

SCHOLASTIC May 17, 1968



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SCHOLASTIC

May 17, 1968 / Notre Dame, Indiana / Vol. 109, No. 22

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Editor-in-chief / WILLIAM CULLEN

Managing Editor / TIMOTHY UNGER

Associate Editors / JOEL GARREAU, THOMAS HENEHAN, TONY INGRAFFEA,
MARTIN McNAMARA

Layout Editor / DAVID HESKIN

News Editor / JAMES F. BRITT

Photography Editor / DENNIS MALLOY

Art Editor / RICHARD-RAYMOND ALASKO

Copy Editor / JOHN DUDAS

Sports Editor / WILLIAM SWEENEY

Contributing Editors / FRANK BLUNDO, KATHLEEN CARBINE, THOMAS PAYNE

Business / PETER McINERNEY

Circulation / TIMOTHY SCHLINDWEIN

Public Relations / RICHARD LAVELY

Faculty Advisor / FRANK O'MALLEY

Contributors / JOSEPH BLAKE, STEVEN NOVAK, JOHN RAGSDALE, WILLIAM ROSE

Writers / Perry Aberli, George Arkedis, Marilyn Becker, Edward Bocik, James Boland, Thomas Booker, Barry Breen, G. R. Bullock, Kathy Callan, James Coburn, Adrienne Coyne, Michael Fallon, David Finley, Joseph Furjanic, Kathy Gibbons, Burke Giblin, Cynthia Golan, Terry Goodwin, Maureen Gore, Len Groszek, Robert Haight, Robert Keefe, David Kennedy, Robert Mendes, Richard Moran, Larry Mulcahy, John Norton, John O'Hara, Michael Schaffer, Robert Search, Mark Seeburg, Raymond Serafin, Douglas Simon, Jody Tigani, Joseph Tynan, John Zipprich. Copy and Layout / Ellen Foy, Susan Janney, David Hirschboeck, Steven Krchma, Timothy Mannion, Andrea Magazzu, Charles Nelson, Keith Palka, Kathleen Sheeran, Barbara Webber, Mel Welsey. Artists and Photographers / Douglas Allaire, Zack Brown, Terry Dwyer, Steve Kogge, James MacDonald, Michael McCleer, Fred Quiros, Ole Skärstein, Stephanie Stanitz, Richard Walsh. Business and Circulation / Thomas Dorsel, James Grady, Robert McGrath, James Paquette.

On the cover / Lisa Pieroni, a sophomore at Newton College, Photographed by Camilo Vergara;
on the back / Knute Rockne, deceased, photographed by Stu Miller.

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NONSTOP ROCK

THE ALL NEW SOUND OF TOPSY

3-5 p.m.

WEEKDAYS

WSND 640

Editorial

Mechanics of Authority

One of the hoped for results of the recent meeting between the ad hoc committee of the Board of Trustees and student leaders is the establishment of a "tripartite board," which will be empowered to make all rules involving student life. Only the Board of Trustees will have power to overrule its decisions.

Student Body President Richard Rossie has been holding out for a committee that would have ten students, seven faculty members and three administration members on it, with a two thirds vote necessary to enact any changes in the rules. If the Trustees go along with this suggestion, it will be a startling tribute to their rationality and pragmatism. For the first time here, the mechanics of authority will be defined.

It is a sad but all too justified comment on the dealings that the student body has had with the vast, vague, contradictory conglomeration tagged The Administration, that rationality and pragmatism now come up as startling quantities.

To say that change has been dependent on personal politics, power plays and coercion is not to grasp the situation. It stands to reason that these gambits will be used to some degree in the dealings within the tripartite board, too. But at least with a defined method of channeling desire for change, progress will not be dependent on the whims or hangups of one or two priests, and will not have to be the result of naked threats.

The idea that progress can come out of change seems to often be an alien one to people like Vice President for Student Affairs McCarragher, Dean of Students Riehle and others who have been responsible for the conditions under which students exist here.

More often than not, their entire concern seems to be simply to keep the lid on student dissatisfaction by playing one segment of student government off against the other, one publication off against the other, and the like. Effort that should have been channeled towards decentralizing authority in terms of publications, rules in the halls and other areas, and eliminating undesirable authority, such as that which the University claims over those who are under civil arrest for some reason, has been dissipated time and time again through time honored Machiavellian manipulations.

The lid is not going to stay on much longer. The ploys that have been used are being recognized at last as such, and will start backfiring. Rather than dividing the student body, they will serve to unite it towards direct action. They were at best holding actions, and the time has come for change. Holding the hands of student "leaders," listening sympathetically, and then either doing nothing or moving to discredit these leaders will not work.

Thus the rationality and pragmatism of the Board of Trustees if they move to set up this tripartite board. Not only will they at last be moving along with rather than against those aware and articulate students who are trying to make this a more vibrant and meaningful University, they will be avoiding for Notre Dame the fate of places like Columbia. Tom Hayden, a founder of Morningside Height's contingent of the SDS was quoted in *Newsweek* as saying "Columbia puts things at a new stage in this country. Universities will reform or be destroyed." No one with any degree of responsibility wants to see Notre Dame shut down, but one pretty simple rule is that if you keep the lid on a

pressure cooker for too long while keeping up the heat, it explodes.

Which brings up another point. This committee had better be more than a mere safety valve. An appeasement. It can not be another Student-Faculty-Administration board like the one now existing, where a lot of steam is blown off in the form of rhetoric, and nothing gets done. If the faculty and administration posts in the tripartite board are stacked up against the students, it will serve no purpose. All posts on that board must be filled by conscientious, thinking, open individuals. If they are not, matters will be worse than before, because it will only be another promise of effective, progressive change that will be broken.

The idea of this tripartite board is an extremely promising one. If it develops according to plan, much can be expected, and perhaps all facets of the University can begin to be united again in attempts to make this a better place, rather than having everyone work at cross purposes. But let no one think that it is a panacea. For one thing, much is left to be done after students' rights questions are brought under control. This is an institution for higher learning, and academic reform is sorely needed. This place has enormous potential as one of the outstanding Universities in the nation. The commitment towards this end was made by Father Hesburgh in the mid '50's, and it is not going to be reversed now. But Notre Dame does have problems, as does any institution that has developed as rapidly as ours. Sweeping these problems under the rug of a good public relations image will not do. Action must be taken now.

—Joel Garreau

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.

YOU? ASHAMED OF US?

EDITOR:

I am an alumni. I am not an old fogey. I am appalled by what I have seen and heard. I graduated in 1961, have an advanced degree, a wonderful family and a successful career. I am not a perfect Catholic, no one is. I hope I am a good Catholic.

Much of my happy life, both spiritually and materially, I can trace back to my Notre Dame education. I am writing this because I feel that, what I pray is a majority, must have its say.

Several issues of your magazine, which I have just perused, are not representative of Notre Dame. What you may classify as dissent is truly sacrilege. I question what leads you to believe that you represent the majority of alumni and students. The SCHOLASTIC represents Notre Dame, its alumni and students to the country. I, and the 20 alumni who met with a distinguished member of our Trustee Board last evening, are ashamed. We are ashamed of your magazine, ashamed of you and violently opposed to your faculty advisor who is obviously not capable of differentiating between adult protest and childlike tantrums.

Many examples of immaturity could be cited, but two stand out. The cover which obviously ridicules the Last Supper and the campaign proposing beer permission in the halls and parietal hours. The majority of students must realize that they are not emotionally capable of handling these situations, which is obvious from your publication.

Listen to the voice of recent experience. A 20-year-old student is titled but is not necessarily a man. He requires astute advice and direction. The laws and order of society are good advice. For example, should the University violate Indiana State law by permitting beer on campus?

The rules and regulations of a private university are an example. Notre Dame is a private institution and the knowledge of the administration results from many years of dedicated service. They have established the rules for the good of the students who are not emotionally

mature. Your right of dissent is acknowledged, but do not represent your dissent as that of the entire University family. Since, thank God, we are not a state-supported school, we have the right to choose our students. I pray that you will recall and the administration will reaffirm that we also have the right to dismiss those students who are not and will never be true Notre Dame men.

Robert B. Dusterberg
BSME—1961

First of all, let me rather ashamedly point out that you are an alumnus, and not an alumni. Secondly, I pray that you will recall the firm and united opposition of the present student body after the administration's recent attempt to summarily dismiss four "untrue" Notre Dame men. Concerning your various allegations, we have never claimed to represent the entire Notre Dame community nor its successful alumni. Your letter goes on to infer that we do not even represent the student body because we presented a sacrilegious Last Supper cover and an immature proposition for parietal hours. May I inform you that the persons who willingly posed for this allegedly blasphemous cover were chosen only because they were representatives from all areas of student life. May I also inform you that parietal hours is a small segment of an entire self-government platform, a platform that more than sixty percent of the student body strongly endorsed in electing Richard Rossie SBP. I think your letter is ill-considered: do some homework before you lash out again in unfounded attacks.

—Ed.

ABSURDITY OF A GREATER GOOD

EDITOR:

With great astonishment I have read the letter of John C. Zink in the SCHOLASTIC of April 5, 1968. He asks, "whether a Christian can be a pacifist at all." I would like to clarify a little the reasoning of Mr. Zink.

1. "A Christian recognizes the existence of a greater good than the mere continuance of one's biological life." I agree completely; Mr. Zink has got in this sentence the essence of Christianity.

2. "War defends these greater goods. The pacifist subordinates all other considerations to his one principal concern — material existence." Is this true? If one would think that material existence is the only thing which counts, is then not just war the only solution for problems

("struggle for life, survival of the fittest")? Would it then not be absurd to allow yourself to be killed, to accept suffering? Is the respect for human life of the pacifist not a high value? Would Mr. Zink call that "just concern for the mere continuance of biological life"?

Mr. Zink refers to the martyrs as people who would disagree with pacifism. Indeed, the martyrs died for a greater good than material existence, but were the martyrs not, by definition, nonviolent?

I agree with Mr. Zink that the goal of many wars were great values as freedom and justice. But does the goal justify all means? Does war not, in defending justice, kill justice? May I, in defending the freedom of myself or of others, kill people?

I agree with everyone who says that pacifism is absurd, but this is maybe the absurdity of the man who died on the cross, 2,000 years ago. This is maybe the absurdity of "the thousands of martyrs, who were willing to give their lives, because they recognized the presence of a higher life." (I quote here the letter of Mr. Zink.)

Joseph B. M. Wissink

THE ANNUAL TREK

EDITOR:

It is just a small item — involving a mere thousands of dollars annually! But would it not be a wonderful, positive gesture of goodwill on the part of student government and hall leaders to encourage everyone to cooperate a bit more and keep our lawns and grounds neat and clean these days? One of the paradoxes in the clamor for more freedom these days is the annual trek across newly seeded lawns on campus not only by students, but also faculty members, including some blackrobes. As some of us continue to cut paths of "freedom" across the lawns each spring, the maintenance people eventually decide it's time to lay down a few more hundred feet of concrete walks — as the tuition continues to rise up, and up and up! Maintenance costs could well be reduced, and subsequent rise in tuitions likewise, were we to have more cooperation with the efforts of the University to keep Notre Dame neat and clean.

Edmund J. Murray
Dept. of History

THANK YOU

EDITOR:

As for pants and women (May 3, page 10) see Deuteronomy, chapter 22, verse 5.

Ernest W. Thiele

The Scholastic



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The "S" stands for...

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in passing...

THROUGH the steaming controversy over the issue of whether or not the SMC social center should house gleaming coffeepots or non-descript art collections, some fairly well-grounded points emerge.

The space allocations committee is basing its considerations on "general knowledge," not specific student testimony, that nobody ever used the kleig-lit area. They did run afternoon spot checks that somehow managed to overlook that always occupied *sanctum sanctorum*, the TV lounge.

The conclusion that the members drew — that students didn't want a place to relax — went to the heart of the wrong problem. The real defect of the center was its ascetic sterility.

No matter what faults the coffeehouse may be alleged to have, ascetic sterility is not one of them. And the coffeehouse is being used.

When interviewed separately, the members of the space allocation committee show a startling lack of consensus about whether or why anything other than a student center should be stuck under O'Laughlin Auditorium. Furthermore, as one member of the committee candidly put it, "There's no money right now to buy any equipment for the (proposed audio-visual) library anyhow."

If ever inertia was defensible, it is now. The coffeehouse is, if nothing else, right now, there.

A GAPING hole will soon make its presence felt where the old fieldhouse has stood for 70 years. The structure will be razed in June, and all that will replace it is grass seed. But it would be a tragedy to have just another quad take its place.

Instead, a Mall should be constructed, complete with outdoor tables, benches, and even a fountain or two.

The advantages to such a plan are numerous. The central location is one of them. According to Father Jerome Wilson, CSC, Vice-President for University Development, the monstrous Memorial Library is considered to be the eventual center of the campus. A Mall such as this would complement the library as an outdoor place where students could meet, have an overpriced Coke and talk.

Eventually, a plan may be developed to construct a "downtown"

area on the campus, complete with shops. The Mall would be a focal point for this type of proposal. It is something that has been missing for a long time. Now that the space is about to become available, we hope the dream of an outdoor terrace becomes a reality by September.

FIFTY-mile hikes are OUT. Jogging is IN. At least that is the opinion of a number of St. Mary's freshmen, headed by Debbie Lane. They jog from Le Mans to the Hammes Bookstore and back nearly every night. They take six ritual deep breaths before leaving, run, collapse for a rigid ten minutes, and then run back, sprinting the last hundred yards.

A few admit to being embarrassed when the shuttle bus drives by, or when they run into a group of boys along the road. But they are a dedicated group. When not running, these ladies play tennis, swim, ride bicycles, or play basketball behind the bookstore.

Why all this sudden exercise? Their answer is simple: slim down, shape up, and have more fun this coming summer.

A WELL-KNOWN St. Mary's professor has dubbed his class "the Turnips." The Heald-Hobson report, and traditional allegations from Notre Dame, accuse the SMC student body of lacking intellectual curiosity. If intellectual curiosity may be defined as "a creative activity of the intellect, marked by a desire to investigate and learn," it is not a lost commodity. Freedom of expression is.

According to John Cardinal Newman, a college education should be a *creative experience*. The basic task set before the student in a small college like St. Mary's is to create her own life-style. She must discover what is right for *her*, not for the 1100 other students at the school. She differentiates herself from the cookie-cutter stereotype by the courses she chooses, the lectures she attends, by the extracurricular affairs she engages in.

A college education is rendered, for the most part, by interpersonal relationships. Many diverse personalities can be found at our dinner tables, in our smokers, and in our coffeehouse. The old cliché that, because of similar socio-economic backgrounds, all SMC girls eat,

sleep, drink, and *think* alike, simply doesn't hold water.

In order to synthesize opinions, of course, one must have a strong foundation of knowledge. Classrooms are the main arenas where this knowledge is sought, and can only be effective through a dialogue between a student body which questions and develops its capabilities, and a respected faculty which charges the students to not only think for themselves, but to vocalize their beliefs as well.

Interest should be centered in the quality and content of courses, not in their quantity and exposure. To encourage independent study and inquiry, which often has been definitely lacking on the part of the SMC student, the amount of required courses has already been cut down drastically.

But Saint Mary's girls have shown flashes of involvement. Their newly published teacher-course evaluation book shows that they have progressed beyond the complaining-with-no-action stage. This book is the most effective means of airing constructive criticism, but it will accomplish nothing if it is not an honest representation of student opinion.

Attendance this year on both campuses, at lectures, the Notre Dame Sophomore Literary Festival, the Saint Mary's Russian Festival, long hours spent canvassing for presidential candidates, or constructing the new coffeehouse—all these demonstrate the interests of the Saint Mary's student body.

Student government has come a long way since last spring, with its important statement of rights. The Neighborhood Study Help Program, the Children's Mental Hospital Volunteer work, prove that SMC students are involved in altruistic activities. These are promises of things to come.

The real question is whether they will exploit similar opportunities that will arise in the future.

THE fifth-floor attic of Le Mans is now officially open to all residents. The present inhabitants, thirty-odd girls who work on the dining-hall staff, will be scattered next year throughout the other three SMC dorms.

Since the idea of allowing girls to work for Saga Food Service in return for room, board, and tuition was first originated by Sr. Pieta,

the girls have always been relegated to the Annex: a group of rooms not precisely cosy, definitely small, accessible by only one staircase, and filled with a noticeable smell.

According to Karen Grabowski, one of the first students to request a change from the fifth floor, many of the staff girls enjoyed their enforced segregation.

Technically, they are all "in the same boat." They can sympathize with one another, and they're protected from possible snubs from nonstaff students who don't have to work.

Karen commented that "staff girls make up a little college of their own. They claim we have an easier time adjusting without competing with nonstaff students, but it's no easier to adjust when you feel like an outsider."

Living in the dorms, with different roommates and in different cliques, the staff girls' college experience is sure to be broadened. If nothing else, their rooms will be larger and brighter, which can't be all bad.

Certain luckless sophomores, the ones living in the fifth-floor Annex next year, might argue violently about the change. However, even they would agree that no one should be forced to live in the Annex for four full years.

And though initial staff student reaction to the move was negative, it is interesting to note that on the final day of room selection, not one room on the fifth floor had been reserved. In the pinch, no staff students chose voluntarily to remain isolated there.

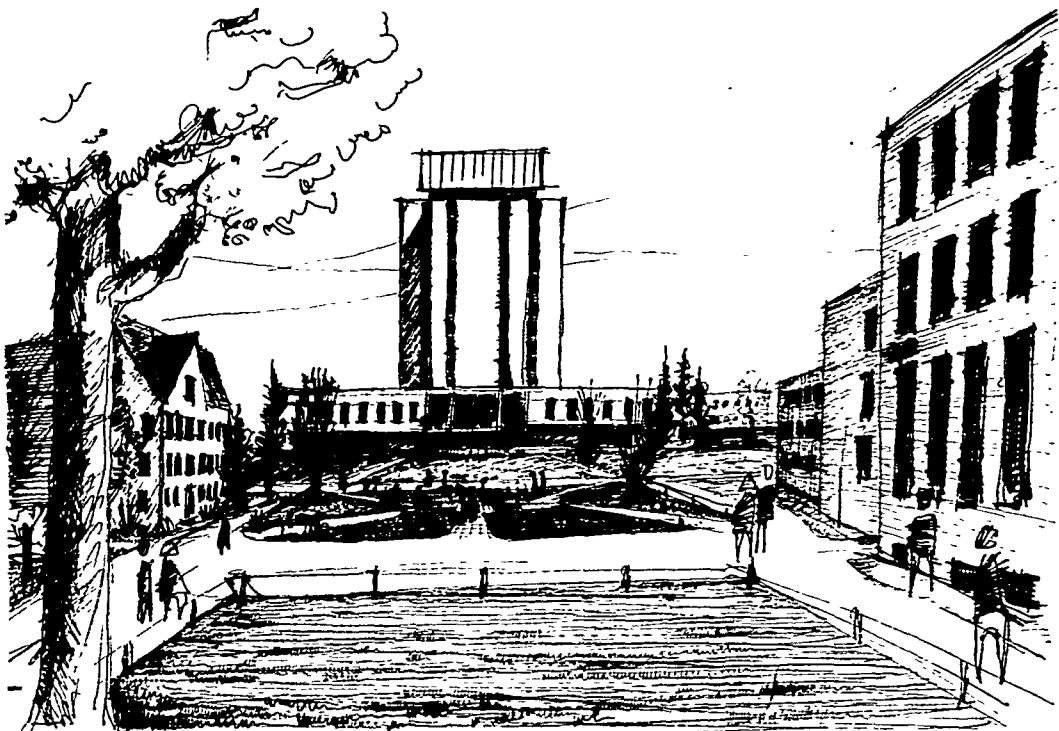
FOR Notre Dame's yachtsmen, life is but an invitation to the North American Intercollegiate Dinghy Championship on June 17-21 at Yale. Last week, the Notre Dame sailing club captured a coveted berth to Yale with a close first-place finish in the Midwest finals at Lake McBride, Iowa City.

Although our crew experienced difficulty with Michigan's fleet, the more distracting entrees were from Indiana University. It seems that they sported an all-girl crew, which tried its best to keep the Irish from their primary purpose.

If the Yalies are smart, they just might enlist a few Vassar co-eds to take up where Indiana left off.



Observed in passing recently were Frosh quarterback Joe Theismann, a portrait of our sailors, a concerned Rich Rossie, a member of the SMC physically fit, and the proposed site for an outdoor mall.



on other campuses . . .

AFTER three days of sit-ins and demonstrations, students at the University of Oregon were granted equal representation late last month on a committee to seek a replacement for the retiring president of the university.

The leaders of the Oregon campaign for a student voice in the selection of a new president in a letter to the Oregon *Daily Emerald* said: "The President sets the tone and mood of the University . . . it is vital that students be involved in the choice of a man who will direct the university community in the future."

In announcing that he had granted the students' demands, the Chancellor of the State Board of Higher Education called the development "part of a desirable and inevitable trend toward community government" in education systems.

The Oregon Presidential Search Committee will consist of three representatives from each of the three groups which make up the university community—students, faculty, and administration. Provisions have been made to maintain the same proportions if the committee is expanded.

The most controversial issue was the question of whether students should have votes in the selection of a president, and in university policy in general.

It was on this issue that Oregon students proved most adamant. Led by a former *Emerald* editor and a student body presidential candidate, they occupied a university administration building. Two days later, the students were offered three seats on the committee, while reserving eight for the faculty. Scott Farleigh, outgoing student government president, accepted this proposal.

The *Daily Emerald*, however, said in an editorial that Farleigh had sold out, and demanded equal representation on the committee. Two days later, the state board made the offer of equal representation, and it was accepted by the leaders of the demonstration.

SPRING Football at Michigan State had some unexpected excitement this year, when some 26 Negro players boycotted drills over seven issues concerning the relationship of Negro students to other students at MSU.

The athletes presented a list of seven grievances to University President John Hannah and Athletic Director Biggie Munn. The seven

grievances were:

—Michigan State does not have and must recruit black coaches for all sports at the University, such as basketball, baseball, track and swimming. We feel that one or two black coaches are insufficient.

—The Athletic Department has a tendency of discouraging black students from participating in certain sports, especially baseball.

—Michigan State does not employ people in Jenison Fieldhouse, the Intramural Building, the ticket office and the Ice Arena in nonprofessional positions. We find this to be deplorable and no longer acceptable.

—Michigan State does not employ black trainers nor a black medical doctor to treat all athletes.

—Burt Smith, the athletic counselor, is under undue pressure attempting to assist all of the athletes in academic and personal problems.

A black athletic counselor should be employed to assist in counseling.

This need is highlighted by the fact that many black athletes fail.

—The academic counseling provided for black athletes is designed to place them in courses that will simply maintain their eligibility and not to enable them to graduate at the end of a four-year period. Athletes are forced to take nonacademic courses (such as physical education) when they need academic courses which will make them eligible for graduation.

—Michigan State has never elected a black cheerleader. We find this questionable in view of the large number of talented black girls on this campus.

The list of grievances was followed by a statement that the "black athletes of Michigan State University would like to go on record as supporting the boycott of the 1968 Olympics by black athletes."

The boycott lasted only two days, ending after a meeting between University officials and spokesmen for the black athletes. Within a week after the boycott had ended, the Black Students Alliance issued a statement in which it said that the University had made the following concessions to the black athletes:

—to make efforts to recruit black baseball players and swimmers;

—to move immediately to obtain black physicians and trainers;

—to move toward hiring another black football coach;

—to move immediately to seek black employees for Jenison Field-

house and the other buildings mentioned in the original grievances;

—to have black cheerleaders by September;

—to discuss the possibility of hiring a black athletic counselor;

—to meet with black athletes and students on June 1 to discuss progress in meeting these commitments.

THERE has been much clamor on the campus, both in the pages of this publication and in the General Assembly, about the feasibility of a co-op bookstore on this campus. Despite the comments of such people as Brother Conan Moran, who told two SCHOLASTIC reporters that "if the students took over, we would be in the red within a month," it is apparent that some schools can make a co-op a reality.

One of these is Colorado University. According to the Chairman of the Bookstore Committee, Frank Wintroub, the incorporation of the co-op bookstore as a separate legal entity is the group's immediate goal.

The immediate problems in the establishment of a co-op at CU are money and University recognition. It is estimated that \$500,000 will be needed, in advance, to open a store of any size. Although the initial amount will eventually be paid off in membership fees, the Committee must obtain loans to get the project off the ground.

"We can go to the University for a loan," a spokesman said, "to the federal government, or to a private banking concern."

"Since the present bookstore manages so well and has such a good credit rating, it shouldn't be too hard for the co-op to get funds."

Problem number two concerns the question of whether the departments of the University will provide the co-op with advance lists of the texts to be used, so that they can be ordered before they are needed.

THE *Griffen*, at Canisius College, Buffalo, New York, ran a survey among its readers recently to determine who the "person, famous or otherwise, you respect most" was. The winner of the poll, with 107 votes was "no one." President Kennedy finished a distant second with 33 votes; 32 students picked their parents, 22 picked themselves, 16 chose Jesus Christ, and Martin Luther King garnered 13 votes. Others receiving votes were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Thoreau,

Dylan Thomas, Pete Seeger, the Beatles, and Tom Rush.

THE University of Colorado *Daily* reports that a student at that school is really trying to get some "student power." Michael Robinson, a senior political science major, announced his candidacy recently for the Colorado Board of Regents.

Robinson advocates a co-op bookstore for students, increased enrollment for members of minority groups and making of some student fees optional. "I think we have to open higher education to all the people," Robinson said. "Education is the state's primary function, and it should come above all else."

Robinson's campaign slogan is, "We are involved," and the basic point of his campaign is that "students should and must have representation in the governing structure of the University, and in state and national affairs."

NOTRE DAME's Mock Convention held as it was in mid-March was pictured, perhaps correctly, as nonsense since the two leading contenders in that Convention were both declared noncandidates (or at least they were at that time). Many people said that it would have been better to have held a Democratic Convention, which probably would have been more interesting. The secret may have been, however, to simply have held it at a later date.

Mock Conventions have been taking place throughout the nation in re-

cent weeks. Among the sites have been Utah, Bowling Green, and the University of Washington. All have been Republican conclaves, although Utah had one of each (the results of the Democratic Convention were reported two weeks ago).

At Utah, New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller was nominated on the second ballot to oppose his fellow New Yorker, Robert Kennedy, who had received the Democratic nod. On the first ballot, Rocky received 393 votes; Senator Charles Percy of Illinois, 214; California Governor Ronald Reagan, 191; and Richard Nixon, 65. The rest of the votes were scattered among the favorite sons, including Idaho Governor Robert Smylie, who keynoted the convention.

On the second ballot, Senator Percy's supporters threw their votes to Rockefeller, while Mr. Nixon's backers shifted their allegiance to Reagan. Rockefeller received 724 second-ballot votes, with Reagan next at 459. Mr. Nixon received only three votes on the second ballot. Mr. Percy was nominated for V-P.

Mr. Nixon may not have been strong in Utah, but he cleaned up in Ohio. He won the Presidential nomination on the third ballot at Bowling Green. New York Mayor John Lindsay was picked as his running mate on the first ballot. The Oklahoma delegation at the convention attempted to get the rules changed to allow the nomination of Eugene McCarthy, but the move was defeated.

The Republicans at the University of Washington worked far into the night to choose their nominee, finally reaching their decision at 3:15 a.m. That decision was the same as Utah's — Rockefeller and Percy.

Under Washington's rules, a candidate needed only 446 votes to be nominated. On the third ballot the New York governor appeared to have enough votes, but Maine and Kansas switched their support to Mayor Lindsay. The third ballot was interrupted for 25 minutes when security officers received a bomb threat. Rocky finished four votes short of the necessary total on that ballot. On the fourth ballot, however, he made it.

The only Democratic convention that has come to light of late was at a high school in Muncie. At their convention, Burris High School students nominated Senator McCarthy. McCarthy received 805 votes on the first ballot (1312 needed to nominate) with Hubert Humphrey second (601), followed by Robert Kennedy (466), Governor Hughes of Iowa (332), George Wallace (186), Texas Governor Connally (104), Governor Godwin of Virginia (54), and President Johnson (2).

On the second ballot, California threw its 174 votes to Kennedy, leaving Humphrey's position impossible. The Vice-President's supporters then threw their support to McCarthy, putting him over the top.

—STEVE NOVAK

Feiffer

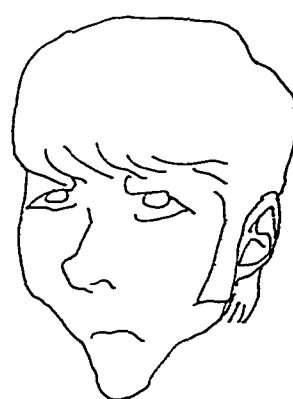
FIRST WE
TAKE OVER
MUSIC—



THEN WE
TAKE OVER
FASHION—



THEN WE
MOVE INTO
POLITICS—



WE GO
INTO NEW
HAMPSHIRE
AND FORCE
KENNEDY
TO BE A
CANDIDATE—



WE GO INTO
WISCONSIN
AND FORCE
JOHNSON
TO RETIRE.



WHO
NEEDS
DRUGS?

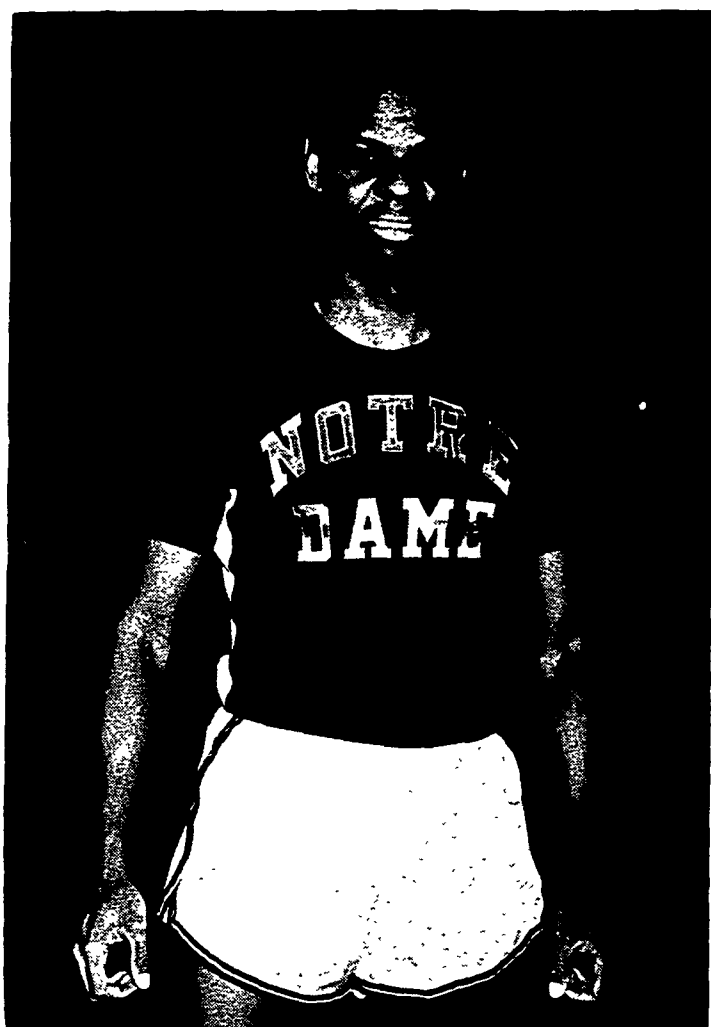


IVE GOT A
REALITY
HIGH.



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Bill Hurd: Athlete of the Year

Bill Hurd has run many a race and the trophies on his desk testify to his success. But somehow, the elation of knowing that the students had elected a trackman for Athlete of the Year surpassed all those past achievements. He leaned back and surveyed the factors that brought him to Notre Dame, his experiences here, and the final test for all trackmen, the Olympics.

"I'M SURPRISED and, of course, very happy at being named 'Athlete of the Year' by the student body. Sometimes it seems that football completely overshadows all other sports at Notre Dame. I think it's encouraging for athletes in some of the other less publicized sports that I won the award for something other than football. I didn't think track had much of a following here, and I'm very glad to see it get this recognition.

"Speaking of sports in general I think athletics play a definite and important role in the campus life of Notre Dame. No one who walks around the campus on

an afternoon can fail to notice the importance of actually taking part in some kind of athletics. In my case, studies have to come first, but I also realize the need for something to complement my studies. Playing in our jazz band can help relieve some of the monotony of studying, but athletics also enables you to get a sense of physical health important for a well-rounded life. My day just seems empty if I don't work out.

"In high school I was lucky enough to get quite a few college scholarship offers, so it wasn't easy to make a decision. Eventually I narrowed the field down to about four schools. I eliminated West Point because I really didn't want to go to an academy, and Southern Cal was too far away from my home in Memphis. MIT offered me a full academic scholarship, but it didn't offer the balance between academics and athletics that you find at Notre Dame. I didn't want to be cracking the books all my life.

"In coming to Notre Dame where less than one percent of the students are Negro, there were difficulties for me at first. In a situation like that, you just try to adjust, get along with people, and overcome social obstacles. The other Negroes on campus and I share the same cultural heritage, so we get along great and just enjoy being in each other's company. There are always difficulties in changing environment, but I've adjusted well to Notre Dame.

"The high point of my track career has to be running the 300-yard dash in 29.8, an American record. Before the race I didn't really feel that I could go that fast. But, in talking before the race with the other guys who were running, everybody felt that it was going to be a fast race since the competition was tough and the track fast. One of the coaches even measured the track to make sure it was 300 yards exactly, because recently a pending mark of 29.9 was disqualified when it was discovered after the race that the track was a few inches too short. So I guess somebody suspected that there might be a record coming out of that field.

"Looking to the future, the NCAA track and field meet will be run in Berkeley on June 15, and the AAU meet will follow a few weeks later. The first six finishers in each event will be eligible for the Olympic trials. Despite the NCAA-AAU feud in recent years, I will be able to run in both meets. I'll give it a try in both the 100- and 220-yard dashes. I think I'll be strongest in the 220, which is the closest thing outdoors to the 300-yard dash indoors. I should have my best shot at making the team there.

"I'm glad that the Negro boycott was successful in finally prohibiting South Africa from competing in the Olympics. I don't really know how successful Harry Edwards will be in organizing a boycott by Negro track stars since track is such an individual sport. If somebody already holds a world record in his event, his absence will be very noticeable. But you have to look at it from a personal viewpoint. A trackman like me has directed all his life's training toward competition in the Olympics. A basketball player like Lew Alcindor has other goals to shoot for, like the recognition of an NCAA championship and a pro career. But for me, as a trackman, going to the Olympic games is the greatest goal I can achieve. There's no such thing as a professional trackman, and I plan to go to grad school when I graduate anyway. Coach Wilson doesn't really want me to play football next fall and risk an injury, so I doubt that I will play. A few pro football teams have contacted me about trying out after graduation, but I'd only try pro football as a last resort."

— Interview by Raymond Serafin



Sheets of Glass

Glass, to keep out the world yet show it
 framed like a master's brushwork
 and sometimes tinted as if a study
 in green
 or blue
 or just plain grey.

I walk the streets and ride the streets
 but I sing the roads,
 A song of broken glass in alleys
 of broken people.
 I long to hide my reflection;
 there is no chance when sheets of glass
 glare time's great miseries to my face and limbs,
 or tint my own colors that a world within that glass
 might see me better
 or whiter
 or blacker
 or just plain grey.

Let me see my brothers' blackness,
 do not polarize their shiny skins,
 for I am not kept from them
 in all my brilliant whiteness.

And we look in and you look out,
 masters of a world of glass.
 You are strangling the world and choking her people,
 masters of glass, men of glass.
 You have built towers and palaces of glass
 to mirror and scorn us,
 but you are not safe.
 We deserve no scorn, for we are happy
 in the alleys
 in the streets
 on the open roads.

You are not safe, you are not happy
 in your scorn
 in your glass palace
 in your full glasses.

Sing with us tonight!
 No more scorn—from you, from us.
 Let you and me be us.
 And we will shatter sheets of glass
 to harmless silver slivers
 reflecting the proud light
 of an untinted sun of freedom.

—Ragsdale

At this moment, the NAACP has only two pins on their national board—Washington and South Bend. If the nonviolent direct action program this week is strong enough to bring about school system reforms, a precedent will be established in civil rights action.

We call upon the Notre Dame students and faculty to join the black community in South Bend in an attempt to correct injustices and possibly lessen the impending violence of the summer.

Never Say Uncle

by William Rose

THE NAACP Youth Council means it. For two weeks the council has been staging sit-ins at the School Administration Building in South Bend. Mass arrests have been made; headlines, too.

The Youth Council is aware that the South Bend school board is not about to change its attitudes, and that the situation will not be corrected without help from the state or federal government. But they realized that this kind of action is a bit too big, even for their dedicated, hard-core workers. They called in to the National Office of the NAACP for help.

It came last Saturday night, and it was very visible in the haranguing of Mr. Ken Brown. In a letter from Father James Groppi, Mr. Brown announced that the NAACP has made South Bend its target area. "There are two pins on that map in the office: Washington, D.C., and South Bend, Indianamississippi." No specific plans had been made; the program was to work itself out. But there is to be continuous, direct, nonviolent action until the federal courts remove the cops from the schools. "The first day, we're gonna pray, every day after that we're gonna act. We're gonna have this place cleaned up before school is out, and if we don't, we're gonna keep going through the summer."

There are cops in the South Bend high schools and grade schools. They were ordered there by Dr. Chuck Holt, the Superintendent of Schools in South Bend, and the school board. Since they have been around, a number of beatings by these officers and other incidents have been reported.

Last February, two Teachers Corps members were fired, specifically for taking part in civil rights activities. The other Teachers Corps members in South Bend quit in protest.

In the last year or so there have been 22 reported shootings by the "night riders." All of the homes have been Negro homes, except for the one owned by Mr. and

Mrs. Neagu.

The Youth Council approached Dr. Holt to discuss the changes in the schools and he refused to talk with them.

Two weeks ago the Council and a number of friends sat in at the School Administration Building until they could talk with Dr. Holt. Again he refused and the demonstrators were arrested for trespassing. The Youth Council had proposed a list of ten demands, and it is toward achieving these ten demands that they are still moving. They demanded that all police be removed from the schools; that the teachers and Teachers Corps members fired for civil rights activity be reinstated; that teaching, administration and counseling staffs be integrated (present white/black ratio is 2000/97); that teachers reflecting racism be dismissed; that school texts adequately reflect the history of Negro-Americans, and that all charges against NAACP members and supporters arrested in the sit-in be dropped.

The Youth Council realized that the city government is a bit too immobile to grant all of their demands, but they felt that it was time for the government to "call in the federal government and some other outside agitation."

Mr. Ken Brown, in his speech at Layman's Chapel Saturday night, noted that there has been a lot of criticism from the Black Community because the pace had been too fast. But he was planning to step up the pace. "South Bend will become a target for nation-wide attention." The outside agitation (and he named them) have moved in "bag and baggage." The NAACP has directed all the national news media to set up shop in South Bend. Federal marshals may be called in by the NAACP to protect the demonstrators. "We're gonna have ourselves a good, nonviolent crisis.

"I ask you to go up to your closet or your dinner table and—*hash it out—figure out which side you're on.*" ■



Mr. Ken Brown, youth director of the Middle Atlantic States Office of the NAACP, who has come to South Bend in response to the problems that the South Bend NAACP Youth Council has been having with the School Board, was interviewed by the SCHOLASTIC last Saturday night.

Scholastic: Mr. Brown, could you tell us why South Bend has become the focus for civil rights activity?

Mr. Brown: We have been asked to come, first of all by the South Bend NAACP Youth Council. The sole purpose of the National Association is to help individual councils in individual problems. Besides that, South Bend has been behind, has been half-stepping in its responsibilities. Members of the Youth Council have felt that this is a crisis. We're here, and we're here to stay, until this is cleared up.

Scholastic: What members of the National Office will be coming?

Mr. Brown: Father Groppi has definitely committed himself. However, the Poor Peoples March has been taking most of his time. In addition, Mark Roseman, the Director of the Youth and College Division of the NAACP, the man who has probably been arrested more times for civil rights activity since 1950 than anyone else, will be moving in, as will Sid Findlay, the head of the Indiana NAACP. And there will be a team of NAACP lawyers to provide a brief when the school board or the city is taken to federal court for racial discrimination.

Scholastic: What specifically has been planned, if anything?

Mr. Brown: We are planning to start a program of continuous, direct action, non-violent demonstrations, to gain public support and sympathy and to cause the intervention of the federal and state governments. It has been planned to last indefinitely until goals have been reached, until there is a noticeable change in the school situation here.

Scholastic: Why is it that these protests have been organized along non-violent guidelines, even though this may involve direct illegal action, and mass arrests?

Mr. Brown: The NAACP has always advocated non-violence. Not always for the theological reasons of Dr.

King, but for tactical reasons as well. This country was conceived in violence and is kept going through violence. It has never tried non-violence as a tactic. The white power structure has no defense against direct non-violence.

Scholastic: What kind of action, then, can we expect this summer?

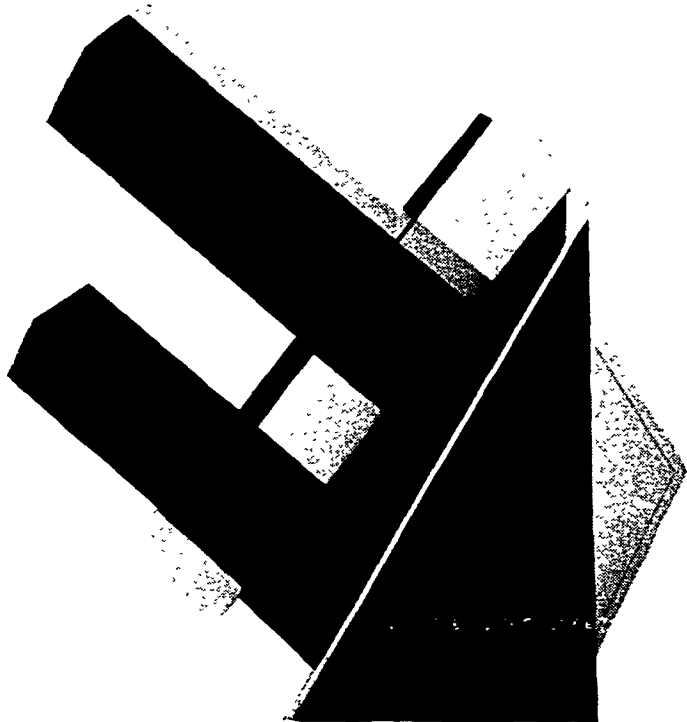
Mr. Brown: Well, the first ten days in April served as a kind of prelude to the overture for this summer. All I can say is that we have to expect the inevitable. Violence won't be over till all of America makes up its mind that they want it to be over—not only the ones who participate in the riots, but also those who wield the power.

Scholastic: There are differing attitudes as to whether or not whites, particularly white students, can have a real part in the black movement? What do you think about this?

Mr. Brown: Fr. Groppi has brought a new definition to black power, where whites can get involved. But you cannot be a social worker without realizing what the blacks are realizing. You can't come into the ghetto wearing a lily-white suit. Whites must begin to think like blacks do.

Scholastic: Well, what could Notre Dame students do as part of this community and as part of this problem?

Mr. Brown: In general, there's a revolution taking place on college campuses now. The students want to get involved. I feel that the colleges must return to the streets of the community. The only thing I know about the Columbia protesters is what I've read from the news, and I can't go on that. But I am with them. The colleges cannot remain as islands. As college students, you'd better get your own houses straight. You might work at getting scholarships for Negro students. You'd avoid the charges of reverse segregation, legally, by offering these scholarships to students from underprivileged areas. Now is the time to assert yourselves for these causes, now, when it isn't glorious. Here in South Bend the NAACP would appreciate physical support in our demonstrations, advice from an academic group and counsel. We might also need some university facilities. And we surely need moral support. I say get to work. You'll know what to do when you're already doing something.



Student Art Show:

A sense of change

by Richard-Raymond Alaska

"... we retain the essential of the doctrine of progress: we have no faith in the present."

—T. S. Eliot

WHATEVER else is hoped for in annual student exhibits, the transient hallmark of the new is the obvious calibration of success by both exhibitor and audience. The newly opened exhibition of student works in the Notre Dame Art Gallery shows no such confidence. The large dosage seems to be a substitute for scandal, performances are safe and secure with remarkable innocence. But, within this protection, one is aware of the employment of healthy implications. There is a discomfort and awkwardness in the exhibit, which mocks the artificial situation within which they are seen. Competence in the work is unquestionable, and it cries out not to be cribbed, cabined, caged, and confined. The Gallery wall is viciously rejected, the sense of the decorative scoffed — this is revolution. A revolution for which inner man has been kept waiting too long. The separate nature of the "house of the Muses" is — thanks be for decadence — sacrilegious in its very sanctuary.

Two works (a cycle of seasons and a polypaneled discussion of the great antiphons) herald the return of art to its sensual responsibility in worship — both will soon be installed in the churches for which they were made. A series of shaped canvases challenges the worn-out rules of picture making — and the works of picture makers refuse to be counted as just "five and dime" decorations. They are filled with personal intensities — perhaps even love. The proper use of the gallery should be much the same as a library — a facility for research, a storehouse of visual ideas, a place of the spirit — but it is not a replacement of life.

What the exhibit does is to reflect a Christian idea that the future holds no more value than does the present. This witness and belief should demonstrate to the faculty *with* whom the students search, a buoyant taste of satisfaction, a reward for their efforts. The exaltation of living is a point made with particular brilliance by this group of committed students. The singular quality of their efforts is their worthy reward.

—Richard-Raymond Alaska



our daily bread-shortage

by G. R. Bullock

“WHY IS IT so difficult to develop a meaningful kind of worship, a celebration of Mass that is relevant, at this Catholic university?” That question has haunted the small group of priests on campus who have been working to find an answer. And they have found the answer but not the solution.

The reason that much of Catholic worship seems irrelevant is that the liturgy in its present form is neither honest nor adequate for contemporary man. As one writer recently pointed out in the March issue of *Ave Maria* magazine, the translated old Roman prayers and orations from a simpler society do not at all reflect the doubts and struggles for faith that we feel today.

... are the psalms, written by warlike nomads and wanted today in snatches by congregations, nearly as appropriate for us as we have been led to believe. We are held too rigidly to formulas which encapsulate the feeling of the past and ignore the insights of the present.

Our own age has developed much spontaneity and even more dialogue, two values still not accepted in most liturgical gatherings of our day. That the pentecostal movements have had to grow up outside the official liturgy as needed supplements to it is a sad proof that the current structure of our worship does not provide enough leeway to channel and teach spontaneous prayer. And the frustrated reactions which one hears after many sermons only demonstrate that our television-trained congregations, forced into the role of uninvolved spectators, have developed a remarkable ability to turn off any and every predictable monologue. Any observant priest can note the same reaction when he begins to recite the two lists of forty-one saints in the Canon of the Mass: perhaps they once meant something to their Roman neighbors, but they clearly mean little more than a distraction to most men of today.

Because so many people are coming to similar conclusions, the time has come for a new generation of speakers, writers and homespun lobbyists who will begin to press home some of their insights. They must make themselves heard in parish council halls and rectories, in episcopal meeting chambers and chanceries, and in Vatican offices and apartments. One segment of the older generation is too tired to go through all of this again: they fought twenty-five years to win recognition of their right to pray in English.

If more improvements are to be made, the younger generation must get busy bending the ear of every pastor and bishop in sight, and a few of them out of sight. It does absolutely no good to bitch about the state of anything in the Church unless you bitch to the right people, the people with influence.

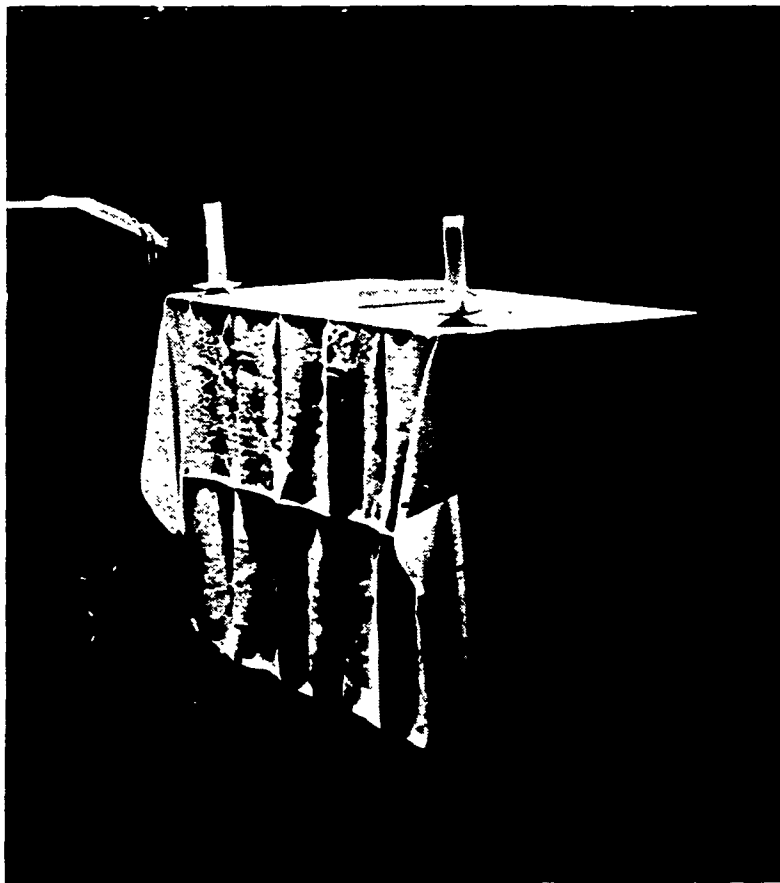
The only real danger for the future of the Church is that many young people may not care enough to bitch. But a good number of people from Notre Dame should care. And they are enough to begin a darned good ferment.

The people who should care are the people who have given themselves and their time and their interest to help create those lively worshiping communities that have grown up in some of the halls and churches on campus. They have heard a lot of good spontaneous prayer, they have given witness to their faith in the dialogue sermons, and standing around the altar they

have had a taste of the unity and solidarity that real worship can create.

This whole experience is too real to be forgotten at graduation, too valuable to be left at Notre Dame. It ought to be communicated wherever these people go. It can never be exactly reproduced elsewhere, and in fact shouldn't be, but something like it, something new, something needed can be brought into being.

First of all, the pastors and bishops who are so out of touch with the real anguish of their people and the real struggle for faith, these men, who think that the comfortable old prayers are still suitable, must be disenchanted. They need to learn; they need to be taught to wrestle with the anguish themselves. And only those



young enough in heart to feel the struggle, and honest enough in speech to express it, can do the talking and writing to make them learn.

Then, when sermons at Mass seem inane or irrelevant or simplistic, the preachers need to be told, if possible with kindness and in private. But the telling is the important thing because complacency is an occupational hazard for clergy. Merely walking out, on the other hand, is only likely to give one a start on an ulcer.

The one and only way to reassure a pastor or bishop is to take the final plunge of volunteering to do part of the work yourself. A relevant liturgy really does take nitty-gritty team work, but as a lector or commentator or usher or musician, one can become part of the circle of influence. Then with friendly discussions and intelligent questions, the dripping water can begin to wear away the stone. Bishops, too, who ordinarily know so little of their people but like to think of themselves as interested, are susceptible to letters and visits. Some of them, amidst all of their bookkeeping, will keep in mind Jesus' example of a true father, who, when his son asks for a loaf, does not give him a stone. ■



dulcinea

by Barry Breen

There is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues.
—CTESIAS

I'M NOT going to say how I met him, or where he came from or how old he was. It's not really important, and I'm not sure that I could remember anyway. So let's just say that he was — and let it go at that.

Right now, I can feel his eyes laughing over my left shoulder — feel his warm breath as it rushes from his pudgy mouth as he reads my words slowly, forming each word with his lips. And now I can see him step back, explode with laughter and blurt, "Come on, give me a break, will ya?" Or, "You're not writing about ME!" And if I look closely, I can observe faint traces of red, streaking his flushed face — a face swelled with modest pride. Or I can remember . . .

Sully — boy wonder and class clown. Oh, he didn't mean to be, but everything he said just seemed to come out funny. When riled, Sully would purse his lips, pout, and then would suddenly threaten to "Throw a rock through your house"; or to, "Get in the bath and take a tub." And while everyone rocked with hilarity at Sully's latest idiocy, he would, at first, purse his lips until gradually a genuine smile would part them. That was the way he was.

We all called him "B.S. Sullivan," because he was one of those guys (you know the type) who "didn't open a book" and then would magically get a perfect score on a physics test. Or who said he couldn't go out drinking because he "had a date," when everyone knew that he couldn't go because his mother wouldn't let him.

But behind his verbal façade lurked something extraordinary. He was *genuinely happy*. It wasn't that he was learned, well versed, well read, well bred or well poised. Sully certainly couldn't boast of any of these dubious virtues. No, he was . . . well, simply typical. He was just as confused, screwed up, hard up, athletic, shy, rebellious and drunk as 99 out of 100 other kids his age. At a dance, he would stand to his full height of six feet, hands placed carefully on the lapels of his jacket, or thrust deep into his pockets and stare (but not so she would notice) at some girl wearing a tight dress — hidden behind the billow of smoke which he had created (he didn't know how to inhale), trying desperate-

ly to impress the hell out of anyone who would happen to look his way. And after the dance, he would go out for "a couple of beers," and then would complacently trot home — right on time.

He never bothered anyone. In fact, he had that special quality of going completely unnoticed; unless you happened to step on him, and then he would pout his lips and almost squeak until that smile gradually came. But that was the way he was.

* * *

Beer fumes filled the cluttered alley — cluttered with garbage cans, cardboard boxes, rain-rotted wooden planks, newspapers, beer cans and two boys. I had come to say good-bye to Sully, because I was going back to college the next day. It was strange, but I felt that I had to talk to him before I left. And there he was, sitting beside me now, smiling, aimlessly talking about nothing — asserting nothing — denying nothing. Suddenly I felt I could contain myself no longer.

"God, you look like a cow!"

"What?" he answered quite logically.

"Forget it. Hey, was there anyone in high school that you really couldn't stand? You know, someone who rubbed you the wrong way?"

"No, I don't think so. Geez, what the heck happened to your Yankees this year? Mantle's out for a while, and all of a sudden the whole team falls apart."

That was his way. He always seemed to seek refuge in sports. Frustrated, I started to ask if he had ever heard of Camus, or if he didn't find that . . . but realizing that his only response would be a sympathetic, "Yeah, me too," I broke off.

We both sat for an interminable time in absolute and embarrassed silence. And then I was on my feet yelling, "You know why you look like a cow? 'Cause you are a cow — out to pasture, contented, chewing cud — the whole works. Don't you see that the whole world's caving in right on top of you and it's up to you to hold it up? Do you care that you're headed for an H. M. Pullam Esq. ending? Don't you want to be able to write something more on your tombstone than

I was born;
I lived, and
finally, died.

Doesn't it burn you to know that when you die, about 99.99% of the world will never know that you're gone? Doesn't that mean anything to you, cow?"

I must have shaken him up somewhat, because he didn't answer me for a while. Finally he stood up, smiled, and said, "No, I don't really think so; but to tell you the truth, I never thought about it before." Then he finished his beer, threw down the can, and we left the cluttered alley, amiably chatting about sports.

A malignant growth has managed to work itself into the Notre Dame community. It takes its roots in the soil of expanded consciousness and social awareness. Now (and this is a little-known fact), the weed has become carnivorous. Its tendrils coil around its victims; the crew-cut Christian activist, the uniformed cadet, the decorated hippie, the angry young radical, the SMC coed, the opportunistic black man, the thinking man, the viceroy dolt — the list stands in endless tribute to the universality of the consumptive abilities of criticism. Not all weeds are of the same stature, of course. There are some that tower over the others, and their ominous size, monumental awareness and golden throats serve as outstanding examples to all aspirants or lesser weeds. Their diet is more selective — more succulent, for they gorge themselves upon the blood of artists of all types. Disguised as a mere playgoer, a radical at Chuck Perrin's Coffee House, or simply as a concerned friend, criticism searches out the innocent soul of the potential struggling creator, and devours it. Its judgments are astute — often undeniable. Most astounding are the ease and speed in which the devouring, digesting and defecating takes place. The most intelligent of the critics will try to tell you that their diet lacks substance — that there is, in effect, actually *nothing*. This realization, they will say, only leaves them bored, and instead of the satisfaction that defecation

brings, they can only fart. But taking note of their awesome size and lustiness, I must say that I don't for a moment believe them.

Turning away for a moment from the devourer to his victim, we find a type of Sullivan figure, gray streaked into his longish hair, ludicrously made up to resemble a man of 60, waiting to walk onto the stage and recite his lines because he is an artist with the ability to entertain, to act, to impress. As he confidently struts past the proscenium arch, heading for center stage, he spies in almost every row of the audience the carnivorous weed that bears the most powerful weapon imaginable — a mirror of sorts, in which no dream is possible. Paranoia smears itself through every absurd line in his cracking mascara, and the destruction is begun and completed instantaneously. A chance remark from the critic such as, "Well, there really wasn't enough time for rehearsals," or "Perhaps you might try singing down at the Coffee House or something," serves only as a confirmation of the reality that has been forced upon him. Confronted with the non-idealized version of his ability, our sensitive, potential actor must now retreat into the lonely comfort of his own room, where all audiences are receptive, lock his door, pick up a script and wander in splendor through the fathomless chasms of his imagination, undisturbed by the hell created for him, leaving behind the smiling mirror bearer.

But the triumph of the critic is only momentary, for his hunger is ravenous and insatiable. Having dissipated the talent on the stage, he is left alone. Now his vision becomes introspective, and his awareness leads him to realize that he is only a secondary man, feeding on the creations of others. Through that same trained and observant eye, that devours so efficiently, he objectively appraises his own talents, personality and being. The result of this examination leads to as complete a paralysis as that of now paranoid victim.

And the actor? One can only suppose that he finally emerged from his room, careful to leave his script behind, to assume a seat somewhere in a theater, armed only with a mirror. ■

JOEL GARREAU:

Shed a Tear

THE *Innovator* has been a funny — in the sense of strange — publication. But then again, it reflects to a large degree the school that spawned it — Saint Mary's. And SMC is that kind of school.

The newspaper has for the past two months existed pretty much on the power of prayer. Now its "editors" — a small group of often misguided amateurs whose major asset was school pride — are about to opt for merger (surrender) with (to) the professionalism of the *Observer*. This, in the face of a proposed "advisory" (read censorship) board which was planned for the *Innovator* if it were to remain in existence. All that remains now, however, is for the financiers of the *Innovator*, the SMC English Department, to recognize the obvious, and underwrite good Saint Mary's news coverage by transferring the *Innovator's* \$2800 in student fees to the *Observer's* coffers.

That being as it may, one must shed a tear at the thought of any college being left with no more independent editorial outlet than a literary magazine.

Surrounded by what by anyone's standards was high-powered student media, all of which came from ND and all of which went in quantity to SMC: the *Observer*, the *SCHOLASTIC*, *WSND*, and the like, the *Innovator* had managed, after all, to find something of an identity for itself. The newspaper couldn't hope to compete with the speed of *WSND*, the comprehensiveness of the *Observer*, or the 25,000 words a week of the *SCHOLASTIC*. So, for all practical purposes, it became a printed Hyde Park type affair, where anyone with a minimal amount of power to articulate could editorialize on just about anything about which they felt strongly. Around this mostly sad attempt at *Dialogue*-dom, was sprinkled some (pretty dead by the time they came out with it) SMC news like Fr. McGrath becoming permanent president, and the new classroom building being opened.

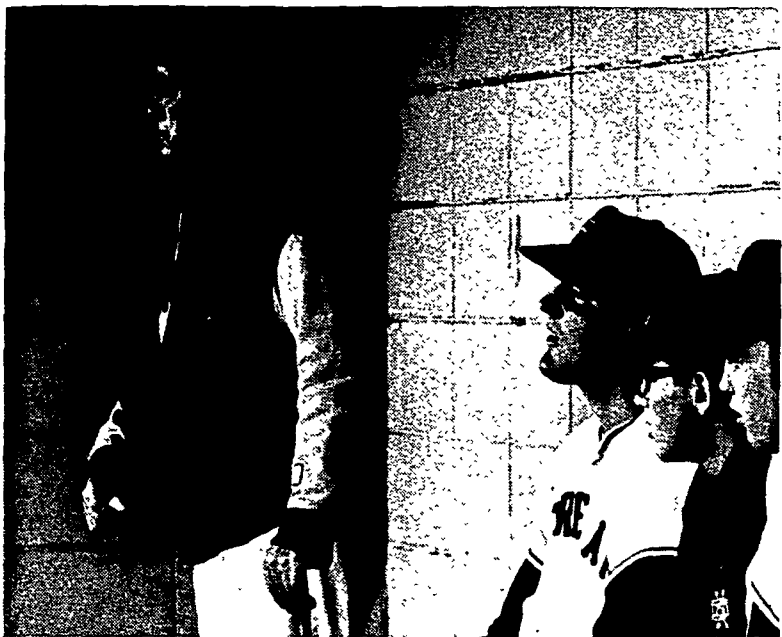
They were forced into this situation not only because of the professional coverage of its brother publications, but because a lot of the good writers at SMC gravitated across the road. The *SCHOLASTIC*, with 14 girls on its staff (more than the *Innovator* had in

March) is a prime example of this phenomenon.

Mrs. Mary Jane Matz, the faculty advisor for the *Innovator*, had a pet theory about all this. As she told Pat Collins, the former editor of the *Observer*, a number of months ago, "You and your staff will always be able to attract girls to your paper for the simple reason that you all have penises." This remark may have had merit as one of the few total put downs ever suffered by Collins, but it was a pretty simplistic view of the situation. The possibility of their writing having greater circulation and greater weight because of its appearance in a Notre Dame publication, along with the possibility of learning something from some of the talented people writing at Notre Dame had much more to do with it.

Of course, editing a publication takes a dedication to journalism and an intellectual toughness that is a very uncommon commodity among women. As a matter of fact, it takes an uncommonness that one is not likely to find in a student body as homogeneous as Saint Mary's. This was what ultimately led to the inconsistency, general poor quality and eventual demise of the *Innovator*.

The one hope that comes out of all this is that it might lead to some really interesting underground publication. This is not without precedent. The famed, anonymous Thursday Throwback arose during the black days of the early 60's when Notre Dame's student press was completely under the thumb of the Administration. It was followed last year by the Monday Mop-Up, which arose at Saint Mary's in the midst of stifling student apathy, and a *Cruix* that exhibited something less than dynamism. If, as Rap Brown would have it, violence is as American as apple pie, pamphleteering has always been one of its favorite tools. And if Mr. Rudd, the SDS's spokesman at Columbia, is a good prophet when he claims that the universities are either going to be reformed or be destroyed, the chances are that as Saint Mary's evolves, some group (clique?) of the college's intellectual improbables will retreat to some unwatched mimeograph machine, and Saint Mary's may have a healthy, vital student publication. ■



Another Triumph in Obscurity

by Mark Seeberg

Chicago Tribune sports columnist, David Condon (*"In the Wake of the News"*) is aghast at the shortage of "characters" left on the athletic scene. "It's a shame. Those are the columns I like best, the ones about the characters." Characters have had a long history in sports at Notre Dame. One name that immediately comes to mind is Jake Kline, whose baseball savvy is as old as the dust on Cartier Field.

THE WATER feels cool and sweet as it gushes from the dugout drinking fountain and runs over your parched lips. It's typical spring baseball weather—nice an' warm in the sun, a little chilly in the shade, and dusty as hell *everywhere*. Sitting in the press box, the whirlwinds of dust from Cartier Field are hard enough to stand without contending with the dirt churned up by the rumbling trucks at work on the new Convocation Center. It sticks to your throat, clogs up your nose, and irritates your eyes until they begin to tear. And if, managing to suffer through these minor catastrophes, you can endure the excruciatingly long periods of time between pitches, you might be able to say afterwards that you've seen ten minutes of action. Yet 25 million Americans will go out to their local ball parks and watch this crazy game that Abner Doubleday called baseball; and the funny part of it all, you'll probably be one of them.

Let's go over to Cartier and follow Notre Dame's Jake Kline as he slowly walks to the dugout to take his place on the end of the bench, where he has sat for the last 35 years. Two and a half hours and 83 batters later, he emerges again with victory number nine of the season and the 442nd of his career.

Kline has been in baseball a long time. It's been eight decades since the legendary Cap Anson introduced baseball to Notre Dame, and Kline has represented the Irish for 40 of those years.

"I guess I've been in sports about as long as I can remember," said Kline, "but I never really thought about the coaching end of it, until after the war. Jess Harper called me back to Notre Dame to coach freshman football, and that's what started it. I've been coaching ever since."

In a sports world where would-be coaches are a

dime a dozen, Jake Kline belongs to a unique caste. *Sports Illustrated* might call him a man "triumphant in obscurity." He is a member of the old breed, much like Philipp Woolpert, who coached the University of San Francisco to two successive NCAA basketball championships in the mid-fifties.

"This may be heresy," said Woolpert in *Sports Illustrated*, "but I think there is something wrong with these games we play when winning becomes a motivating factor of behavior beyond the game itself. Winning has gotten to be an ingredient that we can't do without in this country. We have come to believe the only real measure of accomplishment comes in victory. It's the product of a bad system of values. Hell, it creates psychological problems where there shouldn't be any. I have no solution, but there must be a more rational approach than this overweening insistence on winning."

The words seem to come from Kline himself. "Coach Kline enjoys the game immensely," reports assistant baseball coach, Tom Kelly. "I'm sure that he's had many opportunities to move to better positions, but he doesn't—he's too interested in kids as kids, not just as ball-players. Coach puts them above the game. Just this spring, he took Tim Monti and Bob Kuechenberg aside and told them he didn't think they should play baseball this year. It wasn't that they weren't good enough, or that there was dissent or anything; he just didn't want them to screw up their futures in football."

While most coaches are out searching the streets of New York or someplace for potential talent, Kline remains at home. "He's too flexible and experienced to map out some sort of system and then to pick players to fit it," continues Kelly. "Look at this year's freshman squad—there's only one scholarship winner on it. Coach takes the talent he's got, sizes it up, and uses it in the best possible way. When you come right down to it, his philosophy is pretty simple: he demands desire and love of the game."

In Kelly's book, Jake Kline is an "amazing" man. "You sit in the dugout with him and you just have to respect him. No matter how tense the situation is, he always manages to say something funny. I guess that's the only way you can keep your sanity in this game."

Phil Woolpert had better slide over—he's got company on his bench of values.

The Wondrous Process

by Dennis Gallagher

Now that I'm a polished young Catholic gentleman, I can only look back with awe upon the vast transformation that the wondrous process of Catholic education has worked upon me. It seems that only yesterday I came here, a shiny-faced young lad with stars in his eyes and an old canvas suitcase in his hand, with no greater desire than to serve God and my country faithfully. Now, with the grace of God, I can look forward hopefully to the time when, now that I have received a solid background in the humanities, I shall be able to help wipe the scourge of Communism from Asia by serving as a private in the toughest, most highly motivated fighting body on the face of the earth.

It hasn't been an easy time, these four years. They've been years of heartache and travail. Sometimes I've been shocked at the infidelity of some of my classmates to the high ideals that Catholic education stands for. One of my roommates during freshman year spent no more than thirty hours a week studying, although I am sure that Dean Burke said we were to study forty. And though it was sometimes difficult (especially during the football season when there were four or five pep rallies a week) I never failed him. I found that by merely bringing a book to meals I was able to add six hours a week to my study time.

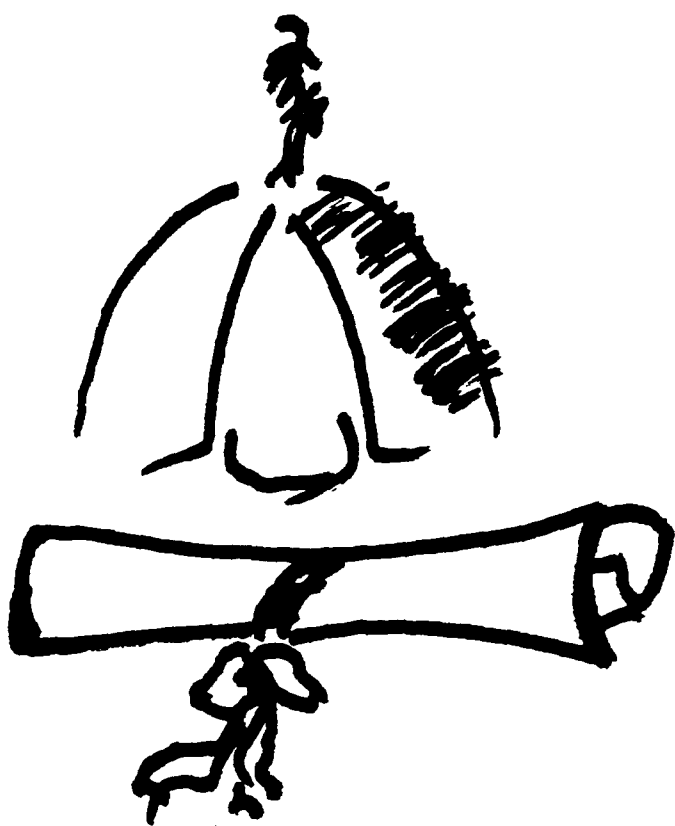
Of course, I realize that college life should not be all work and I am proud to say that I was the organizer of the Breen-Phillips 43-man squamish team, for which I played deep brooder for three years. And I am sure that if we had been able to find another team to play us, we would have acquitted ourselves so as to reflect credit upon not only ourselves but our school as well.

I feel that academic life is the soul of the University, except perhaps during the football season. I think my own academic career is indicative of the truly outstanding education that the University can provide. Although I was at first disappointed that gnotobiology was not available as an undergraduate major, I soon slipped comfortably into English, which has always been my favorite language. I've especially enjoyed the novels of Irving Wallace and the poetry of that great Hoosier, James Whitcomb Riley. I offered to teach a course in the Free University on the love poetry of Edgar Guest, but I was unaccountably turned down, presumably because of the leftist ideology of the students who run it. I did, however, do a paper entitled *The Mighty Quinn as a Salvific Figure* which was so well received by my parents and friends that I have sought to have it published. It will appear in the forthcoming summer issue of the *Spoon River Anthology*.

But while I am pleased with the education I have received here, I can't help but feel that a virtue has gone out of the place in these last four years. So many nights I am all alone in my visits to the Grotto. Some of my friends even make fun of the beloved rectors and administrators who have sacrificed so much and taught us so well. I even saw an undergraduate remain seated when the team came back onto the field after halftime.

Worst of all is this student unrest. Students should remember that they are here to learn and not to make trouble. I, for one, was just sick when the so-called student leaders made such a fuss simply because four students were expelled. After all, this is a private university and the Administration can do whatever it wants. It's just another kind of creeping socialism that these students should want to make their own decisions.

The beginnings of this whole thing were small



enough. If the football team had really gotten together my sophomore year, they could have wiped out the whole hippie-communist fringe in a couple of days. But now it's spreading like a cancer. I even see nice, clean-cut ROTC boys reading that miserable leftist student newspaper. If something isn't done soon, the students may take this place over.

I think it's time to return to those two great principles which are at once both the guides and the goals of Catholic education — maturity and responsibility. By maturity, I mean that we must learn to accept our status. We've got to learn to act like grown-ups. We've got to learn that there are times when it is inappropriate to express our own opinions, that there are times when we must play the game to survive. For example, if you don't want to go to war, the mature thing to do is to join ROTC. Then you can get an educational deferment and probably a chance to get in a noncombat division when the deferment runs out. By responsibility, I mean cheering at football games and not cheating on examinations. I mean knowing which fork is the right one and using it. That's being responsible.

Advice to the Innocent

by Joseph G. Blake

UPON FIRST consideration, every Notre Dame senior undoubtedly has a single impression of his four years here. Yet careful observation would reveal four phases, each of which could be considered as a description of the four academic years—freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior.

The freshman arrives full of innocent impressions and a naïve belief that all at Notre Dame is good. However, this naïveté gradually distintegrates into cynicism. He knocks the professors, the weather, the girls, and the security police. What he thought to be the "best of all possible worlds," has become living proof for the existence of purgatory.

Upon his return as a sophomore, he begins the second phase. This phase finds him determined to enjoy himself despite the place. Thus he begins the descent into the subterranean levels of college life. If he is at all mature, the student discovers by the end of his second year that hedonism does not fulfill his human needs. This does not mean that he stops drinking or looking for female companionship. However, he extends his search beyond this horizon.

Consequently, the junior year becomes an investigation into the "isms"—atheism, agnosticism, anarchism, and socialism. Despite the fact that many students never emerge from this confusion, the pursuit reveals the junior's efforts at "shaking the foundations"—to find some answers to the fundamental questions of life and death. Yet, if Notre Dame is performing her function, the first months of senior year find him shedding these falsehoods and beginning the construction of a philosophy of life.

Whether or not a student gets an education depends upon how he views his role as a student. Some students seem to consider their small insights as the basis for curing all earthly ills, while others still consider themselves just students with much to learn.

Perhaps I might offer a few suggestions to those who still desire an education:

The first suggestion involves your function as a student. Much discussion has been given to student rights. In the university, the student has only one right—the right to an education. Consequently, the academic aspect of the student should always be primary. This

does not mean that he should be a cloistered egghead avoiding Louie's, football, social work, or school publications. However, the extracurricular must always be in correct perspective. Properly this field is only secondary in the concerns of the student.

The second suggestion regards the temper of a student. St. James writes:

"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath . . ."

First, a student should listen closely to his professors, not blindly, but with healthy, cautious skepticism. For that matter, students should never join in demonstrations whether organized by the SDS or YAF. Students who are quick to speak and quick to wrath betray not only the purpose of the university but also their own education.

Undoubtedly, many Notre Dame students will consider this a narrow view of education. However, our generation confronts tremendous challenge if not a threat to its existence. Yet, if we are to make important decisions while running through the twentieth century, then we as students had better take advantage of this brief pause for silence. Silence is the key ingredient to the contemplation of a serious student. This is not a vacuum. Rather it is an opportunity to overcome the vacuum created in an age where there is so much mindless talking and little quiet thought.

A Sense of Identity

by Myron Cramer

THROUGHOUT all the conflicts between the old and the new here at Notre Dame, one thing has been the same over the years. It's been called the Notre Dame spirit, the tension modulated by love, but what it really is is a sense of identity. After four years, even the strongest individualist must admit some feeling of unity with the rest of the student body, some feeling of Notre Dame-ness. Like most *esprit de corps*, it comes from a strong common experience, but unlike most others, this experience is of teleological significance.

The fear of meaninglessness has always threatened man. His search for identity has always been a crucial part of his life: to find out who he is before he is destroyed by time.

It all starts with the freshman orientation program, whose climax is the almost scriptural Knute Rockne movie, showing the true greatness of Notre Dame and its rich heritage. Fr. Nieuwland, Knute Rockne, the Four Horsemen, the Gipper, Tom Dooley—these are all the mythical men of the golden age, who have transcended time and become immortal.

At the beginning of each year we participate in the ever-repeating cycle of Mircea Eliade's *Eternal Return*. Out there in the football arena the Four Horsemen and the Gipper live again, struggling against the forces of evil. Whenever we play a team that beat us the year before, we chant: "Remember, remember." What do we want to remember, that they beat us last year and they might again? Of course not. We mean, remember who we are. We are the Irish. We are number one. We mean, remember our tradition. We will overcome Michigan State and the other forces of evil. A four-year involvement in the Myth of Notre Dame is certainly an experience to last the rest of one's life. This involvement with the cosmos gives one his sense of identity as well as something to believe in, and it tells him that this wasn't all just an impossible dream.

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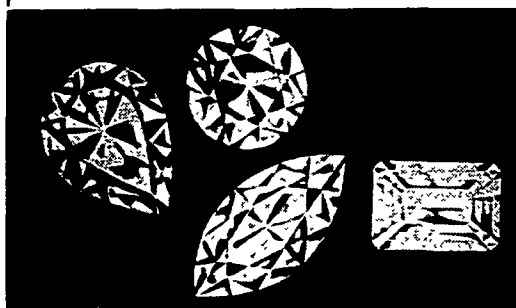
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Impressed?

--the pros and cons of a volunteer army

by Richard Zientek



IT WOULD SEEM that most Americans, concerned as they are with preserving their hard-won political independence and civil liberties, would vehemently support any steps taken to improve their chief protectors, the Armed Forces. And even more sure would seem the potentiality that the renowned General Hershey would lead the way in any such movement. Yet, hard as it may be to believe, the general has become the sworn enemy of a Senate bill designed to do just that—the Armed Forces Improvement Act of 1967.

The general's stand becomes a little clearer, of course, when one realizes that the bill is the brain-child of a man some may remember from this year's mock political convention, Senator Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon. It is the most detailed and best articulated among a series of proposals aimed at reestablishing the volunteer army this country depended upon prior to 1940.

Hatfield's objections to the present system of conscripted service are representative of the trend of thought all the proposals take, whether they seek to allow Peace Corps and Vista as alternate service or, as Hatfield suggests, attempt to put the army on an equal social and economic footing with any other profession. He asserts first of all that any form of draft (even arbitrary lottery) is an infringement on the personal liberty of the draftee. Moreover, no matter how such a conscription is conducted, it precludes equal treatment of all men eligible (i.e., at any one time, only about a third of the eligible men are required to serve). And when these men are required to serve, argues Hatfield, they view it as necessary interim duty, thus in fact damaging army morale.

But Hatfield's main contentions against the draft are rooted in the inefficiency of the high turn over rate of army personnel under the present system. Merely the training of so many recruits for only a two-year stint is a pointless waste of money, he maintains. More important than the loss of money, however, is the continual loss of trained men in an age of sophisticated technology and intricate weapons systems. At any time,

43% of the men on active duty have had less than a year's experience. Yet experience is the recognized major asset in almost every other profession.

If Senator Hatfield has very real complaints about the inadequacies of the actual system, General Hershey and like-minded people have grave, if somewhat nebulous, doubts about the practicality and advantages of a voluntary system of enlistment. The main question in their minds revolves about the ability of such a system simply to attract enough men to maintain a strong fighting force. Especially now, when this nation is waging a controversial war, the potential validity of this doubt needs no long defense. The mention of the war brings another of the pro-draft fears to the fore—the inflexibility of a professional army for drawing added numbers of men in times of crisis (previous to 1940, it was customary to initiate a draft only when added men had to be procured on short notice). Furthermore, the spectre of the professional military, with its potential to elitism and political pressuring (here both the coups in South Vietnam and our own recent history of violence must be remembered), has always been viewed with concern by draft advocates. And finally, in contrast to potential threats, there is the very real problem of just how to finance the steps necessary to make the military an attractive career for men intending families. Even Senator Hatfield admits that the cost for such a venture could range anywhere from \$4 to \$20 billion dollars.

The controversy is not an easy one to solve. Against the almost ingenuous idealism of Hatfield—that each man should be free to serve his fellows in any way he sees fit—stands the near-cynical realism of Hershey—it is a distinct possibility that precisely in times of greatest need the manpower would be lacking, and practically unavailable. Against the more concrete criticisms of Hatfield, attacking a readily accessible target in the draft system, stand the necessarily vague, potentialized, analogizing arguments of the pro-draft group, who have at best a hazy goal in Hatfield's suggestions. ■



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