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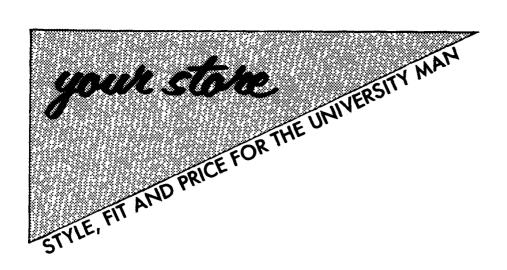
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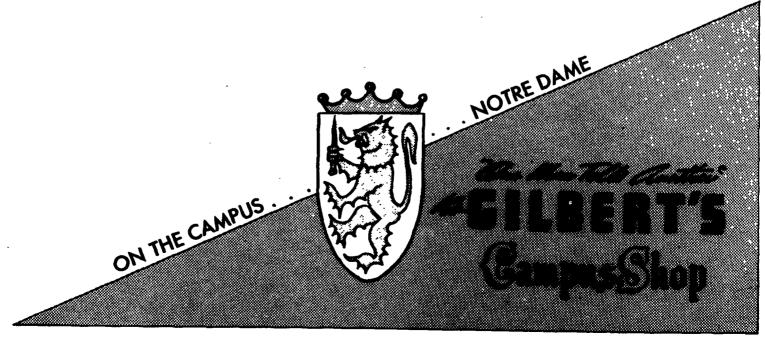
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october 10, 1969 notre dame, indiana volume 111, no. 4

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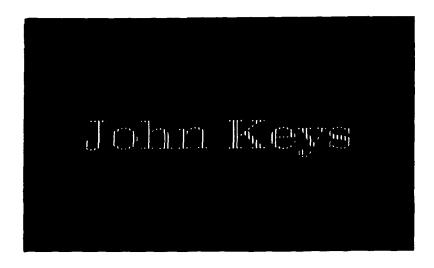
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Vos Sanctes Ruines

Speed is the only truly modern pleasure—Aldous Huxley

Item: It was a dark and stormy night. The dimly lit corridors of the dormitory echoed only scattered footfalls. Emptiness, ah that sweet time before a holiday when most have bagged the morrow's morning classes, surrendering themselves to turnpike snows and the perils of the homeward journey. We, my friends and I, gathered to share our misery, a few after dinner cordials and Star Trek when an anguished scream from the depths of a primeval jungle soul shattered the fragile stillness. Ah, but wait, a voice human it was, no beast, and 'twas followed in a moment by the unmistakable sound of wood panel yielding to brute force and flying in all diverse directions.

We held our position until our nerves allowed us to venture into the dimly lit corridor. There stood a young man, his hair shorn close to his head, dressed from collar to shin in a drab uniform of olive green. High leather boots he wore on his feet and on his head, cocked proudly to one side, he wore a small beret. Black it was. The door before which he stood hung limply on its hinges, groaning as its convulsions carried it repeatedly into the wall and back again. Choice kindling still rained from the sky and the woodwork about the latch still quivered. He was mumbling as he massaged a throbbing hand.

"The quick and the dead, the qui . . ."

"What did you do that for?" we asked in disbelief.

"My roomate locked me out . . . you don't understand he locked me out and he has left for home," the stranger said.

"But why didn't you just go downstairs and ask Father O'Neil for another key?"

"Thequickandthedead," he gasped.

"The what?"

"There are in this life only two kinds of people," he said, drawing himself up and lifting his chin, "there are the quick and there are the dead. I am one of the quick. I am always on the balls of my feet. I am lightning fast. I am fast in my hands. I am fast in my brain. Quick and the dead. Yes indeed."

Discussion: Herein is contained an anthropomorphic dichotomization of the social universe which is, by its very nature, semi-religious in that it provides the ethical underpinnings for much of the personal action

within the society. For some it has become a universal metaphysical, transcendent duality, i.e., we have the twin, symbiotic principles of the quick and the dead.

The wide spectrum of man's philosophical systems and the biological as well as the physical sciences have provided us with a number of these opposing but mutually complementary dualities. We have only to note the yin and the yang of Taoistic theology, the biologically universal male and female principles, the positive and negative forces of elementary particles, the mysterious realm of matter and anti-matter, the union of which is believed to bring about the annihilation of matter through total conversion to energy. And now quickness and deadness have crept unnoticed into the sleeping rooms of contemporary thought, adding but another to the long list of *Weltanschauung* upon which man has learned to act.

There are few thought systems more socially applicable or as widely converted to behavior. Those who embrace quickness as their guiding principle become mechanistic functionaries of the human situation, robots, if you will, speedy zombies. Those who, on the other hand, embrace deadness as their ruling principle become essentially full human beings for that event itself tends to round out the personality and complete the manhood. It is a cause of sorrow, I believe, that man has so far been unable to share the rewards of this enlightening encounter with the Real with the rest of his species, for after such enlightenment the being is soon buried, forgotten and rotten.

We see, then, that man has in fathering such a bastard philosophy, betrayed himself. The principles are, in the end, self-destructive. Those who deem themselves quick are dead by virtue of their inability to use those powers which are theoretically characteristic of living beings of the species, most notably, rationality. Those who are dead . . . well, they are dead and in that state they are of use to no one.

Item: There is on Wednesday, October 15, a moratorium on "business as usual," i.e., a nationwide, daylong statement in the name of a new cosmology.

Item, the last: A community has at all times the ability to repudiate an unproven metaphysics. It can disinherit quickness. It can disown deadness.



The Quiet Revolution

A "quiet, orderly revolution" is taking place today in America, and really, it's nothing new. One need only look to work done by the Law School's Legal Aid and Defender Association for a manifestation of a peaceful deterrent to injustice.

The Association arose in 1964 when the Law School professors found themselves deluged with requests for legal aid by inmates of five state and federal prisons in Northern Indiana. To ease the case load, three second- and third-year law students were recruited. Today the project involves over half the upper-class law students, and letters are coming in at the rate of 60 per week.

The work of the Association falls into the areas of civil and criminal law. Associate Dean Thomas L. Shaffer cites greater success in the civil area, since an abundance of trial reversals in the criminal field would indicate serious deficiencies in the Indiana judicial system. The function of the Association is "much broader than that of the American Civil Liberties Union, which seeks out test cases in the courts," says Dean Shaffer. "The object at Notre Dame is to see that anybody who needs a lawyer gets one."

The legal aid work of the Association is done under the supervision of lawyers in the three South Bend legal aid offices and an office in Marion City, Michigan. "The legal aid office raises hell with slum lords, utilities people, bill collectors — everybody who's been oppressing the poor for the last 200 years." Former Law School Dean Joseph O'Meara is among lawyers work-

ing on "test" cases for the South Bend office, three of which are presently pending in U.S. District Court and involve clients "being stepped on by welfare people."

Students have also worked in cases with area migrant workers, in family-problem cases. In one case last spring they were able to keep "certain persons from being confined to mental institutions unconstitutionally." In conjunction with the legal aid work, a Legislative Drafting Service has been drawing up proposals aimed at the preservation of individual rights. One such proposal is for a bail-bond referendum which would enable poor persons of reliable character, accused of a crime, to be released without bail until the time of their trial.

The other major field of work is in the prisons. The Law School receives five to ten letters per day from prisoners requesting legal aid. If a student can be of help he will go to see the prisoner, do the necessary field research, and introduce the case into court, usually to appeal a mistrial.

"The prisons are an area in this country which cry for attention more than any other, mainly because their evils are invisible behind the walls." Shaffer expressed the opinion that once he gets behind those walls, he wants to help any man, regardless of his crime, because he feels that these are unlivable conditions for human beings.

The number of graduates working with the poor has "risen greatly" since the Association's inception, and Shaffer points to the number of Smith Fellowships won by Law School graduates in the last two years, as a further example of success in this area. The Smith Fellowship is awarded by the Office of Economic Opportunity to Law School graduates for work to be done in poor areas. Notre Dame's awards, four in 1967 and four again in 1968, represent the "highest proportion of Smith Fellows in the country."

Other graduates are also involved in full-time legal aid work, and many more are working part time. One such group of graduates, all lawyers in private practice, rent a storefront in a Chicago ghetto which they staff on weekends and evenings to run a law office for the poor.

Dean Shaffer sees such work as a kind of revolution. "The legal profession has always been revolutionary. The American Revolution was engineered by lawyers, and the kids concerned in our Law School today are just as revolutionary as John Adams was." Shaffer cited the work of three recent graduates who took up practice in Oregon and Colorado. Each was brought before the Bar Association Grievance Committee within a month because he had "stirred up feelings among the poor," and was charged with unethical conduct. "This indicates that they were really drawing blood. I was proud of them and I wrote to tell them so.

"The fundamental problem of the Association is to seek reform. The alternatives are peaceful revolution and help to relieve blood in the streets. Our students serve mostly in the latter area. It probably isn't a very good reform technique — riots work better — but it helps people."

J. Gerald Burns

October 10, 1969 7

STOP!

Last spring, in the midst of President Nixon's Vietnam slowdown, a number of ex-McCarthyites banded together in search of a future. From this meeting arose the idea of a moratorium, a national work-stoppage on October 15, and increasing in days per month (i.e., November for two days, December for three, etc.) until the war is stopped. Its stated purpose was to unify a country of individuals who had floundered in their own inability to sensitize the government to a war they did not want. This meant that what had once been the tragic emotions of many divergent people could be translated into hours missed, money lost, and voters dissatisfied, which would be an overwhelming political dissension to present politics.

At Notre Dame the Coalition for Political Action has, at long last, sketched plans for the day of the moratorium. The CPA has arranged for a sound system, and plans to have an open microphone on the main quad for anyone — whatever their position on the war — to discuss his views. This informal teach-in (a word which the CPA is avoiding like the plague) should occupy most of the morning, while St. Mary's is doing its own thing — although the SMC activities in the morning will be much the same as Notre Dame's.

The focal point of the day will be the Mass, to be said in front of the Memorial Library following a rally. The participants will silently move in procession from the main quad, past the ROTC building, through the grotto (to place the names of the Notre Dame war

dead in the sanctuary), and then on to the reflecting pool. The Mass itself — a Mass of Peace — will be unique: the liturgy is being specially prepared for the occasion, the Resistance is planning activities within the liturgy, and the celebrants will include Archbishop T. D. Roberts and Father Burrell.

The organizers of the Mass refuse to make a definite statement on the question of draft-card burnings or mutilations, for fear that publicity of this nature will pressure some people who are wavering into doing so because it is expected of them. Draft-card burning is a highly personal act and no one, especially those in the Resistance, wants to see the action undertaken by anyone not fully prepared to face the consequences of such an act.

The rally will begin at one o'clock on the main quad featuring speakers such as Archbishop Roberts, Phil McKenna, David Darst of the Catonsville Nine, and Michael Cullen of the Milwaukee Fourteen. There will also be some students relating their personal experiences of the war, and a "we won't go" statement will be circulated. In downtown South Bend, the primary action will be an all-day reading of the war dead on the steps of the Post Office by South Bend residents. During this time, leaflets will be distributed and Resistance speakers will appear at various parishes in conjunction with prayer meetings and vigils.

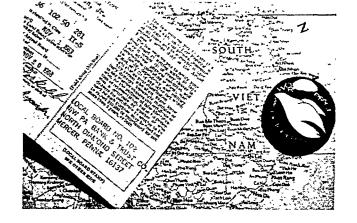
— James Coburn & Steve Novak

The Prayer for Peace

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace Where there is hatred, let me sow love; Where there is injury, pardon; Where there is doubt, faith; Where there is despair, hope; Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not So much wish to be consoled as to console; To be understood, as to understand; To be loved, as to love; For it is in giving that we are born to eternal life.

of St. Francis of Assisi



The appearance of Sen. Charles Goodell in Washington Hall this afternoon cannot help but add fuel to the Vietnam Moratorium drive on campus. Goodell, a supposedly conservative Republican appointed by Nelson Rockefeller to fill the seat of the late Robert Kennedy in the Senate, has crawled further on a limb than anyone in his party, and further too than most Democrats, by calling for a complete withdrawal of all United States forces from Vietnam by December 1, 1970.

Goodell's appearance may affect the Student Life Council's Monday deliberations. The SLC was to have voted last Monday on a proposal to shut down the University on the 15th, but a quorum was lacking some five minutes before consideration of the bill.

While many arguments will be presented on both sides of the question Monday, perhaps Notre Dame's administration will be willing to follow the lead of other administrations. Most notable was the decision last month by Mason Gross, president of Rutgers University calling on all established and ad hoc organizations on campus to devise programs for the Moratorium. Gross, who in addition to heading Rutgers is also the Chairman of the American Council on Education, asked in a letter that "we at Rutgers positively and dramatically demonstrate the role of the university as

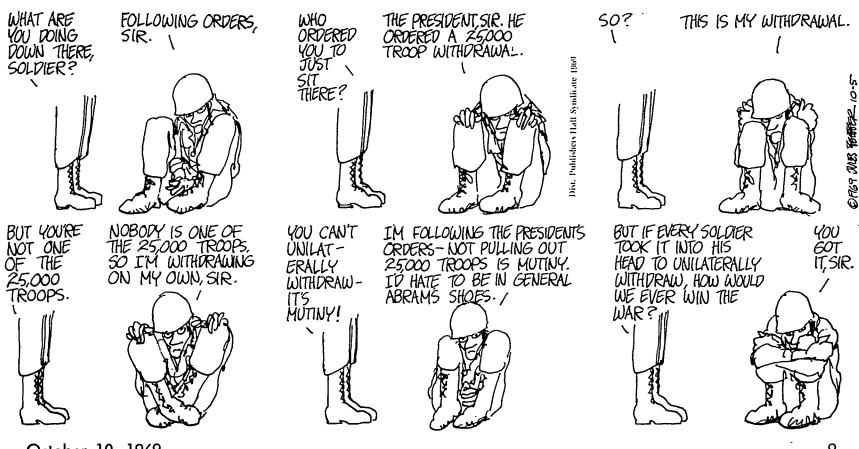
teacher, as guardian of civilized values, and as the critical and moral intelligence which compels the community to ponder its courses of action.

"I have asked the Provost of the University," Gross continued, "to see that the central administration gives all the help possible to the organizing groups on the campus."

If the goal of the University is, as Dr. Gross put it, "to examine and debate . . . in the freest and fullest way all the great problems — war and peace, foreign and domestic policy, our national priorities, and the university's responsibility to the community," then it is to be hoped that the community will support the closing of the University on October 15.

-Steve Novak

Erratum: Sister Marita's Primary Day School has received \$600 in individual gifts, not \$6,000 as the Scholastic printed last week. Nor has the \$5,000 grant from United Community Services been finalized. Sister Marita is still in desparate need of contributions.



Rebellion Revolution & Rhetoric

Bill Turner

. . . I don't think you should even capture our thoughts in this jive. These honkies will only use it in identifying us and further controlling our thing.—sophomore athlete

The style today is for the pollster to categorize people according to the cute little schemes that have been designed to purportedly reflect the different bags people are into.

This is the dilemma which I faced when I decided to assess some of the issues at Notre Dame: while I assured that black students at Notre Dame had specific grievances, how could I capture these thoughts without

Editor's Note: Last spring Bill Turner, a black sociology grad student, surveyed Notre Dame's black undergraduates. 55 of the blacks, or 90%, answered his questionnaire. As a result of this survey Turner produced a 32-page sociological evaluation of the attitudes of the University's blacks.

It should be emphasized that the article here presented is not the report itself but rather a condensed version of it. Because of space limitation, Turner has eliminated most of the discussion of sociological theory found in his original report, theory which, at any rate, would be unfamiliar to most of our readers. However, the author states that anyone who wishes to read the original report should contact him through the department of sociology.

sacrificing the unity of the group?

Essentially, I sought to assess the perspectives, orientations and attitudes of black students in regard to several issues which relate to the black social movement in this country. I sought what the blacks at Notre Dame are thinking . . . and whether there is much diversity or concurrence in their thinking on specific aspects of this movement.

The effort is honest, but such surveys which implicitly seek a "black mood" often blow carelessly into the morass of dull mediocrity which has perennially invaded the privacy of blacks. I did not anticipate a "black mood" — which I certainly did not attain. In this paper, the reader should not expect any single unilateral perspective among blacks at Notre Dame. The images are kaleidoscopic. But from the spectrum of images, one basic ideology prevails: black students at Notre Dame are uncompromising in their quest for the liberation of black people.

I was able to record some of the rhetoric of Notre Dame blacks in the context of this attitudinal "tossed salad." While rhetoric is not, *ipso facto*, doing; sociological evidence indicates that what one says has much to do with what one does. On some general issues, here is some of the rhetoric of the ND black students.

on hating whites:

Hating the honky is a waste of time. Generally, I'm not capable of hate — only love. I love blackness and that for which it stands. Therefore, I'm left with little time or emotional energy to hate whitey.—southern junior

on interracial dating:

Yeah, if the brothers could keep Miss Anne white women off their minds, then we could really do a thing.—senior athlete

on black studies:

At present I'm a physics major doing well—but if the Black Studies program is instituted. I will change so that I could then teach black kids our heritage and cultural achievements.
—southern sophomore

on religion and the black movement:

God? Does he wear a dashiki and have a kinky natural? I've been socialized to believe this cat is some Superhonky . . . anyway it goes, religion has been our greatest hindrance. Malcolm taught that while we were praying, we should have been preying.—southern junior

on Jews:

Jews! ain't that a gas! The brother was right when he suggested that the only fault of the Hitler program was that he didn't kill enough of them.—castern jreshman

on white participation:

Whites should never have been allowed to bring their paternalistic, crying liberalism into the movement. Sure, I regret the tenuous position of the white guys who are ok, but I cannot readily distinguish him from the collective honky.—midwestern sophomore

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One could go on recording such diverse opinions, but the focus of this paper instead is on responses to certain specific issues which could be statistically integrated into a larger scheme. Naturally, in this present form, it is not feasible to consider the entire questionnaire. It is possible, however, to discern the relevance between such rhetoric and some specific questions.

First, then, is the issue of black progress. Blacks were asked "Since the 1954 Supreme Court decision, do you think blacks have made much progress, little progress or no progress at all?" Table I depicts the perceptions on this issue.

The majority that indicated that things were getting better were generally referring to positive changes in economic matters and the emphasis on black pride. Also, in preface to their response, many indicated that in absolute terms "things had been so bad that any change was for the better." Related to this notion of the progress of blacks, the respondents were asked their perception of whites and their progress in relating to black people. (Table II)

Note how many persons were "uncertain" on this issue. This probably suggests that whether whites are more receptive toward blacks (or not) is not a salient issue for many respondents, i.e., not something they're immediately concerned with. A sample of some verbal responses to that question:

To hell with whether a white cat digs black people or not — as long as his prejudices 'psychological' do not adversely affect his discriminations social —nudwestern junior

It doesn't matter whether a white person is clothed in a black robe of the Supreme Court of in a white sheet for the KKK, he'd better keep his zame tight when he starts jiving around with my freedom.—sophomore athlete

96% of the people who responded had participated in the kind of civil rights demonstrations popular a few years ago. But in regard to the overall value of these activities, there is retrospective disagreement on their value. Blacks were asked their opinion to the statement: "I think that the marches, demonstrations, sit-ins, etc., although a fine tactic in their day, have served no overall purpose in changing the conditions of most black people." (Table III)

Those who indicated the positive effect of the demonstrations usually emphasized the public attention which they mobilized. On the other hand, those who perceived these protests as relatively nonproductive stressed the tokenness of the gains made.

There is evidence of a new phase of the black movement which goes beyond the demonstrations. It is clear that the tactics (and perhaps the ideology) of Dr. King, Whitney Young, et al., is past. Consider now the status of ND blacks in regard to (a) the civil rights movement, (b) the role of whites in the movement, (c) new black leaders, and (d) the elements of violence.

Table IV illustrates that the same 78% of blacks

I: Progress of	blacks
"Blacks have made "	
Much progress	45%
Little progress	47%
No progress at all	8%
II: Perception of white attit	udes toward blacks
"Whites have changed positive	vely toward blacks"
Agree	23%
Disagree	47%
Uncertain	30%
III: Value of Protes	st Activity
"The marches served no ove	erall purpose''
Agree	47%
Disagree	40%
Don't know	13%
IV: Civil Rights,	a la King
"The Civil Rights Movement	is "
Over and Done	23%
In transition	53%
Still active	25%
V: "Whites should stay in the	ir own communities"
Agree	90%
Disagree	6%
Uncertain	4%

The Scholastic

VI: Personality—in la	ast 5 years
Integrationist	44%
Black nationalist	54%
None in particular	2%
VII: Personality—at	present
Integrationist	10%
Black nationalist	86%
None in particular	4%
VIII: Organization—in	last 5 years
Integrationist	17%
Black nationalist	59%
None in particular	24%
IX: Organization—a	t present
Integrationist	6%
Black nationalist	60%
None in particular	34%
X: Value of riots to the	movement
"Riots have	."
Helped	96%
Set back	4%
XI: Violence will	I
Increase	66%
Cease	14%
Remain the same	20%

who professed membership to "old guard" organizations are among the combined 76% who felt that such strategies were either over and done, or at least in a transitory stage.

What about those whites who joined with their black fellows in the movement? Today, except for Fr. Groppi, few whites are visibly in the fore of the movement. Of the white liberals, one black (who worked with whites in his home town in the South) said: "This fellow [the white liberal], as his own Kerner committee has suggested, would do better to go to his own community; for there is a black paranoia in regard to his motivation, which are condescending at best, and outright paternatlistic at worst."

To a great extent, this finding parallels the findings of other studies in this specific matter. If blacks indeed perceive these issues in such a way, then logically their identification with personalities and organizations should have changed in the last few years. Respondents were asked: "Who, in the past five years, represented your sentiments most?" Correspondingly, they were later asked, "Who, at present, represents your sentiments most?" The data gathered from this indicates increasing identification with the militant black nationalists and their organibations (Tables VI-IX). [A methodological note: these questions were open-ended, but the author here has collapsed responses into one of two categories. Integrationists here include leaders like King, Wilkins, et al., and also their corresponding organizations. Black nationalists include Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, et al.]

In documenting the civil disorders which had hit American cities, the Kerner Commission found that blacks were evenly divided on whether or not rioting and violence did the black cause any good. But a substantial number of Notre Dame blacks think that violence has done the movement some good (Table X). These are a few of the responses to the efficacy of violence as a tactic in general:

Riots and violence cost the honky some dough and I believe that the one thing that shakes this beast to sanity is his money—tust coast suphomer:

The only unfortunate thing about black violence is that it has been unorganized.—southern senior

The natural follow-up question to this deals with predictions of future violence (Table XI).

No special effort was made here to elicit motivation for a particular response. But the overwhelming sentiment voiced was that violence brought public attention and resources to bear on the movement. At the same time, one person stressed revenge for grievances recorded in the history of black-white relations.

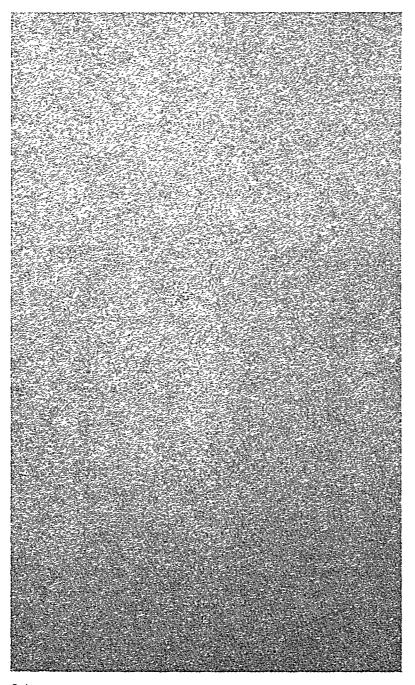
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The study also addressed itself to religion and its relevance to the black struggle. Generally, the respondents evaluated themselves as being "not too religious." On the other hand, 42% felt that religion had very much influence on the black movement. In crosstabulating religiosity with militance, the data shows that one "high on militance" is likely to be "low on religiosity," and vice versa.

The reason for examining religious attitudes here can be summed up by the words of Dr. King:

Any religion that professes to be concerned with the souls of men and is not concerned with the slums that damn them, the economic conditions that strangle them, and the social conditions that cripple them is a dry-as-dust religion. Such a religion is an opiate of the people.

If such is the case, blacks at ND feel that religion clearly inhibits the militant orientation. Religion, to them, orients people to the afterlife, often making them oblivious of the harsh realities of this life.



To this point, this article has examined the black moods at ND in segments. In order to assess any diversity or convergence of these moods, it was necessary to organize these segments (and others) into a coherent whole. In this way some evaluation of the extent to which this general mood is a militant one can be made. Therefore, an index was designed in an attempt to handle this situation.

Black militance is used here to refer to a spirit, a chauvinism, among blacks which directs them in an uncompromising quest for the social, political, economic and spiritual liberation of blacks in American society. The index contained ten items ranging from thoughts about integration and violence to perception of white attitudes and people. Respondents were given one point for a militant response. Ideally, scores could range from zero (not a single militant response) to ten (militancy on all items). Persons with a score of 5 or greater were considered high on militancy. In this sample of ND blacks, 68% scored 5 or more—that is, they were considered high on militance in the context of this framework.

(At this point, it is fair to ask what validity the measurements have. The index is heuristic and not exhaustive, and no one is presumptious enough to claim perfection for his framework. However, this problem is considered at length in the major paper from which this article is abstracted. Suffice it here to say that the items in the index bore directly upon the contemporary black movements, as well as that overworked abstraction as to what (analytically) constitutes a "black militant.")

Assuming that the index of militance is valid, the next question concerns how militance is related to some sociocultural and psychological factors in American life. One variable, geographical background, appears conducive to militance. Eighty percent of those "high on militance" were from the South. Militancy was also found to be related to "sophistication," i.e., the respondent's general knowledge about black Americans and his intelligence in general. It was found that the higher the grade point average, as well as the higher the general sophistication, the more likely the student was to be militant. 95% of those in both categories supported black concentrations within the residence halls. In this respect, blacks were asked if they sought to change their present living conditions.

Present	Roommate	and	Desire	to	Change
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Present Roommate	Would Change	Would Not Change
White Roommate	92%	8%
Black Roommate	3%	97%

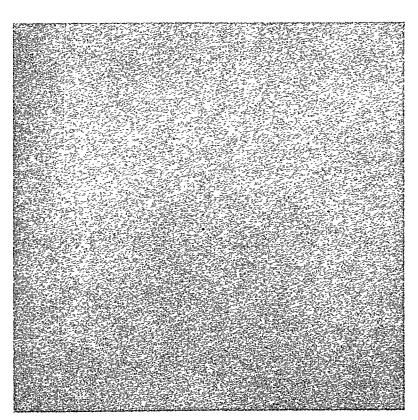
I conceive of a race war, where this decadent, deceitful, and racist white man will perish.—
Western junior

Personally, I don't see it in terms of blacks and whites. As Eldridge says, it's just those who are part of the problem and those who are part of the solution.—East coast sophomore

Increasingly today, social scientists are attempting to document the degree of hostile feelings between blacks and whites. In this survey, 40% of Notre Dame blacks consider themselves "high on anti-white sentiment," while 45% and 15% consider themselves "low on anti-white sentiment" or "not at all anti-white," respectively. The research questions obtained these black perceptions about whites: (1) 35% believe that whites are all alike in their basic dislike for blacks, (2) 50% desire no personal or emotional relationship with whites, (3) 60% think blacks should "insulate" themselves from whites, even though they exist in a milieu which is largely white.

Such findings were combined into an index of antiwhite sentiment, consisting of some very frank statements concerning stereotypes, the rhetoric of blacks about whites, and predominate attitudes about the race questions in general. Assuming the validity of the scale, 80% of the blacks were high on anti-white sentiments, 20% were low on anti-white sentiments and no single respondent appeared void of anti-white feeling.

Further data suggests the high degree of anti-white feeling: (1) 47% of the blacks disagree in principle and practice with interracial dating, (2) 70% perceive whites to be categorically responsible for the condition of black people in America, and (3) 66% indicated that whites really don't desire that blacks be their social equal.



The preceding tables, categories, indices, ad nauseam are all very cool. But what have they to do with the way a black man at ND will relate to whites in his actual behavior? Nothing changes, only the will to change . . . so perhaps all this captures is just the mood of these people. At the same time, we can use these findings to get on with the serious business of rectifying the situations which promote these feelings. Without making any specific overviews, the findings can be generally summarized.

The majority of ND blacks are reservedly hopeful of finding and helping to mold a better life for themselves and black people in general.

A majority considers religion opiating in this quest for liberty and equality.

The "militant" organizations, viz., the Black Panthers, reflect the ideals and goals of these students.

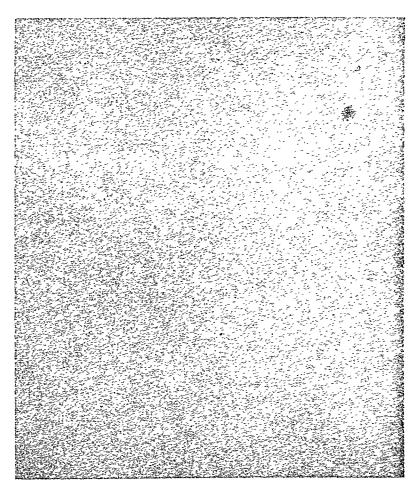
Whites, in general, represent a negative reference group. The blacks show a general hostility toward all whites, including Jews.

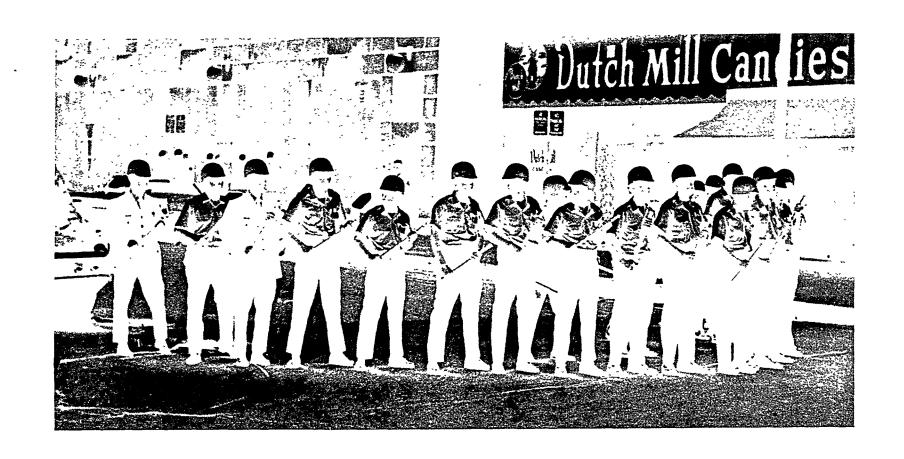
Blacks indicate a desire for cultural pluralism in America, i.e., inclusion in the "system" without abdicating that which is unique to black culture.

Blacks here generally feel that their education will do little to alter the way whites relate to them, i.e., a black Ph.D. is ultimately "still a nigger."

Violence and hostility seem endemic: it is for us rectify. In the words of one of Notre Dame's black student leaders:

When the revolution is complete, when "Negroes" have been turned into black people, the U.S., as a country, will either be *transformed* or it will be *destroyed*.





$9 \cdot 24 \cdot 69$ the conspiracy & the trial & chicago

It was the kind of ceremony Chicago has always seemed fitted for. Last I heard all the action took place Wednesday before last, when these pictures were taken; the Panthers cooled it Thursday. But for one day the whole scene was there: the white construction workers demonstrating at being called bad names by the blacks they've kept out of their unions for years, the trial, too, and the friends of The Conspiracy on all levels & of all sorts. Everybody, by the way, is a friend of The Conspiracy. These days, what else can you do? The real straights, the neo New Deal New Leftists that make up the new American intelligentsia, had all the literature printed; their names are red-hot for academics: Mary McCarthy didn't make it, but Susan Sontag made it with Christopher Lasch (are they really that close?) — it really is a social register for the New York Review set, the bigmouth brains. And then there were the other friends of The Conspiracy, the people in the streets freaks, shown here. Every-

body, even the Picasso, was making it all what Abbie Hoffman, when he first decided to stage the affair, wanted it to be — a real supershow. Yes, that's right, haven't you heard, this was all designed and staged by Abbie Hoffman. (Remember you read it first in *Photoplay*.) That ironic lover even got two other Hoffmans in the act. (Are they all related? Really? Who's the mother? By marriage? No, you're kidding.) First, the senile Dickensian Julius J. Hoffman, judge of Chancery slumbering in wigs, will he live through the case? Then the meek and mild-mannered Nicholas (von) Hoffman of the Washington *Post*, the inside reporter on the scene. But even a great director like Hoffman (he's doing Die Gotterdammerung next week at Bayreuth with an all-Chicago cast) didn't know about all the neat little touches that would turn up (if in passing/only in passing/if only in passing). Cosimini caught some of them.

— Michael Patrick O'Connor Photos by Gary Cosimini



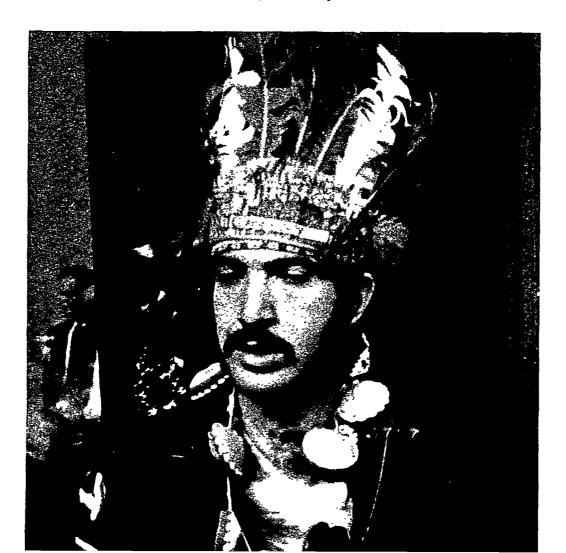


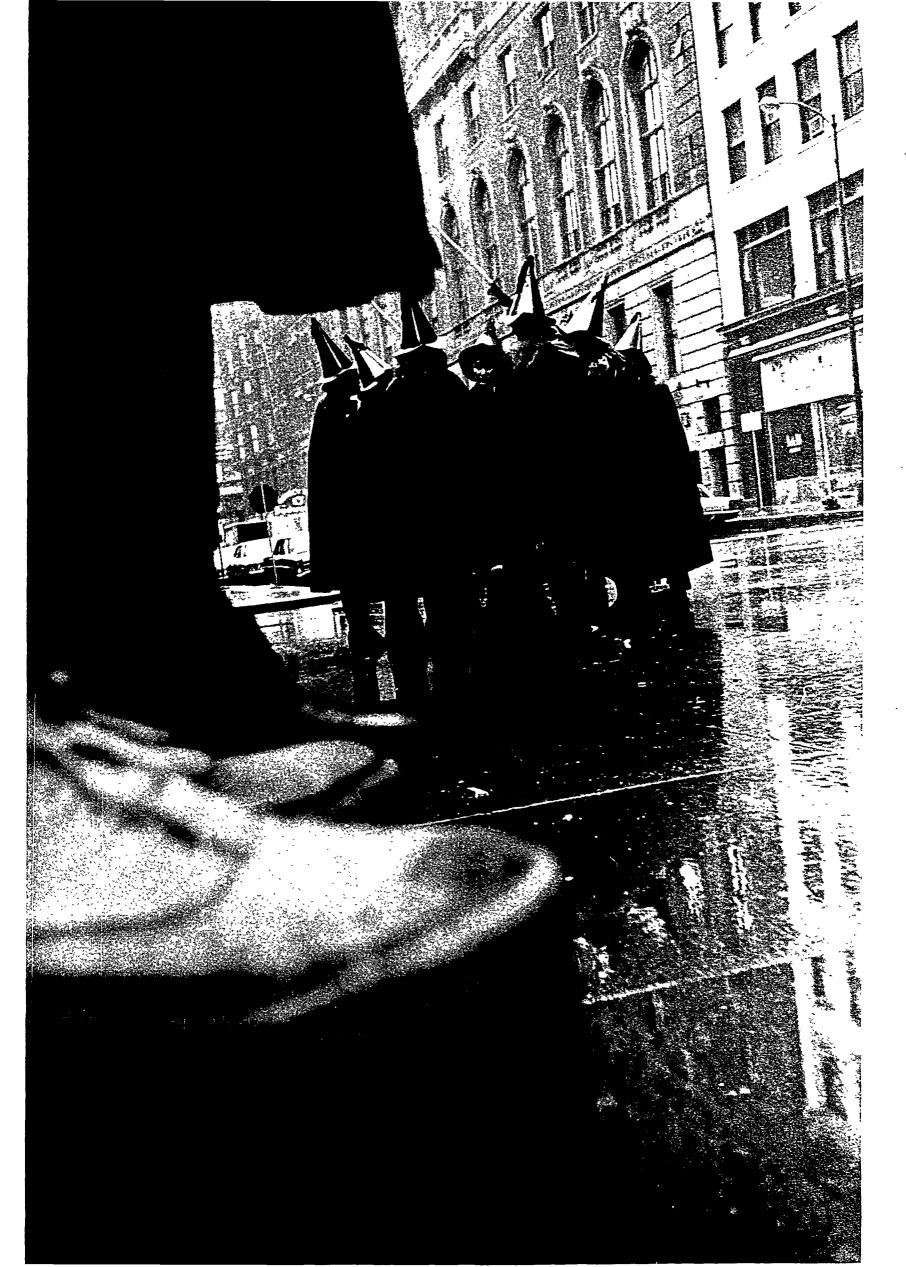


Metteur-en-scene Hoffman



Unidentified Superstar







The Phoenix of St. Francis

The closing of a spring semester always involves those at a university in the final frantic gestures of dunes trips, exams and term papers. The pace of life accelerates steadily until the last day, when, with little comment by anyone, it is all swallowed by summer. Yet, it is in the summer that unnoticed occurrences can profoundly affect life at a university. During last July a promising student community project was shut down amid circumstances that may well reveal the emergence of a subterranean conflict between a community conscious university and the powers that be in South Bend.

St. Francis House had an inauspicious beginning as an old store front, formerly used as a tutoring center in the east South Bend neighborhood of Clay Township, a predominantly lower-class neighborhood. In early March, Mike Hacker, a Notre Dame senior, together with his sister Marye, rented the rear apartment of the building and suggested to a number of on-campus friends that they move into the front apartment. The friends agreed, and soon moved in, bringing little baggage, little money, a sitar and an unfamiliar philosophy called "Christian Radicalism."

With little more excitement than that, St. Francis House was born, still showing few signs of the kind of life style that was to stir so much confusion. To the neighbors it looked like one more loose-jointed off-campus pad.

The rosetta stone for understanding the evolution of St. Francis House lies in the 35-year-old Catholic Worker Movement, the historical roots of "Christian Radicalism." The Catholic Worker Movement was begun in the thirties by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin whose original activity was publishing a monthly radical newspaper. Early adherents to this newsprint philosophy ran the gamut of the social order: striking workers, seamen, bread-liners, priests, students and a few old-time communists.

Caught in the swirls of the depression, they were all mutually attracted to the utopian idealism of Day and Maurin, who advocated the establishment of agricultural communes outside the corruptive (capitalist) atmosphere of the cities. As if to complete the logic of rejecting an unlivable society, the Catholic Worker Movement also adopted the familiar doctrines of pacifism, draft resistance and enlightened anarchy. In a number of cities — including New York, Los Angeles and Milwaukee — bread and soup lines were established and supplied in part, by Catholic Worker communes in the countryside.

THE MEMBERS of St. Francis House such as Tim Mac-Carry, Charles Wordell and John Kaschewski fashioned themselves in this tradition of political and religious thought; they envisioned their goals as the adoption of these ideals within a college-community framework. To these people, some of whom had already been doing various types of community work in Clay Township, there were some deep contradictions in professing both radicalism and Christian community while living in the micro-suburban atmosphere of the college campus. Hence, the shift to Clay Township and St. Francis House.

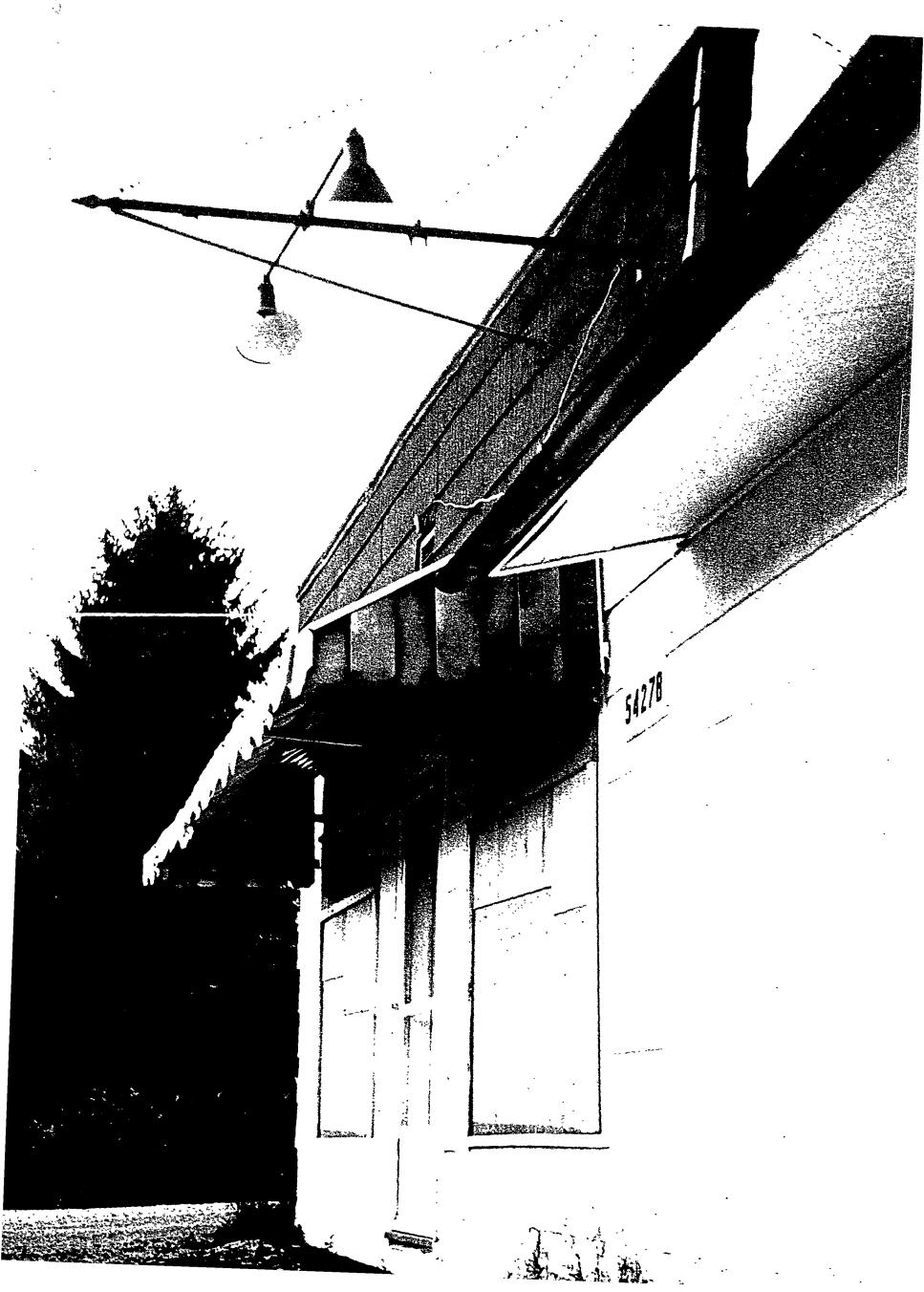
The inception of the Catholic Worker Movement in South Bend and the progression of Christian Radicalism at Notre Dame reflected the simplest manners of living. Sharing an evening meal and a midnight prayer, the residents lived together as brother and sister, in the upper two apartments. Even the forthcoming controversy was to begin in the most innocent of ways.

The store front of the building was a large, open area of no immediate use to the members of the house, so it was usually left open as a congregation center for the children and youth of the neighborhood. As the weeks passed by, the store front became a popular meeting place, especially on Friday nights when it became the custom to have a general open house, featuring poetry readings, guitar picking, and impromptu theater performances.

THE more serious aspects of St. Francis House involvement with "Christian Radicalism" and the community took shape in a number of educational lectures, free university courses, and discussion groups on topics such as the Christian Democratic Movement, Women's Liberation and Maoism.

At the end of May, the house began to undergo a foreseeable and almost necessary transition. When the semester ended, many of the house members would go home, leaving for a while a budding Christian Radicalism for a more traditional home life. Despite well-studied plans to make the house a viable center during the summer (to include continued programs for neighborhood children and new educational courses), it was resolved that the house would be staffed by a skeletal crew and activities would be at a minimum. At this time when the house's status was still unclear, disturbing incidents began to occur.

It must be noted that from the very beginning, St. Francis House had been conducted with the full knowledge and, ostensibly, the approval of both the local authorities and the Notre Dame administration. The house members were surprised, then, when they were informed by city authorities that they could not complete their planned purchase of the house without violating an obscure zoning restriction, a restriction







Friends of St. Francis

which would demand condemnation of the house. Their surprise was doubled when they learned later that the house was bought by the sister of a prominent South Bend businessman, apparently circumventing the zoning law.

The house members who remained during the summer, among them John Kaschewski, Ross Simpson and Dennis O'Brien, also began to catch snatches of a previously unknown resentment toward the house. Until this time, the house had received escalating community support. Late in June, four men, presumably drunk, entered the house in the early hours of the morning, to investigate the veracity of uncomplimentary rumors circulated around the neighborhood about the house. Unable to locate the kind of sin that had been rumored to be there, they yanked two house members from their beds and beat them slightly before being talked out of their violent ways.

These two encounters experienced by the students at St. Francis House during June revealed a number of inherent difficulties that may be discovered by any student groups who attempt community involvement, apart from the sometimes inefficient tokenism of weekly tutoring. First of all, a community such as Clay Township may not be ready, or perhaps may not be capable of understanding, student involvement in the community in terms more sophisticated than sports or badly administered tutoring. Clay Township is perhaps not ready for pacifism or Maoism, much less Women's Liberation.

Secondly, in true archetypal form, parents naturally suspect the moral authenticity of the places where their kids hang out. It is one thing to tutor or play ball with someone's children and another thing to introduce them to the guerrilla theater.

Feeding on these uncertainties and ever attuned to the currents of dissatisfaction among the electorate, city authorities initiated a series of what the house members call "harassments." During one short period in the beginning of the summer the house was unoccupied; neighbors later revealed that this time was used by police to search the house, evidently without warrant. Soon after, the police visited the house again on a report that a runaway girl was staying there. They came, conducted a search, found no runaway girl, and left holding a nightstick to the captured neck of a neighbor boy they did find. He had been simply using the phone.

In the early part of July, house members decided to abandon the project after a series of hostile run-ins with the authorities. One night violence was in the air. A small caravan of cars and pickup trucks began circling the block. The members cleared out, stashing their belongings in a house across town. There they waited until later that night it was decided to return to St. Francis House.

As the carload of house members pulled onto Juniper Road they were curbed by a St. Joseph County sheriff and a Mishawaka (nowhere near Mishawaka) patrol team. The driver of the house car got out and beheld the unnerving sight of a county sheriff holding a gun on him. The driver was frisked, the house members were frisked; and then all were required to stand away from the car, hands on heads. A South Bend Police Dog Unit (not in South Bend) arrived and kept close guard on the captives while the deputy searched the car. Not finding any contraband, the deputy issued a traffic citation to the driver for failure to signal properly before turning, and the several units of policemen drove away.

It was two days after this incident that the house was closed. The scenario was brief. A Clay Township fire truck stopped at the house and a man hung a condemned sign on the front. The fire department had remembered a dangerous gas leak that had "always" afflicted the house, making it unsafe for habitation. And that simply, it was over. St. Francis House members moved out and the property was sold. As of last week there were no condemned signs on the building. The house members and several others still meet for dinner and midnight prayers every day, refusing to abandon the idea of establishing a Catholic Worker Commune in east South Bend. A new house has been secured near the Unitarian Church and the community continues, relocated but undeterred. Perhaps this new house will have no gas leak.

The Scholastic



the gait of haight

Or

the gate of love

The word "revolution" falls freely from lips these days; it makes a handsome headline and it couples comfortably with a score of adjectives like "the black," "the sexual," "the student" or even "the Dodge." Very few people really needed a prophet to tell them that the times were a-changing; but one thing is becoming increasingly clear, discovering what these times are changing into will not be a task for augurs. Another Woodstock? Another Chicago? Another Hiroshima? Strain your eyes as you work, try to catch some form amid the aurorean mist. But what of those who find themselves at the doorstep, malignly pinched as it were, between the old who know it can't all change and the young who know it's got to? What bloomed on Haight Street is gone now, but a message remains for all who retain hope.

when all the revolutions merged. Social deformity, epidermal pigment, economic inequity, religious prejudice, violence and cultural vacuity were transcended and erased in the rockin' floral deluge of San Francisco. (There was a grain of truth in *Time* magazine's cover story.) Spectacular scenes were exploding, like the great "gathering of the tribes" where 20,000 people turned gypsy for an afternoon and converged on Golden Gate Park to "make love happen." The event inspired

cities all over the world to stage similar Be-ins, but none could match the model where this very announcement went out to the gathering between sets of the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead: "A lost child has been delivered to the stage by the peace officer and is now below the stage being cared for by Hell's Angels." But since then, the focus has blurred, the revolutions have diverged again. The lion no longer sleeps with the lamb in Golden Gate Park, and it's no secret that the surrounding streets are not bulging with the gentle people with flowers in their hair that Scott McKenzie sang about.

Finding nostalgia meager nutrition, numerous shops and cafes are closed and boarded up on Haight Street, and a dozen others are on the brink of the same move. The old hangouts like the Fish and Chips or the greasy spoon across the street which baked their own rolls look rank and depressive; eyes are glassy and service is perfunctory. The most cheerful and frequented eating place in the area is Bob's, one of a chain of plastic drive-ins, where, incidentally, the TAC squads from Park Station take their midnight coffee break. Middleaged waitresses who serve the tasteless hamburgers in their Sears and Roebuck starched uniforms are stout and efficient, but they seem remarkably friendly and supple compared with the activities of the street.

As the tourist flow dwindles, shops that trafficked in the expensive exotic imports from Mexico and India are falling off. The half-dozen "head" shops that

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the electric kool the paradox of haight is frying

survive still do a fair business in buttons, beads, posters, candles, incense, hash pipes, spices and books, while the neighborhood grocery stores are groping as they did before it all got started, doing their best to stop the shoplifting. The most popular commercial enterprise with a crowd around the door, is the liquor store on the corner of Haight and Masonic. It specializes in cheap whiskey and Red Mountain wine, and looks like a fort with latticed iron works on the windows. Two dumpy taverns (one called the L.S.D.) with grimy psychedelic paint chipping off their facades are the only gesture at nightlife. Outside of these, the hooting and guffawing of winos and hustlers, grotesquely drunk or stoned, are the only sounds that disturb the hollow darkness. The Camelot bubble has popped. The Haight is taking its place in a real city again and it's starting at the bottom.

THE old-time hippies have fled to Berkeley or the Mission, some to Europe, but most to the country and the second-wave residents who remain are quick to distinguish between themselves and what they call the "street people." But as the collapse continues, any difference between the two is becoming less discernible. Drugs, the too-obvious obsession of the street life, along with the pimps and con men, have moved into the quaint Victorians on Page and Waller (parallel residential streets on either side of Haight). Open-air dealers in barbiturates, speed, acid, grass and mescaline stand alongside the scientism buffs, and have turned the street into a hushed bazaar. Sometimes in soft whispers, sometimes more brazen, it seems that all those people slouching under the awnings are trying to buy or sell something. Marketing phony pharmaceuticals or taking the fee and never delivering the goods, a "burn" as the trick is called, is common. Beatings and murders often result, and no one trusts a strange face. The "cooks" or underground chemists who concoct the highs have long abandoned the makeshift sugar cube and now make pills with sophisticated presses. But no one knows what's inside. What's called acid might contain a staggering dose of methadrine

as well, or it might be an empty compress of Kool-Aid and baking soda. Novel conglomerates are constantly being discussed and disseminated, like a thing peddled, as "the peace pill" which narcotics agents later analyzed as a veterinary anesthetic. A great deal of the conversation heard on the street or in the pads deals with drugs: what someone is taking, what something does to your mind, or fantasies about growing weed in the woods or smuggling it in by the carload. Other favorite topics, Black Panthers, San Francisco State College, rock music, sexual liberation and road lore aren't nearly as pervasive. Freaks brag about how much they've consumed, how often and how well they have handled it. One vagabond acidhead who looked about 30 (found out later he was 21) told me of a time when he'd spent a whole month tripping. "One hundred hits," he said. He was staying with heavy dealers who supplied him with free tabs.

Starry-eyed, 14-year-olds aren't wandering around the Haight anymore. Faces are older and harder, smalltown hell raisers, schizophrenic revolutionaries, high-school toughs now in their 30's, Hell's Angels, petty crooks, chronic winos and drug users between stints in mental hospitals find here a twisted communal. When these people are harassed by straights from downtown, they can rationalize that it's not because they're bums, pushers or crooks, it's because they're hippies. Persecution goes easier, can even be consoling when one can cast himself as a martyr. It pleases them to know that they threaten the dissolution of society, but they fail to appreciate the difference between the threat Christ proposed and that of Attila the Hun.

THE Haight today has turned into a parody of its own utopian dream. By forgetting its beginnings, the present crowd is destroying itself. Once committed to creating a mirror image, reversing the values of bourgeois America, the hips who stay on the Haight have lost sight of that reflection. They are believing their own slogans instead of acting directly upon the outrage that first inspired the reform. The original hippies had no need for doctrines or political theories. In their

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aid acid test & the fortunate fall: in its own pan

bones was the feeling of community and respect. Anarchy meant transcending the mediocrities of duty. No one taught them how, it all came naturally. For today's Haight, however, anarchy means lawlessness and complete tolerance; the hedonism and promiscuity are prescribed. Whereas once the hippie claimed he was free to be himself, now those who remain around the Park are only free to be hippies. Once people did what they wanted and the media reported "the hippies are doing this," now they're more likely to pick up a paper, read what the sensationalist press says "hippies are doing" and then go out and join the chorus. The full circle is made. These thousands would rather be hippies than be free. Their quest has been lost in their myopic cul-de-sac.

Having taken seriously their childhood myths and having known Life magazine, television and Hollywood as their adolescent ideals, they used their liberated talents to follow out quixotic hopes and to realize fairytale dreams, accepting no moral or cultural Rubicon between what they knew as simple children and what they would do as adults. While their contemporary school-based counterparts were demanding on campuses that learning become more relevant, these dropouts, dressing up and bejeweled for the fun of it, lived out and thereby mocked the very relevance they were offered by teachers and parents. Long hair, once seen only on British schoolboys, poets, painters, classical musicians and redskins became the style for all. By deliberate association with artists and innocents and by effortless imitation of social eccentrics, hippies were separating themselves from the plummeting mainstream and vivifying the golden era of liberty, equality and fraternity which others told them existed only in the yellowed past or the too-distant future. By denying that it was anything else, they forced the world to be lovely.

The mirror reversal they sought was keynoted by the blankness of "make love not war." In every faceoff which demanded aggression, they would substitute affection for fury, as dangerously close to Christianity as that sounded. Like a child, too small and weak to make violence effective, who has only love and appeal to love as assets, they set about to greet the world with only generosity and vulnerability. The plan to eschew violence and all its ramifications, including capitalism, as unnecessary and undesirable would turn the world into a family; superfluous governments and economies would wither away. It worked against the wicked gremlins in *The Yellow Submarine*, those psychedelic ghouls who responded in the affirmative by answering "No" and sought to negate all "Yeses." The opposite frenzy, to "Yes" all "Noes" especially when fought in a real world of men and cities, instead of the animated imagination does not, or rather has not fared so well.

O NCE the Haight took society to task by flouting its taboos, but on the present Haight, the floating is more important than either the taboo or the outcome, and in their jungle blindness, they are frying in their own pan. Hippies once gave the world an insight into the idiocy of all propaganda, but people on the new Haight have fallen prey to their own stale clichés. Having lost the spirit, they have only the letter which is killing them. What they read on their lithograph posters is more important than what they can see all around them.

They are helplessly a part of the real political and economic superstructure in spite of themselves, and every outlay, from buying grass or groceries to going to a concert at the Fillmore confirms this. By accepting the free medical aid or welfare checks, they place themselves in a political bloc that can be pointed to and used. The ones who realized this and cared have fled to communes or other scenes leaving behind them a slum and dope den. It's only a matter of time before the Salvation Army opens a storefront mission near the corner of Haight and Stanyan; and while wars continue, the fate of the world will be decided without the panhandlers.

The revolution, of course, with its myriad projections has not died, but the Haight stands as a lesson. Flower children must never lose sight of the paradox of the sensitive blossom. At the end of summer the petals must fall, but through the roots, good mother earth never fails to renew them in the spring.

— Patrick Gaffney

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perspectives

towards an ethnic studies program

Editor's Note: In response to demands for a Black Studies Program, the undersigned members of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology present here some of their ideas about a possible Ethnic-Black Studies Program.

- 1. The program must be consistent with the basic role of this University as a center of higher learning. Black studies as the history of black people or the sociology of black communities studied and taught as other subjects in a university curriculum has an unquestioned role to play in giving both blacks and whites a better understanding and appreciation of the black experience in America.
- 2. Whatever courses are offered must meet the same academic standards as other elements of the curriculum and must be an integral part of the University curriculum, not organizationally autonomous or racially restricted. As scientists we abhor all forms of racism white or black. The assumption that some races of men are inferior to others or that the social, psychological, and cultural development of men is racially determined is without scientific foundation.

We think it is consistent with the role of the University and with our role as social scientists to *undermine* the racist beliefs that continue to play such a damaging role in American society. We, therefore, support curriculum changes that would enable all students to develop a better understanding of the nature of racial and cultural differences.

The recently revived notion that cultures can be so different from one another as to be totally incomprehensible to one who was not reared as a member of that cultural group is without merit. If it were true that to understand Caesar one must be Caesar, then the attempt to learn anything about the activities of men at other times and places would be absolutely pointless. With this view we cannot agree. We, therefore, feel that enrollment must be open to all regardless of race and that faculty and staff must be hired, promoted, and assigned on the bases of qualification and competence, and personal experience. Nevertheless, we firmly believe

that the University has an obligation to hire as many faculty representatives of minority groups as can be found.

3. We feel that, owing to the resources and history of Notre Dame, the best approach to the study of the black experience would be one in which that experience is considered in a broad, comparative framework. As a university founded for a religious minority, and which, until recently, served that group almost exclusively, and with a faculty with long-standing interests in and research experience with interreligious relations and Spanish-speaking minorities, it would be foolish not to capitalize on this distinctive — and in some ways, unique — situation.

At present there are not enough competent personnel available to staff existing programs, and the available evidence does not indicate a great demand for a black studies program here. The enrollment in the substantial number of courses offered to date (for example, eight in History and six in Sociology-Anthropology) leaves some doubt that student interest is sufficient to sustain a major black studies program.

Notre Dame does have experience and personnel resources that would justify the development of a comparative ethnic studies program that would include but not be limited to courses related to the black experience. Such a program would benefit the members of the group involved as well as the dominant white group.

- 4. An Ethnic Studies program should be interdisciplinary and modeled on the area program the University now has, e.g., African Studies, Latin American Studies, Urban Studies. Degrees would still be granted in a traditional discipline with a concentration in Ethnic Studies. Such a program would have these advantages: administrative overhead would be at a minimum; it would provide flexibility in response to student interest, whereas a department must at the outset commit itself to a full array of courses necessary for a major; the University could utilize personnel who might hesitate to be separated, professionally, from their disciplines; and students would have a marketable commodity upon graduation.
 - 5. An Ethnic Studies program should include a re-

search and action component such as the following items:

- a) Provision of opportunity for students to become involved in community programs, i.e., a form of urban extension service.
- b) Provision for a free consultation service for unfunded community development programs and organizations in the minority communities.
- c) The conducting of special training programs (e.g., summer institutes) for personnel (e.g., pastors, teachers, social workers, poverty program personnel, etc.) who work in the minority communities.
- d) Establishment of an "Institute for the Comparative Study of Intergroup Relations" which would support research in all areas including interreligious, Spanish-Anglo, interracial, interethnic, etc
- 6. Finally, the program should include a component designed to expand the opportunities for higher education available to minority group members. We are not impressed with expensive recruiting efforts and fat awards that merely lure a student away from Harvard or Yale and enable the lucky recipient to live more leisurely than otherwise, but do virtually nothing to expand the number of minority group students who receive the benefit of a higher education. We would suggest the following:
 - a) A college-preparation program modeled on Upward Bound and the Jesuit program in New York, designed to expand the pool of minority youth who qualify for college entrance.
 - b) A required one-semester course in intergroup relations to be taken by all freshmen. The course should be interdisciplinary, taught in small sections, and should involve minority group students as participants.
 - c) Establishment or participation in a minorities scholarship pool with other colleges and universities.
 - d) Establishment of fellowships for graduate students who will specialize in this area and help fill the need for personnel in new programs established elsewhere.

e) University commitment to providing intellectual, psychological, and social aids that are necessary to help the minority student to become an effective critic of society.

To date Notre Dame has not responded adequately to the charge that the present academic program is insufficient to meet the challenge posed by racism pervasive in our society. We feel a professional responsibility to provide all students with a deeper moral insight and greater intellectual understanding of the relationship of established social institutions to the political and economic reality experienced by all minorities such as the black, the Spanish-speaking, and the poor generally.

We must not only recruit and, at the cost of our own time, make every effort to retain students who represent minority groups, we must also ensure that all students have the opportunity to attain the moral stature required if our ideas of social justice are ever to be realized.

William V. D'Antonio, Chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology

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Rev. Ernest Brandewie
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Each week the Scholastic will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon contemporary issues. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the Scholastic.

October 10, 1969

movies



CINEMA '70: Black Maria (above, sullen) present Notre Dame's annual film series; the yearly campaign for patrons begins within the week. Series tickets will be priced at six dollars, will entitle the bearer to all twelve weekend features, plus the three week-long festivals on Czech film, American film, and a still to be chosen by the director. Selected shorts and notes will precede all showings. Individual admission charges may vary per feature. CIN-EMA '70 opens November 8 with Battle of Algiers. Weekend scheduling includes Polanski's Cul-de-Sac; Kurosawa's Red Bread; Godard's Weekend; Titicut Follies; Hunger; Accident; Shame; further, Black

Maria have negotiated a personal appearance from Haskel Wexler for the weekend of December 6. Mr. Wexler will bring his film Medium Cool for inclusion in the series, will discuss his work, and will screen rushes deleted from the final version. Black Maria are in the process of securing an area premiere of Robert Bresson's Balthazar and Mouchette, also for inclusion in the series, scheduled for some time in February. The two remaining features, plus the fourteen festival films, will be announced with the poster release within the week. Black Maria will present free, preseason film showings on October 15; place, time, feature to be announced, but the film will be in keeping with

the day.

AVON: Funny Girl. Call 288-7800.

COLFAX: The Boys of Paul Street. Probably the best show in town. Hungarian. Don't miss it. Call 233-4532.

STATE: Castle Keep. With Burt Lancaster and ND grad Tony Bill. 233-1676.

GRANADA: Bullitt and Bonnie and Clyde; both are excellent films — if you haven't caught them yet, don't miss what may be your last chance. They're nearing the end of their theatrical run. Call 233-7301.

- BIG IGGY THE BUTCHER

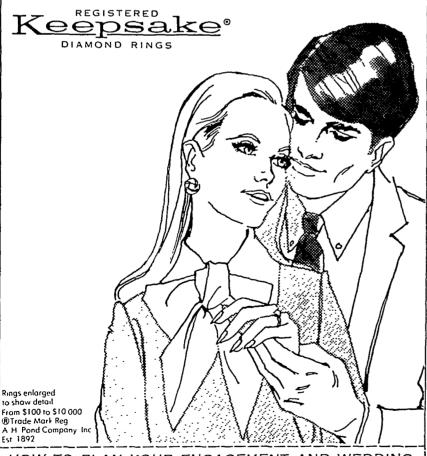


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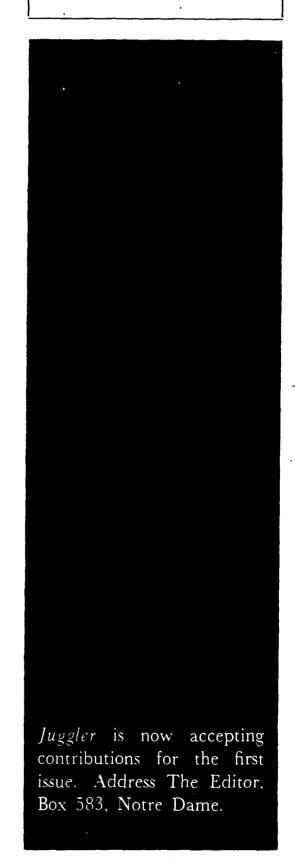
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A Search for Army in Time & Memory

No doubt, Notre Dame's three most memorable victories over Army occurred in 1913, 1924 and 1933. The 1913 and '33 games, recounted here in excerpts from the New York Times, were significant upsets in their own right. The Irish triumph in 1924 was not. Only the genius of a New York Herald Tribune sportswriter made it immortal. His name: Grantland Rice.

1913

eleven swept the Army off its feet on the plains this afternoon, and buried the soldiers under a 35 to 13 score. The Westerners flashed the most sensational football that has been seen in the East this year, baffling the cadets with a style of open play and a perfectly developed forward pass, which carried the victors down the field thirty yards at a clip. The Eastern gridiron has not seen such a master of the forward pass as Charley Dorais, the Notre Dame quarterback. A frail youth of 145 pounds, as agile as a cat and as restless as a jumping-jack, Dorais shot forward passes with accuracy into the outstretched arms of his ends, Capt. Rockne and Gushurst, as they stood poised for the ball, often as far as 35 yards away.

The yellow leather egg was in the air half the time, with the Notre Dame team spread out in all directions over the field, waiting for it. The Army players were hopelessly confused and chagrined before Notre Dame's great playing, and their style of old-fashioned close line-smashing play was no match for the spectacular and highly perfected attack of the Indiana collegians. All five of Notre Dame's touchdowns came as the result of forward passes. They sprang the play on the Army seventeen times and only missed four. In all they gained

243 yards with the forward pass alone. . . .

Football men marveled at this startling display of open football. Bill Hoper, former head coach at Princeton, who was one of the officials of the game, said that he had always believed that such playing was possible under the new rules, but that he had never seen the forward pass developed to such a state of perfection. . . .

This was the first time Notre Dame has ever been on the Army schedule, and a crowd of 5,000 came to the reservation today to witness the game. Reports had the Indiana team strong, but no one imagined that it knew so much football. Dorais ran the team at top speed all the time. The Westerners were on the jump from the start, and handled the ball with few muffs. The little quarterback displayed great judgment at all times, and was never at a loss to take the cadets by surprise. He got around as if on springs, and was as cool as a cucumber on ice when shooting the forward pass. Half a dozen times tacklers bearing down on him in full charge didn't disconcert the quarterback one bit. He got his passes away accurately, every one before the cadets could reach him. He tossed the football 30 yards on a straight line time and again. . . .

The Scholastic



When Notre Dame returned from New York after its 13-7 victory over Army in 1924, student sports publicist George Strickler arranged this memorable photo and immediately had it copyrighted. The Four Horsemen, from left, are right halfback Don Miller, fullback Elmer Layden, left halfback Jim Crowley and quarterback Harry Shuhldreher.

1924

NEW YORK, N.Y., Oct. 19. — Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden. They formed the crest of the South Bend cyclone before which another fighting Army football team was swept over the precipice at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon as 55,000 spectators peered down on the bewildering panorama spread on the green plain below.

A cyclone can't be snared. It may be surrounded, but somewhere it breaks through to keep on going. When the cyclone starts from South Bend, where the candle lights still gleam through the Indiana sycamores, those in the way must take to storm cellars at top speed. Yesterday the cyclone struck again, as Notre Dame beat the Army, 13 to 7, with a set of backfield stars that ripped and crashed through a strong Army defense with more speed and power than the warring cadets could meet.

Notre Dame won its ninth game in twelve Army starts through the driving power of one of the greatest backfields that ever churned up the turf of any gridiron in any football age. Brilliant backfields may come and go, but in Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, covered by a fast and charging line, Notre Dame can take its place in front of the field.

Coach McEwan sent one of his finest teams into action, an aggressive organization that fought to the last play around the first rim of darkness, but when Rockne rushed his Four Horsemen to the track they rode down everything in sight. It was in vain that 1,400

gray-clad cadets pleaded for the Army line to hold. The Army line was giving all it had, but when a tank tears in with the speed of a motorcycle, what chance has flesh and blood to hold?

R ockne's light and tottering line was just about as tottering as the Rock of Gibraltar. It was something more than a match for the Army's great set of forwards, who had earned their fame before. Yet it was not until the second period that the first big thrill of the afternoon set the great crowd into a cheering whirl and brought about the wild flutter of flags that are thrown to the wind in exciting moments. At the game's start Rockne sent in almost an entirely second string cast. The Army got the jump and began to play most of the football. It was the Army attack that made three first downs before Notre Dame caught its stride. The South Bend cyclone opened like a zephyr.

And then, in the wake of a sudden cheer, out rushed Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, the four star backs who helped to beat the Army a year ago. Things were to be a trifle different now. . . . The cloud in the west at this point was no larger than a football. There was no sign of a tornado starting. But it happened to be at this point that Stuhldreher decided to put on his attack and begin the long and dusty hike. . . .

We doubt that any team in the country could have beaten Rockne's array yesterday afternoon, East or West. It was a great football team brilliantly directed, a team of speed, power and team play. The Army had no cause for gloom over its showing. It played first class football against more speed than it could match.

Those who have tackled a cyclone can understand.

continued next page

October 10, 1969

1933

of the most disastrous season in Notre Dame history was kindled the spark of a great football team at the Yankee Stadium yesterday to end Army's dream of national gridiron dominion, fifteen minutes short of the end of the campaign.

Just a quarter of an hour of play remained for the all-conquering West Pointers to consummate their most successful season since 1916 with a final victory that appeared to have been sealed beyond redemption.

Leading, 12-0, going into the ultimate period, the brilliant Jack Buckler and his team-mates in black and gold apparently had carried their last big objective. Before them was the vista of the Rose Bowl of Pasadena.

The huge throng of 78,000 spectators that looked down from the steeps of the cavernous Stadium could see not the faintest flicker of hope for the down-trodden Ramblers.

In that great gathering, the largest to see a football game in New York this fall, were General Douglas

MacArthur, Chief of Staffs; Mayor-elect LaGuardia, Governor Moore of New Jersey, Grover Whalen and a host of other notables from the service and the political and the sports life of the city.

To one and all Notre Dame's plight was irreparable. The mystery team of the year, the team that potentially was rated the equal of any in the land at the start of the season, was doomed to suffer its sixth defeat in nine starts. . . .

The team that had so incomprehensibly lost its unsurpassed winning formula, that was an enigma to itself and its coaches no less than to its army of followers, suddenly was transformed. It rose phoenixlike from the ashes of defeat to turn the stadium into a bedlam with a 13-12 victory.

Led by the powerful Nick Lukats, the most vivid figure on the field in this terrifically hard-fought battle, and with Wayne Millner and the giant Moose Krause at the end and tackle, respectively, playing heroic roles, the green-clad men from Notre Dame performed an almost miraculous feat. They scored two touchdowns on the Army in the space of five minutes. . . .



Picks by Terry

Notre Dame over Army — Ah, but the real action will be at McSorley's Ale House, Bachelors III, Red Garter, Hofbrau, Brass Rail and each of the 53 Blarney Stone restaurants throughout Manhattan.

Texas over Oklahoma — On the tube from Dallas. This Longhorn team is better than last year's Cotton Bowl-champion squad.

Southern Cal over Stanford—Trojans do it decisively . . . by 10 points or more.

Purdue over Michigan — The Wolverines yielded Missouri 334 yards last week. Mike Phipps, alone, will get that much tomorrow.

Georgia over Mississippi — The pre-season favorite Rebs are virtually eliminated from SEC title contention before a saddened Jackson, Miss., crowd.

Indiana over Minnesota — Surely, the Hoosiers won't lose again.

Ohio State over Michigan State — As he departed Notre Dame Stadium last week, Duffy Daugherty announced, "We have to shake off this defeat and get ready for Ohio State next Saturday. We won't be overconfident . . . and you can quote me on that."

Air Force over North Carolina — Very good test for the Falcons after tough losses to Wyoming and Missouri.

South Carolina over North Carolina State — Give an Atlantic Conference title to the victor. Gamecock QB Tommy Suggs is the difference.

California over Washington — Watch those suddenly strong Bears. Armed with an awesome defense, they entertain Southern Cal in Berkeley Nov. 1.

LAST WEEK'S RECORD: 8 Right, 2 Wrong, .800

SEASON RECORD: 22 Right, 8 Wrong, .733



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the last word

It is easy to be outraged at the demands and attitudes of the blacks in this country, of the blacks at Notre Dame (see Bill Turner's story on page 10). They hold little love for the white people of America, and hence, little love for America. It's hard to become intimate with a geography book or the gross national product.

But such outrage against the blacks is a symptom of an inability to see the fuller historical dimensions of the problem. Two hundred years of enslavement, spittle and standing room on the back of the bus must take its toll on the historical consciousness of a people. White people who decry the blacks for their lack of love have never confronted the immense difficulty of loving an oppressor.

A letter that came to the SCHOLASTIC office today helps us understand the militant response of black students to Mr. Turner's original questionaire.

Editor:

Last Saturday at the Notre Dame-Michigan State game, I witnessed one of the most flagrant acts of unpatriotism and lack of school spirit as displayed by 12 to 14 Negro students seated in the student section. These students not only failed to stand during the play-

ing of the Victory March but remained seated during the playing of the National Anthem. What are they trying to prove?

If they do not wish to participate when our flag is being raised, then I suggest that they refrain from entering the stadium. They are not worthy to be called Americans, let alone be admitted as students at one of the finest Universities in the land. To many of us who have seen their arrogant, sullen attitudes, we wish to remind them that this attitude and exhibition or lack of patriotism will not further their desire for the gains they wish to achieve.

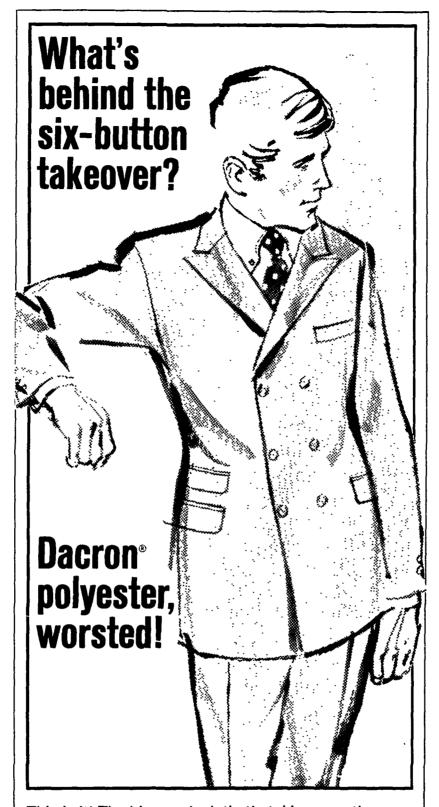
All in all, it shows their lack of maturity and that they are not worthy to be called Notre Dame men.

Concerned Alumnus

P.S. The students should take matters into their own hands and give these individuals a dunking in the lake as had been the policy in by-gone years. Possibly this would make them conformists.

The letter, unsigned, was mailed Monday, Oct. 6, from Notre Dame, Indiana. A pitiful and frightening misunderstanding.

Rich Moran



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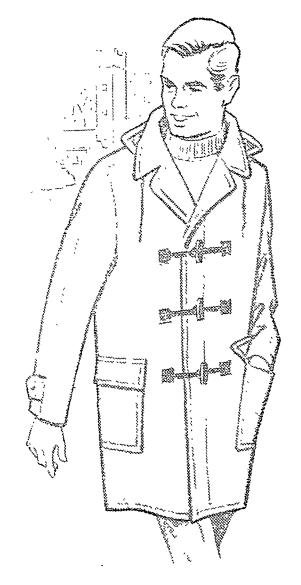
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