patients, not with the legal ramifications of drug use.

The physicians' statement went on to say that from a legal viewpoint even though LSD is included in the list of dangerous drugs whose possession is a misdemeanor, physicians are under no obligation to report violations of this or any other drug law.

Meanwhile, the *Stanford Daily* reports, a Stanford professor whose sons reportedly took LSD instead of fluoride pills was convicted of possession of illegal drugs.

Jerome Feldman, 29, of the Department of Computer Science, was arrested after (according to the sheriff's office) his wife accidentally gave their two sons, 5 and 2, LSD instead of the pills prescribed by their doctor.

Feldman can be sentenced to up to a year in prison and a maximum fine of \$1000. Dr. George E. Forsythe, executive head of the Department of Computer Science, and Feldman's immediate superior, said the professor would not be fired because of the drug conviction. He said that Feldman was "a respected colleague" and would retain his position.

"WOULD YOU PLEASE LEAVE?"

An assistant professor of mathematics at the University of Kansas,

Mark Mandelker, has asked all ROTC members to leave his classes. Mandelker says he asked them to leave "because I believe it is immoral to teach students something they can use in killing people." One of the ROTC students who has transferred out of Mandelker's class said he had a "right to say what he believes." Last semester, Mandelker requested that ROTC members not wear their uniforms to his class.

"I DON'T THINK GOVERNOR REAGAN IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN BUILDING HIGHER EDUCATION."

Dr. John Summerskill has resigned, effective September 1, as president of racially torn San Francisco State College, protesting California "colleges are now vulnerable to politics at every turn," the *Stanford Daily* reported recently.

The 48-year-old educator said racial disturbances on the campus and vilification to which he was subjected for not calling in uniformed police may have contributed to his resignation.

But the real reason, he told a news conference, was not enough money and no authority to use what money was available where it was most needed.

Of Republican Governor Reagan, who instituted economy moves in California's universities and colleges last year, Summerskill said:

"I don't think Governor Reagan is particularly interested in building higher education in California."

In his prepared announcement he charged:

"The public trust in competent educators is being undermined because the present administration in Sacramento has failed to give higher education the constructive leadership it requires and deserves from that quarter."

Summerskill is the fifth chief executive educator to leave the university and state college system since Reagan took office last year.

DOW

An anonymous "press release" which threatened a campus demonstration of the effects of napalm on living flesh" if the Dow Chemical Company is allowed on the Vanderbilt campus was received by the *Vanderbilt Hustler*.

The "release" read as follows: "Dow Chemical makes napalm. Napalm is designed and used for one purpose only: to burn people to death. It is liquid, adhesive fire. Its victims

have no defense: once the napalm touches their skin it cannot put itself out. It is a horror weapon.

"Therefore, a few people wish to make the following promise: if the representatives of Dow Chemical are allowed on the campus of Vanderbilt University next Friday — or any other day — we will be on the Vanderbilt campus with a live dog. We will chain the dog to a tree, pour gasoline over it, light the gasoline and burn the dog to death. We invite everyone to watch, so that they may see for themselves what the effects of Dow's famous product are on living flesh.

"We will accept personal responsibility for our actions (something that the executives of Dow will not do). We acknowledge beforehand that we will be committing a crime. However, we feel that a criminal response to a government and a system of power so cruel as the one existing now in America is entirely justified."

FORDHAM 4-4

Come September, Fordham University in New York will make a major change in its academic program. The *Fordham Ram* reported recently that the "4-1-4" system will take effect next semester.

The major innovation of the 4-1-4 is its winter study course. The winter study program involves a project of the student's choice. This year, during an experiment with the system which Fordham conducted, the results were quite favorable. One student did his winter study project on Ben Johnson's writings, and he did the work in England. Others traveled to Puerto Rico, or to other areas of the U.S.

The Fordham faculty seemed highly pleased with the experiment. Louis Echols, sophomore class dean who taught a history course for the program, told the *Ram* that the result "looks on the whole, good. Some really caught fire."

Miss Nancy Zuger, a history instructor, found that the quality of the work turned in by her 4-1-4 section was "superior" to that of her "regular" classes.

When Fordham switches to 4-1-4 in September, it will be the first university in the nation to attempt the change. Previously, the program had been limited to small liberal arts colleges.

ON ABORTIONS

College girls in the New York area have been pooling their money to help pay for abortions, according to four metropolitan area Co-eds.

The four girls told a recent news conference that the "slush funds"

were gathered on an informal basis, usually by friends of the girls involved.

Deborah Levy of Queens College said that it is often difficult to get the money together. She explained that some contributions came from clubs, sororities, and other groups such as the SDS.

The news conference was organized by William Baird, director of the Parents Aid Society, and an advocate of birth control and abortions. Baird has been arrested three times in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts for distributing birth-control information. He said that "slush funds" such as the one the four girls described are flourishing on college campuses and that a "multi-million dollar network" exists to help girls needing abortions.

Joan Normandy of Nassau Community College made a plea for legalization of abortions so that girls would not have to "go to doctors for illegal operations which cost them \$500 or \$1000."

WHAT GOES UP....

A plane flown by a senior at Lehigh was blown off the runway recently at an airport near Allentown, Pennsylvania. The pilot, flying a Piper Cherokee as part of the Air Force ROTC training program, was attempting a landing. The pilot reported that the propeller was slightly bent, and the motor mounts were ripped. He received no injuries, and estimated the damage to the plane at \$900.

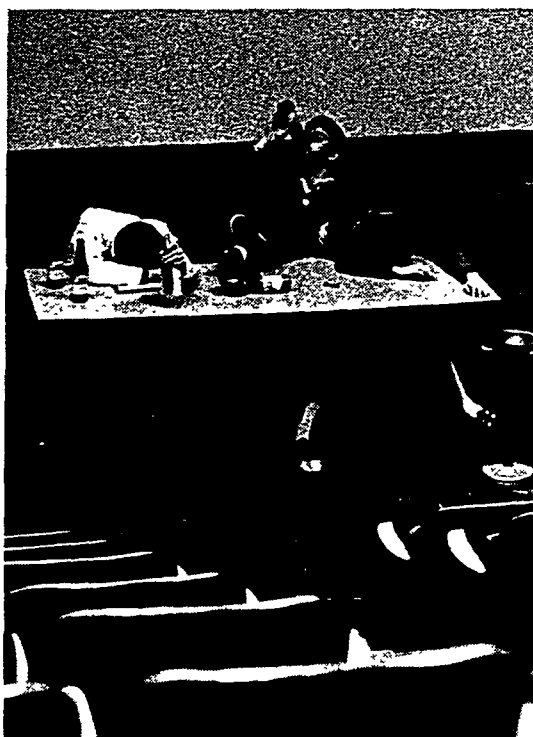
A colonel in the Department of Aerospace Studies at Lehigh commented on the incident, saying that the university contracts with the Reading Aviation Service for planes, instructors, and supervision. Since these are provided by the Aviation Service, the university and the Air Force maintain no responsibility for any damages or injuries which could occur during training.

DRAFT COUNSELORS IN TROUBLE

Professors at the State University of New York at Albany who are giving legal advice on how to avoid the draft were condemned recently in the New York legislature. Individual legislators have suggested that faculty members serving on the Teacher Draft Counseling Committee should be fired.

One claimed the faculty members are "disloyal and unfit . . . to teach or counsel young people."

The president of the university has thus far resisted the legislators' pressures to dismiss the professors, and maintains that no action will be taken against members of the Teachers Committee.



PUDDLES IN THE SANDBOX

The Student Judiciary Committee of the State of New York at Buffalo recently dropped charges of drinking on campus which were filed against 17 students. Fifteen of the 17 were members of the Student Senate.

According to the charge, the university regulation against drinking on campus was violated during a meeting of the Senate.

Five eyewitnesses were brought before the court in four hours of testimony. One of them claimed that he saw "wine, champagne, and hard liquor," and another cited name brands of well-known alcoholic beverages. A third witness spoke of a bottle that "popped when it was opened."

Nick Segal, one of three SUNY Buffalo law students who served as defense counsel, pressed home the point that mere consumption of a liquid poured from a bottle that usually contains an alcoholic beverage is



not sufficient evidence to prove that a violation of the school regulation had occurred. Although a final witness spoke of the meeting as "somewhat boisterous," the Judiciary Committee dismissed the charges on grounds of insufficient evidence.

MR. McCARTHY MEET LINDA, LINDA, MR. McCARTHY

The *Village Voice* reported an interesting item recently concerning some of the New York area's better-known cultural figures and a college campus. It seems the Fugs, a New York rock group, and Allen Ginsburg, poet, visited the campus of Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin. After doing their respective things, someone mentioned that Appleton was the final resting place of the late Senator Joe McCarthy. The poets decided they couldn't leave Appleton without paying their last respects.

The purpose of the rite, according to Ed Sanders of the Fugs, was to "consecrate a magical area around the grave, summon McCarthy's spirit to the magical area, and offer it food, companionship, and the opportunity of carnal union with a willing young lady who was standing within the consecrated circle."

The ceremony began with Ginsburg standing in front of the grave to chant the Dharani spell to remove disasters. Then Ginsburg created the magic circle by walking around the grave chanting the Tibetan spell to banish evil spirits. Next the 100 participants recited a mantra and offered food, flowers, candy bars, and artifacts to the spirit of McCarthy. Then they recited a mantra which praises marijuana and someone planted actual marijuana seeds in the sod. After attempting a conjuration of McCarthy's spirit, they offered an invocation to Greek and Indian bisexual deities, recalling McCarthy's antagonism to homosexuals, and Ginsburg chanted the Prajnaparamita Sutra, followed by a round of "My country 'tis of thee." Finally, Sanders reports, "the purified and exorcised spirit was sent back to heaven or the appointed Karma realm by the ceremony of the Greater Hexagram."

QUOTE(S) OF THE WEEK

On page two of the February 27 issue of the University of Washington *Daily*: "I believe in recognizing every human being as a human being — neither white, black, brown, nor red." —Malcolm X

On page seven of the February issue of the University of Miami's monthly *Tempo* magazine: "There was only one Christian and He died on the cross." —Nietzsche

"I SHOULD THINK A REPORTER COULD COUNT BODIES AS WELL AS ANYONE ELSE"

The responsibility for the much-acclaimed "credibility gap" lies with the American press, U.S. State Department official Stephen Ledogar told a Fordham audience recently.

The Fordham *Ram* reports that Ledogar charged American journalists with being openly cynical toward the press releases of their own government.

"There is a subtle sarcasm every time a fact is put forward," Ledogar, a 1954 Fordham graduate said. "It is always qualified by the word 'alleged.' I should think a reporter could count bodies as well as anyone else."

Ledogar, who has recently returned from duty with AID in the northern provinces, claimed media coverage of Viet Cong seizure of the U.S. embassy in Saigon was an example of irresponsible reporting. At the moment American journalists were reporting the embassy had been taken, Ledogar said he was speaking to a duty officer on the first floor of the building, who denied the VC penetration.

MORE ROTC

The power of the press appears to be strong at Duquesne. After Duquesne's *Duke* printed the results of its ROTC poll (SCHOLASTIC, January 12), it took the university administration only two months to act on it. In a statement late last month, Reverend Edmund R. Supple, C.S.Sp., University Academic Vice-President, announced "ROTC is to become volun-

tary by September, 1968, or as soon as it is administratively possible."

Meanwhile, at Fordham, the faculty senate is considering a move to review the role of ROTC on campus. The executive committee of the senate must make a decision, the Fordham *Ram* reports, whether or not to put the subject on the agenda for the next full meeting of the senate. The proposed action would remove the ROTC program from the Fordham campus because it deals in "political indoctrination" and "presents only one side of complex historical and ideological questions, and as such, has no place in a university." At present, Fordham is one of only three of the 177 colleges participating in the ROTC program in the 1st Army District which does not give academic credit for courses under the ROTC program.

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE

The speakers' committee of the Associated Students at the University of New Mexico invited Stokely Carmichael to speak on campus on February 21, the third anniversary of the assassination of Malcolm X. The ASUM was to pay him \$1500, the minimum fee that it gives to speakers.

But a great hue and cry over Carmichael's appearance was whipped up and egged on by the local NBC outlets, KOB and KOB-TV, and the American Legion statewide. In Albuquerque, the Chamber of Commerce, the Retirement Association, and other local groups called for a cancellation of Stokely's lecture.

Despite the protests, Carmichael's

appearance was not cancelled. University President Thomas Popejoy and ASUM President John Thompson both issued statements upholding Carmichael's right to speak, while insisting "of course we don't agree with him or anything he stands for." Also issuing a defense of the invitation was Speakers' Committee Chairman Tom Horne who made it clear that "to me, Carmichael, what he preaches, what he stands for, are completely repulsive."

SETON HALL—CO-ED

With the closing of Newark College last month, Seton Hall, in nearby South Orange, has a new look this semester, the *Setonian* reports. The new look is called girls on campus. The traditionally all-male Catholic school has become co-ed, in effect, and Vice-President of Personal Services Alfred Donovan remarked that the two schools had "integrated beautifully."

As could be expected, the sight of girls around the campus did not make any of the male students angry, and the girls liked the change. "It's nice to go to a college that has a campus instead of an office building surrounding it," one of the girls commented.

The new arrivals, 640 regular students and 1200 from Newark's evening division, did not tax the existing facilities at Seton Hall. Some rooms which had not been used previously were opened to accommodate the influx of new students.

—STEVE NOVAK

feiffer

A DANCE TO SPRING.



THIS DANCE AFFIRMS MAN'S WILL TO SURVIVE THE HARSH WINTER OF HIS SOUL.



AND EMERGE OUT OF THE DISPAIRING COLD



OUT OF THE DEVOURING SLUSH



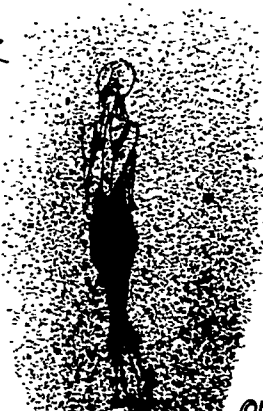
EMERGE WITH HOPE REBORN



AND FAITH



RENEWED.



A DADZ DO ZPRG.



Dan. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

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LETTER TO A STUDENT

For an increasing number of Americans the Vietnam War has created an acute crisis of conscience. War and its justification have always raised a tangled host of issues. The justifiability of this particular war is, if anything, an even more tangled question. Nevertheless, the complexity of the issues can never be put forth as an excuse for not facing them. Civil authority is necessary and is in the main to be obeyed, but civil authority stands beneath yet higher principles. There may come a time when acquiescence to authority is more convenient but not the more moral path to take.

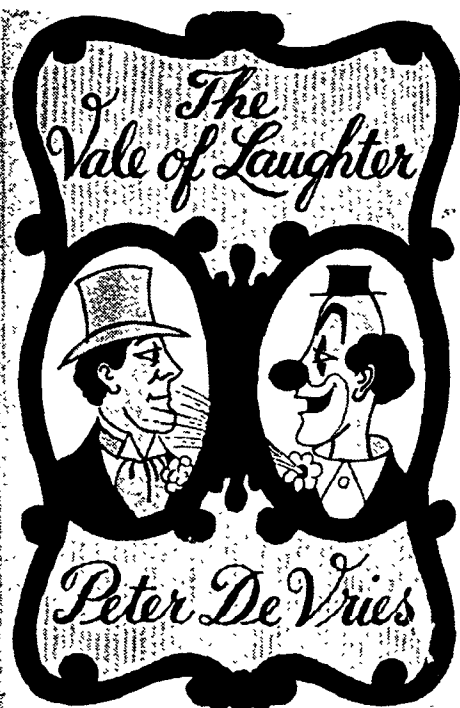
There is increasing evidence that such is the case with the United States involvement in Vietnam. This evidence arises from the increasing ground swell of dissenting opinion concerning both our general strategy and tactics. It is most significant that this opinion often represents the most trusted and knowledgeable political analysts among us. We should not forget that the very presence of articulate and growing dissent is itself extremely significant. For in spite of the manifest absurdity of war, it is quite usual that a nation line up behind its leaders in times of war and national emergency. The very presence of a growing body of intelligent dissenting opinion is stark testimony to a weakening confidence in the judgment and hence the integrity of our political leaders.

These questions take on the sharpest of edges for students facing the call to military service. Many students are already contemplating some alternative route to serving in a conflict which they judge to be unwarranted. Some have made this decision for the most articulate of reasons, others have simply decided out of desperation. It is imperative that we share our reflections and our considered judgments with one another. It is especially crucial that as Christians we come to respect the gap between the policy decisions of a nation and our own decisions of Christian conscience. It may well be that we decide to link our immediate future with the armed forces of our country. We *must* decide. Enough of the facts are already available for a reflective person to make an intelligent decision. He must consider these facts and have the opportunity for measured reflection.

For these reasons we who are ministers of a church, which has failed more than once in recent history to call attention to this gap between national policy and personal decision, wish to offer our services as counselors. The acknowledged complexity of the issues may well make it difficult for the national hierarchy to offer public guidelines for American Catholics. But complexity cannot stand in the way of our exercising our responsibilities to assist fellow Christians in forming a conscience which is at once realistic and sensitive to questions of power as well as human destiny.

Hence we wish it to be publicly known that we are willing to assist those presently faced with complex deliberations and difficult decisions. We are not here to advise, but rather to counsel. Our motive: to assist those who find themselves nearly hopelessly baffled or confused by their country's posture in Vietnam.

David Burrell, C.S.C., Morrissey Hall
Ernest Bartell, C.S.C., Morrissey Hall
Michael Coughlin, C.S.C., Stanford Hall
Harry Eichorn, C.S.C., Breen-Phillips Hall
John Gerber, C.S.C., Morrissey Hall
Joseph Hoffman, C.S.C., Holy Cross Hall



Literary Festival

Peter DeVries

Peter De Vries's wildly inventive comic novels, frequently aimed at contemporary American Suburbia, have earned him the epithet "Balzac of the Station Wagon Set." De Vries has for some time preoccupied himself with serious brooding, essentially tragic material which lies beneath the comic surface created by his linguistic gymnastics. De Vries's success in this tragicomic approach has prompted Kingsley Amis to call him "the funniest serious writer to be found on either side of the Atlantic."

Born of Dutch immigrant parents in Chicago, De Vries spent the Thirties working variously as an operator of a candy vending machine, a taffy-apple peddler, and a radio actor, until 1939, when he became associated with *Poetry* magazine. In 1944, after advancement to the position of co-editor of that magazine, he switched periodicals and became a member of the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*. He also contributed verse and fiction to the magazine.

De Vries's literary efforts include the novels: *The Tunnel of Love*, later dramatized for Broadway production; *Comfort Me With Apples*, and its sequel, *The Tents of Wickedness*; *Through Fields of Clover*; *Reuben, Reuben*; *Let Me Count the Ways*; and most recently, *The Vale of Laughter*. His "serious" comic efforts have met near unanimous critical acclaim, summarized in the comment of W. J.

Smith that De Vries is "the greatest living American comic novelist. . . . And beyond any doubt the greatest punster the world has known."

In 1962, Peter De Vries turned his pen to more conventional tragedy in *The Blood of the Lamb*. The hero of that work significantly remarks, "The quest for meaning is foredoomed. Man has only his two feet to stand on, his own human trinity to see him through: Reason, Courage, and Grace." The book took the critics by surprise and soon gained him unanimous recognition as a deeper and more sensitive writer than was previously supposed.

But incisive comic commentary, which William Hogan suggests he writes with a "Fourth of July sparkler dipped in sulfuric acid," remains De Vries forte. Richard P. Brickner pays tribute to this comic genius: "In De Vries's world there is nothing too sacred for profanation, and nothing too ludicrous for serious treatment. De Vries's achievement in terms of productivity and sustained high level is unmatched by any other comic writer currently at work, with the possible exception of (the now deceased) Evelyn Waugh."

Mr. De Vries shall speak in the Library Auditorium on Thursday, April 4, as a guest of the Sophomore Class Literary Festival.

Next week: Wright Morris



MOVIES

Everyone on campus has seen *The Graduate*. The first time through is a mild case of chuckles. The second view is just a crumby movie. A comedy should be funny. A drama should be about people. A musical score is only good when it doesn't call attention to itself. Ditto cinematography. Acting is not charades. Boredom and confusion are common themes in boring, confused movies. *The Graduate* is slick mediocrity.

Bonnie and Clyde is the best American film since *Dr. Strangelove*.

Far From the Madding Crowd was close to Hardy thanks to Nicholas Roeg, one of the best cinematographer's in the business. Had the film been constructed of his pictorial vignettes, it would have been an impressionistic masterwork. Sadly, scenarist Raphael retained too much of the Victorian episodic quagmire, diminishing the film's impact. When the Raphael/Schlesinger team (*Darling*) learn that cinema is more suited to the short story than the novel, their films will be next to flawless.

Madding gives way at the Colfax this week to *How To Save a Marriage and Ruin Your Life*. The logic of that move escapes me completely.

The same fate befel *Our Mother's House* at the Avon, a film acutely sensitive to the psychology of the family. Jack (*Room at the Top*, *Pumpkin Eater*) Clayton's finest film was an abominable draw, causing the Avon to descend through W. C. Fields to *Valley of the Dolls*.

This will never do. If the Avon and the Colfax are to compete with the Oscar nominees, they must resort to either the aesthetic or the prurient.

These special audiences will be more than satisfied with two Film Society offerings this week. *This Sporting Life* (Sat., Sun., 2 and 8) and *Never on Sunday* (Mon., 7 and 9:30), in no way related in treatment, both describe the insatiable drive of the lusty experience, and the curse of those who live by the flesh.

—Marty McNamara



The Making of an Editor

by Pat Collins

The following missive addressed to the Columbia and Northwestern schools of journalism was taken from the satchel of a dead pony express rider who ran into a sharpened Iroquois Indian shrapnel somewhere north of here. The author is not to be confused with any person living or dead.

THE first time I met Pat Collins, he was pushing a steel toy truck along the blue tweed rug of the living room of his house in Swamp Poodle, Washington. Except it wasn't exactly a house, it was more of an apartment. For Pat's father was a doctor and in the great AMA tradition his father decided to practice in the home, which meant that Pat couldn't live in one. But it didn't really matter. For Swamp Poodle, the neighborhood in which Pat lived, wasn't really a neighborhood. It was a swamp—that was

filled. Because there was to be a train station—Union Station. So even after the station was built they called it Swamp Poodle.

But the train station brought in merchants. And when the swamp went away, people began to build stores instead of houses. But that didn't really matter. For the first time I met Pat Collins he wasn't in a real house either. He was in an apartment over an office playing with a steel truck on a blue tweed carpet. He liked the truck. And he liked to play.

And because of his likes he probably didn't notice that while he was chugging the truck across the floor the train business was dying and the people who lived in the neighborhood were moving; and the stores that speckled the neighborhood were closing. And that the crime rate was growing. Then it happened that while

going to school he made friends. But he didn't go to school in the neighborhood, because the schools in the neighborhood weren't exactly schools. They were more like child-care centers. So it didn't really matter. But Pat thought it did.

He made friends at school. He used to play at school and when he went home his friends weren't around. So he thought they weren't really friends at all, since they weren't around when he went home. And without friends he was kind of lonesome. 'Cause his parents wouldn't let him go out alone in the neighborhood since the crime rate had gone up and his father had been held up and since they replaced the trolley cars with buses.

The streets, H St., which once was rather narrow all of a sudden became wider and wider. Pat noticed that, one day after school as he saw the big bulldozers plow up and down the street. Then came the buses with loud noises and lots of exhaust fumes. And Mom and Dad thought it would be too dangerous for Pat to play out in front of the house.

But they did have a play yard on the side and a playhouse in the play yard. Except that it really wasn't a playhouse anymore. For his brother and sisters used to play in it with him when he was a kid. But now while he was in his late years in grammar school his brother and sisters seemed to outgrow him. Mary, the oldest, was always going out all of the time. Margaret was trying to get into a nursing school and Tommy—he was always studying chemistry and stuff. Pat's father always said that Pat had the great hands for a surgeon. His mother thought that too—she was a nurse.

Then came a traumatic experience. Pat applied to high school, St. John's Military Academy. It was where his grandfather went, his father went, and his brother went. So Pat and his father and his grandfather and his brother thought it would be a good place for Pat to go.

It was a neat place, thought Pat, because it had uniforms and insignias and swords and bands. None of the other high schools had all that good stuff. So he applied there. And he got accepted. That was easy. Since his father went there, his grandfather went there, and his brother went there.

Pat studied hard in his first year, because his brother and his father had graduated with honors and because he didn't want to mar the family name. But his sophomore year, while he was with the family vacationing

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Peek-a-Boo

by Thomas Payne

“DO YOU FEEL that someone is following you?” asks the psychology test. “Is he still there?” it asks a bit later on. Many laugh at the blatant absurdity of such questions when the test was administered to freshmen a few years ago, and were around again to laugh at the seeming absurdity and paranoia of the charges of certain students that their phones are being tapped — possibly by the FBI. The evidence on which these suspicions are based is strange sounds issuing from the telephones while in use, such as strange buzzing, whirring and clicking.

While nothing has been proved conclusively about the suspected tapping, the evidence adduced would seem to rule out the FBI as the guilty party, assuming that the phones are tapped. Whirring, buzzing and clicking are the signs of an amateur's tap, and FBI agents are not amateurs. However, it is widely known that the FBI has been active in political surveillance at universities on the West Coast, at Michigan State University, at Brigham Young University, and at others. The possibility that they are likewise active here at Notre Dame is not remote, and it certainly is not fantastic.

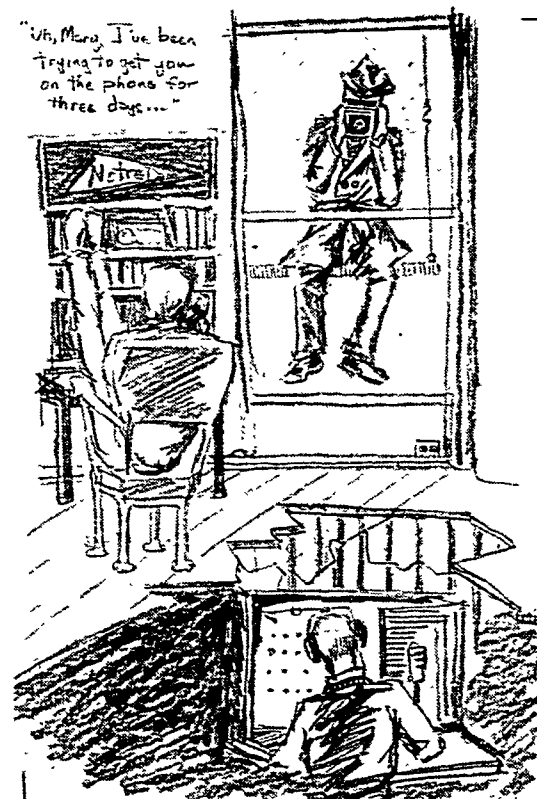
The method used by the FBI in political surveillance generally does not include such romantic apparatus as phone bugs and other spy equipment. The chief weapon is the file card on which is recorded all the information available to the Bureau about the person “under investigation.” The information is supplied to the Bureau's agents either through informers or through the cooperation of the administration of the university involved. At Brockton College in New York, an administrator revealed that several members of the faculty had been commissioned “to kind of keep an eye on things on a permanent basis”; at Brigham Young, the president admitted that students had been

used to spy on liberal professors. The admissions officer at Berkeley has handed the files on certain students over to the FBI; Duke University has given federal investigators files on students containing information concerning their political beliefs; in North Carolina spies are paid.

The legal basis for much if not all of this activity is shaky at best. However, once the tremendous prestige of the FBI and the Federal Government becomes involved, those who are asked to cooperate find it difficult to resist the requests of agents. At Berkeley and Stanford, the administration surrendered lists of members of the SDS to the House Un-American Activities Committee, knowing that the validity of the *subpoenas* which asked for the lists could be fought in the courts. The attitude of the administrators at Berkeley, Stanford, and other colleges seems to be that while they may disapprove of policing thought, they do not want to be the ones to rock the boat, to attract the headlines, to be branded as the Commie-hippie school.

Notre Dame is a place where the tendency to avoid boat-rocking and bad publicity has been the order of the day, and there is evidence that officials of the Administration have been willing to talk to the FBI.

Two and a half years ago, a teach-in on the war in Vietnam was held in Farley Hall and sponsored by the campus SDS among others. The SDS was headed by Lenny Joyce and was having an unusually active year. Shortly after the teach-in, according to Joyce, the FBI interviewed Minch Lewis, at the time President of the Student Body, concerning SDS and the teach-in in the office of Fr. Charles McCarragher, the Vice-President for Student Affairs. When contacted for verification, Lewis could not remember well enough to confirm or deny the story, but said that he would hesitate to deny it. He did say, however,



that he remembered McCarragher telling him that FBI people had been around and that they were interested in SDS people.

Steve John and Steve Moriarty tell similar stories. On Wednesday the sixth of this month, both John and Moriarty were in McCarragher's office to request permission to set up a display of material on conscientious objection. While in the office, McCarragher informed the pair that he had been contacted by the FBI who were asking his cooperation in an investigation into the peace movement on campus. According to John, “he sort of asked us our opinion of the size of the campus peace movement, and sort of indicated he would go along with the FBI.”

If McCarragher is willing to cooperate with the FBI when such cooperation is solicited, Fr. Louis Thornton, Director of the Placement Bureau and superpatriot, seeks more active affiliation with the FBI. Fr. Thornton was, of course, one of the objects of last month's demonstration against the presence of Dow Chemical Company on campus. During the demonstration, three different sets of photographs of the demonstrators were taken. Richard Rossie, President-elect of the Student Body, discovered that Thornton had gotten a hold of some thirty-six of these photographs which clearly showed the faces of the demonstrators, and that Thornton was going to turn these pictures over to the FBI. Thornton, who was much exercised over the length of the hair of some of the demonstrators, was quoted as saying

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NOTRE DAME FAN
JOSEPH HELLER

Mailer completely different from the one I read about in *Time* magazine. Instead of being pugnacious, loud, and rude, he actually turned out to be a quiet, good-humored, soft-spoken host.

Scholastic: Were you able to see the movie which Norman Mailer is premiering at the Festival on April 2?

Mroz: Mr. Mailer called before semester break and insisted that I see certain controversial scenes in the movie—which, incidentally, is titled “Beyond The Law” and concerns itself with police interrogation methods in New York City—before we showed the movie at Notre Dame. When I went to New York, I visited Mailer’s studios and saw “rushes” of the controversial segments (the film was still partially unedited at the time and the screening time was still over seven hours). It seemed to me that the scenes in question—although some of them got pretty gamey—could still be shown on campus without the danger of having another Father, or I guess it’s just Mister now, James Kavanaugh scandal erupting.

Scholastic: When the topic “scandal” pops up, the Administration automatically becomes part of the consideration. What was their feeling about screening the world premiere of a film by such a notorious figure as Norman Mailer?

Mroz: Their first reaction was one of passive consent; but soon they began to have doubts: they wondered why an internationally famous author would choose to premiere his movie at a midwestern Catholic University rather than New York or Paris, as he had previously planned. I wondered why he’d do it myself. But in a letter last November, his secretary wrote, “Mr. Mailer feels it would be appropriate to premiere it at Notre Dame, because the cast includes seven Irishmen, five of whom are cops and two crooks.”

While I’m reading from this letter, I might as well quote the closing lines which answer a lot of questions people have been asking me about the movie: “As you read the *Esquire* article (Dec. ’67) you will see that there is mention of a generous use of obscene language in the first film (*Wild* 90). Although there is some

in the second movie it is not particularly prevalent and is probably even considerably less than one would hear in real police interrogation. There is of course nothing prurient or salacious about either film.”

Scholastic: Interesting as Norman Mailer is, we’d better turn to some of the other outstanding authors coming. . . . How did science-fiction writer Kurt Vonnegut strike you?

Mroz: I’m probably more familiar with Mr. Vonnegut than with any of

Interview:

Literary Festival Chairman

John Mroz

by William C. Locke

the others since he’s practically a next-door neighbor on Cape God. The first time I met him he was wood-paneling a new party house next to his home overlooking a lake—his mouth was full of nails, he was swinging a hammer, the air was filled with sawdust—and Vonnegut himself was as informal and pleasant as the atmosphere. In dealing with Vonnegut, and all of the authors for that matter, I was very much struck with his excitement at being invited to Notre Dame.

Scholastic: How do you account for the authors’ enthusiasm about a Literary Festival?

Mroz: Well, Vonnegut said that he was especially pleased to see the Festival being undertaken by *sophomores*. But basically, I think the excitement we members of the literary council felt over the project from the first rubbed off on the authors. Wright Morris’ reaction is typical: “Such enthusiasm is contagious, and I have

picked up some of the virus.”

Scholastic: Wright Morris lives in San Francisco; and of course Mailer, Heller, De Vries and most of the others live in or around New York. Has planning transcontinental transportation for the authors involved many problems?

Mroz: We’ve had to set up a special transportation committee to coordinate all the arrangements and satisfy all the whims and wishes of the authors. Some don’t like to fly, some will fly only on one line, and so forth.

Wright Morris, for instance, wrote, “Since I plan to be the last man in space, I shall take the train.” Peter De Vries, coming from Connecticut, also prefers to stay on the ground.

Scholastic: Peter De Vries has a reputation for unwillingness to lecture on college campuses. How did you manage to secure him for the Festival?

Mroz: Even contacting some of these authors was difficult. During one of our visits to New York, Mike Ellis, a motion-picture producer, gave us De Vries’ private phone number, and after a lengthy phone conversation, he finally agreed to come. I think with De Vries, too, the most important factor in persuading him to attend was merely showing him how interested the students are in his works. All the authors are coming primarily for the students’ benefit, and because of the enthusiastic campus response to their books.

Scholastic: One book which has certainly enjoyed extreme popularity

among Notre Dame students is Joseph Heller’s *Catch-22*. Is Heller as a person as funny as he was as the author of that book?

Mroz: Funnier. I’ve probably had more contact with him than with any of the other authors, and have been with him in places as different as his posh North Broadway apartment to the Carnegie Delicatessen. And no matter where we were, he was always ready with a witty remark. You mentioned Notre Dame as being a big Joseph Heller fan. . . . Joseph Heller is an equally avid Notre Dame fan. One of his conditions for coming to the Festival was an autographed football for his son’s birthday. I felt it was the least we could do, since his son was so disappointed, when he first met me, to discover that I wasn’t a football player.

Scholastic: What prompted your choice of Granville Hicks as keynote speaker for the Festival?

Mroz: Granville Hicks is a versatile man in the literary field. Besides authoring many books himself, he’s familiar with all the Festival’s authors, having reviewed their works for the *Saturday Review*, we feel he has a vantage point from which he can competently comment on the Festival as a whole.

Scholastic: I understand that Ralph Ellison has been invited to speak at Notre Dame several times before. Why, in your opinion, have University officials been so eager to have Mr. Ellison on campus?

Mroz: I imagine that they were anxious to have Ralph Ellison for the same reason that we are; his first book, *The Invisible Man*, is possibly the most critically acclaimed work of fiction of the last twenty years; personally, he is one of the most intellectually stimulating, pleasant, entertaining men I have ever been acquainted with. It’s no problem to see why such a man is a sought-after speaker.

Scholastic: Did you find all the authors as affable as he? It seems that with famous men like these it might be difficult to maintain a conversation of interest, to them at least.

Mroz: Of course I was a bit nervous when I first met these men, but, strange as it may seem, they were as easy to talk to as my roommates.

They all put me at ease right away by asking questions about my major, pop music, the Notre Dame football team, and so forth, I feel like I’ve known Kurt Vonnegut and Joseph Heller all my life; I’m really hard pressed to keep from accidentally calling them Kurt and Joe when I talk to them. Every one of them is tremendously interested in students, our activities, our opinions. The whole Sophomore Class Literary Festival is planned primarily for the students, and therein lies its success.

Scholastic: One final question. There are rumors flying about that the Literary Festival is going to receive nationwide coverage. Is this true?

Mroz: Yes. We have received word from ABC, CBS, and the RKO of New York Television networks, all of which are going to give coverage. Periodicals ranging from *Playboy* to *Reader’s Digest* will also be giving us extensive coverage, to say nothing of hundreds of newspapers. Everything looks great. I only hope *every* student takes advantage of what the Literary Festival will offer in April.



JOHN MROZ
AND NORMAN MAILER

To the Exclusion of Some

by Marty McNamara

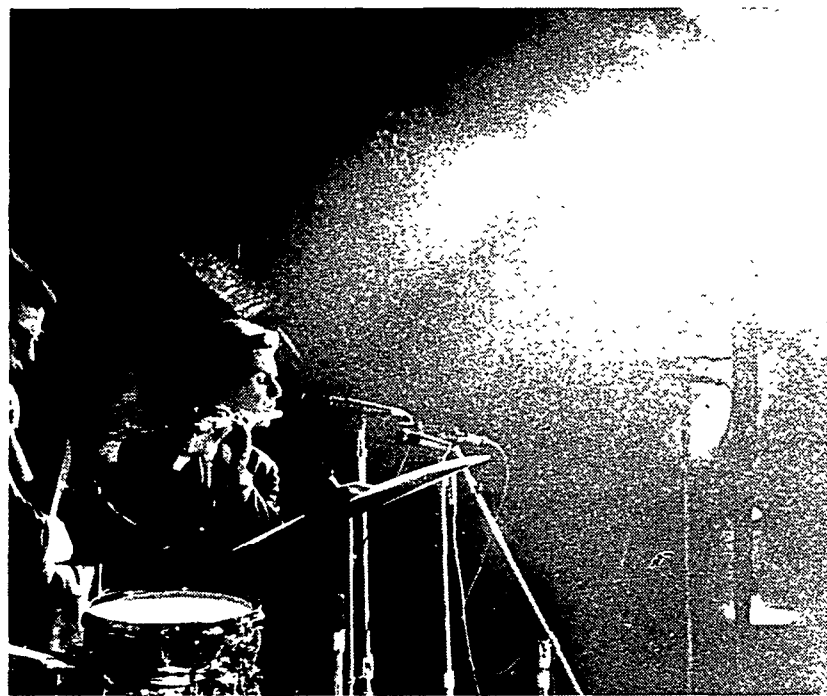


Seldom is a judge sufficiently motivated to act in a manner reflecting all that it is to be a judge. For, ideally, he functions not only to evaluate the work of the contestant, but also to gauge his decisions by their effect of both the competitors and the audience. His responsibility lies in any direction he anticipates there will be an interpretation.

Twice this responsibility was considered last week.

And the result was an unpopular decision at the Collegiate Jazz Festival and a bewildering exhibition at the Michiana Art Show. General consensus, that is.

So shake 'em up a little.



You may say all you want about what a "swinging affair" the CJF is every year — it is still such a narrow view of jazz.

Perhaps it caters too much to the be-bop mentality of the onlookers. Perhaps the musicians themselves are unaware of their potential. Perhaps they have derived a "winning formula" from past years.

Any way you look at it, come finals night and anything not predictable is regression.

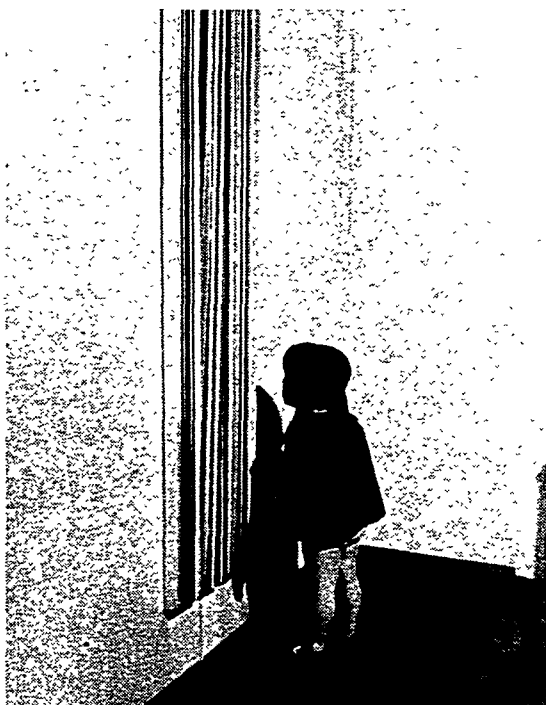
Much of the problem lies in the fact that, whereas the individual awards are given for performance in the semifinals, the group trophies hinge only on Saturday night's twenty-minute spot. So it is not by accident that the semifinals see more outstanding solos and the finals more team or section melodies. This means that the large crowd on Saturday night sees considerably less improvisatory work and more standardized numbers.

And since any demonstration of versatility must come in this very short time period, we have the situation where a band will do as many as five numbers. The "best overall group," Illinois' big band, annually proves to be the worst offender here. Which is not to say that all numbers should be ten minutes or longer, but Garvie's three-minute entrees are somewhat less than substantial. Exploration is what jazz is all about, and to sacrifice this for the sake of diversity is to be a jack-of-all-trades-and-better-carpenter-than-musician.

But Illinois did win everything again, and the cute things they planned paid off. Last year it was John Philip Sousa in the aisles, this year a digital computer and a vocalist who looked better than he sang. The sad part is that you could tell they got a big charge out of their "pranks."

The judges of course based their decisions on more than "showmanship." Illinois operated in perfect unison and displayed instrumental virtuosity as far as dexterity and fluidity are concerned. But their machine was not an invention.

Invention it seems is not necessary. All that is needed is heavy percussion and the Wall of Brass Sound and sweep the judges along in a tidal wave of mindless audience approval.



What is the value of mere precision and note clarity in the face of experimentation with cadences and timbre clashes? Is a person who can construct a perfect sonnet then a poet or a masterful seamstress a fashion designer?

The other two big band finalists, Ohio State and Michigan State, both displayed in the earlier sessions a sophistication befitting small ensembles, at the same time utilizing all their pieces to good effect. Saturday night, however, they elected to play the knock-'em-dead game, and lost out because that is Illinois' specialty.

Mr. Garvie's troupe won the overall by default, too.

For the panel of judges, put in a difficult position by the *combo's* concessions to popular taste, could not in good faith bestow the award in that category on the basis of performance in the finals.

What their action may be construed as is a victory for the University of Indiana septet, which attained the finals by virtue of a fine performance of straight, contemporary jazz only to unveil a quasi-electronic/atonal cum R&B Avalon Ballroom clutter for their clincher.

Not allowed to consider the semi-finals, the judges bypassed Michigan State's excellent Mark Gridley Quartet and chose not to give this award or the overall prize to either group, lest it show an approval of the final round.

What the situation points up are two things. First, the preliminary rounds are more indicative of genuine talent and should be taken into consideration at the conclusion. And, more important, most of the participants understood little more about their field than execution. There was such a redundancy of tempo, such a uniformity of instrumental setups, such a proliferation of identical runs in the treble register. And the "avant-garde" moments were not excursions in and around the time signature, but a denial of it. Jazz, my friend, has a great deal more latitude than this year's CJF cared to give it.

Run the finale on Friday afternoon and see what happens.

* * *



The Michiana Art Show was something else.

Every piece was selected with the express purpose of blasting the South Bend community and the Notre Dame Art Department out of their seaside avocado conception of fine art. And the vacant stares and contorted brows at the "gala" opening March 3 left no doubt that something was stirring.

The undulating orchards, flabby nudes, and eaten-out squash were absent. There were no meticulously drawn automotive designs or portraits of gypsies. Judges Jan Van der Marck of Chicago's new Contemporary Museum and Lawrence Alloway, former director of the Guggenheim, were saying, "We are now in the second century of photography; if you must render unto Caesar, render in the correct medium."

For representational painting is so

laborious and imperfect. The rapidity and fidelity of the camera necessitate that the brush be used to other ends.

Yet, in screening the entries, Van der Marck and Alloway chose not to include any photographs either, despite the creation of a special category for them. This can only be interpreted as a statement that representational art, while perhaps still valid, is far less exciting than even unsuccessful forays into new realms of plasticity. (It is interesting to note here that "hard-edge" and surrealistic paintings are exhibited that could easily be duplicated in a photograph; indeed the hard-edge school owes much of its inspiration to color photography subtraction techniques. Hence, local photographers, as well as painters and sculptors, need to learn the nonrepresentational possibilities of their medium.)

Grasping the significance of these pieces requires two preconceptions — a thing of beauty need not have a prototype, a precedent, or a rationale, and a thing of beauty is not necessarily harmonious. Beauty is as beauty does to the eye/ear/hand of the beholder. You cannot dismiss something because it is not harmonious (for harmony is only one of the meaningful sights/sounds/progressions); dismiss it only if it has no impact.

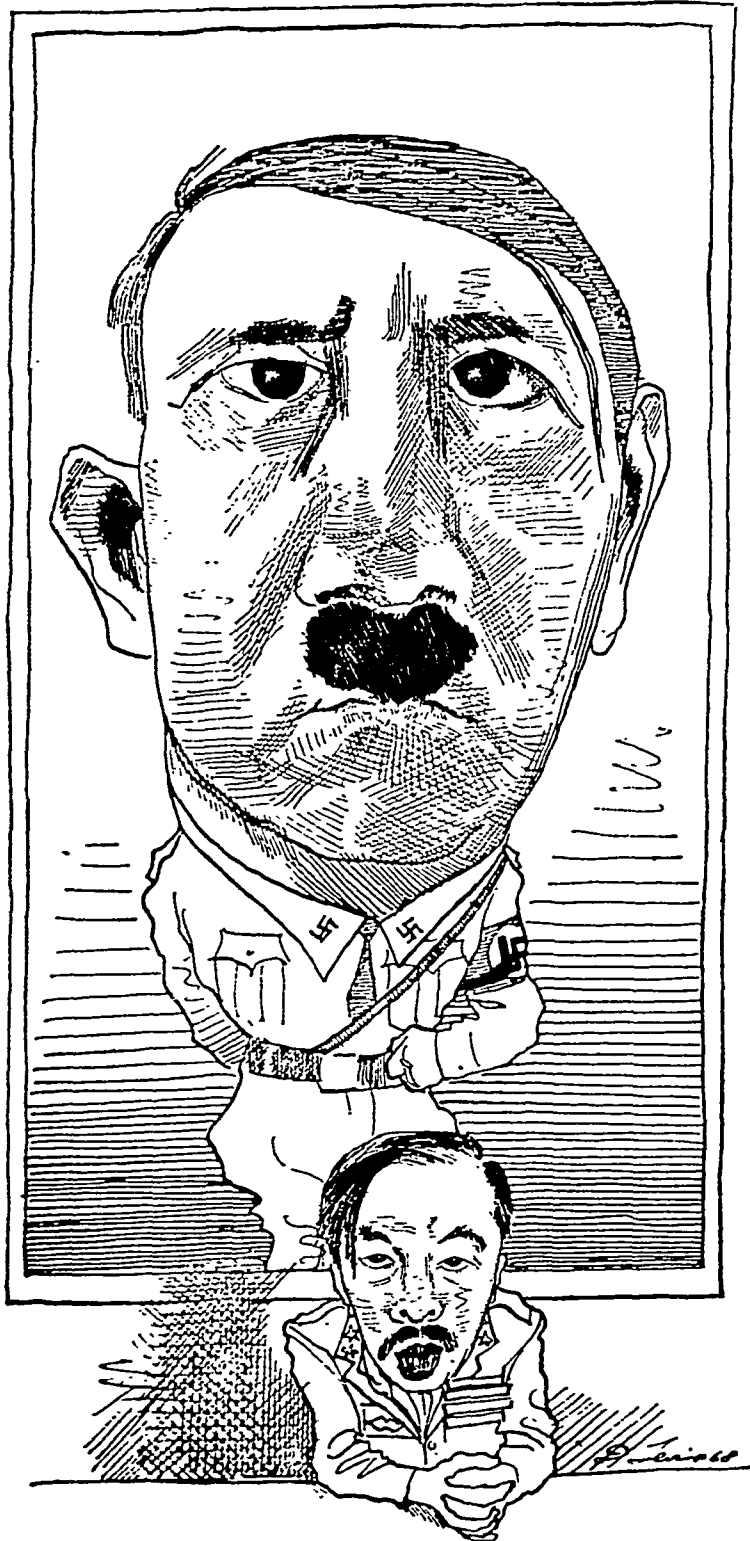
The meanings of paintings and sculpture, then, lie where your mind's eye wanders. A work is evaluated by the relations, the suggestions, the enigmas its colors and forms possess. It defines, implies, radiates space.

John David Murray's award-winning environmental neon sculpture is a good case in point, for it dispels the atmosphere of "gallery." Large blocks with neon figures on one plane are arranged to occupy an entire darkened room, and the neon blinks in a

(Continued on page 37)



WAGING PEACE:



IN THE BEGINNING — was an Administration slogan. In his 1968 State of the Union address President Johnson warned the American people that “it is not so much our power as our will and character that are being tested” in Vietnam. Though the surprising force of the Viet Cong winter-spring offensive which opened a few days after the President spoke proved that our power, or at any rate, the competence of our generals is being severely tested too, Mr. Johnson is quite right in diagnosing the basis of his Vietnam policy to be the popular will to continue the war, or, more accurately, home-front morale.

What is the state of home-front morale? According to spokesmen for the peace movement, many Americans oppose the war for a variety of reasons: it’s immoral, they say, or unconstitutional or illegal or inhumane or unwise politically or just plain stupid. Prominent politicians such as Robert Kennedy, J. William Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy have denounced the war; indeed, the Senator from New York has even shown the courage to “seek a new world” by telling the American people the truth — “military victory is not in sight and probably will never come.” Hundreds of thousands of demonstrators have marched in protest in Washington, New York, Berkeley, and even in South Bend. And what is the state of home-front morale? According to a recent nationwide public opinion poll, 61% of the American people favor further escalation of the war.

The obvious challenge to the peace movement is to hit on a way to effect the findings of the public opinion polls. In this crucial election year both the President and his opponent(s) will be forced to listen to the people or, at any rate, to their spokesmen and interpreters. The object of those who oppose the war in Vietnam

A Modest Proposal

by H. J. Dove

must, therefore, be a weakening of "escalation sentiment," or to put it more bluntly, to break the will of the American people to continue the war. When 61% of the those polled by the Harris and Roper organizations say they've had enough of escalation, the politicians have no option but to respond in a "dovish" fashion.

America's will — or more precisely, that of the crucial 22% who have to change their position on escalation — is not going to be weakened by love, prayers, failure to pay taxes, reading Che and Debray, and dropping acid. Waging peace means political action, and, as Mao says, "politics is war without bloodshed."

In a wartime situation, propaganda and ideology, words and action, are inextricably intertwined. At times it becomes almost impossible to separate propaganda from principles, persuasion from coercion. When one looks at Johnsonian propaganda, one can see how American diplomacy, military action and propaganda are all merged under the driving force of the ideology of anticommunism. Take, for example, "Why Vietnam?" an official Defense Department film originally made to be shown to all civilian and military personnel going to Vietnam. The White House is so pleased with it that now the film is being distributed to the general public with showings of junior and senior high schools, at clubs, organizations and churches, and on television.

The official propaganda film itself begins with President Johnson at a press conference. We see him reading from a letter sent him by the mother of a boy killed in Vietnam. Johnson speaks with all the sympathy and compassion his voice can muster. Is this death in vain? Is this mother's loss without meaning? "Why?" we are asked, "Why Vietnam?" The scene suddenly switches to Germany;

the screen is full of marching Nazis. Hitler is lusting after Czechoslovakia, and Europe turns panderer. We see Chamberlain speak of "peace in our time." No, it is clear the lesson must be learned — strength and war against aggressors before it's too late. Vietnam, we are told, is such a case: clear and simple aggression from North Vietnam. There shall be no appeasement this time. Johnson is heard again, resolute: "Aggression unchallenged is aggression unleashed."

Next the film outlines the U.S. involvement in Vietnam, starting with the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu and the Geneva Accord of 1954. The country is split in two and hundreds of thousands flee to the south. But in the South tranquility reigns. We see new homes being built, peasant-owned land being tilled and planted, and a particularly moving shot of people voting. We are told that here is Democracy and Peace. Peace with Freedom. But the North covets the resources of the South "to feed its war machine" for the conquest of Southeast Asia. It sends in saboteurs and guerillas. In 1961 the South asks for help, which America sends. But the North pours in more men, America must do the same. The U.S. offers to negotiate, but the North answers by bombing our embassy; gore-spattered Americans stagger across the screen. Again we ask to negotiate; nothing doing. The camera pans row on row of flag-draped coffins. Conclusion: America must fight harder. Why Vietnam? Because three American Presidents have committed the U.S. to South Vietnam. We cannot dishonor our commitments and leave South Vietnam to the murder and terror that would surely follow if we withdrew now.

"Why Vietnam?" is so full of inaccuracies and misstatements of every kind, its use of evidence so

obviously selective, its combination of half-truth with half-truth to produce total error so apparent, that to the informed viewer the official interpretation of history it offers accordingly carries no conviction whatsoever. But among the uninformed majority of the American people the total impact of this kind of propaganda is creating a picture of the Vietnamese reality shaped according to the needs of the Administration. Constant repetition of the themes displayed herein on the mass media has dinned this picture incessantly into the American people.

One must necessarily turn to *Mein Kampf* for the basic theory of this propaganda. Hitler, like Johnson, knew that there is no point in trying to influence the intellectuals; propaganda must always address itself, he argued, to the politically uneducated mass public. It has to concentrate on as few points as possible, it has to hammer them home repeatedly, it has to present them in terms of black and white. "What we mean by 'public opinion,'" he wrote, "depends only to the smallest extent on the individual's own experiences or knowledge, and largely on an image, frequently created by a penetrating and persistent sort of so-called 'enlightenment.'" Goebbels, the Nazi propaganda chief, is said to have remarked, "Our propaganda is primitive because the people think primitively." More recently, Charles DeGaulle has remarked of LBJ, "He doesn't even take the trouble to pretend he's thinking. Roosevelt and Kennedy were masks over the real face of America. Johnson is the very portrait of America. He reveals the country to us as it is, rough and raw" — and, he might have added, primitive.

In wartime there is no such thing as spontaneous public opinion. During
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THE PERIL OF POSITIVE THINKING

Reversing the old chestnut that "nice guys finish last," Theresie Ambrusko presented a far more diplomatic political front in her Student Government President effort than did Suzanne Smither. And that's probably what won her her excruciating (541 to 136) victory. Miss Smither, whose campaign centered around the gut shot "You're only going to be here during the most important four years of your life. What do you care?" was heavily influenced by those who had taken part in Notre Dame politics and the masculine hell-bent-for-leather orientation did her no good at all.

Miss Ambrusko appealed to a deep-seated feeling in the student body that the tremendous advances that had been made by Student Government this year had been made at the cost of student involvement. Capitalizing on this, she soothingly claimed, "Students here are not apathetic," at Monday's open forum. "They're just not interested." Building on this distinction (one not readily grasped by

lies in the fact that both Ambrusko and Stroebel were firmly committed to a "more contact with the masses" approach and this superseded all practical considerations.

REVOLUTION

Kathy Bergen, one of the two candidates for Secretary of the Student Government, devoted her speech at Wednesday's convocation to revolutions. "To everything turn, turn, turn, there is a season, turn, turn, turn," began Miss Bergen's speech. The speech was so busy turning that there was no part of it which did not suffer from dizziness. When she finally got to "a time to break down," the audience was about ready to. It is a shame that three minutes of oratorical rotation were allowed to obscure a record in the Student Senate which was marked by an effective representation of her constituents and an openness to their ideas.

The winner of the secretariat was Barbie Curtin, who proposed to improve communications in the student body by the establishment of a communications board composed of floor representatives, a system that had been tried and proven effective by this year's sophomore class.

Saint Mary's Election: The Wonderful World of Female Politics

by Joel Garreau and Tom Payne

some) she defined the role of the president as that of an "involving agent"—one whose major purpose is to inform, interest and ingest the students directly into the governmental process.

Miss Smither's sometimes highly original (as applied to S.M.C.) ideas (such as a College Student Union and a General Assembly of Students on the Student Statement of Rights that is now being hammered out) were not able to offset the effect of her blunt approach, her unfortunate lack of public-speaking ability and her tendency to rely heavily on the hope that her intellectual appeal would carry her beyond the small considerations that, after all, political races are usually based on.

PRACTICALITY ASIDE . . .

The strange meanderings of the female mind were one of the major factors for Sally Stroebel's 426 to 249 victory over Mary Kennedy in the vice-presidential race.

Now hold on, because this gets complicated. This was the first year that presidential and vice-presidential candidates ran together on a ticket. However, the vote could be split between one ticket's president and the other's vice-president.

Sally Stroebel ran with the victorious Theresie Ambrusko. However, on the major issue of her campaign, she largely differed with her running mate.

This issue was the way in which the student body was to be represented in the campus legislature. Miss Stroebel was for the present method of representation by class, not by hall. Miss Kennedy, her opponent, felt that this should be changed, arguing that hall autonomy (for the vast number of residence halls at S.M.C.—three) must be pursued, and that rearranging the lines of communication thusly would be the way to do it.

SGP-elect Ambrusko agreed with Miss Kennedy, not her running mate. Nevertheless, the two on the same ticket were elected.

One can only hope that the resolution of this paradox

POTENTIAL PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

The sole candidate for Student Government Treasurer was Marcia Eliff, a sophomore. Attractive in her stark orange dress Wednesday, she projected an image of brutal efficiency. Finances at St. Mary's will be well handled next year, but it is unlikely that Miss Eliff will become a faceless bureaucrat. As one observer put it, "Marcia will control the finances, but she will also be representing the students and representing herself to the students. Marcia is presidential timber; she will probably run next year." However, along with Miss Eliff, three other sophomores were elected to office: Ann Heisler, Development Commissioner; Janie Blanchard, Social Commissioner; and Barbie Curtin, Secretary. Assuming that all of these are potential presidential candidates, next year's race is likely to be the most active in history.

USING THE N.S.A.

Eschewing the reverence that her opponent held for the National Student Association, Carolyn Gatz, a freshman running for N.S.A. Coordinator, (the only elected position open to freshmen) swept past K. T. Cannon, a veteran of N. S. A.'s 1967 summer convention, 438 to 245.

The difference between the two candidates was more one of emphasis than platform proposals. Miss Gatz's victory, many felt, would insure the St. Mary's N. S. A. contingent being primarily concerned with the problems of the College rather than the problems of the world.

Another factor in her election was that some of the vote was divided strictly along class lines. Many upper-classmen felt that a junior like Miss Cannon should represent the College in the halls of the mighty rather than a freshman. On the other hand, the freshmen (over 40 percent of this year's entering class had been involved in student government in high school) felt it important that the one post offered to them in the election be taken by one of their number.

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ENRICO IV:

TARNISHED MASK

WITH

DIAMONDS

by Forrest Hainline

I don't say this . . . exaltation was just an act. Not at all. He was often genuinely exalted. But I could swear, Doctor: he was looking at himself, looking at his own exaltation. And I believe the same is true of every move he made, however spontaneous; he saw it. (Baron Tito Belcredi)

THUS Pirandello prepares us for the appearance of a character who, though mad, retains the presence of mind to view himself as closely—nay, more closely—than he is viewed by others. It is central to *Enrico IV* that Henry understand he is playing the role he has assigned himself. We learn that every character exists in some fine conception of himself “as in a shell or a suit of armor.” Henry, the “madman” is more “sane” than the others because he alone possesses the lucidity of insight into his mask:

I am cured, gentlemen, for I *know* I'm playing the madman, I do it quite calmly.—Woe betide you if you live madness unquietly, without knowing it, without seeing it.

It is essential that the actor playing Henry portray this dualism of madness and detached observance effectively. This is of course an extremely difficult task for any actor, a near impossibility for a man with no previous stage experience. Chuck Perrin, however, under the direction of Mr. Fred Syburg, in his first acting performance, admirably fulfills Pirandello's harsh demands.

Mr. Syburg took a large gamble casting Perrin as Henry, for *Enrico IV*, both in form and content, is a drama of one man. The other characters, like the audience, are spectators, their actions confined to futile attempts to either enter Henry's world or alter it to their own designs. Both the strengths and weaknesses of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre production are primarily Perrin's; regardless of the good or poor per-

formances of the other actors, one's final and lasting impression has been formed by him.

The weakest part of the drama is the first act. It begins poorly with the conversation between the four supposed councillors of Henry. This is an important scene, introducing the thematic concern of real vs. supposed identity, yet this concern is lost as the actors, especially Don Dilg as Landolfo, forsake exposition in an annoying attempt to convince the audience of their own importance. With the appearance of Judith Muench (Countess Matilda), Maureen Coyne (Frida), and most noticeably James Bodary (the Doctor) and Richard-Raymond Alasko (Baron Belcredi) we are given suggestions of exciting drama and they effectively arouse our expectation of Henry. It is Henry's scene which we have awaited, and it is this scene which threatens to undermine the entire performance. In Act II Henry makes a statement which escapes Pirandello and serves as an ironic comment on this production's beginning: “. . . everybody finds it convenient to believe certain people mad—as an excuse for keeping them locked up. You know why? Because they can't bear to hear what they say.” At the end of the first act one no longer wishes to hear what Perrin has to say. Pirandello is admittedly a “talky” playwright and through a combination of very static blocking and Perrin's voice, which varies no more than half an octave, we are talked, or whined, into an almost insufferable boredom.

If the playgoer has withheld judgment and returns from the intermission sympathetically, he will find to his delight not only exciting theater, but flashes of brilliance. Bodary and Alasko exhibit fine command of their parts as they plan to “cure” Henry of his madness. Bodary's performance assures us that the Doctor is affecting a role as false as Henry's, and

Alasko's portrayal of the Baron introduces the subtle suggestion of insight quite consistent with the ending where he alone seems to intuit the true state of Henry's mind. When Perrin appears once more he uses his voice well, playing with it as he would his guitar through very long and difficult speeches. As the action increasingly becomes a monodrama, the other players, now truly spectators, react with surprise and discomfort in such a way as not to steal the focus from Perrin while lending credibility to the scene as a whole. This is a troublesome effect to achieve well and it evidences careful and intelligent directing from Mr. Syburg. The power of the scene is such that when Henry tells his councillors: “I order you all to kneel before me! That's it! Now touch the floor three times with your foreheads! Down! That's how everyone should be before madmen!” the audience can only affirm



the councillors' obeisance. From this point onward Perrin has full control of the stage and he establishes beyond question Henry's control both of the other characters and himself. The audience too is enchanted by Henry's power: as Act II ends with Henry issuing proclamations as king, we can no longer judge whether he is mad; we can only watch his actions knowing that even the most frantic are controlled and deliberate. Like all the intruders into Henry's world, all our impressions and definitions have been taken from us and are now ordered
(Continued on page 38)

The personal style of the president of Webster College, Miss Jacqueline Grennan, is disturbingly like that of one of her acknowledged heroes, Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh. The unconscious name dropping, the fantastic memory for names and people, the out-going-ness, the large scale of her ideas, the style of public speaking — all seems familiar. Like Father Hesburgh in the 1950's, she is presently at the vanguard of thought about where "Catholic" higher education should be heading. Until a few years ago, she was, as she puts it, as "all alone" in her beliefs as was Father Hesburgh when he was fighting against the parochialism of Catholic colleges, and fighting for academic excellence. However, her ideas are now being widely discussed. Some of her positions, like the actual secularity of most Catholic colleges that are, in fact, public corporations, not the private domain of religious congregations, have gained wide acceptance. The following are some of the ideas she presented last week, edited by Contributing Editor Joel Garreau.

Have the Sisters of Loretto remained committed to and involved in Webster College? Yes. A full compliment of teaching sisters are still there with full appointments and full salaries.

Is there any contract guaranteeing their group representation over the years? The answer is no. And I can see no way so that we can really mean what we mean about professional appointments and having the right to recruit sisters and to hold them to academic appointments and still ask the Order to guarantee a block input (of teaching nuns).

Are we interested in further pluralizing the student body? Again, the answer is yes.

Fundamentally, then, if to be more than Catholic is to cease to be Catholic, we are no longer Catholic. If to be more than Christian is to cease to be Christian, then we are no longer Christian. But such a syllogism would imply that Catholicism must be parochial in its very

JACQUELINE GRENNAN:

The Difference Now

ON THE MEANING OF CATHOLIC COLLEGES

—When asked if we (Webster College) are Catholic, we must ask the questioner how he uses the term before we can answer.

Are we subject to any effective control by the juridical Church? No.

Is religious affiliation or membership in a religious community a condition for any administrative or faculty appointment or board membership? No.

Is the teaching of theology or any other discipline limited to positions consonant with the teaching magisterium of the Church? No.

Do any curricular or extra-curricular requirements apply specifically to Catholics? No. And we took that step five years ago (five years ago Webster College made theology an elective) and I've been asking ever since if anybody has the right to violate your conscience and to ask you to declare at any moment whether you are a Roman Catholic and force you to take religion because you are. Five years ago Webster College had no theology majors, and today five years after the requirement has been lifted, we have almost 30 majors in theology in the junior and senior classes.

Are services other than Roman Catholic permitted even supported on campus. Even inspite of alumnae protest, the answer will be yes!

structure, that it is incapable of informing wider, greater structures and being informed by them.

I would like to predict that the academic freedom battle in the year 2000 may be fought in M.I.T. or Cal Tech, if theology, the free pursuit of ultimate questions, is not at that time given full status in their academic curriculum.

ON THE "NEW" CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

—The avowed public position of St. Louis University and Notre Dame . . . is that (of being) legally secular, avowedly free of any hierarchical control over property or administrative process. (Webster College differs from the two) over the continuing and provocative discussion centering around the . . . question: Might not a dynamically Catholic institution be catholic with a small "c", in the original sense of universal, truly and avowedly ecumenical, rather than consciously denominational.

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEBSTER COLLEGE

—The college shall encourage a spirit of free inquiry in both secular and sacro-secular concerns, utilizing the insights of persons from all the fields of knowledge and

from all faiths, thereby enabling the college to be ecumenical and still spiritually develop individuals able to make significant contributions in a dynamic conquest of society.

ON STUDENT LIFE

—The dormitory situation was a creature of a culture that is gone. The dormitory situation was a creature of the residential community in the university system and I don't mean just the Roman Catholic ones but I mean universities everywhere—when universities were frankly authorities. I maintain that the college or university is the only element left in our society that gives a vestage of the old company town, monestary or plantation system. (The situation fosters) a very hard system in which every decision in your life in some very important way went back to the simple authority called the town manager, the abbot, or the plantation owner. Now, if the society in regard to the universities in our highly permissive age—if it continues to own the town, if it continues to exercise all the responsibility for you as citizens, I am convinced that we have really new wine in old wine skins that are going to break at every point. The real problem is not what the university has to say about parietal hours, in my estimation, the problem is that we own the dormitories at all. If I could find a way at Webster College that no students lived under my company management, I would do it tomorrow.

ON STUDENT POWER

—A student power group, like the Black Power movement, has a student curriculum committee, and a student housing committee, (and the like). That may be a valid model, but I personally don't think it's as powerful as sitting on central committees, being sure that their voices are heard, and their votes count on the committee. I don't think it should be co-equal representation among the students and the faculty (at Webster College). For instance, on a housing committee, on a residence life committee, there are probably seven students and one or two faculty (members), but on a salary and fringe benefits for the faculty committee, the ratio would be the other way around. But there are no committees on which the students do not sit.

ON SECRET DEFENSE CONTRACTS

—I don't believe in secret (defense) contracts for universities. I think funding policy must be clear (of this sort of governmental association) if the university is to remain free, and I think that's what the university must be—it must be free.

ON VIETNAM

—I am not an expert in Vietnam policy, but I have moved to a . . . position where I will . . . in my own way on every occasion where it is appropriate for me to do so . . . do anything in my power to work for a candidate who takes us out of that moral decaying problem.

ON NOTRE DAME MEN

—If anyone can ever free these wonderful Notre Dame alumni—and they're some of the greatest people around—if they can ever free them from this kind of sentimental



attachment to the nuns—and the lady on the pinnacle (of the Dome)—that would never change anything in the Church—if anyone could ever free them from that—and if we could give back to them some of the real greatness of Notre Dame—and whether you know it or not, I am an alumna of Notre Dame, and I care a great deal about this institution . . .

You've got the power to really lead the way because if Notre Dame men begin more and more to identify with the real social positions of the Church, instead of with white supremacy, if Notre Dame men begin more and more to identify with the deepest compassion of the Christ for mothers (on welfare) and prostitutes and helpless children instead of moralistic bootstrap kind of rot—if Notre Dame men can lead this kind of revolution, the impact would be incredible. And so if this generation can identify and make a difference with some of the older generation instead of getting kicks out of calling them names—then I think it would make a real difference!

ON REV. THEODORE M. HESBURGH

—You all don't realize what Father Ted Hesburgh did for this institution. That he led the way when nobody else was there. He was one of my early heroes when I read what he said that the Catholic university ought to be a beacon and a bridge, and not a ghetto in our society. And he was the only one saying it, and he was battered for it. And the only difference now is that now we should be not only a beacon and a bridge, but that we should recognize all the other bridges, and all the other beacons. . . . But, you know, a man who has fought all those battles is bound to be a little gunshy. And I hope you have a little compassion for him too.



THE mental pressures of academic life have accelerated along with the mounting tensions of modern society. In the past, the only answers available to students with personal hang-ups were those gained through vocational guidance tests or friendly advice. This situation was alleviated somewhat with the establishment of the University Counseling Center, under the direction of Fr. Simons. The greatest step, however, in coping with student mental problems has been in the recent organizing of a professional psychological clinic on campus. Under the direction of Fr. Ralph Dunn, the Psychological Services Center offers students the assistance of qualified psychiatrists, at rates sharply scaled down from the average professional "going prices."

The creation of the Center was first prompted by the recommendations of Dr. Frank Braceland, who, in 1966, was invited by Fr. Hesburgh to visit the campus. A Yale professor, Dr. Braceland was both the editor of the *America Journal of Psychiatry* and a senior consultant to the Institute of Living, in Hartford, Conn. As a result of his survey of Notre Dame, he made recommendations for maintaining what he considered "a basically high level of student mental health." In the light of Dr. Braceland's study, the University then decided to establish a qualified psychological agency for students needing help. The organized clinic, as such, started operating last semester, and the student response since then has, according to Fr. Dunn, been "good to overwhelming."

In discussing Dr. Braceland's report further, Fr. Dunn pointed out two highlighted danger points mentioned in the recommendation: "certain social needs of the campus itself, and specific cases of student hang-ups caused by depression and anxiety." When asked about the environmental conditions, Fr. Dunn replied, "The

Clearing Up Inner Conflicts

by bob search

fact that Notre Dame is an all male campus does contribute to mental anxieties." However, he also brought up another environmental "defect," the fact that there is "no stimulating support of culture on campus." In this respect, there is a glaring need for informal coffeehouses, or "places with an Old Town flavor." Concerning the second point of the study, Father stated that, "people are usually troubled by specific systems, and their main concern is usually with having these systems removed." To accomplish this removal, the psychiatrist employs a threefold approach. "We try to help the student to see a solution himself, to suggest ways of adapting to his problem, and to stop him from *worrying* about his problem."

Although individual cases have varied widely, Fr. Dunn saw certain trends in the mental symptoms, and reaffirmed the opinion that, "many students seem not to have learned, from adolescence, the mechanics of relating to people." The main object of therapy, as such, is to make the individual learn that he is an "acceptable" human being. In this respect, however, being meaningful is almost as important as being acceptable; "One of the most difficult problems we have had to deal with is the attitude, that 'nothing means anything.' It is very hard to reach the person who

has lost all sense of values."

The services of the Center are categorized under the twin headings of psychological evaluation and psychotherapy. The evaluation is in the form of an "Intake Procedure," which involves completing a personal data sheet, taking some psychological tests, and having a diagnostic interview. The purpose of this intake is "to evaluate the student's present level of functioning and his state of emotional adjustment." About two-thirds of those going to the Center have gone through this process. The main form of treatment, however, is individual psychotherapy, and, in this sense, the Center functions like an outpatient clinic. Approximately half of the students using the Center have actually been admitted into this psychotherapy. Out of the 150 who used the Center in the first months of its existence, there are now about 30 students still in actual treatment. In order to maintain what Dr. Arens referred to be a "strict sense of confidentiality," all recorded evidence of therapy is closed to anyone outside the clinic, and is eventually destroyed.

The service fees involved (\$5 for intake procedure, and about \$7.50 per therapy hour) are mainly for operating costs and amount of time consumed in interviews. Although these fees may seem exorbitant to the average student, they are less than one-third of the average prices for psychotherapy. Because of the staff size and student response, the Psychological Services Center has not been able to extend itself, in any great degree, into University life. However, there are plans for expansion, and these include a program to evaluate Seminary candidates and consultation services to student groups. To Fr. Dunn, though, the main task is still to help students, "so that they may discover the riches of their own personal endowment." ■

sidelines

THE THUMPER GAME

If you walk into the fieldhouse late in the afternoon, as you go in the main door you notice a steady thumping overhead. Then out of the shadows appears a sign — **BASEBALL PRACTICE DAILY, WORK OUT AT YOUR OWN RISK.** If you're lucky enough to dodge a hail of baseballs, you dash up the steps to the balcony. You look up at the head of the stairs and behold another sign seemingly scrawled in blood confronts you — **NO VISITORS IN BOXING ROOM.** You gulp a bit, turn the corner, and walk up what seems to be a gangplank towards the room where all the funny thumping is coming from. A gray-haired man in a black muscle shirt with his arms folded stands in the door frame. You feel like joking and telling him he looks like Mr. Clean. But then you figure you'd better act cool and tough or tell him you're Rocky Marciano or something. Anyway, you tell him you're a reporter and he says, "O.K., you can come in."

You strut through the doorway, trying to act cool all the time, so that nobody'll notice you're not a boxer. The man in the muscle shirt smiles and you relax a bit. You discover that the thumping was about sixty guys all dressed in green doing jumping jacks. The man tells you he's Nappy and the guys dressed in green are boxers. Somebody tells you they dress in green for maximum contrast with blood. But then you remember it's St. Patrick's Day on Sunday and that's why they're dressed in green. Nappy tells you about the Bengals at the end of March and how his boys have been working out since Feb. 1. He points out John McGrath, president of the boxing club, lookin' all sweaty and grimy from leading all those noisy jumping jacks. Meanwhile, all sixty of those guys in green just kept thumping away for ten minutes doing those jumping jacks. You thank Nappy for the information and walk back out. You take your time walking down the stairs and as

soon as you reach the bottom all that thumping stops. A baseball misses your nose by about an inch and you say to yourself, "maybe I'd better go to the Bengal Bouts just to see what that thumping is all about." Then, you reach the door and it starts again that darn thump, thump. . . .

THE BRAVERY IN THE FACE OF STUPIDITY AWARD

By unanimous decision of 500 rugby fans plus the SCHOLASTIC staff, this week's award goes to the fortunately anonymous Saint Mary's girl who stood unmoved (ten yards onto the playing field) as 30 ruggers thundered toward the ball which lay at her feet.

DON'T RALLY TOO NEAR THE TEAM, BOYS

Once upon a time, the Notre Dame student body was known for the enthusiastic receptions given its returning athletes after big victories. Lately, however, other schools have picked up the slack, only to discover that enthusiasm generates lawful indignation.

A case in point is last month's "reception committee" for the South Carolina Basketbatters at the Columbia airport. What may have been the largest pep rally in the school's history, a midnight celebration at the airport following the Gamecocks' upset over archrival North Carolina, was broken up by airport police using team gas. The 3,000 students who were at the airport included both the school band and the University's female students (who had their curfews lifted so that they could join in the celebration.) As usually happens in these cases, all of the police chiefs denied any authorization of the action. The police sergeant in charge of the airport detail denied that his men used tear gas, and the head of the security guards employed by the airport said that any one who used it had used his own personal judgment. Gulf of Tonkin revisited?



A TEAM FOR ALL SEASONS

by Ray Serafin

Now wouldn't you think that a collegiate athletic club would satisfy itself with playing in the fall and spring? Anyway, who (besides the hockey people) would even want to engage in any outdoor sport during a South Bend winter? But this is March 9 at Notre Dame, a place of eternal hope (delusion?) of spring, a place in space and time where the undergrads run off on a panty raid and the rugby players put on shorts and knee socks in 45-degree weather to usher in the "spring" schedule. It seems crazy and there are about 500 seemingly crazy people out to watch.

Since both teams are wearing green jerseys, it is to the newcomer's definite advantage that Notre Dame's avid rugby following is not exactly the passive sort — these fans may not all know that the opponent is from John Carroll, but their loud and lusty appreciation of displays of ruthless green power leaves no doubt as to where the Irish are. Of course, if you're one of those rugby fans, you don't stand still and let the weather get to you; instead you wander along the sidelines and onto the field to get a better view of the action. Young ladies (rugger huggers?) stand behind the goal posts, blissfully unaware that the violence taking place twenty yards in front of them might suddenly move into the end zone they're standing in.

But you can't blame anyone for wanting a better look at the Notre Dame ruggers. The club was busy defending the unblemished (6-0) record they've been sitting on since the fall season ended. John Carroll's team, quick and boasting a good kicking game, gave a good account of itself. John Carroll, however, was Irish victim number seven.

Ball control was the key to Notre Dame's success right from the start — ball control meaning control of scrummages and line-outs. "Scrummages" vaguely resemble football's "scrimmages" except that neither team starts out with possession of the ball, and "line-outs" would suggest basketball's "jump ball" except that

there are 14 men jumping instead of two, rugby's rules not being especially designed to discourage mayhem. John Carroll lacked size in the scrummages and experience in the line-outs, where wings Lloyd Adams and Joe Walker alternately worked with Dick Carrigan for effective control.

Midway through the half, John Carroll finally cracked under the pressure. The Irish won a scrummage which started five yards from the goal line, and Pat Keenan carried the ball, along with a defender who vainly tried to wrest it from him, into the end zone for the game's first try.

The conversion attempt missed so the score stood at 3-0 and, as is often the case, one score was all the Irish really needed. The lone tally also proved to be the only one the Irish could push across for a long stretch as the cold weather appeared to affect ball-handling and the playing field was beginning to look, as a handicapper might say, like it was made for a "mudder."

Standing out defensively and keeping the Irish hanging on were captain Tommy Gibbs, as sure a tackler as any football coach could hope for,

and Brian Murphy, the finest player around at his position of hooker, who made perhaps the standout defensive play of the game. When a John Carroll back broke away for sizable yardage and threatened to go all the way, Murphy caught him from behind and not-too-politely floored him with a necktie tackle.

Late in the game Murphy, whose all-out drive typifies perfectly the gung-ho rugby spirit, finally put the Irish on the scoreboard again. Scooping up a loose ball, he squeezed into the end zone with the try that effectively clinched the win. Despite an extreme angle and a strong crosswind, Ken Collins' conversion attempt split the uprights perfectly. The 8-0 score stood the rest of the way, and the ruggers went off to do some well-deserved celebrating.

The game was perhaps not as high scoring as some fans would have hoped, but the Irish moderator, Prof. Featherstone, called it "this team's best effort." If anyone could tell, it should have been Prof. Featherstone, who had a better vantage point from which to view the game than anyone else — due to a shortage of rugby officials in the South Bend area he was drafted to be one of the referees (a representative from John Carroll was the other.)

Never known as a pessimist, Featherstone didn't flinch at predicting a possible undefeated season for the ruggers. The team's toughest game (excluding possibly the games in Ireland) will be on April 6 in Berkeley against California — a team featuring several players from Australia and New Zealand. The game would be a cinch for the Irish, if only someone would convince the sunshine Cal boys to play it on a South Bend March day. ■



I DIDN'T KNOW the scores. I only knew Murph had to silence Portman, and Whit and Arnie had to get their hands on the ball everytime we came down the floor. A turnover this late in the game would be disastrous. Through a thin haze of smoke, three minutes remained on the clock — three minutes, and an old era would give way to a new. I passed the ball to Derrig, cut down the lane, and drifted to the far corner. Creighton, and everyone else in the barn, knew that Arnzen or Whitmore would get the call for the crucial basket. Somehow, I was so open that the ball found its way to me, and I canned it.

With the clock hurrying to the 2-minute mark, we managed to gain control on a jump ball. As we started up the floor, fate called me to retrace my exact footsteps down the key. With 1:45 remaining, I was the most surprised player in the place, with the possible exception of the old cynic, McAllister, to see the ball on the floor, under the basket, following me. I couldn't, try as I might, shoo it towards Whit. I was stuck with it. Fate had written the script for the last act, the ball was stuck fast to my hands, and I prayed it, hoped it,

at a major university. "Guards are born, not made — you don't make good college guards out of great prep centers." Maybe he is right. All I know is I've been introduced before 40 or more Irish games and each and every time, I've walked to the foul line flanked by a center and two forwards. This year I've waltzed in and out of the starting unit but even when I was starting regularly, I never won or was directly instrumental in winning a big game for the Irish. For these reasons, it was the greatest thrill of my life.

The 1967-68 Irish basketball team is not a great one, though no one could argue that we have two of the best players in the land in Captain Bob Arnzen, and pivotman Bob Whitmore. Unselfishness has been a key factor in this year's success. The unselfishness of Bob Arnzen at Creighton, for example, when he took only three shots the entire night and continually fed Whit for easy inside baskets. The unselfishness of Bob Whitmore at Air Force when he decoyed away from Arnzen to let him have a better shot at the hoop. This is not to belittle the same unselfishness that every member of the team

for Notre Dame, for assuredly, in the future, we will choose to ride the shoulders of blue chippers like Arnzen, Whitmore, and Carr, into the most prestigious of tournaments, the NCAA.

It has been my wish to give an accurate account of events that have occurred the last four years. Somehow, this will not always be the case. Like Mark Twain, I feel that I can now remember both the things that have happened and the things that have not. But after I've left Notre Dame for a number of years, my memory will undoubtedly falter and I'll only remember things that never happened. If thirty years from now, you happen to be passing through a quiet, Southern town and overhear a black-eyed, freckled-faced kid of

Hustler From Dixie

'The Last Hurrah'

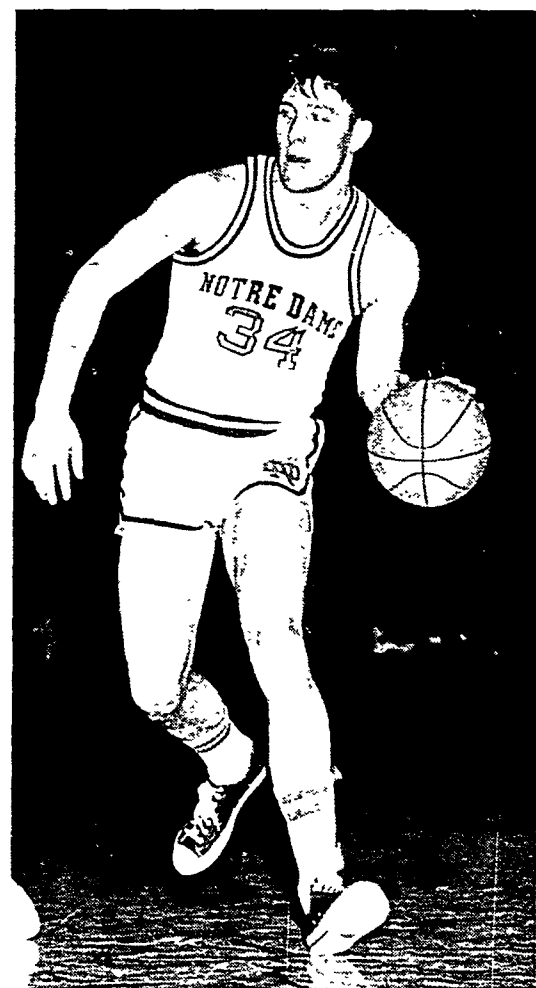
and somehow guided it through the cords. And all that came to me for untold hours after the smoke had cleared and the bleachers had been carted away, was, Why? Why me?

It was the finale: the end of a successful season, my last game at Notre Dame, and the close of a glorious era in the the old Fieldhouse. We simply could not drop the last one. We could not disappoint a capacity crowd, and more than 50 proud, Irish b-ballers who had returned for a final nostalgic introduction and hurrah. With a NIT bid safely tucked away somewhere, we just could not lose to a mediocre Blue Jay team that had lost 17 consecutive games on the road. We couldn't lose — but we almost did.

The game had been filed away in the record books, only the memory lingers on. The question still haunts me. Why should I score the last two buckets, in the final game in the old Fieldhouse, in my last appearance at Notre Dame? Four years ago, Bill Gardner, then the basketball coach at Loyola of New Orleans, told me frankly that I would never play guard

has displayed all year. But it is rare to have two blue chippers like Arnie and Whit who will feed each other, who will sacrifice themselves for the good of the team. With a man like Coach Dee working unselfishly to bring Notre Dame to the pinnacle of the basketball world, and men about him like Coach Sullivan and Father Brennan — success cannot be far behind. It is with this feeling that the Irish enter the NIT.

Army will test everything the Irish have tomorrow night. At 20-4, they have the stingiest defense in the land, giving up only 57 points per game. They have two excellent players in Shutsky, a good scorer and excellent defensive player, and Hunt, a tough boardman and high-percentage scorer. But we can be assured that Bradley, Dayton, Kansas, Duke, Oklahoma City, and a number of smaller East Coast powers, will pack their bags for the entire 8-day stay. With such a strong field represented, the Irish will have to play top-notch basketball to win. At any rate, this will probably be the first and only NIT appearance



ten bragging about his grandpa — how he scored forty points against Army in the opening round of the NIT, how he sank a one and one with but a second remaining for a thrilling three overtime victory over Bradley, and how he scored the winning bucket against Kansas on a drop kick from half-court to cinch the NIT championship — if, again I say, I say, you happen to overhear this proud, unsuspecting child speaking of his grandad, kindly pass it off as the foolish blubbery of a nostalgic, old man. If you dare to follow the boy to my doorstep, I may concede you a mint julep, but I won't deny a single word he said. ■

Voice in the Crowd

The winter sports schedule is virtually completed, and of the six major sports, only the swimmers had a losing season (5-6). "Major" here includes the five varsity sports plus hockey, which is well on the way to fulltime status. The overall record stands at 62-23, the finest showing by winter sports in years. Here's how the '68 figures compare with past records: 1967, 53-29; 1966, 42-50; 1965, 43-40; 1964, 44-29; 1963, 45-24. Fencing's 18-1 leads the parade, of course, but that mark does not add significantly to the improvement over previous years. Fencing's record has been 18-1, 18-0, 17-4, 15-2, 15-2, 14-2. The big jumps came in basketball and hockey. Johnny Dee's record has gone successively from 5-21 to 14-14 to the current 18-8. Hockey has improved dramatically from the 1-9 record of the 1964 neophytes to this season's 13-3. Perhaps the biggest surprise, though, was the wrestlers 6-4. In recent years they could be counted on to turn in a consistently mediocre record, including losses to any really good team on the schedule. This year's team not only broke the tradition of three straight losing years, but succeeded in beating a respectable opponent when Wheaton fell, 20-9. Anyone who has seen the NCAA wrestling championships however, knows Notre Dame is a long way from big time competitiveness. Wrestling *could* be more than the time filler it has always been. At Michigan State, Michigan, Iowa State, Oklahoma, and Oklahoma State, to name just a few nearby schools, wrestling outdraws every other winter sport. What is keeping Notre Dame from having a parallel to the Michigan-MSU brawl, where Michigan's two time Big Ten heavyweight champ, Dave Porter, was not only beaten but pinned by MSU's psyched-up Jeff Smith? Can you imagine a meeting between Smith, a football guard for the Spartans, and, say McKoy? But it won't happen here (thank God. MSU would liquidate recent ND teams) until somebody either realizes wrestling's vast potential or decides to relegate the sport to club or intramural levels.

* * *

You probably couldn't prove it here, but we are really not trying to replace the legend of Knute Rockne with fencing tales. It's just that this year's developments look like a Hollywood brainstorm. Everything should have been over two weeks ago, when Wisconsin snapped the 31 meet streak. But if you can't be undefeated, there's nothing like taking a crack at somebody else who can be. Tomorrow afternoon will see the last varsity event in the fieldhouse, and maybe the Michigan *Daily* ought to investigate because the situation is almost too good to be true. First there's Notre Dame, having one of its more average seasons at 18-1. Ho-hum, nice to close the fieldhouse on a smashing victory. But it's about this other team, Wayne State, which has gone through 14 consecutive opponents in an unbeaten year and needs only this meet to achieve the ideal. The Tartars have an All-American in Andy Haliw, and a foilman named Parshall who is 33-2 in dual meets. That should make WSU the favorites, no? Except that both of them lost to Notre Dame fencers in last week's Great Lakes Tourney. The line here is pick-em, and if it weren't for Army and the NIT, we'd suggest you go see for yourself. Even a stopover during halftime would do a world of psychological good for the team.

* * *

Spring training, so to speak, has arrived, and Notre Dame's baseball team better loosen up now because the customary junket to the South has been cancelled. Nobody seems to know why, but this year the team goes no farther south than Cincinnati. All this would seem to prove a conspiracy, since you'll recall that last year a very good team was denied permission to compete in the NCAA's. The word this year is that the baseballers will accept a bid offered, and so perhaps the lost southern trip will be replaced by something better. It may well be, with a strong lineup that currently reads: Licini, 1B; Kernan, 2B or Catching; Luke, 2B; Rogers, SS; Lux or Keuchenberg, 3B; Monty, Catching; Outfielders; Frank and Bill Orga, Kocmalski, Goetz. Pitching, Captain Cuggino, Arnzen, Furlong, Celmer, Phelps, and maybe the hustler from Dixie.

—MIKE MCADAMS

For The Record

FENCING: (18-1)

Notre Dame 24, Case Tech 3
Notre Dame 16, Oberlin 11
Notre Dame 21, Buffalo 6
Notre Dame 20, Syracuse 7
1st Place, Great Lakes Invitational

BASKETBALL: (18-8)

Notre Dame 72, Valpo 68

RUGBY: (1-0)

Notre Dame 8, John Carroll 0

TRACK: (2-1)

IC4A Meet, New York:

Bill Hurd, 1st place, 60 yd. dash
Ole Skarstein, 4th place, 60 yd. dash
Ed Broderick, 2nd place, high jump

WRESTLING: (6-4)*

Notre Dame 30, Chicago Circle 2
Notre Dame 20, Wheaton 9

HOCKEY: (13-3)*

Notre Dame 6, Air Force 4
Notre Dame 9, Air Force 6

SAILINGS: New Orleans Regatta

Notre Dame 2nd place (Tulane 115, ND 112) in 6-team field

* Season Completed

This Week

MARCH 16

Fencing:

Wayne State at Notre Dame,
2:00 pm

Basketball:

Notre Dame vs. Army at MSG
Hoosier Madness, All Day and Night

Track:

NCAA Meet at Detroit

Sailing:

Frosh Meet at ND

SMC Elections

(Continued from page 28)

SIMPLY TOUCHING

Sally Davis, the lone candidate for the Academic Commissioner post, prefaced her ambitious platform presentation with a touching piece which she said her sister had written her in a letter she had received that very morning. The quote held out at length about the importance of how one plays the game, as opposed to the importance of winning it. Sally's piece was very well received both by the audience at the convocation, and by the readership of *Newsweek's* sports section from which it was lifted cold.

MONOPODIAL POISE

In the race for Social Commissioner, both candidates were hindered in their running by the peculiar habit of resting one foot in their mouths. Karen Preston, whose platform criticized the long-standing orientation of the Social Commission to Notre Dame social functions, told the Open Forum on Tuesday night, "When St. Mary's girls have *their* home town honeys up, we ought to have more to offer them than cooperation with Notre Dame." Her opponent, Janie Blanchard, defended the charms of the belles by countering, "I feel that when our home town honeys come up, we *do* have more to offer them than cooperation from Notre Dame."

Miss Preston outlined her program in greater detail during the convocation held on Wednesday. Gazing into a metaphorical crystal ball, she envisioned continuing the Sadie Hawkins Dance and the Charity Ball, the girls using the facilities of the Clubhouse to cook dinners for their beaux, and a program to permit the SMC girls to enjoy the family lives of South Bend homes; she could almost see them happily frolicking with the children. Apparently the domestic scene, at least à la South Bend, did not appeal to the electorate who defeated her by a vote of 395 to 260.

Miss Blanchard, struggling to maintain her monopodial balance, said that she thought it her duty "to provide more contact possibilities with Notre Dame. We have a lot to offer Notre Dame boys." The belles all nodded their electoral assent to this proposition and elected her.

A MANDATE

Spiritual Commissioner is a post that traditionally attracts only one candidate. And this candidate usually

appeals to the student body to make a vote for her a mandate for the continued existence of the post, apparently in the hope that someday they won't. Carol Ann Denison, an attractive and capable girl who is running for the post this year feels "the Spiritual Commission will survive. The girls around here don't particularly want to do anything for themselves. They want people to do it for them."

YES, WELL . . .

In Ann Heisler's campaign for Student Development Commission she proclaimed "Diversified people can't afford to come to St. Mary's." Titters ran down the rows until finally amidst the darkness an illuminating gleam of truth broke through and one student exclaimed, "Oh! She means financially!" ■

Michiana Art

(Continued from page 25)

seemingly random cycle.

Murray's piece destroys the notion of art as decoration, or functional art. Instead, *the piece uses you*. It could have been made just to make you stand at length and attempt to find a pattern to the lights. Or it could have been made to be rearranged, or even to make you wonder how Murray's pattern (there is [or was] one) can be invulnerable to the rearrangement. Of course the work exists mainly to define areas, reveal movements, illuminate surfaces, create shadow forms and die with a beautiful flicker. But it does entrap and transform people, and that's why environmental sculpture is.

Throughout the show are similar utilizations of contemporary materials and, several attempts at attaining an additional dimension. At the other end of the spectrum are the paintings which flatten depth of field in order to emphasize form. The artist here wishes to heighten the illusion and make the experience nontactile. Removed from its surroundings, an image is more absolute.

It is unfortunate, then, that several pieces in the show also distort or confuse the proportions on the one plane. Even the award-winning "Two Sisters" loses its force from lack of spatial organization.

In spite of its flaws, the show is an afternoon well spent. After March 24, you will have nothing to do except stroll down O'Shaughnessy's Cucumber Court, hoping to see some extracurricular work. ■

Letters

(Continued from page 7)

What galls me is that the president of the Student Council is in it. And what disappoints me is that no one threw him in the lake. We had lame-brains who disregarded tradition, customs and decency in my day but there was at least a segment who let them and their crowd know they disapproved their actions.

The presence of the president of the Student Council in their mocking picture is the best argument I know against a student council.

One thing a Catholic school education meant in the past is that it taught the necessity of discipline, as well as knowledge in a mature life. The Nazis showed what knowledge alone can lead to. Has Notre Dame eliminated all discipline from its program? If not, this would be the time to show it by denouncing the *Last Supper* parody, restricting the council and ousting Mr. Murphy and the others who took part in the sacrilegious attempt at humor.

Burnett C. Bauer
Class of 1938, M.A. '44

Mr. Bauer is a member of the Indiana State House of Representatives. His home is in South Bend.—Ed.

A MASTERPIECE

EDITOR:

I was highly amused by the uninformed reactions of *lumpen Katholik* elements to your satirical cover imitating DaVinci's *Last Supper*. I for one see nothing sacred in this particular masterpiece, and, it would seem, neither did the Vatican authorities who at one time cut a doorway through it. Indeed, it has long seemed to me that the *Last Supper* would make a superb advertisement for *Tums*, a well-known remedy for indigestion: John, leaning with his ear close to his host's stomach, could be saying, "I can hear it working now!"

Howard J. Dooley

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Thoughts on a Mystery

(Continued from page 14)

only recently they had to do battle with a state legislature cannonading from the other side with an attempt to restrict outspokenness on the campus.

* * *

The battle has been especially difficult because of the peculiar ways of the South. Once a governor of the state, in a commencement address here, could denounce slavery; that was before the Civil War. In 1954 when Charles Kuralt in the *Daily Tar Heel* hailed the Supreme Court decision outlawing school segregation, he gave the university some problems with the tax-supporting constituents around the state.

Yet somehow over the years the men who have been responsible for protecting the university as a place for free minds have endured with long mounting difficulties unimagined by the lucky presidents of such independent schools as Harvard, Yale or Princeton. Here academic freedom — for both teachers and students — has had to be vigilantly fought for.

The point is that it has been, and still is, and thus this campus has somehow escaped the stultification that so often darkened the spirits of the other universities in the neighboring Southern states. It may seem a small point, but it is not without bearing on Mr. Reston's wonderment.

For it's all rubbed off on the young, especially those with curious, inquiring and sometimes irreverent minds, which is a pretty good description of those who, like Mr. Reston, are moved to take pen in hand and straighten out their betters. In its 75 years there were several efforts to remove editors of the *Daily Tar Heel*, but none of them were spurred by wounded deans, and the only time one of them succeeded was when an editor was removed by his peers — for incompetence.

Anyway, it's all no mystery to a returning alumnus. All he wonders about, amid the bulldozers building a mega-university, is whether it will be a tradition that other generations, too, will keep alive.

Enrico IV

(Continued from page 29)

by this man, one truly "beyond this world, beyond life, beyond time."

The concluding act is unfortunately not as powerful as the second. It is not quite believable when Maureen Coyne says that she is afraid. The off-stage scream after the Baron has been carried away serves to lessen the intensity rather than to heighten it. But these lapses become insignificant in relation to the fine climax. Alasko is very good as he has the Baron shake Henry's supremacy and drive him away from the freedom he has been able to sustain into a damning act of rashness. As the action closes, Perrin's face and voice blend beautifully to tell us: "This time . . . we've no choice. We're here . . . forever." We know, watching him, that no one is free. Whether or not the mask of identity is of your choosing, it creates actions independent of your will. We are all defined by a mask we cannot escape.

Despite its weaknesses, the mask of this performance was strong enough to beckon me back a second time. ■

Waging Peace

(Continued from page 27)

Wars the slogan of the freedom of public opinion is paid lip service to only so long as official propaganda continues to be effective. If 1968 were not an election year, the Johnson Administration would be in little danger of losing its hold on the "minds and hearts" of that 61% of the population which "thinks" the Vietnam war should be escalated. But 1968 is an election year — and technically the United States is not at war — thus "our will and character" are going to be tested. So is Administration propaganda going to be tested, and, if democracy is not a fraud, will be found wanting.

This election year is also going to test not so much the power of the peace movement (it hasn't got any) but its will and character. The task of the peace movement in 1968 is to wage psychological war against the "knee-jerk patriotism" of the broad masses, who, it must be stressed, are "public opinion." If the distinction between war and peace is to even survive until 1984, those who hate war must wage peace by propaganda aimed at the home front through mass communications.

Government propaganda, as we have seen, is lies. Lies are the worst kind of propaganda. The most effective

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tive propaganda tells the truth; its central essence is hard, correct, complete information. Its purpose is educational; the most successful propaganda, because it is credible and authentic, teaches people to "think," or more accurately, to feel and *act* for themselves. None of this, of course, is meant to suggest that propaganda is anything to be proud of, indeed, to make effective propaganda one must hate the idea, not love it. Englishmen have been the best in the business, because they are ashamed of it and conceal its use very well.

The mission of the peace movement this year is not to enter into some arid debate with the Johnson Admin-

istration or convinced hawks. Rather, it is to politically educate the voting population of the United States, to propagandize those millions, that 22%, who acquiesce to the war out of a sense of duty instead of conviction. The aim should be to create a national mood of doubt.

Doubt is the first act of honesty towards a deceitful government, and every individual who begins to "think" he has been misled is committing an act of doubt. To manufacture a spontaneous reversal of public opinion, so that 61% favor de-escalation and negotiations, requires that a few themes be dinned incessantly into the American people.

Among these themes are (1) the "credibility gap," (2) the "impossibility" of victory, (3) the incompetence of American military leadership, (4) the venality of the Saigon regime, and (5) the enormous cost of a foreign adventure when "the enemy is at home." All these themes can be combined into one despairing question: "Do *you* want to die for Thieu and Ky?" Hell no! . . .

Peace propaganda has so far failed to make an impact on the majority of the American people. What is wrong with peace propaganda is not just the message (so often: "U.S. Imperialists — Get Out of Vietnam!") but also the medium itself. Dissenters and



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radicals in the United States have always failed to get anywhere with the bulk of the population — even with “vital center”—because they alienate themselves from the culture and its values, and, hence, from their audience too. Take patriotism. Samuel Johnson called it “the last refuge of a scoundrel.” Lyndon Johnson might be said to have retreated into it of late. Yet there is no inherent reason why desperate politicians, bomber generals, Birchers, and their like should have a monopoly on patriotism, or, for that matter, on “Americanism.” Radicals have a native tradition, too, as the historians of the New Left are demonstrating. Dissent — especially from illegal and immoral wars — is as American as apple pie, motherhood and the flag. Peace propaganda should extol this heritage.

The flag, too, has been abused rather than used by the peace movement — to its loss. As a writer in a recent *Ramparts* noted: “The peace movement as a whole has mangled its use of the best ready made symbol going: the American flag. The flag has a violent effect on the emotions of people who have never thought much about what it means and don’t even know what America’s foreign policy is. There is no excuse for scorning the flag because of a personal opinion of the thing. If a bunch of people walk down the street carrying the flag, people will feel proud of them. If they burn it people will hate them. The effect on the press — particularly the photographers — and the public of 30,000 American flags advancing on the Pentagon would be overwhelming. A nice gesture afterward would be to walk to Arlington Cemetery and place the flags on some of those new graves.”

In 1968 the peace movement, if it is to bring an end to the war which it says it hates so intensely, must clothe itself in stereotypes recognized favorably by Americans. That means dissenters must dress as “straights” (clean-shaven, neatly suited or modestly skirted, flag-waving Joe Americans). Hippies, acid-heads, and dime-

store Guevaras should be aware that their appearance has a negative impact on the propaganda effort of the peace movement. The problem of the peace movement is to *sell* America on peace in Vietnam, and America, the “nonstraights” must realize, is not going to *buy* the message unless it is convinced that peace is not “un-American.”

Propaganda means political education directed by an organized group aimed at the masses through the mass media and using psychological manipulation. The techniques are neutral. They merely call for organization, discipline, and energy. Waging peace through psychological war is not a challenge to anyone’s integrity. It is, for both the peace movement and President Johnson, a test of “will and character.” ■

The Making of an Editor

(Continued from page 20)

at the beach, he was writing book reports. He had to read *The Pathfinder* and *Keys to the Kingdom* and others and write reports. He figured it was to keep him in practice in the off season. While he was writing these reports, a man came to visit his sister who was a friend of his sister. Who worked for a newspaper. And he read the reports and said they were very good. He really didn’t think they were good. He was just trying to impress Pat’s sister . . . Pat knew that. But then he said that he would get Pat a job working for the newspaper. Writing sports. And Pat said, yeah, uhuh, sure, George. George was the guy’s name. Anyhow, after the summer was over Pat did go to the paper and he did get a job there and he did start writing sports.

And he found a lot of friends. And a lot of people who were older than he was started liking him. And he really began to like that paper. And he worked thirty or forty hours a week on the paper. He would play hookey from school to work on that paper. And this worried his parents that he wasn’t studying that much and that he was wasting his time at that paper. A tabloid paper, no less. And they kept saying every day and every night, Pat, you have perfect hands for a surgeon. But Pat would say, yeah, I guess, but they type pretty well.

Through his high school years Pat became more and more involved with the newspaper and less and less concerned with medicine. He was the youngest reporter to cover a U.S. Golf Open in 1964 . . . he got an exclusive interview with Gary Player after he

won the Masters Tournament. And really developed a love for the paper.

But then came the trauma time again. Pat had to apply to college. His parents were Catholic. Pat was Catholic. His parents wanted him to go to a Catholic school. Pat wanted to go to Duke. His parents said they were the ones who were going to pay the bills. Pat went to Notre Dame. Before he left, his parents made him promise not to get involved with extracurriculars. To study. He was enrolled in liberal arts premed. Pat promised.

But no less than three months after his arrival at Notre Dame, Pat had begun plans to publish a freshman class newspaper. Except it wasn’t really a newspaper. It was small and sort of a tabloid tabloid. And the copy had to be hand-justified and the work began to mount. And Pat lost \$100 before it was over. Then he joined the *SCHOLASTIC*, the school’s magazine. But it just wasn’t the same. The pages were glossy. And for some reason the glossy pages scared him.

The school’s newspaper was the next step. Except that wasn’t really much either. It came out sporadically and was full of propaganda and stuff. But he worked for it. Wrote a column for it. And this year tried to change it. It now publishes three times a week, and it publishes real news, good features and things that really happen. In fact, the last time I saw Pat Collins he was up in the paper’s office typing on a steel typewriter pushing the keys solidly down as he striped a blue piece of copy paper with the words of a story. And the story was real. It was about himself. ■

Peek-A-Boo

(Continued from page 21)

that he didn’t intend to see the demonstration become a precedent. Rossie, upon learning of Thornton’s intentions, had the pictures and negatives destroyed through the intervention of Chris Murphy and Fr. Hesburgh.

The interest of the FBI in antiwar activities was manifested again last October during the peace mobilization for the march on Washington. According to an informed and reliable source, agents of the FBI photographed all those who entered the YCS office during the mobilization.

A further source of information concerning the activities of FBI on campus was Sally Davis of St. Mary’s whose father is employed as a Special Agent in Charge of the FBI. According to Miss Davis, her father advised her to tell all her friends in the Action Student Party to get out

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as quickly as possible since the FBI was about to compile dossiers on the members of the party. The basis for the decision to compile dossiers, according to Miss Davis, is the fact that there is a similarly named student party at Berkeley.

The basis for the Bureau's concern for Commies on the campus is to be found in the obsession of the Director of the Bureau, J. Edgar Hoover, with anti-left crusading. His record in this matter goes back to opposition to woman suffrage, the Palmerston raids and the witch-hunting of the McCarthy era. Hoover is convinced that college students do not have the capacity to understand communism and that he must protect them. For years he has campaigned to keep Marxists from speaking on college campuses. In 1966, this campaign reached a fever pitch when Hoover said: "In its cynical bid to gain an image of respectability, the Party is directing an aggressive campaign at American youth, claiming to perceive an upsurge of 'leftist' thinking among the young people."

The causes for Hoover's fear of the strength of the Party are indeed hard to understand when one considers that it has received the Director's ministrations ever since 1920. At that time, infiltration of the Party by FBI agents and informers began, and today it is estimated that out of the 8500 members of the Party 1500 are working with the FBI. However, Hoover insists that the Party is still as dangerous as ever. In *Masters of Deceit*, written to trumpet the dangers of communism, he computes the Party's effective strength at ten times the membership roll by including "dupes, fellow travellers and sympathizers." The book, published in 1958, mentioned the all-time membership high for the Party, 80,000 reached in the Depression, but neglected to include figures on its diminished enrollment or the extent of current FBI infiltration. The Director weaves the dupes, fellow travellers and sympathizers into a broad network of conspiracy in which anyone to the left of the Birchers may be caught. This allows the FBI a free hand in investigating almost anyone as a subversive. Since the Director has constantly set himself up as the nation's number-one defense against communism, any criticism of his system of political surveillance is likely to fall on deaf ears as a contemptible *lèse majesté* Hoover will never admit that the Communist Party is to all purposes dead in America, for to do so would be to kill the goose that laid the iron egg of power. ■



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**Mike
McInerney**

The Last Word



TUESDAY'S snowfall proved summer (if not spring) is still a good ways away. Hence this week's cover may be a bit premature. What bothers us is the inevitability which we think it expresses about the state of this nation, and the state of its cities. If current politico predictions and the prevailing national mood accurately prophesy what will happen in our cities this summer—then all our problems are over.

If the riots are devastating enough not only will it solve our population problem, but the ghettos will be gone forever. People will repopulate rural areas, thus ending the farm crisis. As for the cities there will be no more overcrowding, no more air pollution and no more water pollution. Millions of dollars will be saved in urban renewal funds. If things get real bad, President Johnson may be forced to transfer troops home from Vietnam and the war would soon be over. So things aren't all bad.

ONE OF THE LITTLE joys of working on the SCHOLASTIC is receiving friendly queries from the fans every time we take a week off as we did last week. "Hey, how come no issue last week. You guys messin' around up there or what?"

Well, no, as a matter of fact, we're not. We claim to be "the student *weekly* of the University of Notre Dame." But we lie. Our budget allows for 22 issues per school year. And friends, that's enough. Those 22 cost the University around \$54,000. What they cost us in time, energy and indigestion hasn't ever been calculated.

In the past we have tried to beg off by giving mid-terms or vacations as excuses for not publishing but this time we'll just tell the truth: Last week's break was planned last May when we drew up our publication schedule for the year.

CHECKING our publication schedule reminds us that the senior editors are coming down the home stretch. Three more issues are all that are left. Then Easter vacation and nirvana. The juniors will then move up and put out the last three issues in May.

Because of our recent "troubles" and because the question of SCHOLASTIC policy and SCHOLASTIC leadership was raised, it might be well to set down here the selection process for next year's editor which was announced this week by the Vice-Presi-

dent for Student Affairs, Fr. McCarragher.

Any undergraduate who is not on academic or disciplinary probation and is sick enough to want this job may apply in writing to Fr. McCarragher who acts as the nonvoting chairman of the selection committee. Copies of the letter should be sent to the three voting members of the committee: Fr. Daniel O'Neil, the assistant vice-president for student affairs; Mr. Frank O'Malley, our faculty advisor; and myself.

The letter should include personal qualifications, reasons (if any) for wanting the job, and conception of what the magazine should be and what place it should have in the University. Include in your letter any ideas you may have for improving the quality of the magazine. Apply early so the seniors can steal your ideas and incorporate them into *their* last few issues.

Applications are due no later than Monday, March 25. Candidates will be interviewed individually in Fr. McCarragher's office on Monday, April 1, and a new editor will be chosen that afternoon. He will assume his burden on Monday, April 8.

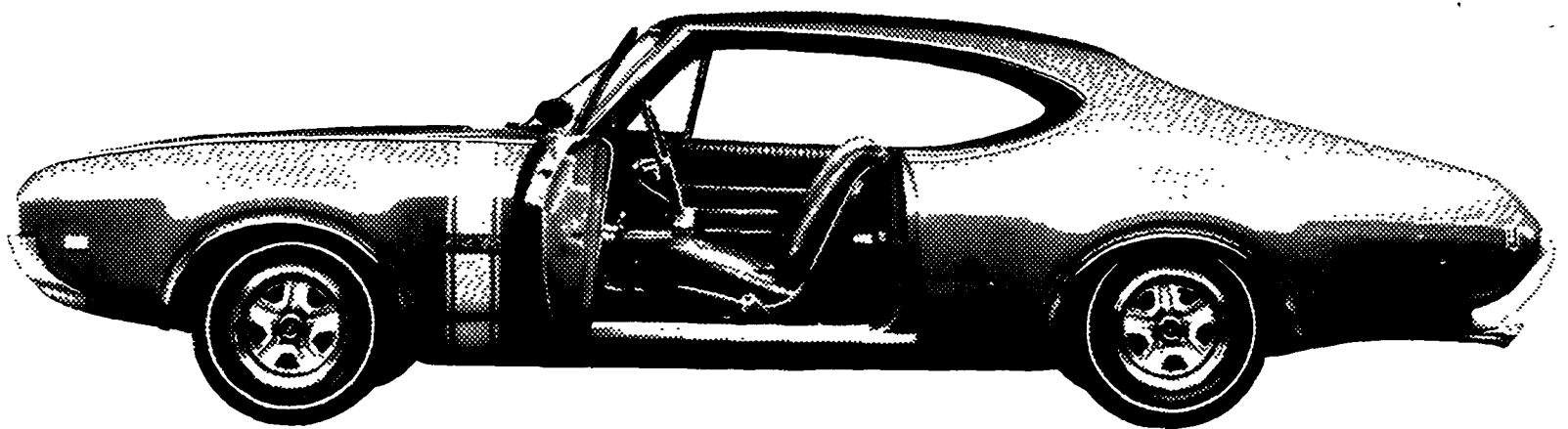
There was some question as to whether it would be wise to expand the selection committee this year to include more faculty, more Administration, and more students (particularly student government people). The latter suggestion was based on the assumption that people in student government know what they are doing (ha, ha).

I personally feel the present arrangement is about the best possible one. Each of the three factions of the University is equally represented on the selection committee, and the person representing each faction is close to the operation of the SCHOLASTIC.

In most cases the retiring editor would actually select his successor since he is in a better position to know the applicants than his fellow committee members who more often than not would approve his choice. This in fact is how it has worked in the past—with one exception. Two years ago the editor's choice was overruled by vote of the other two committee members.

There is no point in expanding the committee. In this case three is company. Any more could only confuse things. And adding student government would only add petty politics to one of the few student organizations still free of that burdening bureaucracy.

'68 Oldsmobile: Great spot for a sit-in.



You're looking at the year's sweetest place for a sit-in—Olds 4-4-2.

This is the scene: Louvered hood up front. Crisp sculpturing in the rear. Rally Stripe and Custom Sport Wheels available in between.

And what gleams beneath that rakish afterdeck? Two telltale flared exhausts that give voice to a 400-cube, 4-barrel, 350-hp Rocket V-8.

And look where you live: in foam-padded, bucket-seat comfort.

The center console is also available, as is the clock/tach/engine gauge Rally Pac.

And with all the new GM safety features, including energy-absorbing steering column, 4-4-2 is the greatest sit-in you ever sat in.

Drive a "youngmobile" from Oldsmobile.

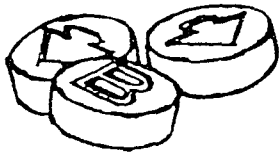


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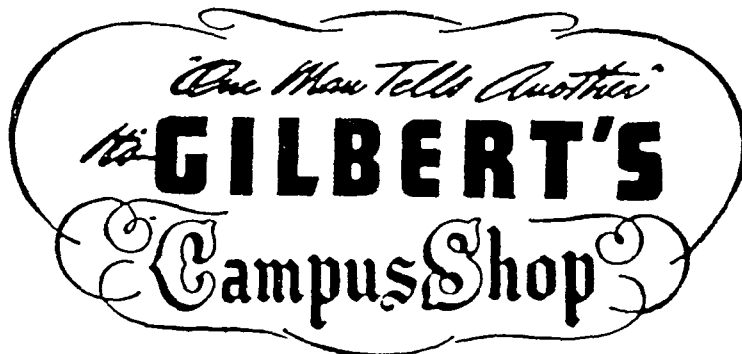
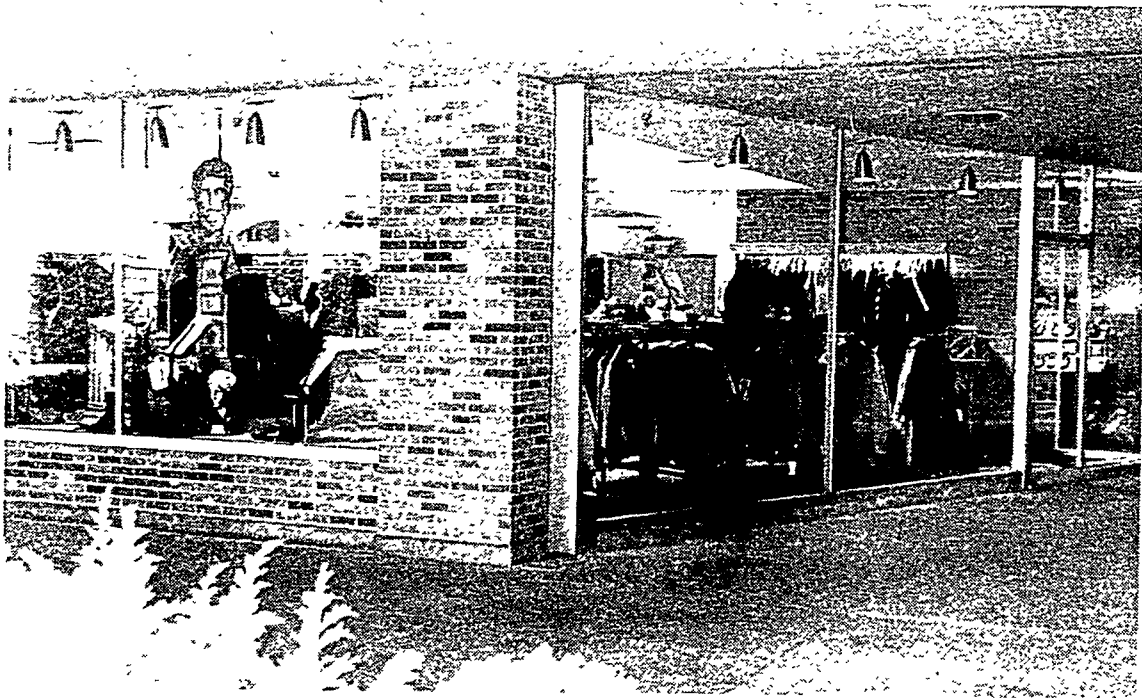
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