

**Time Present & Time Past**

**Scholastic November 14, 1969**

**1960**

**1961**

**1962**

**1963**

**1964**

**1965**

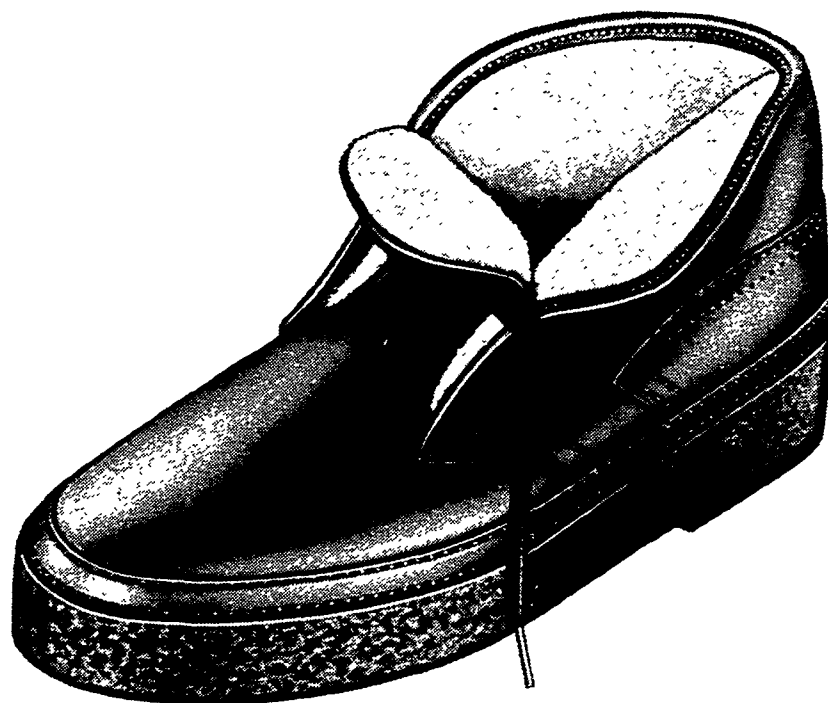
**1966**

**1967**

**1968**

**1969**

**1970**



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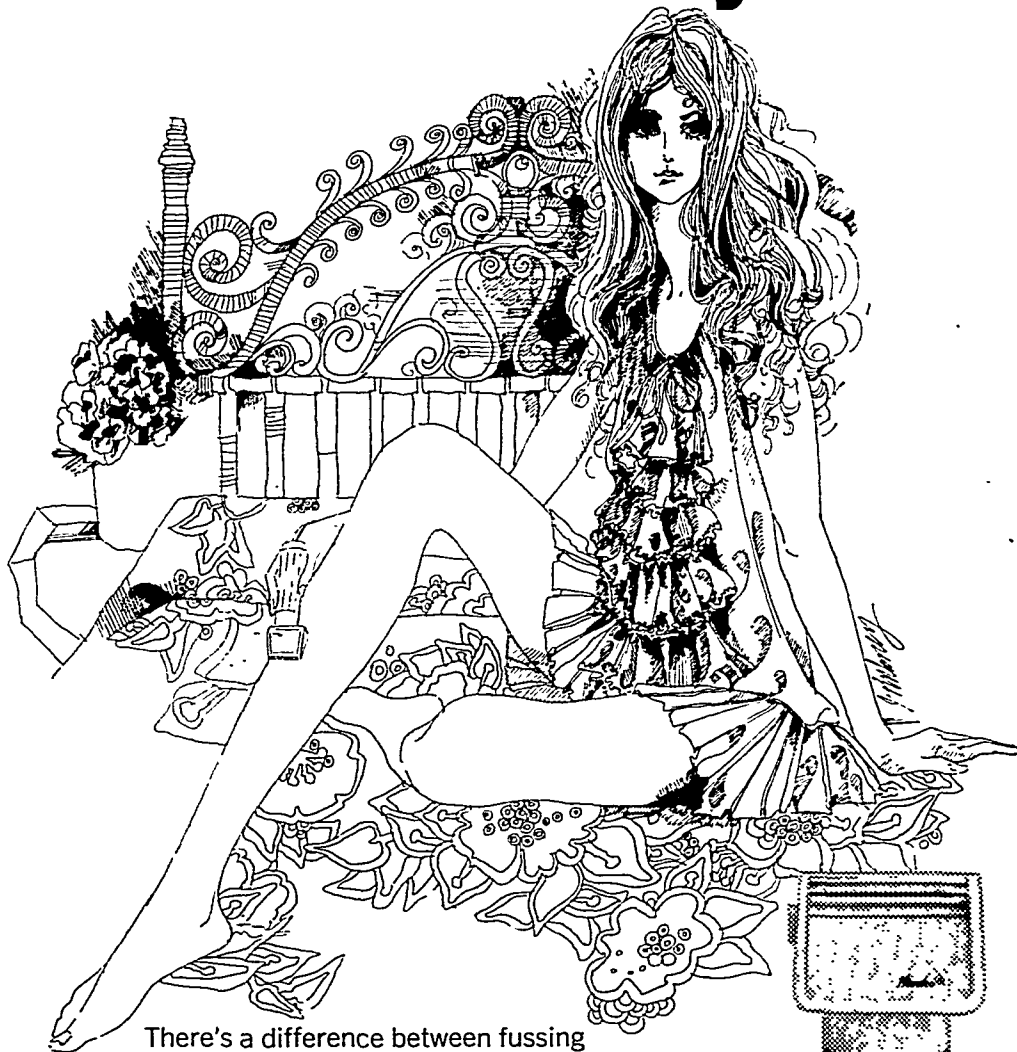
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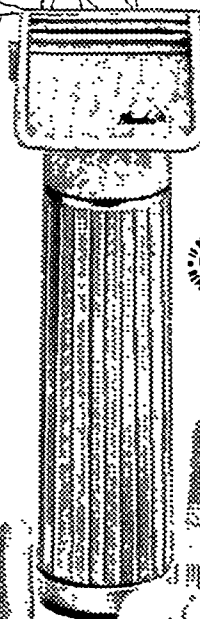
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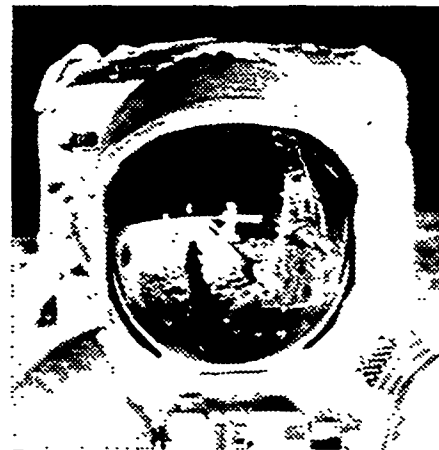
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# Letters

## *Journalistic Lynching*

EDITOR:

"Well . . . he called her a filthy name," she said. . . .

"A real filthy name," she said. "Oh, he was a brute, huge, with white teeth, what they call a 'buck.' And he said, 'Bitch, drop your drawers,' and then he did it. She's such a lovely girl, too, really delicate with a complexion like strawberries and cream. You can't imagine *anyone* calling her a name like that." (p. 448.)

The above quotation from Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* represents the sexual fantasy a white middle-aged liberal woman formulates in order to goad a black friend into making love to her in such a manner that she can absolve herself from guilt. Abstracted from its incidence in the book, though, it represents the classic black rape. Its elements: a woman of impeccable virtue, a black of insatiable lusts, a demeaning sexual encounter. The following paragraph appeared on the seventh page of the *Observer* for Wednesday, November 5, in connection with an article entitled "Big weekend marked by vandalism":

A girl from St. Mary's College was sexually molested by a Negro in LaFortune Center around 11:00 a.m. Saturday.

I was stirred<sup>a</sup> by that paragraph and that is why I am writing. My first reaction was brutal and murderous. After I had suppressed it, I thought: "Those Negroes are going too far. Think of all the liberal sympathy they are destroying by their actions." After reacting to my reactions, though, I discovered that my response was to an extremely racist hack theme supported by no documentation. The elements of the theme: We hold St. Mary's girls to be paradigms of virtue. The antagonist is described as a "Negro" and not as young or old, male or female. The interaction is described as an undefined "sexual molestation." This is not journalism. The writer has re-created a racial myth in such vague terms that the reader's response will most probably be the sum total of his hatred or fear of blacks.

There is no documentation of the incident. No witnesses are mentioned. It is not even stated whether or not the girl herself reported the incident to Campus Security. I conjecture: at 11:00 on the rainy Saturday morning of the Homecoming game the student center should have been crowded with people who could have seen and helped the girl. The situation may have been different from the one I describe, but the writer of the article fails to make the necessary clarifications. Also, later in the article the writer mentions "John Kenny of Grace Tower reported his guitar stolen. He claims its value to be about \$150." On the day the *Observer* article appeared, I learned from John Kenny's roommate that the guitar had been placed in Kenny's locker where it was later discovered. True, the author of the article states his authority in the opening line: "In an interview Monday, Arthur Pears, Director of Security, described the last weekend as being one of the worst this year in regards to vandalism and thefts." From what he has written, I can only imagine that he failed to recheck claims made by a man who was undoubtedly overworked (this I infer from the number of incidents Mr. Pears elaborated) during a hectic weekend.

A freshman with whom I discussed this article expressed sarcastic surprise that the material in the quoted paragraph was not the subject of the headline. The entire tenor of the article seems directed at stirring racial antipathy. After the first line concerning vandalism and thefts, the author states: "He [Pears] also claimed that an unusually large number of racial incidents occurred." The author proceeds to elaborate all of the incidents with racial overtones directly violating the order both he and Mr. Pears had established. This emphasis is tremendously out of context beneath a headline concerning campus vandalism. A more appropriate headline might read: "Opportunities for the formation and propagation of racist attitudes on campus."

Remove the amorphous "Negro" from the role of sexual molester and the situation remains the same — the emotional content differs, though. Sexual molestations of St. Mary's girls by Notre Dame students may have taken place (after all, the stereotype rates us "animals") but gone unmentioned because the girls realized that they would get little attention or sympathy.

thy. Reported incidents may have been suppressed and the violator considered in the light of the tensions that generated the sick action. Even with their consent, some of the sexual encounters that I have had with girls from St. Mary's, when observed objectively (irony withstanding), consisted of little more than mutual molestations.

I must qualify my position, as the author of the *Observer* article failed to do. My article is no doubt guilty of racial misconceptions. I suffer, in this respect, from both my whiteness and my alienation from that whiteness. Also, I write in anger — anger at being manipulated and anger at seeing men deprived of their humanity.

This *Observer* article and others that I have read concerning racial themes are so filled with destructive (and probably unintentional) racism that they represent a threat to the honesty of vision in our academic and social community.

Charles Wordell

### *Mais Ou Sont . . . ?*

EDITOR:

Today's student is supposedly better informed, enlightened.

Assuming that Notre Dame's aim is still toward educating the "whole man," is it asking too much to have this objection include his appearance?

The outward image of the Notre Dame man is seedy, sloppy and unkempt. My eyes, last Saturday (Oct. 15), beheld a stadium of slobs. Whatever happened to the grey-flanneled, V-neck-sweatered ND man of 20 years ago? Cannot cleanliness, neatness, good grooming be included in the life of the best-educated, intelligent man?

As an old Saint Mary's girl, I yearn "for the snows of yesteryear."

Marjorie R. Kerrigan  
Michigan City, Indiana

### *Ominous Objection*

EDITOR:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I recently sent to Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, President of your school.

To somewhat identify myself: in the late fifties I was an Architecture student for a time but dropped out when I became confused and angry by the conflicts I began to perceive.

Dear Sir:

Where is your sense of proportion?

You are handling and getting paid a lot of money to educate young people to become architects. And why? Only one in a million or so actually designs, to a large extent, the buildings of the cities. A few more help draw up the plans. What are you doing with all that money?

WHY DON'T YOU EDUCATE YOUNG PEOPLE TO BECOME ARCHITECTS TO DESIGN, TO A LARGE EXTENT, THE HOUSES ORDINARY PEOPLE LIVE IN? Is the problem of limited space and income too much for you to solve interestingly?

People need to be employed for at least another

generation. Better it be at construction and peaceful production than most other things. The world certainly can't survive the kinds of warfare and destruction possible now. And there are many people with a good sense of design who with training and impetus could help their communities evolve indigenous architecture.

Whether politically left or right, architecture as a cultural influence will die completely when houses are produced in chemical factories. Subdivisions are a half measure.

As a matter of fact I think the public has a right to know where your private investments are.

Most of your rhetoric that I've heard sounds to me like petty squabbling children or half-sinister, power-money-mad pedagogues leading the naive into stupidities. Surely now with the obvious threat of factory-produced houses you can get together and flood the field with truly human-scale architects!

A valuable ally might be the lumber companies — or, tree farmers. Why don't you talk realistically with them? You could talk with the mining and metals people too since they need a substitute for war.

Have you thought of advertising? It really works to educate large audiences, they say.

Do or die, as I see it.

Roger N. Spencer  
Hayward, Calif.

### *War Fever*

EDITOR:

Enclosed is copy of letter I have sent to *Time*. I hope you might be able to look further into the matter on campus.

"I was alarmed to read 'Fever in Hanoi' in the October 10 edition. As a student journalist at the U. of Notre Dame in 1967, I investigated university involvement in biological warfare research. The following is an excerpt from my report:

Dr. George B. Craig [of the Biology Department] reported . . . that he was contracted by the Fort Detrich U.S. Army Biological Laboratories at Frederick, Maryland, from 1959 to 1963 for approximately \$60,000. The object of Dr. Craig's research was to understand the genetics of the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito and its ability to transmit disease. When asked what interest the Army may have had in his research, Dr. Craig replied that the mosquito could infect a human population with a virus known as dengue or breakbone fever. Dengue will make an individual "very sick," Dr. Craig said, inconveniencing him for about two weeks. No one ever dies from dengue, he reported. The mosquito can also transmit yellow fever and hemorrhagic fever and, according to Dr. Craig, has not been used in actual warfare (Notre Dame DIALOGUE, October 1967)

"I sincerely hope that you will investigate further into the possible causes of the dengue epidemic in Hanoi by contacting the Army Laboratories and Dr. Craig."

Michael McCullough



## The Best of Intentions

**Y**ESTERDAY morning as I manfully downed my second cup of Huddle coffee killing time until my 10:10 class, I spied my old friend Hiram from New York standing by the cigarette counter. A casual wave attracted him to the booth where I was sitting and the conversation almost immediately turned to a particularly frustrating experience my friend had just undergone. It seems that immediately after arriving at school my friend had answered an ad on the ride board soliciting riders to the New York City vicinity over Thanksgiving. Amazed at his good fortune, my friend impetuously paid the \$10 the driver was asking and congratulated himself for the forethought to solve his transportation problems early, thus avoiding the last minute rush. But, yesterday morning, on a premonition, Hiram once again telephoned his ride to confirm the arrangement. Hiram reconstructed the conversation something like this.

*Hiram:* Hello, Dick, this is Hiram, the guy you're taking home over Thanksgiving.

*Dick:* Oh yeah, howya doing', Hy. Gotta change in plans or somethin'?

*Hiram:* No, I was just calling to find out when you were plannin' to leave.

*Dick:* Sorry, Hy, can't tell you right now, that's kinda a secret.

*Hiram:* What the hell you mean—a secret? I paid you my money and the deal's still on—so when are you leavin'?

*Dick:* Listen, just calm down for a second. You've got to understand the position I'm in. As the driver I've got a lot of responsibility riding on my shoulders. There are a lot of things I still have to consider yet before I decide when we're going to leave. You know, traffic, the weather, class schedules. I just can't go runnin' off home any time the mood strikes me. Besides if I give you a time right now you won't be ready if I should decide to leave a little early. And if I am forced to leave a little later than expected I have to listen to your griping about disrupted plans the whole way home.

*Hiram:* Yeah, and last time I heard a story like that my ride decided to quit school and take off for Texas.

So tell me straight, when are we leaving or are we leaving at all?

*Dick:* No need to cause a fuss, Hy. We're both Notre Dame men. Right? We've suffered through this place together; the snow, no dates and the dining hall. If you're a real man, you will trust me. Why, I've got four other guys riding with me and none of them have raised so much as a whisper of protest.

*Hiram:* But, you still won't tell me when we're leaving.

*Dick:* Lookit, if you keep calling like this I'm bound to get upset. When I get upset I can't work and until I finish what I have to do here in school I won't be able to leave. All I can promise right now is I'll call you just as soon as I get all the final details arranged. Oh, by the way you weren't planning on bringing any baggage, were you?

*Hiram:* Of course I was. You expect me to leave all my things here?

*Dick:* Well, you see Bill, when we made the deal I didn't say anything about bringing baggage. I'm not at all sure that the car will make it with all that extra weight.

*Hiram:* That does it. I want my money back.

*Dick:* Sorry, Hy, a deal is a deal.

*Hiram:* Ok, if you want it that way. I get a bunch of my friends together and we'll camp on your doorstep until I either get a straight answer out of you or give me my money back.

*Dick:* Do what you want, Hy, it's a free country but don't expect me to pay you any heed. And if you're thinking about starting any trouble I'm calling the police right after you hang up.

*Hiram:* One last question then Dick.

*Dick:* Fire away.

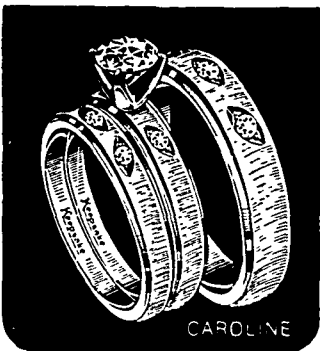
*Hiram:* When was the last time you made it home.

*Dick:* Funny you should ask that. I always had the best intentions you see. But, something always came up—at the last minute you understand. This time I promise you it will be different. Four years in Indiana without ever being home might sound rather bad, but honest Hiram I promise you . . .





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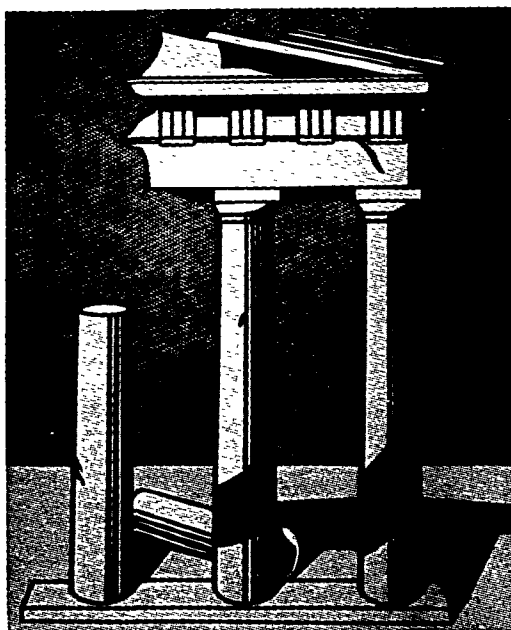
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# The Week In Distortion

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## *One of the Lesser 12*

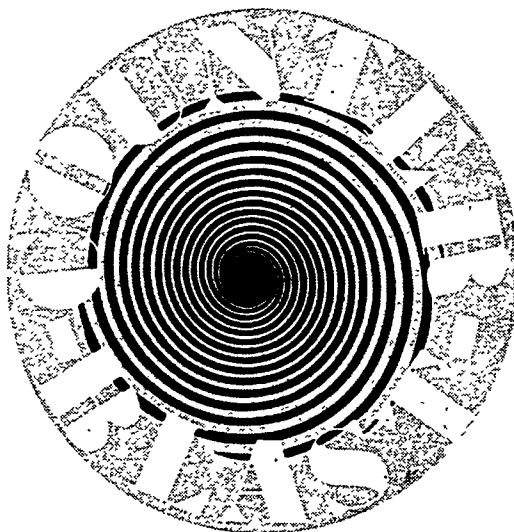
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In the early fifties a young man named Herbert Marshall McLuhan began publishing a series of articles that would have led one to expect an ordinary scholarly career; articles like "Imagery in Hopkins's Late Poetry" or "The Themes of François Mauriac's *Therese*." But that meek and mild-mannered Canadian looked for no ordinary scholarly career. He was out for money, fame, and power. He got all three and more when overnight he became MARSHALL MC-LUHAN, superprophet of the media. Oh wow. Well anyway he has a new book out, called



It's designed by Harley Parker, the man who said "good taste is the last refuge of the witless." Harley Parker has relatively little taste himself. Samplers from new book of proph-ets: **BLAST LSD: FOR LORN STRATEGY OF CHEMICAL WAR-**

FARE AGAINST THE BOMBARDMENT OF OUR SENSIBILITIES BY THE MAN-MADE ENVIRONMENT. Or . . . BLESS THE MARXISTS FOR THEIR DEVOTION TO THE REVOLUTION THAT TOOK PLACE IN OUR SERVICE ENVIRONMENTS OVER A CENTURY AGO. And that's




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## *Selling the Stock*

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It was revealed early this week that the annual Gilbert's half-price shirt sale has been subsidized by the University administration. Goaded to action by letters from outraged Alumni and still morale-broken by the repeal of the coat-and-tie rule for evening meals, several upper-echelon administrators resorted to subversive action. An anonymous high source has admitted that the shirt sale has been the first phase of an effort to improve the physical appearance of the Notre Dame man.

When confronted with the accusations, Executive Vice-President Joyce noted that, "As Executive Vice-President of this great University, the home of the Fighting Irish, I have no comment whatsoever." Father McCarragher then confirmed Father Joyce's statement. Meanwhile, Father Hesburgh telegraphed from Israel that "certain matters must remain the confidential material of the Board of Trustees."

But speculation on campus could not be dampened so easily, especially when the news broke that the Bookstore had slashed its record prices on "every major label." Glenn Miller, Percy Faith and Boots Randolph were all available at the three-dollar reductions.

But collusion was not confined to the Notre Dame campus. In Washington, Strom Thurmond was seen outside the local Ben Franklin 5¢ and 10¢ Store peddling autographed photos of Clement Haynsworth. With every purchase, the customer received without charge, a full color photo of Uncle Strom's young wife.

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## *Odysseus*

---

Students musing over the current adventures of their iron-fisted, soft-spoken (but "crisply cool"), hard-line, liberal, folk-hero of a University President might glance at *Look* magazine's November 18 issue for a three-page exposé. The current phenomenon is Hesburgh's "jolting stiff-arm" to that other President's Civil

Rights muddle, charging that the Federal Government has "acquiesced passively to prejudice" especially in enforcement of open-housing statutes. Hesburgh is offhandedly mentioned in the company of such religious activists as Becket, Richelieu, Ralph Abernathy, Martin Luther King, and, yes, even the prophet Amos (although he doesn't quite thunder in the Zionist tradition).

The Sometime University President blasts the value of present civil-rights legislation as "a Band-Aid on a cancer," and calls for a change in the government's priorities, noting that the kind of effort put into the space program could well be channeled to relieve the plight of "millions of human beings . . . condemned to substandard, unsanitary and dilapidated housing." Hesburgh confronts the future of the nation by posing what he considers to be the fundamental question facing society: "After affluence, what?" Unless all Americans arm themselves to fight for the human dream, he sees only disaster.

The President's "candor as prophet to the Administration" is what distinguishes him as a moral leader today. "Do you know anyone else," asks an anonymous Notre Dame cleric, "who can have dinner with the President and breakfast with the Pope?" Decidedly not, but even further, can you think of anyone who eats dinner before breakfast?

### Hawkspeak

The "effete snobs" who favor a quick end to the Vietnam conflict were served notice this week that certain members of President Nixon's "silent majority" have intended to revamp their image. In demonstrations across the country, variously labeled "National Confidence Week," "Honor America Week," "Operation Speakout," and "Tell It To Hanoi," supporters of American foreign policy proclaimed both their patriotism and their anger at the amount of space devoted in news media to anti-war protest.

Leaders of the pro-war forces urged sympathizers to wear "I Love America" buttons, display flags, and to burn car headlights during the week of November 10-17. Demonstrations were to climax on either November 11 (Veterans Day) or on

November 15 (depending upon the persuasions of local participants).

These actions were strongly encouraged by both the VFW and Veterans Administration. The latter organization mailed 100,000 Veterans Day kits to educators and community leaders. Each kit contained information and an exhortation to counteract the influence of peace-protesters who are "able to attract the attention of the whole world, giving . . . a totally distorted picture of our appreciation of their (American soldiers') sacrifices."

In the same spirit, a Dallas-based organization sponsored advertisements in more than 100 newspapers supporting the administration and urging readers to clip and mail (to the President) coupons indicating support for United States policy.

Opinion of the pro-Nixonite was, perhaps, summarized by Senator Carl T. Curtis (R. Neb.) who asserted, "I do not think that patriotism means that someone is just a square. . . . Both the New Mobilization Committee and the peace movement which it professes to lead are phony. They are both pro-Communist and anti-American."

### Deja Vu

The major broadcast networks have again made plans for "live-continuous coverage" of next week's Apollo whatever-number-it-is moon-shot. All the commercial time has,

of course, been sold. Apparently advertisers are operating on the premise that if we can remember Chris Columbus, the second man to discover America, we will be interested in the second man to land on the moon.

### The Chelsea Cheshire Dali

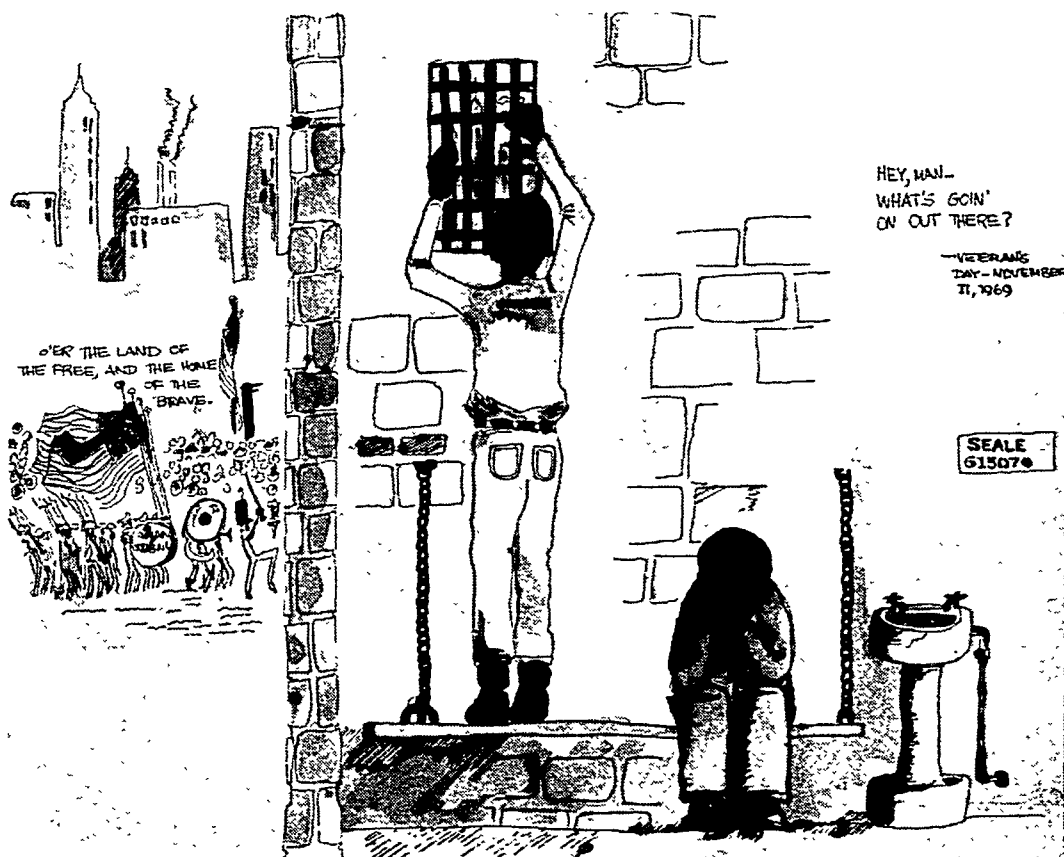
Random House publishers have unveiled their latest gift suggestion, guaranteed to satisfy all artistically inclined — yet hard-to-please — parents (and/or girl (boy) friends). On sale shortly will be a new edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, illustrated by Salvador Dali. Each of the 2,500 copies is actually an art portfolio with large, unbound, Mandeure-paper pages that fold inside a leather-spined box. Every chapter is illustrated by one-color heliogravure of a Dali print. To ensure that a purchase will become a collector's item, the copper printing plates have been destroyed. List price: \$374.95.

Santa: I want one little Dali.  
Love, MPOC

### Quotes

"The price of hating another human is loving oneself less."  
—Eldridge Cleaver

"Rumors of my death have been grossly exaggerated." — Paul McCartney





and I think, few other students, give two bits for what the NAACP is doing in the South Bend area. . . ."

Those students wrote those letters out of a Notre Dame experience in which the administration told the student when to go to bed and what time to get up in the morning. Curfew was 10 p.m., and all lights had to be out at 11 p.m. Just to make sure, the electricity was shut off. The student had to be present for morning check three times a week. According to the 1960 student manual, "Although morning check does not require the student to attend any services in the hall chapel, such as Mass or morning prayer, it is an encouragement for him to do so." Certain specific areas of South Bend were off limits for all students. "Any student found within the out-of-bounds area without permission of the Dean of Students or his Rector is liable to grave penalty."

So student energies had to be released in other ways, as a Saint Mary's woman pointed out in a letter to the SCHOLASTIC. "It is a widely established fact that whenever any female over 12 and under 70 dares to venture onto your campus, she is subjected to a deluge of crass remarks and insulting inspection." Perhaps the only other viable outlet was the rider's board, the new pride of the Huddle, which probably would have offered the best escape except that students were not yet allowed to have their own cars.

In September Fr. Hesburgh announced plans for a new memorial library, as soon as the money could be raised. Five SMC students were allowed to enroll here in an English course. And the student center was kept closed on football Saturdays in order to keep it clean for the Saturday-night victory dances

All-night lights were allowed for November 8, election night. But the SCHOLASTIC cautioned the student body: "We only hope that the student body will show some restraint and not abuse this privilege." Maybe that meant that you shouldn't leave all your lights on at once; we can only speculate. Perhaps the discovery of what they were missing had something to do with the staging of the year's big social event: the Thanksgiving Corby Hall riot.

Several hundred students took part in the demonstration. "Indignant and frustrated, students demanded change. Corby was the butt of their attack because it epitomized all they detested: an old, crowded, run-down hall which housed the hated priests-disciplinarians." Individual students had various reasons for protesting. Some may have only been expressing disgust with a 2-8 football season, but the fact that Corby Hall was the object of the attack suggested the students' discontent with paternalism.

THE impetus of the riot carried over into 1961 as 19 students, most of them Woodrow Wilson nominees, produced an 80-page critique on student life. The students got no results meeting with an administrative committee until they subtly threatened to send their report to the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations.

The fall of '61 then began "year one of the new regime." No more compulsory attendance at religious services; no more lights-out; no more off-limits areas in South Bend. Fr. McCarragher was the new Vice-President of Student Affairs and he stated that the most important regulation now was the rule which called for the suspension of any student for "any substantial external violation of the moral law." Fr. McCarragher explained that the moral law was to be interpreted broadly by the administration.

The student manual no longer set a specific curfew—that was now up to the dean of students. For all practical purposes the curfew remained midnight on weekends for upperclassmen. "There isn't much to do in South Bend after midnight anyway," commented McCarragher.

THE twist and Barry Goldwater hit Notre Dame in 1962. A Student Senate resolution to ban the twist on campus narrowly missed passage. The Arizona senator's speech drew a standing-room-only crowd in the Engineering auditorium. That was one of the big events of the spring. "We would like to see Notre Dame have a daily paper," said the SCHOLASTIC, "but we can't help wondering if enough of significance actually happens on this campus to make such a project anything more than a 'venture in triviality.' For the plain fact is that at bottom, activities at Notre Dame, despite their solemn trappings, rarely transcend the trivial."

This was also the year that the all-male student body was confronted with its unnatural state. The Student Senate toyed with the idea of integrating the ND and SMC sections at the football games and the administration went as far as giving the OK to SMC cheerleaders. They both underestimated the self-righteousness of the student body, as expressed in a Zahm Hall resolution: "While the maidens of St. Mary's are certainly not unwelcome on the Notre Dame campus, there are certain areas in which the *men* of Notre Dame should maintain their position. The football field is one of these areas." Even now the heart beats a little faster. Needless to say, the idea had to be shelved.

For their part, SMC's administration managed to further hamper relations between the schools. In November the SCHOLASTIC had to announce the discontinuation of a weekly column written by two young ladies because SMC insisted on censoring it before publication.

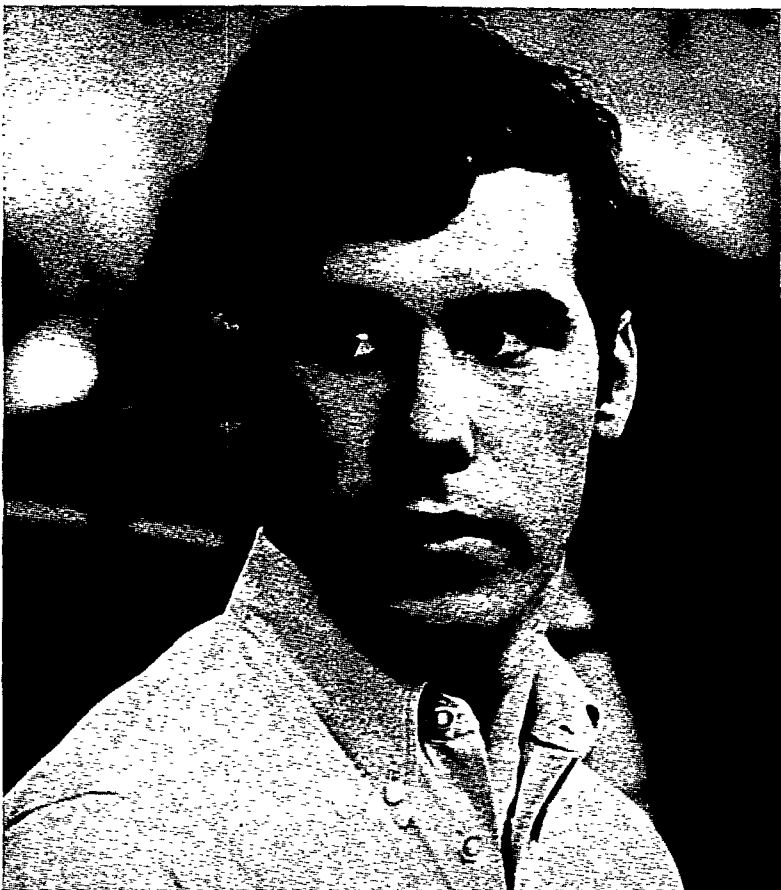
THE academic year of 1962-'63 brought "the winter of our discontent." Curfews at 10 and lights-out at 12 were reinstituted for freshmen because daily Mass attendance was down. John McCabe's SCHOLASTIC noted that "the attempt via directive of the Dean of Students to interpret moral behavior in terms of dress shirts and blue jeans probably ought to be abandoned." McCabe's magazine made a lot of other rash statements, too, like suggesting that the presidency of the University was too big for any one man and that Fr. Hesburgh should become chancellor.

What-the-student-body-was-coming-to did not go un-

noticed by one insightful alumnus. "This conduct manifests a frightful spirit of recalcitrance whose ultimate significance is a student attitude hostile to both Notre Dame and all she stands for. Would these unscrupulous delinquents advocate also the discontinuation of football at Notre Dame, the defamation of the name 'Fighting Irish,' the dismantling of the Golden Dome itself? Would they abolish all traditions of Notre Dame to leave her but a soulless academic corporation, whose vital *animus* no longer sparks the dynamism of the Notre Dame Way of Life?" Specifically, the writer was concerned about undergraduates mounting the cement steps to enter the Administration Building.

Student life got boosts with the opening of the new library, the installation of the Centrex phone system, and the announcement of the first foreign-study program to be held at Innsbruck. A sophomore student senator, John Gearen, initiated *The Voice*, a weekly student government newspaper. But ABC-TV and Chicago's Conrad Hilton dealt blows to the collective campus ego. ABC cancelled plans to film one of its "Hootenanny" shows on the ND campus because "there would not be enough girls present to give the audience the desired effect." And the Conrad Hilton refused to provide accommodations for ND students on a trip to Chicago for "Friendly Week." The Hilton did admit SMC students on that trip.

"Community," eventually to become the most over-worked word of the decade, became the focus of Kevin Hart's student body presidency. Hart believed that the key to community and the key to eventually gaining a relaxation of campus rules was the institution of a stay-hall system. Fr. Hesburgh vetoed the idea and defended his decision with reference to Abraham Lincoln's decision, against the unanimous advice of his cabinet, to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. Similarly, Hesburgh had refused stay hall despite the nearly universal urgings of his advisors. He spoke of moral courage.



Hart didn't think it was all that noble a decision and he responded by helping to draw up a Declaration of Rights and Grievances. Later, Hart was to say bluntly that "It [the Declaration] was pretty blatantly a move to get student support so that we could get the administration's ear. We had been courteous and diplomatic. Then it became an attempt to slug them over the head."

SCHOLASTIC editor McCabe's offer to print the Declaration resulted in his forced resignation (see p. 20). An anonymous organization calling itself "The Group" then dittoed the Declaration and passed out the copies to the student body. The appearance of the Declaration elicited the "Easter Letter" from Fr. Hesburgh. The letter succeeded in focusing national attention on the crisis; *Commonweal* reacted particularly harshly to the administration's handling of the crisis.

The situation seemingly quieted down by the fall of '63. Even if it hadn't, a November day in Dallas demanded too much sorrow and introspection.

NINETEEN sixty-four was another political year. Henry Cabot Lodge won the Republican Mock Convention but Barry's Boys swept the real one. His running mate, William Miller, was a former chairman of the Notre Dame Blue Circle. George Wallace was here and a group of students walked out on his speech, singing protest folk songs on the way out. Folk music was still big on the campus; but the Beatles, with Paul very much alive, were the new wave.

The honor system was inaugurated in the fall and the MSU band was beaten up in the climax to Hate State week. Ara Parseghian was new and "We're Number One" was resurrected. SMC and Barat played their third and last annual flag football game in the stadium. ND students rooted loudly for Barat; the girls from across the road "on the whole were so mad that a general boycott of the Four Seasons Dance—with girls standing up their dates—was being advocated quite seriously." All this, as Free Speech hit Berkeley and LBJ insisted that American boys shouldn't fight an Asian war.

In '65 LBJ escalated and so did the protests, with a new political group, Students for a Democratic Society, marching on Washington. Anti-picket pickets showed up for Notre Dame's annual Presidential Review of ROTC, but the rumored anti-war pickets never showed up themselves. Anyone with hair too long was liable to get his head shaven by the jocks, with a rector's blessings.

Co-ex became a reality in the fall, on an experimental basis. The road to SMC was blacktopped in order to institute a shuttle bus service; co-ex students rode for free, but others had to pay fifteen cents ("even now the mind probably boggles"). But you still couldn't bring a woman to your room—from the student manual: "The student clearly sees that it is not fitting to entertain young ladies in a men's residence hall . . . The most appropriate place for entertaining guests is the Student Center, the parlor of the University, where the atmosphere is conducive to relaxation and social gatherings."





Fr. Simons became the new Dean of Students and three halls—Dillon, Alumni, and Farley—launched an experiment in stay halls which was to prove that freshman “immaturity” and upper-class “sophistication” were not mutually exclusive qualities. In Farley, Lenny Joyce helped organize a symposium on the war in Vietnam for October 15—the first such public discussion at Notre Dame. It drew 700 students.

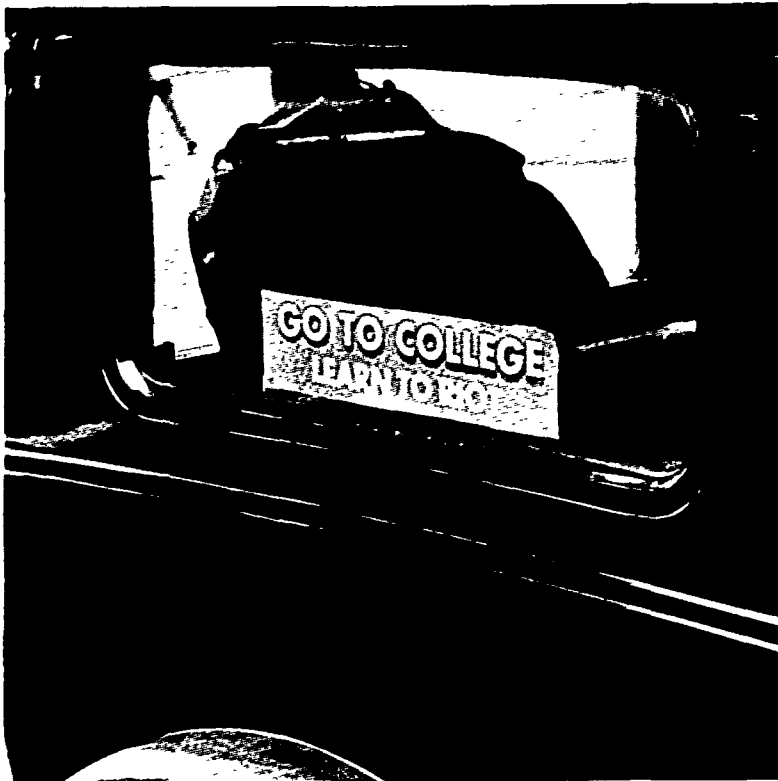
Lenny Joyce was perhaps the most controversial student of the decade. It is also conceivable that his activism effected more dramatic changes of student attitudes than any other influence. His notoriety began with a Farley fast-for-peace shortly before the war symposium. Just a small protest, but the national media got hold of it and all of a sudden there was Lenny on Huntley-Brinkley. After the fast, Joyce organized a Notre Dame Chapter of SDS. “We tried to get official Administration recognition from McCarragher,” said Joyce in a SCHOLASTIC interview. “He said to do so he’d have to have a full membership list which both the FBI wanted and he wanted to give to them. We said no.”

One week before the 1966 SBP election, Joyce decided to run as a write-in candidate. The Dunn-Fish campaign had degenerated into an argument over trivialities like who could bring the Rolling Stones to campus. Said Joyce, “I felt a sort of personal outrage that that kind of political pornography could be peddled on campus.” Joyce drew up his “17 Theses” and then ran for president as a candidate of the Popular Front party, an extraordinary coalition of the SDS and

the Joel Connelly-led YAF. By election time Dunn and Fish had appended the 17 Theses, in one form or another, to their own platforms. The right wing of the Popular Front deserted Joyce when it began to appear that he might actually win. As it was, after one week of nonfunded campaigning Lenny Joyce polled 30% of the campus vote—that in a year when seniors were still not allowed to vote. In one week he had changed the shape of student politics for the rest of the decade.

**B**EFORE the academic year ended in June of '66, outgoing SBP Minch Lewis pressed strongly for changes in the curfews. Three thousand flyers were printed up with a schedule for a mass boycott of curfew and contact of the national press—but it was never necessary to distribute the flyers. Fr. McCarragher agreed to meet with students to study the disciplinary system. The results came that fall as curfews were dropped for all upperclassmen, and off-campus students were allowed to have cars. In addition, other rules were eased tacitly: o-c students began to rent apartments and many halls eased restrictions against women and booze.

Dillon and Morrissey were the first to institute successful community Masses, an outgrowing of the fact that Notre Dame possessed more clout in the Vatican than the local bishop. Throughout the campus, hall councils were formed based on the section system. In Morrissey, Fr. Burrell began the year by giving students the responsibilities of running their own hall. “I let



them live their own lives and let them see I'm interested," he said, reflecting the new attitude that rectors should be counselors instead of disciplinarians.

This was also the year of the national championship and the "game of the century" against Michigan State. A man in Chicago offered his grocery store and his wife for two tickets to the game. In fact, it was almost as hard to get into Spartan Stadium as it was to get into Washington Hall when Masters and Johnson (of *Human Sexual Response* fame) spoke on "The Physiology of Sex." The informative lecture came too late, however, to prevent the birth of Robert Sam Anson's *Observer* which took the place of *The Voice*. In '66-'67 Anson gave the campus a taste of at least semi-radical journalism. Commented Anson on his life with a daily paper: "In a way my decision to go to *The Voice*, now *The Observer*, was motivated in a sense by kindness to dumb animals."

In January, 1967, Fr. Hesburgh announced a reorganization of the Board of Trustees: the Congregation of the Holy Cross was going to relinquish its sole power. The six clerical trustees elected six lay trustees to serve with them on the Board of Fellows; the Fellows then would elect other laymen to a single Board of Trustees.

Meanwhile *Ramparts* revealed the links between the CIA and the NSA, Vassar was integrating with Yale, and 2,000 irate Notre Dame students threatened to impeach the entire Student Senate because it passed a motion favoring girl cheerleaders.

Anti-war protesters began to grow in number and boldness. Lenny Joyce led 160 students and townspeople in a "March of Conscience" in downtown South Bend. Pickets also graced the annual ROTC Presidential Review; and 100 students picketed the Morris Inn in protest of General Westmoreland's being chosen Patriot of the Year. Westmoreland didn't appear himself, but he sent a letter claiming that his winning of the award "reflects a popular tendency on the part of the youth of America to stand firmly behind our nation's policy in Vietnam." Colonel John Stephens accepted the award for Westmoreland. On the way in, Stephens greeted a picket he knew with "Hello, Joe, it looks like some stu-

dents need a little counseling." Later he complained that the protesters "were not acting in the traditions of Notre Dame spirit." Other observers, however, noted that the protesters possessed enough spirit to stand their ground against the barrage of snowballs thrown by nonparticipants.

**S**UMMA was announced in the fall of '67, which eventually led to the demise of SBP Chris Murphy. Murphy had been elected the prior spring on a moderate student power platform, narrowly defeating Action Student Party candidate Denny O'Dea (ASP was the bastard child of the original Popular Front). But Murphy ended up traveling the country to campaign for Summa—"They gave Chris Murphy rides in a private jet, an expense account, weeks away from school—they gave him that and contacts with important people, and publicity—they gave him all that—and they took away his throne."

Fr. Riehle became the new Dean of Students, and publicly admitted that he wouldn't discipline anyone for drinking in his room. Anyone caught outside the room, however, would be disciplined—for stupidity, if nothing else. Antiseptic John Davidson spent a week on campus talking to students for ABC-TV's College Homecoming '67, and everyone ended up hoping that none of their home town friends saw the end product. Fr. James Kavanaugh chose Notre Dame to announce that he was getting out of the Church, and Lewis B. Hershey announced in Washington that students who interfered with the Selective Service System were getting into the Army.

Denny O'Dea and Mary Perrone began the Free University with hopes of finding viable alternatives to structured academic courses. Fr. Hesburgh hinted that students were going to have to find some viable alternatives to parietal hours because he would resign before he OK'd parietals. And in the "we-need-their-minds-too" department, Bryn Mawr whipped Notre Dame in the GE College Bowl.

The North Dining Hall opened 1968 on a masochistic note: food poisoning hit the freshman quad during January's final exams. The Delphic Oracle, South Bend's new psychedelic night spot, lasted exactly six weeks before citizens demanded that this corrupting influence be shut down. So on a Saturday night the law brought a paddy wagon, a K-9 squad, narks, plainclothesman, patrolmen, and a fire inspector to arrest the three student owners. When the students got out on bail the next morning they discovered that the charges against them were for violating city health and fire ordinances.

Chris Murphy, finally ready for some semblance of a confrontation with the administration, called for a general assembly of students. In a preview of the upcoming election, students at the assembly enthusiastically endorsed Richard Rossie's bill on student rights. In the election itself, Rossie swamped a thoroughly discredited Pat Dowd, but not until SCHOLASTIC editor Mike McInerney fired all his junior editors (see p. 20).

It was a political year nationally, too; and the Indiana Democratic primary lured Bobby Kennedy to Notre Dame and Gene McCarthy to South Bend.



William Buckley, Jr., spoke in Stepan the night before Kennedy; only at this campus could both of them get standing ovations. The Notre Dame mock Republican convention nominated Mark Hatfield, one of the first and most persistent of LBJ's war critics.

But by the end of June two of the most eloquent of the war critics had been silenced by assassins.

**S**EPTEMBER, 1968: the Rossie-Luking-Cullen manifesto: "Action must be our style." The freshman class, more than a little stunned by Rossie's style, led the move to recall the man who had the spring before won the SBP by the largest plurality ever. The actual balloting proved only to be a vote of confidence for Rossie.

Pat O'Brien brought the Rock back to the fieldhouse and for days tape recorders blared tradition across the campus. Mechanistic sound reproduction also prevailed in the national election campaigns and at the Notre Dame mock election—despite the SCHOLASTIC's refusal to endorse any of the major candidates, Triple H was elected by a narrow margin.

The new Student Life Council made its first appearance and the bookstore sold all but one of its 25 copies of *Roberts' Rules of Order*. Much time was spent in trying to legislate a workable formula for the legislators and things moved slowly at first. First-semester seniors were awarded cars.

SMC upperclasswomen slid out of curfew, but Barat was unable to slide out of Chicago. And the move for parietals, co-ex or co-ed, was on.

In November representatives of Dow Chemical Co. and the CIA came to hold interviews with students as a part of the University's placement program. Fifty students rallied at the flagpole and marched to the Administration Building's second floor where 200 students lived, sang and talked for three days in a vigil for peace. Amid discussions of tactics which ranged from nonintervention to a physical blockade of the office, an anonymous CIA recruiter entered the office where he stayed for nearly three hours. Students effectively blocked the door, preventing the interviews and forcing the government agent to return to Chicago.

The Afro-American society emerged as a prominent force on campus. Demands were made for increased black representation in the student body and in faculty and administrative positions. Tutors were demanded for black students who needed them. A quiet march and a show of signs—some questioning the absence of black running backs on the football team, others charging Notre Dame with racist attitudes, one blessing John Carlos and Tommie Smith—were held at the half of the Georgia Tech game to the hisses and jeers of many, students and visitors alike.

The Convo Center, despite rumors that it would sink as soon as the ground thawed, opened in December to the sounds of "Moon River," "turtle heads" and the anguish of the awesome apparition, Lew Alcindor. The advantages of centrifugal force were completely ignored by planners who built an unbanked running track and there was one unnerving concert where, the speakers being aimed into the dome, each note struck three or four times, from different angles and at different times

in one of the great sound boggles of the year.

February witnessed the arrival of the ND Law School Alumni and the seemingly genuine concern of poet Allen Ginsberg who mused aloud in Washington Hall, "I wonder if I'm being dirty enough?" It was the Pornography (and Censorship) Conference. Andrew Noren brought "Kodak Ghost Poems." The Citizens for Decent Literature brought a complaint. The cops brought a warrant and mace. And students brought their patron cards and a desire for academic excellence.

Shortly thereafter, the nation and then the campus received the enlightening "wee hours of the morning," cease-and-desist-in fifteen declaration. The same fears felt in the presidential offices of universities across the country — fear of small group confrontation politics and fear of a conservative backlash, both of which might lead to the loss of the University — motivated the letter which was so widely embraced nationally and which led to a "No Nonsense" tag for ND.

Phil McKenna won the SBP race on a community and dialogue platform which differed only slightly from the dialogue and community platform of John Mroz.

The SLC began to boil and bubble and legislative decree fell into accord with custom. With a grin and a nod from the Trustees, parietal hours were instituted in the halls but a student chorus sang of both student responsibility and the hypocrisy of paternalism.

The trustees *per se* became one of the first foci of the McKenna-Dedrick regime and threats of confrontation brought a promise of a forum, final exams and the summer of Apollo and Woodstock.

**I**N 1969 when the standard of awareness is to be "mind-blown," we search for that one word which pulls everything together. Spiro found "effete," Nixon blurted out "Vietnamization." And at Notre Dame it is *crisis*, whether rhetorical or real, personal, institutional, aesthetic, economic, moral or tactical: there has been one crisis after another. The *Juggler* was tripped, then allowed to get up, dust itself off and continue unflustered; the first shuttle bus crisis (over 10 cent fares) faded as inflation eased the pain. Both the University and Student Government were suddenly struck with insurmountable financial problems. The first has yet to be explained while the latter is due to uncontrolled spending over the last four years. Resignations from key positions plagued governments and publications both at ND and SMC. Paul McCartney died for awhile.

But, amid the din and what has come to be called simple hassle, stand the monuments to two forces which, no matter what your political persuasions, must be reckoned with in the future. The Program for the Study and Practice of the Non-Violent Resolution of Human Conflict has attracted national attention to Notre Dame. The Moratorium brought to Notre Dame, maybe only for an afternoon, an ominous, confident silence most uncharacteristic of the decade. This week it is Washington and there is still a Thanksgiving and a Christmas allotted to the year. And the decade, which really didn't begin until 1963, shows no sign of mortality in 1970.

**Ray Serafin & John Keys**



## The President's Prerogative

**A**MONG those things which are to be classed with sunny days in South Bend for rarity, is anything appearing in *Time* magazine's "education" section which is fit for any use beyond being the substratum for canary hygiene, much less quotation in serious writing. Be that as it may, in its locally famous 1962 cover story on Fr. Hesburgh, *Time* printed a few sentences which present the central elements to be considered in any evaluation of the important and vital role which du-Lac's President has played in the past ten years of the University's development.

Describing "A Spectacular Flowering" *Time* said: "As spring semester opened last week on the campus near South Bend, Notre Dame clearly reflected St. Augustine's 'ever old and ever new.' In Sacred Heart Church, young men in blue-and-gold jackets knelt in prayer as a priest pronounced the ancient greeting, *Dominus vobiscum*. Across the 1,100-acre campus, bulldozers chewed the frozen earth, and riveters set steel beams a-rattling. Under construction: a geodesic-dome student center, a federally financed radiation laboratory, a \$3,000,000 computer center, a ten-story li-

brary big enough to seat half the student body (total: 6,467 men)."

The "old" which *Time* refers to includes not only the traditional Latin liturgy, although that is perhaps the best suited symbol for the Notre Dame of Rockne and Fr. O'Hara, but also a whole way of life derived from the lives of priest-scholars who ran Notre Dame, which imparted a deep and meaningful spiritual orientation to the young men who came to study in their midst. The question is whether what Fr. Hesburgh has provided to replace "the old" is worthy to succeed the heritage it has succeeded or whether the new order is simply a regime of bricks and mortar, a matter of bulldozers, money and thirteen-story buildings.

It is important to establish at this point of the discussion that this is not a reactionary's lament for a dead past. The Notre Dame which Fr. Sorin founded died sometime during the Second World War, and it was Fr. Hesburgh's particular genius to recognize this and to search for a replacement. He was the first to realize the need for a genuinely creative revival in the modern world of that tradition of Christian scholarship which had been on the wane for 300 years. And more than that, he saw that such a revival must not be confined to the inmates of Catholic institutions, but that it must take its place in the mainstream of American academic life. This was the end at Notre Dame of what has been called the ghetto mentality.

Such were the intentions. What has been the result? To be sure, as far as such intention can be fulfilled by constructing the physical plant necessary, Fr. Hesburgh has been blessed by an astounding success whose monuments are everywhere apparent. But however necessary such monuments be, they will not replace the Notre Dame of Fr. Sorin, and the question is what has?

In an insightful article printed in the May 16 edition of the *SCHOLASTIC*, Professor E. A. Goerner of the Government Department provided the most valid commentary to date on that question. "What is happening at Notre Dame now is that we are answering that question in deed without having ever comprehensively posed it to ourselves. By default, we have in fact adopted, even when we sometimes say otherwise, the practice of making our change only after having conducted a survey of what other big-time schools are doing and then finding some safe and slightly different combination of what our survey shows is being done elsewhere. We do that in starting new departments, in appointing faculty, in reshuffling curricula. That way of going about our affairs lets us congratulate ourselves on having done something unique and simultaneously bask in the comforting thought that we are securely lodged among the top fifty."

It is apparent that during the past ten years, and in particular during the past five years, the seeds sown by pursuing such a policy have borne fruit. The so-

called "alienation of the modern multi-versity"—which is not so much a result of their size as it is a result of the sort of intellectual activity carried on in them — has come to Notre Dame. With the cry of "community" on everyone's lips, community dissolves more and more into discord. With an increasing demand that classroom activity be more existentially meaningful, students continue to call courses irrelevant and seek relevance in drugs and ideological movements — symptoms of our time.

It has become customary in the student press to blame this state of affairs on the confrontation between a reactionary Administration, especially a reactionary President, and a progressive and enlightened student body. But this is manifestly untrue. It is true that Fr. Hesburgh has at times been a bit obtuse in matters of student discipline and a bit oversensitive to criticism in the student press (you will read about the *SCHOLASTIC* incident of 1963 on page 20); but on the whole, once he has become convinced of the soundness of a particular reform, he has shown himself willing and even anxious to effectuate it.

The assumption of student enlightenment is similarly unfounded. Student power has failed to be the panacea it was touted as, and aside from certain reforms enabling students more enjoyably to recreate themselves, has accomplished little of any real significance. "Alienation," "lack of community" and the other evils which prompt so much discussion during SBP campaigns are as prevalent as ever.

THE source of Notre Dame's problems is not to be revealed in uncharitable censures of the character of the President, but rather in the model which he has chosen to follow. The modern university has been a source of political and spiritual disorder at least since the French Revolution, and no one should be shocked that the imitation of such a model would produce similar results at Notre Dame. It is true, of course, that in choosing to assume a place in the modern world, the University must run the risk of being infected with the diseases which beset modern man.

However, the prudence of adopting in deed the "big-time" universities as the model for a renewed Notre Dame is seriously to be questioned. To quote Professor Goerner once again: ". . . The crisis in the big-time universities is of such gravity that the only apt comparison is to the last days of the *ancien régime*. When considerable parts of any community, academic or civil, have been reduced to a rabble howling in the streets, one may reasonably wonder whether the patterns of life and government within which they were led to so unhappy a state ought to be regarded as the best of models for imitation."

Thomas Payne

# SCHOLASTIC

More than anything else, the Moratorium Day struck the campus, and you smile, After a vigorous training program that began with the second semester, the fighters from most of the nine classes met in quarterfinals on Monday, March 13. Winners fought challengers on Wednesday, and the championship bouts appropriately enough took place on that Friday—St. Patrick's Day.

# DOMESTIC

280 students arrived to the bad news last week, due to completion of the tower eleven-story dormitory. The Grace Hall residents placed in 140 four-man suits. In the 125 pound class, the first of the final bouts, newcomer Larry Broderick faced an aggressive Girdhari Sambvani; Broderick's height and reach were too much for the smaller Indian, who was decisioned. Two ex-champs, senior Tony Karrat and junior John McGrath met in the 135 pound division. In a split decision McGrath's reach proved a lesser advantage than Karrat's experience. 140 pound Puerto Rican Etienne Tott

# THE OBSERVER

from judicious to condemn O'Connor for his attempt. Thrown into the job which at the time was a working staff of one and with little time to train assistants the simple fact that published at all is in itself remarkable.

In planning for his second issue, O'Connor apparently began to realize the limitations of his effort. He recruited senior Bill Siemann, who had been selling dictionaries during the summer, to give him a reputation as a supersalesman to run the magazine. Siemann, in turn, recruited a large number of St. Mary's girls on a commission basis to work with the sales. O'Connor began to work on the poetry writing course then being taught by John Matthias, and a conscious effort was made to recruit interested freshman and sophomore

In the meantime, elsewhere in the University pornography conference was assuming proportions of a catastrophe. Mr. Voor in South Bend staged an infamous raid and rumors about the rebellion began to circulate. When the next issue of the magazine went to press a question was raised by Father Carragher, the magazine's publisher, regarding the content of a particular poem written by Richard Gae

## From House Organs To Student Journals

"ALL THE NEWS that is fit to print; Goodnight Chet, Goodnight David; The World, The Hemisphere and The Nation" — sibboleths of the sixties. It was in this decade more than in any previous era that the news media emerged as a formidable force in American society. But with this dramatic upsurge in influence and the power of American news services came the gradual realization that the news reporters were approaching the importance of the news makers. McLuhan posed the question; and the coverage of the Kennedy-Nixon debates civil rights, the war and the Democratic National Convention Convention proved the point. In the sixties news was controversy and the media was irrevocably caught in the middle.

At Notre Dame, as in the nation at large, the repercussions of this evolutionary movement sent shock tremors rippling through the community. What was happening in the media became indicative of the traumatic metamorphosis the University was undergoing. As the University moved from lamentable provincialism to a burgeoning secularism so did the media.

IN 1960 student opinion was at once ignored and suppressed. The SCHOLASTIC was the only news organ serving the academic community and all copy was rigidly scrutinized by the Vice-President for Student Affairs. Press releases from the Public Information department and reprints from the *Alumnus* comprised the bulk of the copy. The only daily to appear was the *Religious Bulletin*, a forum that rivaled the *Summa Theologica* for timeliness and controversy. Early to bed, early to rise and effectively gagged, the 1960 Notre Dame journalist became a very dull boy.

But as the next year began a crack in the dike appeared that was to portend dramatic change. With the approval of the newly installed VP for Student Affairs Father McCarragher, Professor Donald Costello became faculty advisor for the SCHOLASTIC. Under a de facto agreement with editors Tom Weiss and Mike Zwettler, Costello defined his function as one of advisor and counsellor and abdicated his role as censor. But this comfortable arrangement was not to last long.

In November an art show was held at St. Mary's featuring the work of John Donne, an English artist. Among the works to be exhibited were two pencil nude sketches of Donne's wife. Word got out that the pictures were "improper, vulgar and suggestive" and the pictures were removed from the exhibit by St. Mary's president Sister Maria Renata. The ensuing feature story in the SCHOLASTIC complete with a picture of the censored work and a covering editorial precipitated a reaction that reached across the Atlantic. The Superior General of the C.S.C., Father Christopher O'Toole, paid a visit to Notre Dame. With him he brought a file of past SCHOLASTICS he deemed objectionable and demanded someone from Fr. McCarrager's office replace Costello as moderator. In the ensuing tangle of resignations and reconciliations it was finally agreed that Costello would remain on the SCHOLASTIC to be assisted in his duties by Vice-President for Student Affairs, Father Joseph Hoffman. While on the surface the situation had all the ear-markings of a crack-down, the practical results of the confrontation guaranteed the spirit of the relationship Costello and the editors had worked out. Hoffman and Costello seldom disagreed and Hesburgh specifically endorsed the freedom of the student press in encouraging Costello to remain.

**D**ESPITE the tension of constant criticism the arrangement proceeded amicably until the winter of 1963. Editors Weiss and Zwettler had been replaced by the triumvirate of John McCabe, Jack Ahern and Jim Wyrsh, who were intent on continuing the tradition of their predecessors. On February 22 an editorial appeared in the SCHOLASTIC suggesting that Hesburgh be removed from his post as president and be reinstated as chancellor. The rationale for this move was all too familiar to any student involved in fostering constructive change at Notre Dame: too much power at the top, a president absent for most of the year and the power block of C.S.C. in high administrative positions. (A situation that hasn't changed much in six years.) But, perhaps just as significantly the editors had slipped the editorial into the magazine without the knowledge of Costello and Hoffman. They later revealed to Costello that they were more afraid that the advisors would permit the editorial to be printed and thus become party to their actions than the possibility of *a priori* censorship.

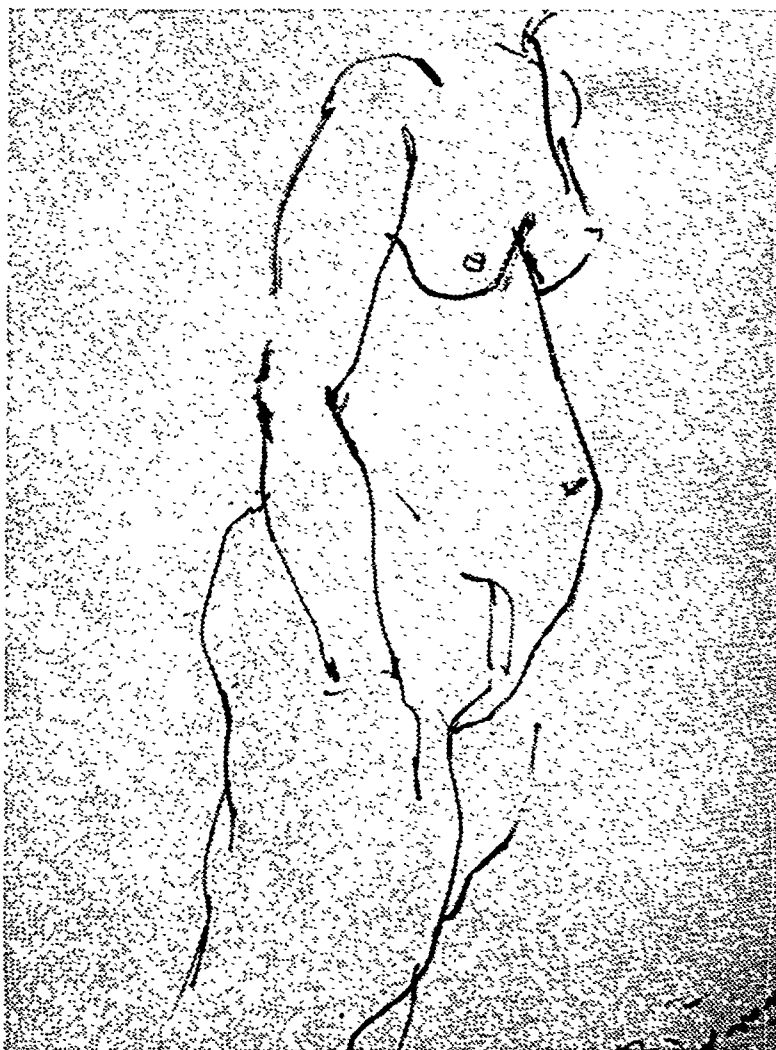
The lid was about to blow; but the occasion didn't present itself until the following month when the SCHOLASTIC printed a news story listing the Student Rights and Grievances passed by the student government. Among the proposals the Senate asked the administration to consider included: an end to curfew, senior cars, all night electricity, and the formation of a board consisting of equal voting representatives of the faculty, students and administration to consider issues of student life. From on high, the order came for strict control. The SCHOLASTIC was to be a "news magazine" that does not belong exclusively to the students of Notre Dame, and "will not be a journal of opinion, criticism or suggestion" except in regard to strictly student activities. All the senior editors and Costello resigned in protest. Within a matter of hours the major wire services had picked up the story and banner headlines

graced the South Bend *Tribune*. The Committee of Senior Scholarship and Fellowship Winners condemned the denial of free speech, along with the American Association of University Professors.

In response to these actions, Hesburgh issued his now famous "winter of our discontent" letter. The letter suggested that the dissent was attributable to a "certain amount of cabin fever" contracted over the long Indiana winter and affirmed his belief that student leaders should not be "wielders of pressure, except in their own domain."

**F**INALLY the situation cooled, leaving a bitter after-taste in the mouth of students and administrators alike. But, the issue of censorship was never again seriously raised in reference to the SCHOLASTIC. Amidst all this controversy a second news organ made its appearance at Notre Dame, the *Voice*. Selected as editor was John Gearen, who in his senior year became Student Body President and a Rhodes Scholar. But the *Voice*, a weekly "events calendar" and closely aligned with Student Government, was to undergo a long process of maturation before ever seriously rivaling the preeminent position of the SCHOLASTIC.

The years 1964-'65 saw the gradual development of the *Voice* and WSND to fill the gap left by the weekly SCHOLASTIC. WSND became the first college radio station to affiliate with "Group W" and began to provide regular national news coverage for its listeners. By the end of its third year the *Voice* had tripled its advertising and in the words of the *Dome* "established itself as part of campus life." By the fall of '65, the *Voice* was beginning to take advantage of its newly acquired readership and initiated twice-weekly publica-





# THE OBSERVER

VOL. 1, NO. 1

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

FEBRUARY 9, 1967

## Westmoreland Patriot Pick; Award May End This Year

### COMMITTEE REPORT DUE

The, in absentia, presentation of the Class of 1967's Patriot of the Year Award to General William C. Westmoreland may well be the last such award the University ever



### PRESENTATION 'IN ABSENTIA'

General William C. Westmoreland, commander of United States Forces in Viet Nam, was first choice as "Patriot of the Year" in the recently conducted elections

"Once you write it,  
you're going to live with it."

tion. Editor Steve Feldhaus caused something of a stir that winter when the *Voice* printed a series of articles on the double academic standard for athletes. The story was picked up by national wire-services and rated top billing in the sport section of the *Washington Post*.

The 1967 *Dome* proclaimed the year of the "professional" in student organizations. In the area of student publications, however, the professional came under repeated and direct fire. As is the custom, out-going SCHOLASTIC editor John Twohey recommended a junior editor, Robert Sam Anson, to be his successor. But, for the first time in nearly everyone's recollection the faculty advisor, Frank O'Malley and Vice-President for Student Affairs, Fr. McCarragher vetoed the recommendation. The job instead went to junior Dan Murray. Anson, undeterred, remained with the SCHOLASTIC until the fall of '66 when he left the magazine to join forces with the struggling *Voice*. In fact, the *Voice* was suffering from such a credibility gap that Anson pronounced the *Voice* D.O.A. From the ashes of the *Voice* the *Observer* was born on November 3, 1966.

THE *Observer* was little more than a month old before it ran into its first editorial scrape. An article "borrowed" from the *Berkley Barb* was printed to illustrate the ridiculousness of the Los Angeles Sexual Freedom League. Passing under the credit "Special to the *Observer*," the article seemed innocent enough, even funny, except — it contained the word "screw." Anson himself explains it best. "It was past the midnight hour. Suddenly a vacancy in the paper became distressingly apparent. I had been reading the *Berkley Barb* that Lenny Joyce [see article on Student Life] brought back So I said where's the sex article. Thus the controversy was born. Everyone thought the Administration had enough sophistication to ignore it."

Questions of sophistication aside, the Administra-

tion decided most emphatically not to ignore the issue. Fr. Hesburgh decreed that a board of review would be established with two members each from the student body, faculty and the administration. The editors were given the choice of apologizing or facing expulsion. They apologized. But, one skirmish lost, the editors still had the hardware of war at their command: the newspaper. The next issue of the *Observer* printed some seven weeks later contained the premature release of the information that General Westmoreland had received the Patriot of the Year Award. For Jim Fish, then SPB, the Westmoreland action was the last in a series of tasteless offenses and, at a closed student government meeting, a five-man *a priori* editorial board was proposed. The ugly hydra of censorship again rose its head at Notre Dame but in an ironic turnabout from '63— censorship by students of student. Both the *Observer* and the SCHOLASTIC reacted vigorously. Censorship, regardless of the motivation or the group represented, was achieved and a post facto editorial board implemented.

The arrival of the fall of 1967 marked the pro-

These stories covering the past decade at Notre Dame and St. Mary's were compiled with the help of John Twohey, former SCHOLASTIC editor; Howard Dooley; Professor Donald P. Costello, and countless others. We wish to especially thank Mr. Thomas Payne, former associate editor for contributing his article on Father Hesburgh. The files of old SCHOLASTICS, *Domes*, and *Observers* we used in putting together the issue are fascinating, if sometimes depressing reading material.

— The Editors

liferation of campus journalism on an unheard of scale. For once, the SCHOLASTIC and the *Observer* had more writers than they could put into print. Pat Collins, *Observer* editor, moved the *Observer* publication schedule a notch forward and it appeared under the door three times weekly. Columnists Tom Figel, Dennis Gallagher, Tom Breslin and Tom McKenna provided articulate professional commentary on the local and national level. Meanwhile, upstairs, the SCHOLASTIC could boast of a full seven junior editors. New publications sprang up. The abortive *River City Review* made a half-hearted attempt at radical journalism in the middle of corn country and flopped, while smaller papers like the *Breen-Phillips Pacesetter* met with moderate success.

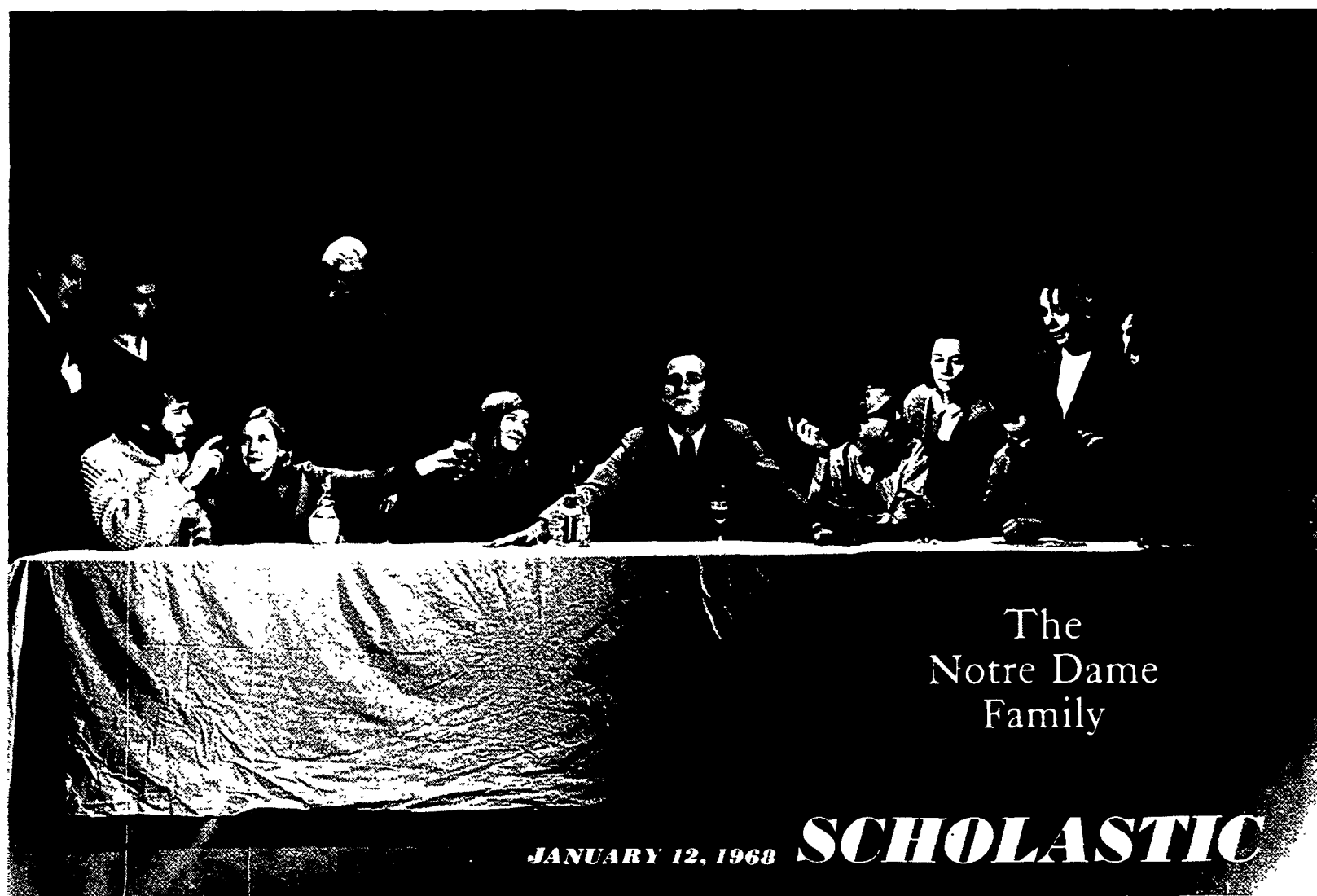
SECOND semester, two controversies were to shake the SCHOLASTIC. The January 12 issue of the magazine featured a cover story on the Notre Dame Family. The picture on the cover stirred up the proverbial tempest in a teapot. Traditionalists gasped at the obvious parody of the Da Vinci Last Supper oil, but most students and faculty simply chuckled. In March, the campaign for Student Body President was into full swing and the editorial board of the SCHOLASTIC began to split widely over the prospective endorsement. The junior editors led by Messrs. Garreau, Henahan and McNamara favored Rossie while the editor Mike McInerney leaned toward candidate Pat Dowd. When endorsement time came, the junior editors were not invited to participate in the interviews. A secret meeting was held and the junior editors published a manifesto in favor of Rossie under the SCHOLASTIC letterhead. As a result, all seven were fired. McInerney struggled

through one issue without them before finally accepting a reconciliation and passing the reins for next year to Bill Cullen.

Moving to the publication year '68-9 we find the SCHOLASTIC embarking on new directions and the *Observer* struggling to find copy to fill a daily publication. SCHOLASTIC editor Cullen has been accused of losing the student in a maze of rhetoric and pontification while the *Observer's* Bill Luking has been condemned for boring the student to death. Perhaps neither charge is entirely justified. It was in '68 that both publications came to realize that the limitations imposed by a volunteer staff, limited finances and an often unconcerned readership put their journalistic aspirations just beyond their grasp. The most significant development in publications last year was the inauguration of the student-teacher course evaluation booklet—a mammoth effort roundly praised by students, faculty and administrators alike.

For the media the sixties was a time of conflict and change, a time of see-saw battles between themselves and the administrations, a time of censorship and occasional irresponsibility, and of unnerving and regular identity crises. But despite it all, a radio station, a newspaper and a magazine have matured to a startling degree of sophistication. They have made the transition from house organs to platforms for responsible student expression. At least the sixties proved the task not to be Sisyphean; the seventies will tell whether it all was worthwhile.

Phil Kukielski





## Progress Is a Task

**T**he atomic 1960's open with a terrific thrust into unknown worlds. Saint Mary's too, though on a seemingly less cataclysmic scale, has words to conquer. (*Static*, student newspaper, Jan. 15, 1960)

A professor at St. Mary's refused to reflect on the progress of the college through the 60's saying: "An assessment of progress will gloss the realities unless you realize the point from which the progress began."

**A**PPROACHING the 70's, the place is different than the threshold of the "atomic 60's" found it: three new buildings and less formidable ecological transformations. John J. McGrath, lawyer, has replaced the "poet-president" Madeleva; Srs. Renata and Mary Grace each took a turn at ruling in between; the student body has roughly doubled; the curriculum has loosened and *in loco parentis* is dead — only its ghost stalks the corridors.

Assessment means to hang neither black crepe nor golden tapestries from LeMans tower; a chronicle of the first years of the old decade molds the assessment. The source is the college newspaper, either *Static* or *Crux*, until both disappeared.

**1960:** Sr. Madeleva ruled 1,140 students (740 residents, the first figure includes Holy Cross religious) who characterized themselves: "Background: Catholic family and Catholic education, comfortably secure environment. . . . Characteristics: Worried, busy, serious-minded, enthusiastic, restless, questioning, intellectually inquisitive. . . . Plans: working in a Pakistan mission, teaching English in Brazil, raising two or three preschool children, helping husbands who are rising young executives, carrying justice and charity and compassion into the slums of large cities, studying on a Fulbright scholarship in France, lending aid to the suffering in the baths of Lourdes. . . ." Sr. Madeleva became the first president of a Catholic women's college to support the oath of loyalty requirement for students accepting federal aid for education. Helen Hayes appeared with students in the production of "The Skin of Our Teeth," and Mary Carol Daly, daughter of the famous Richard A., was a student. The college held a vocation symposium, and opened its first European Center for SMC students abroad: at Lourdes. Headline of the year: "Student Tells Feelings on Playing Role of Mary." An editorial queried, "It is worth it to be considered an intellectual?" "Should we young people



be out solving the world's problems, fomenting revolutions against tyranny?"; and answered no. Among other things with ND, a mock political convention appeared on the schedule, but the newspaper decreed that it would endorse no candidate — preferring "not to take sides on the issue, but to present interesting sidelights in the political area."

**1961:** CRUX took over as newspaper, when journalism dropped from the English Department; name chosen because of the rich symbolism of the cross as "the center of reality." Sr. Renata took the presidency, and three graduating seniors received national citations from the Pillsbury Co. as outstanding home economics graduates. Tom Dooley was a prominent hero. On rules changes at Notre Dame, a co-ed remarked, "Well, we've been waiting for years for ND to catch up with SMC. After all, when did we have enforced lights out or morning checks?" Student Council, which functioned under the Dean of Students, was praised editorially for having "opposed sanctions for improper 'cooperation' with the recent Notre Dame raid, and accepted the responsibility of defining proper — and improper — conduct in such circumstances for the students." The stoplight appeared at the crossing of Dixie Highway. The first rustlings that led to community government began: "the need of young men and women for special preparation for the vocation of marriage and establishment of a Christian home in a world antagonistic to the realization of the Christian family can only be defined finally by the entire college community."

**1962:** STUDENT Council attempted to extend its jurisdiction, and the Tri-Council, representing students, faculty and administration began to consider matters prevalent to all three groups. "One of the most decisive student decisions in recent years" obliterated the uniformed St. Mary's student, who had been wearing lovely blue suits since 1860. A Notre Dame grad student wrote, "Does such a thing as intellectual maturity exist at Saint Mary's?" and the great cheerleader controversy hit campus when ND reneged after the girls were chosen. Birth control came up as an issue. . . .

**1963:** HEADLINE of the year: "Three Classes Plan Dances." There must have been a rash of thefts; a column began "Sin is a curious thing" and then elaborated on the theme. The college celebrated "Brotherhood Week" from Feb. 17-24. The Departments of Home Economics and Nutrition were eliminated from the curriculum. The Association of the Teaching Faculty adopted a constitution, and presented a variety show. The faculty seriously began to seek power in determining academic policy and procedure. The debate club resolved that the U.S. should invade Cuba.

**E**TC., etc., etc., until November, 1967, brought the announcement naming Msgr. John J. McGrath president to replace Sr. Mary Grace. From a convocation called to request that students not walk on the grass and that they wear mantillas in the chapels, SMC jumped to the famous McGrath statement that the college could

no longer be concerned with the difference between "Wedgwood and plastic." Jubilation.

The slow change that occurred during the following two years cannot be attributed solely to the new president, but the situation was primed to move and McGrath could perhaps be called the right man at the right time — for a while.

The structure at SMC, with students sitting on all student life and academic affairs committees and on the committees of the Board of Trustees, indicates a college capable of rapid change and experimentation. The elements that blur that vision and make the structure, in some ways a farce, can be attributed to the image and mentality of a women's college, particularly Catholic, particularly Midwestern.

The declining professor quoted at the beginning analyzed the strange mixture of progressive change and parochial reluctance to change as a product of the peculiar crisis that a college like St. Mary's has faced within the last decades: shrugging the convent-school aura. This process had not completed itself when the crisis assaulting all of American higher education erupted; between the two, the colleges like St. Mary's faced double trouble. The result is SMC today: loosened social regulations that can still impose shackles on students; an overabundance of committees, all moving very fairly and very slowly; nebulous power structures among faculty and students; academic reform attempting to keep pace with the revolution; and the yet undecided question: "Is McGrath a dictator?"

The famous Teacher Contracts Controversy of February, 1969, exploded the myth that SMC was moving enough to preserve contentment. The only student demonstration that emerged from the rampant rage of the week diagnosed the status quo with an Abbie Hoffman-Andy Warhol sculpture attesting, "Changing this place is like trying to hatch a dinosaur egg; you have to sit on it a long while."

In the area of Academics, the cooperation program with Notre Dame has freed St. Mary's to deepen itself, secure from diminishing the scope of education offered the student. Complementary courses at Notre Dame allow an SMC student to diversify her education, combining the best of a college and a university. The result, as a faculty member put it, is that if "we lose in the new situation, it's our own fault."

**B**ASICALLY, the problems of St. Mary's College are attitudinal — whether the label be parochialism, conservatism, "old school" or any number of other catch phrases. The problem is that vast change requires a considerable amount of time — with constant pressure, a pressure seldom exerted with the force required. In 1965, the senior class requested and held a meeting with the President of the College to explain their thoughts on SMC education: the class president analyzed the situation in terms of the future, "Sister, this school isn't fit to send my dog to, much less my daughter." With such a beginning, progress is a task requiring more than a decade. But that's no excuse.

Carolyn Gatz

# perspectives

## dr thomas carney/part two

### the rights of man & the rights of students

*This is the second of a two-part article on student power by Dr. Thomas Carney. This week Dr. Carney explores the part students should play in the control of the university.*

**W**HAT I SAID last week in these pages should make it clear that I don't believe that violence has any place on the campus at Notre Dame or indeed, on any campus. I believe that here all problems can be solved. I believe that procedures are now available for solving problems without resorting to violence.

THINK I should express my own opinion as to what some of the rights of students should be, what some of the goals of the use of student power should be. I realize the difficulty in trying to do this. No group exists in a vacuum, nor can a group operate totally independently of any other group. The

rights of students are inextricably bound up in the rights of the faculty and the administration. The fundamental right of the student is the right to learn — to learn everything about everything if he is capable of doing so. Immediately, the problem of academic freedom for the faculty arises. The right of the teacher is the right to teach what and how he sees fit. I shall speak about academic freedom in detail in the future. For the present, I shall simply express an opinion as to the solution of one part of the problem of the conflict between faculty and students.

To state my conclusion first, it must be the responsibility of the faculty to decide what is taught and how it is taught. However, it is then the right of the student to react in whatever way his conscience will justify. The student might be wrong, but he still has the right to express his opinion. The difficulty arises, of course, in making a decision as to what consideration shall be given to the student judgment. I think

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"These more recent rebels betray an inability to imagine the consequences of their own victory. For the smashing of idols is in itself such a preoccupation that it is almost impossible for the iconoclast to look into the future when there will not be any idols left to smash. . . . The happiness of the rebel is as transient as the iconoclasm that produced it. When he has slain the dragon and rescued the beautiful maiden, there is usually nothing left for him to do but write his memoirs and dream of a time when the world was young."

— *Walter Lippmann*, 1929

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considerable weight should be given. However, it is not the total answer. The judgment of a class should be considered as one piece of evidence to be presented to the jury. And the jury must be a jury composed of the teacher's peers. I am heartily in favor of the class-evaluation system, as long as it is recognized for what it is — the action of an important group of people but, nevertheless, only one reaction. In the beginning, class evaluations are apt to be popularity contests. However, as they become more accepted both by faculty and students, the value for both increases — the professor receives valuable suggestions that he is more apt to take seriously with an established procedure, and the students become more responsible in their criticisms, recognizing the severe consequences of their judgment. I would, however, like to see an additional piece of information collected, namely, a retrospective reaction to a teacher or a class. Therefore, for at least some years to come, I believe it would be advisable to collect student opinions immediately after being exposed to a course, and then a reaction of the same students to the same course two or three years after completion.

**D**URING the past few years, a general demand has been made that students be allowed to make decisions on those issues that affect their lives. The thesis seems so obvious that it is unarguable. Of course, students should make their own decisions. Yet, I would modify the statement. Students should make decisions in areas in which they are capable of making them, and in areas where the consequences of the decisions do not infringe on the rights of others. Obviously, this does not mean that students should not have a voice in other decisions. It just means that they shouldn't make the decisions.

I realize I am walking in where even fools might fear to tread when I talk about the ability of students to make decisions. I have commented many times before in many places on the fact that today's student is more mature, more broadly steeped in knowledge, more sophisticated than those of past generations. For all of that, there are still things that students don't know.

The most obvious area of student incompetence is, at least to me, in determining the financial policies of the University. No one can deny that the success or failure of many things affecting students' lives depend on having or not having money. Yet, I can see no positive reason why students should have any voice in establishing financial direction. On the other hand, I can't see why information on investment policies should not be made available, either.

**O**NE of the reasons students have given for their desire to help make financial decisions has been a rather diffuse belief that proper moral considerations are not being given to these activities. The trustees have even been asked whether or not we are investing University funds in our own companies. It is a source of considerable irritation to me to have some of these young men try to give the impression that it was only they who had suddenly and recently discovered that moral principles could also be applied to finance and other business activities. I am sure they believe this. They become so sanctimonious that one is forced to believe that, at puberty, they must have had stigmata instead of acne.

Since I cannot, item by item, discuss each of the issues covered under the broad heading of student rights, I shall select only one more problem for comment, and I have chosen this problem because it will become, unexpectedly, controversial. I say unexpectedly because the logic of the proposal, considering the alternatives, escapes me.

At the open meeting of the students with the Board of Trustees last year, considerable time was spent in discussing the possibility of student representation on the Board of Trustees. I expressed an opinion at that time that student representation could not be effective — that any student of the board would, inevitably, be simply a part of a board decision and would not influence such a decision. If our present procedures are working properly, the student on the board should not be able to bring to the group any information not considered in the past.

In reporting this meeting, the *SCHOLASTIC* said, "Yet never did the board consider avoiding the 'Uncle Tom' syndrome by admitting more than one or two student members; . . ." With the lack of imagination for which I continue to blame the present activists, the writer avoided the chance of substituting "Uncle Ted" for "Uncle Tom," and thus gaining a few more points with the antiestablishmentarians.

**C**ONSIDER the alternatives proposed. If we were to avoid the tokenism of having only a few students on the board for the purpose of presenting views, then we should have enough students as voting members to be able to influence decisions by votes. I must admit to the accusation of the *SCHOLASTIC*. Such a proposal was never considered by me, mainly because I do not believe it is the business of the students to run the board. I shall spell out in detail what I think the duties and responsibilities of the board are in a later article. I shall only say now that the board does not make de-

cisions on the day-to-day operation of the University. The board receives recommendations and approves or disapproves them, assuming that all pertinent evidence has been submitted and been considered by the proper University action group. The board, for example, did not decide to introduce the system of parietal hours. The board did approve the recommendation made to it by the Student Life Council. The Council itself was the body best qualified to hear testimony and to collect facts. The board will not be responsible for the day-to-day enforcement of the policies it approves. In the case of parietal hours, this responsibility is in the hands of the halls.

**M**Y conclusion, therefore, is that there should not be student representation on the Board of Trustees. Knowing what the board does would, I think, convince more people that this conclusion is correct. If it is believed that the board is not getting sufficient information on subjects on which it does make decisions, then I think the solution is to increase the effectiveness of the University action groups to the point where proper procedures are in effect.

I think a good analogy here is the proposal made by the students for the establishment of a student judicial system. The procedures outlined could only be regarded as tortuous, yet each was thought necessary to make sure that the right facts were collected, that the right evidence was considered, and, equally important, that the decision was made at the right level. It seems to me that there is considerable misunderstanding of the role of the board, that too many people want to avoid the due process of normal university activities by making the board a body that does involve itself in the day-to-day activities. There has been criticism by some who believe that the administration is already making too many decisions. It doesn't make much sense to place the responsibility for such decisions one step further removed from the people affected by them.

**T**o sum up my feeling about this subject, I believe there are five groups that must be involved if a university is to become great: the administration, the alumni, the faculty, the students, and the trustees. Note I have listed these in alphabetical order, not necessarily in the order of decreasing or increasing importance. All have the right to be informed, all have the duty to inform, all have the right to express opinions and to object. However, each has duties and responsibilities and rights. To be interested in an activity or even to be affected by a decision is not enough to qualify any one group for responsibility. For example, it would be ridiculous to say I wanted sufficient members of the Board of Trustees on each hall council so that we could swing any vote. Yet, I would rationalize this by saying that decisions of hall councils affect my actions as a member of the board, that they determine what problems are presented to the board. Anything that affects Notre Dame affects me, either as a board member or as an alumnus.

I have lived long enough to know that the only way to move forward with large institutions is to seek out competent people, to give them responsibility and authority, and to assure the fact that each group will be respected by the other. The difficulties we are in now are caused by the fact that we have not yet recognized that we can't make selfish decisions without interfering with the rights of others.

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"... clarity, alas, is not one of our goals. Confusion is mightier than the sword."

—Abbie Hoffman

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If Notre Dame is to become great, we can't waste time and energy fighting little battles, particularly with each other. There are too many big causes to be pursued. And if Notre Dame is to become great, energies and desires must be directed away from simply the fulfillment of personal ambition and the acquiring of publicity.

**I** SUPPOSE as unlikely a way as any to close this article is to quote from the Haight-Ashbury Free Press. Under the by-line of Harry Happnin', a description was given in the recent issue of roughly August 21st (Volume 2, No. 2) of the march in Berkeley for the People's Park. Harry had taken part in all previous demonstrations. So far, one man had been killed, another had lost his eyesight, countless injuries had taken place. Today he is describing a scene at a peaceful demonstration of between 10,000 and 30,000 people, depending on the reporter. Harry's report says, "The truth is that People's Park was a lousy park. It was thrown together without much thought. . . ." Then he says, "John Lennon was right. People's Park wasn't worth it. It wasn't and it isn't." A paragraph later he concludes: "There are major and minor causes in life and those who can't distinguish between them deserve everything that will happen to them — and quite a lot will. The thing that bugged me all day about the grandiose People's Park march in Berkeley was that it was great theatre.

"And not much else."

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*Dr. Thomas Carney is a member of the Board of Trustees of the University and a Senior Vice-President of G. D. Searle & Co. A graduate of Notre Dame and a former president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, Dr. Carney has written a series of articles which will appear periodically in this section of the SCHOLASTIC.*

*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.*



## A Candy-Colored, Tangerine-Flaked, Streamlined Movie

or

*How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love Haskell Wexler, Dennis Hopper, Peter Fonda, Robert Forster . . . and the bomb.*

**B**E THAT as it may, well . . . wow, baby trips . . . gee whiz . . . its freak-out time at the flicks this weekend. So let's have the review . . . some people have hinted that this whole movement is a fairly modern conception, an orphan spawned under such bastard fathers as Rossellini, Kazan, and nursed to puberty by a select coterie of establishment faggots, like Mailer, Wolfe, Capote — in short, it's the nonfiction novel on the screen, it's the merging of artistic imagination with historical events, it's the objective event interpreted personally through characters who may or may not be historically connected with such an event. Let me use one such instance of reality-mongering to illustrate what I mean. In *Alice's Restaurant*, both Arlo and Pete Seeger visit Woodie Guthrie in a poignant hospital scene which is made even more astonishing when one remembers that two of the three characters are re-creating what each in real life went through in the not-too-distant past. Get the picture!

At any rate, what may or may not have started as a purely literary creation (*In Cold Blood*, *Armies Of The Night*), has certainly struck its colors both literally and figuratively in the cinema. In these films, the premium isn't on acting; rather the actors are out and shooting exactly what they feel in a free, easy style. In *Easy Rider*, the outside world is viewed from the inside of the characters and all judgments are made accordingly; regardless of your past associations, there is now a demand made on you, the viewer. I may disagree now with Captain America (Peter Fonda), but not while I was in the theater . . . it's scary, but it

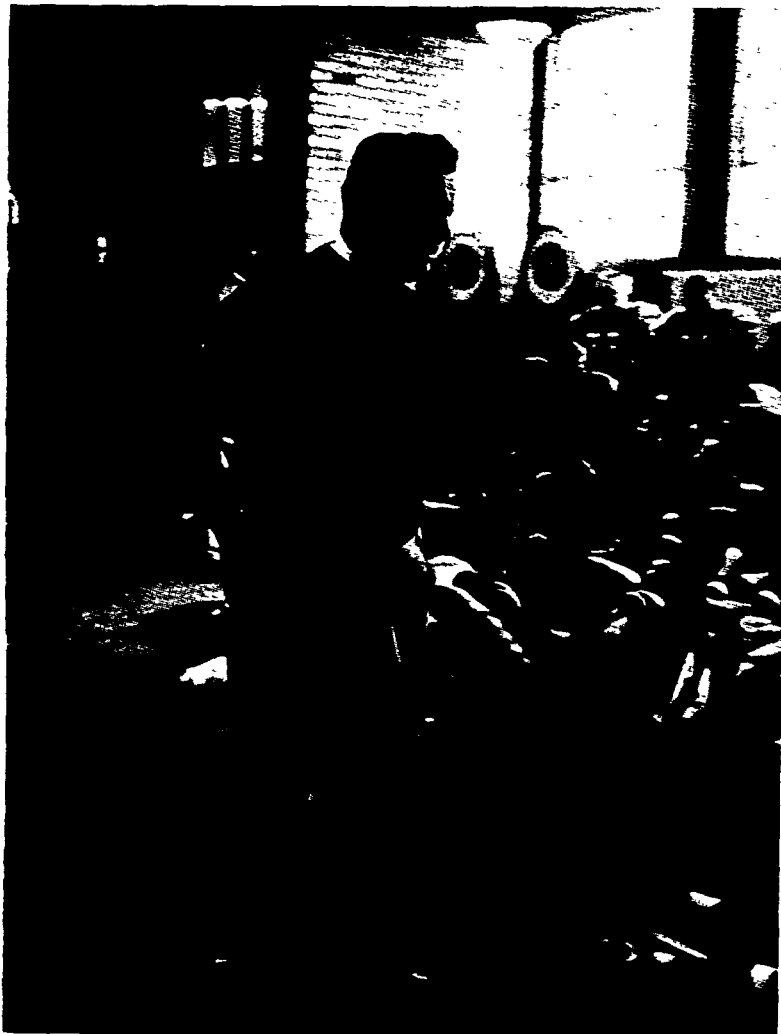
works. We're all armchair cameramen, but in *Medium Cool* we've got to face something more than "objective" reporting or armchair television trances . . . and Robert Forster isn't going to tell you how to do it . . .

If the McLuhanistic phrase, "Artists are the antennae of their race . . ." has any validity, then Haskell Wexler (director of *Medium Cool*) must have had his radar set on at full power for a long time—almost six months before the Democratic Convention in Chicago, Wexler anticipated that his fictional ideas about a TV cameraman might reach some sort of climax in the presence of real, political/historical events. And he was right. Never has the role of the media reached such prominence as it did during the Chicago bloodbath, and unknown to most of its participants, Wexler fashioned a personal statement on the media's controversial role, in the person of a TV camera crew. What arose from the morass of political and historical feces, was a visually exciting, "fictional" documentary film — *Medium Cool*.

Well, so what? Why not film a strict documentary? The answer lies with Wexler's answer — the framework of "fiction" allows the artist freedom in expression, freedom in imagination—qualities which are usually lacking in most strict documentary films, most of which visually read like a day-old newspaper . . . evidently Wexler avoided this trap, and along with *Easy Rider*, brought a fresh American approach, independent of the classical Hollywood conventions.

— John Stupp

*Keep the Faith, Baby*





# Kuharich Quit

## Devore Finished 2 / 7 / 0

### & Ara Was Hired

This has been the worst decade in Notre Dame football history. Given victories over Georgia Tech and Air Force in the next eight days, the Irish will have compiled a 62-33-4 record from 1960 to 1969.

The decade is easily divided. The line of demarcation is named Ara Parseghian. Under the tutelage of Joe Kuharich and Hugh Devore, Notre Dame wallowed from 1960 to 1963 with a 14-25 mark. Then came Ara, whose teams are 46-8-4 to date.

As 1960 started, the Irish coach was second-yearman Kuharich. His predecessor, Terry Brennan, had not won often enough by Notre Dame standards (32 wins, 18 losses) and it was hoped that after an initial campaign of 5-5, Kuharich would bring the Irish back to the glory days that they had enjoyed under Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy. Thus, Notre Dame entered the new decade, with great expectations, especially since the last two games of 1959 had seen the Irish beat good Iowa and USC teams.

Prior to the start of the 1960 campaign the names Myron Pottios, Nick Buoniconti, Bob Scarpitto, Red Mack, George Sefcik and Angelo Dabiero were given as reasons why the Irish would be good. Although he had these fine players and many others on his roster during his four years as head coach, Kuharich could not consistently field eleven winners. When he left the job in 1963, it was generally felt that he had not been able to establish communication with his teams. While this may have been true it was more likely the combination of many serious injuries, academic problems, player cliques and costly omissions on the field, that led to his poor record.

When ND beat California 21-7 in the first game of 1960, spirits rose. However, an injury to the inspirational leader of the team, Red Mack, spelled disaster. Injuries and mistakes led ND to its longest losing streak ever, eight games. Daryl Lamonica finally rallied the team as it upset a fine USC team, 17-0. Kuharich was 5-5 in each of his final two years.

Kuharich ignored bright personnel prospects and

resigned in mid-March, 1963. Hugh Devore was named interim coach as he had been in 1945. The hunt for a new coach was started. The move by Kuharich had caught the Administration by surprise; he had not been asked to quit. The '63 season proved to be rough. Wisconsin scored with 67 seconds left and won 13-9. Purdue won 7-6. ND surprised USC 17-14 and beat UCLA 27-12. Devore finished 2-7. Then, Ara Parseghian was hired in December.

Critics of Kuharich had said that he was too professional in his approach to the college game. He expected his players to think like pros, it was said, and he supposedly ignored that famous ND weapon, spirit. The *SCHOLASTIC* on March 22, 1963, had urged the hiring of a proven college coach. Ara Parseghian was exactly that.

Three thousand students turned out for a mid-February, 1964, rally at Sorin. They heard Ara promise "a well-coached, well-conditioned team that would win football games." They got one.

As ND enters another decade, prospects for continued success are great. It is safe to say that Parseghian has returned greatness to ND football in the last six years. Since the Irish always had the material, as evidenced by the fact that Kuharich recruited most of Parseghian's first two teams, one can assume that ND should continue to win. Whether ND will win National Championships is a matter of speculation. The schedule will get tougher because ND is committed to playing the best. The 1970 schedule proves this point. As Father Hesburgh said in another famous letter to the student body on November 28, 1964: "... All I'm saying is that life goes on, the challenge remains and it will be a really dark and cold place if we ever lose the desire to be No. 1 in everything we do, or lack grace and style and humanity in doing it." Summarily of the '60's: After a disastrous start Notre Dame once again represents what is class in college football. The record says so.

— Joe St. Onge

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## movies



**CINEMA '70:** *Medium Cool* with Robert Forster and Peter Bonerz. Haskell Wexler will be present at some of the screenings, watch for further information. Saturday and Sunday at Washington Hall, 2 and 8 p.m. (see review, page 29.)

**GRANADA:** *Alice's Restaurant* at 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

**STATE:** *Easy Rider* with Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. Call 233-1676.

**AVON:** *Funny Girl* is getting less humorous by the week. At 8:15.

**COLFAX:** *The Comic*. Not recommended for weak stomachs. At 1:17, 3:13, 5:09, 7:05, and 9:01.

—John Stupp

## football

### Picks by Terry

**Notre Dame over Georgia Tech** — Once again riddled with injuries and laden with sophomores, Tech is surviving on emotion alone. In '67, emotion netted the Yellowjackets a 3-0 lead after 20 minutes. The final was 36-3.

**Ohio State over Purdue** — Not even close, folks. By halftime, you'll be bored silly. ABC's Wild Card is a joker.

**Tennessee over Mississippi** — Having rebuilt an entire offensive backfield and most of his defense, Vol mentor Doug Dickey should be voted Coach of the Year.

**Auburn over Georgia** — Plenty of bowl scouts at this one. Auburn is the stronger team, but playing in Athens is a nasty experience.

**Michigan over Iowa** — Wolverines can be beaten on the ground, but Iowa's strength is in the air.

**Kansas State over Nebraska** — By one touchdown.

**Michigan State over Minnesota** — Impossible as it may seem, the mighty Spartans will struggle to beat Minnesota! State's backfield speed is the difference.

**Northwestern over Indiana** — How have the Hoosiers reacted to last

week's events? From here, they look crushed.

**Miami over Alabama** — Hurricanes have waited a long time to catch the Tide in such disarray. The Bear will be upset, knife-twistingly, at home.

**Stanford over Air Force** — Battle of two strong Western dudes who didn't quite make it.

#### LAST WEEK'S RECORD:

7 Right, 2 Wrong, 1 Tie, .778

#### SEASON RECORD:

51 Right, 16 Wrong, 3 Ties, .761



## the last word

**T**HE carnage was piled high. Apocalypse. The bodies of revolutionaries and counterrevolutionaries stunk. And in the midst of the carnage lay the corpse of culture, torn apart, on the one hand, by those who would protect it — yet squelched it — and, on the other hand, by those who would destroy it — and succeeded.

The last ten years, the last twenty days, have told us about the next ten. In significant — yet insignificant — ways. And the university, for the first time in history, has been at the center of society. Often, a microcosm of society.

Tensions of the past month, the racial tensions in Alumni Hall, Senate deliberations on the budget — have thrust the explosives of the “real world” (as ROTC professors and businessmen are wont to call it) onto the campus. And it is no longer simply interpersonal strife that plagues the campus; it is also interracial strife.

The Alumni Hall incident, despite its physical violence, was less cosmic in scope than the tension within the Senate. Personal violence, personal racism are phenomena of the psyche. They are destructive but not oppressive. Pressure is released as it accumulates. It is not the stuff of revolutions.

**B**UT the confrontation in the Student Senate mimicked the apocalypse of America. The black man came to the government and asked for the finances to create and develop his own government, his own culture. To deny him the money would be oppressive and, in the context of history, immoral.

The white avant-garde, represented by the Contemporary Arts Festival, came to the same government and asked for the finances to propagate his own culture. Like the black man, he cannot place his faith in the past. But unlike the black man, he must place his faith in the ability of the future to emerge from the past. He does not want a new body, only a new skin: a snake, not a caterpillar. To deny him money is fatalistic, a denial of the worth and future of American culture. It is boorish and ignorant: ignorant of a vital method of ending racism, the liberal education designed to abolish

prejudice.

Yet given the self-imposed and ill-advised \$15,000 ceiling on the Student Government debt — or the financial limits of any government — the black man and the white artist are up against the same wall. But on different sides; pushing different ways. . . . The artist tries to break through the wall. The black man must break down the wall. When the wall falls, the fetus of revolution is born or aborts.

In the horizon loom these questions: Can one nation, one government house two people, two cultures? Must not the spirit of the nation and the structure of the government emerge from the life-style of the people? And are there not two people — one black, one white — in this University and in this country?

Can we avoid revolution, violent revolution?

**H**UMAN life, human art becomes absurd in the face of revolution. The artist can use his technical ability to propagandize; or he can forsake his art and kill. But the moral and aesthetic distance required of an artist cannot be achieved in the midst of the passion of revolution. Moreover, the artist needs a culture, a tradition from which his art can emerge. But there is no culture in time of a revolution. There is only active conflict. Men live and die not according to their inner creativity but according to the masks of revolution that they wear.

All the solutions are outlandish. Educators point to the university and say it is there that the black man and the white man can study both cultures, bring the forces within both cultures to consciousness and amalgamate the two cultures. Create out of the black and the white an American culture. But the black man is not buying; neither is the white man. And the leaders who are to transform American society are not appearing.

The snake and the caterpillar have always shared the ground, have always crawled on their bellies. But the snake and the caterpillar are beginning to see that besides holding a common enemy, they are common enemies. Apocalypse.

—Rich Moran



*At ease, men . . .*

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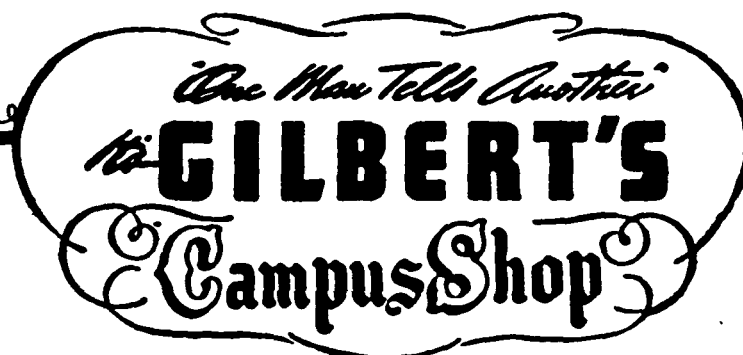
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