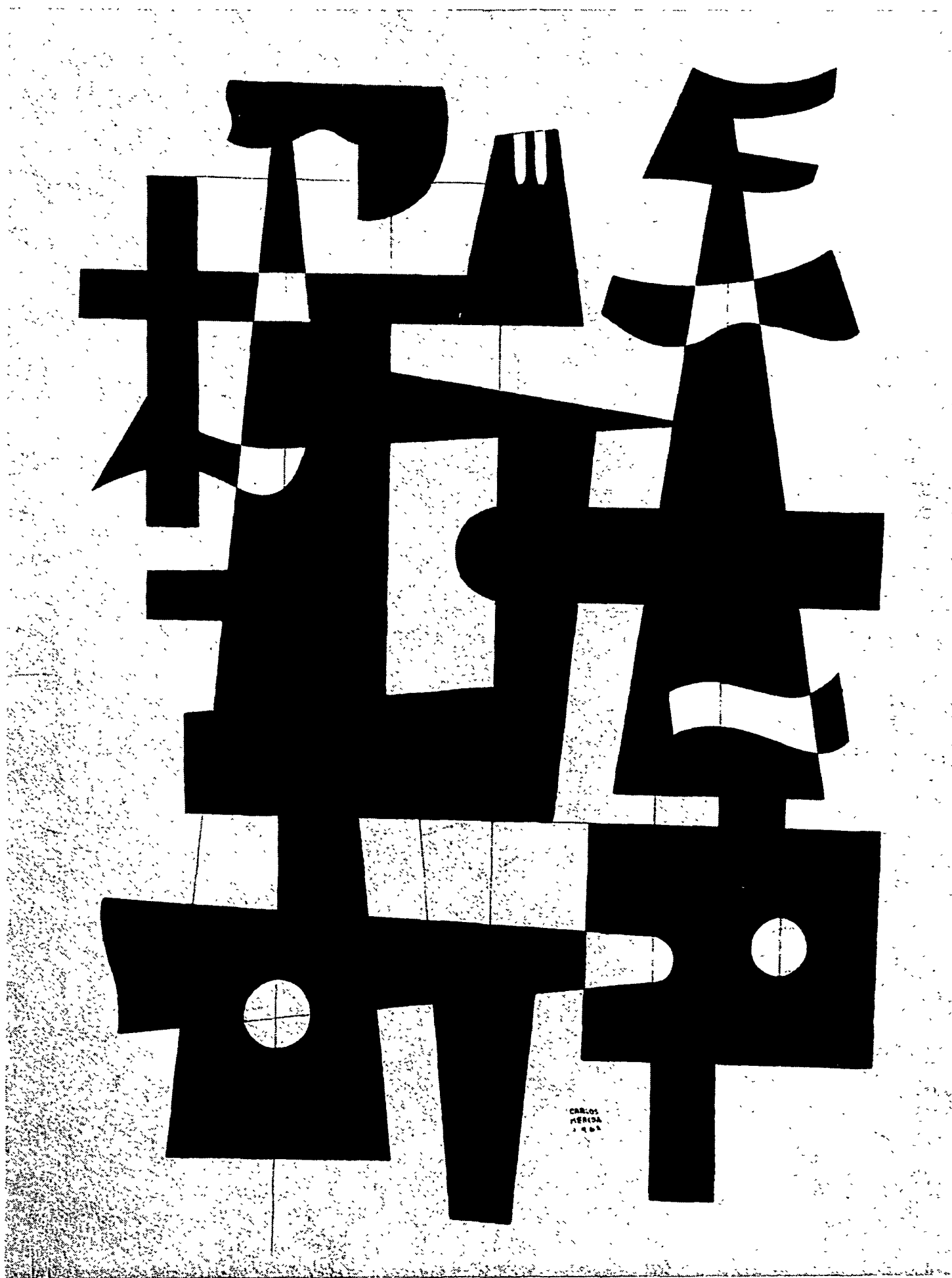


**SCHOLASTIC May 10, 1968**



**ARTS FESTIVAL**



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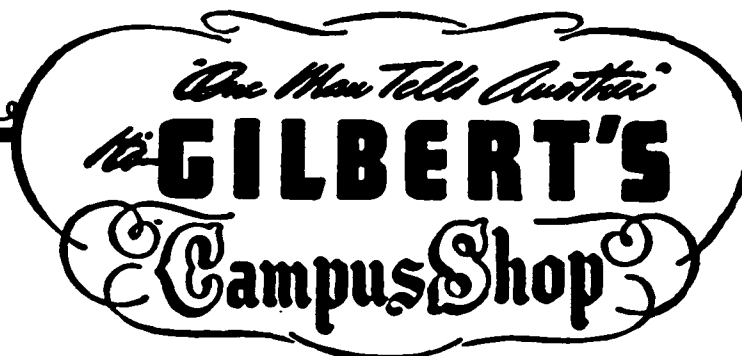
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# SCHOLASTIC

May 10, 1968 / Notre Dame, Indiana / Vol. 109, No. 21

## EDITORIAL

A SENSE OF TASTE / Thomas Henehan

## FEATURES

ARTS FESTIVAL / Martin McNamara and Thomas Henehan	10
COURSE EVALUATION / Andrea Magazzu and James Britt	13
PERILS OF PERSONAL POLITICS / Kathleen Carbine and Joel Garreau	14
GUYS AND DOLLS / reviewed by Robert Keefe	15
PROTESTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD / Douglas Simon	16
DOWN BY THE OLD MIL BALL / Photo Essay	17
THE DECLINE OF RATIONAL DEBATE / Joseph Blake	18
ATHLETE OF THE YEAR / Sports Department	20
SECURITY OR SACRIFICE / Kathleen Carbine	22

## DEARTMENTS

LETTERS	4
IN PASSING	8
MARTY McNAMARA / Thinking Black Thoughts	24

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# letters

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers on all topics of current concern. Letters should be addressed to William Cullen, Editor-in-chief; Scholastic; Notre Dame, Indiana, 46556.

EDITOR:

This is intended as a personal response to Brother Gorch's recent letter. Bro. Gorch accuses the *Observer* of "... injustices, uncharitableness, ethic failures (?) and unscrupulous statements." Let us examine the individual charges.

The *Observer* is "unjust." Unjust to whom? a building or the man responsible for the operation of that building? It would seem the latter namely Bro. Gorch himself. Therefore, this first charge seems to be a complaint that the *Observer* is upset with Bro. Gorch. This seems to be correct.

Secondly, the *Observer* is "uncharitable." I did not know that the first requisite of journalism is "charity." If we view "charity" in terms of "mercy," we may then recognize a request for charity as an admission of some sort of guilt. Now, Bro. Gorch confesses imperfection and expects his lapses to be ignored.

Next comes the charge that the *Observer* is guilty of "ethic failure." For the benefit of the unenlightened masses (myself included), who may also be guilty of "ethic failures," please tell us, Bro. Gorch, what is an "ethic failure"?

Lastly, our newspaper is guilty of "unscrupulous statements." The last time I heard the word "unscrupulous" used, Dean Rusk was referring to the Yellow Peril. Is this a hint that the *Observer* is practicing "yellow journalism"?

While aware of Bro. Gorch's concern for "his" building, I feel that the use of hitherto locked rooms for study will not be limited to the "elite" (whoever they are), nor will "a majority" of students feel left out (in view of the small number who make use of the building now). Brother Gorch calls student control of the Center the work of a "clique." At present, it appears that a dictatorship is in power. Finally, dear Brother Gorch, do you think so little of our parental training that the lessening of your rule will necessitate the burning of a red lamp before the sinful portals of the LaFortune Student Center?

Richard Libowitz

## ETHIC

EDITOR:

I am writing in somewhat outraged reference to Brother Gorch's letter (SCHOLASTIC, May 3, 1968), particularly to the paragraph which reads:

I am sure this money was not intended to make rooms available for prostitution, or must there be a red light (*sic*), nor was the money given for private study rooms if you are a member of the "elite" (*sic*).

The allusion is to LaFortune Student Center. This passage raises several questions in my mind, and, I'm sure, in the minds of my fellow students.

First of all, if there are private study rooms hidden away in the student center, surely the benevolent donors of the center intended them for *general* student use. I doubt that these elusive rooms were to be reserved for the nebulous "elite" — they should be publicized and made available for all. The reasons for this are twofold: (1) the library facilities are often insufficient during final exams (and the dorms often too boisterous); (2) those who wish to study in the student center should have the advantage of private rooms where they will not be continually distracted by the rampant promiscuity (i.e., hand-holding and the other shameless deviate acts) that the student center staff is so lax in prohibiting.

Furthermore, if there is prostitution going on in the student center, why hasn't *this* been brought to our attention. After all, we have a right to *all* the facilities which the center offers. I am also curious to learn whether prostitution will be permitted in the dorms in the near future, as it is permitted in LaFortune now. This would enable students who are hampered by overcrowded conditions in the student center to take their business elsewhere.

I would, however, make one further suggestion to Brother Gorch, or whoever runs the student center. That is, I would advise against the use of red lights to publicize the new activity. This would only alert the officials of our host city, where, I believe, such activity is still frowned upon.

Bill Thieman  
453 Morrissey Hall

## FRIENDS

EDITOR:

Upon reading the first SCHOLASTIC to be published under the enlightened reign of William Cullen, I was both

## PROSTITUTION

amazed and pleased by its contents.

Such articles as Joe Blake's study of Conservatism, Terry Goodwin's article on Richard Nixon, and Dan Manion's presentation of the Young Americans for Freedom were long overdue and, in fact, totally absent from the pages of any campus publication, save the Young Republican newsletter.

The Notre Dame Young Republicans, too, are preparing to bring the various aspects of Republican philosophy before the Notre Dame audience. In that respect, we hail the emergence of the Young Americans for Freedom as friends and allies, even if we are not as free to wage philosophical warfare as are they.

We praise the willingness of the SCHOLASTIC's new editors to open their pages to this philosophical warfare and promise that much will be heard from us in the coming year.

Mike Kelly, Chairman  
Notre Dame Young Republicans

## RADICALISM

EDITOR:

Over the past few months the SCHOLASTIC has launched a withering barrage of criticism on the Viet Nam policy of President Johnson, the Notre Dame ROTC and poverty in the ghettos among other things. At first, the ideals expressed were to be commended and the opinions expressed to be respected. However, the same ideas were repeated again and again, growing in sensationalism and diminishing in reason. It seems that the writers were using the SCHOLASTIC to vent their emotions and improve their literary style (which was quite good on the whole).

Now that a new staff is taking over, how about leaving the blood and gore to the *River City Review*? The only effect it had, as far as I could see, was to cause all such articles to be dismissed as typical SCHOLASTIC radicalism. The average Notre Dame student has been left with the impression that the whole staff is a bunch of hippies and/or flower children.

Robert Kennedy's recent speech in Stepan Center illustrated how effective pious generalities can be. Who does favor disease, hunger, war, etc.? Leave the political speeches to the politicians. Let's have some practical ideas and solutions. True, you will get even more criticism, but it will be of a useful nature and create dialogue.

Decide now whether you will be a literary magazine or an effective news medium.

William E. Riebling

*The Scholastic*

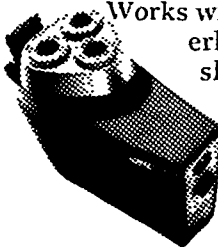


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# Editorial

## A Sense of Taste

The Festival of Contemporary Arts held last week was one of the finest events ever held at Notre Dame. After last year's conglomeration of stodgy dance and opera and early American film, the program this year was notably vital and contemporary to the point of improvisation. Besides the fine professional work of poets, filmmakers, and dancers, audiences were treated to the best of student work in drama and music. The spontaneity and creative experimentation evident in the festival added a new dimension to the cultural life of the University, one which must become an everyday aspect of Notre Dame. We must develop a living arts scene so that "The Contemporary Arts" no longer have to occasion a special event, so that creative work by students and other young people will no longer be seen as one of several brief springtime cultural extravaganzas.

Unfortunately, Notre Dame chose to ignore this festival. For all the quality it had to offer, the festival failed to present a high-pitch advertising campaign replete with Big Names. And since the educational arm of our Student Government, the Academic Commission, has played the name game to the hilt, the performances of new faces developing a style and working for recognition are far more difficult to promote than appearances by established talent.

The personality cult has been developed to a high degree this year, what with the appearances of big-time politicians in preparation for the election and the all-star line-up of the Sophomore Literary Festival. While hundreds turn out to hear Dustin Hoffman recite an endorsement of Senator McCarthy, the crowd noise drowns out John Logan as he reads his brilliant new poetry to a small group in the Library Auditorium. Washington Hall is packed with adoring fans who gawk at Joseph Heller and listen as he reads a few of the better (and more familiar) passages of his classic novel, but the same auditorium is half empty for Twyla Tharp's Dance Company, the outstanding group in the New York avant-garde, as they premiere a new number.

The Notre Dame community has this year been trained to develop a sense of awe rather than a sense of taste by the programs offered by the various official

agencies. Now, more than ever, there is an antipathy to any presentation not accompanied by klieg lights, announced by gilt-edged posters embossed with superlatives, and guaranteed by the ever-necessary Big Name. Next year's Academic Commission calendar is highlighted by such renowned artists as James Michener and Hugh Hefner. The cliché is here to stay.

Stranded as we are on the Indiana plains, goes the perennial N.D. complaint, we lose touch with kulcher (sic). True enough; but not due to any lack of contact with the established professionals found in the big city. Rather, we lose sight of our own talents and taste without any contact with the underground of the cities, the creative fringe who provide grist for the popularizers and critics who "make it" to the cover of *Time* magazine and the stages of the college tour circuit years after their work has been surpassed and made obsolete.

The results of this isolation are disastrous. The talented and creative among the students are not sustained by the encouragement and criticism of a diverse group of fellows, and no one produces any work of consequence. The *Juggler* editorial board has to write the bulk of their magazine because there is so little interest in the literary art among the student body. A small group of 10-20 students have been working with experimental theater this year, in the excellent Impersonal Pronoun Productions and, more recently, Guerrilla Theater, but their efforts have been largely neglected. Student films have long been an important feature of Notre Dame cultural life, but at this late date, Bill Siska's Collegiate Scholar project is the only completed product of the filmmakers. Even the music scene, perhaps the only live artistic community here, is hurt by the lack of contact with contemporary innovators and successful good musicians. Fine arrangements and compositions are turned out regularly, but the lack of a large intelligent audience here (while every big-city college is teeming with blues-jazz-rock experts), dampens confidence and prompts rock bands and even folk singers to adopt two repertoires; a set of crowd-pleasing ditties for public appearances and a serious body of work played only for other musicians and friends.

The present situation is obviously unhealthy for the creative minority. But the sterility of the artistic scene is a liability for all connected with the University. Without a lively creative community, it is too easy for students attempting art or criticism to fall prey to dilettantism or pedantry. Without such a community to engage an audience and foster taste and sensitivity, it is too easy to dismiss even good works as "artsy-craftsy" or pretentious. And where art suffers, everything suffers. For there is no hope for a reasonable study of the humanities or a humanistic approach to the sciences and professions, for a sensible political position, for an intelligent response to religious questions, for honest and compassionate community living, for any of the aims of the Christian university, without the intelligence and sensitivity demanded and fostered by the performing arts.

We had a special occasion last week, and nobody paid a lot of attention. That's sad, for so many students missed a wonderful experience. But sad as it is in that nobody came, it is sadder yet that the occasion of a contemporary arts presentation had to be a special one.

We would like to see Student Government agencies direct less attention to spectacles and more to quality. The lack of awareness evident in the sensational publicity of the Academic Commission and in the social commission's refusal to sponsor a professional contemporary music festival cannot help but be passed on to the student body. We would like to see further use of such facilities as Washington Hall by student groups, particularly by the music and theater enthusiasts so evident during the recent festival. We would like to encourage a renaissance of student literary and cinematic efforts.

A step was made last week toward a livelier and more intelligent Notre Dame. Small as that step was, we applaud and encourage the fostering of a creative climate here. It is time we cease gaping at celebrities, time we hesitated at nodding happily to the whims of the critics or of the masses. It is time to develop a sense of taste.

—Tom Henehan

# in passing...

WALSH HALL, which for years had been considered a prestige hall, the place where football players and aspiring B.M.O.C.'s *had* to live, has been in a rather protracted slump. Hall President John Dues and the men of Walsh, however, are re-establishing their presence on campus in an unprecedented hall renovation plan.

Since the emigration of the Knights of Columbus to the old Post Office Building, much of the Walsh basement is unoccupied. So, with University cooperation, Dues expects to build a small coffee shop, private lounges, a T.V. room (color of course), a study room, and hall offices. The work force for this endeavor will consist entirely of hall labor, voluntary or conscripted. In the light of past rivalries we think it's Sorin's turn to add something material to the University.

IT SEEMS the SCHOLASTIC isn't the only one concerned about the economic exploitation practiced by the Hammes Bookstore at Notre Dame. A group of theology grad students found the prices charged for books outrageous, and came up with the solution recommended by the Student Assembly: a cooperative bookstore. Rather than wait for the Assembly resolution to be implemented, they took matters into their own hands and set up a private co-op.

Basically the idea is to make out quantity orders and obtain books directly from the publishers. They will be strictly a book-ordering service for theology graduate students (like themselves) with no plans to stock books or expand to other students.

Hoping that other students may be interested in forming such groups, we would like to report that there are no major problems in setting up the service, legal or practical. The students contact the publisher directly and are given wholesale prices. Not being a retail outlet, there are no tax problems either.

UPWARD Bound, a joint project of the Office of Economic Opportunity and the University of Notre Dame, is sponsoring a paperback book drive today. So instead of abandoning those old paperbacks in the bottom of your locker at the end of the semester, where they

will only frustrate picture-seeking maids, why not leave them with someone who can read? Signs will be posted in each hall informing you where these books may be deposited.

NOTRE DAME being known, among other things, for its adherence to established customs, will soon see the end of one of its more hallowed traditions: Lenny is enlisting. That's right, the self-same Lenny Joyce who has become synonymous with draft resistance, antiwar demonstrations, and radicalism in general.

This is not to imply that Lenny is being drafted. He has been served with induction notices several times, but by changing his local board and sundry other maneuvers, he has managed to keep from going. And when Lenny moved to Chicago recently, he became involved in several organizations to set up coffee-houses near military bases, contacting Vietnam vets for an antiwar newspaper, and his usual bag of protest work. Now he plans to enlist in June and work with a group striving to form a union of armed service personnel!

"I'm not planning on kicking up a big fuss," he explained. "They throw you in the can pretty fast if you go about this in the wrong sort of way. I'm going to take it easy and get the most done as is possible."

So Lenny's not exactly selling out "the cause." But it's still going to seem like apostasy to see Lenny Joyce in a crew cut and fatigues.

FOR ALL those who might have missed it, and for those who could have done better without it, they might be interested in knowing that the *River City Review*, edited by former activist and future boot, Lenny Joyce, is now defunct. In the end, it was buried by American Capitalism, in the form of an expensive press setup (SDS in Chicago), balanced against an unstable circulation. We wonder if *Pravda* is next.

FOR ANYBODY who was either too drunk or too sober to make An Tóstal last weekend, it was a splashing success. In fact, the friendly M.C. (you know, the guy trying to spoil the fun by

organizing it) got so soaked by football, bucket brigades, and other liquids, that he disposed of one of the four changes of clothing he made that day.

And for those of you who think you need glasses from working so hard (read: studying), you can commiserate with Ron Mastriana, who has been working so hard as chairman of An Tóstal (read: girls). Ron, while sitting on the back of a dumptruck watching the play-offs for the tug o' war, saw the Walsh team (read: jocks) pulled into the mud by some guys half their size. Of course, what he neglected to notice (claiming that he was screened by the sides of the truck) were the other 50 guys lending a little more than vocal support in dumping Walsh. But all was not lost, since they went on to beat the Saint Mary's Maulers in the finals.

Also, all the piglet lovers in our readership will be happy to learn that Chris the Pig (named after our SBP-emeritus, who drove him and his seven relatives from the farm to St. Mary's) has recovered from the bruising tackle administered by Danny "Digger" Quinn that left him (the pig) reeling senselessly.

Aside from being a sheer break in the monotony of our existence, An Tóstal was a perfect way to spend a weekend, and worth continuing as a companion to Mardi Gras, Homecoming, and Spring Weekend.

LACE? Mace? No, Grace. Sister Mary. How could one so soon forget the abruptly deposed head of St. Mary's College? If we only knew where she was we could send her a spiritual bouquet. Unfortunately, St. Mary's students can only speculate as to the whereabouts of their former president.

Of course, the usual reports are always turning up. There is a current rumor that two *Innovator* staff members drove six hours to Evansville to check the identity of one middle-aged saleswoman in a religious articles shop. Fortunately, this is only rumor.

The closest the South American border police could come to "Grace" was "Gratia," but tragically the first initial was "P" instead of "M."

With such a raft of untraceable

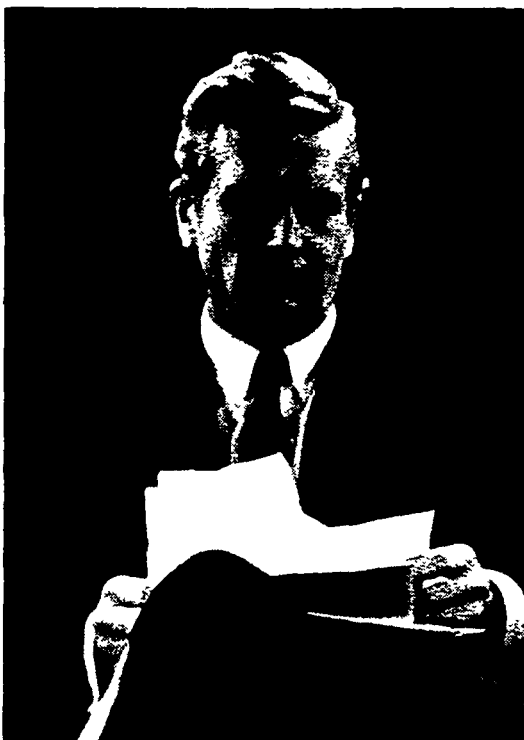


reports, it seems that SMC students must resign themselves to the unromantic tale that Sister Mary Grace is at home visiting her family, and doing social work in California. Perhaps it is even true.

**T**HE Notre Dame Weightlifting Club more affectionately known as the Snatch Club, grunted its way to the close of another season last Saturday with a third-place finish in the Indiana State AAU Weightlifting Championship. To those students who have been unfamiliar with the weightlifting program in the past, we suggest that you visit Fr. Lange's friendly gym someday and watch the boys work out. In the meet last Saturday, Mike Tomasula captured the 123-lb. division crown, while Mike Collins, a trackster competing in his first contest, placed a strong third in the 123-lb. division. Tim George (148 lbs.), also competing for the first time, finished a surprising third in his weight class. Three state records were shattered as Jeff Strayer (148 lbs.) pressed 255 lbs. for a new record and Mike Burgener (198 lbs.) pressed 310 lbs. for a record-breaking total of 900 lbs.

A small contingent of hippies, who apparently succumbed to their "freak-in" the night before at the Anti-Mil Ball, sporadically streamed down from the Fieldhouse rafters after the meet and began tinkering with the apparatus. One of them, mumbling something to the effect that if Samson had long hair, then . . . , tried and tried but was unable to lift one pound. Discouraged, but not really, he sauntered out the door, leaving behind a dusty trail, the sound of love-beads, and a few flowers sprinkled over the mat.

**R**OBERT F. Kennedy's candidacy was feted last week with a reception at the Indiana Club. Among the notables present was Theodore H. White, author of *Making of the President 1960*, and 1964; Mr. White, commenting to the *SCHOLASTIC* on President Johnson's March 31st statement said: "I think that he would rather make peace than be president. And he could not run for president and make peace. Nothing in his presidency was as high-minded as his departure from it."



Observed in passing last week were Mayor John V. Lindsay, Campaigner Paul Newman, Author Theodore H. White, Maulers and Piglets, and a flower child beneath the omnipresent Dome.



# Chocolate Meat

*for those who happened upon them  
the events were a banquet of smiles  
and, messy though they were  
(as well they might be),  
they made up our first really  
contemporary festival,  
and the substance,  
the awareness of the avant-garde  
commonly associated with metropoli,  
was there in gorges.*

by Martin McNamara  
and Thomas Henehan

THE dramatic arts are in a state of upheaval at Notre Dame; the staff of the speech and drama department will undergo a major turnover before the fall, when a new director will be installed. The recent success of the Guerilla Theater has greatly intensified student interest in performance and has created opportunities for writing and directing small-scale experimental works. Several drama majors have begun to focus their attention on underground theater, and with the prospect of a hastily planned schedule of productions (or perhaps none) by the university theater, Impersonal Pronoun Productions may soon become Notre Dame's only serious dramatic group.

Since its inception five years ago, IPP has provided the best theater in the area. Mike Ryan and Ned Buchbinder have fallen heir to the loosely organized troupe this year and have lived up to the task of providing a more exciting program than the ND-SMC Theater's cautious productions of standard material. Ryan's production of his original "And/Or" was one of this winter's memorable events for those few who attended. Mr. Ned directed two plays for the spring festival, Jules Feiffer's "Crawling Arnold" and an exercise in improvisation and participation, by Ned Buchbinder and friends, entitled "Audience."

"Arnold" is a funny play, and the production was near-perfect. IPP veteran Bill Rose crawled excellently as a brilliantly absurd Arnold opposite Anne Hamill's wonderfully subtle Miss Sympathy. Gretchen Gretsche and Tim Andrews were convincing parents, she in nun's shoes and mid-



calf paisley dress, he grimacing and hunched over a cane while strutting and crowing around his infant son's perambulator. And Mable Benjamin nearly stole the show as the maid; she managed to get three of the night's biggest laughs with only one line to deliver.

Spectators noticed some underhanded behavior among the ushers during the first show; perched on the balcony, they were seen passing around brown paper bags which seemed to be wrapped around bottles.

As soon as the audience returned to their seats, the fun began with flag salutes and prayers. St. Theolatus, patron saint of artists, hippies and other homosexuals was invoked, and the audience found itself in its first inning stretch, mystified. After more running around, group stunts, a little irreverence here and there, and a dramatization of the wonders of ontology in dialogue and dance, available to you in just three easy steps, the audience became part of the play and the players gradually faded into the audience to watch the show happen. When a suicide attempt was foiled just at the nick of time by an assassin's bullet, the mood was momentarily broken, but the timely appearance of none other but the Good Lord Jesus saved the day. The audience regrouped, and, stirred by the words of salvation—"You'd BETTER follow me . . . I'm the only messiah you got!"—they flocked across the verdant campus and into the saving waters of St. Mary's Lake.

Towels and sweaters were provided by the IPP Ladies' Auxiliary, LeMans Hall chapter. ■

**F**OREMOST among the few professional segments in the Contemporary Festival was the appearance of the Twyla Tharp Dance Company, an all-girl, avant-garde troupe which does not use music, sets or frilly ballerina outfits. Their "recital" proved to be the most stimulating dance program ever presented on this campus.

Accustomed to performing on linoleum for small, sophisticated groups, the company had difficulty reconciling itself with the splinters in Washington Hall's floor. So, after their open rehearsal and evening performance, they regrouped at the Morris Inn to bandage feet and speak minds. After the usual round of questions concerning influences and theories, it became clear that they were as unaccustomed to a perplexed audience as the audience was unaccustomed to a perplexing group.

The problem was largely that the campus is unfamiliar with dance that does not express a story or fit a piece of music, or with dance that is not "beautiful." Twyla is concerned almost entirely with form, the sensory impression of form and the general emotion the sensory impression evokes.

What is revolutionary about Twyla's choreography is the application of design techniques to stage movement. She employs the painterly technique of reduction to the unit and subsequent presentation of the unit in mathematical progressions. Her work then, is at once fragmented and unified.

Abrupt movements have, of course, been used to counter an overload in the placement of figures on the stage, but the particular movements Twyla employs for composition are seldom seen as a focal point in dance. Had the program been presented in a gymnasium, as was requested, the audience would have had a better sense of vertical composition, instead of watching from above or below.

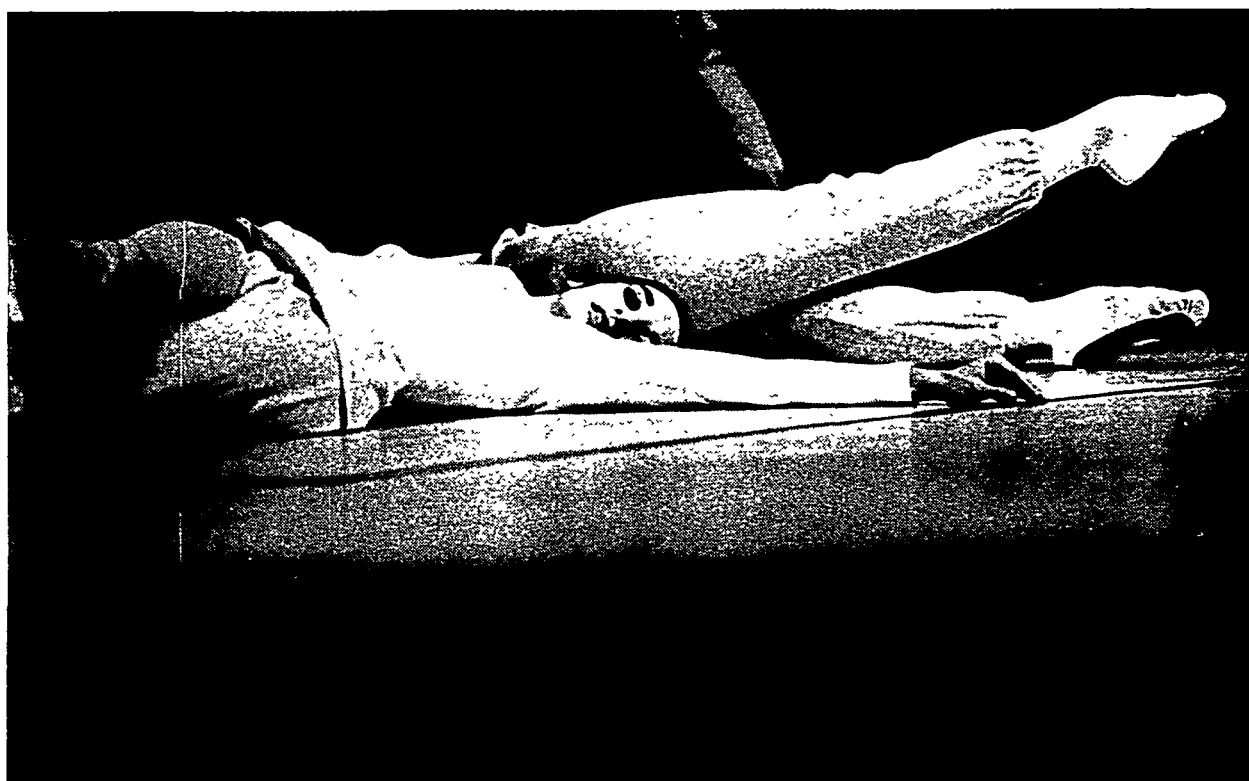
Her use of lighting, although very simple, was often as important in one's vision of the dancer as the movements themselves. For cutting the lights at strategic times redefines, subdivides, and/or multiplies the movements.

The techniques worked particularly well with sequential profiles and hopscotch-like rituals. And this incorporation of "non-dance" movements (games, athletics, walking) served to counterpoint and universalize her art.

People are willing to applaud a virtuoso leap, but not an excellent relation between two dancers. Perhaps the reason an audience does not respond to Twyla Tharp is that, whereas dance is the physical manifestation of emotions, she has chosen emotions which only a dancer could express by dance. These are then more difficult for the audience to interpret as genuine.

The only flaw obvious to Twyla's choreography was that the motions which were repeated in succession were complete in themselves. Merce Cunningham, her mentor, has had great success with redundant movement because they were unfulfilled, making them more isolated and noticeable, yet giving a fugal quality to the work.

All of which diminishes hardly at all the impact of a very important new company. ■





THE great 1950's folk music revival grew and matured with the only native American art form. We learned to appreciate Van Ronk, Snaker Ray and others distilling the raw music from the polished pap we had become accustomed to hearing, and we turned to the Mississippi Delta for the original rough-cut blues.

After the years of folk purism, the bias against musical sophistication broke down and we allowed ourselves to hear and understand the efforts of big city blacks who had been creating a modern blues music. The 60's have seen growing recognition for the pioneer efforts of these bluesmen and an explosion of interest and experimentation. The recent popular success of serious contemporary blues groups, most notably the Cream, has revolutionized our musical culture and given rise to new experiments within the blues tradition by such groups as the Electric Flag and Steppenwolf.

The student Folk Festival last Saturday night strongly reflected this dominant trend in contemporary music. The informality of the session reflected the improvisatory nature of the music and the musicians' willingness to trade ideas and material. Audience and performers mingled backstage and out front, and the curtains were left open as the audience entered and the entertainers wandered about the bare stage goofing, jamming, rehearsing. But the minute Chuck Wordell sat down to begin the show, lights and curtain came down and his songs took on the polish and impact of performance in addition to the strong gut appeal so evident in the less formal settings which bracketed the show—in addition to the open-

IF THE New Wave festival showed nothing else, it showed that film is no longer a myth, but a highly personal and communicative art. The eight films were experiments in technique and exercises in improvisation. They displayed a free spirit, an underground attitude and an artistic concern. They were auteur, amateur, and condemned by the Legion of Decency. They were conscious of their medium and interested in exploring it.

So you could have a film like *The Girl with the Golden Eyes* and its beautifully constructed romanticism next to *A Double Tour (Leda)*, an intellectual exercise showing the abominable result of placing a classical tragedy in an honest, modern context. You have the simple intensity of *Life Upside Down* and *A Man Escaped* with the seemingly infinite substance of *Jules and Jim*.

And this movie of movies should be a classroom for anyone seriously interested in cinema. The natural flow of Truffaut's thematically circular camera motifs is a lesson in subtlety. The improvisation, allusion, and distortion of newsreel footage are lessons in montage. The surface amorality and the depth of emotion are lectures against the literary-figure-of-speech film. The destruction of Renoir bohemian friendships by the two world wars and the characters' corresponding awareness of the macrocosm is perfect usage of period and device.

What can you say about the best film there is? ■

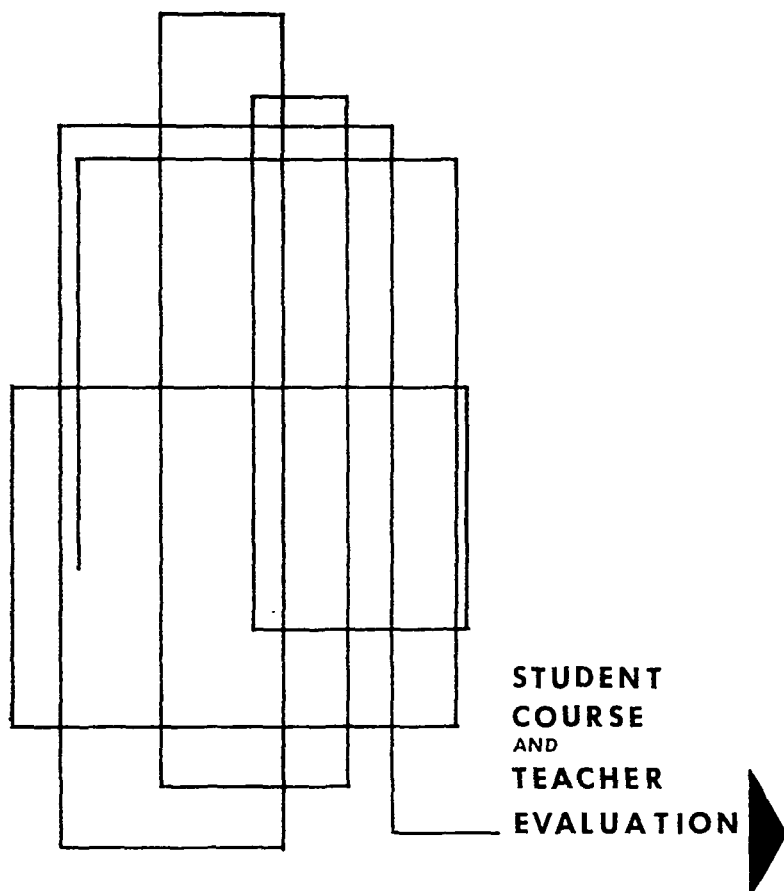
stage jam which opened the evening, the audience was treated to an exceptional banjo breakdown by Ed McNamara as he sat in the front row of the theater during the last five minutes of intermission watching an impromptu square dance in the orchestra. And the evening ended with the audience on stage, crowding around guitarist Norm Zeller, whose amplifier finally blew out after he brought the crowd to their feet again and again with a brilliant series of highly original blues leads with his band, First Friday. Zeller had spent the entire evening warming up backstage by quietly playing along with the performers; at one point, when half the cast was on stage playing around Denny Benecki's fine blues piano (one of the high points of the eve-

ning), the rest of the musicians huddled around Zeller as he gave a preview of the show he would give later.

There was only one major break in the blues orientation of the evening's program. (Even Tim McCarry's constantly improving sitar music is showing more and more signs of blues flavor.) The Crystal Ship, led by philosophy instructor Pat Pattison, gave a very pretty, very polished performance of folk songs arranged in the Peter, Paul & Mary vein.

A fitting climax to the festival, Saturday's show was important as a showcase for student talent as a highly successful experiment in staging, and as the most satisfying and exhilarating musical evening of the year. ■





by Andrea Magazzu  
and James Britt

*As predicted in the middle of February by this magazine, the Saint Mary's course-evaluation effort has come up smelling of something much closer to roses than its Notre Dame counterpart.*

HARVARD started it, Yale picked it up, and at long last the idea of course evaluation has been manifested at Notre Dame. Both this University and St. Mary's College saw the appearance within the last two weeks of their respective evaluation booklets, and the St. Mary's effort must be rated as superior. This is not to say that either document is totally relevant to the college experience, nor are they totally without merit. Indeed, there is a long way yet to go.

Notre Dame has talked about student criticism of its courses for many years. These discussions finally bore fruit in Chairman Clark Stanton's student-government committee, formed under the Murphy administration. In contrast to the St. Mary's approach, headed by Junior Sally Davis, the Stanton Committee took a computerized tack. His committee, along with the Department of Psychology, prepared a 27-point questionnaire which was submitted before exams in January. The final product was nothing more than a dutiful compilation of the statistical results of that questionnaire. St. Mary's also made use of a questionnaire, but invited additional essay comment from any and all who desired to give it.

Both guides attempted to expose the courses offered last semester regarding their merit and relevance to the academic process at Notre Dame-St. Mary's.

The main disadvantage seen in the Notre Dame study is its formal "facts and figures" approach. Since

the evaluation was "objective" and impersonal, there was little else that could be done. Yet it is regrettable that this must be the case. As pointed out in a SCHOLASTIC editorial on January 12, course evaluation must be considered a highly subjective matter. The commentary on the SMC study reflects this all too clearly.

The St. Mary's evaluation was presented to the students in an essay format, and was readable and enjoyable. In contrast, the Notre Dame attempt read with all the zest of a Univac 1107 print-out. Indeed, the only readable statement in the 31-page document was Father David Burrell's typical "I'd change the course, baby, and I'd be an ass if I didn't." But then again, Fr. Burrell won't be teaching here next year.

Professorial comment found at the outset of each SMC critique gave the reader an insight into the mentality of the teacher, as well as an overview of his course. Notre Dame's "Text, Papers, Tests, and Basis of Final Grade" data could have been found on any set of notes from the first class day.

While the ND study presented the students with a percentage evaluation of each course's merit as seen by the students involved, another major drawback was the scant number of courses evaluated. Some departments were, at best, reluctant to participate, and some professors flatly refused to hand out the questionnaire. SMC got around this by distributing them to the students outside of class. Some courses were kept out of their study, however, because the professors refused to submit their synopsis and commentary to accompany the student critique. This resulted in a dearth of response from St. Mary's departments offering a large number of required courses, most notably philosophy and theology.

The Notre Dame study promised a final tally of merits and values for each of the four colleges studied (Arts and Letters, Engineering, Business, and Science) but as one paged through the book, it was not to be found. This would have been helpful, especially for those students who have not yet decided on their college of study. Also lacking was an evaluation of the individual departments, valuable for those students who have yet to pick their major.

The St. Mary's evaluation was criticized by many for failing to raise pertinent questions in certain departments and courses. Notable among these were the Music and Art Departments. As a result of these complaints, the Davis Committee decided against publishing an evaluation of the music courses, but recommended a revision of the format for their questioning in the future.

In conclusion, a few long-range recommendations must be made. As evidenced by the St. Mary's study, course evaluation must take a prose form. The professor must be allowed to express his aims for the course, as well as his tests and texts, for only then will the true flavor of a course come through. And on the other side, student criticism must determine whether he has succeeded in those aims.

Along with this, all courses must be evaluated. For without a total grasp of his college, the student is left little better off than before. And as stated above, course evaluation must extend to departmental and college analysis.

The stated purpose of the Student Course and Teacher Evaluation was to take the first step in a dialogue which will lead to the furthering of academic excellence. With a necessarily expanded format, and a responsibly edited presentation, course evaluation at Notre Dame-St. Mary's can fulfill that purpose. ■



# ND

## The Perils of Personal Politics

# SMC

by Joel Garreau & Kathleen Carbine

*While the current affairs of the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Coordinating Committee are going along swimmingly, the very closeness of the members of the Committee to the problems that they are asked to resolve may prove to be quite a liability.*

WHEN A member of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Coordinating Committee of administration and faculty members sits a student down to ask him if he has any creative ideas for areas in which the two campuses can use each other's facilities, one begins to wonder a bit about that Committee. While it would be all very flattering if they were polling student opinion, the comment implicitly made is one somewhat more startling about the limitations of that committee.

The Committee is ostensibly made up of six poobahs from each campus. On the Saint Mary's side, this includes Vice-President Dr. Jack Detzler, chairman; Academic Dean Sister Alma, Dean of Students Sister Basil Anthony, and Department Chairmen Bruno Schlesinger (Humanistic Studies), Elizabeth Noel (English), and Clarence Dineen (Biology). At Notre Dame, this means Vice-President for Academic Affairs John Walsh, chairman; Rev. Charles Sheedy (Dean of the Theological School and former Dean of Arts and Letters), Dr. Bernard Waldman (Dean of the College of Science), and Rev. David Burrell, Dr. Robert P. McIntosh, and Dr. George A. Brinkley, of the departments of philosophy, biology, and government, respectively.

The limitations arise not so much out of the membership of the Committee (although their last meeting was February 27, due, in part, to the fact that Father Walsh was in Moscow working for the U.S. government on international rather than intercampus understanding). More important is the fact that the interests of the desperate dozen are patently vested.

For quite a while, the Committee had been bating its breath to see if the Carnegie Foundation would deliver \$200,000 for a professional study which, it was hoped, would point the way toward making the assets of the two colleges less redundant. Carnegie didn't come through.

If that disturbed the members of the Committee much, though, they were bearing up masterfully. "We won't just study doing something," says Father Burrell, "we'll do it." Dr. Detzler echoes this. "We'll be able to carry on without the \$200,000," he claims.

Their idea of "carrying on" might not produce all the results hoped for, however. The emphasis that the members of the Committee put on the cheery nature of the exchanges made between the Notre Dame and Saint Mary's representatives now belies the fact that they have a good deal of concern about what will happen when the time comes for the ax to fall on cherished

departments and faculty members on both sides of the road. This concern is fueled at least partially by the Saint Mary's administrators' ability and desire to defend to the very death the aims and the results of college policy as it stands now. It would seem that they have very grave reservations about increasing their ties with Notre Dame, especially since recent studies showed that the college, unlike other SCWC's (small Catholic women's colleges), can probably remain financially solvent and attract quality students until the end of time, simply because of its physical, if not educational proximity to Notre Dame.

Stressing educational philosophies that put a premium on small classes rather than large ones, course and major orientations that tend toward imparting general and comprehensive knowledge rather than specialized, Ph.D. preparatory, and faculty members that are more concerned with teaching than with researching and publishing, Saint Mary's often fears, rather than welcomes the compromises that might be made because of deep cooperation with a big-money university.

This leads to protests from Notre Dame's Father Sheedy like "we have no desire to gobble them (SMC) up — we want them to be autonomous and free." And the result of this is that the major concerns of the Committee for the immediate future tend toward ideas that are as safe and no more original than slowly expanding and refining the co-ex program.

Granted, this close, personal approach has led to something like Dr. John Kane of the Notre Dame Sociology Department being picked to head the Saint Mary's counterpart. This is not to say, too, that as far as it goes, expansion of the co-ex program is not a laudable goal. Already the co-ex program outstrips that of that oft-used example, the Claremont complex of federated colleges. And it does still have room to grow.

However, it remains fairly obvious that if truly productive cooperation between the two institutions is going to be effected, ever, some fairly substantial shake-ups must be expected in departments and colleges. And this kind of boat rocking will not come from deans and department heads. They are simply too involved with their institution's educational policies as they now stand.

It would seem difficult to share the Committee's confidence that constructive change will come without a professional study that can, without emotion, point to the weakest segments of both colleges, and dispassionately suggest the major changes that full and fruitful cooperation will demand. And we wonder whether it wouldn't be worth it for the two schools to scrape together the money (either from SUMMA-style drives or from the endowments) necessary to launch such a study because of the important and eventually money-saving ideas that would come from it. ■

# O. K. Very Entertaining

by Robert John Keefe



THE CURRENT epithet for *Guy's and Dolls*, the last of this year's Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre presentations, is "very entertaining." I have to agree; the show is *very* entertaining; nor am I being sardonic. To begin with, the sets, which suggest rather than represent, are brilliant, and all the flashing lights are entertaining. So are the costumes, which are so complementary (like Adelaide's corsage) that maybe you'll just be content to watch them, incredulous. And the bit parts!

Pat Moran as Miss Adelaide is penultimately entertaining. She commands her scenes with a stage presence rivaled only by the Hot Box Girls. Her self-introduction to Sarah Brown, at the very end, is alone worth the ticket. She sings "Bushel and a Peck" with pure pazazz, and it takes a bit of doing to listen to the orchestra. In "Marry the Man Today," she shows a rare trait common only to the most professional actors; instead of drowning out the weaker Missy Smith, she plays down her own abilities and builds up Miss Smith's, so that, in the end, the number is the latter's balanced diet. Somehow, she makes us feel really sorry for her; but again, somehow, she maintains such an irresistible chipperness that she is *never* pathetic. As for the Hot Box Girls, they're not terribly sexy themselves, but their pretension of haughtiness is great fun.

Lance Davis capitalizes on his experience in *School for Wives*. The role of Nathan Detroit consists almost totally of comic reversals; at one moment he rules Nicely and Benny Southstreet, while at the next he becomes a persecuted Jew. There is no question of Mr. Davis' ability to convince. He is so smooth as an actor, that an *effort* to convince never shows.

Missy Smith is, as a freshman, an awfully good actress. Instead of being conscious of Missy Smith, we see only Sarah Brown, the gal who went from Salvation Army fireball with the lips of Isaiah to a doll who can rationalize booze in the oddest way. As a singer, however, she has too small a range. The high notes are moans; the low notes are growls.

On the other hand, we are *very* conscious of Wayne Phillips, and not Sky Masterson. His singing is all right, and his, shall we say ability to portray, is all right too, but his total stage presence is milky. I picture rows and rows of high school girls falling very much in love with him for his interpretation of Sky. For a few moments during the performances, I felt that that was what he pictured, too.

What the show does *not* have is the magic poof, the ingredient which makes Broadway sell. The orchestra is usually responsible for magic poof; at least, in this case, the orchestra was responsible for its absence. In direct contrast to the overall professionalism of the stage cast, is the rankling amateurism of the band. Thanks to a more than competent drummer, the quicker movements do come off. Without his help, the winds and brass are at annoying, faltering cross-purposes. Dance numbers, especially the Havana scene, could have been more coordinated; to this complaint the dancers might most justifiably reply, "If we'd only had another week!"

For the nostalgic: Judy Muench will remind you of your benign but God-fearing Aunt Frances so completely, that you'll ache. ■



## Protesters of the Precious Blood

by Douglas Simon

*(In conjunction with recent "We Won't Go" statements from convent-eligible women, the SCHOLASTIC here presents an excerpt from the memoirs of the former Sister Mary Herman, who left the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Precious Blood, and Sacred Divinity of Jesus Christ, Inc., and has reassumed her former name, FiFi Fergusson.)*

THE whole terrible ordeal began on a sunny Monday morning. It was my seventeenth birthday, and I had to register for the Sacred Calling, as is required by Canon Law of all "females who have reached their seventeenth birthday, without committing more than 3 mortal sins or 7 venial sins or a combination of both, adding up to more than 4 less than twice the number of total venial sins." Many of my more adventurous girlfriends were granted exemptions from the Sacred Calling by their Sacred Calling Local Councils based upon this section of Canon Law, upon recommendation by their individual confessors.

The registration was quite simple, although I didn't appreciate the way the Registration Nun said, "Any other obvious physical characteristics, honey?" After registering, I naturally counted on several years of educational deferment before having to worry about the Sacred Calling. By that time, I figured, perhaps I could accumulate enough sins to be granted a total exemption. However, I had not counted on The War.

The War had been started by overzealous Cardinals, who decided that simple missionary work was not enough; it was too slow, they felt. Either convert them in a hurry or destroy them; this was their pronouncement. And so, in the faraway places of the earth, nuns were ordered to put away their Bibles and pick up their

Crusader TW-15 semi-automatic rifles. Of course, the infidels also had weapons, and soon the Sacred Corps of Nuns was dangerously depleted as almost all nuns on domestic duty were shipped halfway across the world to replace those who had fallen on the front lines. The paucity of trained Sisters caused the Sacred Calling Council in Rome to issue greatly increased induction calls for my age and sin classification.

Then the terrible letter came ordering me to report to St. Robert's Convent for my first physical. I was terrified. It's only a preliminary physical, I told myself; thousands of girls have taken this preliminary physical and have never been ordered to answer their Sacred Calling. With this dubious self-assurance I arrived at St. Robert's. The physical was a simple one, nothing more complete than my normal yearly checkup required for school. Still, I hadn't liked the "see you soon" attitude of the Sacred Physician.

I spent an uneasy month awaiting my reclassification due to my preliminary physical and the increased induction call. And then I was ordered to report to the Sacred Inductress for my final physical and formal induction. At once I realized that this was it; I was on my way to The War.

My opposition to The War has always been unrelated to my Sacred Calling status. But now that I was being called on to help further this Unholy Crusade, I realized that I had to act upon my beliefs. And so I chose a course of protest and sacred disobedience.

My first act of protest was the burning of all my Holy Cards. Although fully aware that burning one's Holy Cards carried a mandatory 4,000 years in purgatory penalty, I decided that it was time someone spoke out against the Sacred Calling. Noticing that other induction-bound girls felt the same way I did, I organized them all into an organization called "Peace on Earth Now: Girls Unwilling for Induction as Nuns" or simply P.E.N.G.U.I.N. We in P.E.N.G.U.I.N. encouraged others to resist the Sacred Calling, urging all to burn their Holy Cards or at least send them back to the Pope. As reaction to The War grew, P.E.N.G.U.I.N. became more and more active in demonstrating against the Sacred Induction.

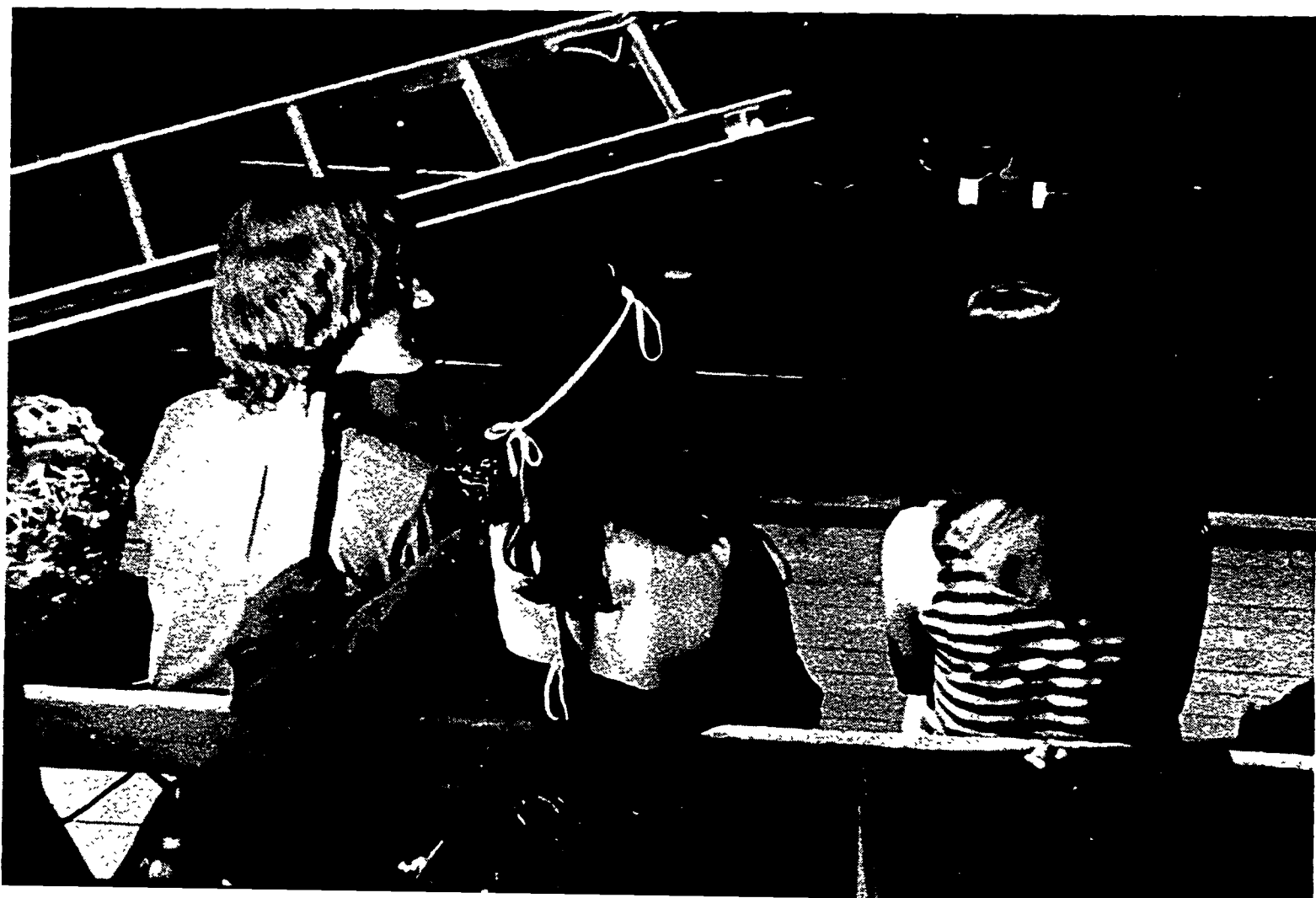
Soon time came for my own induction into the Corps of Nuns. I arrived at the induction chapel at 4:30 in the morning with my fellow P.E.N.G.U.I.N. members. When my name was called I planned to stand up and shout in a proud voice, "I refuse to be inducted into the Sacred Corps and be forced to contribute myself to the insane War." Of course, then the Chancery Office would be notified, and two husky Religious Policenuns would escort me to the "Meditation" Room for further metaphysical reflections concerning the drastic step I had just taken. Then the canonical papers would be filed, and the date for the ecclesiastical trial would be set. Excommunication was the common sentence.

While waiting for my name to be called, a woman, whom I later discovered to be a plainclothes policenun, walked up to me and told me that there was a phone call for me. Thinking the call to be from some P.E.N.G.U.I.N. chapter president offering encouragement, I unsuspectingly followed the woman into the induction chapel. Immediately I was grabbed, and I felt a needle prick my arm. I lost consciousness just as the electric clippers began shearing off my long blonde hair.

When I finally awoke, I found myself in a room with other inductees, shivering as we awaited the issue of our Sacred Habit. As we lined up to receive our habits, two nuns walked over to me. "This is the one that burned her Holy Cards, eh? Well, we'll take real good care of her, won't we? Ha, ha, ha!!!"



Down by the  
old mil ball





## *The Scholastic*

irrational and the absurd." While developing his point further, Rossie objected to the excessive criticism of Mr. Kennedy as "an opportunist." Yet Mr. Rossie has fallen victim to the "irrational and absurd." He dismissed Governor Branigin as "nauseating" while calling Johnson and Humphrey "hypocrites." One can only assume that while Mr. Rossie labeled the war "immoral" he must invariably label those with whom he does not agree as "hypocrites."

Yet Mr. Rossie had a strange bedfellow in last week's SCHOLASTIC. While expressing his concern for the demonstrations on American campuses today, Mr. Dan Manion somehow thought YAF was worth joining because of its counterdemonstrations and "inness." Whatever merits YAF may have, I would hope that one of them is not the cuteness or sheepishness of its activities which only further detract from rational debate in the academic community.

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The basic problem is the fundamental breakdown in personal communication due to ideological intoxication.

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Nonetheless, this degeneration into the irrational is only a consequence of a far more serious problem. The basic problem is the fundamental breakdown in personal communication due to ideological intoxication. This pretension is often of a low key, personal variety. Some people are simply conceited and will always disregard the integrity of the opposition. Other times, personality attacks are the last refuge of the advocate of a bankrupt position. However, the contemporary problem is the result of a growing intolerance

and arrogance due to the notion that we are somehow something more than men. I am once again reminded of a remark of Sir Thomas More in Bolt's *A Man For All Seasons*,

But Man he made to serve him wittily in the tangle of his mind! If he suffers us to fall to such a case that there is no escaping, then we may stand to our tackle as best we can, and yes, Will, then we may clamor like champions . . . if we have the spittle for it.

Along the way, modern man has lost the "spittle" to "stand to his tackle" because he has forgotten his fallibility — the fact that he can be wrong. We must once again be humble enough to recognize that we are creatures and not creators. This would seem to be the point of this stanza from a poem by John Henry Newman:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on;  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step is enough for me.

Too many of us imagine ourselves creators, assuming unlimited horizons for our imaginations, and consequently praising each and every thought as if it were divine revelation. As a result, important issues disappear. Yet the disappearance of the real issues from debate does not make them disappear from reality. Rather, they come back to haunt us as the just retribution of our proud yet confounded arrogance. Perhaps if we would once again admit that we are only men, then we might well be a bit more confident in our uncertainty than in the supposed "certainty" of our pretentious infallibility. ■

# 1968 Athlete of the Year Award

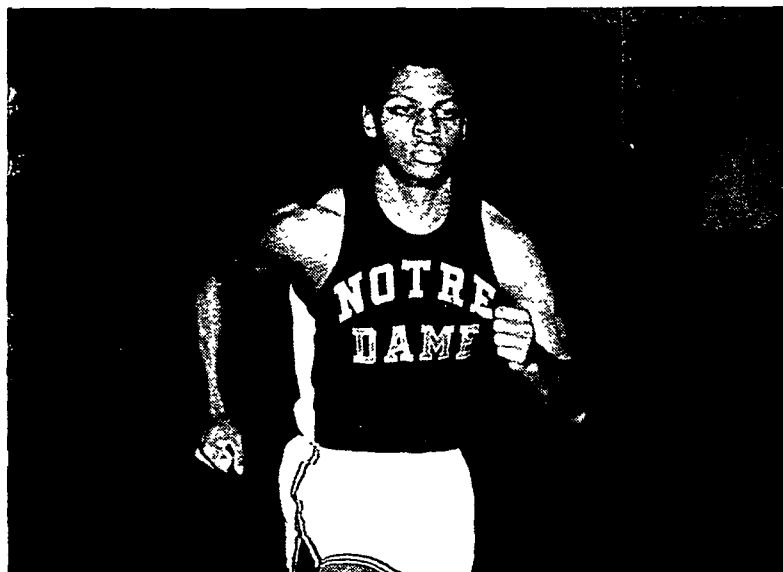
The Fourth Annual SCHOLASTIC Athlete of the Year Award will be awarded to the year's outstanding athlete. Balloting to determine the winner of the trophy will be held in both dining halls during the dinner meal, on Sunday May 12th. The results will be announced in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.



and the Cougars went down, 87-78, with Arnie pumping in 37 points.

This season Bob, the first junior to captain the Irish cagers in 31 years, led the team back into the elite of college basketball. Despite an ankle injury which hampered him early in the year, Arnie added an invitation to the Olympic tryouts and an all-NIT berth to the Academic All-America honors which he gathered in for the second straight year. The combination of his athletic and academic abilities has already made him an outstanding athlete in his junior year.

—Raymond Serafin



IT'S THE semifinal game in the NIT. Four seconds left, the score is tied, and 19,500 watch Notre Dame set to throw the ball in for one desperate shot. Dayton knows the ball will go to Bob Arnzen; it does, and double-teamed, his 35-footer falls short. Dayton goes on to win the game in overtime and also the NIT final two days later.

What Dayton knew, and what Irish basketball fans have known for two years, is that Bob Arnzen is the man the Notre Dame five automatically looks to in tight situations. Arnie flips up his outside shots with a deft touch, which belies the fact that at 6'-5", 197 pounds he is also a top rebounder. Some impressive statistics reflect the accuracy of Arnie's shooting: a .510 field-goal percentage, and a .791 mark from the free-throw line. It all comes out to an average of 21.5 points, to go along with a little over 10 rebounds per game.

Using what Roger Valdiserri calls a "Stanley and Livingstone offense" (in which a search party with a basketball goes out looking for Arnie and Whit), Notre Dame had its most successful basketball campaign (21-9) in a decade. Following a horrendous 5-21 record two seasons ago, Arnie led the way back to respectability (14-12) last year, scoring more points than any sophomore in the school's history. The game against Houston was both a classic in itself and an indication of the future: in the friendly confines of "the snakepit," Big E

BILL Hurd is a man of many talents, many goals, and many achievements. In his three years at Notre Dame, he has proven over and over again the tremendous breadth of his abilities. Yet, in a university where talent of all sorts abounds, mere versatility will not insure distinction. In the final analysis, it is the depth and intensity of a person's own character which truly signify excellence. It is the thriving dedication of Bill Hurd to every phase of Notre Dame life in which he is involved that sets him apart as exceptional.

As a freshman, Hurd came from Manassas High School in Memphis, Tenn., a track scholarship luring him to South Bend. Immediately he began to develop into the most astounding track prospect in Notre Dame's long history of track champions. He set freshman records in the 60-yard dash (:06.0), the 60-yard low hurdles (:06.9) and the broad jump (23'1 $\frac{1}{4}$ "). As a varsity athlete, he holds or shares at least seven school records, including a 29.8 time in the 300-yard dash, the American record. This summer he may very well qualify for the Olympic Games in Mexico City.

Hurd wins recognition in nearly any activity he enters. An engineering major, he values nothing above his education. His name can always be found on the

Dean's List. Even then, he finds time to play jazz saxophone with the finest jazz groups on campus. He has won many individual awards as a musician. He also plays professionally during the summer.

The real quality of Hurd's character goes beyond these accomplishments. Perhaps his great dedication to achievement in its broadest sense is indicated by his working with the Upward Bound program in Memphis last summer, teaching math at Le Moyne College.

It is Hurd's great ability as an athlete which makes him famous, his scholarship and musical creativity which make him well-rounded. It is his zeal and enthusiasm for whatever he does which makes him a potential athlete of the year.

—Tom Booker



THE fourth annual SCHOLASTIC Athlete-of-the-Year trophy will be awarded to the year's outstanding athlete. Balloting to determine the winner of the trophy will be held in both Dining Halls during the dinner meal, on Sunday, May 12. The results will be announced in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

"With the type of schedule we play we still will get a shot at the number-one boys — and what we do with these opportunities will determine how we wind up." Optimism like this wasn't easy for a captain after his first-ranked team suffered a loss such as Purdue. In part, it's the job of the coaches, but most of all the burden falls on him. It's not easy to follow in the footsteps of somebody like Jim Lynch, either. However, both these tasks fell to Rocky Bleier this year.

As captain, Rocky Bleier did not set records, and he missed the last two games due to injury. Yet, the job he did in holding his team together and bringing them back from two hard-fought losses was the thing that made him outstanding. After the loss to Southern Cal, he wrote that "it could have been easy to give up and become a 2-8 ball club or a 6-4 ball club, but it took guts, determination, and self-realization to become 8-2." This was the story of Rocky Bleier's reign as captain. He provided the determination to keep excelling in the face of tough defeats. Thus, it is not in the record books or in the newspaper headlines that Rocky Bleier's qualifications as an outstanding athlete are found. It is rather his unpublicized leadership that made him an outstanding captain, as well as a good football player.

Diversity of interests usually characterizes the life of a great athlete. Rocky Bleier has done more than play football at Notre Dame. As soon as the football season ended, he concentrated his efforts on organizing students to help teach retarded children. After graduating from Notre Dame, Rocky Bleier will go to the Pittsburgh Steelers to try his hand at the professional game. At Notre Dame he may not be remembered as a George Gipp or a Paul Hornung, but he will be remembered as a captain who led a team, which could have folded, to a successful winning season and a number-five rating.

—Bill Sweeney

AS THE average American football "expert" looked at, and wrote about the Notre Dame football team before the season began, the names of several people emerged in his mind. Among the people generally overlooked was Dave Martin.

It really wasn't too surprising that the defensive captain of the Irish was passed over by the experts — after all, he had been overlooked by most college coaches when he was a high-school senior. Other than two major colleges in his native Kansas, Notre Dame was the only school to make an offer to the small 5-10, 180-pound man from Shawnee Mission.

The small, unsung high-school fullback from an improbably named small town was told by Johnny Ray in his freshman year that he was going to be a linebacker, and in September, '65, he started in that slot in the opener against California. He didn't miss a start from that time on and was defensive signal caller this season.

As the '67 season opened, Martin's leadership was tested. He showed against California in the opener that he was going to lead by example, as he picked off a pair of Golden Bear aeriels. He finished the season with three interceptions, trailing only John Pergine and Tom Schoen in that department. Despite his relatively small size, he was fourth in tackles with 71. His field performances and his proven adaptability, as shown by his play at safety in the North-South game, were enough for the Philadelphia Eagles not to overlook him. The Eagles should have no trouble finding a spot for him. The only ones who'll have trouble will be Ray and Par-seghian, who will have to find a new outside linebacker after three years of Dave Martin.

—Steve Novak



# Security or Sacrifice

by Kathleen Carbine

*It might not quite be apathy. Maybe it's more like ignorance. At any rate, Saint Mary's has one of the all-time low percentages of students signing up to work with the Peace Corps.*

"CAN A young girl college graduate from the Middle West find happiness in the Peace Corps?" asks a current Corps recruiting poster. "St. Mary's girls seem to have answered with a conclusive *no*," their president recently, and regretfully admitted. In fact, Father John McGrath told his students, "St. Mary's is among the bottom one percent of the nation's colleges in the percentage of graduates who serve in Vista, the Peace Corps, and similar volunteer service organizations."

Heald and Hobson, the agency employed by St. Mary's to conduct a total investigation of the college, turned up the fact that no St. Mary's graduates work in Vista, PAVLA, or the Holy Cross schools in Brazil or Africa. Three SMC girls are presently in the Peace Corps; another teaches at the Holy Cross school in Pakistan. While Heald and Hobson brought the lack of volunteer spirit to light, they couldn't offer specific reasons, nor did they suggest ways to change the situation.

Although the reasons for a low number of volunteers must be intangible, some factors such as parents' attitudes, the school atmosphere, the percentage of girls getting married, and the need to start earning money have to be discussed. Definitive answers aren't possible, but some observations might point the way to a better understanding of why the girls aren't volunteering for service work.

Forty-three of the 278 seniors at St. Mary's were interviewed. One is entering the Peace Corps, two will work for Vista, one will be teaching for Extension (a kind of Catholic Vista), and one will do volunteer teaching in Puerto Rico. None of the 43 knew of any classmates besides these five who were definitely planning on unpaid service work. Two girls said that they and their fiancés were considering going in together after marriage.

These figures don't seem especially low until you read that the Peace Corps is the country's largest single employer of new college graduates (*Time*, Oct. 27, 1967), and that there are presently over 14,000 Peace Corps volunteers overseas. As one of about 2,000 colleges in the nation, St. Mary's contribution could be expected to average out somewhat higher.

One problem, some girls suggested, might be parents. After all, a lot of them send their girl to a small, Catholic women's college to be loved, cared for and protected until she marries the Notre Dame man who will

assume said responsibilities. But of the 43 girls, only seven thought their parents would be unhappy if they decided to go into overseas or national service, while nearly half said their parents would actually be pleased.

"I really think the main reason is that so many girls get married," chanted senior after senior. A third of the girls polled will be getting married within a year of graduation, so marriage definitely complicates the situation. In the case of a married couple, both must want to volunteer, then they must both be able to afford it, and finally he has to obtain a draft deferment.

Certainly the general atmosphere of the college — the students' interests, the top departments, the faculty — would influence whether or not girls would consider spending two years, or one, in a city slum, in a Brazilian school, or on a community renewal project. And this is where the heart of St. Mary's problem lies.

If you were to pick one school with an image that is the antithesis of the traditional image St. Mary's has projected, perhaps that school would be the University of California at Berkeley. Political ferment, student rights' agitation, freaks . . . versus the girl who couldn't even wear slacks on campus until this fall. And it is the Berkeley campus that has been the number-one supplier of Peace Corps workers throughout its seven years.

As senior Maureen Coyne sees the problem, "St. Mary's girls in general just don't evince careful thinking about and strong interest in American foreign policy." Political science majors at SMC take their upper division courses at Notre Dame; before co-ex courses, St. Mary's didn't offer a major in the field. Jill Apone, senior, contends that most girls at St. Mary's "just haven't been personally confronted with poverty."

Ironically, even if the process of liberalization at St. Mary's keeps up, with students gaining more control over their lives, beginning to demonstrate for causes, and becoming active politically, the number of volunteers for U.S.-backed organizations may not increase after all. At Berkeley last year, Peace Corps applications were down 50% from before, and nationally the 1967 figure was down 30%. Why? One of the highly touted factors is that college students who oppose the war in Vietnam, and American foreign policy in general, are reluctant to join the Peace Corps, which is more and more regarded as an arm of American foreign policy. (Last June, a PCV was fired for identifying himself as a corpsman in a letter he sent to a Chilean newspaper in which he attacked the Vietnam war.) At this point, not one of the SMC girls polled had even heard of opposition to the Peace Corps on those grounds, much less opposed it herself for this reason. ■

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# Thinking Black Thoughts

Discussing the immorality of the Vietnam War and the inconsistency of career training with the intellectual life only borders on the real problem with ROTC at Notre Dame — the destruction martial law wreaks upon the free spirit of our people.

The so-called military obligation makes the individual a slave to his own social construct. Compulsory military service imparts the assumption that violence is an acceptable measure in international (and interpersonal) relations. The hierarchy of epaulets and decorations, that microcosmic caste system, breeds authoritarianism and dog-eat-dog competition. The pagan basic-training procedures foster a melodramatic disregard for human life and an unswerving belief in "my country, right or wrong."

All right, people in ROTC right here will admit that the armed forces are a dehumanizing influence and that our nation has no business whatsoever in Vietnam, but they feel that it is less dehumanizing to go as an officer and that college-educated lieutenants will wage a "less immoral" war than career soldiers.

Wrong.

They maintain either that ROTC is just another activity in their lives as Notre Dame students or that the "leadership" ROTC teaches counteracts the unquestioning obedience it entails.

Wrong again, both ways.

The military discipline is not one that is merely inconsistent with academics, it actually diverts or opposes the educational process. For the military is a way of life. A way of life defined by its regimen. The "good soldier" is one indoctrinated to take orders in a "clear-thinking" (i.e., vacuous) manner, salute briskly, and relay the orders in a voice with a note of "pride" and "selflessness."

Very few students are able to participate in a spirit of free inquiry in the classroom before noon, then adjourn to "kill-practice" until supper. There is no good reason for the University to defect itself by juxtaposing a discipline ignoring logic and reflection with its academic endeavors.

Leadership is not "giving orders" or "being obeyed"; it is not doing the arithmetic in someone else's equation. It is setting a goal, plotting a direction, evaluating material and convincing people who are not duty bound to obey you. There is a difference between taking directions, as we expect and hope to do in our courses, and taking an order. "Officers," be they lieutenants or generals, are still only pawns in the game.

And the idea of those orders is frightening.

Whether they are real or make-believe, they involve an ethical stance. But the people giving orders are not in their positions for being astute in ethics, but because of their mastery of stratagems.

In other words, because what ROTC teaches is the Army life, it is absurd to talk "leadership" or "academics." The department is totally alien to anything the University is trying to accomplish. I feel very strongly that it should be abolished.

\* \* \*

When the SCHOLASTIC advocated, earlier in the year, the removal of academic credit from ROTC (a step in the right direction) several letters were received from indignant cadets, saying:

1) Why not eliminate science and engineering; they're career training, too.

2) Why shouldn't ROTC department heads be full professors, one of them almost has his doctorate.

3) It's voluntary; if you don't like it, don't sign up.

Again, the military is more than a career; it is a way of life. Mastering an area of thought is a career; gearing your mental calculations and physical actions to one commitment—violence—is a religion. Even participating in the program is doing "anti-personnel" work, for it retards or inhibits the free development of the person. Military science is not non-academic; it is anti-academic.

The second point is only a demonstration of ignorance. Look at any university catalogue and see the great teachers with doctorates, but without professorships. Then see the great teachers who are only instructors because they have no doctorates. You might also find that many department heads do not have full professorships.

The last point has nothing to do with removal of academic credit, but I will treat it anyway.

I object to the presence of ROTC as a roadblock to us all in the educational quest. Even if it is voluntary, ROTC does not really entail a free choice. For military service is compulsory and freshmen here are presented with a one-sided discussion of this alternative. Conscientious objectors and anti-ROTC people are denied equal time to state their case at orientation.

So the 17- or 18-year-old, probably coming from an authoritarian environment, is asked to make a moral decision with an imbalance of advice, harassment from parents and other factors, and a one-way street ahead.

I don't feel it advisable to force the student to this type of decision, but, if it must be done, at least give him the benefit of counsel.

\* \* \*

ROTC will have to go before academic excellence will come, for academic excellence is a vibrant, solid student body. It may be true that we need to maintain a strong army for defensive politics. But, more than that, we need people who can think for themselves for offensive politics.



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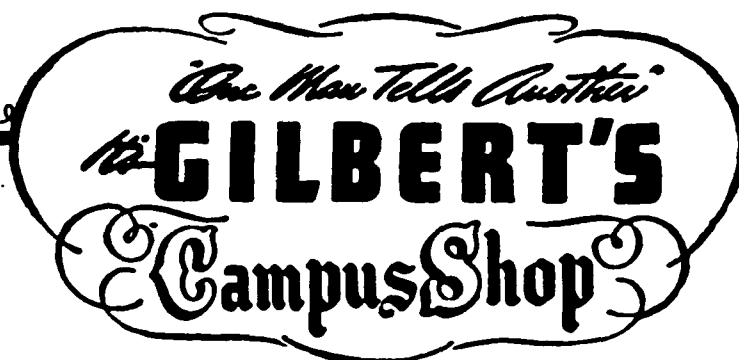
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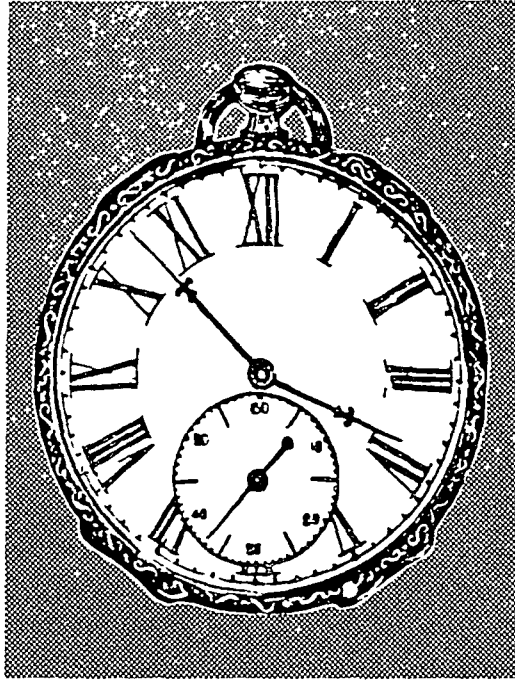


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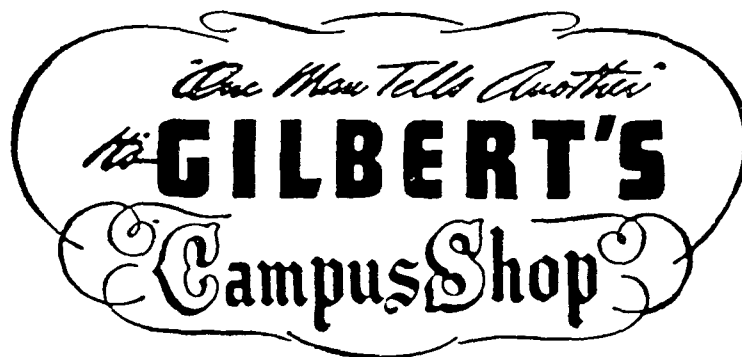


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