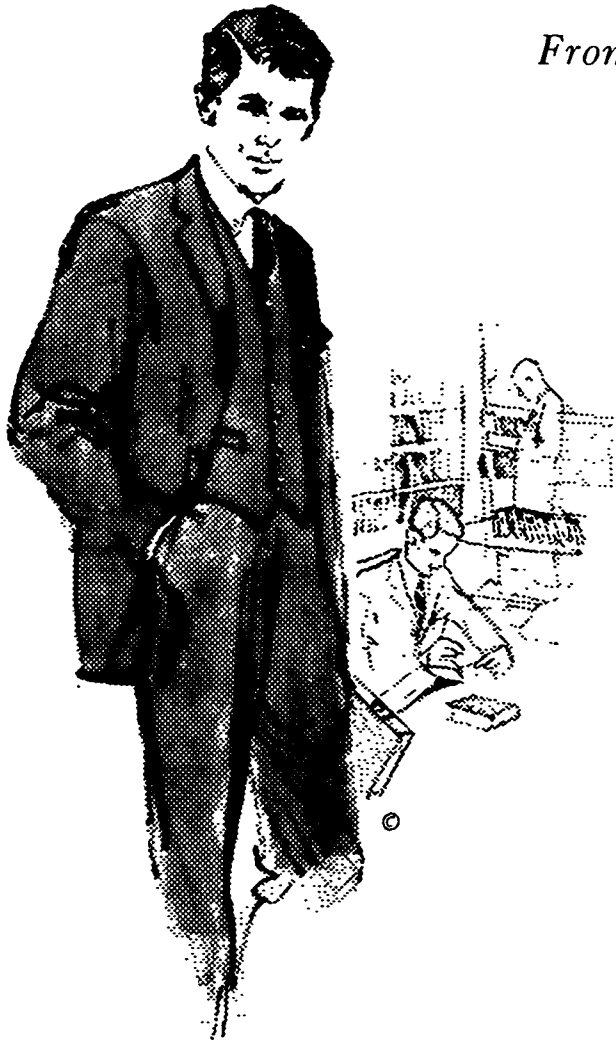


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# SCHOLASTIC

May 3, 1968 / Notre Dame, Indiana / Vol. 109, No. 20

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# Letters

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EDITOR:

I doubt that anyone is concerned with my genealogy (certainly I am not), and therefore I trouble myself and you only because your writers evidently intended to make a political point of some kind or another when they introduced me (SCHOLASTIC, April 5, p. 23), as "the result of two centuries of aristocratic New England inbreeding." I think the writers intended to suggest that a) my politics are aristocratic, and quite naturally so inasmuch as b) my background is New England-aristocratic, and c) endogamous. Aristocrats shouldn't take linchpins out of commonly cherished sorites, but I must inform you that I am the product of a (lovely) Louisianan who married a (gallant) Texan, and who came together to New England for the first time in the year 1925, just in time to celebrate my birth.

Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

EDITOR:

There are questions which come to one's mind in regard to the irresponsible news medium called *The Observer*. Is the Board of Trustees of the University of Notre Dame the legal wards of the *Observer*? Does the paper have funds to protect its writers from legal monetary action? If the answer is no to both questions, then I suggest the Board of Trustees force closure of this publication. The injustices, the uncharitableness, ethic failures and unscrupulous statements leave one to wonder what kind of education is given in universities lacking in discipline. The Center Office hasn't lost any money in the three years of my management, so the *Observer* misquotes and gives public injury to the employed.

Recently, a person filed suit against Joel Connelly, but his mother and a cleric interceded. If Joel practiced charity and consideration he might gain peace of mind and his walk become more manly. His every

article has thoughts of immaturity and to call the La Fortune Center "our" reveals the tender mind. This building which once housed the Science Department was put up through efforts of religious of the Congregation of Holy Cross with aid from friends and alumni. In the mid-fifties the building became vacant and the need for a place for parents, friends, faculty and employed to be able to visit with students incited the desire in making this a social center. With the generous help of Mr. Joseph La Fortune this was done. I am sure this money was not intended to make rooms available for prostitution or must there be a red light, nor was the money given for private study rooms if you are a member of the "elite." As in the past, if the clique gets control of this building, the majority of students will be left out.

Bro. Francis J. Gorch, C.S.C.

EDITOR:

Someone sent me a copy of your column on *Twin Circle* (SCHOLASTIC, March 1, 1968). You weren't quite honest and, while I do not want to get into an argument with you, I think I should tell you so.

It would be humorous if William Buckley were our "liberal" columnist, but it should be obvious that a column subtitled "From the Right," is not intended to be liberal.

Your quotation from my writing did not, I am certain you know, indicate either the substance or the intent of what that particular column was about. If you had really been interested in showing the direction of my writing the accompanying column on the need for concern for social reform in Latin America would have been far more pertinent. But then, that wasn't your purpose, was it?

I suppose it was misinformation that led you to say Father Lyons had left *Our Sunday Visitor*, because it was too progressive — this is not so.

Father Reedy is hardly an authority on *Twin Circle*. His column, largely a condemnation before the first issue was out, was an exercise in editorial irresponsibility — I have told him so. His judgment that some of the people at *Twin Circle* are propagandists not concerned for the integrity of the Catholic press was a

kind of calumny all too often found in today's Catholic press.

As for the *Twin Circle* story that brought your reaction, I would not have handled it as Frank Morriss did. It was an adolescent thing you did. If you do not realize this, if you feel compelled to defend it, then that is a problem you have that hopefully maturity will solve.

It is unimportant, but I was never director of public information at Notre Dame. I was director of publications, I started the University of Notre Dame Press. As director of publications I served as faculty moderator for SCHOLASTIC. It was a good publication and there were good men on the staff. One thing I contributed that has apparently lasted — Walt Collins needed a name for his column on the final page. "Let's call it The Last Word," I said. We did. So do you.

Dale Francis

EDITOR:

The Notre Dame Mock Convention meant many things to many people. To some it was an expression of an antiwar sentiment — a sentiment that was to alert the nation, if not the world, that Notre Dame was disgusted with the Vietnamese war. To others it was a forum where the students of Notre Dame could express their opinion of the man that they thought could be the best President of the United States.

Around these two views centered the campaigns of Mark Hatfield and Nelson Rockefeller. Obviously Mr. Payne realized, probably because he was one of the "Who's Who" working in the Hatfield group, that there was a strong antiwar sentiment which wanted to use the convention as an expression of that sentiment. Mr. Payne, however, was oblivious to a campaign centered around Mr. Rockefeller, which had begun in October with the recruitment of delegates from St. Mary's and Notre Dame. They set up hall and delegation representatives and had the most extensive speaker organization.

What Mr. Payne missed, either because he didn't go to the convention, or if he did, he fell asleep, was, that Hatfield's group wasn't the only strong organization. If Mr.

(Continued on page 33)

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RICHARD ROSSIE:

## A Star of Hope

Back in late March, a friend of mine said that he was supporting McCarthy because McCarthy had been a star of hope when there seemed to be none, and my friend had latched on and could not let go. He even admitted that Kennedy was probably the only person who could stop Johnson and would, in the final analysis, carry the banner. But as we all know, the President, for whatever reasons or motives, decided not to seek reelection. Since then, the most unusual and exciting Presidential campaign in our history has developed.

Four days before the Indiana primary, we are still hearing "Kennedy is an opportunist," which assumes wrongly McCarthy isn't. "Kennedy is appealing to Negroes and ethnic groups" which assumes, perhaps rightly, McCarthy can't. But remember, friends, Negroes and members of ethnic groups are Americans too.

Enter Hubert. . . . O most noble of noble liberals, fighter for civil rights way back yonder. It's too bad he never heard of human rights for the Vietnamese. It isn't that Hubert is for the war; it's just that Hubert is for Hubert. Humphrey has too many vested interests in the Johnson Administration to ever really repudiate the more offensive part of it. Besides, he is merely a New Deal liberal, who learned a little sociology.

And so the Stop Kennedy Campaign begins with Clean Gene. "If McCarthy loses, I will probably support Humphrey," said a young (former) radical as he sat in my office rationalizing why McCarthy voted against banning the poll tax. As we can see throughout this whole emotional campaign, there there has entered a sense of the irrational and absurd.

Branigin is a lackey for Humphrey—incapable of understanding what a yokel he is—and is simply downright nauseating. McCarthy has simply lost perspective of the reality of his mission and so have many of his supporters. McCarthy not only can't win, but also doesn't deserve to win. This is not to say McCarthy is not a fine person. He should be admired and respected. But, I question that he was our only hope. Many of us have always assumed Kennedy would be our candidate. He spoke out against the war long before many other senators including McCarthy; he has been deeply concerned about the problem of poverty and has vigorously supported the idea of private industry doing its share of solving this problem. Kennedy was a star of hope long before McCarthy ever was. Remember King's arrest in Birmingham, RFK's part at Ole Miss, and his fight against organized crime.

I am tired of protesting against a war that is immoral; I'm tired of seeing cities burn; and I'm tired of hypocrites like LBJ and HHH. Kennedy is no messiah; he has no easy solutions. Perhaps the system (whatever that means) is so geared that it will destroy Kennedy both personally and politically, and revolution is our only answer. I simply don't know. But I do believe if Kennedy is stopped in Indiana, he will not obtain the nomination. Clean Gene will support Humphrey (on principle, no doubt) and everyone can start organizing their protests at the coffee hours and tell each other how alienated they are down at Louie's. This time the protesters will get no support or sympathy from me — especially young (former) radicals. I'll be alienated from them, because they had a real chance to do something that would be felt in American society and they threw it away for an absurd reality that never existed.

# Editorial

## I Know My Sheep, and My Sheep Know Me.

A famous writer once remarked, "I don't know what I know until I write it." Be that as it may, it seems that the Administration should know about student life, rights, and self-government without having to write it in directives and ten-page, mimeographed letters. It seems that they should like to *tell* us what they know, *all* they know, tête-à-tête.

Fr. Hesburgh talks *at* some of us at schedule-permitting Communion Brunches and Parents Week-ends. Fr. Hesburgh writes *at* us, at considerable expense, when the situation is dire or when accumulation of comment is overflowing. But Fr. Hesburgh never, never speaks *with* us.

We hear Fr. McCarragher tells us, "we're willing to listen" — and then watch helplessly as he toys with the Administration-Faculty-Student Committee when we try to speak.

We hear Fr. Riehle tell us he feels "no real reason" to consult students when drafting his directives on demonstrations.

But it seems as if we never have the opportunity to listen to the rational discourse from Fr. Hesburgh. And a campus large enough to give Dustin Hoffman 1,000 ears could give Fr. Hesburgh considerable attention.

In his last letter to the student body during the pre-Easter parietal hour "crisis," Fr. Hesburgh implied that he sensed a threat of strike or demonstration, and that the concerned student who "came to my office tonight finally came through to me, as none of the others did, I suppose because he was speaking with Christian concern . . . instead of power politics."

Is it not equally supposable that he came through merely because he was speaking with the President on *rational, willing, receptive* terms—not coerced into a power-politics position by the impeccable, immovable, unresponsive position of the Administration that Student Government faces?



Would Fr. Hesburgh, if the concerned student had not come to his office, have allowed a strike or demonstration to occur before he *spoke directly with the students* and *explained completely* his arguments against parietal hours? And even now the student body has no written, let alone a spoken, rationale from Fr. Hesburgh for his parietal-hours stand. If rational debate requires accurate definition of the question to be considered, then the Administration is daily feeding the fires of unrest amid the student body by its continuing, unreasonable refusal to take *public, verbal, concrete* issue with the student body's arguments on this particular problem.

God knows the student press has tried to foster discussion between the student body and the Administration, if by no other means than by trying to obtain definitive statements from the Administration on various topics. If these efforts have often only confounded the issue, it is largely because of the conflicting statements and overwhelming ambiguity that ooze from so many crevices of the Administration.

In fact, it seems, at times, that rational debate is what the Administration is trying desperately to avoid. Threatened expulsions and firings, and comments like, "pray for my replacement by someone more modern," are not exactly enticing or fertile grounds for Administration-Student dialogue. True, chances are that wisdom lies rather above the age of thirty than below, but 301 Administration Building is not Mount Sinai and at least there, the statements handed down to Moses were definitive. It seems that only God's law might we be expected to accept and obey on blind faith. Not until Fr. Hesburgh satisfactorily establishes the link between his law and God's should the student body be satisfied with and understanding of his pronouncements.

And lest they betray their belief in student responsibility and reveal themselves as the political gamesters

they may be, the wizards of Student Government would do well to realize that such a "link" is indeed possible. The recent parietal-hours crisis reached a critical stage long before all rational bilateral attempts at settlement were exhausted; that is, a demonstration and strike were *in preparation* before Fr. Hesburgh was *asked* to present his rationale for the student suspensions to the student body.

It can be argued that past experience with the Administration has indicated that only an aura of violence can bring them to speak with student leaders in times of crisis. However, that Fr. Hesburgh was not asked was, quite possibly, a terribly unpropitious oversight on the part of Student Government. That he did not volunteer then, and has not volunteered yet, an explanation, is continually frustrating to the student body.

What is needed, obviously, is for the Administration to replace its pretentiousness with a little open-mindedness — realizing that, at least, the student may have arguments worth hearing, and, at most, perhaps Fr. Hesburgh doesn't really know the student body he claims to admire so much. It is certain that the present student body does not know him. Fr. Hesburgh should realize that his refusal to come the halfway that rational debate requires, to meet the student body face-to-face and completely explain his views on the issues at hand, *forces* the student body to go farther than its halfway to listen and to be heard. Last week's *ad hoc* meeting with the Board of Trustees was a step in the right direction, but it was still someone else, not Fr. Hesburgh, meeting with five students, not the student body.

Fr. Hesburgh, will you please make yourself available? Mr. Rossie, will you please take Fr. Hesburgh to lunch? South Cafeteria. And be nice. . .

— Tony Ingraffea

# in passing...

Spring is here. "Hopefully," says Ron Mastriana, as the first annual An Tóstal weekend roars into high gear tonight, tomorrow, and Sunday. To Ron and the committees working with him, life would seem futile if South Bend even hinted at rain over the weekend. His group has planned and schemed and connived and "borrowed" for the past three months to present to ND an Irish "Greek Week," which they hope will rival Mardi Gras and Homecoming in the minds, if not hearts and stomachs, of all Notre Dame men.

An Tóstal was originally conceived in a moment of ambition on the part of the Hall President's Council when some anonymous donor sent a clipping to them describing An Tóstal as an Irish celebration to demonstrate the hospitality of Eire. (An Tóstal means "merrymaking" in Gaelic). This led to the formation of committees within the Hall Presidents' Council to study the feasibility of such a celebration at Notre Dame, to replace the traditional fraternity festivities on other campuses. Of major importance to them and in keeping with the Irish spirit, all events were to be kept at cost, or below, so that all true Irishmen could enjoy themselves.

The clipping described An Tóstal as "Ireland is 'at home' to her blood-kin and to her admirers, and that she's making a nationwide effort — right down to the grass roots — to give them a bang-up party." And this is exactly what is supposed to happen. The Hall Presidents' Council has invited all the nearby girls' schools; the response was enthusiastic, and they expect more than a thousand girls to attend from SMC, Barat, Rosary, Mundelein, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, and Holy Cross Nursing School.

This weekend An Tóstal presents itself in the form of three days of spring activities and "hell" raising." These 72 hours consist of a "Gentle Thursday" (have you noticed the shuttle bus?), a beach party tonight, and an outdoor picnic lunch and various games tomorrow. Sunday there will be a water fight at St. Mary's. The Gorilla Theatre & sailing on the lake also are part of the planned festivities. A

trivia bowl this afternoon will set the mood for the beach party tonight. The party details were handled by Vince Terlep, president of Dillon.

Frank Tinus organized the events for tomorrow and he promises much action. To be presented are such favorites as a tug-o'-war with a mud pit between the two teams, a pie-eating contest, and a bed race. (There is a girl from Barat who is so enthused that she is driving down with her own bed.) In keeping with their low-expense philosophy, Chuck Amato of Holy Cross Hall has convinced the University to give a free lunch on the lawn in front of Holy Cross.

So thanks to Ron, his committee, and publicity director Dave Ryan of Badin, Notre Dame's "fraternities" are sponsoring their own Greek Week . . . Irish Style.

*Guys and Dolls*, the musical comedy fable about toughs, touts, and tramps on Broadway that won the New York Drama Critics' Award as the best musical comedy of the 1950-51 season, will be the final presentation of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's College Theatre, beginning May 2 and running for seven performances: 2, 3, 4, 9, 10 and 11 May at 8:30 and May 5 at 2:30, at O'Laughlin Auditorium.

Reginald Bain is directing this production; settings and lighting by Charles P. Lehman, costumes are designed by Zack Brown.

Lance Davis and Patricia Moran will be found in the roles of Nathan Detroit, the harassed operator of a floating crap game, and Adelaide, his "doll" who has been engaged to him for 14 years and has developed a permanent psychosomatic cold, out of anxiety about getting "that plain little band of gold" from him, someday in the future.

J. Wayne Phillips and Laura Smith appear as Sky Masterson (so named because the sky is the limit to his own betting) and Sarah Brown, the Salvation Army lass who tries to save the souls of all the sinners in the neon-lit area.

Others who will portray the pungent characters from Damon Runyon's famous stories about deadbeats and sharpers of the Great White Way will be David Kevin Dailey, Richard Lavelly, James Boland, and Mark Skrabacz. Included in this gallery are such beloved rogues from Runyon's collection of underworld denizens as Nicely-

Nicely Johnson, Benny Southstreet, Harry the Horse, and Big Julie.

Word reached us this week which may interest all our readers who are scholars of Sacred Scripture.

It seems that an SMC sophomore was shopping for pants at Sears last week, when a sweet little old South Bend matron approached her. "This young generation is horrible, they are so pagan," quoth the little old lady. "Don't you know pants are prohibited on women by the Bible?"

Would one of those scholars come forth and give us Chapter and Verse? Please?

It came as a collective disappointment after the basketball team's fine showing in the N.I.T. Spring blossomed, but the hopes of most spring sports faded in contrast to the weather. While the ruggers surprised everyone by coming back from Ireland (where rugby is the national sport) alive, their record was still a losing one (2-3). The Lacrosse team found the going tough in the South, taking losses in four of their five games. The baseball roster is beginning to read like a medical chart. Leading the list of injuries is Bob Kocmalski who was hitting .485 until he separated his shoulder in a motorcycle accident. Three other injuries also plagued Kline's baseball team, but they managed a 5-4 winning record during spring break.

Jasjit Singh, the top tennis player last season has been handicapped by a recurring back injury. With Singh injured, a lack of depth became evident and the team went 5-2 over spring break. The only successful effort was waged by the track team which relied on the solid performances of Hurd, Walsh, Farrell, Vehorn and Broderick to pick up five first-place medals in the Ohio Relays and four firsts in the Ohio State Relays. Between paying for basketball tickets and injury-ridden spring sports, it may be necessary to look to An Tóstal's bed races and pig chases to provide the more dramatic sporting efforts this spring.

In the SCHOLASTIC of November 3, there appeared a statement from a number of Notre Dame students stating their determination not to serve in the Armed Forces,

even if called.

This week the following statement was received from St. Mary's College:

"Realizing their courage in taking this stand against the war in Vietnam, we support those students in their refusal to serve in the Armed Forces. We consider the war in Vietnam to be immoral and futile. We also feel we must aid these men in any way possible to act as their conscience tells them they must. Signed:

Kathy Cecil, Frances Schwartzberg, Joan Sullivan, Rosemary J. Doherty, Trudy Ernst, Mary Bramlage, Suzanne Beale Smither, Meg Gootee, Margaret T. Burke, Maryanne Wolf, Mary Rita Schmitz, Georgia Florin, Kathy Lammers, K. T. Cannon, Maureen Coyne, Mary B. Kennedy, Penny Engman, Lynn Champion, Mary Noelke, Christine Smith, Nancy Carlin, Elizabeth Doerr, Barbara Nolan, Melinda Doherty, Lyca Wilson, Mary Jane Matz, Eileen Hayes, Catherine Haley, Anne Marie Megan, M. Yetman, Ede Caretta, Charles Matz, Judy Muench, Laura Marie Bracken, Laurel Wright, Linda Schreiner, Carol Ann Denison, Connie Lauerman."

Competition is now open for the Fulbright Fellowships for foreign study. These study grants are open to all graduates, and current competition is opening for next year's seniors.

Members of the Class of 1969 may obtain further information from Notre Dame Professor Charles Roedig (G-34 Memorial Library), the campus Fulbright advisor. Applications for study in the Americas must be filed through Professor Roedig's office no later than October 25, and for other countries, no later than November 1.

Fulbright scholarships are made available by the Fulbright-Hays Act as a part of the U.S. State Department's cultural exchange program.

It is a common fallacy that talk on college campuses centers around the war in Vietnam. At least this seems to be the opinion of the prominent presidential candidates.

Sen. Eugene McCarthy stated on his recent trip to Evansville, Ind., that indications are that civil rights and urban

affairs, not the Vietnam war, are the primary concerns of American college students.

If one remembers Sen. Kennedy's recent address to Notre Dame students, the emphasis was clearly on civil rights, and the problems of American college students.

Furthermore, Republicans Richard M. Nixon and the "noncandidate" Nelson A. Rockefeller seem to be basing their campaigns on how they intend to improve the existing conditions. Apparently the nation's dilemma is interior and not across the ocean. It is questionable whether this is how today's student sees it.

The only possible conclusions which arise from this are that the candidates are tired of talking about something which is not in fact a "top concern," and that there is no further need to discuss the question with an element in society which is so steadfastly divided.

Still the debate continues. Last Friday a teach-in occurred in which students gained a deeper understanding of the war question. Next Tuesday will see a demonstration on the occasion of the annual ROTC presidential review. Vietnam is obviously not a dying ember, at least on this campus.

It seems incredible that anyone would think that the question of urban renewal is what strikes American students as most pertinent in the forthcoming election. By assuming such a position, it appears that Messrs. McCarthy, Nixon, Kennedy, and Rockefeller know something the students don't.

Sunday marks the final Year of Faith Mass in Sacred Heart Church. Celebrant and preacher for the 12:15 service will be Auxiliary Bishop James P. Shannon from the Diocese of Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Bishop Shannon, who holds a Ph.D. from Yale in American History, will deliver a homily on "Vietnam and the Christian Conscience." He is a member of "Negotiation Now!" a group formed last year to call for a quick peace in Southeast Asia. The highest ranking prelate in the Selma March in 1965, Bishop Shannon is one of the leading clerical critics of the Vietnam War.

This place is getting better. At least that is the opinion of 95% of the alumni surveyed by Sociology Professor Frank Fahey. Asking classes at random from '32-'62, Fahey found that most of the old grads rate Notre Dame as "good" or better.

"The older the alumnus, the dimmer his views on relaxing controls," said Fahey. They felt that liberalization of the old rules hurt us in "morality, religious experience, and family relations."

Admission should be granted on "academic competence," said most of the Arts and Letters respondees. But the Class of 1947 (whose sons are now entering college), rated "Alumni family" as a prerequisite considerably higher than the other classes.

A final note is that the old grads can still read. The average alumnus reads 92 hours a month, a third of it spent on newspapers. We wonder if they ever bother to read the SCHOLASTIC?

"This plan, by the way, was discussed at length with Rich Rossie and Rick Rembusch. It has their complete endorsement." That's all very comforting, but it doesn't smooth over the more discomfiting aspects of the new basketball ticket policy. A distressing precedent has been established, in that students are being asked to pay to see their team play for the first time. The national recognition which raised the money to build the new Center was built up by generations of students who felt themselves to be a part of the team. The students suffered through a 5-21 season two years ago, but still turned out to see the games. Now, a new building and a schedule that boasts *one* long-awaited game have destroyed the traditional and admittedly special link that has always existed at Notre Dame between athletic teams and the students. Other than Indiana and St. Peter's (which were conveniently scheduled over Christmas vacation), the other games are the same ones that an I.D. would have admitted you to for the past century. Other schools have long had policies of selling season tickets to students at discounted rates. But sports at Notre Dame have been unique since the days of Rockne. Student participation in athletic events should not have a price attached to it simply because of a change in setting.

# beneath other domes

The Cuban government of the bearded premier, Fidel Castro, placed Havana University under military discipline last month and banned beards, mustaches, long hair and narrow pants.

The university will have military professors to give its 26,000 men and women students courses on the military applications of the subjects they are studying.

The move also presumably means that students will no longer be allowed to miss classes and will face stricter control on other aspects of university life.

Military leaders responsible for the university told students that although beards, mustaches, long hair and narrow pants were not against the law, they were incompatible with new military conditions.

Lafayette College, one of the two all male Presbyterian colleges in the country, is going to become a co-ed institution soon, according to an article in the *Lehigh Brown and White*.

The action came last month, when Lafayette faculty members voted to recommend to the Board of Trustees that "the admission of women to all degree programs be authorized as soon as practicable."

The resolution was prompted by a report by a committee on co-education. The report was the result of a yearlong study by the committee. It stated that "sexually-segregated colleges came into being in a male dominated society," and continued to say that there were never any virtues or sound arguments to support their existence.

According to the report, the admission of women would "contribute to enhance the academic quality of the college."

At a recent antiwar meeting at the University of North Carolina, featuring Joan Baez and her husband, David Harris, a third speaker, Ira Sandpearl, head of the Institute for Non-Violence, was asked by a young woman what girls could do to aid the antiwar movement.

Sandpearl answered that "young women should not go to bed with any man who is not a draft refuser."

If that doesn't work, nothing will.

Dr. William Carlson, president of the University of Toledo, announced early last month that he would recommend to the board of trustees that 3.2 beer be sold at activities

held in the Student Union.

Carlson made the announcement after meeting with 20 students, representing various dorms, for 150 minutes. The meeting was set up after some 400 students had thrown food in the air to protest the quality of food served in one of the dining halls.

During the meeting, the student representatives presented a list of grievances. In addition to merely asking for better dining hall food, the students asked for more recreational facilities, such as pool tables, in each dorm, and a proposed food ticket plan under which the students would pay for food on the basis of consumption. Presently, students pay for their food at the start of each semester.

On the occasion of the 72nd Annual Boston Marathon, the *Brown Daily Herald*, presented awards of a six-pack of premium beer to three Brown students who finished the race. Had any Brownies finished in the top 50 in the race, they would have been rewarded with a case. Anyone finishing in the first 25 would have won a keg of the foaming brew.

Now that everyone has returned from their boozing vacations to the hallowed halls of nonalcoholism, it seems appropriate that we point up some of the drinking regulations around the nation. At Notre Dame, as we all know, drinking is a definite "no-no," and at Michigan State, anyone caught bending his elbow is expelled. At many other of the nation's "Great" Universities, however, such regulations are either non-existent or being changed.

At Yale, for example, the possession or usage of alcohol is never expressly forbidden to students. Although a student is "disciplined" if he commits a misdemeanor while under the influence, the Yale administration quite bluntly prefers the students drink on campus rather than off.

There are movements afoot at some campuses to legalize the sale of alcoholic beverages. As we reported earlier in the year, SMU's student government recently passed a resolution calling for the sale of beer on campus. Boston U and Texas have similar moves under way. Under such proposals, the university would be forced to assume for itself what Yale calls "civil, legal, and moral" responsibility. As one

official has put it, the university should allow the student this privilege in order to help the student achieve a state of maturity.

Senator Robert Kennedy captured the Democratic presidential nomination at the University of Utah's Mock Convention last month. Idaho's Frank Church was chosen as his running mate.

Kennedy received 1484 votes against Senator McCarthy's 1104 in winning on the third ballot.

Prior to the victory, several other candidates were in the running, among them Church, Senator J. W. Fulbright, and Howard Hughes of Nevada. Supporters of Hubert Humphrey could garner only 290 first ballot votes, before withdrawing his name from contention. HHH's campaign manager released his delegates to vote for Fulbright.

In the vice-presidential balloting, Church, Fulbright, Howard Hughes, Utah attorney Calvin Rampton, Oklahoma senator Fred Harris, and Pat Paulsen were on the first ballot. Church won on the second ballot with 1411 votes, as compared with Fulbright's 647, and Harris' 350.

A presidential poll at Emory and Henry University reveals that, if Eugene McCarthy hopes to win the election, he will have to gain the support of Sonny Jurgenson, Lyndon Johnson, John Lindsay, and Oscar Robertson in order to defeat Mr. Patrick Paulson.

In other collegiate polls, where the results were slightly more creditable, Senator McCarthy appears somewhat stronger.

At University of Texas Law School, McCarthy defeated LBJ, RFK, and George Wallace. McCarthy received 256 votes, Johnson 183, Kennedy 140, and Wallace 59.

At Alfred University (Alfred, N.Y.), McCarthy received 172 votes, Kennedy 113, and Johnson 48.

At Saint Bonaventure, Olean, N.Y., Senator McCarthy won both the nomination and election in a student poll. He defeated Senator Kennedy, 150 to 119. President Johnson got 116 votes, and 15 votes were scattered among others. In the Republican poll, Richard Nixon defeated Governor Rockefeller, 221 to 127. In the general election, McCarthy finished on top with 105 votes, followed by Kennedy (87), Nixon (73), Johnson (59), and Rockefeller (46).

Michigan State, deprived of a local primary, has been sending the troops down to Indiana to work in

this state's Democratic primary, commencing on the weekend of April 20-21.

On that weekend, some 30 Students for McCarthy traveled to highly Republican Fort Wayne. Last weekend, some 250 students were expected to travel south to work for Clean Gene.

The same weekend, about 50 MSU students came to Indiana to canvass for Senator Kennedy. The students were told not to bother mentioning where they were from: the Lafayette area where they were campaigning is highly conservative, going to Goldwater in 1964, and was assumed to have a distaste for "outsiders."

The University of Evansville was the scene of primary campaigning recently, also. A crowd estimated at 5000 gathered for a rally featuring Bobby Darin and Leslie Gore singing and talking for Robert Kennedy. Appearing with the two singers was Mrs. Jean Kennedy Smith, the candidate's sister, who gave what is undoubtedly the shortest speech of the Indiana campaign: "I want to ask all of you to help my brother. We really need it."

Darin's manager said that the rally would have cost about \$2500 if it were not a political contribution by the performers. Also scheduled to appear were Marlow Thomas, of *That Girl*, and UCLA basketball star Mike Warren of South Bend. Neither was able to make it, however.

Mike Shannon, a disc jockey at WIID at the University of North Carolina, is making an attempt to set a new marathon broadcasting record. Shannon, a freshman from Philadelphia, plans to continue broadcasting for 130 hours in his attempt to break the national record of 126 hours, 40 minutes set by a student at the University of Redlands, California, last April. As we went to press, he had just passed his 100th hour on the air.

Shannon is constantly accompanied by encouraging guests who make sure he stays awake. As he passed the 100-hour mark, he had yet to use coffee, No-Doz, or any other type of stimulant to stay awake. He has employed a back-scratcher, which a listener sent along with a note stating that the back-scratcher would be more successful than any artificial stimulants.

Under the rules of the contest, Shannon is allowed to play single records or albums. After some sixty hours, he played "Alice's Restaurant" and used the 18 minutes to take a quick shower.

Among his visitors has been a psychologist, who commissioned him to submit himself to psychological experiments after the ordeal ends.

Shannon plans to play "Dixie" one last time at the 130th hour, announce that he has indeed broken the record, and adjourn to the hospital.

ABC television has said they will cover the marathon if Shannon breaks the intercollegiate broad-

casting record. The SCHOLASTIC will report next week whether or not Shannon succeeds, provided we receive the *Daily Tar Heel*, from which this information has been collected.

Last week was "McCarthy Week" at the University of Illinois. The highlight of the week was a visit by the Senator's daughter, Mary.

Events during McCarthy Week included a Monday bake sale, Tuesday and Wednesday "get out the vote" drives (Choice '68 was held everywhere except Notre Dame on April 24), and a Tuesday rally featuring Miss McCarthy. Wednesday through Saturday the Students for McCarthy sponsored free movies, including *Bye Bye Birdie* and the *Guns of Navarone*.

Oklahoma University's Students for McCarthy organization claimed recently to have 2000-3000 members, although only 300 students attended a McCarthy rally, held recently. During that rally, the group's leaders told of plans to bus its members to Indiana for the primary campaign. Simultaneously, SDS members circulated among the crowd distributing literature criticizing McCarthy's voting record and stand on Vietnam.

The Quote of the Week is from the front page of the *Holy Cross Crusader*, dated April 9, 1968:

"It takes shock treatment to make this country change."—Floyd McKissick

Steve Novak

## Feiffer

LISTEN WORLD! YOU KNOW WHAT I DID TODAY?



I OPENED MY MAIL!



AND I ANSWERED MY TELEPHONE! EVERY TIME IT RANG, WORLD!



AND WHEN THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR I DIDN'T STAND AGAINST THE DOOR, TERRIFIED! NO SIR!



I ASKED: "WHO'S THERE?"



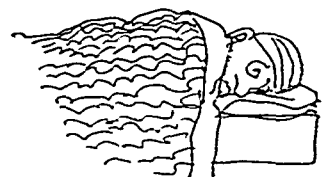
AND WHEN THERE WASN'T ANY ANSWER I DIDN'T HESITATE FEARFULLY, WORLD- I OPENED THE DOOR!



AND GOT MUGGED.



REGRESSION.



Disc. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

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by Chuck Perrin

You know, there's so much good in people . . . okay, there's bad in people too . . . but the times you really feel groovy are when you don't notice the bad or don't think to try to look for it. Isn't that true? I mean, if you really think about it. And while no one can go around making people look for the good in others . . . you can make it easy for them to forget the bad. . . It's like, someone once told me that happiness is forgetting that you're not really happy at all. I think there's some truth in that . . . and in a way, that's what *Webster's* is all about. . .

You know how, when you get depressed - - - I mean the kind of depression where you just want to be left alone . . . you feel like zipping yourself up inside a big quilt . . . or maybe climbing inside a ping-pong ball and sealing it behind you. I'm serious. It's not an extraordinary mood - - - you just get sick of studying or mouthing what people expect you to mouth — it's called hung-up — and you just want to be yourself, just for a while. It's funny because you want to be alone, except that you don't want to be lonely. So you look for some place where you can be with 300 people and still be alone. That was hard to find before *Webster's*. . . but there you can sit on a pillow in a

far off corner just to think — and still in a very magical way be united to everyone else in the place through the atmosphere, the performer, the music. . . .

Like the other night I was in one of those moods and I just felt like sitting, and turning off the controls to my mind and letting it wander . . . the *Crystal Ship* was performing, and I was watching Kathy move as she sang — her eyes closed gently — and I was wondering if I could see what she was seeing . . . and I heard Terry's laugh even while he was singing . . . and there was nothing else on my mind, nothing frantic, no other cares — I had escaped, and the only thing I could think about was now. It was just dark enough so that I could almost see their faces, and the faces of those around me, mixing with the faces of the posters on the wall and the faces popping out of the collages — there were so many faces - - - faces that had come because they wanted to come, dressed as they wanted, and entered into the same different magical world as I — a world of burlap, of the black and white of newspaper, of flickering colored spotlights, of the smell of freshly-made coffee - - - a world where the only restriction is that you be what you are. Kind of simple, huh?

Have you ever spent the evening just looking at the collages at *Webster's* It's something like, you know, the Louvre in Paris because you can think you've seen it all . . . and then come back a thousand times and still find something new . . .

The problem is it's so easy to stay hung-up when you go out. You can hide behind the noise of a band . . . or beer . . . and never really achieve any "inside" satisfaction — the kind of satisfaction that's a mental and emotional release, that comes from communicating . . . really sharing something meaningful with someone. You go out to relax, to enjoy, to loosen up — and you come back frustrated and uptight. Everything's so frantic. Where can you go to talk, let's say with your date? A class party? Just try and be heard. A movie? No. Your room? Not yet. Our student center? You've got to be kidding. You end up with nowhere but the cab on the way home. Groovy.

But *Webster's* downtown was a completely different scene . . . because the emphasis there was on interpersonal relationship with everyone else. It was possible there because it was so small . . . and it wasn't just a suggestion, it was my home and friends were supposed to respond as they would in anyone's home . . . the idea was to build on a nucleus of people who had really come to know each other informally . . . I mean it was like everybody had strings hanging out of the top of their heads . . . long strings and the idea was to meet everyone and tie one of your strings to one of theirs, so that when you tried to leave, everyone else would feel the pull. It wasn't your local, ordinary coffeehouse and let in seventy who wanted one too. - - - So now there is a coffeehouse — that's good and I'm happy. Sometimes I just get too idealistic about things, I guess . . .

It's strange, it looks as though Saint Mary's College has left us behind again - - - this time in deciding that their student social center should REALLY be a student social center. Theirs is open most of the day until curfew at night for relaxing and studying or talking over free coffee - - - and at 8 p.m. on Thursday through Sunday nights for folk entertainment. This invitation comes from the girls at St. Mary's, not me - - - it's theirs and they're pretty certain that if something has to happen, and it does, *Webster's Last Word* is the best thing that could.

## An Interview with Eugene J. McCarthy.

—Thomas Payne  
—Robert Franken

**Scholastic:** What is your view on the recent announcement of the withdrawal of draft deferments from graduate students, and Senator Kennedy's proposals for a professional Army?

**McCarthy:** I think they ought to allow deferments for graduate schools because if they don't, they'll disrupt pretty much the whole educational system. I don't agree with Senator Kennedy with reference to a professional Army. I think part of it should always be provided by the draft, because without it you could develop an Army like the British did in the last century, which was not subject to any kind of social or moral judgment. As long as you have a draft, citizens generally are concerned about a war and will be more aware and more critical of foreign policy. I think we ought to have bases for conscientious objection on other than religious grounds which, of course, as you know, is not allowed now. We ought to provide some alternative service — a longer period in the reserves and possibly some kind of civilian service which would constantly be a test as to whether a person was sincere or not.

**Sch:** Your campaign in New Hampshire and Wisconsin was largely centered around student involvement which is to a large extent motivated by crusading against the war and President Johnson. Has the President's withdrawal from the race affected your campaign strategy at all with respect to students or have you noticed a change in student attitudes toward your candidacy?

**McC:** Not very much. Let me say that it wasn't altogether a student campaign. We had a significant

adult organization in New Hampshire and also in Wisconsin, and I think we have 10,000 members in the Hoosiers for a Democratic Alternative here in Indiana. The withdrawal of the President of course makes a difference since there is no one really openly supporting the Administration position right now unless perhaps the Vice-President, but he's not going to be in the primary, so it changes it into a personality contest between Senator Kennedy and me, which makes some difference.

**Sch:** Then you do see Vice-President Humphrey as supporting the President's policy?

**McC:** I expect that he will, but he's not in the primary, which changes the issue from what it was in New Hampshire and Wisconsin. You now have to talk about the other problems, what you think about them and what has to be done. It becomes a question of whether or not people are persuaded that you will do more about stopping the war, more about the crisis in the cities, or whether they want to make a personal judgment in terms of whatever goes into making a President.

**Sch:** You have suggested that a possible settlement in Vietnam would include a coalition government including the Viet Cong. What do you see as the future role of the United States in Southeast Asia both as far as policy and as far as our military commitment there and also, on a wider scale, what do you see as the role of the United States in the world?

**McC:** That's a rather large order. I try to deal with it more or less country by country, area by area. It's a little hard to summarize it right now. I think we have a very limited role in Southeastern Asia, and although we'll have to be present there for some time, we'll have to spend some money, even though we do bring the war to an end, in order to bring about some kind of stability and establish an economic basis for these countries. I don't think we have much of a role to play in Thailand, or Laos, or Cambodia; certainly not in Burma where they don't want us. Dulles offered to help the Burmese when they had their fight with the Communists — they asked him "Please don't help! If we win with your help we'll never have peace — we'll be looked upon as puppets." I think that was the right decision. I see a very limited role in Indonesia, but we still have responsibilities for the defense of India if it is threatened; we have responsibilities in Japan, we have responsibilities for Korea; so it's not a question of withdrawal, but rather of our rushing into places, having military aid groups in 50 countries. I think it's an overcommitment in terms of advanced military positions. We ought to have a change in policy, certainly not be so ready to use the military the way we did in Lebanon, for example, under Eisenhower. I think that was uncalled for.

**Sch:** A number of Democrats, Senators Kennedy and Hartke, for example, have urged that Dean Rusk be replaced. If Rusk were replaced, what sort of person would you like to see as Secretary of State?

**McC:** I'd like to see someone who isn't committed to the Asian policy that Rusk is committed to, the policy of trying to build nations by ourselves, and of talking about saving all of Southeastern Asia.

**Sch:** There are certain special-interest groups within the party, the South and Labor, for example. These groups, particularly Labor, were formerly the vanguard

(Continued on page 30)

# Senator Eugene J. McCarthy

by Leonard Groszek

For one confused and uncommitted student-reporter, a foray into the South Bend headquarters of Senator Eugene McCarthy turned out to be an education in itself. The sparkling clean front of the "McCarthy for President" headquarters at 123 North Michigan seemed to symbolize the "get clean for Gene" spirit which has been sweeping the Minnesota Senator's more avid supporters. Upon entering the converted office space one could begin to feel the usual political gears gyrating but there was a new dimension added to the usual political setup.

That new dimension was the group of people staffing the campaign headquarters. They were almost all of college age. Besides the youthful new "pols," home-made signs such as "Gene's got a new thing" and the more familiar "let us go begin anew" were present on the walls. The feeling of Young America in politics coupled with the idealistic hopes of the signs exhibited the sentiment of enthusiasm and the new thing which was generating throughout the building.

This enthusiastic spirit seems to characterize McCarthy workers across the nation, I learned from Mr. Alex Gheselin, South Bend coordinator and a member of the national McCarthy organization.

One may wonder why so many persons have stayed with Gene McCarthy and have not deserted his ship for the wilder bandwagon effect of frenzied gatherings which the Kennedy machine is generating.

There are definite reasons for the loyalty of the supporters of the senior Senator from Minnesota. Many of his college-age admirers note Gene McCarthy's courage to take up his fight when the going was tough and no one else was willing to enter the presidential race against Lyndon Johnson. They are proud to be associated with a man who fought it out in New Hampshire and Wisconsin as he did. Also embedded within the McCarthy supporters is the feeling that here is a new intellectual candidate, a new Adlai Stevenson, who has given them new hope and interest in America's future. Mr. Gheselin said that he now has a chance to work for someone whom he has a dedicated interest in seeing elected. "Nobody gets anything, if he is elected, but everybody." The South Bend coordinator was emphasizing that his reason for supporting McCarthy was not for any political spoils.

The McCarthy organization is built around this one man and parallels the Bull Moose Party of 1912, which centered around Theodore Roosevelt. This independence

is particularly what his supporters like about McCarthy. Since he is not working through the usual political machinery, the Senator will not be under the thumbs of party chieftains, but only the directives of the people.

While some of the McCarthy clan would campaign for Robert Kennedy if he was chosen as the party's standard-bearer in Chicago, many are sticking to their guns in saying that McCarthy is the only man they want. They do not seem anxious to surrender to any other forces, favorable or otherwise. Mr. Gheselin described McCarthy as "the key that makes things turn" for him.

One McCarthy supporter even went as far as to compare Senator Kennedy with Richard Nixon, in that he felt the New York Senator supports issues that the polls say are politically popular. He praised McCarthy, the former high school teacher and college professor, for having the courage to say what he believed in and to follow his own conscience no matter what the political climate. To him, Senator McCarthy is a "man for all seasons."

This mood of trust in McCarthy seems to mark the trend across the nation as many people who first wondered who this soft-spoken Senator from the Land of 10,000 Lakes was now know who he is and why he is running for the presidency. At the present, the Senator seems to be drawing support from many sectors of our society and from all types of people from all walks of life. A good many of these persons, now workers, have never participated in any type of political venture before. Senator McCarthy seems to have given these bewildered souls a new chance to make their mark in participatory democracy. The newness of the McCarthy camp on the political scene can be seen when campaigners are described as "old-timers" although they have been in the political game for just two months.

The quest to take the power from the political ward heelers and give it back to the people seems to be one of the strong currents carrying the McCarthy ship through the stormy seas of campaigning. This popular appeal has undoubtedly met with approval by many persons or Senator McCarthy would not have made it as far as he has in this trek to the White House.

Many are viewing the 52-year-old member of the upper chamber of Congress as the one person who can give a new perspective to the same old problems which





have been challenging the American Dream for well over a generation.

The Senator has been dubbed by his followers as one of the few politicians of our day who can be trusted. They respect his honesty because their candidate is using an approach which seems to be sorely needed in our country today. They feel that McCarthy has a rational approach to the questions and he doesn't want action merely for the sake of action.

"Let's stop and look at what we're doing" is the predominant theme behind all of Senator McCarthy's stands on the issues.

He views the Vietnam war as a dilemma which we must solve by a gradual reduction of our commitment and then by letting Vietnamese decide their own fate by the popular will of the people. He wants to discontinue the bombing and search-and-destroy missions so that meaningful negotiations can begin.

Senator McCarthy's views on Vietnam coincide with his belief that the money we are spending in Vietnam should be spent on helping our cities and the people within them. A "guaranteed minimum annual wage," increased educational opportunities, and a revitalized poverty program are the Senator's major goals.

He has also supported and seeks enforcement of civil rights legislation. He believes that the legislation is sufficient now but must be fully enforced to be truly effective.

On the draft, the Senator feels that the antiquated draft system should be reevaluated. The Army, he proposes, should be made into a voluntary enterprise, which would have pay scales comparable to civilian jobs. From this, it appears that the Senator would support a professional Army. He also calls for the retirement of the near-blind General Lewis Hershey, who

has coordinated the Selective Service System since the days of Franklin Roosevelt.

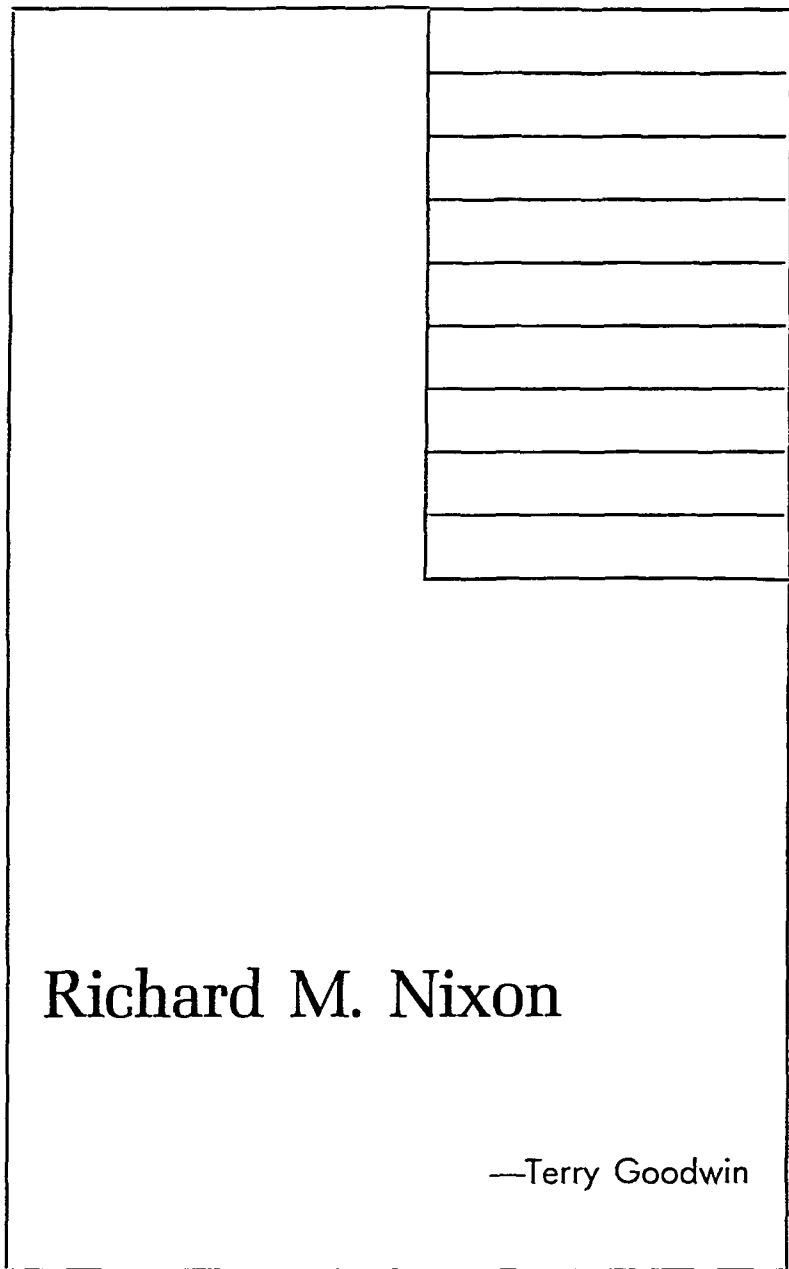
As for experience, McCarthy has served since 1949 in the Congress of the United States, the last nine years in the upper chamber. He is regarded as one of the more prominent members of the Senate and is consulted on many important decisions made by the government.

The members of the McCarthy clan see him as a realist and rational man who deals with the possible in order to get the job done.

As the May 7 primary draws near, strong McCarthy supporters from Notre Dame and St. Mary's College, and others from surrounding schools, are preparing for the last big push this weekend. Vote canvassing, using a chatty, informal approach, is the technique used by the "get clean for Gene" workers.

America will soon know if Indiana, usually a politically unpredictable state, will move Gene McCarthy another step closer in his quest for presidential power.

It is a difficult procedure to remain neutral in a political campaign, especially when a man makes an appeal to give government back to the people. But, as of the present, this writer remains in his state of confusion and indecision as many Americans still do. What we are sure of is that Senator McCarthy has an uphill fight on his hands. He will have a difficult time securing enough delegates to give him the nomination, but his cause has improved considerably since those wintry days in New Hampshire. Although there are many other candidates to hear from before making a final decision, one cannot help but admire Senator McCarthy's courage and honesty. He may well prove to be the best candidate in a field of other mortal men who are faced with almost superhuman problems. And who knows? More of us may be found wearing McCarthy buttons every day.



“The last play. I leave you, gentlemen . . . just think how much you’re going to be missing. You won’t have Nixon to kick around anymore, because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference.” — Richard M. Nixon, Nov. 1962.

And with this self-spoken obituary, former Vice-President Nixon left political life presumably forever — relegated to political death at age 49. But, as unexpectedly as Christ rose on the third day to save mankind, Richard Nixon rose in the fourth year to save his party in the 1966 congressional elections. The mission was accomplished admirably. In fact, his campaign efforts so dramatically reversed the previous failures in 1958, 1960, and 1962 that serious Nixon-for-President talk began once again. As a result, Mr. Nixon greeted newsmen this last February to “set things straight.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, as we start this campaign there is one thing we should say at the outset — this is not my last press conference.” It wouldn’t be because at that time Richard M. Nixon declared that he would bow to the demands of his supporters and return to political prominence to seek the epitome of political responsibility and honor, the Presidency of the United States.

This, briefly, is the story of one of the most fascinating political rebirths of the century, probably second only to that of another two-time loser — Sir Winston Churchill. In fact, Nixon enthusiasts delight in paral-

leling the two men as a method of nullifying the “loser image” attached to their candidate.

At any rate, Nixon is back. Some exclaim their feelings with the cry of “Thank God,” and others react with the plea of “God help us.” However, even his strongest opposition is no doubt awed by the boundless determination and dedication exercised by Nixon in his remarkable recovery.

In order to sustain his return to political favoritism, the man who lost to Pat Brown by 300,000 votes and to John Kennedy by 100,000 has virtually silenced his Republican opposition by rolling up massive 80% pluralities or better in the New Hampshire, Nebraska, and Wisconsin primaries. Perhaps the most significant eyebrow-raiser for Nixon skeptics is the result of the latest Gallup Poll which shows Nixon leading in a three-way race (including George Wallace) over all three of his major Democratic opponents — 3% over Kennedy and McCarthy, and 9% over Humphrey. (The poll was taken prior to Humphrey’s announcement.)

Yet, Nixon remains unpopular among college-age and other young voters. The aforementioned poll (in the same races) finds him trailing Humphrey by 14%, McCarthy by 19%, and Kennedy by 23% among voters between 21 and 29.

Here, at Notre Dame, this fact is made visible by the apparently invisible existence of organized Nixon support. However, senior Dan Lungren, Chairman of Notre Dame Students for Nixon, explains that the primary efforts of his people will be made next fall in the general election. For example, no canvassing or organized campaigning has been undertaken in the upcoming May primary since Nixon faces no major opposition. But, this last Wednesday, May 1, an organizational meeting was held by Lungren, Marketing Professor Fred Dow, and several other faculty members and students. The purpose was to draft a letter to faculty members urging them to come out in support of Mr. Nixon. In addition to this, ideas and plans for the coming campaign were discussed. This includes the possibility of one or two circulars to the student body.

“Unlike some candidates,” said Lungren, “we do not have 27 million dollars to shovel into a presidential campaign. However, we hope to clear up some of the questions and suspicions about Mr. Nixon by making his views on the major issues known. For example, his foreign policy advocates increased trade with Eastern European nations, the complete overhaul of the present foreign aid program — particularly in Latin America and Africa, and a new, more reasonable approach to our relationship or lack of relationship with Red China. At home, he is disturbed by the possible disastrous effects of increased taxation and the widening budget deficit. He is very impressed with the idea of ‘computer matching’ jobs for the hard-core unemployed. And, he is also committed to the eradication of the draft as soon as the present conflict in Vietnam is resolved.”

It’s six months until November, and the “new” Nixon has a long way to go. But they said he’d never get this far again. Here he is. And, in spite of everything, come next year, Richard M. Nixon may finally reach his goal, the Presidency of the United States.


# Robert F. Kennedy

—John Walbeck

More than a century ago, Alexis de Tocqueville regarded political campaigns as primarily an educational device that would instruct the populace to remain self-reliant and realistic. To his aristocratic and conservative French friends, de Tocqueville pointed to the success of American institutions in increasing the distribution of political competence. Speaking of democrat's "facility in prosecuting great undertakings in common," he reasoned, "Political associations may be considered as large free schools, where all members of the community go to learn the theory of association . . . Thus it is by the enjoyment of a dangerous freedom that Americans learn the art of rendering the art of freedom less formidable." From the pages of *Democracy In America*, one pictures Americans marching forth from their domestic castles to learn the latest news of the courthouse or to partake enthusiastically in a political rally. Commenting on de Tocqueville, sociologist David Riesman reflects, "Americans today are less compulsively gregarious and somewhat more passive politically: what they want out of life is less easily defined—and less easily attained."

Although in announcing his candidacy, Senator Robert Kennedy somberly reflected, "The question facing this nation is not how we survive the century but whether we will," those supporting the Kennedy candidacy in the Indiana primary seem to agree with de Tocqueville rather than the modern Riesman. Much more, they have modeled their campaign in Indiana on the assumption that a door-to-door discussion of the issues by a "personal representative" of Senator Kennedy will be meaningful in influencing the outcome of

the election. Explaining this approach, Jed Keyes, a Notre Dame graduate who has taken a leave of absence from his studies at N.Y.U.'s law school to become Assistant Coordinator of the Kennedy organization in South Bend, noted, "We have concentrated in reaching the voters in this area through canvassing and the distribution of tabloids outlining the positions the Senator has taken on the issues. The technique has been effective in stimulating the voters to think through for themselves the significance of their vote as well as giving us an indication of the reaction to the Senator's campaign. We have over two hundred and fifty students actively working for us from Notre Dame, at least a hundred from both I.U. extension and Goshen College, and another hundred that will be arriving from Michigan State to help us with canvassing. At this rate, most of the canvassing will be completed this weekend and we can focus our attention on getting favorable voters to the polls."

This past week Peter Kelly has devoted at least thirty hours to the Kennedy campaign—doing everything from making posters to perking coffee. Responding to the question of why any election was so important to risk doing poorly in his studies, Pete flinched and for a few seconds, then pondered the question. "It is difficult to articulate something one feels and has experienced. When someone knows that something is right, he doesn't rationalize about it but he does it. In working for Kennedy, I feel it is something more than an election, that I am part of something—something unselfish, something bigger than myself." He went on to mention that after canvassing in both white and Negro neighborhoods, he was impressed that the problem of race relations was the most pressing issue facing our generation. Besides introducing such bills as the Urban Employment Opportunities Development Act and the Urban Housing Development Act, which encourage private investment in urban poverty areas through a system of tax incentives, and organizing the Bedford-Stuyvesant Project, Senator Kennedy has demonstrated that he has both the sensitivity and the imagination "to begin a dialogue between the two Americas."

Tom Payne is working for Senator Kennedy because "he is not only against the war in Vietnam but he has offered us a detailed policy statement on how to end it. He opposed the war when it was not fashionable to do so and has maintained his position that a settlement in Vietnam can be reached by temporarily halting the bombing of the North; international teams under the United Nations or a strengthened International Control Commission being sent to inspect Vietnam to provide objective information about any large troop or supply buildup; the South Vietnamese government as well as other political elements not represented by it being encouraged to begin their own discussions with the National Liberation Front while at the same time, the United States, as a major combatant, being ready to assure all parties in the conflict that free elections under the auspices of an international organization would be held and that the winner would take office. During the interim period the Senator has suggested establishing a coalition government representing all elements of South Vietnam's political structure."

By calling politics "educational" de Tocqueville was not referring to a teacher-student relationship or a structure comprised of the elected and the electorate. Instead he was alluding to an dialogue open enough so all could learn from each other and, by participating in this system, one would be inspired to maintain and improve it.

# Conservatism --- The Persuasion for All Ages

by Joseph G. Blake

In 1900, as England laid the venerable Victoria to rest, the twentieth century dawned full of new hopes and optimistic faith in the future. Indeed, there was good reason to believe in the realization of this better world. A. J. P. Taylor has written, "In 1914 Europe was a single civilized community, more so even than at the height of the Roman Empire." Probably no age has known a wider expanse of human freedom than that one. A man could travel the length of Europe from London to St. Petersburg without a passport. The currencies of Europe were solidly based, with no fear of immediate collapse. Most of the great countries of Europe had some form of constitution. Even Russia was on the way toward a limited constitutional system. England and France had attained a high degree of personal freedom while Germany and Austria-Hungary had achieved significant limits on state authority. As Taylor pointed out, "Nearly everywhere men could be sure of reasonably fair treatment in the courts of law. No one was killed for religious reasons. No one was killed for political reasons, despite the somewhat synthetic bitterness often shown in political disputes. Private property was everywhere secure, and in nearly all countries something was done to temper the extreme rigours of poverty."

However, by the year 1968 history recorded a different direction in the twentieth century. A shot at Sarajevo forced the great powers into one of the most irrational conflicts of all times. This "Great War" saw American liberals clamoring to join the fight "to make the world safe for democracy." What emerged from the Versailles Conference was a political, social, and

economic wasteland in which democracy or few other nations of decency would survive. Rather the West was plunged into the Great Depression and the horrors of Nazi Germany and Communist Russia.

As the twenties closed, communism had assumed the reins of power in Russia and Nazism would soon roar into the seat of authority in Germany. In Russia and Germany concentration camps and the totalitarian court of justice began to engulf the political opposition. The hideous murder of Nicholas and his family was typical of the bloodthirsty atrocities of the new revolutionary Russia, all too well documented. In Germany the Nazis began the systematic murder of Jews with greater efficiency than Henry Ford's automobile assembly line. Yet totalitarianism also spread to Italy with Mussolini and Spain was engulfed in a civil war between the Fascists and Communists followed by the despotism of Franco.

Yet even today, after the fall of Hitler, the totalitarian ideologies march onward. Unlike in 1914, a wall stands in Berlin giving witness to East Germany's unwillingness to allow her citizens the right to travel or to emigrate. Czechoslovakian students demand the right to travel and must consider the government's willingness to discuss the subject a concession. In Russia, the regime continues a virulent propaganda campaign of anti-Semitism while intellectuals must fear repressive intimidation from Moscow.

Yet the seeds of this evil fruit were not merely planted at Versailles. The evil tree first bore fruit in 1789 when the French Revolution began its inevitable path toward the Reign of Terror. This bloodshed was the product of the anti-intellectual French Enlightenment.

Fundamentally, the Enlightenment denied part and parcel the basic principles upon which Western culture rested. In the pretentious writings of Rousseau, full of "soapy sentimentalism," the conservative Edmund Burke found the basic liberal error — namely, a denial of original sin. Rousseau believed that man was naturally good and was corrupted by his institutions such as private property. Quite logically, the liberal would

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assume that if man's institutions were corrected, human perfection would follow. He also inevitably denied the precepts of Christianity as delusions.

All too often we dismiss the concept of original sin as some quaint biblical myth. In this dismissal of the Genesis account, we achieve not a liberation from falsehood, but a closing of an avenue of insight into ourselves. The course of evil, be it racial discrimination in Alabama, mass murder in Germany, or political dishonesty in government, is rooted in the veil which surrounds man's soul. Man is an ambivalent creature with free will who is, as Pascal said, capable of grandeur and misery. His acts of venial and mortal evil are not the product of some irrational force like sex or the drive for power. Nor is it rooted in some economic or nationalistic cause. Rather evil is the result of

the fundamental freedom with which creation has endowed man.

Yet Rousseau was the spiritual father of a whole host of falsehoods which carried man deeper into the wells of perversion. These ideologies promised some quick, easy solution to all the world's evils. They promised Utopia or some other thousand-year *Reich* rooted in panacea. As T. S. Eliot said:

"The kind of political theory which has arisen in quite modern times is less concerned with human nature, which it is inclined to treat as something which can always be re-fashioned to fit whatever political form is regarded as most desirable. Its real data are impersonal forces which may have originated in the conflict and combination of human wills but have come to supersede them."

Marx, for example, attempted to reduce history to a narrow economic interpretation of all its events. Hegel, likewise, sought a sure answer which inevitably denied the wide variety so typical of history if not human nature itself. Freud dreamed of man as an instinctual domain, eliminating the scope of humanity for the sake of libidinous urges. Others presented the nationalistic and racial determinism which built the stage for Mussolini and Hitler. In all of this was the same lie — denial of the basic truth of human nature, its free character.

The denial of this freedom must inevitably construct a uniformitarianism demanding strict conformity and obedience. Thus, in this century, history records the banning of books in Germany and elsewhere and the blind loyalty to the Communist Party of its members. Those that go along survive (if you care to call this survival). Those who disagree must face the martyrdom of Bonhoeffer or the disgrace of Pasternak.

Yet conservatism does not offer mere resignation to the evils of the world. The conservative in his realization of original sin does not advocate that we ignore the evil in ourselves or in society. He agrees wholeheartedly when the *Book of Common Prayer* implores, "Grant that the old Adam in these persons may be so buried that the new man may be raised up in them." But the effort to overcome the consequences of human imperfections is fraught with difficulty and pain. All of us will not be struck with the hand of God as St. Paul was on the way to Damascus. There is no easy principle to cure the larceny in our individual hearts.

Today, many Christians invoke love. Indeed, God is love which is "the ground of our being." Yet the mere verbal assertion of this truth does not mean its accomplishment. All too often this concept is turned into an ideological panacea in which love does not emerge but as emotionalism and an orgy of feeling. Rather, the true quest for love as well as the cure for personal larceny lies in the complex web which characterizes human existence. I am reminded of this discussion between Roper and Sir Thomas More in Bolt's *A Man For All Seasons*:

Roper: My God wants service, to the end and unremitting, nothing else!

More: Are you sure that's God? He sounds like Moloch. But indeed it may be God. And whoever hunts for me, Roper, God or Devil, will find me hiding in the thickets of the law! And I'll hide my daughter with me! Not hoist her up the mainmast of your seagoing principles! They put about too nimbly!

The last two centuries have seen the highest of all blasphemies—the effort of man to be God. Pseudo-philosophers have come declaring the arrival of a fabricated Messiah, replacing the true one. Even men

of learning have assumed this sophistry and have called it wisdom. Is it any wonder, then, that we find ourselves in this disillusioned community of despair? As C. S. Lewis writes, "We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honour and are shocked to find traitors in our midst. We castrate and bid the geldings be fruitful."

Where, then, does our salvation lie? It does not lie in some new construction of falsehood or in the temporary escapes of drugs or sex. We cannot continue to drink falsehood and hope to protect our hearts from the worms which bore through them. Rather, hope lies in the restoration of the basis of our culture.

Perhaps the greatest advance in the West was the discovery of philosophy and theology in Greek antiq-

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uity. The great insight was not a negation of being or indifference toward it. Rather, it was the effort to find out what being is. In many ways this discovery enabled Western man to achieve dominion over creation while his Asian and African cousins continued in primitive methods to escape being or ignore it. Perhaps this also would explain the great material disparity between Western man and his cousins.

This effort is one which does not presume complete knowledge about man but rather affirms man's incomplete view of himself. True knowledge about reality begins in realizing the limits of man's reason and with a deep respect for his past, what Chesterton called "democracy of the dead." The heritage of the past is not merely quaint customs and venerable traditions. Rather it contains the few bits of wisdom which are the product of centuries of an agonizing search. Let us not be so pretentious as to assume infallibility for ourselves while dismissing our ancestors as deluded. This would be the greatest act of self-deception. We might do well to read the works of Aristotle, Plato, Augustine, and Thomas (even Eugene McCarthy reads Aquinas) to discover what animated the grandeur of the Middle Ages. It is not mere vanity which made the cathedrals of Chartres and Cologne possible. Rather they are the products of a deeply cohesive community whose remaining remnants were destroyed in World War I.

Some would deny the relevance of the Middle Ages out of chronological snobbery. Yet their pride confounds their view of facts which would seem to place us close to Babylon and the Middle Ages closer to Eden. Like all liberals they believe that moral progress continues ever. We may have material progress but we certainly may not entertain notions of total moral superiority over the Middle Ages.

Others would say I am advocating the reconstruction of feudalism (some of its less admirable qualities may well be part of the liberal welfare state) or the imitation of Gothic architecture. This would not be the case. Rather we might give close attention to that great age of faith so that this atomic age might be more tolerable, if not Christian.

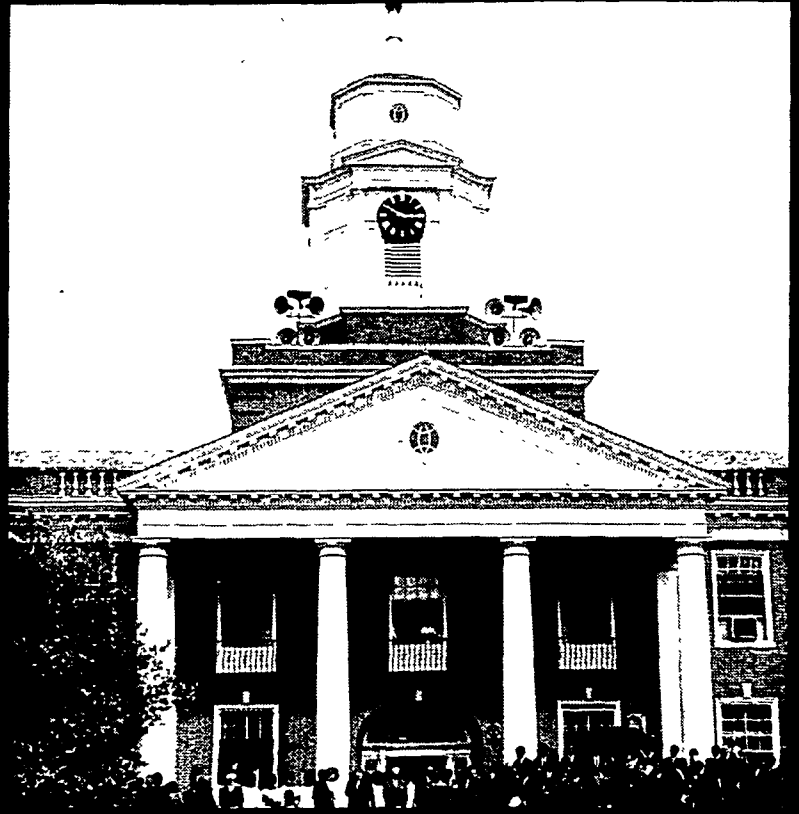
# Martin Luther King (1929-1968)

The mortal heart of Martin Luther King was pierced by an assassin's bullet. But no power on earth can stop his work.

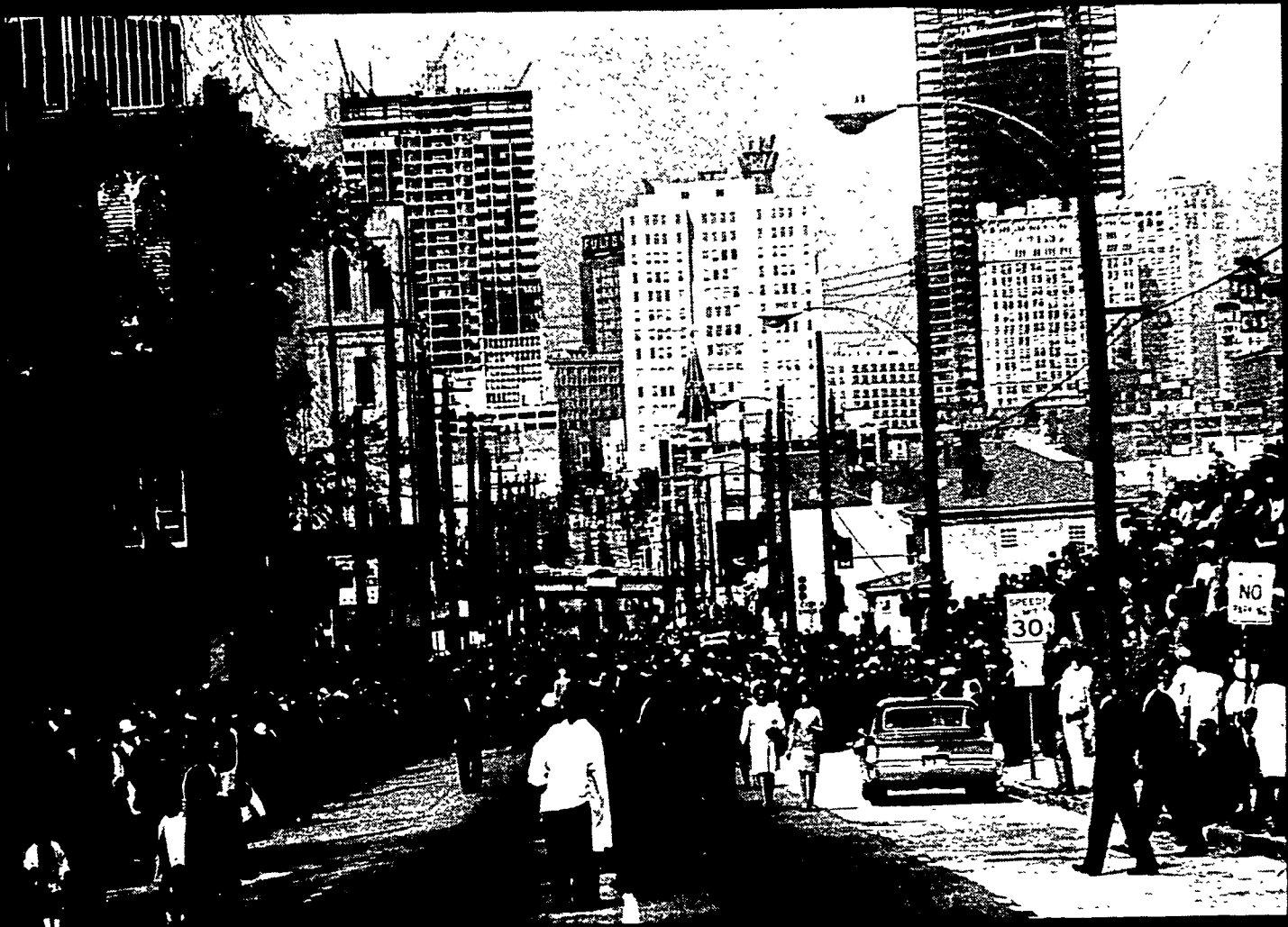
In losing Dr. King, the black people have made the greatest sacrifice in their history. Such a loss can only be redeemed by a gain of the same magnitude.

White America has the opportunity to rise to greatness at this moment by burying hesitation and delay, by properly honoring the most moral man of this century, by liberating black Americans and all the poor, black and white.

—Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, President  
Southern Christian Leadership Conference  
on the death of Martin Luther King







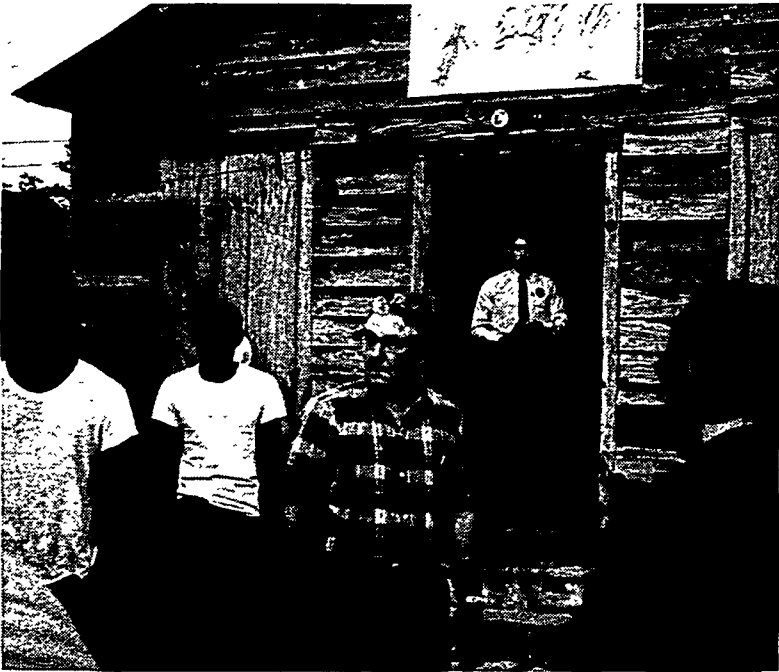
# The good, the bad, and the ugly in Hampton County

by Peter J. McInerney

The good of the trip can be equated to our contact with Hampton's Negroes. And there was much good. We contacted Negroes in Bethlehem Baptist Church on Easter Sunday. Their religion is good; they look to God for relief from the tiring world. They seek peace. They seek it simply. They literally shut the white world out of their church. When it gets too warm, fans are distributed. A country scene is on the fans, the caption — "Peaceful Beauty."

Negroes contacted us, particularly during the social they sponsored for us. They bought us dinner and the double-deck jukebox played for five hours while a pool table sat on a fourth of the dance floor. It was hot and crowded but somehow — good.

Hampton's Negroes and Notre Dame attempted to contact white Hampton. We marched in memory of Dr. Martin Luther King. The distance was two miles; the temperature in the 90's. It didn't seem like much to do. Evidently it was too much to do for any besides the 350 of us who marched. Neither the distance nor the temperature, sad to say, really decided who marched. White racism and three centuries of pathetic Negro re-



sistance kept the number to 350. It was good we attacked the former by our mere presence; good we attacked the latter by stimulating Hampton's Negroes so someday they will attack with their own voice.

The bad of the trip can be equated to our contact with Hampton's whites. Mr. James Moore, head of the Hampton NAACP, was our host and boss. While directing our registration attempts, Mr. Moore was awarded a traffic ticket for "illegal parking." Mr. Moore's "guilt" is debatable, but not the real issue. Instead of just paying the "fine" Mr. Moore felt it would be profitable for our experience (not his pocket-book) to take the matter to court, log-cabin style. "Judge" Daly in his judicial robes (see picture), excreting various deposits of tobacco juice into a barrel-size spittoon, also managed to spit out the verdict. Mr. Moore happened to have seven witnesses who testified various things (none of which were recorded) indicating that none of them were too clear on what had happened. Despite this, Broderick Muldoon caught the entire violation from a moving (unmarked) patrol car over 200 feet away. This was enough for his honor. We rose from our seats on the floor (no bull) to hear the sentence—a \$25 fine. Oh well, after all, as was

confided to Mr. Moore later, "The fine wouldn't have been so high and not James brunk those Communists in to testify and make a mockery of my courtroom." The ugly of the trip can be equated to the poverty we saw. Poverty, not because a house was a shack; poverty, not because clothes were aged with dirt; poverty, not because they had no visible means of communication with the nearby town; poverty, not because they were illiterate; but a poverty of the mind. Poverty of the mind is ugly: an elderly lady who won't give out her name because she is afraid you'll send her obscene mail, a Negro man is intimidated by white skin so much that he doubts my every word.

The Notre Dame-St. Mary's people did not go to Hampton as crusading missionaries. We went as people to help people. It was an experience. The Negroes became the good guys; the whites became the bad guys. This only proves that people are variable. Poverty is an ugly constant. You get used to the people in their new roles of good and bad. But it's not really a people-problem, black or white. It's the conditions, and they bug you. You try to change them.



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# ART FOR THE ARTISTS' SAKE

## De Artsycraftsyonibus

by Robert John Keefe

The way it used to be, the artist was an artisan whose work was more or less on a technological par with that of a glassblower or a coachmaker or — to be anachronistic — a plumber. The artist went into a sweatshop, too, where he learned, all the while dealing with competition, how to paint or sculpt or what have you. That implies, of course, that in those days **THERE WERE THINGS TO BE LEARNED.**

Ah, but then came the Romantics, who stressed the **ARTIST**, not the art. Rousseau had the nerve to assert what **HE FELT TO BE TRUE.** Instead of what **WAS TRUE.** This last had been given up for lost. From now on, the cry was **NO MORE STANDARDS! NO MORE PLATO! HOORAY!**

So all that the would-be you-know-whats had to do was look the part. Lots and lots of bright young things became past masters at this. Of course, they couldn't do much else.

Well, not so long as **PEOPLE WHO KNOW** are buying. When, on the other hand, an educated minority is replaced by a bourgeois mass, who can't have enough **CULCHAH**, things'll look up.

Before going any further, I'm going to take you all by the hand and tell you something very simple (too so) about art. It won't mean anything at first, but it won't hurt either.

The **ARTIST** takes the ingredients of the **UNIVERSE** (wow) and **REORIENTS** them. Bingo, a new universe. **THIS IS CALLED A NEW REALITY.** Don't try to understand. Just go on.

There exists a certain type of bright young thing who's a past master at the put on. He (panders) (shsh) to the **CULCHAH** seekers. He takes the ingredients of other people's **NEW REALITIES**, and reorients them. A first-class word for this is *eclectic*. Far more appropriate and telling is the term *artsy-craftsy*. At the same time, the A-C is being what is called in the very vernacular "artistic," as his not-so-raw material consists of bits and snatches of **RECOGNIZED** (this is crucial) **ART**, and terribly **CLEVER**. "Who'd 'a' thunk it," said Pokey Prothero.

And there's nothing to probe! No profundities! No fuss! No muss! Just add wit and giggle. But nervously.

For, as most of you know from experience, you can't criticize an artist. Regardless of your remarks, the artist replies, "I intended it to be just that way," and thereupon either sulks or hits you.

The A-C, however, are more involved in themselves (soul) than in their "work," and don't tend to take things all that seriously. The *really* A-C don't even take credit. They just stand back and giggle, knowing that

somewhere out there, someone is being **PUT ON**, but big. **CULCHAH!**

You can giggle too, of course, but watch it. Only the "creator" knows for sure. The joke might be on you. If you know that such and such is artsy-craftsy, well, that means nothing quite so much as that you're tuned in, that you, too, are capable of the artsy-craftsy yourself. Oh, not that you'd *ever* stoop.

Why, for example, does Peter Nero revel in the (ostentatious?) display of his virtuosity; why does he throw in those cute Mozartean cadenzas? Everybody who recognizes them swoons. "Who'd 'a' thunk it, in a pop tune?" It's **RECOGNIZED ART.** Is Peter Nero an A-C? Watch it.

The A-C will go to great lengths for effect. Any effect, so long as it comes on strong. We speak of the thus effective as "very done." When you tune to **WSND-FM** and the evening's program consists of pieces having nothing more in common than French horn solos and arranged in alphabetical order according to the composer's natal months, two things can be said: the program is "done," and you're pretty damned A-C yourself for noticing it.

Hey! So far we've ignored the pretentious A-C's. The ones who would *never* stoop. They don't do anything, but they sure as hell look as though they ought to be. Have you bumped into the lollipop set? Did you see the silly big redhead in gold knickers (can you *imagine*?) with that ridiculous all-dayer in his mouth? How many of your friends wear sunglasses at night? Watch it.

How does one become an A-C? Moreover, why? Take John O'Flanahan. He arrives at school and feels his **WHOLE IDENTITY** being threatened. So far, we know one thing: he *is* conscious of identity. Anyway, thus threatened, he drops his self on the spot. That is, by the end of the semester he is open to anything. At least he has let it be known that he is open to anything. Nowadays he goes by the name of Figaro.

He joins something. A team? Right. A club? A regional? Ridiculous. A society. Yes, some sort of society. Perhaps he starts one (although sophomores do most of that sort of organizing). There *was* the Johnson Circle, but mention artsy-craftsy in you-know-who's presence and he'll break your head open, after he gives Elizabeth's hand another kiss.

So Figaro now can choose between the sacred and the profane. He can engage in poetry-writing contests, the prize (**MOST ARTSY-CRAFTSY**) being given to the ode with the most and deepest allusions (related or otherwise). Or, he can go big time. Only the daring A-C, as the daring everywhere else) will tackle a public which it regards with disdain and dread. Under the respectable aegis of a **FESTIVAL**, however, the A-C can and do get away with murder.

Let's drop in, then, on a committee assembled for the purpose of organizing a **FESTIVAL**. The affair will be sponsored by some musty dusty reputation, but this committee, baby, is wholly A-C.

Figaro, who has come far in three years, specializes in conversation. He is seen everywhere and knows everything. (Actually people assume this so regularly

*(Continued on page 32)*





## YAF: A New Approach

by Dan Manion

In a busy street in a busy city, traffic is suddenly jammed, for the intersection ahead is congested with a reclining caucus of apparent panhandlers, one of whom waves a temporary torch, his draft card, while nearby, what was once an American flag is now a charred piece of cloth — all in the name of Peace.

A representative of Dow Chemical is denied entrance to a university interviewing room because his company produces napalm — the “ruthless killer of innocent people victimized by an immoral war” — and the shaggy delegation of students blocking the door must make exception to the right of free speech — all in the name of Peace.

The blaring horns and the shattering cadence of the drums of a ROTC band are reluctantly muted as the line of march is blocked by a prone collection of semi-students who do not endorse using university facilities to train killers — all in the name of Peace.

And the nation's capitol is besieged by a massive throng of bearded and booted wonders, some of whom grapple with soldiers and cops, while others break into the five-sided “bastion of aggression,” and most participate in the carnival spirit of protest — all in the name of Peace.

The media around the country cover nearly every minute of these demonstrations. Such sensationalism is news, for it is the exception, not the rule. And unfortunately the legitimate Left offers only a whisper of disapproval of such tactics that seemingly would be vociferously denounced. Such near silence indicates a passive endorsement to conduct that is supposedly completely alien to the philosophy to which they aspire.

But, there is another group that also operates in the name of Peace. It seldom makes the front pages because it works within the framework of the Law. That group is the Young Americans For Freedom.

Since freedom is the essential ingredient of peace, and since without it true peace cannot long endure, YAF maintains that this privilege is our most precious possession. Thus YAF's primary purpose for existing is to work for the preservation of freedom in this country.

In September of 1960, a group of 100 student conservatives met in Sharon, Connecticut, to adopt what came to be called the Sharon Statement. That statement is the basic philosophy of YAF. The opening clause is as follows:

In this time of moral and political crisis, it is the responsibility of the youth of America to affirm certain eternal truths.

And it goes on to list twelve principles regarding the Constitution and our domestic and foreign policies. A sampling of these principles are:

THAT foremost among the transcendent values is the individual's use of his God-given free will, whence derives his right to be free from the restrictions of arbitrary force;

THAT the Constitution of the United States is the best arrangement yet devised for empowering government to fulfill its proper role, while restraining it from the concentration and abuse of power;

THAT when government interferes with the work of the market economy, it tends to reduce the moral and physical strength of the nation;

Thus, as the Sharon Statement denotes, the YAF membership is proudly conservative. Previously I cited examples showing how some leftists will go to any extreme to impress their beliefs on the public. Yet YAF, by merely espousing positions on various issues, has on occasion been labeled militant and extreme by liberal members of the press.

But, is it extreme to oppose trade with Communist countries which sometimes include the very products that they received from us in their frequent shipments to our enemy in North Viet Nam?

Is it extreme to oppose the draft and advocate a voluntary military, bolstered by a substantial increase in the incentives, mainly pay, that will encourage career men and which will result in a much more efficient and motivated Army with a greatly reduced turnover in personnel?

Is it extreme to advocate victory in Viet Nam when withdrawal can mean only surrender, and when the present insane policy of gradualism during the futile search for negotiations has cost thousands of precious lives and billions of dollars?

Is it extreme to oppose a gun-control law that will disarm the law abiding, but which will not affect the lawbreaker who has no regard for law in the first place?

Is it extreme to oppose a minimum wage which virtually eliminates the part- and full-time apprenticeships and training for what is rapidly becoming an element of hard-core unemployed, and which has caused a tremendous increase in youthful unemployment, especially among the Negroes?

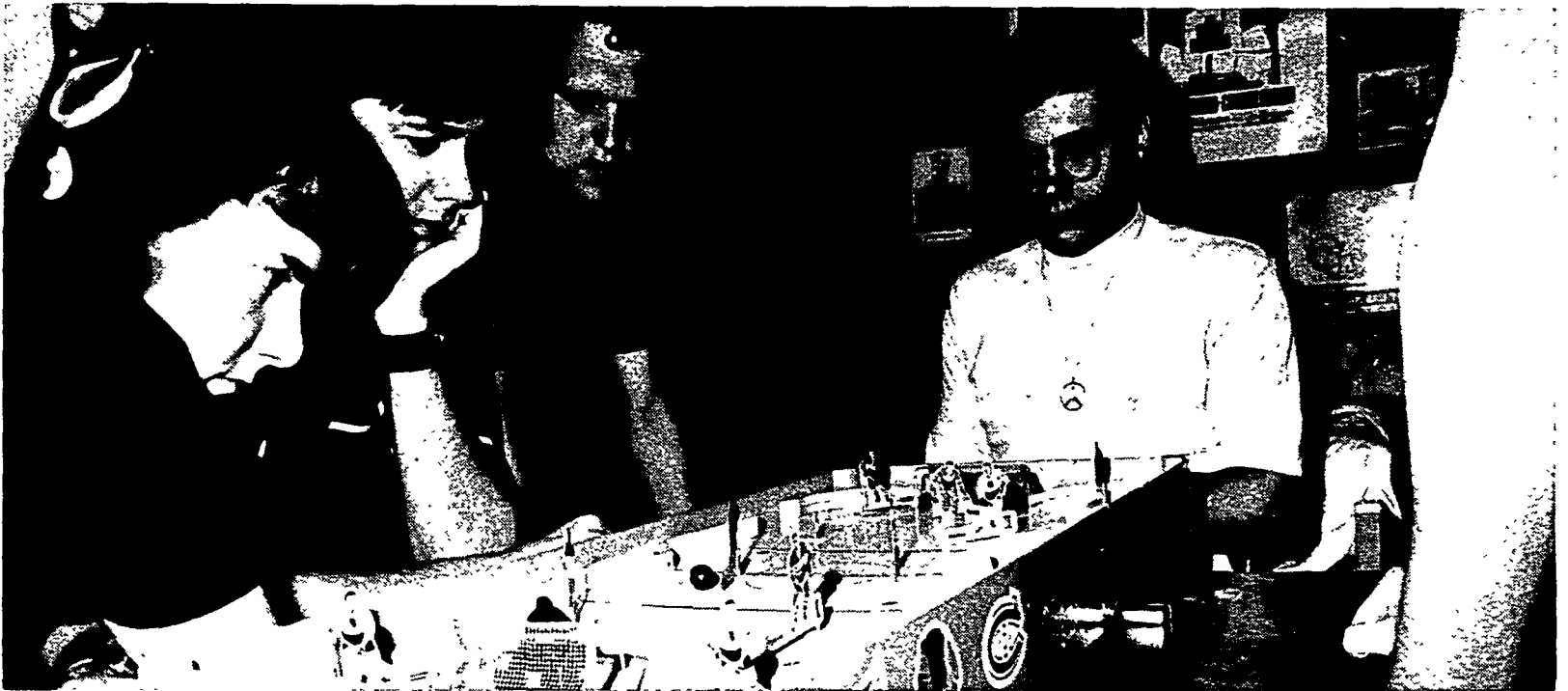
Debatable? Of course. But extreme? It should be obvious that the extreme element of the students resides not in YAF, but in the far left.

William F. Buckley, as in his recent speech at Notre Dame, often praises YAF. In a recent syndicated column he stated, “The Young Americans For Freedom, an organization of the politically sane in the college campuses, has been picketing IBM's offices in protest of its vigorous solicitation of business behind the Iron Curtain.” He later described YAF as . . . “a most enterprising organization, by the way. At the University of Arizona they countered a public fast, waged by the peaceniks, with an eat-in. I like that.”

Besides this current pressure against IBM's trade with the enemy, which, incidentally, has been very effective, YAF has many other projects in the mill.

Just last February, YAF indicted international com-

*(Continued on page 30)*



## A Taste of Pro Hockey: A Hippie's Fantasy

by Bill Sweeney

*Amidst the furor of the Stanley Cup play-offs, a group of hockey nuts took to their own tournament to decide the winner of F.A.F.F.H.T. With all the seriousness of a Bobby Hull, the Jock and the Hippie battled to the finish in a tournament the likes of which the sporting world may never see again.*

The job of sportswriting usually deals with orthodox sports and the characters who play at them. Once in a while something pops up that is not only unorthodox, but which borders on the ridiculous. Nevertheless, pursuits such as these comprise the grass roots of the sporting world. And so it was one evening upon trudging up four flights of stairs on my way back to my room, that a sign at the head of the stairs struck my eye. The message was scrawled on a sheet of brown laundry paper and taped to the wall. It began, MEMO FROM THE WING KING (pseudonym for section leader, who represents us to the hall council, who represents us to the Hall Presidents' Council, who represents us to His Holiness Richard Rossie, who represents us to the many diverse arms of the administrative octopus). Having thusly deduced the importance of such a memo, I went to the bathroom and ignored it.

Two days later, the wing king himself went room to room explaining that he was organizing the F.A.F.F.H.T. (First Annual Fourth Floor Hockey Tournament). Emotions had been simmering all week among die-hard Boston and Chicago hockey fans over the Stanley Cup play-offs. Now, the partisans began to vent their emotions actively, practicing hard for the upcoming tournament. Hippie Hank, an avid Black Hawk fan, provided an official Canadian pro-hockey rink (see picture). Everyone on the floor signed up, including Hippie Hank, Jock, Mighty Mike, Forker, and other colorful athletes. Hippie Hank was the immediate favorite, probably because he owned the game. But, the elimination tournament produced some strong challengers in the form of The Guepper (pronounced Gip- per out of deference to Notre Dame folklore) and the Jock from Boston, who grew up under the guiding light of the Boston Bruins.

The contests were played in series of seven games similar to Stanley Cup competition. The competition

narrowed the field down to three — The Guepper, Jock, and Hippie Hank. In a three-way play-off The Guepper was eliminated by the Jock and the flower child. The stage was set for the climactic battle between Jock and Hippie Hank, the flower child. Cries and slogans echoed down the hallway. DEFLOWER THE HIPPIE. DEFROCK THE JOCK. "I'm going all out to win this tourney," the Jock was heard to say. Hank the Hippie was heard invoking the Muses and reading his poetry:

If that Jock really wants to mix  
I guess I'll have to take him in six  
And if he starts talking jive  
I'll cut him down in five  
But if he makes me sore  
I'll destroy him in four.

The fans split into two groups, the seniors supporting the Jock because he was a senior, and the juniors supporting Hank the Hippie because he was a junior. Anyway, the final match was set and bets were laid with the same mock seriousness that filled the air with tension on the decisive night.

Hank the Hippie brought a picture of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi with him, but the Jock countered Hank's divine inspiration with a fast pair of hands. The Jock's slap shot from center ice had the Hippie begging for peace after the first game. Down two games to none, the Hippie invoked his flower power to score nine straight goals and even the series at 2-2. Under pressure the flower child wilted, and Jock dominated the last game after scarcely winning the fifth game by one goal. The fans and the Hippie were disappointed by Jock's upset victory, especially since Hank *did* own the game. But then everybody agreed that Jock should have won the tourney anyway since he was a senior and the Hippie would be around next year to compete in the Second Annual Fourth Floor Hockey Tournament. So, the Hippie gave the Jock a flower, and everybody was happy. Somebody once said that old jocks never die, they just fade away in Nicola's. So, as true athletes, the Jock, the Hippie, The Guepper, etc., retired to Nicola's to celebrate the Jock's defeat of the Hippie in the F.A.F.F.H.T.



## Alligator across the Atlantic

by Raymond Serafin

On O'Connell Street in Dublin sits the famed Dublin General Post Office, which, as a national shrine, is the combined Valley Forge and Gettysburg of Ireland. Here, in 1916, the Irish Revolution began. Would even a Notre Dame rugby player (like Bill Kenealy) have the gall to attempt in broad daylight to take for a souvenir the Irish Tricolor flying above this Post Office? They're still wondering and searching for that flag in Dublin today.

Kenealy, of course, was on the rugby club's Easter tour of Ireland, the first international athletic tour by anyone from Notre Dame. The 33 members who made the 14-day trip were given the typical tourist attractions, like kissing the Blarney Stone in County Cork — an act which legend says will bring about the "gift of eloquence" (it was emphasized to the ruggers that this gift could now be imparted by them to ruggers). There was even a meeting, broadcast on national television, of the ruggers with Ireland's President de Valera. In what members of the Irish press termed one of the longest interviews he had ever given, the 87-year-old President expressed his deep regrets over never getting to see Texas, took the team on a personal tour

of the garden in back of his White House, and was given a ruggers salute in the form of "three cheers" led by captain Tom Gibbs.

But, more importantly, being not just tourists but also rugby players gave the members of the team the opportunity to see some of the Ireland that tourists rarely see. First, there was the natural rapport between the Notre Dame ruggers and their five hosting teams, representing Irish collegiate life and other local clubs. After each game the hosts were more than eager to erase memories of any on-the-field conflict by wining, dining, and just sharing good times with their American visitors. And everywhere they went, the trip members found the topic of rugby to be a conversation icebreaker with rugby fans.

Some of the Irishman's impressions of America come from the movies, television, and money-spending tourists who come with the attitude that "Anything you've got, we've got it better." But, according to Rick Redmond, "John Kennedy's trip to Ireland left a fabulous impression, and the people seem to have a real sympathy for Americans and their problems." The Irishman apparently keeps himself well informed on Vietnam, the American presidential campaign, and the racial situation — but when one of them at a dance saw Dick Carrigan doing the "Alligator," he could only ask bewilderedly, "Say, is something wrong with the chap?"

Perhaps the tour's only incomplete success was the team's 2-3 record on the field, but then again the games were meant to be an educational experience for them. Only one team, the University College of Cork, really outclassed them and in the last two defeats, 17-14 by the Delvin Club and 16-11 by the Navan Club, the team came on strong in the second half and would likely have come on to win if the games would have lasted a few minutes longer. Experience gave an important advantage to the Irish teams. According to the team's moderator, Prof. Featherstone, "They just seemed to have a little more confidence than we as they did things faster and with more assurance. We could run as well as they and tackle better, but their experience in the scrums kept us from getting the ball enough."

The Notre Dame ruggers found it necessary to adapt to a slightly different style of play. The Irish, unlike Americans who tend to conceive of rugby as simply an offshoot of football, put highest emphasis on kicking skills and were surprised by the more wide-open American style which leans toward passing and running. Although impressed by the solid tackling of the Notre Dame team, the Irish taught them a lesson in sacrificing a few extra yards along the ground for the better field position gained by a good kick. In addition, six times on the tour the Irish scored dropped goals (the old football dropkick style). The Notre Dame team had never had that done to them even once in the U.S.

So both sides were able to learn a little from each other about the game of rugby as played on the other side of the Atlantic, and about the people who play it there. The Ireland Irish opened their arms to the "Fighting Irish" (it didn't hurt to have names like Murphy, Kenealy, Keenan, and Collins in the lineup), with effects that are already tangible: next year Ireland's Constitution rugby club will tour the Midwest, finishing up at Notre Dame. And the latest report is that they're dancing the "Alligator" in Ireland.

# ODE TO A PIGSKIN — COVERED VOID

Their Watermelon bellies  
Fat and soft with the fruits of a Notre Dame Education,  
The pregnant old men  
Waddle along the sidelines.

Coughing and spitting the cancerous venom of their vices,  
They harangue their fellow Falstaffs  
On the glories of "old Notre Dame."

With two and a half children grown old and graduated,  
These, the relics of a civilization not yet dead but still not living,  
Roast themselves in the soothing moonlight of their twenty-two thousand dollar  
bankroll,  
Won for them on modern chivalry's ink-stained fields:  
The battlegrounds of Wall Street, the playgrounds of Michigan Avenue.

Now, they sally forth to submerge their lifelessness  
In the delicacies of their adolescence.

Ah, football!  
To watch but not to play,  
To gaze but not to let the mind run wild  
In the mint-flavored wonderland of the imagination.

But it was stirring  
And oh so satisfying  
To hear the harsh sights,  
To see the black sounds  
Of a hoary-headed coach cussing and goading  
His "men" into feudal submission.

Their eyes twinkling through the dreary twilight,  
Little boys,  
Delivered first by doctors  
And then by den mothers,  
Weave their way through  
The stately columns of the Sanhedrin.

Bubbling the cold water of a freshly-fallen dew,  
They effervesce light blue and bright pink  
So loudly that the blind man can see  
The sun dancing on their faces.

Funny  
That these foolish dwarfs have not yet found  
A way to make fun a business,  
A way to organize their scurrying,  
A way to direct their delights to the business at hand—  
Football.

How much better it is  
To be Sky King and Penny flying through oceans of clouds disguised as blocking  
dummies  
Or to scale Mount Everest amidst the entanglements of a dirty truck.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow"  
Unless, perhaps, yes; that's it.  
Peter Pan for President.

—RICHARD MORAN

## McCarthy Interview

(Continued from page 15)

of progress and change in the country. Now it would seem that these groups have become part of the establishment, particularly the South. Do you see some sort of an old Democratic Party and a New Democratic Party? What do you think is going to be the future of the Democratic Party? What do you think these groups want from the 1968 platform and convention?

*McC:* I don't really know what Labor wants from it. They speak largely in terms of simply supporting the President. I think they speak about their liberal position on the domestic issues. The only firm position they have is of support for the war in Vietnam, and they say that the President has just treated them well. The South, I think, is a different case. I don't see the South as being a bloc anymore. You'll find that a state like Georgia has the same general responses as in Northern cities. Since the great problems today are national problems, we ought to treat them in the same way in the North as in the South.

*Sch:* If you do lose the Indiana primary, after the primary or any time before the Convention would you consider releasing your delegates?

*McC:* I don't intend to. I'm committed to go all the way through California, and there is no indication of any weakness on the part of my California supporters. I said that in November. When I first ran, I didn't make it contingent on winning in New Hampshire or winning in Wisconsin, or winning in Indiana, or winning anywhere else. This is still my intention. Indiana is a three-way split and what you have to do is take what someone achieves in all the primaries and then look at it in terms of what may happen in November. All the evidence is now that nearly all the votes that are likely to go to any of the other candidates are votes that I could get if I were, in fact, the candidate. I think it's getting rather clear that I can get votes that no other Democrat can get.

## YAF: A New Approach

(Continued from page 26)

munism for conspiring to commit wars of aggression, for depriving freedom of speech, religion, and the right of self-determination for the people it dominates, and for murdering and enslaving many thousands of "political" enemies. A three-day moot trial, held in Washington, D.C., was given national acclaim. Many experts on communism, some of whom were refugees and former inhabitants of Communist prisons, testified before the group of well-known judges. A considerable effort on behalf of some of YAF's young leaders helped make this massive undertaking a remarkable success.

Structurally, "Young Americans For Freedom" is set up on a chain of communication bases similar to that of any nationwide business. The national office is in Washington, D.C. A national chairman, 18 national board members, and 7 regional directors are elected by the membership. A paid staff operates out of the Washington office. There, they publish the monthly magazine, *The New Guard*, plus two periodic newsletters, *Action Line* and *Young Americans*, all included with each membership. Also available from this office are films, filmstrips, lists of speakers, hardback and paperback books, brochures, booklets and various other special materials.

Each state is set up in various lesser degrees to

mirror the national structure. The membership in each state consists of high school, college and community chapters. Each chapter is the source of the real effectiveness of YAF. The national and state offices suggest many ideas, but they do not dictate any policies to the individual chapters. YAF feels that its membership is able to responsibly determine proper courses of action. Only when the basic principles of the Sharon Statement are violated is a chapter reprimanded.

One of the finest assets for which YAF holds a great deal of esteem is its National Advisory Board, which includes forty-three Congressmen and Senators. The board also consists of clergy, educators, business leaders, retired military leaders, journalists, authors, governors and various state officials. Such men as Senator Holland, Senator Tower, Governor Reagan, William Buckley, Eddie Rickenbacker, Barry Goldwater, Edgar Eisenhower, John Wayne, Gen. Mark Clark, and from Notre Dame, Prof. Gerhart Niemeyer and Father Edward Keller — the association with these and many more great men and women makes the Young Americans For Freedom a proud group indeed.

Like the University of Arizona "eat-in" that Buckley mentioned, many chapters have their own local issues and projects in addition to those suggested by the national office. Some take advantage of the vast array of conservative speakers who are available, such as Congressman Buzz Lukens and Father Lyons. Other likely projects for individual YAF chapters may be to support local political candidates, work with civic organizations, conduct study groups, support student office candidates, and publish newsletters. Missouri YAF sent 18,000 plastic bags to soldiers in Viet Nam, to be used as protection against moisture for personal belongings.

And at Marquette, to offset the Dow demonstrators, YAFers procured a live lamb, called it the "Lamb of Peace," and set out to picket sheep since they provided wool for GI uniforms. Among the signs were "Ban the Bah" and "Shear Victory, Not Sheep." And it was all done with a sheepish grin.

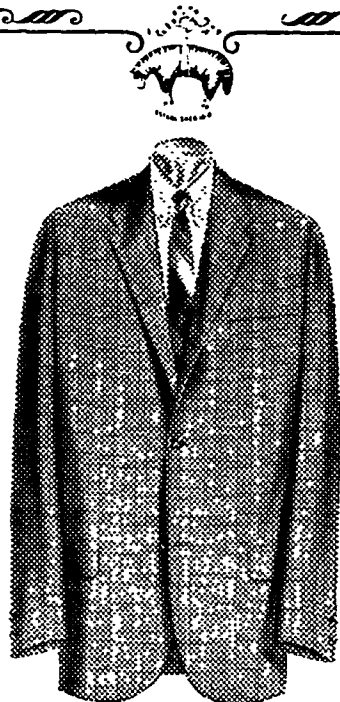
At Notre Dame and Saint Mary's, YAF is only at the beginning stages, but the local necessity coupled with the fine guidance of Dr. Niemeyer and Father Keller and the enthusiasm of those who have joined, shows promise for the development of a responsibly active and constructive chapter for ND - SMC.

YAF here will have a twofold purpose. First, it will follow a conservative line of study and action regarding current affairs. With the exception of the draft and Viet Nam, and there are many misconceptions here, too many students are unaware and even apathetic toward the many issues that concern our country today.

Controversy often incites interest. If both sides of an issue are presented, one can gain a sound basis for the position that he holds. YAF will bring its own speakers to campus, and it will also cooperate with the Academic Commission in the selection of speakers in hopes of bringing more conservatives to campus to offset the present imbalance. They also hope to have debates and discussion groups on current issues.

Secondly, and certainly an equally important objective of the ND - SMC YAF, is to encourage student responsibility. A growing number of campuses across the country are becoming plagued with a dangerous lawless attitude, an attitude espoused by a small but uninhibited minority of students who attract national disrespect for the whole campus. The recent trouble at Columbia University is a significant example, brought on in part because responsible students did nothing (until it was too late) while the militants spoke.





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Notre Dame has not yet sprouted such a revolting minority. But the seed exists, and the unsuspecting majority of students must realize that student freedom without responsibility, power without direction, and consideration and influence without merit can dangerously affect the basic purpose in attending college in the first place — to get an education! Student participation in the extracurricular activities, such as government, sports, communications and clubs is essential to an overall education. But to ignore tradition, violate regulations and illegally usurp power is almost always a mistake.

Presently a McCarthy button is "in." But for those who can't find comfort in this temporary fad, and per-

haps some of those who do, may want to get in on the ground floor of something with a more lasting foundation. While patriotism, love of God, love of country and freedom (and motherhood and apple pie, if necessary) may be corny, it is still something new for those who haven't tried it. For those who have, welcome aboard. For those who haven't, may I suggest that YAF is "in," and he who Yafs last . . . is better than he who doesn't Yaf at all.

*For those interested in the revival of the formerly dormant philosophy of responsible conservatism, contact Tom Frericks in 100 Howard Hall, or Bridget Mooney, Box 996, SMC, or Father Edward Keller.*

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## Art for the Artists' Sake

(Continued from page 25)

that no one tells him anything anymore—he's scared to death, but too proud to ask. Naturally, this he can fake with alarming skill.) Hilary is his roommate: ergo, although he is not seen everywhere he certainly knows everything. Andrew — never, but *never* addressed "Andy" with impunity — writes reams of arcane verse. Osbert is a freshman — a mere novice. Matilda is THE lady of the stage, in the phrase of one of the current grand dukes of the A-C and of whom *you've* never heard because he's on the periphery of everything that's vital, our "actress-in-residence."

F. Let's have a festival. Let's celebrate something.

M. What? What? Everything, my dear, has been done.

F. Why not some anniversary. Pick a saint.

A. A Saint! A Saint!

H. Yes, yes, that's brilliant.

O. Why not the Blessed Cunegonda? You never hear about *her*? [Beginner's luck.]

M. Oh, yes, and a skit! A brand-new play! You know. About her novitiate or something.

F. You'll take the lead, of course.

M. Oh, I couldn't. I've far too much work.

F. Come on. You were terrific as Grandma Moses.

A. When was this?

F. Matilda here did this marvelous thing about what Grandma Moses would have painted if she'd grown up in Secaucus.

A. Well, Matilda?

M. Oh, well, if you insist. I guess you couldn't get

anyone else to help you [the very falsest humility]. But I'll have to insist upon turn-of-the-century costumes.

F. Before that, let's have a *Son-et-lumière*. Use the administration building as a backdrop.

H. Yes, yes.

F. How about getting some people to stand along the cornice and blow trumpets, like angels?

H. Yes, yes.

F. And a college of cardinals in red and black around the forbidden steps.

H. Yes, yes!

F. And searchlights coming from the grotto.

A. Exquisite!

F. (In a business-like tone) We'll have to take a poke at the administration.

A. (Sighing) Too true. Too true. It doesn't matter what you write; you always have to please the audience. The thing has to (ugh!) sell.

F. Sell?

H. Sell. Yes, yes.

A. Oh, oh.

F. Money. We'll have to keep it cheap.

O. No problem. We'll get things from the theater department.

M. Right. Just try to get anything from *them*.

F. But look, Matilda, this is an important cultural event at Notre Dame. We're presenting the student body with another opportunity to enrich itself. This is going to be a serious, religious occasion.

H. Yes, yes.

And so on and so forth.



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And so on and so forth.

## Letters

(Continued from page 4)

Payne had pierced his partisan shield, he might have been able to perceive that the Rockefeller organization was able to withstand, not only the ASP politicians, but also the various campus news media, and deadlock the convention for eleven ballots. Mr. Payne noted that the Hatfield group was extremely well organized; it had the "Who's Who" of Notre Dame politics; it also had the overriding emotion and sentiment of an obviously antiwar student body, but yet, the Hatfield group could not garner the necessary 667 votes for nomination. In fact, they would not have won at all if the rules of the convention had not been suspended by the Rockefeller people, who believed that the convention should nominate somebody, or in this case, some "cause."

The convention obviously did not stir the hearts or minds of the American people, but it did provide one of the most extraordinary educational opportunities that Notre Dame and St. Mary's will ever have. The particularities of the candidates were certainly important, but more important was the initiation that the delegates received into the fires of modern politics. An education and initiation that hopefully will not be forgotten when one leaves the secluded confines of Notre Dame.

Perhaps it would be valuable to future writers of the SCHOLASTIC if a little note were left in a time capsule to be opened four years from now. A note that would tell the writer at the convention that the first qualification for reporting is alert observing.

Respectfully yours,  
James Franczek,  
Gerald Bednar,  
Fran Lenski,  
Ralph Graham Neas, Jr.

EDITOR:

To Fr. Hesburgh and all others responsible for "Notre Dame": I'm a senior now and in one month and nine days I'll be leaving this —? I've been a long time getting one of my stamps on a letter to you. For the past several years, I have on a number of occasions been nearly aroused to the point of writing to you concerning various particles of "student-administration issues." I never quite made it though, and in so not doing, I saved a lot of stamps from being voided. The letters always got written; I just never wasted any of my stamps on them. And now it behooves me to explain

why I am presently writing to you. I assure you that it is entirely for myself that I write. I am not a naive would-be journalist, crusading for reform and virtuous advancement of a potentially great Catholic university. Nor am I bitter. Rather I am amused by this letter! I am enjoying writing it. I sit here in my off-campus apartment, drugged by the smells of sex, alcohol, pot, apathy and dust, and snicker at the idea of me calling a spade a spade (a blackrobe a blackrobe and not a whiterobe). Yes, it's psychological; I build myself up by diminishing you. There: I've even given you a simple dismissal of another pesky myself. Yeh, I'll remember all your personalities of these past four years as a big blank parenthesis.

I hereby pledge never to give one dollar to the cause, once I graduate and become a boob receiving the gold-plated Domesheet. (You can take this as a release from your obligation of sending it to me.) You will have graduated me, but you won't have eaten me.

Without respect that you've failed to earn, I move along.

Michael D. Hughes, '63

EDITOR:

Re your article concerning our illustrious SBP Chris Murphy III—

Mr. Ingraffea explains part of Mr. Murphy's troubles as being the result of the SUMMA campaign's interference with the building of his administration's foundation in September. Alas, Mr. Murphy cannot use the SUMMA drive as an excuse for his own failures. Since Mr. Murphy in fact took office on April 1, 1967, he supposedly had five months to organize his cronies into the K street gang we students were led to expect. So, his failure to set up a "definite power structure" cannot be blamed on an administration plot; the culprit is Mr. Murphy's inefficiency.

This is not to say that those five months were void of all action. We realize he immediately addressed himself to the most important tasks facing him: planning the remodeling of his office and enlarging his wardrobe for his fall travels. If Mr. Murphy has a reply, we hope he will "charter" a plane and visit us in South Bend.

E. Stephen Kirby  
Thomas J. Scorza

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JOEL GARREAU:

## Green Valley

What with Leeper Park slated to be absorbed for the new Devore Memorial Stadium (a 260,000 seating capacity affair necessitated by, among other things, the takeover of the old stadium by a ROTC-Student Union coalition for Presidential Reviews, Rolling Stones concerts and the like,) it is about time some contingency planning for The Revolution got started here on campus.

Taking a page from Columbia's recent history (and let this be our rallying cry: "Help save our fragrance gardens") an investigation of the problems involved in sealing off various buildings on campus is in order.

The first buildings to be occupied in the protest should obviously be the dining halls. Hit them where it hurts. And we all know how bad the dining halls hurt. Think of the martyrdom. And martyrdom is what it would be. Think of seven solid days in the dining halls. At least you could probably find something edible to sustain you during your stay. We suppose. Crackers, maybe.

If that doesn't particularly appeal to you, there's the obvious, ah, symbol—the Library. There's nothing wrong with blockading, say, the first floor of it that eight or nine hundred people couldn't handle.

Or we could hit the Administration Building. We'll just have to be a little careful about spreading out the manpower. The whole idea, after all, is a little impolite nonviolence, and grouping more than five or six people on any one small area of floor could be something less than propitious, structually.

Of course, there's always the bar in the new Faculty Club, but we'll have to wait awhile for that.

The Bookstore! Ah, the Bookstore. Poetic justice. Chewing gum in the upstairs turnstile should solve the problem of the second floor, since that machine does a fairly good job of emasculating anyone who tries to get through it right now, when it's working properly. The first floor should be even easier. The weight balanced land mines and other devices soon to be installed to prevent people from getting out with something that hasn't been paid for should work just as well in reverse, preventing people from getting in.

We suppose that the athletic ticket office could be knocked off as a side protest about the new cost of basketball tickets in a move to broaden the popular support for the movement, but somehow that smacks of opportunism.

But coming right down to it, there's really not a place that lends itself to long term occupancy on this campus, not the least of which being the dormitories (which, it is rumored, were actually originally designed for that very purpose).

However, there is a way. The plan is really fairly obvious.

We occupy the Dunes from now until, say November (an activity which does not lack precedent in the annals of Notre Dame studentdom), waiting for the Michigan National Guard to be called out to disperse us. When the troop convoys finally arrive, we lead them a merry chase all the way down Route 12 into South Bend, and then dig in at the Grotto. The Guard will simply have to destroy it in order to save it.

Which doesn't really help Leeper Park a hell of a lot, but then on the other hand, there's an enormous hole where that park used to be in Harlem right now anyway, so it isn't like we have much to live up to.

THOMAS PAYNE:

## Fiat

Recently, the Student Government was offended by a directive from Fr. Riehle's office which attempted to regulate demonstrations. It is commonplace to say that the directive was badly drawn up.

The directive's worst provision of all, however, is the one allowing the Dean of Students to declare areas of the campus off-limits by fiat without any limitation. Soon the whole campus could be out of bounds.

All the points were, of course, brought up during the Senate session before which Fr. Riehle appeared. Mike Kelly did a good job of telling Fr. Riehle that laws must protect as well as restrict rights. The debate wrangled on this point for nearly a half hour, Kelly telling the assembly that the directive could be used indiscriminately by a Dean of Students, Riehle telling Kelly that he was a reasonable man and would do no such thing.

Finally, Guy de Sapio intruded upon the debate to say that he trusted Fr. Riehle on a man-to-man basis and believed that the directive would not be misused. This brought applause from the Senate which apparently was satisfied with Riehle's guarantees since it has done little to oppose the directive effectively.

The Senate's conduct was disappointing. Although a legislative body, the Senate put its trust in men, not in laws. This may be fine on Mr. de Sapio's man-to-man basis, but on the institutional level, it went out with the Code of Hammurabi and the Law of the Twelve Tablets. The ancients found out that unwritten customs and understandings could be unilaterally changed by those in power when such changes were found convenient. It has been the experience of Western man that power should be limited, that it should be limited by law, and that the law should be specified in writing. All this the Senate ignored, trusting — rather blindly — in the good will of the Administration.

But, to use Al Smith's words, let's look at the record and see if the Administration is worthy of trust. We needn't look too far. Several months ago, Fr. Riehle said that he would not attempt to enforce the rule concerning drinking if the drinking was done in the rooms. In December, and again in March, Fr. Heshburgh said that the rules on cars and drinking were not important rules and that the only important rule here was the one on parietal hours.

Now, this week, we are informed that all this is changed. Fr. McCarragher has announced a policy that will revive the police state at Notre Dame — defunct for two years — by introducing "enforcers" into hall life. They are to enforce the "big four" University rules, drinking, girls, drugs, cars. Just a little while ago, drinking and cars were minor rules which would be extensively enforced, now they are big.

I could say that so credulous a student body deserves what it could get next year. How can you really trust an Administration which sends the students one letter which foresees the millennium to the twittering of birds after having sent the same students the vicious piece of propaganda beginning "Dear Chris." However, I will attack neither the Senate for its credulity nor the Administration for its equivocation. Instead, I merely remind the Student Senate to be wary of verbal understandings with the Administration, not because the Administration is composed of cloven-footed, horned demons, but because of the nature of men and of verbal agreements.



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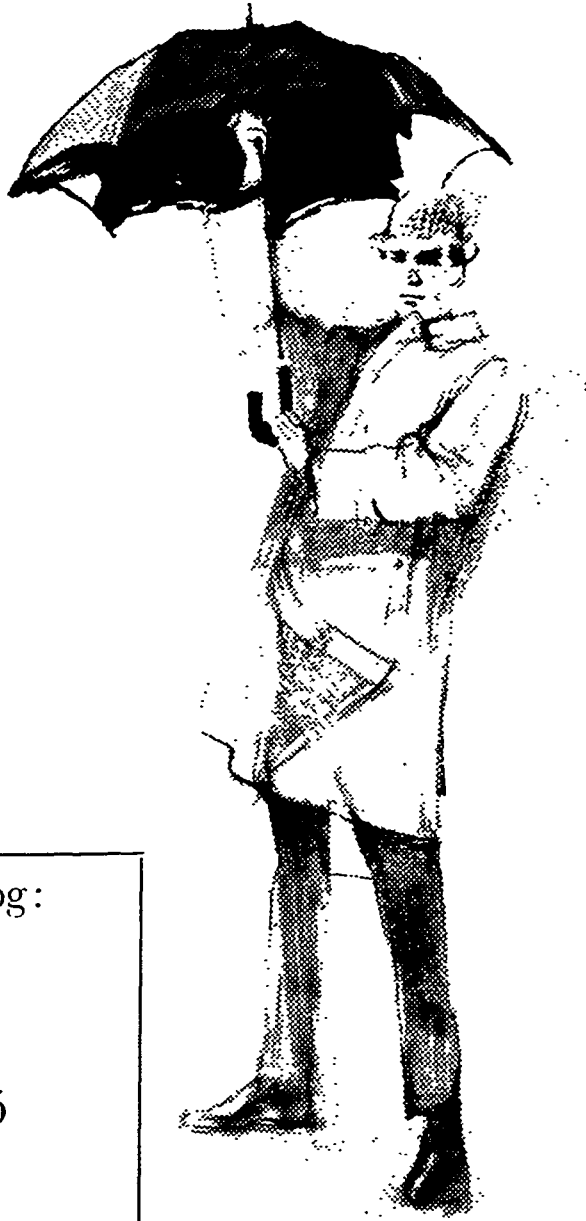
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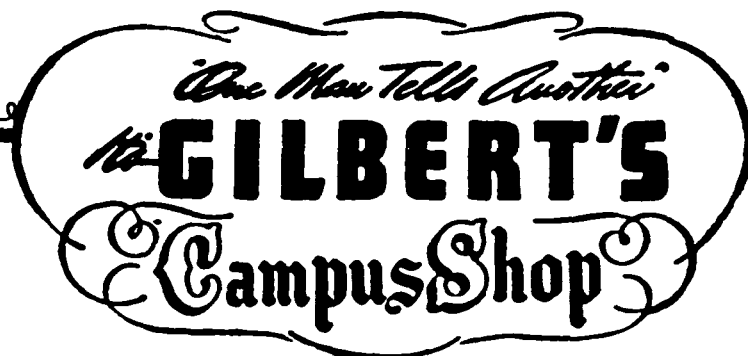


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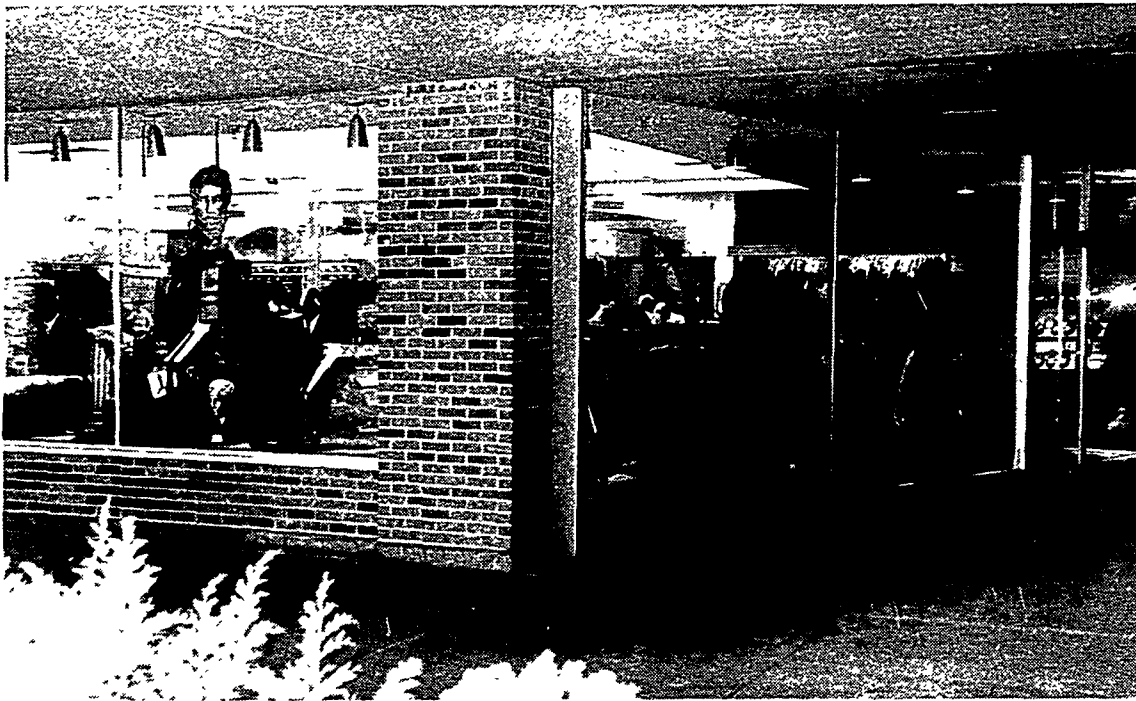
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