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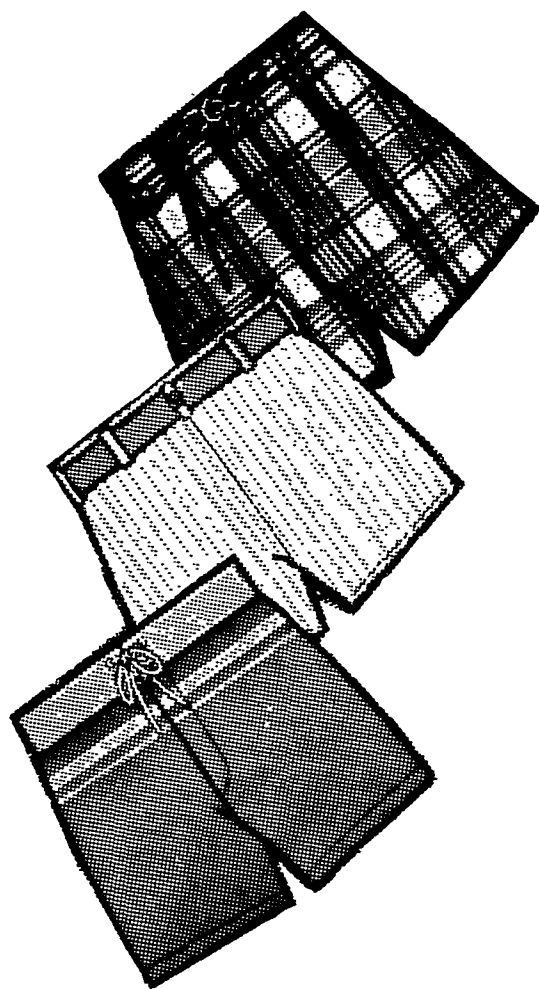
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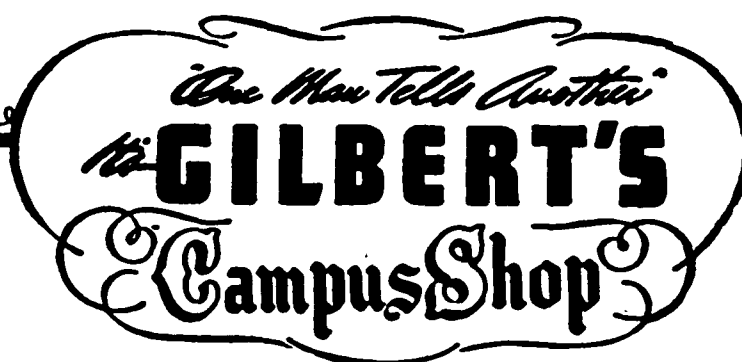
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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

# ***Editorials***

## **Context of Peace**

President Johnson's announcement that he will not run for the presidency in 1968 staggers the imagination. The full import of the event is so enormous that prognostication becomes almost impossible. One can only respond with bewilderment, not with cries of glee or praises of "courage" and "heroic sacrifice." The event is too uncertain. The context of power has been thrust from under us.

This feeling of bewilderment is really a form of helplessness. One does not know what to say or what to do. The responsibility for the Vietnamese war now lies upon ourselves and we do not know how to contend with it. If President Johnson's recent peace offer evokes no reply from Hanoi, our impatience with our present Vietnamese policy might turn into frustration. This frustration would benefit men like Governor Wallace and Governor Reagan and would encourage Richard Nixon to adopt a more aggressive Vietnamese policy.

This very real possibility must not be allowed to happen. Peace candidates like Sen. Eugene McCarthy and Sen. Robert Kennedy must rally public support behind President Johnson's peace offer. They should warmly accept his plea for unity and accuse his hawkish opponents of undermining the national purpose, namely peace in Vietnam achieved by peaceful means and as far as possible by the South Vietnamese themselves.

This was, after all, the content of President Johnson's Sunday speech. If it is to provoke more than bewilderment and dismay, its dramatic call for unity must include peace in Vietnam as a necessary condition for peace in America. We must provide a context of peace for President Johnson's announcement and his successor.

—J. M.

## The New Regime

With this issue we have come to the end of another publishing year for the SCHOLASTIC and turn over the magazine to the new staff and editors, and their boss, Bill Cullen.

While we look forward to grad school, the draft, or a job, the New Regime looks forward to 22 issues of the SCHOLASTIC.

Upon leaving we wish to thank all who have worked with us, apologize to the many we've offended through error, affirm we wished to offend some, say we have tried to do our best, and finally, wish Mr. Cullen and those who will work with him the best of luck during this next publishing year.

*M. McI.*  
*R. M.*  
*J. M.*  
*M. McA.*  
*J. S. F.*

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# letters

## MINORITY OF ALUMNI

EDITOR:

In the SCHOLASTIC of March 15, 1968, David Clennon of the Class of '65 expresses what he terms a minority opinion opposing the war in Vietnam and the existence of ROTC units at Notre Dame. Mr. Clennon's emotional letter was prompted by the battlefield death of Army Lt. Jim Pavlicek, a classmate of his — and of mine. Mr. Clennon did not know Jim Pavlicek, but I knew him from our mutual participation in the ROTC program.

Jim Pavlicek didn't have to join ROTC, but he did, and so did I, and so have many others through the years. If the ROTC-joining malady afflicts so many at Notre Dame, perhaps it would be good to examine the rationale behind such actions, this "mindless patriotism" so unthinkable to Mr. Clennon.

Apparently Mr. Clennon fails to recognize the existence of a greater good than the mere continuance of one's biological life. If he were to be consistent in his position, he would denounce the thousands of Christian martyrs who were willing to give up a few hours, a few years of their earthly lives because they recognized the presence of a higher life. This is a life that transcends mere material existence. Mr. Clennon would decry any loss of life, even at the expense of sacrificing one's principles. It is the defense of these principles that prompted Americans to war against Nazism. Would Mr. Clennon deny the rectitude of this intervention because of the loss of life on the battlefield? In short, is he a full-time pacifist or a pacifist of convenience?

But how can a Christian be a pacifist at all? True, Christian charity and simple humanitarianism make one revolt against the death and suffering inflicted on one's fellow human beings by war. But does Christian charity lead Mr. Clennon, like Senator Pell, to declare that peoples who are not strong enough to defend themselves have no right to exist? Even if Mr. Clennon, in Connecticut, doesn't recognize the NLF or North Vietnam as a threat to the freedom of the Vietnamese people, millions of refugees who have fled south from North Vietnam, and the millions who have suffered from the Viet Cong terror tactics do. Whom are we to believe? Maybe Mr. Clennon prefers to believe someone of greater intellectual sophistication than the typical Vietnamese peasant. I suggest that he may find an acceptable combination of sophis-

tication, personal experience, and Christian charity in the writings of Dr. Tom Dooley.

Mr. Clennon would subordinate all other considerations to his one principal concern — material existence. Christianity, teaching that the ultimate good is not in the corporeal life but in the spiritual, seems to disagree. The Christian martyrs seem to disagree. The men who fought Nazism in World War II, many of them products of ROTC at Notre Dame, seem to disagree. The men presently enrolled in the Notre Dame programs seem to disagree. So perhaps Mr. Clennon, with his part-time pacifism, part-time Christianity, is in the minority of Notre Dame alumni. I certainly hope so!

John C. Zink, '65

## BIASED ACCOUNT

EDITOR:

This letter has been started before and left unfinished, however, the last issue (March 22) of the SCHOLASTIC insures its completion this afternoon, in spite of the temptation to go out and enjoy a beautiful spring afternoon.

I have become increasingly irritated, and now disgusted by those on the staff of the SCHOLASTIC who use it as nothing but a soapbox to express week after week, ad nauseam, their sentiments on the war in Vietnam.

I think that you are doing a great injustice to the University and its students by turning their (not your) publication into an organ of dissent against this country's foreign policy and those who support it.

What justification can you give for advocating "speaking out against Vietnam," or publishing a biased suspect account of a citizen's effort to uphold the dignity of our nation's flag? The piece from the River City News Service even conflicted with your own account of the incident, so it couldn't have been published for its factual content, could it? Maybe it was the editorializing involved in the "reporting" of the incident which appealed to you. Maybe we won't even have to go to the "River City Review" to learn of "American economic imperialism in Vietnam," or our country's "defeat during the Tet offensive." We'll be able to read of them right here in "our own student publication"! Lest I should arouse too much anticipation and excitement, I won't mention the possibility of upcoming reprints from "Granma."

If one only read our "student publication," he would indeed believe that he would be "surrounded by peace freaks" here. I would not, however,

advise him to punt. I would rather advise him to spend a few days here, walk around, and see for himself. Sad to say, there are "peace freaks" in our midst, but we are not surrounded.

C. Richard Phillips '69

## REALITY IS A CRUTCH

EDITOR:

From the opening psychedelic design to the closing words of a great playwright, Sophomore Class 70's SLFC 68 has given us a program of fantastic import. One was perhaps unaware of what a Sophomore Literary Festival Council was capable until reading this program. One is enthused with what might be the same spirit that turned an Impossible Dream into REALITY. Were you ready? Or did you miss it?!

From the Goddess of Success, true to a strange sacrifice, has come a winning tradition of literary festivals. An all-star cast picked from the first string of great American writers appears before us, described in the everyday language of dream and reality. Kudos SLFC 68!

"A Bad Time" is in store for no one when "Literature and Life" come for a week with the SLFC Family. Hear readings from Immortal book! See Dean of Science Fiction with something to intrigue everyone! Learn proofs of why he's so respected from Negro Author! Meet many of the greatest "modern" beings to readers! Get culture from veritable kings of the realm of the printed page and literary legends in their own time! Ponder the relative importance of reality! Come one, come all!

Lest one forget, deepest thanks to John Mroz and those who dared to dream; appreciation and acknowledgements to all those distinguished and intriguing 20th century Authors; best wishes to the SLFC Family; congratulations to the motivated mind, anonymous and lost forever, who coined the avant-garde button slogan "Reality is a crutch"; and especially personal deepest thanks to the Luck of the Irish and Reality.

Most sincerely and devotedly yours  
in the SLFC Family,

James Mizerny  
Robert Burrows

## BEYOND CAMELOT

EDITOR:

I want to thank you for crediting me with modulating the tension at the recent Mock Convention. However, I must take exception with Mr. Payne on two accounts.

He first said that one of the reasons why the convention was inclined to speak its own mind was because many  
(Continued on page 30)



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*The Scholastic*



## coming distractions

All Week Scrounge around for a ride to Fort Lauderdale, Daytona, or, if worse comes to worst, home.

### FRIDAY, APRIL 5

- 4:00 p.m. Professor Dean of the economics department presents a seminar on Economic Development and Planning in Nigeria, in 121 O'Shaughnessy. Due to the great amount of interest which this subject is sure to generate, admission has been restricted to faculty and grad students.
- 4:00 p.m. If you couldn't qualify for admission to Professor Dean's lecture, go listen to Kurt Vonnegut instead. This one is in the Library Auditorium, and the magnanimous Sophomore Literary Festival Committee will let everyone in to the speech, which is entitled "Teaching Writers to Write."
- 4:30 p.m. For the scientific and mathematically minded, who couldn't care less about teaching people how to write or how to plan their economy, the Math Department will sponsor a lecture in Room 226 of the Computer Center by Professor Harvey Hyman of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study.
- 8:00 p.m. The Sophomore Literary Festival does it again. Tonight it's Ralph Ellison speaking in Washington Hall. The public is cordially invited.
- 8:00 p.m. Faculty Duplicate Bridge Session at the University Club.

### SATURDAY, APRIL 6

- 8:00 to 9:15 a.m. Registration for the Ninth Annual Secretarial Conference in the Lobby of the Continuing Education Center.
- 2:00 p.m. The Literary Festival closes up shop with a special symposium for patrons only in the Continuing Education Building.
- 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. Cinema '68 presents *Before the Revolution* in Washington Hall.
- Midnight "The Professors," starring an alternative to Doctor Bogle, will appear on WNDU.

### SUNDAY, APRIL 7

- 11:30 a.m. If you're up at that ridiculous hour, you will have the chance to watch that thrilling program, guaranteed to edify you beyond all measure, "Window On Notre Dame," on WNDU.
- 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. Cinema '68, *Before the Revolution*, Washington Hall.
- 5:00 p.m. Bishop Leo A. Pursley of the Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend will sermonize on "Faith In Our Day" at the Year of Faith Mass for April.
- 7:00 p.m. First ticket sales for the Sophomore-Freshman Prom in room 2D of LaFortune. For \$26 you can get yourself a Prom Ticket (\$8.50), Communion Brunch ticket (\$5), and a motel room in town for two nights (\$12.50). Prom tickets will not be sold on a lottery basis — anyone who can find \$26 somewhere can go.

MONDAY, APRIL 8 BASEBALL SEASON OPENS

TUESDAY, APRIL 9 NY METS ARE IN FIRST PLACE FOR THE LAST TIME ALL YEAR

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10 PACK YOUR BAGS and say good-bye to your St. Mary's girl who leaves today.

for the Class of '69

# ERNIE GARGARO

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## BELATED TRIBUTE TO THE INDUCTION OF SPRING

March 20 . . . the vernal equinox and so the first day of spring in leap year 1968. At exactly 7:22 spring occurred, as is its wont, in a very chilling manner in the empty pond outside the Notre Dame Library. This occurrence (spring) was presented by Sir Michael Patrick O'Connor, assisted by Lady Suzanne Smither, both in spring attire.

The refreshments included two rather large bowls of pink champagne with several smaller bowls of apples, oranges and bananas. Coffee was later brought in as an emergency measure to maintain the easy movement of those people jumping around in the freezing wind. Besides the initial thrill of attempting to peel frozen bananas and watching the ice cubes float unmelting in the champagne, some of the guests were entertained by watching many of the other guests run screaming around the reflection pond led by an errant minstrel waving what appeared to be a bright orange plastic club. The guests occupied in running were entertained by watching the other guests huddled and shivering in the spring morning.

The festivities were climaxed by the appearance of a campus security man who left bewildered upon being offered a cup of coffee. He seemed to feel the students must need permission to celebrate.

These proceedings were all observed by one perhaps legendary man, that man who appears first in the morning to await the magic opening of the library doors. He watched somewhat terrified behind a bush during the whole celebration.

Let this be a forewarning to whoever strays around the SMC campus in the early hours. On an unspecified day in the near future there will be a maypole dance around the flagpole in the early hours of the morning. Hopefully, if there is a legendary person on the SMC campus who awaits the opening of the library doors, she will partake in the festivities. And perhaps our security man may enjoy some coffee. And perhaps both of them may come to realize that students gathering to celebrate in the morning are not necessarily subversive and/or contemplating some form of coup.

KATHY CECIL

## campus

### AFRO-AMERICAN SOCIETY

The problem of being black in a predominantly white society such as Notre Dame's is one of the most vital issues facing some fifty students at Du Lac. Forty-two of these students realized last winter that in order to try to solve some of these problems, organization was needed. These students banded together in an almost spontaneous movement to form an organization known as the Afro-American society and elected a junior, Larry Smith as president. Membership is limited to Negroes exclusively; however, the aim of the group is not to foster segregation but rather to provide a united voice for black students. In an interview with the SCHOLASTIC, vice-president Freddy Williams outlined the philosophy of the organization. Following are his comments on topics with which the group is concerned.

"We were formed to try to alleviate some of the problems facing Negroes at Notre Dame, especially academic, social and cultural issues."

"What can we do to make social life more attractive? Well, the first task is to create a feeling of belonging. Too often we feel hostility from our white peers, unless we possess some kind of exceptional ability. A sort of a mood exists here — a feeling of isolation, of having to conform to standards and values that hold little meaning and enrichment for Negroes."

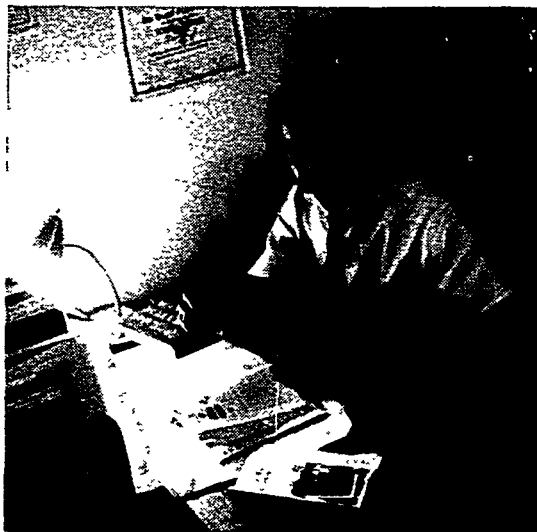
"... The social life built into the structure of Notre Dame promotes casual contact, not acquaintance; it promotes prejudice, not understanding. The black student moves easily into the white groups; white groups here rarely share their learning and experience with blacks, and since blacks are such an inordinate minority at Notre Dame, it is crucial not to overlook their very existence. The result: an educational institution that manifestly fails to educate.

"No longer will it be possible for young men to go through this University believing that blacks are happy as skylarks; that Negroes are born with enormous sexual artillery that threatens black destruction to white skirts; or that Negroes are lazy — or whatever. No longer will it be possible for whites to feel utterly cut

off and separated from blacks — they will be right here, visible together. And maybe after the first ten years myth upon myth will collapse before the onslaught of face-to-face facts."

On "commitment to a common culture": "Our task is not to finish the job, but neither do we feel free to take no part in it. What we want is peace and harmony between black and white cultures. We want to work with whites, not alienate them. The best way in which we can achieve this is by first getting the Negroes together and then entering the community as a unified force."

R. W. H.



WE ARE NOT A BLACK POWER GROUP . . . NOT YET

### THE POOR PEOPLE'S CAMPAIGN

A group of Notre Dame and St. Mary's students supporting the Poor People's Campaign on Washington began canvassing the South Bend last weekend. Working with local residents they went door to door informing people about the campaign and asking for donations of food, clothing and money.

According to John Dotson, coordinator for the campaign on campus, the collected articles and money will be used to help support two busloads of South Bend poor people wishing to go to Washington with the campaign. In order for these people to go to Washington, the canvassing project must provide them with the \$3000 necessary for transportation.

Students wishing to help these people will be able to sign up at the dining hall during the evening meals.

### SCORNING THE DEVIOUS ROUTE

A novel (among Catholic men's colleges) approach to the problem of getting women on campus was announced last week. Next fall, women will be admitted as students!

The direct approach was approved "just across the road," at Holy Cross Junior College. One problem not faced by their Board of Trustees was

a long tradition as a bastion of Catholic maleness — the college opened in 1966.

Cited by Brother John Driscoll, Dean, as the reason for the change was the "contribution women can make socially and academically." In explaining the social aspect, Br. John pointed out that the enrollment no longer is limited to those planning to become Holy Cross brothers. About half of the 100 students are South Bend residents, not scholastics or aspirants.

So far, seven girls have expressed interest.

K. C.

### ARCHAIC STUDIES

The Committee on Academic Progress at Notre Dame is dedicated to furthering the interests of outstanding students by granting them certain privileges in academic areas. This is all right as far as it goes, but a C.A.P. scholar must be a liberal arts major.

A similar program for select science and liberal arts majors is hereby offered for consideration: Archaic Studies. In this study-seminar program, geology and anthropology would be combined with classical studies, offering interested students the opportunity to study the present in terms of the ancient cultures.

This new program would hope to give students a realization of the importance of the classical civilizations of Rome, Greece and Asia Minor. It will combine two different aspects: the cultural and the physical. The cultural division will concentrate on the philosophy of a civilization: its

literature (prose and poetry), economics, religions, art, politics, architecture and customs. These are specific seminar topics.

Taking the physical aspects, the student will approach man's history in terms of anthropology, evolution (its theory, evidences of its geological effect on man's culture, etc.) and climatology.

Each student would be able to devote himself to one of these aspects in his field of interest for a research problem. There would of course be a selection of basic readings and an extensive bibliography. Students should be able to select their own advisers.

There are many outstanding possibilities. Because the disciplines involved here are so related all the participants in the program could work together as a cohesive whole: much different from the individual-centered C.A.P. or Collegiate Scholar programs. Grades could be pass or fail, or be decided on by the student and his advisers.

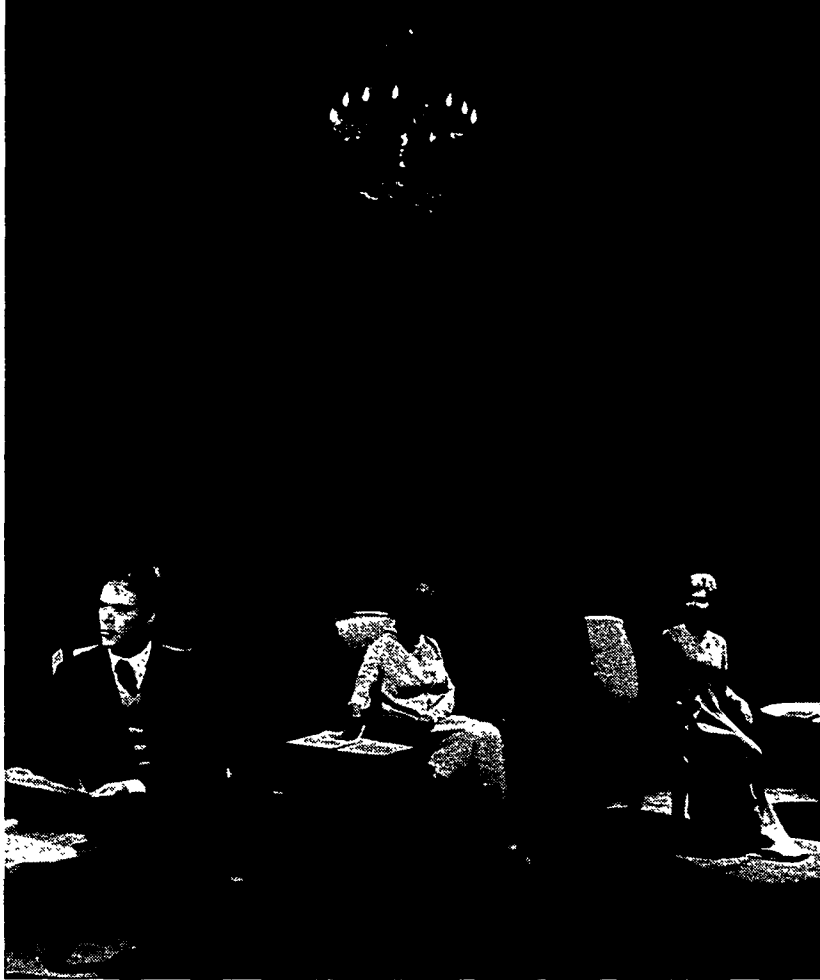
The program here proposed has already been accepted by the Administration in part. A seminar course in Archaic Studies, organized as flexibly as possible, will probably be offered next semester. The program also is planning the beginnings of a lecture series, with Prof. Anton-Herman Chroust hopefully initiating the series in May with a presentation.

The Archaic Studies Program, has the possibilities of becoming not only a novel experiment in education, but one that would help revive the rather anemic offerings of this University in the fields involved.

J. S. F., J. Noonan, J. Sepkoski



THE FOUNDING FATHERS: THE PAST IS FUN



### DER JUNGE GOETHE

On March 28, the Vienna Burgtheater came to South Bend to present a group of dramatic readings from *Der Junge Goethe*. The most famous theater of the German-speaking countries, it is now embarked on a world tour — the first in its 200-year history. The entire theater will perform only in New York and Los Angeles, but three of its best members, led by Helene Thimig, read from Johann Goethe's early writings at Indiana University last Thursday. It was a fantastic opportunity to get a firsthand look at the finest in German-Austrian culture.

Miss Thimig is the widow of Max Reinhardt, perhaps the greatest stage director of all time, and as such is a living link to the Brecht theater of the 20's and 30's. Now she teaches acting at the theater school in Vienna; for a 78-year-old woman she is extremely agile and active. Her characterization of Frau Rat, Goethe's strong-minded but loving mother, was the most intense, the most contained of the three performances. Her frail body contorted constantly as she gestured and grimaced in her role. She seemed to long for the entire stage to control; but was forced to express herself from the confines of a neutral beige chair. Her immense stage presence demanded complete attention, even if you didn't know a syllable of German.

Joanna Matz, a former Austrian film star, portrayed five of the younger women in Goethe's life. A chipper, short-haired blonde, her interpretations of Goethe's sister and various other loves were quite sim-

ilar. Her reading of Charlotte von Stein, the cultured government official's wife, who purified and somehow ennobled the wildly exuberant poet, did evidence some of the maturity of a truly intellectual beauty; but she was much truer in more adolescent roles.

Michael Heltau was charming as *der junge Goethe* himself. He conveyed the vitality and the wit, as well as the quieter, naturally scientific bent of Goethe's genius; and the storming, demanding poet who threw himself hysterically at one girl after another only to run scared from each, was evident in the petulant arrogant way Herr Heltau lorded over the stage from his chair. His could-be-modern interpretation proved again the timelessness of genius.

Scenery and props were a strange combination of past and present. Three stark-white modernistic round tables set next to three 1920-ish chairs divided the front of the stage evenly. The backdrop was a lacy green idyllic scene circa 1800. Palely elegant chandelier light alternated with harsh green in illuminating the ladies' neutrally ageless floor-length gowns and Herr Heltau's costume. I was a little disappointed that he did not wear the buff and blue frockcoat that Goethe's Werther put into vogue all over Europe.

This was a doubly valuable experience. Not only could we come in contact firsthand with the German-Austrian theater with all its traditions, but we can revel in the genius, the life, the being of one of the real masters of all time on his own terms.

— Ann Megan

### STOMPING THRU WISCONSIN

It wasn't much of a beginning. In fact, as the bus pulled over to the curb, you had some doubts as to the value of it all. A fellow of about 25 was standing on a table in the rear of what used to be a butcher shop, telling you that the town was basically hostile, especially the police.

To you, at that moment, "hostile" could mean almost anything, up to and including your tar and feathering by the townspeople. You joked about it, but it was the type of nervous joking that one hears in the dentist's office. The gentleman on the table went on to inform you that you would have the rest of that night to yourself, and that you were free to do anything you wanted, as long as you did nothing to antagonize the residents of Kenosha. Once again, he did not define "antagonize," so you retired for the evening to contemplate the full ramifications of the word "hostile."

The female members of the entourage were trundled off to the private homes of those residents whom you could count on your side. The males, however, were not as fortunate. They spent the night in a place called The St. Matthew Guild Hall, which in reality meant that you slept on the floor of a basketball court.

Come the morning and you were ready to discover for yourself what it meant to "Be Clean for Gene," etc. You returned to the butcher shop for last-minute instructions, again from the same fellow of 25 (you later learned that his name was Bill Chickering. He had four years of Army



experience, during which time he had been a captain in the Special Forces, and had seen a year's duty in Viet Nam. More recently, he had dropped out of Yale grad school to devote full

(Continued on page 32)

## SHADES OF THE DELPHIC ORACLE

We take you now to Troy, New York, a quaint little town nestled on the shores of a gently flowing river, for a story of the wonderful things which our police do for us each and every day (actually, Troy is a filthy factory town — formerly the home of Arrow shirts — built overlooking the banks of the Hudson River, which, as we all know, contains more sewage per cubic foot than any other major body of water in the world. However, that is not the way to begin a story about the glories of our law enforcement agencies). Troy last year was the scene of a controversy in which city officials, led by District Attorney M. Andrew Dwyer, attempted to prevent Timothy Leary from speaking at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The public officials failed in that instance.

Last month, however, they were more successful. There existed a small shop in Troy known as Aunt Fanny's Garage.

Existed, because on March 8 at 8:30 p.m. it was closed down by Troy Public Safety Commissioner Albert Prezio and the "vice squad."

Asked why he ordered the place closed, Prezio told a reporter from

felt we were going to become a disorderly place. According to the desk sergeant we were violating a city ordinance." She objected to what she called the police department's right to base an action on a "foretelling of the future."

"The majority of people who frequent our shop are good, well-established students from RPI, Russell Sage, Hudson Valley Community College, high school students from Troy, and some old customers from Albany. A few, whom the police might consider 'undesirable' do come in, but they are in the minority."

Miss O'Boyle ran a similar shop in Albany for eleven months before the lease ran out, and she said there were no incidents of any sort during that time. She feels that the closing was a violation of her civil rights and is in the process of taking legal steps to clear up the matter. Members of the RPI faculty have offered her help, and an announcer on WPTR Radio made an attack on the air on the "lunatics" who were responsible for the action.

At "The Garage," Miss O'Boyle sold posters, incense, beads, pipes, bells, buttons, newspapers, and clothes.

## THE STONY BROOK TEA PARTY

The following news announcement was placed on the front page of *The Statesman*, at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, recently:

"On Sunday at 4:30 p.m. the Ad Hoc Committee Against Arbitrary Government is sponsoring a Tea Smoking in G Lobby. The purpose of the smoke-in will be to protest the arbitrary nature of new rules and regulations as well as the ruthless rape of the duly appointed judiciary. Students are asked to bring their own joints of tea (not pot). The Soft White Underbelly will entertain."

The smoke-in was prompted by an agreement between University President Toll and Suffolk County Police Commissioner John Barry, in which Toll agreed to cooperate with the police in the reporting of drug violations on the campus, for the purposes of arrest. Stony Brook was the scene of the largest narcotics bust to take place this year on a college campus on January 17. In that raid, local police officials seized control of the campus, since they suspected many students of violations, but had no way to be sure since the administration didn't cooperate in informing on students.

Pete Nack of the Stony Brook Student Government commented on the new policy by saying, "I am extremely disappointed that Dr. Toll once again has finalized an agreement on University policy totally administratively. In our discussions on the rules and regulations, we often expressed to Dr. Toll our feelings; that to adopt a policy in this manner hurts the sense of community and lessens community support for University policy. Even though the policy itself may be useful, Dr. Toll should have consulted with the representative bodies — the Executive Committee of the Faculty, the Graduate Student Council, and the Executive Committee of Polity. I would like to have seen clauses on no undercover agents."

## SOMETIMES COPS DO COME THROUGH

A newspaper in Toronto reported recently that Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry has an interesting new exhibit. Children can now shoot a machine gun at a mock Vietnamese village, courtesy of the U.S. Army. If they score a direct hit on a hut, a bright light flashes: evidence of "good marksmanship."

Last week, a group of "hard-core hippies" crashed the museum in what the museum director termed "a pre-

# on other campuses

*The Polytechnic:* "We expected it would become a disorderly place if allowed to continue.

"We intend to keep this place and anything like it closed," he continued. "They are not welcome here. I think it is a shame to have such a place across from the courthouse and so close to the Russell Sage campus."

Prezio said there were 12 persons, about half of them girls, in the store when he arrived. Some were described by police as being in hippie attire with long hair and wearing beads. Prezio said the store also had "weird lighting."

Aunt Fanny's had been open about a week, but the police had it under observation almost from the beginning. Louise O'Boyle, owner of The Garage, commented that "we were closed down because the police

## INTEGRATION

Florida A & M announced last week the signing of Rufus Brown of Stuart, Florida, to a football scholarship — the first white athlete to be signed to a grant-in-aid by the predominantly Negro alma mater of Bob Hayes.

The 18-year-old guard will be only the third white athlete to participate in the university sports program. The others, Bodan Logan of Chester, Pennsylvania, and Herb Hoyt of North Redding, Mass., were both non-scholarship trackmen.

## STUDENT INVOLVEMENT IS A WONDERFUL THING

According to the *Skyscraper*, Mundelein College's student paper, 31 percent of Mundelein's student body voted in this year's Student Government elections.



planned attack," and pushed the kids away from the machine guns. During their "attack," they attracted an audience of approximately 150. The cavalry, in the guise of Toronto police, arrived, however, as always, in the nick of time and roped the entire area off limits, closing the exhibit. This, of course, was just what the insurgents had in mind. Maybe cops aren't all bad after all.

ANNE MEGAN

## WE'RE ALL MATH MAJORS DOWN HERE

*The Woods*, published by the girls of St. Mary's of the Woods in Terre Haute, printed the results of a recent poll on US Vietnam policy on its front page. The following is a direct quote from that report:

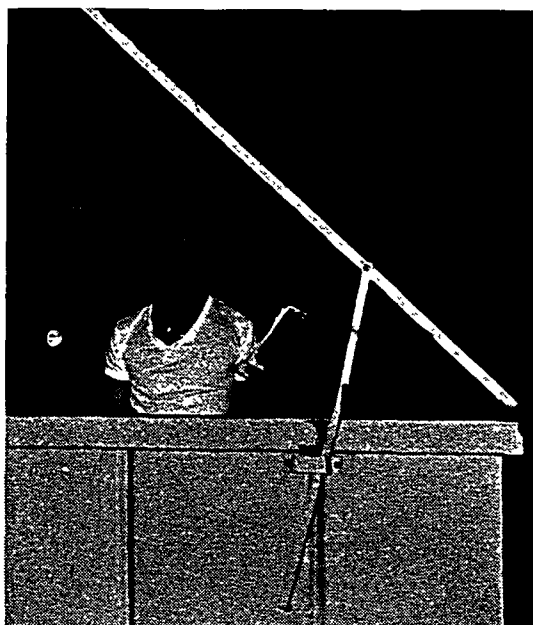
"Do you think the United States should be in Vietnam?" This was the question asked of 50 Woods students recently. Of the 50 polled, 28 said yes, 23 answered 'no,' and two were undecided."

That was pretty good response.

## AND NOW, DEATH VALLEY DAYS

With all the talk in the news media about the Kennedy candidacy, the Rockefeller noncandidacy, Nixon, McCarthy and Johnson, a recent speaker at the University of Illinois who told the audience that, "It's your America, it's time for you to get involved," wouldn't have drawn any particular attention. Except that the speaker was the daughter of California Governor Ronald Reagan.

## UNIVERSAL MISERY DEPT.



THE MAID THROWS OUT THOSE AIRLINE TICKETS

## REAGAN IS RIGHT

The *Daily Illini* reported that Maureen Reagan told her listeners that "this is it — 1968 — the year we've thought about, planned for."

"Problems of today are political," she said, "and the answer is Republican. The Republican Party is the party of the future." To help make Republicans the party of the future, she asked for the help of all those in the audience.

On specific problems, like the Pueblo crisis and Vietnam, she urged a greater American effort. "For almost three years," she said, "we did

nothing but send troops and ammunition. If we were doing two years ago what we're doing now, we wouldn't be where we are." As for the Pueblo crisis, she said, "it's a disgrace we haven't gotten the Pueblo back. The government should have threatened to use force if necessary to get the ship back, usually when we threaten like that, we are not challenged." She put the blame on the government for the "mess we're in" saying that the leadership "reflects the thinking of the Americans for Democratic Action."

## SOME DAYS IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

The Colorado *Daily* reports that the editor of University of Colorado at Denver's college paper is under investigation by a university board on charges ranging from journalistic ethics to poor business management.

The board is considering charges that Lann Meyers, editor of *The Fourth Estate*, has issued free advertising, violated the 1917 espionage act, having a person on his staff who is on academic probation, and illegally changing the name of the paper.

## QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Any clergyman who owns two coats while any man has none is nothing but a hustler." — Lenny Bruce in "How To Talk Dirty and Influence People."

—STEVE NOVAK

## feiffer

I KEEP RUNNING.



BUT THEY KEEP COMING AFTER ME.



I THREW THEM MY HUSBAND. THEY GOBBLED HIM UP AND THEY WERE CLOSE ON MY HEELS AGAIN.



I THREW THEM MY OLDEST CHILD. HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE AND THEY WERE CLOSE ON MY HEELS AGAIN.



I THREW THEM MY MIDDLE CHILD. HE HID IN A TREE AND THEY WERE CLOSE ON MY HEELS AGAIN.



I THREW THEM MY YOUNGEST CHILD. HE JOINED THE PACK AND THEY'RE CLOSE ON MY HEELS AGAIN.



I'M TOO TIRED TO RUN ANYMORE. BUT I HAVE ONE HOPE LEFT.



I'LL BE RESCUED BY THOSE WHO LOVE ME.



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# P E N U M B R A



*In days of yore, for works of art there was no more than mimesis. The day man learned to coax a soothing sound from the eddies of the throat was the day the human form was empowered to understate.*

*It is curious that it took us so long to realize that the combination of art forms to achieve a complete and subtle statement is a procedure both logical and effective. Now, all at once, environmental sculpture is an exploration into four-dimensionality, cinema has become a collage of the plastic, phonic and thespic aesthetics, and "mixed media" is classified as an art form in itself.*

*A festival is a work of mixed media. For every event is complementary to one beatific vision. The diversity makes subtlety the keynote speaker.*

*The Festival of the Contemporary Arts, then, presents a view that is not propagandistic but evocative. For a work of art worth its salt need not assault its audience with "theme."*

*We are out to make the blunderbus obsolete.*

the festival of the contemporary arts  
april 22 - may 5

inclusive.  
the most exciting of the fine and performing arts and a compendium of the creative ferment on this campus.





*What we want to explore is the negative area.*

*That which is left unsaid — The musical rest. The image's background. The implications.*

*In other words, the hole in the doughnut.*

*There will be experimental theater, experimental cinema, experimental dance, experimental poetry and electric experiments.*

*But there are two sides to the festival — exposure to professional examples and presentation of student endeavors. The professional models, then, were selected for their willingness to strip away the facade of convention and stand unashamed of themselves.*

*So our community will be able to see a dance company that rids its performance of all the frippery— costumes, sets, music, males.*

*We don't want to make a big to-do about it. The festival has three premieres in its film program, but we are more interested in education than in searchlights and galas. We want to stimulate the students. We want intimate gatherings where you can feel the breath of the dancers.*

*So we ask that only those who are interested . . . come.*

—MARTY MCNAMARA

# The President of Dow Chemical Company on:

## Napalm in Vietnam

*It was the final day of the Urban conference "Cities in Context," being held in the Center for Continuing Education. Aside from occasional exchanges between the urbanists and the ruralists, as well as the refreshingly blunt observations of London's City Solicitor, Desmond Heap, the mood of the symposium was rather reserved.*

*Scheduled for Wednesday afternoon at 3:15, was Herbert D. Doan, the President of Dow Chemical Company. Preceding Mr. Doan's speech, several students had requested entry into the Center. Not having registered as conferees, they were excluded from the proceedings. Mr. Doan went ahead with his speech as planned.*

*Having finished his presentation Mr. Doan opened the floor to questions. The last inquirer bluntly asked Mr. Doan whether or not he felt that there was a moral decision to be made concerning Dow Chemical's production of napalm, which was "burning women and little children in Vietnam." Mr. Doan expressed very little surprise in being asked what must be by now, the eternal question.*

*He attempted to answer the question but due to the lateness of the hour, the session was soon adjourned and he did not have time to elaborate on his position. Leaving the auditorium, rumors were spread concerning the "demonstrators," surrounding the Center. As we entered the lobby, we found that the doors had been locked and that no one was leaving. The "demonstrators" were sitting in front of the main and side entrances.*

*Mr. Doan wanted to speak with the demonstrators, but it was decided instead that he should meet with a few representatives from the demonstration. Mr. Doan was then escorted back to his room where he met with these students. Apparently convinced of their sincerity he invited them to dinner where they might continue their discussion. It was after this dinner that SCHOLASTIC's John Dudas and Tim Unger met with Mr. Doan for the following interview.*

**Scholastic:** As was evidenced today, there is a great deal of opposition on college campuses to your production of napalm. Many of the students think that there is a moral question involved here and that your company has made an immoral decision. Could you comment on this?

**Mr. Doan:** Napalm, makes up only a very small percentage of our total production, less than .5%. In fact, of the thousands of people who work for Dow, only forty to sixty are involved in the production of napalm. The formula is so simple, that almost any chemical company could produce it, and yet we decided to continue to produce it. As I suggested, our company does not rely on napalm for its existence. It is really only a small part of our income. Its probably more trouble than its worth, financially speaking. The production of napalm has come to be for us, a matter of principle. We feel that we are not wrong in producing it.

**Scholastic:** Then you have made a moral decision concerning your production of napalm?

**Mr. Doan:** As I said, we've been forced to face the issue and we are glad that we have been. We look at it from a level of the overall policy of our government. We think our government is a moral government. We don't think you can compare it to a Hitler-like regime and call it an immoral government. This is the judgment that we made and according to this judgment we could find no

objection to our producing napalm for this government. I think that it would be immoral to stop production of napalm as long as it remains a vital weapon for the defense of our American troops. I could go on for hours telling you of the letters we receive everyday from soldiers who claim to have been saved by napalm. The fact is, that napalm is a very effective weapon, it does a job that has to be done and prevents the death of many American soldiers.

**Scholastic:** From what you've said already, may we conclude that rumors to the effect that you are going to stop making napalm, are false?

**Mr. Doan:** Yes. As I've said, from a purely business point of view, it is not worth the trouble. But, it has become a matter of principle. Our biggest fear is that some bright young man might not come to us as a result of our napalm production.

**Scholastic:** You've said that you've based the morality of your judgment as to whether or not you should produce napalm on the fact that you believe our government to be basically a moral one? But, have you made a similar decision concerning the war in Vietnam? That is, have you judged it to be moral or immoral?

**Mr. Doan:** No. I don't feel that a company is in a position to make such judgments. I don't think it can tell its government what it should or should not do on every issue. Besides, if we were to make such a decision, what would happen to those in the company who disagree with the decision. At Dow, we have people with opinions ranging from one end of the spectrum to the other. There are some who think we should pull out altogether, others who think we should just deescalate and many who support the present policy in Vietnam. I think that this is a decision that must be left to the individual.

**Scholastic:** Have you personally, made a decision concerning the war?

**Mr. Doan:** Yes.

**Scholastic:** Would you care to tell us what it is?

**Mr. Doan:** No. Many people would think that I was speaking for Dow Chemical Company and that would not be true for as I've already explained there is no one Dow position.

**Scholastic:** Getting back to the question of napalm, do you consider napalm to be a moral weapon?

**Mr. Doan:** It is very difficult to draw the line between what is and what is not a moral weapon. The purpose of a weapon is to destroy, but due to the nature of the destruction resulting from napalm, a special question of morality has been introduced. I think that the real issue of morality hinges not on the weapon itself, but its use. At times, the weapon can be immorally used. But, I think that, that angle has been overemphasized by some students. Some have gone so far as to say that the sole purpose of napalm is to burn women and children. That simply isn't true. ■

# Beyond Protest

by Tom Henehan

Overheard on the picket line:

"Hey, where's Norman?"

"He took the three o'clock flight to New York; if he were in town, he'd be here."

Wednesday afternoon. Two days before, we listened to Norman Mailer in Washington Hall, first joking it up, then, sobering, reading a masterful passage from "The Battle of the Pentagon." He had told us about the demonstrators who spent a night last October on the lawn of the Pentagon, about their fear and their heroism and their camaraderie. When Mailer finished his reading, a lot of the people giving him his ovation were sorry they hadn't gone to Washington with him, sorry they hadn't stayed long enough to join in the battle with the law.

It had been a long winter since the march; some fellows signed a "We Won't Go" statement, lots joined in a little peaceful protest against Dow Chemical recruiting. But now, suddenly, everything was happening. Ten Days to Shake the Empire. The Annual ROTC Review. Seven Days in May. Vietnam History Week. The presidential race. And Norman Mailer here to rally the troops. Norman Mailer enraged at sadistic cops, enraptured at his young allies in the movement. Charming, horrifying, lyrical: poet/ham actor/demagogue enciting to riot.

Wednesday afternoon, and visit from the president of Dow Chemical. Enough reason for a protest but the students couldn't sit-in if they were locked out of the building. Time to sing a protest song or two? Or hold

a prayer vigil for peace? No, the word was out, the word was resistance, the hard core was running the movement now, and everyone was remembering Mailer's tales of blood and glory at the Pentagon.

The night before, Tuesday night, the University of Notre Dame du Lac was the proud host for the premiere of Mr. Norman Mailer's latest and greatest film, *Beyond the Law*. It was a choppy film, with a documentary piece, a little satire, a melodramatic sequence tacked on the end. Hardly a film at all; maybe bad enough, incoherent enough to be tagged "home movie," "amateur flick." But this was Mailer's home movie, and his gleefully gauche opening-night trappings — searchlights, leading ladies, a red carpet — and his

especially of police. Anger, petty and righteous, was given voice in a couple of scuffles at Kellogg Center.

Round little Norman Mailer, who showed us his movie and sat through it on the edge of his chair, absorbing himself in his own acting and drinking in the sound of his voice, was gone. Sitting back in a plane with his artist and prizefighter friends, Mailer was out of South Bend for the time being.

*Beyond the Law* will not make it big in the film world. However, we have been treated to one of the better shows seen in South Bend of late. One loud little man telling everyone in sight what he has to say, in print, in the lecture hall, in a film of dubious value, and convincingly.

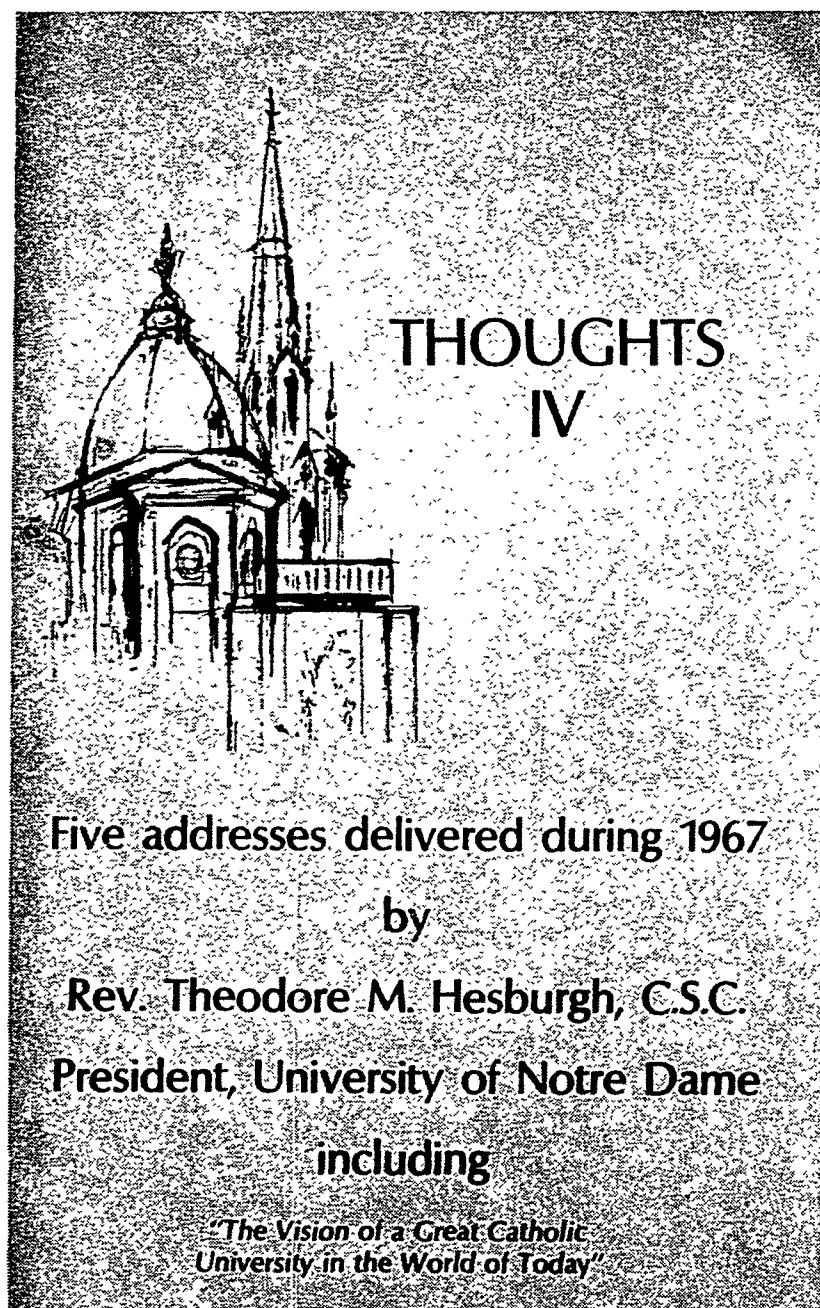
Things will be a little tense here-



obvious enjoyment at watching his own acting, at digging his heavy Brooklyn Irish brouge, his insistence upon his fun and his message made the evening engaging, a joy to attend. A pleasant time was had by all, a gala put-on perpetrated by an aging Jew leprechaun. But to many there was more than joking. For many, Mailer's two-day show was the keynote address to one long spring season of radical dissent. And the film whose only effective footage was a portrayal of police brutality stood as a reminder to suspect, to stand firm. Nobody at the demonstration the next day was trying to give good public relations to the CCP; people had been listening to Mailer for two days and he told them so much, so much of his deep involvement in revolutionary change, so much of his suspicion of revolutionaries, or politicians, and

about the next few months. Doubtless one of the good fathers will attribute all that is wrong with old ND to spring fever, but don't bet on it. Norman Mailer hit town and offended some people, entertained a few, shocked someone here and there, and made a lasting impression. Those bodies lying in the Kellogg Center doorways on Wednesday were there largely because Mailer reminded them or told them about the battle at the Pentagon. It is a fine memory, an inspiring one not easily forgotten. We will remember the man's visit all spring as we see protests take on a little more vigor, more virulence, more momentum.

God's mercy on the  
Wild  
Ginger  
Man.



IS IT POSSIBLE for a University to be Catholic or Christian? Rev. Theodore Hesburgh attempts to answer this question in a recent booklet: *Thoughts IV* (slightly more imaginatively titled than his last *pensees: Thoughts for Today, More Thoughts for Today, and Still More Thoughts for Today*). The first of the five articles, "The Vision of a Great Catholic University in the World Today," Fr. Hesburgh considers the most important he has ever written "since it deals with the heart of all our efforts during these recent years and, hopefully, is a realistic blueprint of what we hope to realize at Notre Dame, as a great Catholic University, in the years ahead." His essays, especially "Vision" and "The Challenge Ahead" do indeed provide us with a blueprint for a Catholic or Christian University, but we will find, I am afraid, that our edifice would be rather Shavian.

Fr. Hesburgh first defines the university itself. He finds that there are certain criteria for greatness:

Any university should be a place where all the relevant questions are asked and where answers are elaborated in an atmosphere of freedom and responsible inquiry. ("Vision" p. 9)

The two essential criteria, then, are freedom and openness, both of which must be present to an extreme: "... few institutions on earth need the climate of freedom to the extent that universities do, whatever the risk involved" ("Vision" p. 8). Adding the word "Catholic" Fr. Hesburgh speaks of radical openness:

... the Catholic university must be a place where all the intellectual and moral currents of our times meet and are thoughtfully considered. ("Vision" p. 15)

Very briefly, we have an idea of a university, an idea which a Catholic university must embrace. But what is unique about a Catholic or Christian university which warrants its particular existence? Fr. Hesburgh proceeds to define the *something extra* possessed by these institutions:

Here in the total spectrum, the Catholic university does have something spectacular to offer. Call it faith, call it belief ... a belief in an ultimate goal surpassing all natural endeavor. ("Vision" p. 16)

In "A Challenge Ahead" he elaborates:

[Christian colleges and universities] not only transmit to every age the totality of human knowledge in the humanities, in the social and physical sciences, in the professions, but they do this in the context of the Christian saving message. (p. 20)

What at first seems to be a quality added to the secular university is seen, upon reflection, as a severe limitation — a limitation which Fr. Hesburgh does not seem to discern. In his emphasis of the freedom of the university, he takes pains to point to the distinction between the university and the Church:

The University is not the Church. It might be said to be *of* the Church as it serves both the Church and the people of God, but it certainly is not the magisterium. It is not the Church teaching, but a place — the only place — in which Catholics and others, on the highest level of intellectual inquiry, seek out the relevance of the Christian message to all the problems and opportunities that face modern man and his complex world. ("Vision" p. 7)

If Fr. Hesburgh meant that man should seek out the relevance not only of the Christian message, but of every message seriously claiming to be true, then we would have the pure university as he defined it, "where every sincere and thoughtful man should be welcome, listened to, and

respected by a serious consideration of what he has to say about his belief or unbelief, his certainty or uncertainty" ("Vision" p. 15). But in Fr. Hesburgh's vision a true university is impossible, for his words declare that currents of thought other than the Christian cannot be seriously considered:

Life cannot be simply negation and despair, so [man] seeks a faith: in God, in God's Word, in God Incarnate in Christ Our Lord, in suffering and resurrection, in life eternal. These are the only realities that keep man today from the ultimate despair, suicide, either personal or global. This is the faith that man seeks in this place. ("Vision" p. 12)

Fr. Hesburgh may be right; Christianity may be the only way out of darkness. But this statement is not a personal manifestation of faith, nor is it an appeal to others to come to the "truth"; it is a statement of purpose for an institution. In order to call his university "Catholic" or "Christian," Fr. Hesburgh has been forced to become specific. We find that his specifications have severely narrowed the scope of the university. We no longer have openness to all moral currents but dedication to a single point of view:

At least we stand for a point of view, in history, in philosophy, in theology, in literature, in art, in music, in drama, in the use of science and technology, in the nature and destiny of man. We know that God has spoken to man and we think this important enough to be reckoned with in all else we know, or believe we know, from whatever source. ("Challenge" pp. 21-22)

Where is the university's openness to unbelief, to uncertainty? Where, in fact, is the university's commitment to openness itself? We see that the very nature of university commitment has shifted:

At the heart of our specific endeavor are two great educational qualities: commitment and freedom. Have no fear of commitment as long as it is intelligent and deeply believes on real evidence the truth of those great Christian values to which we are committed. ("Challenge" pp. 27-28)

Not only has the nature of university commitment shifted but the very definition of *university* has been changed. A university, as Christian, is no longer free and open; it is free and committed. Is this Christian university even free? Where there is *a* faith to be sought, where there is a *single* point of view to be accepted, is man any longer free to

seek any faith or inquire into all possible answers to his problems? Fr. Hesburgh's "commitment" denies the very nature of the university as he defined it.

Fr. Hesburgh's conception of the commitment of the Christian university also denies his definition of the nature of faith:

At Notre Dame, as in all universities, commitment to be meaningful must be personal rather than institutional, a thing of personal free conviction rather than institutional rhetoric. ("Vision" p. 11)

We are told that commitment is free and personal; yet in a Catholic or Christian university, there is a specific commitment we are to make. We are told that faith or commitment cannot be institutionalized, and yet we hear:

... what the Bible implies of a person by calling him Christian, that too applies to our institutions, albeit imperfectly, as followers of Christ. It is the spirit that is important here, the intent, the dedication, the commitment. ("Challenge" p. 21)

We must conclude that not only does a university cease to be a university when it becomes Catholic or Christian but faith itself ceases to be true when it is taken into the structure of an institution.

The most telling argument in Fr. Hesburgh's booklet is one quoted in order to be attacked:

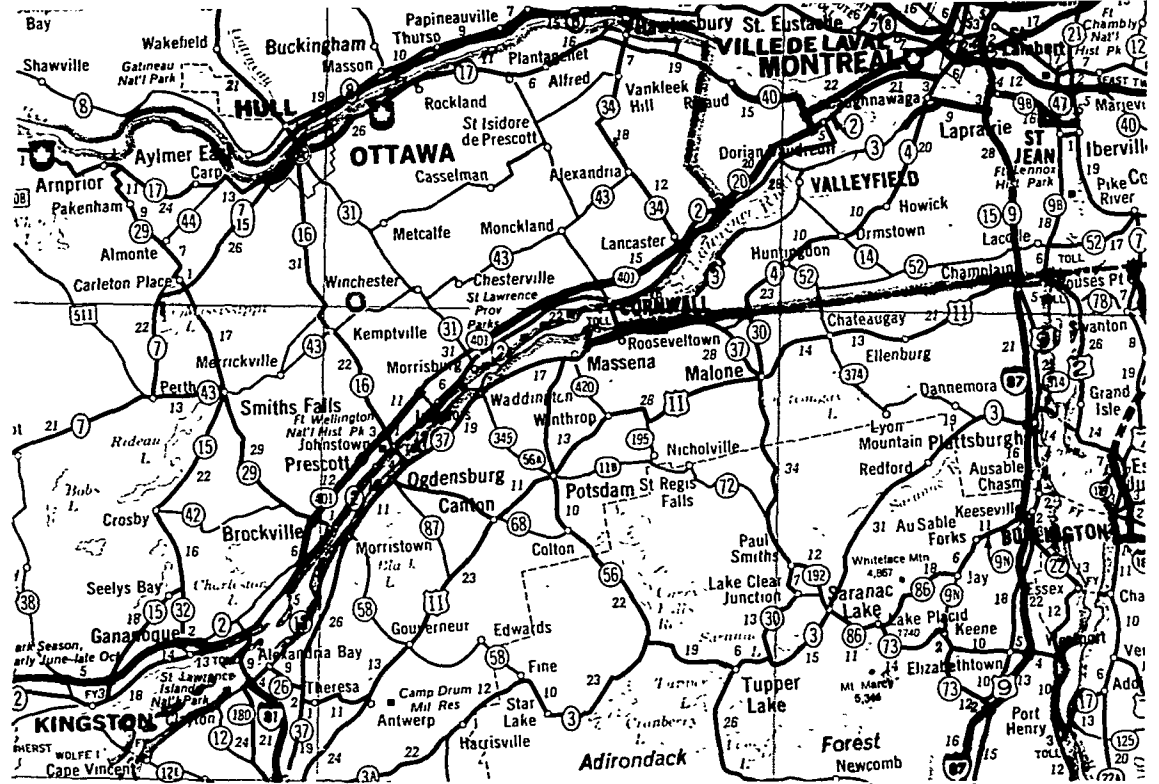
Granted that there may be excellent traditional, public-relations, or sentimental reasons for calling a college Christian, there are no theological reasons. The fact that it was founded by ministers, that it has a certain number of Christians on the faculty or in the student body, that chapel is required (or not required), or that it gets part of its bills paid by a denomination — none of these factors provides any grounds for labeling an institution with a word that the Bible applies only to followers of Christ, and then, very sparingly. Harvey Cox. *The Secular City*

One may be a Christian in a university; one may become a Christian at a university; a university should provide its students with an exposure to Christianity. But a faith — any faith — is personal, not institutional; it is the man, not the university, who is Christian. A university by definition is open to all currents and cannot, under pain of losing its identity, embrace only one. Rather than contradicting Shaw, Fr. Hesburgh's contradiction-filled essays simply provided further evidence that a Catholic university is indeed a contradiction in terms.

—FORREST HAINLINE



# Traveling North?



**M**ANY YOUNG MEN are traveling to Canada today, for various reasons. If you are going, and shall stay in Canada for any length of time, you will need a visa from the Canadian Office of Immigration. Visas are issued for six-week periods either at the border or through immigration offices in any major city. To qualify for a visa a minor must be a part-time student in a Canadian school; a person over twenty-one must be either a full-time student or a part-time student with a job. References, intended address, proper identification and a wholesome appearance are helpful.

Those who wish to become Canadian citizens must also have visas and apply for citizenship at any Canadian immigration office. Application may also be made while one is still living in the United States. During the required Canadian residence period, five years or less, the visa must be renewed every six weeks. Applications for Canadian citizenship should be accompanied by birth certificate, references, Canadian friends' addresses and job possibilities. A letter of permission is required from the parents of those applying before their twenty-first birthday.

During the interim residence period, visits and phone calls from immigration authorities are not uncommon. Canadians keep watch on aspiring citizens as well as long-term visa holders. Students continually renewing their visas are assumed to be future applicants for citizenship.

**T**HOSE INTERESTED in avoiding military service by emigration (part-takers, certainly, of a time-honored tradition) will find entry to Canada somewhat difficult, but it can be achieved. Heavily trafficked points of entry: Detroit, Buffalo, etc., are difficult to cross. Even students passing through Canada on trips or vacations are often questioned at some length, so less traveled roads make easier entry.

The Potsdam area of upper New York is rather difficult to cross at the three bridges found on our map. Due to numerous desertions from a nearby military base they are closely watched. But for those with a sense of melodrama, who just like adventure, or would rather apply for a visa at some office in the interior, there are numerous railway bridges in this area which can be found on local maps. These can usually be crossed with little difficulty.

In the west, any person entering Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or especially, Alberta, will have almost no trouble, as those sparsely populated areas are overjoyed to welcome any face, even if it's bearded.

A potential draftee will receive two notices to report before any drastic action is taken, in most cases. That allows him almost two months during which to flee. Draft notices cannot

be served in Canada, and if one is mailed, it has no force. Those declared draft dodgers under present law cannot be extradited; however, even if you are about to receive citizenship, you can be arrested for fleeing, if you reenter the States. Those who have made trips back and forth report little trouble, however, and re-entry for short periods is relatively safe.

Once arriving in Canada, the draft dodger can obtain aid as to jobs and schools, from any of several societies that have been formed to help those fleeing the States, or possibly from an individual who is either sympathetic and/or a member of the ex-patriot American community in Canada. The ex-patriots are numerous, as many as 15,000, and gather around universities and urban neighborhoods. About 900 have taken up residence in and about Toronto (city) and the University of Toronto, a favorite first stop for newcomers.

Those wishing more information on travel to Canada may write: The Canadian National Travel Bureau, Dept. of Tourism; The American Friends' Service in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto; The Student Union for Peace Action or The Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, 658 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

*J. S. F. and M. C.*

# LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE MORE CAUTIOUS CANADA



# Take Me Disappearing Through The Smoke Rings Of My Mind

by DAVE DAVIS, JOEL GARREAU, MIKE SCHAFFER,  
JOHN WALBECK

*The result of two centuries of aristocratic New England-in-breeding, William F. Buckley Jr., swept pontifically through politics modern and not so, Wednesday night. Touted by Professor Gerhart Niemeyer as one of those rare commodities in American public life, a man who values God, family and country in that order (as opposed to a certain soon-to-retire public figure who recently claimed his allegiances were to America, public service and the Democratic party in that order). He opened up with slams on Bobby Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson and proceeded with his renowned bright eyed rhetorical rapier to consider the war in Vietnam, the problems of the cities, the N.S.A. and other threats to society in the context of the responsibilities of the modern student.*

*Interviewed in the crush of Republicans and ideologues of various stripe after his lecture in the Stepan Center, Mr. Buckley, drawing for inspiration on an impressive cigar that could only be described as uncircumcised, imparted some of his insights about the current political situation.*

**Scholastic:** Do you have ideologic pretentions?

**Buckley:** I'm very much opposed to that word. The word I use is preSUMPTIONS. Presumptions, because I think there are presumptions, social presumptions, which make up sound liberal doctrine, but ideology, as I understand it, is the negation of reason, not the extension of principle, to the point where it's undebated, you know?

**Scholastic:** I assure you, Mr. Buckley, that we won't get your accent in the interview. Could we return to the war in Vietnam? You mentioned first of all in your speech your reaction to President Johnson's action on Sunday. Could you elaborate?

**Buckley:** Well, my own analysis is that he is not seeking the presidential nomination because he thinks that if he did seek it he'd probably never get it. In other words, I think that his own reading of the political situation is such as to convince him that, he couldn't get it, or if he did get it, it would be only by the exercise of such *force maior* as to be self-discrediting, that under the circumstances he pulled out. In other words, I think his enemies prevailed.

**Scholastic:** In view then of the events of the Tet offensive, do you think that military victory is possible under the circumstances?

**Buckley:** Oh, yes. I think it's wholly possible, sure.

**Scholastic:** How would we achieve this victory?

**Buckley:** I certainly would not assume that it is impossible to lick the North Vietnamese twenty years after we licked the Japanese when you consider the advances in military technology in the last twenty years and the relative power of the Japanese over that part of Southeast Asia. I take what you mean to ask is, "Do you think it's possible, consistent with the limitations we've been accepting, on the conduct of war?", to which minds rebel.

**Scholastic:** Do you think the government we are supporting in Vietnam is popular?

**Buckley:** Yes, I do.

**Scholastic:** Do you say this in spite of President Eisenhower, who in *Mandate for Change* said that if a general election had been held Ho Chi Minh would have gotten at least eighty percent of the vote?

**Buckley:** Well, that's quite true, but that would have been true also of Castro the day after he got in. The point is it was not true a few months later, otherwise, of course, Castro would have risked an election and Ho Chi Minh, a free election in North Vietnam. The fact that there's been a million refugees from North Vietnam suggests to me that what was true in 1954 would not have been true six months later.

**Scholastic:** Do you have any comments about Senator Kennedy. You always seem to direct your abuse at him. Also, what about McCarthy?

**Buckley:** He's a little bit less offensive, don't you think?

**Scholastic:** How about Vice-President Nixon?

**Buckley:** Well, I'm for Nixon.

**Scholastic:** Governor Rockefeller?

**Buckley:** So-so to me.

**Scholastic:** The *National Review* seems to have a love affair going with Ronald Regan. Would you care to comment?

**Buckley:** Well, *National Review* is a journal of conservative opinion, and Reagan is a conservative. We have a love-affair with all conservatives.

**Scholastic:** What exactly is a conservative, in twenty-five words or less?

**Buckley:** I'll use Professor Weaver's definition: "Conservatism is a paradigm of essences toward which the phenomenology of the world is in continuous approximation." And I have three left over.

**Scholastic:** Do you think there's an endemic racism in American society that makes race riots an inevitable reaction?

**Buckley:** I'm certainly not calling race riots inevitable. I think there is race *consciousness* in America. People tend to use "racism" loosely. If what we have in America is racism then it appears that every country in the world is racist, even Brazil. We're losing this consciousness, but we still use racism sloppily and fail to distinguish racism from race consciousness.

**Scholastic:** In your book *God and Man at Yale* you said that academic freedom leads to atheism or liberalism among students. Would you give us your opinion on academic freedom; what role do you think the students should play in the university life, and what role do you think the student should play in politics?

**Buckley:** Well, I don't think that has anything to do with academic freedom. The extent to which you're allowed to chose your own convictions is not something that has to do with academic freedom. Nor did I say in *God and Man at Yale* what you said I did. What I said was in Yale you had Yale University, and even though they believe in academic freedom, in fact, there was a high imbalance — so much so that, some of its departments were really engines for the imposition of a certain set of values. Then I also said that I don't believe in academic freedom as it is defended by some of the purists of academic freedom, which is in effect nihilistic, saying that no idea is better than any other idea, that all ideas must start even in the race, to use the famous metaphor. That, in my judgment, is epistemologically pessimistic. I suggest that it is impossible for knowledge to advance in this manner. That's why I'm against that concept.

# STUDENT ACTIVISM: LATIN AMERICA

by Rafael T. Caldera

*"The true meaning of student power depends upon the meaning Notre Dame students choose to give it" (SCHOLASTIC editorial, March 1, 1968).*

## 1. The Cordoba movement.

This very year of 1968 is the fiftieth anniversary of the *Córdoba* (Argentine) movement. Those two words, empty for any American college student, mean to thousands of Latin Americans *university reform*. In the year of 1918 the students at Córdoba University took over the institution and set new rules, new patterns that would be followed by the vast majority of the universities in Latin America. What was the main point of such *reform*? Two outstanding points may be mentioned: *autonomy* of the university in regard to the state and to national power on the one hand, and, on the other, *student power* — the right to share, sometimes in equal proportion, in the decision-making at the university. Both ideas spread like fire and, after these many years, they are still two of the main myths that move political activity within our universities. The story, however, would be too long if told in detail.

What were the results of this new policy at the universities? It is not easy to make a black and white judgment. But at least it should be mentioned that the so-called *reform* opened the gates to wild political activism that we have been involved in, and that we are still living now. The main concerns of such activism could be summarized in a few lines: our establishments of higher education are deficient; they are not growing in quality with the necessary speed to cross the gap between our countries and the developed ones; and, finally, they are not producing the capable and skilled people required for the task of development.

It is clear, on the other hand, that there is a spreading attitude of criticism — positive criticism — towards this situation, and that new solutions are being sought. I could refer now (although I won't) to some experiences in this regard, as well as to the last meeting of Secretaries of Education from different Latin American countries held at Caracas (Venezuela) this past month.

## 2. The idea is running rampant in the American market.

With the background of certain experience in these matters, plus our historical background already sketched, you can imagine my surprise when I saw that the issue of student power is winning strength all over the place in this country. It is not a simple phenomenon, nor can it be assimilated to the Latin American situation. And, of course, as a foreigner I don't intend to pass judgment on your problems. My only concern is to point out a few aspects that seem to me to be present in the whole situation, as a means of helping the reflections of those who have to decide the issue — namely you.

I first experienced this new attitude two years ago when invited to attend a seminar at Cornell University with other delegates from eight Latin American countries. I found on that occasion that the main concern of the American students present there was to know in detail *how we Latin Americans handle this business*. And I can tell that they listened with great attention (and maybe delight) to all kinds of stories about political crises at our universities. Later on, the case of Berkeley and very recent reports like *Time* magazine's (March 15, 1968) have brought me to the conclusion that, far from being a side issue of temporary interest, this matter of student power is becoming one of the critical problems that your uni-

versities have to face, and to face soon.

(This article was already written when the newspaper brought the news about the incidents at Howard College.)

What is involved in this phenomenon? Perhaps we can exemplify a few ideas with a handy and well-known case. Let us turn to Rossie's declarations to the *SCHOLASTIC* (March 1, 1968).

## 3. Rossie: How much of a demagogue is he?

Rossie's declarations struck me rather forcibly because in them I witnessed a spectacle I am very much used to: the emergence of a college demagogue. To quote a few statements:

—*"If students must obey the rules, they should make them . . ."* (p. 20)

—*"If a clash is what it comes to, they will have to be willing to meet anything. We'll have to be prepared for any sort of confrontation . . ."* (p. 20)

—*"There is only one other way they can go, and that is forward"* (p. 20)

—*"Why won't they give us due process of law on this campus, why won't they set up a legitimate rule-making process on this campus . . ."* (p. 21)

I could quote a few more, but these are enough for our purposes. What emerges clearly, then, from that interview is:

—That there is a right, sane and good aspiration to have a greater share in academic life and, especially, to have more freedom.

—That this good basic aspiration is being conceptualized and expressed in the cheapest and most demagogical symbols: What kind of reasons, better, what *true* reasons can Rossie offer to back statements like those quoted above? May we suggest, perhaps, Kant's theory of morals for the first one, Lenin's or Mao's works for the second, Condorcet's idea of progress for the third, and Rousseau's social contract for the fourth one?

I think that Rossie, as anyone else, has a right to voice his opinions, and as I have already said, there is a basic good tendency at the bottom; but I also think that anyone has a right to demand the reasons that sup-

(Continued on page 33)



# PLAY BALL

by bob metz



**M**ONDAY is opening day in Washington and Cincinnati; once again horsehide will fill the air. It is traditional for every baseball fan to go out on the limb at this time, and predict the pennant winners for the coming year. Many of the so-called experts spend hours studying the records of each player in an effort to bolster the accuracy of these predictions. However, in times such as these, the previous performance of the athletes is not the only factor to be considered. Any player serving time in the Army cannot contribute to a team's effort to capture the flag.

Any prognosticator worth his salt will realize that Lyndon Johnson and Ho Chi Minh may determine the eventual winners. No predictions as to the eventual outcome can be made unless one first comes to some conclusions about the future of the war in Southeast Asia. The recent actions of certain politicians demonstrates the impossibility of any such prediction. Nevertheless, the following is the definitive study of the 1968 pennant races.

With eleven of the forty players on their spring roster in some reserve unit, any escalation of the war will be disastrous to the Mets. The Astros need a bullpen, catching and some hitters; they are unlikely to come up with any of these and should finish ninth. Ernie Banks is too old to drive in another 95 runs this year and the Cubs pitching isn't as good as last year's record indicates. But, there will be so much happening in the streets of Chicago this summer that no one will notice the Cubs' seventh place finish.

The acquisition of Grant and Versalles may rejuvenate the Dodgers. The defense will be improved and the pitching is still excellent; but it seems the Dodgers can only score when the opposition commits several errors in an inning. Both the Reds and Giants have good well-balanced teams and a history of not being able to win; don't expect them to change their ways this year.

There will be a two-team race in the senior circuit this year. The Cardinal's long suit is pitching and Gibson figures to improve on his 13-7 record. Lou Brock is the most exciting player in the league and is about to arrive as a superstar. The Pirates' strength lies in their hitting; but off-season swaps have bolstered their pitching staff. If manager Shepard finds another hurler to join Bunning and Veale, the Pirates are home free. The Pirates are a veteran team, even if the war is escalated, they should not lose any players to the Army.

The Pirates should take it all in the NL this year.

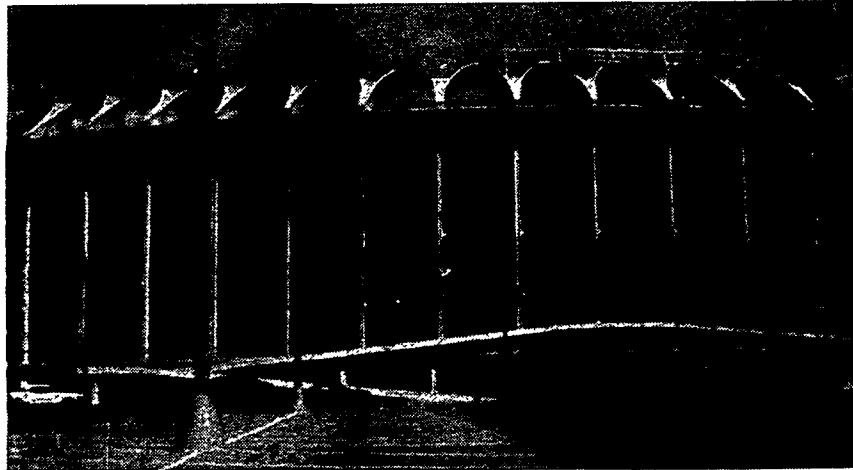
In the American League several teams will quickly sink to the depths of the second division. The A's, Indians, Senators and Yankees cannot match the talent of the other six teams. The Yankees' best infielders, Murcer and Kenney, are in the service. Without them it is going to be another dismal season for the Bronx Bombers.

The Orioles and Red Sox are both lacking dependable hurlers to get them through the long-season. The Angels have the best DP combination in the league; in Rick Reichardt they have one-third of a good outfield; if Rigney can find the other two-thirds, the Angels could take it all.

Eddie Stanky has a great pitching staff in Chicago and with the acquisition of Tommy Davis the offense should be improved. The Sox are old and their defense is poor. Many hits will be just beyond the reach of Boyer, Aparicio and Davis. There are two complete teams in the junior circuit, Minnesota and Detroit. If Chance, Kaat and Oliva all have outstanding years the Twins will win; unless Wilson, McLain and Kaline have better years. If he so chooses Lyndon Johnson can give the flag to the Twins by activating the reserve units which contain Tommy John and Mickey Lolich. But this probably will not happen; Detroit fans have been known to stage violent protest demonstrations. The superior Detroit attack should decide the issue and the Tigers should meet the Pirates in the Series.

The '68 season will surely produce two exciting races climaxing in two more cardiac finishes. But what is even more exciting is the prospect that the record Nick Altrock set back on October 1, 1933 will stand another year. When Nick pinch-hit that day in Washington he became the oldest man ever to play in a major league game. Nick was 57 years and 16 days old.





# The King and I and Busch Stadium

by Rich Moran

A Self-Mock Epic by Rich Moran which is Based on Fact.

*If you, O tender-tongued Helen, second-floor maid and sweeper of cities, would kindly remove the dirt-laden sheets from my desk, the greasy rag from my typewriter, and your self from our boudoir; I will begin to sing of that pilgrimage toward the holy shrine of El Birdo and of the overnight vigil within the Mecca-like Civic Center Busch Memorial Stadium.*

## I

In Which the Author Begins "in Medias Res."

It was a mere five months before the death of Otis Redding and a full six days past the Ides of July. The king's retinue had rendezvoused bleacher-side while various court minstrels and buffoons made sport before the king as he sat in the royal sedan.

"What's this about Alex Johnson almost becoming an ex-Redbird?"

"I heard that the Reds tried to get him, but General Manager Musial turned down the deal saying that 'he wasn't offered enough.'"

"Yeah, the Reds must have wanted to give him a copy of Jim Brosnan's

*The Long Season*, two pencils, and an old scorecard."

## II

Having Failed "in Medias Res," the Sweet-Sounding Calypso Directs the Author to Begin Anew.

It was 6:30 a.m. when the telephone rang; Joe, alias the King, was working nights and I, days. Hence, only the rosy fingers of Aurora could bridge the communications breakdown.

"Hey, Ace."

"Uh?"

"The imperial commissioner of the calendar has sent a herald forth to proclaim that the Braves of Atlanta, under the aegis of Billy Hitchcock, visit our fair Gateway City a mere fortnight hence." Joe had long ago declared himself most sovereign king — not of anything in particular but of everything in general. Later, he had acquired a Whopper crown from the Burger King People of Brentwood Boulevard; he then declared dominion over the lands heretofore governed by various thanes, dukes, earls, and barons, inhabiting the fiefs extending from Crawdor to Worcester.

"Anyway," he continued, "the royal steward presently lays plans for an overnight pilgrimage to the Regal

Arena. The entourage, will depart the castle fourteen days hence in quest of sport and merriment. It is expedient that we pitch camp overnight in the Arena and await the following day's game." (The guy really said it that way, ed.)

Joe had just returned from Yellowstone National Park. He and two others had escorted a suitcase full of hats and caps, forty-two of them in all, one for each head for each day of the trip. Moreover, they had stopped at each state boundary to throw curve balls so that they broke across the state line. Other highlights included a trip to the Clarinda Iowa Community Ball Stadium where the triumvirate hit "drives" over and through the battered left-field fence.

Another member of the Yellowstone contingent, Tim Krull, a phlegmatic but humorous Stoic, was to meet us at the Tabard Inn before the long-awaited journey Gatewayward to the stadium. But at 5:30 p.m. on the fated Friday, Joe called and hinted that the fates were attempting to engineer the demise of the throne: "Krull's brother got a new catcher's mitt; they were out in the backyard breaking it in, when Tim, coming to the stretch, noticed a rabbit positioned where first base would have been. Whirling and throw-

ing, he picked the rabbit off — too big a lead, I guess. The rabbit hobbled about like Mickey Mantle; its leg was broken. Tim called the Humane Society and asked them to come out and 'fix it.' On arrival, they inspected the patient and muttered something about their union not letting them work on rabbits. Tim put the rabbit to rest with a sharp-breaking slider — euthanasia. Right now, he's officiating at the Requiem and he'll be a few minutes late for the game."

### III

Which Describes the Perils Confronting the King and Courtiers Twixt C-E-R-R-E and the Stadium.

It was traditional to park several blocks from the Stadium on a street deserted by all but a local community of hobos.

The name of the street was Cerre; but no one was sure whether the *c* was hard, soft, or, perhaps, pronounced like the *c* in Ecclesiastical Latin, *ch*. Hence, it came to pass that the street was dubbed See Ee Arr Arr Ee Street — at least until it could be proven otherwise.

A wealth of customs had sprung up around the street. We had held a picnic there on the Fourth of July; the hermetic monks from the area sought some of the watermelon, and attendance swelled to twenty or so people — it was known as the Poor People's March on C-E-R-R-E.

Joe and I had brought our gloves and a ball so that we could unwind our arms on the stadium infield at 2:30 that night. While we were waiting for Krull, we went over to the warehouse just across the Straits of Desolation from C-E-R-R-E. Backed up to the loading docks were huge tractor trailers with big signs on the side:

CAMEL FREIGHT SERVICE  
WE'RE HUMPIN' TO PLEASE.

Surveying the situation, Joe decided that the trailers made tremendous outfield walls, "Your lordship, take your baseball and lay siege to these fortress walls. Minnie Minoso, the thrice-suffering deity of outfield walls, deigns that I take his burden upon myself. I must, regardless of any injury that I might suffer, crash into the wall while in pursuit of the afore-said baseball." (*That's how he put it—ed.*)

Krull finally came. A tear in his eye, he struggled out of the car. But what's this? He wields crutches. Had the rabbit colony rose in insurrection? "As flies to wanton boys are we to rabbits?" Upon examining the

crutches, we found that one was wrapped in tape: Tim had concealed a baseball bat, a 28-inch Enos Slaughter model, between the horizontal braces inside the crutches. After all, what is infield practice without a fungo, coach?

"The way to the stadium is not an easy one," the King had proclaimed. "Terrifying dragons, giants, trolls, and barbarous nations abide along the road." Joe as king had prepared for the struggle by taking a course in remedial épée and a refresher course in the joust: "These impudent rapscallions lay evil snares for unsuspecting royalty — this rebellion must be crushed by the weight of my divine right."

Along the road lies a really ridiculous building, sunk into the ground and featuring dual stepways, one of



which was merely feigning stepness, an imposter. Dingy brown lockers were visible through the basement windows. Joe explained that the lockers did not really belong to truckers but to the St. Louis Stars, the local N.P.S.L. soccer entry. The Stars were too poor to afford use of the stadium clubhouse. Gussie Busch, disgusted by their poverty, banished them to these dreary dungeons. "Twas a wise assertion of feudal power over the shiftless vassals."

Across the street, a great and tall building, modern in every respect, pierced the sky. People came a long way to see Soll's Salvage; yes, Soll's Salvage, where the torn label and dented can is king. Many a young wife got more than she bargained for at Soll's.

Not far ahead, the all-powerful Poplar Street Bridge bends her girders. The bridge is incomplete and one

lane offers only a fifty-foot precipice as a future. One hundred feet from the cliff, a sign reads, "Road Closed." (*See arrow.*) Actually, it is not the road that is closed; it is only the lack of the road. Intermittently this summer, the bridge had gushed forth water, (see other arrow) greeting its viewers with the drenched reality of life and with the stark realism that made the deluge incident in *Genesis* a best seller. On the last journey from C-E-R-R-E, Joe had been victimized. His "ermine-trimmed, purple robes" in disarray, he had demanded that the "royal surgeon treat the weak kidneys which obviously plagued the monstrous, foul-smelling ogre."

But now the stadium was in sight; we ran so that we might take succor from her glory and repast from her refreshment stands.

### IV

In Which the Crown, Looking First Here and Then There Surveys His Estate and Prepares for the Vigil.

A number of nooks and recesses in the stadium, at first look, offered themselves as ideal hiding places for the evening's postgame activities. Joe talked to the registrar who was posing as a popcorn vender, "Sir, I beg thee tell us where we might seek sanctuary amongst the rolling plains of this fair arena."

"Hey, man, just get off my back; I don't know nothin' about no sanctuaries around here; this is just a ball park."

"I know, sir, that your docket is no doubt already filled with the names of much of the nobility; but you would not dare refuse me should I burst forth from my anonymity and reveal the true grandeur of my personage."

But the vender had already turned his back in confusion, "I got popcorn to sell so why don't you guys bug out, eh?" (*This exchange is purely fictional — ed.*)

Krull comforted Joe to displace his wrath, "Doubtless, sire, he considers you a pretender to the throne; let us push on to find some more loyal vassals and some amiable quarters; hurry, they await us in the royal box."

"A sound idea, my steward tells me that early reconnaissance proved vain." And so we, slowed by the crutch-footed Krull, went trekking about the stadium in pursuit of a home. Every Men's Room and every refreshment stand was investigated. And, then, we struck upon it — the john, only steps away from Gate 3. It was perfect: as you walked in, you



saw nothing out of the ordinary. But if you stepped seven paces into the room and then whirled 180 degrees, ahh! About eight feet above the floor (the ceiling was a good sixteen feet into the stratosphere), stood a large plateau shouldering some four or five heating units — but there was plenty of room to house the refuge-seeking nobility. Joe tossed up our breakfast, a box of Imperial margarine and a six-pack of Royal Crown cola. But before Krull could dispense with the bat and its crutch-covering, fans began streaming in for the postinning break. Each time, when it seemed that the fans were about to exit, a few more would trickle in; and Krull would have to resume his crutchmanship. Finally, the local deity, Harry Caray, interceded: "Two men on, nobody out; that brings up Orlando Cepeda." Suddenly the stadium was constipated and the john was empty. Like a great man appearing amidst a boisterous crowd, like Gardol intercepting Mr. Toothdecay, the wretched-mouthed Caray had eliminated our problem. Chanting the glories of our new-found home, we disappeared into the depths of *medias res*.

## V

### The Return to and the Departure from "Medias Res."

Little can be said. The wrath of *El Birdo* rose up and the enemy was smitten despite the efforts of the guy whom Krull called Celtis Boyer. He had a special talent for mispronouncing names; each attempt at a new name produced in us the same feeling of hopelessness that pervades a Harold Stassen campaign kickoff party. Case in point — when the Cardinals had finally managed to get rid of Ray Sadecki, Krull called up and announced that in exchange they had received Lowando Cepeda. It was always fun to show him a new name and let him go to work on it; Digger O'Dell became Diggory Venn — the reddleman.

## VI

### In Which the Author Treats of the Olympic Games Held Before Battle.

After the game, we sat around and cheered for the groundskeepers as they rolled out the tarpaulin. Somehow, the king got the idea that the tarpaulin was not a tarpaulin but the royal bedspread and that the mound was his pillow. The groundskeepers were the monarch's valets preparing the king's bed for nightie-night. We had to restrain him from assuming the royal posture atop the infield.



While he was trying to climb the fence to get onto the field, some usher came along and asked if he didn't have more sense than that — obviously, he did not know royalty.

About 11:30 p.m. we returned to Gate 3 and the adjacent john. Utilizing the grappling hooks which had been concealed beneath the false bottoms in Joe's tennis shoes, Tim and I scaled the cliff and then pulled his highness up to the throne. We were just going to break out some royal crown when some guy came in, hooked up a hose and began scouring down the entire room — all the while trying to play the name game with Schoendiest: "Schoendiest, Schoendiest, Boboendiest, Bonananana, Bofoendiest; Fee, Fie, Foe, Moendiest—Schoendiest." We scampered behind the throne in search of refuge: from his vision, his water, but above all, his voice. Joe explained that he was a member of the royal army on k.p. duty and that his name was Major Lance.

Just as we began to settle down, a muffled, mechanical noise emanated from below. It sounded like a printing press preparing the scorecards for tomorrow's game. But to Joe, it was the rustling and the trampling of the royal steeds, anxious for battle. Unable to sleep, we broke out the flip cards. Unlike the conventional game of flip cards, the object in our duels was always to try to get rid of certain guys (unless you had doubles on them): having Steve Bilko or Clay Dalrymple was sort of like holding the old maid.

## VII

### In Which the Author Speaks of Our Early Commitment.

Finally, the time grew ripe to explore the innards of the stadium. Unsure of our destiny, we set out for the field of battle. But first, a war conference was held in which the war king described plans: "These are no

mean dangers that confront us; but the objectives are clear: we must subvert the enemy from within and crush him from without. There can be moderation neither in our pursuit of the destruction of the tyrannic Frain nor in our subsequent seizure of his Elysian fields. Now let us go forth one by one and rendezvous near the foot of Mount Ida. Mount Ida, the scene of the knightly Gibson's numerous conquests."

Krull whispered, "I'll do Fife"; he led the way, carrying the bat and ball. We saw that there were several night watchmen taking laps around the stadium. They could no doubt be bribed with the special stock of Lou Brock and Tim McCarver flip cards that we had brought along for such an occasion. We went down to the dugout where Krull claimed that "he could see the light through the tunnel." Surprisingly enough, the door was barred shut, and it was impossible to reach the light. We wasted a good deal of time inspecting the broken water cooler and the empty bat rack before leaving for Ida.

## VIII WAR

While Krull and I were struggling toward the mound, the King arose and began to harangue his enemies. "Would that there were no adherents to the Andy Frain monolith; they plot against the throne and conspire against our welfare. It behooves us to leave nary a cap unburnt nor a uniform untorn. Let us continue."

At the sound of his voice, the enemy unleashed his flame thrower, drowning us in light. The enemy began to converge. Krull took a wild swing at the baseball in an attempt to clear the center field wall; the ball dribbled out toward second base. Frantically, he threw the out towards short. We dashed, tripped, and stumbled toward the fence, over the fence, up the stairs, and over the turnstiles. Joe turned around and bid *adieu*. We had abandoned our breakfast, our shoes, and the Krull crutches; but never did C-E-R-R-E Street seem so idyllic. Just as we began to rejoice, we noticed that the royal carriage was conspicuous by its absence. In its place, we found a note stuck under a rock:

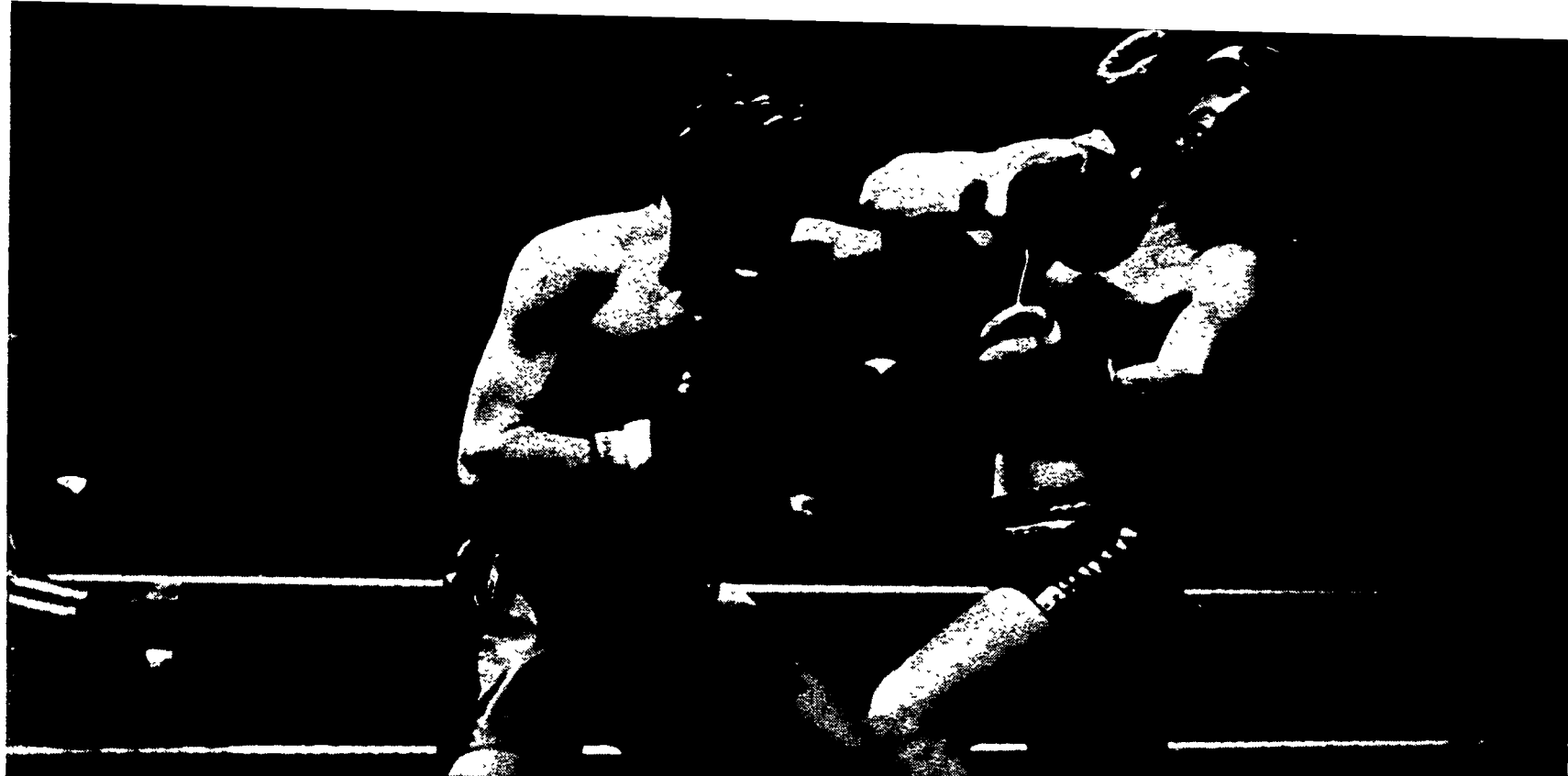
**YOUR CAR WAS ILLEGALLY  
PARKED AND HAS BEEN  
TOWED AWAY TO:**

**METROPOLITAN TOWING  
2715 OLIVE**

Please Contact

The St. Louis Police Dept.

Uneasy sits the crown upon the king.



## SUPERPUGILISTIC EXHIBITIONOSIS

by Ray Serafin

The pressure on him increases with every night until now, the Friday of the finals, when it reaches its peak. In a few minutes, he'll get the signal to start wending his way up the steps to the fieldhouse, and then through the crowd and into the harshly lit arena — an arena which is the world of the Bengal boxer, a world of defined rules and boundaries, a world he hopes to conquer and control, at least for one fleeting moment.

Why is it this man who is here at this time? "I asked myself that question three times — once before every fight," comments Tom Breen, a junior who went out to win the 177-pound class in this his second year in the program. "I was impressed as a spectator my freshman year and I looked at it as a physical challenge. I guess I came back this year because I like the unique comradeship in the boxing club." Heavyweight Chuck Landolfi wanted to get in shape for football and, in addition, was upholding a family tradition. "My uncles were all amateur boxers, and my cousin was a professional, so I wanted to see how I could compare." 135-pound John McGrath, in his fourth year in the Bengals, sees it from the little guy's viewpoint. "Being small keeps me out of a lot of other sports, but the Bengals even up the physical aspects and give me a chance to participate and compete on my own level."

For whatever the reason, the boxer finds himself climbing between the ropes and into the ring, alone but not unaffected by the crowd. Jed Ervin felt "more worried about the crowd before the fight, being afraid of getting embarrassed." Ervin won his very tough 155-pound division and the Larry Ash trophy as best boxer of the

tournament despite the fact that in each of his last two fights his opponent was favored. "I didn't mind the SCHOLASTIC picking Jim Loverde, in fact I was happy to be the underdog. I probably felt a little less pressure since I didn't have anything to lose." Chuck Landolfi, cast as the big favorite in his heavyweight class, admitted that he consciously worried about pleasing the crowd — but the loudest boos of the tournament came for the announcement of his split-decision win over Denny Allan. Chuck thought that the crowd "built me up too much." The combination of an unknown, Allan, fighting a football player who had, in his first fight, looked as devastating and invincible as Rocky Marciano, brought the crowd solidly into Allan's corner — although several of the other Bengal boxers (who should know) actually thought before the fight that he should not have been rated the underdog.

Eduardo Ferrer, 127-pound winner, admitted that. "Once in the ring, I hear the crowd only between rounds. You've been psyched up for so long that everything in the ring just happens too fast."

Most boxers admit to being conscious of the crowd before the fight, but not after the bell rings, "unless you really catch him with a punch — or he really catches you," observes John McGrath. "What really bugs you is when you're sitting in the stands watching the other fights and you hear some loudmouth boo. That's when you feel like starting your own

fight right there."

And so the punches start to land and everything in the boxer's mind fades except for the task ahead of him. "Once you're in there you just react, not really thinking about what you're doing," notes Ferrer, and McGrath agreed with him. "Being left-handed and going against a right-hander, Larry Broderick, our jabs cancel each other out and I planned to lead with my left and hook with my right—but it all goes so fast you don't remember afterwards if you did what you planned to do." Sometimes the prefight strategy is forgotten, but without too much harm. Jed Ervin planned to "move in and out real fast," only to end up winning a toe-to-toe slugfest. And then there's Tom Breen, who clearly dominated and punished each of his opponents during the tournament, candidly admitting that "I enjoy protecting myself."

And then it's over. Two months or more of driving preparation are history, the final three rounds of boxing are in the past, and everything depends on a little card sent up from the judges. When the announcer reads off what the all-important card says, only agony and disappointment cross the face of the loser. The winners second the emotion of Chuck Landolfi: "tired outside but happy inside." The two fighters leave the ring together, sharing the ambivalent feeling of "glad it's over with but I'd do it again"—and many who are not seniors will. Out of the ring and walking back to the locker room, Nappy tries to console the loser. And the winner recognizes a voice in the crowd, looks up, smiles, and waves at somebody whose world he wasn't even aware of just a few moments ago. ■



# Voice in the Crowd

It is another crisp fall day, the kind that compel old ladies to take bike trips and out-of-shape businessmen to jog a mile in the park. Your muscles are as tense as their's, although you've been sitting for a quarter of an hour. Maybe you are there in Lafayette, staring at the huge block "P" and then back to the field where the halfback is in the process of catching six passes and running five yards for a touchdown in college football's biggest game or maybe you are in South Bend, squirming in blind agony as the radio tells the story. "... to the Boilermaker 24. Third and nine for the Irish, Purdue leading Notre Dame 6-0 with 11:30 to go in the quarter. Hanratty up to the ball, Bleier split left. Hanratty takes the snap—he's being rushed hard, throws downfield to Bleier—IT'S INTERCEPTED BY DON WEBSTER, the Boilermakers take over. And again the vaunted Fighting Irish offense is stopped. Time-out Notre Dame . . ."

Bleier, the Captain, lost more when Bob Baltzell scored Purdue's fourth touchdown that day than any student at Notre Dame. The school's dream was shattered, the coaches' dream was shattered, but Bleier suffered most. The captain's job is to rally the team after a tough defeat, and this he did; to the 62, 316 fans at Ross-Ade Stadium, this was all he would have to do, because the Notre Dame football captain's life begins and ends on the field, doesn't it?

Rocky Bleier climbed onto the team bus that evening and he wanted to sleep. He was physically tired, to be certain, but above that his mind wanted to shut out the heartbreak of the afternoon. He didn't sleep; he took out paper and pen and worked on his *Captain's Table* which was due the following night. Thus Bleier was able to externalize the frustrations of the afternoon and the hopes he still harbored. In that sense the exercise was productive for him. But it was also work, demanding concentration and attention. He met a difficult job head-on and never looked for applause in return. He could have begged off and no one would have questioned the right of ND's football captain to do so.

With this column my opportunity as a SCHOLASTIC sports writer comes to an end, and I like to think that every one of my fellow writers devoted as much of themselves to the job as Rocky Bleier did—not as dramatically, perhaps, but just as selflessly. Notre Dame's athletes are not all courteous, kind, loyal, brave, and helpful to little old ladies crossing streets, but as a whole they're a tremendous bunch to talk to. They make sportswriting easy. So I want first of all to thank the captains who contributed to the magazine, and all the athletes who submitted to sometimes touchy, sometimes inane, questioning.

Time, for a coach or professional person, is priceless, and I am in debt over my head to Mr. Roger Valdiserri of Sports Publicity, Coach Tom Pagna of the football staff and Professor Mike DeCicco of fencing fame, all of whom spent patient hours with me this year. My demands on Mr. Pagna were typical. He had exactly no time for reporters after some games last fall, and publicity for Notre Dame football is not something the coaches must seek out. But every Monday afternoon Pagna opened his lunch hour to the SCHOLASTIC and invited us to fire away.

The sports staff deserves my grudging gratitude as well. Without comparing achievements, I have to echo Casey Stengel's understatement to the press one year when his Yankees walked away with another pennant: "I couldn't have done it without the players." Calvin Coolidge said something else which applies here, and which I'll now frankly admit adherence to: "never do anything somebody else can do for you." They did a lot of it. I am proud of the work Rich Moran, Steve Novak, Mark Seeberg, Ray Serafin, and Bill Sweeney did all year, excessive as it was. I am proud to have joined them in examining and presenting Notre Dame sports and I thank them for the unsung efforts they devoted to the SCHOLASTIC.

—MIKE MCADAMS

(Continued from page 7)

students did not know how a Republican thought anyway. May I suggest that Mr. Payne recommend to his readers that they broaden their political education beyond the days of Camelot (January 20, 1961 to November 22, 1963).

The second objection would be in reference to the closing paragraph in which Mr. Payne expressed his opinions in agreement with Mr. Walbeck. Mr. Walbeck claimed that no Republican was "capable of leading the nation and getting us out of Vietnam." Obviously Mr. Payne and Mr. Walbeck are such blind liberal ideologists that the very word Republicans must be anathema. I would, of course, infer from these remarks that the only two men capable of leading the nation are Robert Kennedy and/or Eugene McCarthy.

May I bluntly suggest that Mr. Payne and his admirers spend a little more time in serious thought rather than presuming that every fabrication of their minds is comparable to divine revelation? They might start by reading Russell Kirk's excellent volume, *The Conservative Mind*. Much to Mr. Payne's surprise, there are actually conservatives who are intelligent and can read and write. I do hope the shock is not too much for you all.

Joseph G. Blake

## MAGNIFICENT ERECTION

EDITOR:

It would seem that your opinion of the N.D. grad school is based more on idyllic sentiment than fact. First, the underlying assumption of a grad school is that the students are mature, firm and independent enough to survive without formalized "community." The identity crisis is presumably over for us. Secondly, there is not so much holeing up in the Tower as you would have the world believe. We tend to study much, of course, simply because we have to and sometimes want to. Not all *that* much, however. At any given time I'm certain you will find more undergrads cemented in Ted's Magnificent Erection than grads.

Thirdly, the casual days of sitting around the coffee table or bar to analyze and resolve Burning Issues have long past. We've done these things, enjoyed them and—like everyone else—got nothing specific out of them. Genuine communication presupposes sound information and the ability to transmit concisely and objectively. Remember that a grad student is little more than an undergrad, a bit older and hopefully better informed. That doesn't make him an

expert. As grads, we're all up for bull sessions, provided they are just that. Our work is intensive enough without having to carry it over into our "own time." Bear in mind, too, the composition of the graduate school. How do you strike common ground with ages from 21 to 40, with care-free singles and parents of 2 or 3 children?

Graduate school is apprenticeship in professionalism. Unlike college, campus life, etc., it is directed concentration. Supposedly we already have the experience of community relationships and have let ourselves be fashioned and refined from the benefits. At this stage, however, development becomes primarily solitary (but not lonely). The emphasis is on research, absorbing as much as we can before the time and money runs out, not so much for comps as for the validity of that Ph.D. Doctor of Philosophy means much more than a talent for eloquent extemporizing on man's existential and essential needs. I prefer to think of it as a credential, indicating the ability to add another dimension to the Fund of Knowledge (through good teaching or writing). But we must have at least an acquaintance of as much as possible of what came before us. Thus the Library and not the Huddle. We do manage some communication in the meanwhile, though, both among ourselves and with our faculty.

Which brings up the last point. Has it ever occurred to you that besides grad T.A.'s there is no undergrad faculty? Be grateful that N.D. is not all that big that its prestige profs should be reserved exclusively for graduates. When I came here I was surprised to find that names in my discipline were actually bothering with undergrads! They still have time for grads nonetheless, in class and out; in fact, I have not found one prof too busy to get to know me. There is no institutional evidence, but we do have a tightly-knit, friendly and sociable group. It's nothing you can see very often but we can feel it always. That's what counts.

Ronald J. Deziel  
NDEA Fellow  
Govt. & Int. Studies

#### INSIGNIFICANT RHETORIC

EDITOR:

Lest anyone outside the small group whom you unilaterally attacked in an unsigned article appearing in the March 22 issue get the impression that all in the Graduate School agree with your comments I should like to point out that in the tradition of the SCHOLASTIC you have again enlightened the world without regard for fact. In

discussing the Graduate School you failed to mention even a single strong point. Moreover, you did not bother to relate the views of a single person directly involved, namely the faculty and the graduate students.

I don't see that that article or the rest of your magazine merits any further comment. Please stop wasting our time with insignificant and immature oratory.

R. A. Jandrisevits, B.S.N.D. 64,  
M.S.N.D. 66, Ph.D. Candidate  
Dept. of M.E.

*The feature article on the graduate school in the March 22 issue, entitled Doctor of Philosophy, ND, was composed by a graduate student in the liberal arts with the advice and criticism of several other graduate students. With the hindsight of two weeks, the writer acknowledges serious defects of literary presentation in the article. That is all. The author intended the article to generate comment and criticism concerning the crucial question of the nature of excellence mirrored in the conferral of the Doctor of Philosophy at Notre Dame. Sad to say, none of the letters of criticism submitted to the SCHOLASTIC, to date, have been directed to this question.*

CJF

EDITOR:

Although I regret prolonging this sort of argument, I feel it necessary to answer the letters of John Noel and Richard Bizot concerning my comments on the Collegiate Jazz Festival.

The content of the article in question could be summarized in four points:

- 1) the semi-finals of the CJF displayed a great deal more variety and ingenuity than the finals,
- 2) the panel of judges is to be applauded for not selecting a winner in the combo division,
- 3) the Illinois big band (the overall winner) was finely crafted but uninspired, and
- 4) compared to previous festivals and despite Illinois' annual "skit," this year's CJF was, unfortunately, monotonous.

I will dispense with the name-calling and take these points one by one.

Mr. Noel says that the finals have "no less than the best jazz the best groups of the festival have to offer" because "the judgement of (the semi-finals and the finals) is based on the same criteria." The errors in the logic of this statement are easily seen, for it ignores the fact that the audience, the atmosphere, the strength

of the competition and the awards for these sessions are all different. You simply cannot say that groups don't take these differences into consideration when they select their numbers.

To say that the judges couldn't remember the semi-final performance of the groups, even with the aid of their score sheets, doesn't put much faith in "The Last Judgement." And if Mr. Bizot thinks of the Jazz Festival in the same way as a basketball tournament—well, it's *his* festival. But you don't see the referees in a basketball game refuse to acknowledge a winner if neither team scores more than 45 points.

Which brings me to the second point. In the prologue to the article, I said, "ideally, (a judge) functions not only to evaluate the work of the contestant, but also to gauge his decisions by their effect on (incorrectly typeset as "of") both the competitors and the audience." At the CJF the judges made it clear that 1) they considered only the final round for the group awards and 2) no combo performed well enough in that final round to merit the award. I agree with that decision, and I am sure they made it to teach the contestants and the audience a lesson, not merely out of perversity. So, to interpret the sentence in my prologue any other way (typesetting error notwithstanding), in light of the sentences before and after, is to need a developmental reading program.

From their action, I infer that the judges would agree with my criticism of the Randy Sandke Septet's finals performance as piecemeal and imitative. By the way, Mr. Bizot, "quasi," "atonal," and "cum" are all used perfectly. And, Mr. Noel, I agree that two saxes and five percussionists is an imbalance. But your statement that this setup "does not *yield* a . . . *creative form* of jazz "shows us where the '68 CJF got its narrowness.

On the third point, Mr. Noel says, "The (Illinois) band has more soloists than it needs and the precision which is the result of four ensemble rehearsals each week." This just echoes my statement—"Illinois operated in perfect unison and displayed instrumental virtuosity as far as dexterity and fluidity are concerned." Noel skirts the criticisms I made of the band.

I objected to more than their cute tricks. Ultimately, the archetypal big band sound, with its larded rhythms and raspy melodies (which Illinois made no effort to avoid) is outmoded (no pun intended.) The cumbersome numbers and instrumentation prohibit the big band from providing the contemporary audience with music that is really good to listen to, unless the

band radically changes its approach.

Noel and Bizot will insist that the judges disagree with me. Perhaps so. I did observe an inordinate amount of robot-like nodding by some of them during one set. Bob Share, however, looked to me genuinely dissatisfied, reacting at completely different times from, say, Dan Morgenstern. I notice that Mr. Bizot did not mention Mr. Share's name among those who enjoyed the festival. I hope we have not overlooked the man who has served on more CJF panels than anyone else.

Lastly, because MSU and OSU sadly elected to go the big band route and because of the combo's mediocre performance, the finals were for me a real drag. My credentials, as those of any student reviewer, are no more than a history of interest, exposure and inquisitiveness. I might mention, though, that I had a long talk at the CJF with an old friend, Paul Schlaver, who ran the fine '67 CJF. Paul told me his feelings and relayed the attitudes of several of the judges.

Even in this lowly position, I might be better qualified than some of the instrument manufacturers (?) or State Department representatives (?) there. And I notice that Noel and Bizot did not mention their own credentials to give me an idea of what I must measure up to.

At least my article was not written out of physical discomfort or vested interest.

Martin McNamara

## Campus

(Continued from page 13)  
time to the McCarthy campaign).

Those of us who had "sold out to the establishment" were briefed on the basic goals and techniques of the door-to-door canvass. Those of us who had not were asked to either remove their beards, sideburns, et al., or else take up the duty of the telephone canvass.

In the case of the foot canvass, you were expected to personally contact 50 to 75 houses and indirectly determine the voter's reaction to McCarthy. There were to be no harangues, no debates. It took, in many instances, more than a little willpower to be polite when you were greeted with assorted degrees of anti-McCarthy verbiage. But you remembered Gene and the war and the reason you were doing all this, and you managed to hold your temper.

Most of the people you met didn't know about the primary or didn't care, and you wondered about the apathy, but you gently tried to persuade the person to consider the issues.

Sunday went much the same as Saturday, except you walked a little slower because now the hardness of the gym floor was beginning to get to you. You finished your list and headed back toward the headquarters, aware that 15 miles away in Racine, the man you were doing all this for was speaking to the people, and you wanted to be there, for you had never seen him in action. You eventually realized, though, that you are important in your own way, and that if he wins, it's your victory, too.

The weekend is over now, and the thank-yous are extended; by Bill Chickering; by John Richardson, an ex-medic who served in the Special Forces in Viet Nam; by Steve Shender, a Harvard graduate; and by Stu Kasden, a 28-year-old physicist for Continental Can Company and a graduate of City College of New York and the University of Chicago. You'd like to remain until Tuesday evening, but you've got an 8:30 exam on Monday.

About 8 p.m., somewhere between Pleasant Prairie and Glenville, the bus driver turns on the radio to the President's speech. You listen, attentively at first, hoping for some pleasant news. Gradually you are lulled back into your seat. It's the same old line, and you wonder how long the American people will fall for it. And you wonder how long the Administration will play games with us. And most of all, you wonder if there is any hope in bucking the "Establishment."

"Accordingly, I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as your

President." And you don't wonder any more.

—Rick McDonough

## REVERSION AT SMC

News sources at St. Mary's this week seem to be rather dried up, or perhaps burned out would be a more appropriate phrase. There exists a hypothesis that SMC has reverted from chapel-veilism to a highly ritualized form of sun-worship, perhaps as part of the current liberalization of rules.

Reports have been received of row upon row of bathing-suited coeds, seen in half-frozen states on the roof of McCandless Hall, otherwise known as the hotel with the sun deck. The hypothesis is further borne out by last week's run on baby oil and iodine in South Bend's drugstores.

It is expected that students willing to reveal the secrets of the present quiescent stage in St. Mary's development will have appeared before the next issue's news deadline. This will depend, of course, on whether or not they have achieved the coloration required before emergence.

K. C.

## SISTER MADELEVA AND THE HUNGOVER ONES

"Day-after" prom activities have been cancelled by the SMC freshman and sophomore classes in deference to the dedication of the Sister Madeleva Classroom Building. The ceremonies, scheduled for Saturday, April 27, will consist of Mass and blessing of the building. Both proms will be held Friday, April 26.

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## Student Activism

(Continued from page 24)

port those opinions, at least if human (intelligent) society is to be preserved.

### 4. Imagination and responsibility.

To conclude these considerations, let me turn now to the small quotation from the same SCHOLASTIC—this time from an editorial: "*the true meaning of 'student power' depends upon the meaning Notre Dame students choose.*" That statement is true from many angles, and, I think, it should be taken as an invitation to imaginative work and responsibility.

First, *imagination*. It is necessary to find new forms of student power that should be, above everything, forms of expanding the *cooperation* of the student body in the life of the university. And the worst enemy to this is the "reading-magazines-as-the-main-source-of-ideas attitude," or the "Immature-Dreamer" one (i.e., to speak in terms of a Washington big wheel to refer to student elections at Notre Dame; anyone can understand that an "active" student may enjoy reading "The Making of the President in 1960" or "How to Win an Election," but it seems silly to apply that stuff to our campus life).

Second, *responsibility*. If any student wants to cooperate in the decision-making at the university, or if he wants more freedom, fine, provided that he is responsible, which means:

- that he knows (and thinks) what is he talking about
- that he is seeking the common good of the institution and not just following his personal transient whims
- that he foresees the consequences of his actions
- that he is ready to assume such consequences

In other words, if both student power and freedom are not assumed with responsibility they are only a bad joke, or the open gate for a few noise-makers to take control of the academic life, in spite of the feelings of the majority.

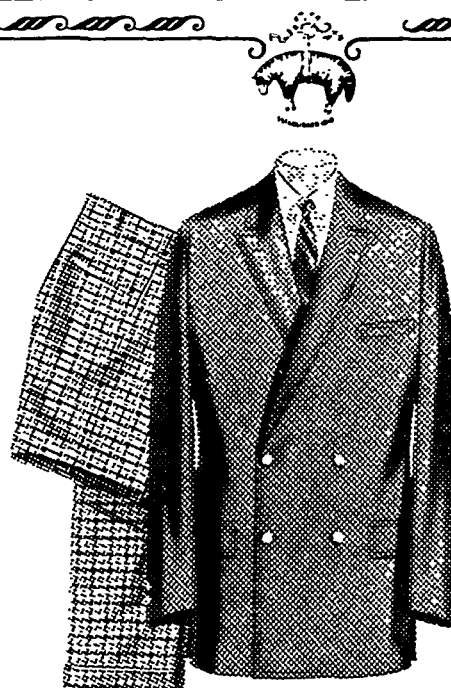
Finally we have to be aware of the inner dialectic of a wrongly promoted movement for student power: it introduces sheer force in the community as an element to control decision-making; it first sets "students" against "administration" and, immediately, against "faculty" — after winning some "power" in the clash with the administration, it threatens the faculty in order to pull down the requirements of a disciplined and

demanding intellectual training; it disrupts the community and transforms the harmonic effort to promote a common good into a precarious equilibrium of powers; the final outcome is the failure of the university in its role as educational institution.

On the other hand, it should be clear that any cooperation from the students in the decision-making at the university presupposes that *the students understand themselves as students*, and therefore that they are seeking primarily to learn an intel-

lectual discipline — whatever it might be — and to be helped in their process of maturing as human beings. Otherwise it won't be "student power" any longer but "who-knows-whose power."

How is the problem to be solved? That is up to the students *and* to the administration *and* to the faculty. And if it is undertaken with the common goal of making the university an always-better institution, there won't be any sad mistakes that may take more than fifty years to repair. ■



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NOW THAT I have come to the end of a very long and personally trying year — of both bright and bad moments — I find it hard to come up with an appropriate last word. In desperation I turned back the pages of the SCHOLASTIC to see how my four predecessors who wrote this column handled what must have been for them a similar problem.

At first I came upon Dan Murray's advice to me at this time last year: "You are the fourth centennial editor in five years. Even John McCabe in 1962-63 claimed to be publishing the one-hundredth volume of the SCHOLASTIC." Mr. Murray's kibitzing aside, we were proud to edit the SCHOLASTIC during its centennial year (and this year is the centennial year by the way).

Every new SCHOLASTIC editor must (at least once) visit the tenth floor of the library, there to stand in awe before the 100-odd volumes that span a century and wonder to himself just where-oh-where did all that copy come from and whatever happened to all those old editors anyway?

He'll also notice, if he chances to skim through an odd volume or two, that the 1968 SCHOLASTIC has more in common with those of past years than one might at first imagine. Apart from being one of the oldest and more unique of student publications in the country, and even though its form has varied greatly from time to time, there is a noticeable continuity. The magazine which has published more or less weekly for ten decades has always served the school as a witness to passing events, the news and sports of the day, as well as being a vehicle for the creative efforts of the students whether these be politics or poetry, or even, on occasion, an original play. Faculty members have contributed their efforts regularly over the years. And there have always been the letters: from concerned parents, disturbed alumni, complaining students, and every once in a while, a condescending pat on the head from that kindly old priest. You know him; he can still be seen going his solitary way about campus.

JOHN TWOHEY, who preceded Dan Murray as editor, must have shared these sentiments judging from his own parting comments. John cleverly solved the problem of what to write by not writing anything. Instead he printed a poem by Matthew Arnold called, appropriately enough, "The Last Word," which went in part:

Let the long contention cease!  
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.  
Let them have it how they will!  
Thou are tired; best be still.

## Mike McInerney

# The Last Word



MEL NOEL, who was the editor my freshman year, left a few thoughts for his successor which I will impart to mine: "We know that the magazine's new editors have their ideas about how, when and why things should be done at this University. We hope that they push these ideas as loudly and as often as possible because the student urge to meddle is a healthy thing. People who don't care, don't bother. Students who don't care make bad universities. . . Talking up for these things in a rational way is essential. Nothing is ever achieved at Notre Dame by whispering."

BUT TOM HOOBLER, who began this column the year before we came to Notre Dame, left the best advice of all for his successor, and since he said it so much better than I could, I will repeat it for Bill Cullen's benefit: "When you become editor of the SCHOLASTIC, there are several things you ought to realize. The first of these is that you never know how seriously people are going to take what you say; you can be sure that they'll miss the point, but more than that they'll ignore what you intended to be important, and play up something you hadn't realized you said. . .

"Remember, too, when you do make a constructive suggestion that does some good, you can't expect credit for it. There are too many people who want to have the glory of accomplishing something, deserved or not. . .

"If you become popular, you can be sure that you're falling down on the job. The people that ought to be criticized won't thank you for doing it, and the people that have to be protected won't realize you've helped them. That's all right; applause is unimportant. The highest compliment anyone can pay you is to read the magazine."

BEFORE LEAVING, a few thank-yous are in order.

My brother Pete and his former roommate Tim Schlindwein, respectively, handled the business and circulation aspects of the magazine. This year the problem of circulation to off-campus students was solved with the cooperation of the off-campus office and for the first time St. Mary's students received the SCHOLASTIC. My brother, in addition to wiping the business worries from my mind served selflessly as a good-will ambassador to those elements of the Administration, faculty and student body whom I had hopelessly alienated through conscious and unconscious blundering. When they could not or would not talk to me, they did talk to my brother. And he was there to listen. Everybody should have a brother.

Mike Adams, my sports editor, likewise handled his staff and section with an ease I could only admire and envy. He never missed a deadline.

I owe much to Fr. McCarragher, the vice-president for student affairs, and to Mr. Frank O'Malley, our faculty advisor. Fr. McCarragher's patience, suggestions, and good humor were much appreciated. He eased this job and made it enjoyable. Mr. O'Malley's absolute refusal to be anything but encouraging and optimistic during these past twelve months was a great source of comfort and he, like my brother, was always there behind the scene to absorb the criticisms of faculty members who did not desire to approach me directly.

Finally, I couldn't have made it without the help of Bob Metz and Jack Melsheimer, both of whom I dragged, bribed, begged and coerced all the way from copy editor and contributor, to managing editor and associate editor — jobs they were something less than enthusiastic about taking. Their counsel and loyalty to me, not to mention their writing and hard work in just getting the magazine out week after week, made this year's SCHOLASTIC possible.



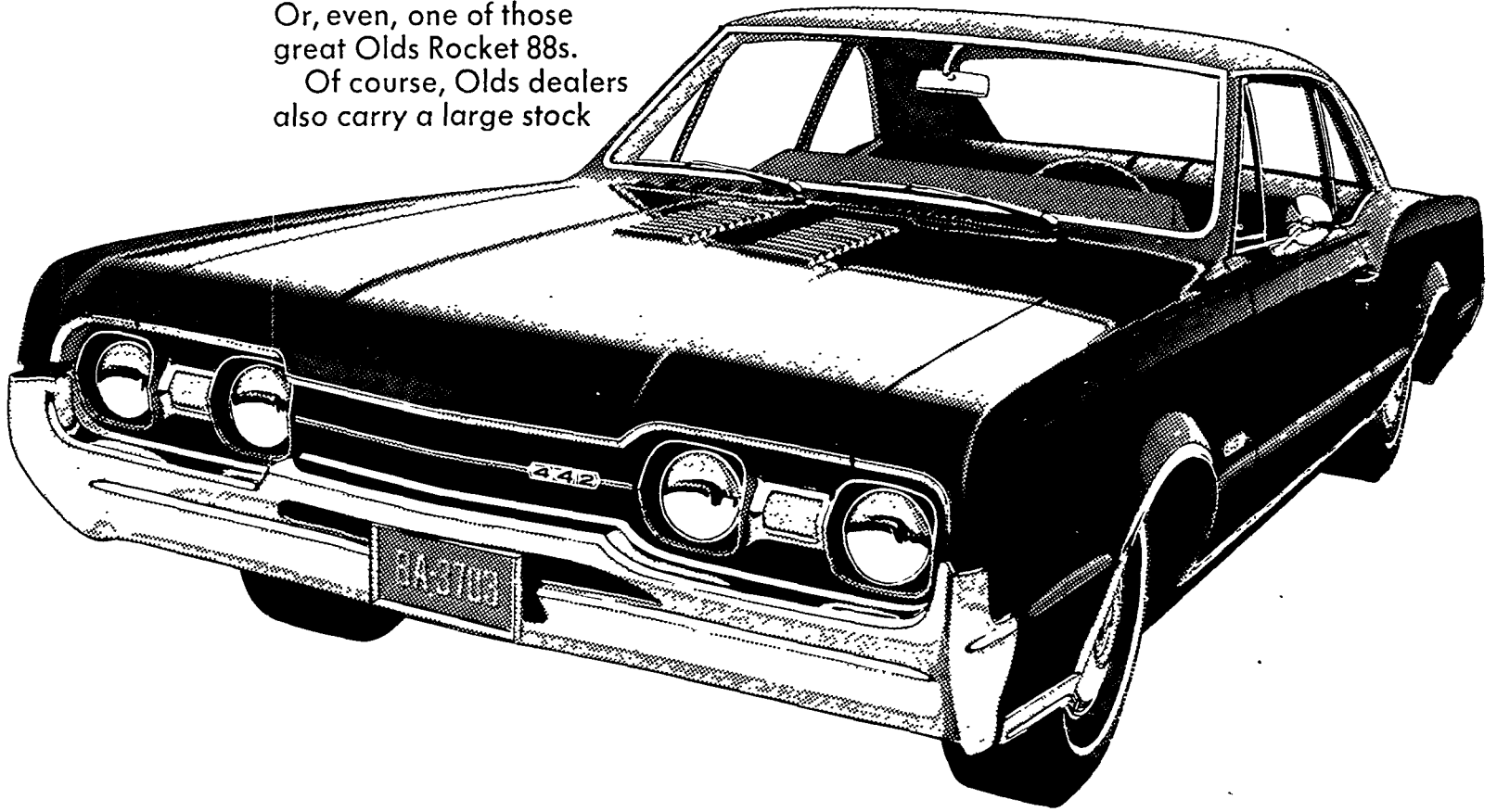
# What's a 1967 Olds doing in this 1968 Olds advertisement?

It's making the point that you can own an Oldsmobile. If not a new one, then certainly a used one.

Like the nifty 1967 Olds 4-4-2 you see here. Or a sporty used Cutlass convertible maybe. Or, even, one of those great Olds Rocket 88s.

Of course, Olds dealers also carry a large stock

of other brands on their Value-Rated used car lot. And should you decide on one of them instead . . . well, at least we'll know you picked a good place to do it.



Drive a youngmobile from Oldsmobile.  
(New or used, it's a fun car to own.)



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# The Notre Dame Family



## A Parting Shot