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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

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The SCHOLASTIC will not publish next week, during Thanksgiving break. On December 5 the 1969 *Football Review* will appear. On January 5, 1970, the SCHOLASTIC will publish the Spring Semester *Course Evaluation Booklet*. We apologize that, because of the great expense of the *Course Evaluation Booklet*, we have been forced to delete the issue originally scheduled for December 12. The next regular issue of the SCHOLASTIC will appear on January 16.

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Editorial

If the arts are to survive . . .

THE UNIVERSITY plans to begin demolition of the Fieldhouse over the Thanksgiving vacation. The schedule calls for the process to be completed during the Christmas recess. However, even at this late date, certain conditions, certain facts and assumptions implicit in both the Administration's position and the position of those who seek to delay the destruction, must be made known.

The Art Department still is in desperate need of space; they have been shunted into the Maintenance Building beyond Stepan Center. The move and the new location are symbolic: the arts are to remain on the edges of this Liberal Arts university, peripheral—window dressing.

At the same time, artists in every field continue to create on this campus. The University Arts Council, organized six weeks ago, has begun to coordinate its efforts: a living theater has been initiated, display areas in the Library foyer have been procured for student exhibits, a writers' union is in motion. The Council is attempting to make participation in the arts possible for *all* Notre Dame students: the emphasis is on the "sandlot artist," the amateur; the realization is that *here* is to be found the vitality and the joy in creating that is critical if the arts are to survive.

But all of this requires space . . . and it must be under one roof. Only when *all* the arts — music, drama, visual — are located under one roof can the exchange of ideas, the sharing of frustrations and hopes take place. This exchange is the lifeblood of any artistic community.

The University is in financial trouble. No one on either side seeks to deny or forget it. The Fieldhouse will cost slightly more than a million dollars (spread over a four-year period) to renovate completely. But it must also be clear to all concerned that the Fieldhouse offers space . . . great quantities of *existing* space. New construction would cost three times as much as renovation. No new construction is planned. What the Art Department and the Arts Council ask is quite simple and, finally, quite modest:

they ask the Administration to (1) halt demolition until all the facts can be made known to the student body and (2) allow them, if the student body expresses the desire for an Arts Center, to try to raise at least part of the money needed for renovation.

But Father Hesburgh wants the building torn down. Fine. However, if this is to happen the arts must be guaranteed a new and equally suitable location in the immediate future. The issue here quite transcends the Fieldhouse. It touches the identity of a "Liberal Arts School" that has, in the last decade, reneged on its own traditions and given the arts at most a peripheral role in its planning. In all the musical chairs that will be played with building space once the new Biology Building is completed, *some place* entirely adequate and permanent must be found for *all* the arts. If not the Fieldhouse, then some place else: a place suitable for the present and future needs of the arts.

It can still be the Fieldhouse. The call for postponement of the demolition, issued jointly by the Arts Council and Dr. Fern of the Art Department, is gaining increasing faculty and student support. Members of the Administration have been sympathetic and positive in admitting the immediate need for an Arts Center. A resolution was brought up this week before the Student Senate asking for their support. But what the Administration must see, and what Father Hesburgh must see *immediately*, is a widespread student interest in and support of a program to help the arts at Notre Dame.

On Monday, November 24, at 4:30 in the Fieldhouse, there will be a meeting for all students and faculty interested in the position of the arts at Notre Dame-St. Mary's and specifically interested in acquiring space for them. The Fieldhouse is a focal point: it appears to be at once the most practical and the least costly solution. If Notre Dame is to survive (i.e., remain vital), the arts must be recognized as crucial to its existence. This recognition begins with the students and continues with the Administration.



John Keys



Phasing Out Frontiers

NEARLY ten years ago John F. Kennedy announced the opening of a New Frontier, captured the sentiment of the time and was elected president. The very concept of "frontier" is anchored deep in the American consciousness as a historical interpretation of the idealism which molded the nation. Last July three men extended a frontier for humanity, pushing into the universe with their giant step for mankind and carrying with them the imagination, and again, the idealism of the earthbound.

But the New Frontier gradually dissolved, faded both as a political phraseology and as a vision of a better life as it was handed to the settlers whose job it was to transplate ideals into bread and law. This past week another Apollo team hurtled into space but this time not to discover but to explore, to solidify the frontier, to make it productive, to convert it more efficiently into geology.

Peace, too, is an old, though inconsistent, expression of American idealism. Last week a quarter of a million (some say more than a million) of those who profess to want peace most intensely came to Washington with all the idealism the revolution has fostered over the last few years. They were welcomed there by the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, an organization described by the national media as a corps of professional, battle-scarred war critics and veteran dissenters. What was perhaps most frightening was the efficiency which characterized the solemnity of marches and the rallies.

The arrangements necessary for such a gathering were staggering: shelter, food, sanitation, planning of events, speakers and specific routes for thousands had to be certain. For the most part things went smoothly. Planning was necessary to avoid the violence which so many expected and which would have been disastrous to the movement. And at the center of it all: an elaborate communications center, secretaries, the incessant harangue of telephones, all the symptoms of the American bureaucracy and all of it necessary.

BUT the need for organizational efficiency may ring the death knell of the movement as nothing else, save

the end of the war, could possibly do. It seems that the bureaucracy and technical expertise of revolution which become more evident with each confrontation would choke the idealism which is now offered as the greatest hope for the future.

The symptoms are not to be found only in the office of the Mobe. Already there has been a stabilization of the anti-war rhetoric, demonstrations ride on an anthology of symbols which grows increasingly standardized, the rules and methods of confrontation have been polished to a glaring perfection. And in the midst of an ideology of peace, nonviolence and humanity there still lurks the hunger for crucifixion of denounced murderers and Pharisees.

THE movement remains an angry and beautiful young phenomenon marching across the surface of society, and marching with the same stride and in the same direction as countless predecessors and marching always against institutions. It offers nothing new. History has seen it all before. Revolutions topple the existing monuments and erect new ones, built with the same materials and with the same degree of architectural competence. Revolution comes to power, solidifies its grip, is bureaucratized and, in cycle, a new victim for revolution is born.

The revolutions of today must be of a deeper thrust if their creations are to be of any duration. New materials must be molded in the minds and bowels of men and idealism must be given the structure from which to confront the world. The ideas now astir must not be contented only with short-range objectives.

Just before his death in 1967, Ilya Ehrenburg, one of the most prominent Russian authors of the century wrote, at the age of 76, "I would not for the life of me renounce any of the ideals that captured my imagination when I was fifteen years old. . . . But we must add beauty to justice, breathe human warmth into the commandments of the new society."

It seems we are in danger of pulling up short, our sides heaving and aching desperately, and dangerously short of breath, dangerously short of beauty.

Markings

Holding the Line

EVERYONE thought Wednesday was to be the day of confrontation. But Wednesday morning Dow and the CIA were not at the Placement Bureau. Thus Wednesday was an extension of Tuesday, because Tuesday was insane. The American page in history which recounts Vietnam will have to be written in the black humor genre. How else could it deal with Wednesday morning's newspaper stories: American troops gave candy to the villagers of Do Chuc the first two times they passed through, and the third time through they left behind 370 dead; Postmaster General Winton T. Blount came back from Vietnam to tell us that anti-war demonstrators are "killing American boys"; and at Notre Dame, the celebrated Hesburgh fifteen-minute rule was put to use.

When Dow and CIA together came to campus on Tuesday, they virtually posted a challenge to any demonstrators to try to stop their recruitment. If they thought that the fifteen-minute rule ensured tranquility, then they had been as deceived by rhetoric as most of the American public. No, more likely they expected confrontation; and they probably wanted it to take place here, where they could hope to win a public victory.

But, for their part, the students who first gathered in the Administration Building did not dwell on the Hesburgh letter. The issue was not one of embarrassing the administration; only Joanne Malone (of the D.C. 9) mentioned Fr. Hesburgh in the discussion of tactics, and that only in a passing reference. Instead, the issue was a Catholic university's complicity with two institutions symbolic of an amorally murderous

style. The issue was also to demand that the representatives of both Dow and CIA meet with students in open forum, as required by last year's student senate bill. However, as the administration constantly reminds us, the Placement Bureau is a service to the students. Therefore, Fr. Riehle can say, "The question over a public presentation belongs to the industry."

FR. THORNTON, head of the Placement Bureau, smiled nervously through it all. Shuttling between his office and the demonstrators outside, he expressed the desire to keep his own office clear of both demonstrators and student reporters. When it was revealed that a second CIA recruiter was conducting interviews within the main office, several students suggested a sit-in inside that office. Thornton, however, preferred to have the human blockade stay outside the main door.

At one point, after the blockade of the three rooms had begun, the Dow recruiter passed out word that he wanted Thornton's permission to address the demonstrators. Thornton gave the OK, but it turned out that Dow would talk only to student "representatives" (this in a basically anarchic—in the best sense of the word—situation). In addition, "speaking to" does not imply "speaking with," i.e., the recruiter had no intentions of answering any questions.

FINALLY the moment came, Fr. Riehle's chance for a footnote in history: "You have fifteen minutes . . ." Before issuing the statement, Riehle had asked a stu-



dent, "What do you expect us to do, back down?" The inflexibility, however, was of the administration's own choice and was in no little way related to the fact that students first read about "Hesburgh's law" in the newspapers before they got the letter itself. No, Riehle could not have backed down any more than Lyndon Johnson could have suddenly decided to save lives instead of face.

A little over fifteen minutes later, as Steve Moriarty (who graduated with a degree in theology last June) read from Scripture, Riehle began to take the I.D.'s of the ten students still blocking the doorway. None offered any resistance. Five minutes later, the five students still there were expelled. Meanwhile, Arthur Pears went around collecting everyone else's I.D. cards, including those of student-elected representatives and student reporters. He even confiscated the I.D. of one student who was there to be interviewed by Dow.

IT WAS a little while after this that Tim MacCarry became probably the first Notre Dame student in history to be arrested for loitering on his own campus. The charges were subsequently dropped—apparently County Sheriff Sokol was just in a "bad mood" at the time. It seems that he was in a bad mood because the two squad cars of club-wielding policemen had come on campus against his orders. Fr. Riehle also denied asking for the police to come on campus. It is hard to believe, however, that the average cop would go anywhere that he was told, in specific terms, not to go.

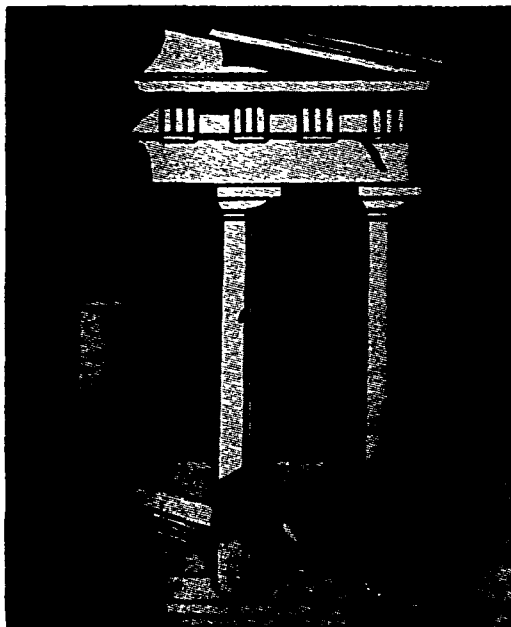
Between 5 and 6:30 a.m. Wednesday morning, a

court injunction was delivered to Brian McInerney, Sister Joanne Malone, Tim MacCarry, Fred Dedrick, and Rick Libowitz. Neither Dedrick nor Libowitz ever blocked the doorway; nor did either ever advocate the tactic. Fr. Riehle explained that their names were included simply because the injunction had to be delivered to somebody. However, the actual injunction says "that the defendants . . . have effectively prevented University personnel and students lawfully and legally having business with said Placement Office from entering and leaving." To put it bluntly, that is a lie.

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon Fr. Riehle, the accuser and arrester, announced that he had set up a University Court to which those convicted could appeal their innocence. This sets the stage for a local Conspiracy-type trial, a Notre Dame super bowl of injustice.

What the administration has tried to do is shift the demonstration's focus from a confrontation with Dow and CIA to a confrontation with the "University." At one time during the demonstration, a prospective interviewee claimed that "the basic principle of American democracy is majority rule." "No," said Tom Henahan. "the basic principle is the right to self-determination." In this "Christian University," it appears that the central question being asked concerns a person's right to make a business transaction rather than a person's right to life.

—Ray Serafin



The Week In Distortion

The Portable Agnew (Anagnostopoulos)

"He is, by all odds, the most colorful character in the administration — in fact almost the only colorful character. He says nasty things in the nicest ways. And he has the courage of President Nixon's conviction."

—James Reston

On the subject of:

Mickey Mouse wears a Spiro Agnew watch.

Spiro is the Richard Nixon of the Richard Nixon Administration.

If we didn't have a Spiro Agnew, we'd have to invent one.

The "old Nixon" ghost-writes Agnew speeches.

Spiro's dentist reports that he found footprints on the inside of his mouth.

Spiro Agnew is the darling of the Lawrence Welk groupies.

Spiro's philosophy of democracy is Father Knows Best.

Signs in Washington: FREE KIM & Majority for a Silent Agnew.

"The Evening News with Spiro T. Agnew, a one-shot production on all three networks, was the most disturbing performance yet by a man who may go down in history as The Great Polarizer. What disturbed me at first was that, though it was

the wrong man saying the wrong things, he was partly right. As a sometime critic of TV news, I wish he would get off my side."

Lester Bernstein
(*Newsweek*)

Weevil's Liberation

HEW Secretary Robert Finch announced last week a gradual phase-out of the harsh policies which have for so many years kept the boll weevil in a constant state of subservience to stronger, more adaptable, and dominant members of the genus.

A bewildered spokesman for the soon-to-be-defunct DDT, the agency attacked for its "smothering oppression of weevils everywhere," commented: "While weevils are an ugly, snooty, noisome lot, we cannot for those reasons alone deny them equal opportunities to bug the life out of whomever they choose. After all they have been of some benefit. They bore holes in acorns, providing homes for moth larva, centipedes, and others that cannot make homes for themselves."

A large number of participants at a rally staged by one faction of the newly liberated species, the cotton boll, were heard droning the rallying cry of the new movement, "We

will never be the lesser of two weevils!"

Poetic Justice

Time magazine, that paragon of liberal journalism, did something to please the left last week, but strictly by accident.

About 320,000 copies of the November 14 issue were sent to subscribers with mailing labels glued over the mouth of the cover boy — Spiro Agnew.

In his speech in Des Moines, the Agnew White Paper on TV, Agnew said that commentators analyzed the speech so quickly that it seemed that they had read it in advance. The news media had, in fact, received a copy of the speech twenty-four hours in advance.

And, finally, from the horse's mouth: "Sometimes you feel like a three-pound hen trying to lay a four-pound egg. No matter how it comes out, it hurts."

Roast Suckling

The International Livestock Exposition — Chicago's oldest and most unique convention — comes to the Windy City Nov. 28, in com-

memoration of the 1968 Democratic convention. *This* time the pigs, along with a variety of other animals, will be on display, proudly exposing their lean right along with their fat. Livestock people from around the world are expected to flock to the show to observe new "styles" and methods of producing meat and dairy animals. Radical left-wing pinko (revolutionary, anarchistic, etc.) student leaders had reportedly planned a demonstration to disrupt the convention. One outspoken radical, a veteran of the '68 animal show, commented that he could think of nothing more satisfying than a roasted pig on a platter. "But we don't expect any trouble," one visiting breeder confided. "You can be sure that Mayor Daley will provide adequate protection for the pigs."

A Meaty Problem

The United States Agriculture Department Friday gave the State of Indiana until December 15 to show progress toward establishment of a meat-inspection program. If this deadline is not met, indications are that the federal government may intervene and perform the service itself.

Commented State Board of Health member, Frank Fisher, "I guess they don't think we are doing it fast enough."

At Notre Dame, reliable sources contended that, despite rumors to the contrary, implementation of a state

meat-inspection program is not expected to alter dining-hall policy.

My Honey Smokes Prince Albert

A convention of British female pipe-smokers met recently in London to discuss tobacco. The meeting, attended by 60 of Britain's most prominent feminine pipe-smokers, was called by Ogden's of Liverpool in hopes of converting more women to the ways of smoking pipes. This action can hardly be praised in light of recent biomedical discoveries linking cancer with smoking. And one can only wonder whether tobacco was used as the only source of smoke. Those British women are hip.

The meeting revolved around a sampling of several selected tobaccos. "By nasal consensus, the most popular female tobacco was mild, clinging, and chocolate-flavored."

Chocolate causes tooth decay.

What?

Richard Nixon's former law partner John Mitchell, who now holds a high level position in the Justice Department, demonstrated last weekend the linguistic ability which most people thought was limited to one member of the Nixon team.

Commenting on the scattered incidents of violence during the Moratorium activities in Washington, Mitchell claimed the New Mobiliza-

tion Committee to End the War in Vietnam aided the violence through "a combination of inaction and affirmative action." Come again, John?

Seventh Inning Stretch

For those of you keeping score at home, the latest score from Washington reads: Effete Snobs, 250,000; Silent Majority 52,000. The freaks would seem to hold a commanding lead but officials in the Administration front office claim victory due to the superior bench strength now gathering about the water cooler and hiding in the dugout.

Ali Come Home

Paramount Pictures has announced that Ali McGraw, the world's youngest 30-year-old ex-model, has just begun a new movie. Her first film, *Goodbye Columbus*, was the story of a rich girl from the suburbs of New York (who was also a student at Radcliffe). Her new film will be shot on location — in New York and at Harvard.

Quotes

Whenever there are great virtues, it's a sure sign something's wrong.

— Bertolt Brecht

The art of government is the organization of idolatry.

— G. B. Shaw





CRIES

outside the iron fence

NOVEMBER 14th and 15th. For most Americans, simply another autumn weekend. In supermarkets, babushka-ed housewives poked and squeezed tom turkeys, compared prices on cranberry sauce and bemoaned the pernition of inflation. At home, the American husband busied himself installing storm windows and jamming his thumbs in the vain hope of finishing in time to catch the second half of the Ohio State game. But, in Washington, during this same weekend a ritual of a radically different cast was being observed. Under the name of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, upwards of 400,000 people assembled in massive protest of American foreign policy.

But, to characterize these days as simply another occasion of anti-war demonstration verges perilously close to misnomer. Woodstock '69 wasn't simply another folk-rock festival and Washington '69 similarly assumed proportions larger than its political aims. The *New York Times* pontifically declared that as a result of the Mobilization Johnson's war had finally become Nixon's war. But, generalizations such as these fall short of the whole story of Washington.

In the final analysis, Washington '69 is the story of people, a new, young brand of people eating, sleeping and talking; each one a player in the drama that the press calls demonstration; each reading and interpreting a script more closely resembling a *commedia del arte* trope than Greek tragedy. These people came to Washington not to bewail death but to celebrate life. There was a celebration of a *Weltanschauung* at once intuitive and effusive; naive and apolitical. For most demonstrators the impetus of their beliefs sprang not from purely political considerations. Their position on the war was not based on thorough-going knowledge of Bernard Fall or General Giap. These were people forced into the political arena out of self-defense, self-defense of a style at life often at odds with the society that surrounded it. Nor were their objections to the war entirely moral, at least in the conventional sense. Morality demands a rigid adherence to an ideology or aesthetic, a rigidity all too often incapable of accommodation to a rapidly changing world. The marchers of Washington were a people spawned of change, a people who embraced and revered change as a brother. What one holds today, tomorrow becomes an anachronism. If anything, Washington was foremost at time of spirit, of visceral feeling and, if you will, of primitive religiosity. Perhaps to the dismay of hard core ideologues and *New Republic* devotees, the tone of Washington was one of festival, the innocent self-indulgent feeling of commonality so rare in a divided and diffused nation.

What is important about Washington is not the sheer weight of numbers or the orchestrated actions of protest, the marches and symbolic rites that have be-

come the clichés of the sixties. November 14th and 15th were days of people, the people of a brave new world at once heartening and terrifying.

The story of Washington begins on the superhighways, the yellow brick road bringing the marchers to the twentieth century Oz. Riding in cars, buses and open-backed Hertz Rent-Trucks they squirmed and jostled one another, but largely ignored their discomfort in anticipation of the events of the weekend. The rest-stop islands along the route were for the days of Friday and Saturday transformed into the East Village in miniature. Groups gathered in the lobby of the restaurants, laughed and uproariously greeted and shook their heads. One matron muttered loud enough for all to hear, "I wish I had time to go on peace marches like these kids." Her tone was sardonic but there was more than a little truth in what she said. Protest is a privilege not so much of democracy as of affluence. People flocked in droves to Washington because they had time and energy unrestricted by the work-a-day woes of earning a subsistence wage.

ONE girl dressed in blue-denim and her hair tied back in a careless bun offered a place to stay in Washington in exchange for a ride. Rides were there for the taking, but a place to stay became the thorniest problem for the Mobilization. Marchers moved in with friends and strangers, slept on floors of churches, curled up in corners of the National Art Gallery or sat bleary eyed through six showings of *The Battle of Algiers* at an all-night movie house downtown.

On Friday when most of the demonstrators actually arrived in Washington the scene shifted to the west bank of the Potomac River just across the Memorial





Bridge where long serpentine queues formed to begin the March of Death single-file to the Capitol. At first the lines moved quickly, but by early afternoon traffic along the route of march and a steadily growing line of marchers had lengthened the wait to nearly an hour. People turned to conversation and other diversions for amusement. The regular flow of traffic around the adjacent traffic circle drew the most attention. From the lines, clenched fists and the two-fingered peace sign were raised to passing vehicles. One obviously unsympathetic driver retaliated by placing his thumb on his nose and wagging his fingers, and nearly colliding with the car in front of him. Chagrined by the near accident the driver passed amidst the jeers and laughter of those waiting. High school girls dressed in olive drab field jackets hawked Mobe buttons: "Buy a button for peace. The Mobe is \$100,000 in debt." Funny to think that peace might be bad business. Overhead an Army

Huey helicopter made regular passes over the march route while scout jeeps joined the surveillance on the ground. From the front seat of one of the jeeps a soldier flashed back a peace sign, precipitating an animated conversation between two groupie types. "G.I.'s are hip people," one explained. "They're not killers they're just oppressed by the officers." Nobody seemed to have noticed the gold bars on the soldier's shoulder.

The lines wound through three circus-sized tents where the details of the march were explained and each marcher picked up a placard with the name of one of the war dead. In general, the crowd listened unattentively to each briefing, but when someone asked "Where are the Weathermen" interest sparked. No one was saying, but most demonstrations had in the back of their mind a vague uneasiness, a fear of the violence the press had portended all week. But, if the Weathermen were in Washington Friday afternoon, they were con-

spicuously absent from the number at the March of Death. Little square signs dangled from the lapels of the bulk of the demonstrators. Labels that read "Keep the Mobe peaceful," as if to say to the militants "Don't spoil it for the rest of us." But, the little signs were little more than a request not an expression of censure. Most disagreed with the militants but no one quite knew what to do about them.

THE route of march was long, agonizingly long for those caught in the frigid and violent rainstorms of Friday afternoon. With herky-jerk motion the line filed across the Memorial Bridge, past the Lincoln Memorial and on to the White House. Along the way Mobe supporters passed out cigarettes, candy and orange drink, recreating the spirit of giving that so many of the same people had seen at work at White Lake. In front of the White House each marcher paused long enough to shout the name he bore on his placard. Perhaps at this one moment the political futility of the march became manifest to those who chose to consider their actions. All week Nixon had advertised his intended absence from the White House, and the Georgian columns of the building, austere and redolent in their complacent purity, gave no indication of response to the rude cries from outside the iron fence.

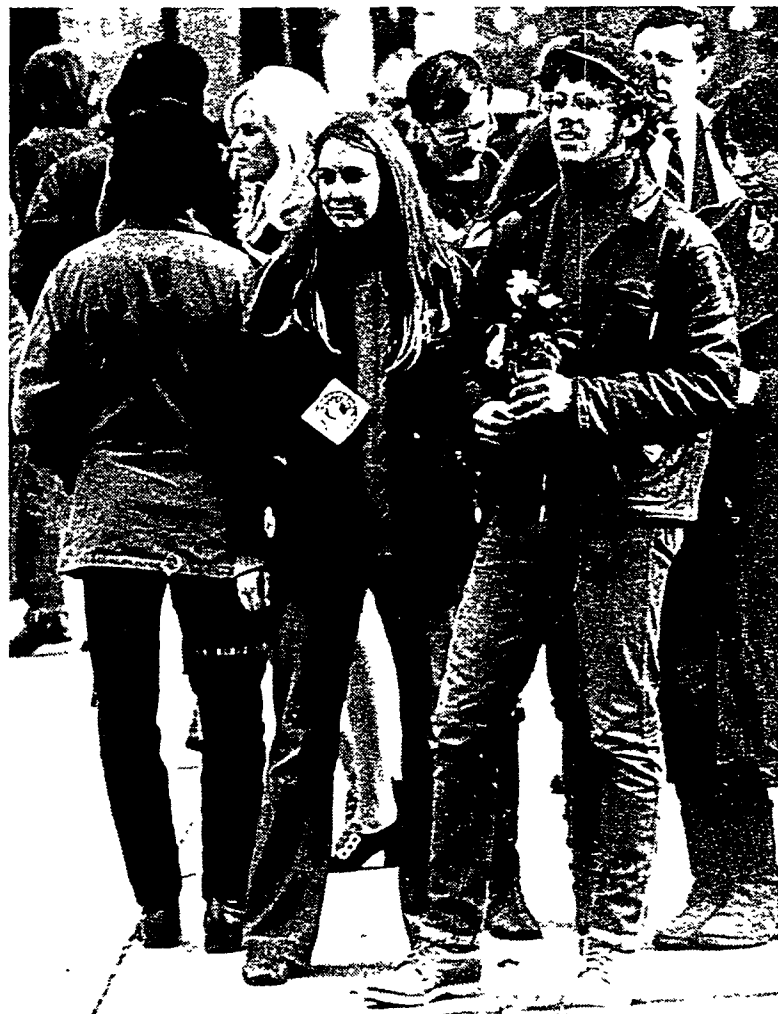
In disheartening counterpoint to the peaceful candle-carrying marchers who continued their vigil into the night, violence struck sure and quick with the Weatherman at Dupont circle. Flyers advertised their intention to march on the South Vietnamese Embassy to serve it with, of all things, an eviction notice. Rumors of violence circulated and the battle regalia of the Weathermen—complete with crash helmets and an occasional gas mask—was enough to convince even the most naive of expectations. They marched without a permit and the police responded with tear gas. The crowd disintegrated and took refuge in a nearby park. Borrowing a tactic as old as Custer, police cars raced at high speed thru the traffic circle that bounded the park, isolating them and discouraging further mischief. But, the question that was to pass from lip to ear Saturday, Why?, remained unanswered. Why did they choose to discredit the peaceful demonstrations of the afternoon with the seeming irrational activities of the evening. A legitimate question, the answer to which proves perhaps as elusive as the reasons for our continued presence in Vietnam.

OVERNIGHT the temperature had dropped to the thirties and Saturday dawned brisk but clear. Just about the time the last participants in the March of Death were completing their tour, demonstrators began to assemble in the Mall between 3rd and 6th streets for the mass march to the White House. As the crowd began to grow in size, marshalls, recruited the previous day, assumed their positions along the line of march. Marshalls were plentiful and were admirably efficient. As a matter of fact they performed their job so well that the activities of the Washington police and the National Guard Special Police Force became superfluous. Leading the march was a delegation bearing the

six ply-wood coffins containing the cardboard placards collected during the March of Death. By 2 p.m., the march complete, the crowd began to re-assemble at the Ellipse in front of the Washington Monument for a final rally.

Speeches and entertainment were the order of the day, but thousands were unable to get close enough even to catch what was being said. The Weathermen had arrived at the rally early carrying about 20 NLF flags. Standing near the stage, they refused to sit down despite the bitter cold and the chant from the crowd "Sit Down." On hand to speak were the leaders of the New Left: McCarthy, Goodell, McGovern, Dellinger, Spock and Mrs. Martin Luther King. Looking about the crowd two things became almost immediately apparent: nearly everybody was young and almost nobody was black. Someone noted the absence of the black brothers and people searched the crowd for ebony faces until a lanky student presented the all too obvious answer "Whitey's solution to the war isn't the blacks." Near the front, early arrivals reclined on the grass and casually passed joints in anticipation of the big names to appear. Pete Seeger, pater familias of rock, brought the crowd to its feet with the simple lyrics of "Give Peace a Chance."

And perhaps in the long run it was the lyrics to this song that provided the final key to understanding the events in Washington. More than a demonstration against war and violence, the march on Washington became for the demonstrators a protest of complexity. The same complexity that gave rise to unfeeling bureaucracy and the sinister behemoth called technology. The same complexity that emasculates both them and Nixon's silent majority. What they sought was peace, a separate peace, a peace free from the deleterious influence of the Weathermen and the militarists alike. A brand of peace at once simple, spiritual and naive.





notre dame group: to feel together

THE weather had had its chance to dominate Washington on Friday — the rain, the hail, the cold, and the SDS "Snowmen" had tried unsuccessfully to spoil the day. But Saturday, though cold, was at least sunny. Luckily, because the thousands that gathered on the mall between the Washington Monument and the Capitol had several hours to wait before being allowed to march.

The main part of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's contingent gathered at 9 a.m. at the Reformation Lutheran Church, two blocks from the Capitol. About 60 people met there; another 15 or 20 marchers were lucky enough to link up with them later. The front line of the group carried the banner.

In a sea of anonymity made up of perhaps a half-million people, the Notre Dame group was anxious to stick together and to feel together. For the first hours there was nothing to do but wait for the masses of people ahead of them to move out onto Pennsylvania Avenue. Other people began chants of "Peace! Now!"

and "One, two, three, four, Tricky Dicky stop the war!" But the ND group was one of the very few to express itself as a community through song, and the community was a spiritually oriented one. The songs were of peace, and love and God — although everyone knows that at "hip" campuses that style has been replaced by chants of "Ho, Ho, Ho, Chi Minh."

BY NOON, the Notre Dame contingent was within a hundred yards of getting into the march; Pennsylvania Avenue was no longer a rumor. Someone, who could be known to the crowd only as a voice on the public address system, suggested that people jump up and down to keep warm. It would have been a ludicrous scene and so it was. Then the voice announced that the parade permit extended only to 12:30 — the majority of people would have to go straight to the Washington Monument without marching. Greeted by a chant of

"End the war at 12:30!"

But the Notre Dame marchers managed to beat the deadline by ten minutes. Then, on Pennsylvania Avenue, they were absolutely dwarfed. The front line hung on to the banner, though one could not really see it unless standing three feet in front of it, he walked backwards. In the back lines, people hung onto each other. The solemnity of the March of Death was past; there were now thousands of tourists out for a Saturday stroll. New Mobe had provided marshals, but after the Weatherman had made one attempt to break through to the White House there was no more trouble. So the marshals kept themselves generally busy by leading "Peace! Now!" chants.

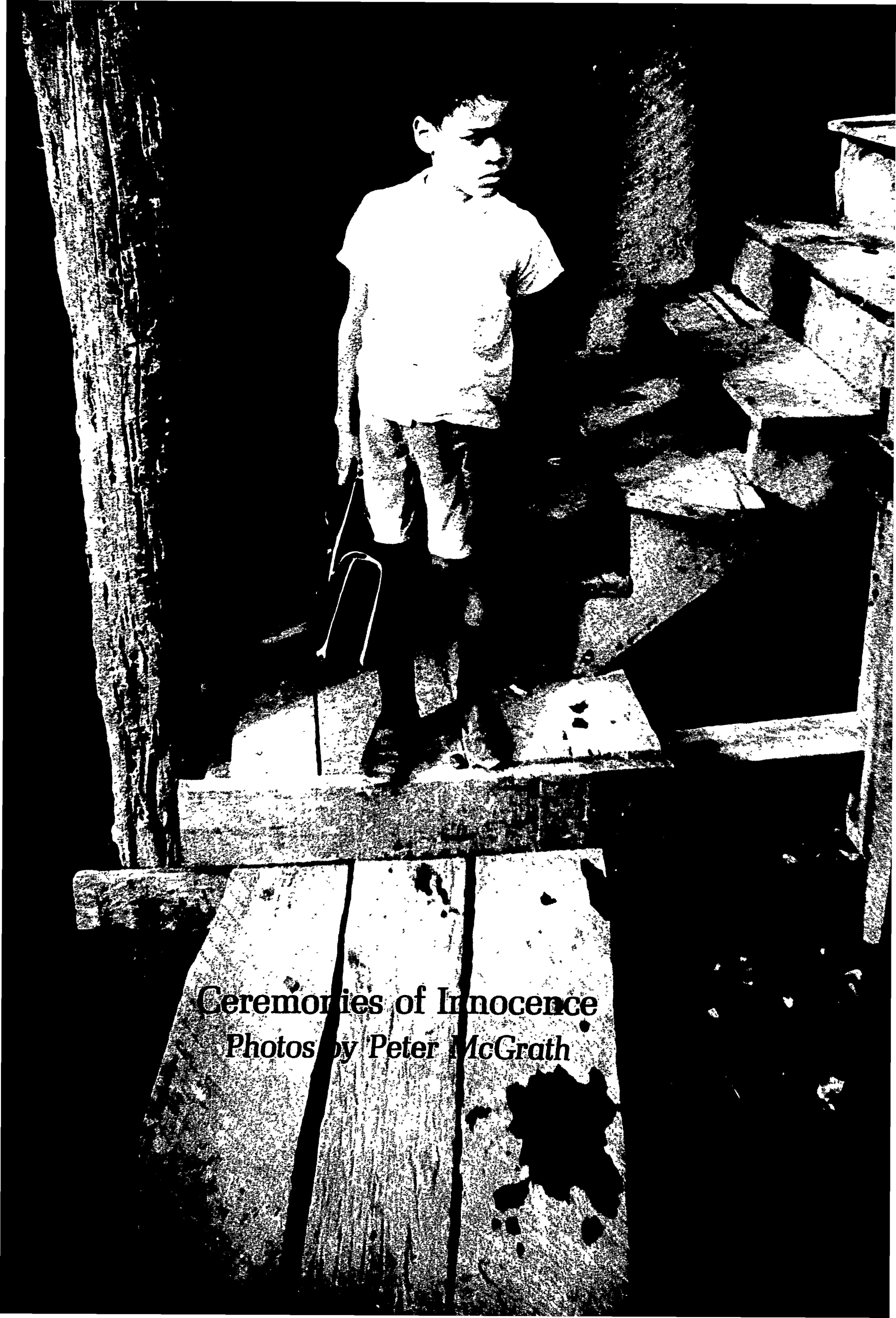
THE Washington police were not overly conspicuous, except when they stood in the top-floor windows of the buildings along the parade route, sometimes with movie cameras. In response, demonstrators defiantly flashed the two-fingered peace sign. Another prominent locus of

police: a half-block from the White House, the nearest that the demonstrators were allowed according to the agreement finally worked out by New Mobe and the government. A full-scale attack on the White House was unlikely; demonstrators would have had to climb over the buses parked bumper-to-bumper at 15th Street. Richard Nixon, not at home had no comment to make on the demonstration. It was supposed to be business as usual at 1600 Pennsylvania. The army of police outside the White House gave lie to that claim.

A FEW counter-demonstrators lined the streets of the march. One middle-aged man, dressed in a conservative suit and topcoat, carried a small American flag and a sign that read "Heroism Is Not Hanoism." The Notre Dame group passed within a few feet of him. Students only extended the peace sign and the greeting "Peace, brother." The marchers continued down the street. Smiling. The truth shall make us free.

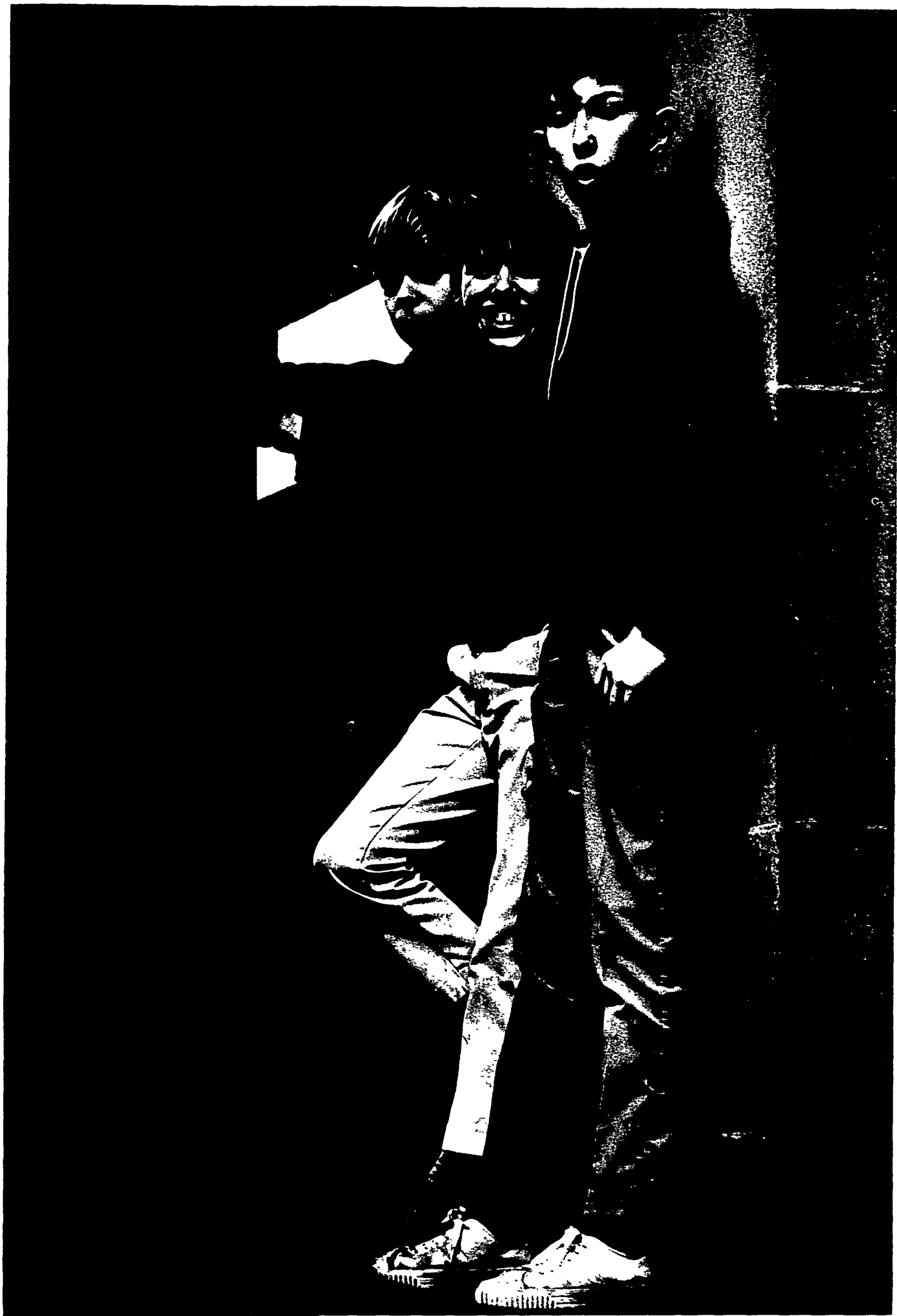
—Ray Serafin





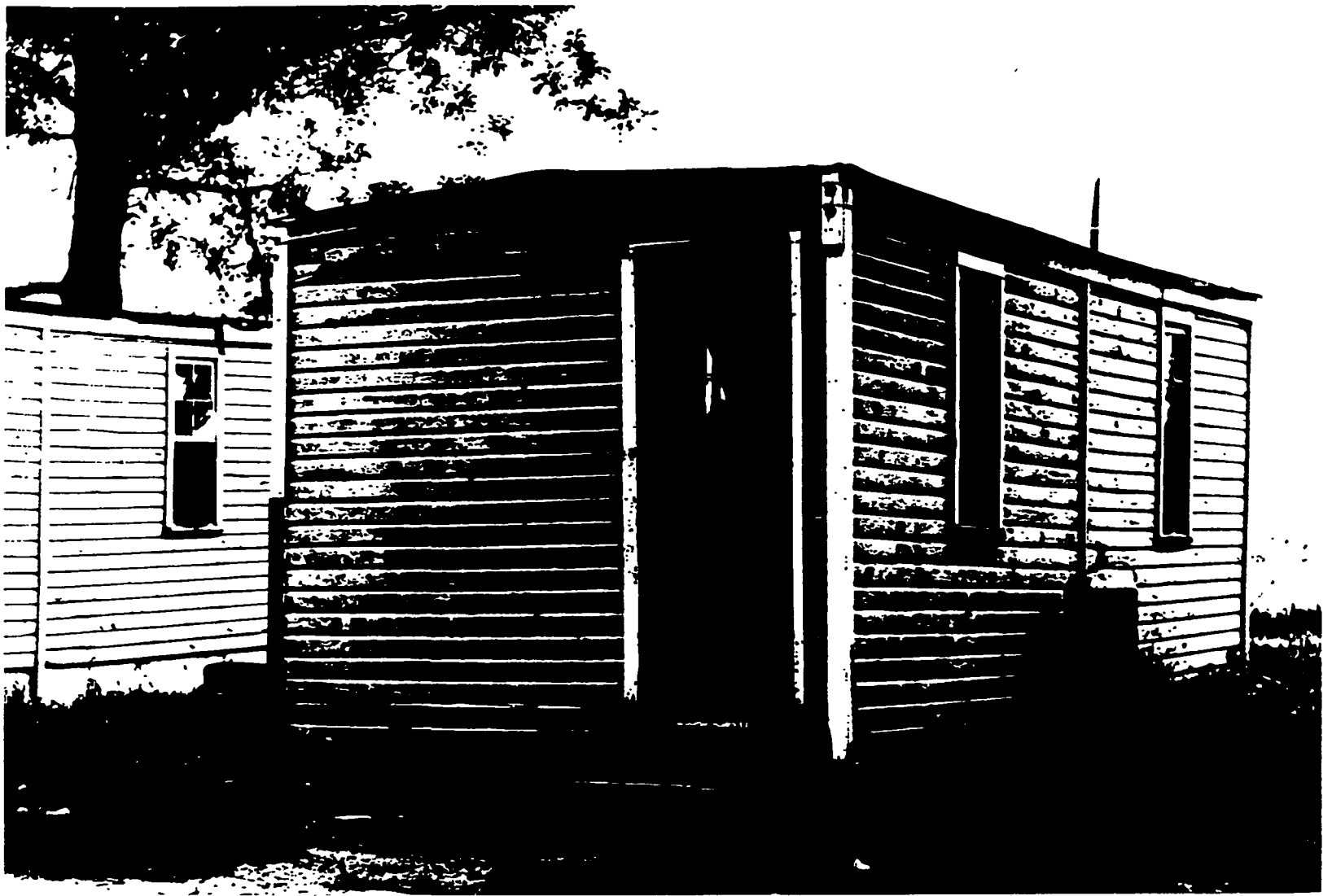
Ceremonies of Innocence

Photos by Peter McGrath









Strike!

The South Bend Settlement

The first article in this two part series dealt with the unrest of the Mexican-American migrant farm workers, their oppression and the recent formation of the National Farm Workers Association under the leadership of Cesar Chavez. This article speaks of the migrant workers in Northern Indiana and the local grape boycott which came about when grape growers refused to even negotiate with the union. As the migrant breaks out of the migrant stream, he faces the painful urban initiation.

WHEN winter has receded, and the husk-bark softens letting buds push through to dew and the new spring, in April, the cruelest month, the Mexican-American migrant workers begin arriving in Northern Indiana. The first wave comes to help with seeding and the preparation of the fields. Through May and June the numbers slowly increase, reaching a peak in July. Most will stay until after the harvests in October.

The crews that work in this region are part of a migrant stream that originates in the Rio Grande Valley of Southern Texas. Most of those who follow the cycle

today have been caught up in the seasonal migration for as long as they could travel, and have been working alongside their parents since they were nine or ten.

It all begins quite business-like with a loan to a Chicano, or Mexican-American who has a truck, some initiative and a modicum of organizing ability. Sometimes negotiating directly, sometimes through the Texas Employment Commission, the Indiana farmer sends the money, usually between \$500 to \$1500, to a man who is called the "crew leader." He in turn parcels it out to the families, often a nucleus of the same people each year, who will be joining the crew for that season. The money serves to pay a few outstanding bills and to prepare for the trip northward. They will need something to set up home with when they arrive at the camp.

The crew leader's truck is the embodiment of his fortune. It is a canvas-covered flatbed in good repair, meeting the specifications for an interstate labor transport vehicle. In it will ride his crew of 35-70 people, and to a greater or lesser degree, depending on the will of the *padron* or employer, he will serve as their supervisor.

Farmers who habitually use migrant workers have

established camps on their property to house them during their stay. Most of these camps in St. Joseph County are isolated collections of one-room cabins or shacks with no indoor plumbing or running-water toilet facilities, nor outdoor or indoor drainage. One local social worker refers to them as "private pig pens." Here families will set up house in the unit assigned to them by their crew leader. One glaring exception to this pattern of hovels is the Cecil Food Farms where the quarters are nicely equipped and the farmer even allows consistently returning families to leave goods locked in their cabins during the winter.

ONCE arrived, if they're lucky, they will start work right away at wages averaging \$1.30 an hour. If they are not, due to delays of weather or mismanagement, they will sit tight, without compensation, and wait. Each farmer, of course, must guarantee on an enlistment form issued by the Bureau of Employment Security, signed before the crew can leave Texas, that he has work for all the men he is importing. However, if he doesn't, it is the workers who have already made the trip on his word who take the loss. Sometimes a farmer who doesn't need the workers will let them go off temporarily where there is work, perhaps to a June strawberry harvest in New Albany, or he may lease them to a neighbor, often taking a commission from their wages.

At the peak, there will be nearly 3,000 Chicanos working the farms of Northern Indiana. In late July, a good many of them will move into Michigan to pick cherries, apples and peaches, while others stay where they began the summer, harvesting potatoes, mint, onions, tomatoes or small cucumbers for pickling.

Welfare benefits for the migrants have never been readily available. Some areas, like Marshall County, are liberal—although reluctantly—with Government Food Stamps and this does keep starvation at arm's length. Lately, however, more sophisticated helpers in the cause have pointed out that these federal doles are not entirely altruistic. By keeping the beneficiaries dependent and employable, the game may be serving the farmers more than the workers, for it all partakes in the system of surplus buying and price parity whereby market prices stay high and excess produce goes to feeding workers—in other words, the farmer can have his cake and eat it too.

There are no medical facilities made available to the migrant camps. Unfortunately, the language barrier, the money problem and cold receptions in the ordinary community have given the proven impression that requests are not welcomed or even answered. Not surprisingly, hepatitis has broken out in camps around South Bend in recent years as well as other problems, many related to childbirths and infant care.

Legal specifications have been drawn up for "Agricultural Labor Camps" but there is a history of lax enforcement. Infringements are most often overlooked; and there are stories of intimidation, like a certain local farmer who chased off two inspectors at gun point. The migrants, poor and uneducated, are without advisors or public defenders and have learned by painful experience to make do rather than kick against the overbearing

order. Indiana's conservative farm element has long had a hand in the policy making of Indianapolis; the workers have only started to find a voice, much less a political grip.

THE inhuman conditions of the present migrant camps are a pressing problem, but the overall goal of the progressive social workers and, increasingly, the Chicanos themselves is complete escape from the transient cycle. They see they must settle down as full civic participants. The future of farming, "agri-business" as they're calling it in Fresno, is tending toward highly mechanized corporate ranches. On these streamlined plantations, there will be little room for the unskilled picker or weeder to make a decent living. The exodus from farm to city and town will increase and the necessary adjustments to accommodate this shift are already late in coming. Also, farm workers will not be foreign peasants or bumpkins for much longer. The formation of their union, the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, will soon win for them the living wage, stabilized work and a chance to enjoy the openings and opportunities of every other American family.

The largest single factor that drives present migrants to break from the stream is the hope of education for their children. Although there are a score of migrant schools in the Rio Grande Valley which especially cater to the Spanish-speaking children, the workers themselves realize their inadequacy. The terms are cut short, the teaching is poor, but most crippling, the incentive to learn is almost nonexistent. The warm weather, the solace of the familiar and the strong Latin family ties are the attractions of the South, but weighing the alternatives, most families decide to settle in the north.



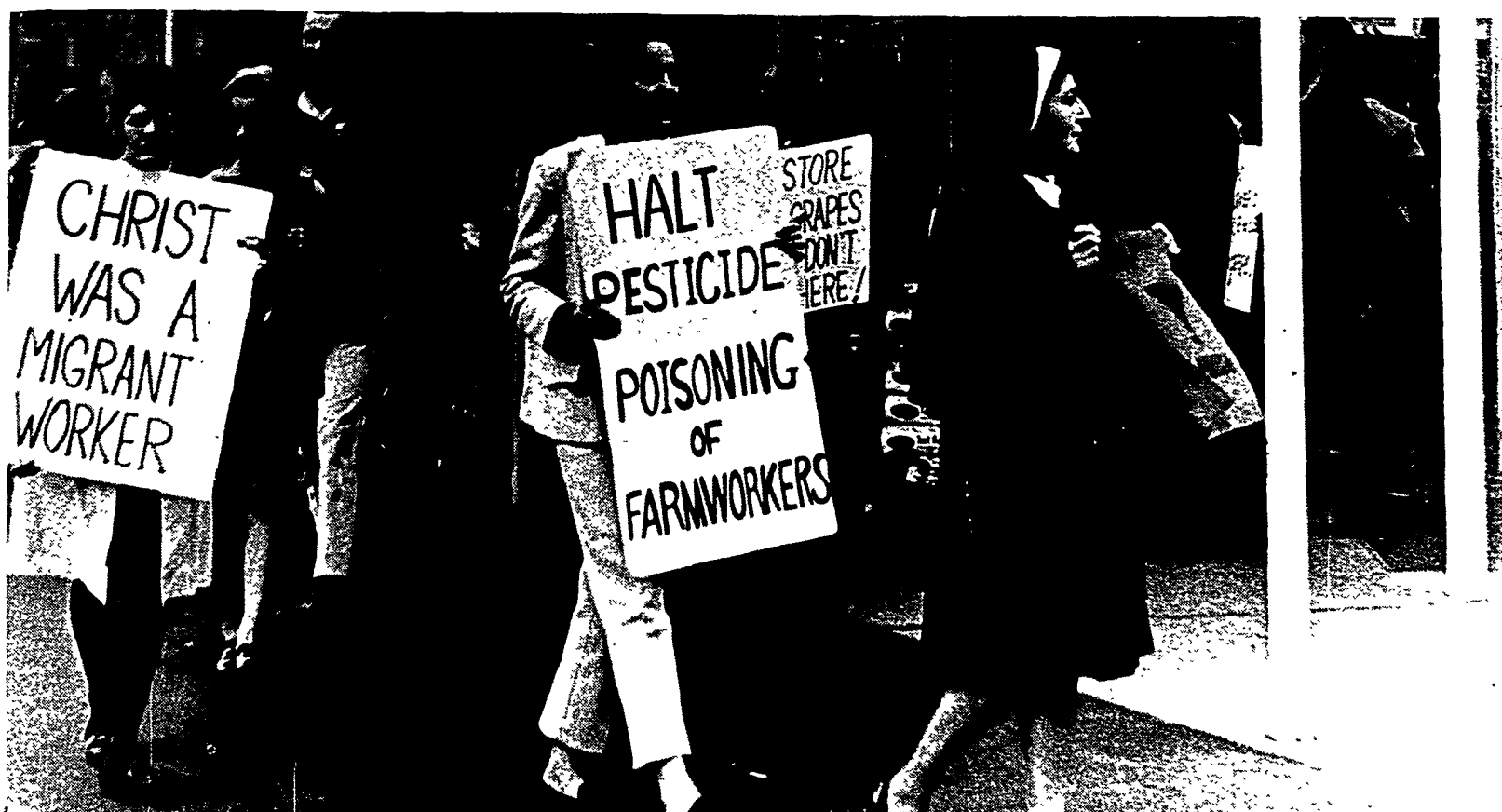
LUPE Rocha, a friendly, barrel-chested reformer, left Texas as a migrant laborer for the last time three years ago. He is now settled in South Bend and he works with El Centro, Inc., helping other Mexican-American families to move in, find work and start a new way of life. Rocha also seeks out housing for those who want to leave the camps and trucks behind. He is consciously working against a Chicano ghetto growing up in the city. Lupe estimates that 250 families have settled and scattered themselves in polyglot neighborhoods here since he began working, and a number of others in surrounding cities. Lupe realized that what he and his people needed was not just a series of labor reforms, but what amounts to an entire cultural revolution. Having undergone the difficulties of pulling up his own bootstraps, he is now dedicated to making it easier for others. El Centro, Inc., with which he is associated, is a provisional aid office founded by a group of religious social workers and later funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity. El Centro's insipid bureaucratic executive director, J. J. Simala, resigned just last week following a petition circulated among the Mexican-American communities asking for several changes in the office's services. Most significantly, the new director will be a Spanish-speaking Mexican-American.

Lupe, who more than anyone else has brought El Centro to the people, started combing classified ads and cooling his heels in waiting rooms of personnel managers. Now he says, local industries have seen his workers; and they are beginning to call him when they have an opening. He is careful not to settle for "dead end jobs," but he is looking for work that will lead outward to new skills and opportunities. Too often, he feels, the hard-working but bashful Mexican-American can be used as coolie labor while someone else gets the advancements.

One local program which specifically tries to answer the problems of this urbanization comes from the Plumbers and Pipefitters Union. It offers a chance for education and trainee work leading to apprenticeship, all at 40% of the wage scale or \$2.40 an hour.

FOR most urbanites, the boycott of table grapes is perhaps a more visible political wing of this same movement to better the conditions of farm workers and Mexican-Americans (SCHOLASTIC, Nov. 7). It began nationally in 1968 as a support tactic for the farm workers' strike ("huelga" in Spanish). The strike, in turn, was precipitated by the refusal of growers to





negotiate with farm workers and by their subsequent use of illegal strikebreakers and wetbacks.

Stirrings began in South Bend a year ago, but nothing of the boycott materialized until last February when a Conference of the Midwestern Organizing Committee was held at Moreau Hall on the Notre Dame campus. The boycott was achieving notable success in a number of big cities so that California coolers were beginning to bulge. Distributors were moving to unload the fruit in smaller urban areas, like South Bend. The conference with representatives from Pittsburgh to Denver, as well as guests from Delano, decided to meet this by concentrating now on these minor cities. Dave Cormier, a doctoral candidate in aerospace engineering at ND, and his wife Pauline stepped forward as volunteer chairmen and proceeded to found the Saint Joseph County Grape Boycott Committee. He contacted local grocers and explained the motives and the intents of the cause and a good number of store managers sooner or later cooperated. The notable exception was, and is, Kroger; and the spearhead of the local boycott is now directed against the local branch of this chain. Picketing and leafletting goes on about twice a week in front of the store, and the committee encourages letters and calls to express opinion to the store administrators.

Dave Cormier talked with a trouble shooter from the Kroger National Office two weeks ago and he was told that Kroger had decided to continue selling grapes, calling it "neutrality"; and if it meant a loss, they would "officially lump it." But the direct pressure continues, becoming not just a boycott of Kroger's grapes, but a boycott of the entire store. Activity is accelerating now to counter the expected plan to unload grapes during the Thanksgiving and later the Christmas holidays.

The boycott has received official support from a number of local unions, including the Meat Cutters Local 119, the UAW Local 5, United Rubber Workers

Local 65. These and other groups provide funds and postage for a four-page newsletter, *El Boycoteador* which gives precise information, names and dates about the latest developments in the local boycott and it discusses related issues like the strike, pesticides or Chavez ideology.

AT NOTRE Dame, an accident barely aborted a major boycott of the South Dining Hall this fall. When local representatives saw that grapes had reappeared after the summer they made a request to the Food Manager's office that the purchase be discontinued. When they got a negative response, they called a local television station and prepared a full-scale picket. The news department, seeking to confirm the tip, called a certain university vice president. The frightened priest-administrator cringed to think of the national publicity: Notre Dame selling scab grapes or Notre Dame siding with growers and goons against Cesar Chavez and the poor. He called the Dining Hall, got the grapes out of sight, and none have been ordered since.

The Mexican-Americans are a proud people. They do not want to be catered to nor to become social parasites. The cookies and kool-aide, the secondhand clothing and the better toilet facilities will mitigate, but not solve their problems. They are stepping out of their rut not to demand a piece of the American pie, but that they might now contribute meaningfully to a country which has used them for so long. They are helping themselves while they still can. The cooperation they ask, like respect for or assistance in the boycott, is no special condescending favor of one American to another. It is normal that their transition will not be easy; some will never make it, but the future will belong to those who remember the past and commit themselves to the present.

—Patrick Gaffney

The Book of Hodges

I



AFTER the retirement of Casey the servant of the Lord, the Lord said to Hodges, "Casey is retired; now therefore arise, come out of the cellar, go over to Shea Stadium which I am giving to the Mets. Every team will be trod upon by your cleats, as I promised Casey. From the wilderness of Montreal as far as Los Angeles by the Great Sea shall be your territory. No team shall be able to stand before you all the days. I will not fail you or forsake you. Be strong on the bench and in the bullpen, and practice hard; for you shall cause these Mets to win a pennant which I swore to Casey I would give them. Be careful to do everything experience has taught you . . . and then you shall make it to the first division and have great success."

Then Hodges commanded the coaches, "Pass through the camp and command the players, 'Prepare your bodies, for within three months you are to open the season and take possession of the National League.'"

II



NOW the Cincinnati training camp was shut up from within and from without because of the Mets. And the Lord said to Hodges, "See, I have given into your hands the Reds, with manager and mighty hitters. You shall march around the bases with every man hitting at least one time. This shall you do for six games. And your seven sluggers shall make long blasts; and the walls in the outfield will fall flat."

Then Hodges rose early in the morning, and the coaches took up their strategy. And the seven sluggers hit continually. And the second game of a doubleheader they marched around the bases once more. So they did for six games.

On the seventh day they marched around in the same decisive manner. And in the seventh inning Hodges said to the team, "Shout for joy, for the Mets are winning." So they raised a great shout, and the walls fell flat.

And when the coaches of the Giants that were beyond Cincinnati to the west, and all the coaches of the Dodgers

that were by the sea, heard that the Mets had slaughtered the Reds, their hearts melted and there was no longer any spirit in them, because of the players of the Mets.

At that time the Lord said to Hodges, "Make up the roster and make the second cut of those players in camp."

III



AND Hodges sent the same two scouts from St. Petersburg to Houston to scout for the opener. And they returned to him, and said, "Let not the entire pitching staff ready themselves, but let only two or three men be ready to go, for they have few strong players." So about three pitchers were ready on opening day, and they fled before the Astros. And the hearts of the Mets melted, and became as water.

Then Hodges rent his dirty socks and called a meeting with the coaches for that evening. And they put their heads together. And Hodges said, "O God, why hast thou brought the Mets into the league at all, to give us into the hands of the Astros on opening day to be destroyed? O God, what can I say, when the Mets have turned their backs before this first enemy? For the Pirates and all the other teams in the league will hear of it, and will surround us, and cut off our name from the list of pennant contenders."

So Hodges rose early in the morning and brought the entire team to him man by man. And Hodges found that Koosman had an extremely sore arm, and knew that was the reason they had lost while he was pitching. And Hodges said, "Why did you bring trouble on us by not telling me of the sore arm?" And they all were angry with him. And they fined him with a great heap of consequences, and Hodges turned from his burning anger. And that incident is remembered even today.

IV



AND the Lord said to Hodges, "Do not fear or be dismayed; take your team, and arise, go again to the Astrodome; see I have given into your hands this Houston team, and you shall do to them and their managers as you did



The Prophet Hodges



Hodges driving the other teams from contention.

to Cincinnati."

So Hodges arose early in the morning and went with the coaches before the Astros. Hodges and his team made the pretense of being beaten before they started, and throws were scattered all during infield practice. And everyone on the Houston team pursued the Mets. And there was not a man left in the dugout. But the Mets made haste to set the game on fire. They entered the game and took it. And the Astros looked back, behold, they had no power to put up a fight. And the Mets smote them, until there was left none that had not struck out.

And when the other teams in the league heard of this, they gathered together with one accord to stop the Mets and their leader Hodges.

V

AND the Lord said to Hodges, "Do not fear the Cubs, for even though they are doing very well, I have given them into your hands; there shall not a man of them stand before you in the pennant race." So Hodges came upon them suddenly, having made steady progress all season. And the Lord threw the Cubs into a great panic before the Mets. And they fled before New York during the month of September.

Is it not written in the book of Wrigley? That the sun stayed in the midst of the Cubs all season, and they do not hasten to play night games at their field. There has been no season like it before or since, when the Mets hearkened to the pressure, and the Cubs cracked before the Mets.

Then Hodges returned to New York to end the season. The five teams had fled. And Hodges said, "Do not be content to remain mere winners of our division. Pursue the pennant until all are laid low." And all the Mets returned to New York, and not a man moved his tongue against any of the Mets.

So Hodges had defeated the entire division of the East. He left none remaining in contention, but utterly destroyed all that had a breath of a chance. And Hodges took all these teams one by one on his way to the pennant. And then Hodges returned to New York for the play-offs.

VI



WHEN Harris, manager of the Braves of Atlanta who had won the western division, heard of this, he, with all his powerful team, a great hitting team, came out to play-off the National League with the Mets.

And the Lord said to Hodges, "Do not be afraid of them, for tomorrow at this time I will give over all of them, beaten to the Mets." So in three sudden games they were given into the hands of the Mets.

And Hodges pushed on to the World Series. There was no turning the Mets. They took Baltimore and smote them in only five games! For Baltimore was formerly the recognized head of all the teams in the major leagues. And the Mets put to defeat all who were a part of the Oriole organization, utterly destroying them in that short series. For none of the cities but Baltimore were left for the Mets to destroy; and that Hodges and his Mets did.

So Hodges took the pennant of the world. And the league finally had rest from the Met rampage that October.

VII



THEN Hodges gathered all the members of the Met team and summoned the coaches, the general manager and the owner. And Hodges said to the entire organization of the Mets: "Your predecessors lived of old in last place for many years. And they were servants of other teams. Then I took you with the help of the Lord out of that desert. You went from last to first.

"Now therefore fear the Lord and be faithful." And they promised they would, for they stood as witnesses.

And the Mets served the Lord all the days that Hodges was manager. And all the days of the elders who outlived Hodges knew of those accomplishments of those Mets. And they live on today in New York.

as compiled by
Phil Krill of Erie



perspectives

robert hassenger

notre dame's semi-pros

WHEN I was a Notre Dame senior (1959), it was fashionable among campus intellectuals to put football down, arguing that we should join the Ivy League. (It should in fairness be pointed out that N.D. was not exactly everyone's Numero Uno in those lean years.) At the same time, as a would-be jock in a sport which did not pay for itself, I was aware that the gate receipts from ten Autumn Saturdays were paying for our trips to East Lansing and Des Moines.

During the past ten years, I have come to accept football as a Notre Dame institution, mostly for the obvious pragmatic reasons, and have even become rather defensive about it. On October 14, for example, I delivered myself of the following:

Mr. George Vecsey
Sports Desk
The New York Times
Times Square
New York, New York 10036

Dear Mr. Vecsey:

I must say I was disappointed with your coverage of the Notre Dame-Army game. It seemed more suited to *Time* than *The Times*.

There is much more to Notre Dame than a culture emphasizing a passport to the pro leagues. Are you aware, for example, that the offensive tackle to tackle academic average last year was 3.4? What do you know of the Contemporary Arts Festival which we hold every year, or the extent of involvement in the Vietnam Moratorium?

I happen to have Mr. Theismann in class, and can

assure you that he is no "jock." We have some, to be sure, but I suspect fewer than, say, Michigan State or Alabama, and perhaps fewer than Army.

Coverage such as yours only perpetuates the myth that Notre Dame is a huge factory for future professionals; I invite you to visit with Peter Schrag, Editor of *Change* magazine in Manhattan, who did a major article for *Harper's* on Notre Dame several years ago, to see if he agrees with your own stereotypes.

But the Vecsey story, and the recent rumors about us replacing Northwestern in the Big Ten, and/or playing a postseason game, have prompted some second thoughts. At first I—as I suspect a majority of my colleagues still are—was opposed to the Big Ten thing. Strongly. But the more I thought about it, and talked with a few people (John Koval of Sociology, primarily), the more it made sense.

HERE'S the reasoning: The present system forces professors to at least consider grading athletes—particularly football players—on a double standard. Joe Theismann simply cannot do the work I and presumably four other pros expect of him, and meet Mr. Par-seghian's demands as well. Some professors undoubtedly grade according to a single strict standard (although one wonders if even some of them do not unconsciously apply discount rates to athletes). Those in the social sciences may be more likely to look at the offensive guard with a slightly different perspective realizing that, coming from a coal town in western Pennsylvania, he needs his Notre Dame experience as a passport to the pros, and that it is naive to expect

him to be really interested in an education. Nothing in his background prepared him for it and—just as we may be tempted to consider a black student's background—we find it possible to find C quality in what is often D-work. Notre Dame is his upward mobility route, and most of us are all for that.

The only way the typical ball player can compete equally in both bluebooks and playbooks is for him to take a reduced load during the fall semester. I suggest the way to remedy the situation is to give these men five-year scholarships, requiring students to go full time in the spring and summer, and take six to nine hours in the fall. Lately, student leaders have been spending their summers out here, so that they can take reduced course loads during the year. I think we must seriously address the question of whether we ought not to institutionalize the same kind of thing for the semi-pro athlete we hire to represent us. Many are out here or attending summer sessions elsewhere anyhow, to make up for the D's and F's obtained during the year.

And here's the argument that joining the Big Ten might not be a bad idea. Obviously, the only way such a five-year deal would work is if everyone in a conference followed the same policy. Notre Dame simply couldn't do it, playing a national schedule. But the members of a conference could agree on such a policy, working out the details, such as that a player's eligibility is during his 2nd, 3rd, and 4th years only, except for injury cases, for those who have not played enough minutes to count for a "season."

THERE are three arguments against this proposition that come immediately to mind. (Undoubtedly readers will think of more, and I look forward to hearing them.) First is the naivete in expecting Notre Dame to admit it is hiring semi-pros. But we *are*, and pretending this is not the case will not make it go away. I know all the rhetoric about taking only people who can cut it academically, but this is of course what we *have* to say. I think a much stronger case could be made by admitting that we're taking students who wouldn't be going to college without their athletic skills, and that we look upon these as just as "disadvantaged" as the black who comes from the lousy educational system we have forced him into. The other Big Ten schools would find the same difficulty in making the *de facto* situation a *de jure* one, but I suggest that many of the professors at Northwestern, Michigan, Wisconsin—yes, even Michigan State: they have more National Merit Scholars than any university in the country—would prefer honesty to the hypocrisy the present setup forces on us.

The second and third arguments have to do with the two drafts. First, the professional: will not many of the players prefer the pro draft to an ineligible, in most cases, fifth year of college? Sure. This is why they came to play for Notre Dame. But there are two rejoinders to this. The first is the social mobility argument mentioned above. We have made it possible for the "disadvantaged" kid from Youngstown to move upward in our society, the basic reason for bringing in increasing numbers of blacks and Chicanos. Second, and more importantly, if we have not taught a student in four years the personal and economic advantages of

an education and diploma, then Notre Dame has failed as an educational institution. Life as a pro is short (as well as nasty and brutish). The long-term advantages of a Notre Dame degree will be much more than the immediate rewards of a contract, particularly given the odds against making it so big that one can turn a few years of success into a lifetime of meaningful activity. Does anyone know where John Huarte is now? Or even Sam Huff? The education and diploma are better long-run bets. And a McCoy is not going to lose whatever chance he has of making it big by delaying pro ball a year. He will undoubtedly keep in shape, perhaps even scrimmaging against the new team. Hell, Ara would probably love to have him around, since he can get a team more ready for State than a sophomore or freshman. Kind of a red-shirting, in reverse.

THE military draft also presents something of a problem, but no more so than for non-athletes. The House passed the draft lottery bill on October 30th, and even if the Senate does not, it seems clear that some kind of lottery will eventuate. (Why 19 would be the age I find incomprehensible, except that this is the average age of present draftees. It would make much more sense to have the lottery for 17-year olds, who could then know if they were going to be able to go straight through college. Even if induction did not occur until he was 19—or after he finished the year of college in which he turned 19—he would at least be rid of the uncertainty that the present proposed reforms do not eliminate, for those going to college.) So the military draft would not work against the five-year people any more than it did against Jim Seymour.

The first argument remains the strongest: how to admit that we are playing the semi-pro ball the *Times* writer accused us of? Even with the academic respectability of Notre Dame and the Big Ten schools, this will be difficult. But we and they have rationalized our Defense Department contracts, and should not find it difficult to come up with analogous ones for underwriting a semi-pro for five years. I suggest that the reasoning behind our eventual acceptance of the bowl bid predicted by Mr. O'Neil in these pages on November 7th will provide us with a start.

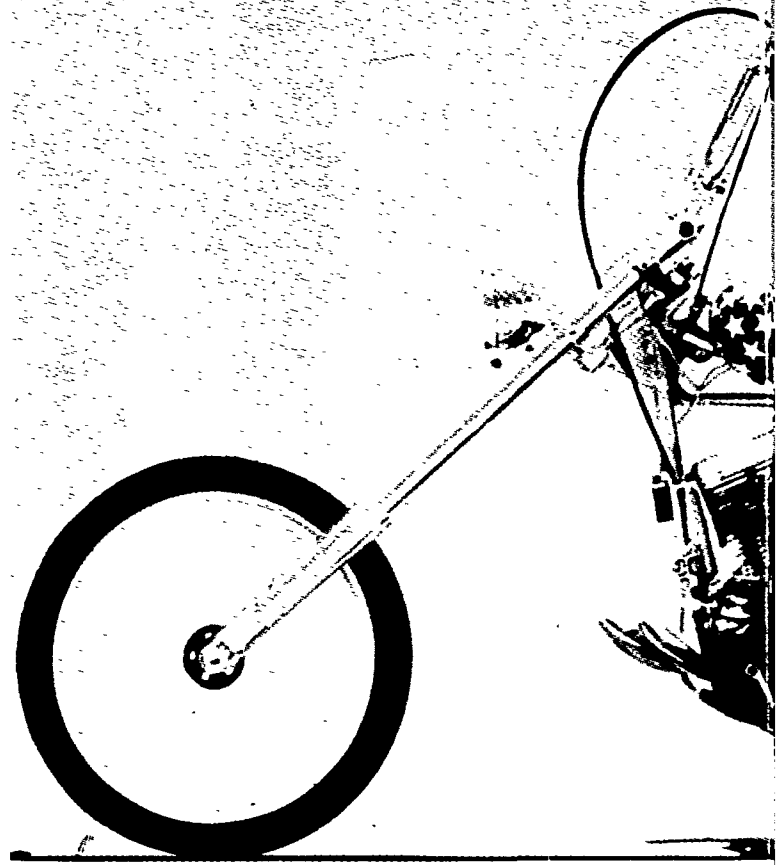
This article was written before the University of Notre Dame announced its intention to participate in a postseason bowl game.

—ed.

Robert Hassenger graduated from Notre Dame in 1959 with a major in philosophy. He went on to receive his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1965 and then returned to Notre Dame. He is an assistant professor of sociology and is a frequent contributor to Commonweal and The National Catholic Reporter.

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.

American Odysscene



IT MAY be necessary to begin this article with a few observations on the general nature of films being made in the United States at the present time, and then I'll focus back on a review of *Easy Rider* itself, and whether or not it fits into some of these current methods of filmmaking. Jonas Mekas, in the September issue of *The New Cinema Review*, remarks that we may be witnessing the beginning of a new shift in the cinema—the decline of the idea of film as a purely narrative form and the resulting shift towards the idea of film as a personal statement of the author/director.

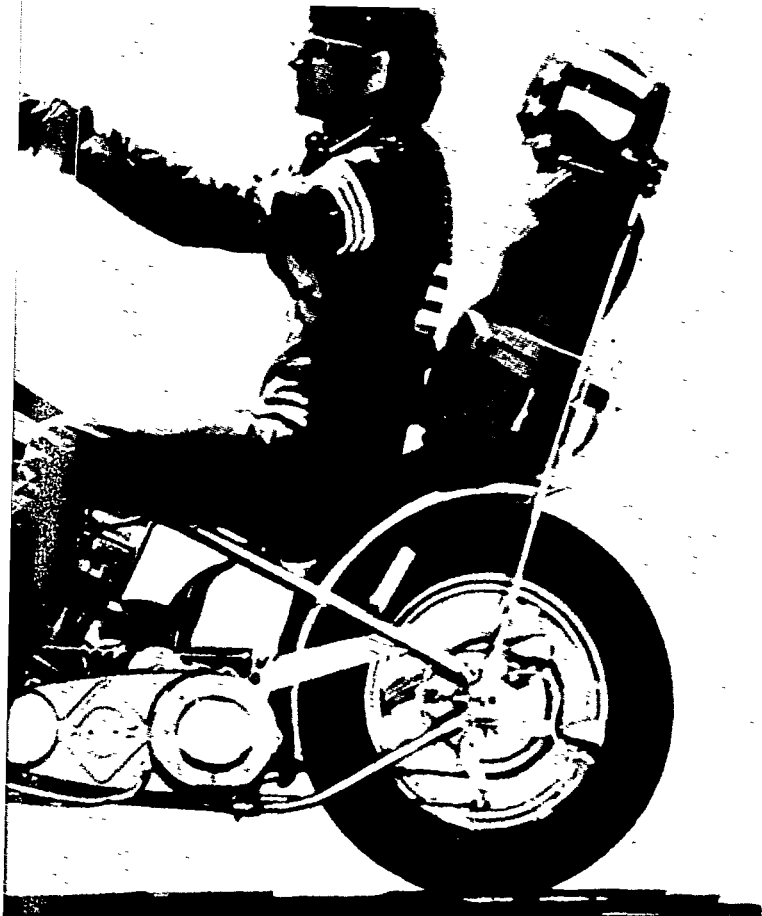
It would seem that the prominent European directors and the American underground filmmakers have already anticipated this shift and to a large extent, have always treated film as a personal statement but even now when their films are let loose on the unsuspecting public, they are usually met with unsympathetic reactions.

However, the trend toward the personal in the cinema has been gaining public favor (as well as critical acclaim—which it has always received) and a number of feature American films have been made in this new, less-restrictive atmosphere—*Faces*, *Medium Cool*, *Easy Rider*, just to name a few. Whether this shift in attitudes is merely a reflection of our present shifting society and thereby socially deterministic is a question I don't have the time for in this column. Let it suffice to say here that other areas of art are also experiencing movements of the same kind, and among these are music and fiction.

JEAN Cocteau once said, “. . . the role of the screen is to practice a kind of hypnotism on the public and enable a large number of people to dream the same dream together . . .” Dreaming the same dream together is what *Easy Rider* is all about. Since it is a personal statement, and since the whole film is viewed through a restrictive framework set up by two characters, ultimately their dream becomes our dream, regardless of our past associations and convictions. This evident manipulation of the viewing audience is at once exciting and also dangerous. It becomes extremely difficult to grasp an objective distance from the film, which accounts for its tremendous impact. In this way, it succeeds where an objectively distanced film like *Midnight Cowboy* fails. *Midnight Cowboy* was so wrapped up in detached abstractions like loneliness and despair, companionship and hope, that it eventually bogged down into a slobbering mass of sentimentality. *Easy Rider* is a personal, direct statement. It is self-identification in a dream, in a mythic journey, it is letting yourself go and those who seek the safety of an objective stance because of some “moral” conviction, or whatever, those who fight to stay detached are the ones missing the impact of *Easy Rider*. A personal statement leads to a personal decision and response.

John Stupp

The Scholastic



And After . . .

"Don't go to school up North, honey; people up there are mean — and cold."

SAW *Easy Rider*. Saw home meander across the screen: if it moves at all, it meanders. Not as simple as Fonda would have you imagine. He skipped looking at the towns; most of the roads aren't as fine as those *Rider* traveled. I remember automation's take-over of the cotton-picking trade. Young bourgeoisie (30's, 40's) spend a lot of time/energy trying to balance out the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, trying to lessen economic dependency upon cloud formations, importing industry — there is a lot of industry — compared to twenty years ago — for better or for worse. State pride: "Arkansas is the only state in the Union that you could build a wall around and she would still sustain her population: everything needed for modern survival is grown or made within the Wonder State."

Tell you about Boots. Nobody knows what his real name is; he won't tell. Boots because of the size of his feet, and the rest of his frame is proportionately tall, gangly. He used to be a tenant farmer — cotton, soybeans, et al. — and still lives on a farm with the "ole woman," cows, countless chickens, and a varying multitude of cats, dogs and other creatures. He doesn't farm; the land is rented by the landlord to another farmer — a result of modern technique is increased acreage one man can work. The "ole lady" is a janitress; Boots does janitor, lawn and garbage-emptying services. He has more money than he ever dreamt of as a farmer.

Drives a truck different from the one in *Rider* — it's red and white; never noticed if a shotgun rack graces the back window. Boots is gentle, with calloused hands and speech sometimes incomprehensible between his teeth problem, the accent, and the words themselves.

ALL of this, and back to *Easy Rider*. It took me some amount of suspended moments to rise trembling from the fuzzy velvet seat at the end of *Rider*; tremble down the stairs; tremble out into the theater lobby.

A lady walking behind someone totaled the movie, "Damned Southerners are all alike."

In all these years, decades, centuries, we haven't solved one god-damned problem.

"It seems obvious to me that all the anti-war demonstrations will do is polarize the situation, divide the population of the country."

"If we have revolution, be it racial, generational, or between left and right, it will upset the balance of power of the world, and I believe it could cause nuclear war."

We haven't solved one god-damned problem, but we've created new ones.

And, as a conclusion, there will be no call for any lessening of the force with which any truth is stated. Any more than Wyatt would have turned back. Muddle on, Camelot, wherever you are.

Carolyn Gatz



ReJoyce!

Life is Just a Bowl of Cotton

ARA Parseghian reacted to the question with absolute silence . . . followed by a slow intake of air, then a sigh.

It was Sept. 13, 1969. It was the routine preseason interview, being concluded with the routine question: "Do you have any indication that the Administration is reconsidering our bowl policy?"

Ara was 100% candid. "If you had asked me that a week ago, I'd have said, 'No.' But I was talking to Fr. Joyce the other day and he mentioned it to me. I think he was kind of trying to feel me out. I'm not sure, but I think I see a little crack in the armor. It just sounded that way to me. But please don't write this now. Don't even tell your roommate. You know how this campus is. One guy tells another and pretty soon it spreads like wildfire. I don't want to do anything that might affect the eventual decision."

A few weeks previous to that conversation, the University's Committee on Financial Aid and Scholarships had recommended to Fr. Hesburgh that Notre Dame change its no-bowl policy and channel the proceeds into academic programs.

Hesburgh referred the suggestion to Joyce, who chairs the Faculty Board in Control of Athletics. Joyce began soliciting opinions, Ara's among them. Finally, the Athletic Board met Oct. 28 for a vote.

"That's the first time I ever voted on the issue and I've been on that board 20 years," said Fr. Charles McCarragher. "I never gave the matter any attention before this year. When the President is going to rule a certain way, there's no use in voting against him, is there? But Fr. Joyce told us that Fr. Hesburgh was going to remain sort of neutral this year. He [Fr. Hesburgh] thought he shouldn't be the last word and he was going to leave it up to the other groups [Athletic Board, Board of Trustees, football team]."

The Athletic Board is composed of Chairman Fr. Joyce and 10 members — Fathers McCarragher, Ferdinand L. Brown and Charles Sheedy; Deans Lawrence Baldinger and J. Arthur Haley; and Professors Thomas P. Bergin, James Carberry, James Dincolo, Walter Langford and Charles J. Mullin.

They voted in favor of reversing the policy "by a substantial margin," according to Fr. Joyce.

MCCARRAGHER said the primary motivation was Notre Dame's current financial distress. "Honestly, I think the reason for change is that we need the money. We have this deficit [\$800,000 budget deficit]. Now if I went out and took a job and you went out and took a job, we couldn't do much about it. But this is a big thing; a bowl game might wipe out a third of our deficit. We have a number of fine programs we'd like to initiate, but no money. When you start getting hungry, there's nothing else to do but make the change."

Dean Baldinger and Dr. Bergin, both members of the board for more than 10 years, admit to changes of heart.

"In the past, it wasn't just the President who was adamant," explained Bergin, dean and professor of the Center for Continuing Education. "The board was just as adamant. I think the members have been waning as we went along and, in the last three or four years, there has been a desire for reappraisal. This year, there was more sentiment in favor of change than ever before. I voted for it."

"I must confess that I felt we might have accepted a bid in the past, but it never came up," said Baldinger, an associate dean for premed studies. "It was always sort of an unwritten rule that we wouldn't go to a bowl and the board never opposed that rule. I think Notre Dame is established now as an educational institution. In the past we didn't want to be regarded as a football factory. In addition, the team is permitted only 16 days practice for the game and most of those days will fall during Christmas vacation."

Dr. Mullin, chairman of the physics department, voiced the dissenting view:

"This is my third year on the board and I have always been opposed to Notre Dame's participation in a postseason game. I'm afraid we'll become *the* bowl team in the country. Under Parseghian, this will be the sixth consecutive year we've been in the top ten.

"Add to that Notre Dame's nationwide appeal, which is worth a couple more spots in the polls. I'm afraid that we'll have the choice to go to a bowl game every year. That would be putting more emphasis on football than any other team in the country. I think football has its place along with a number of other phases of the University. It is a good escape valve for students' emotions in the fall, but I feel that changing our bowl policy places too great an emphasis on intercollegiate sports.

"I have other reasons. The Academic Council is going to meet soon to discuss the new calendar (which would schedule the first semester from Sept. 1 to Dec. 20). If the new calendar passes, we'll be playing football the full semester. That leaves the players no time to catch up on their studies, if, indeed, they fall behind; and it has been my experience that they do."

BY ODD COINCIDENCE, I discussed the bowl situation with Parseghian Oct. 30, just two days after the Athletic Board had recommended a new policy. Though Ara knew nothing of the administrative developments, he was optimistic again:

"I don't know if Fr. Hesburgh feels that times are

changing, or if he's weakening on his original stand, or if he has taken an entirely new position. But he's made some statements in the past few weeks that are more encouraging to me than any I've heard in my six years here. We have never discussed it. During my first or second year, I explained his reasoning to a writer and Fr. Hesburgh must have read the story, because he saw me at a party and said, 'Ara, I'm glad to see you understand my thinking.' That's the only time we ever talked about it."

Hesburgh's position this fall has been very un-Hesburgh-like. Since he became University president in 1952, it is difficult to recall an issue on which he has remained "neutral," as Fr. McCarragher puts it.

On Nov. 3, Hesburgh said he was "more open to the possibility of a change than ever before." On Nov. 15, he said, "The final decision — if there is need for one — will be made by the Board of Trustees." And as recently as last Monday night, he stated, "I just don't have anything to say about it. This is Fr. Joyce's bag all the way and I'm not involved. There'll be a news conference tomorrow afternoon and Fr. Joyce will announce everything."

HESBURGH was not present at the news conference. Perhaps he felt the public had so identified him with the old policy that it would be impossible to make a 180-degree turn. Or perhaps Hesburgh is not truly convinced that Notre Dame has made a wise decision.

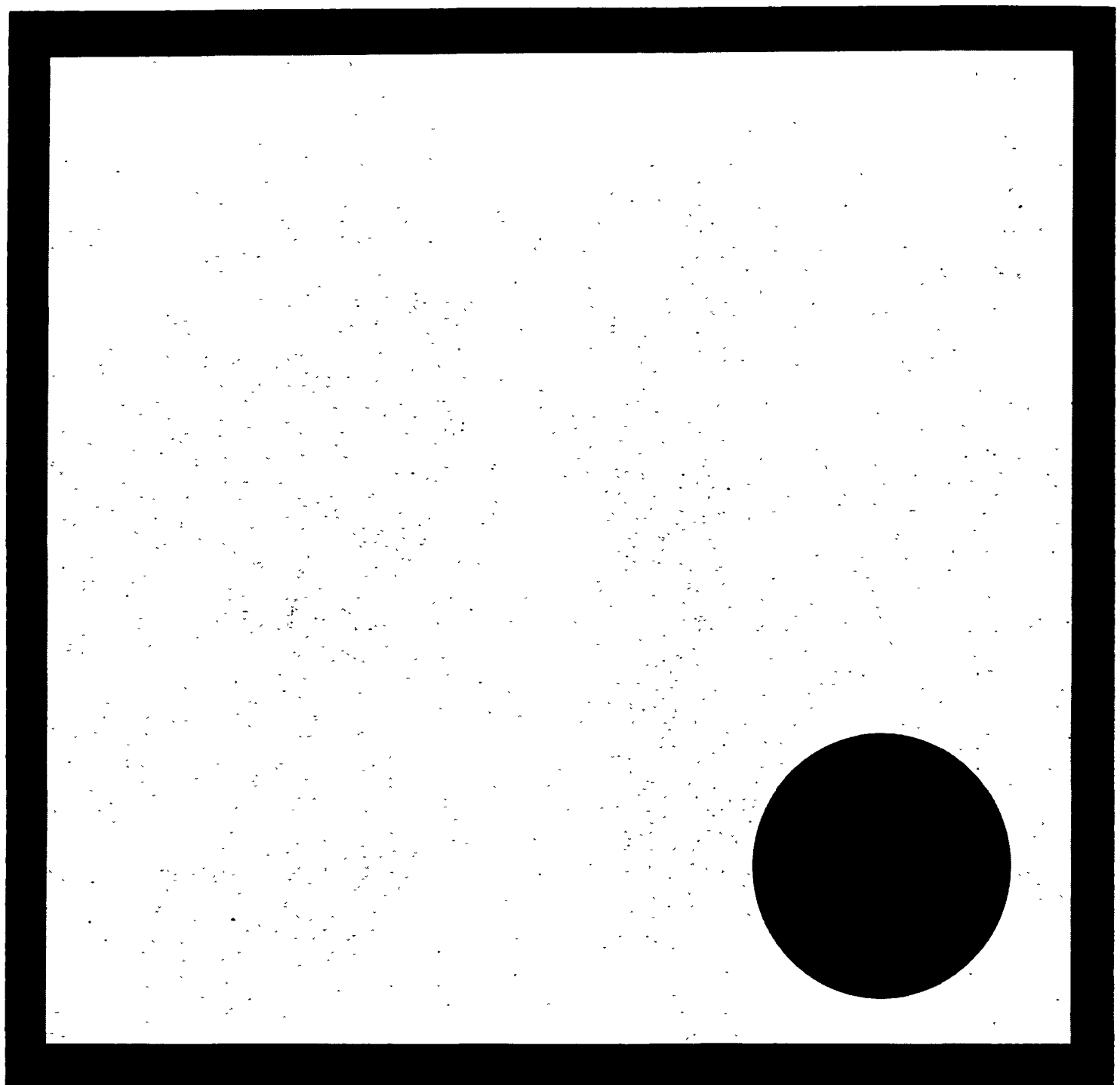
Yet, when the Athletic Board filed its recommendation, Hesburgh gave his implied approval by not vetoing the proposal. Next followed a series of telephone calls to the members of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees. "We were calling them right up until the last minute when the bid was offered (officially, Monday at noon)," said Fr. Joyce. Meanwhile, the team had taken a preliminary vote last week, then embraced the Cotton Bowl in another ballot Sunday night.

At Tuesday's news conference, Joyce noted the "rapidly changing times" and said, "It is not too surprising that we now change our policy. The crucial consideration was the urgent need of the University for funds to finance minority student academic programs and scholarships. Notre Dame's share of bowl game proceeds will be dedicated to this pressing University need."

The remainder of Joyce's rationale sounded, more than vaguely, like Ara Parseghian on a hot afternoon in mid-September:

"If we go to a bowl game, we'll knock off practice after the last game and resume at the beginning of Christmas break. Football players miss only a few classes because of absence from campus. No matter where we play, we leave for an away game Friday afternoon. Actually, basketball demands more class time than football and our participation in a bowl game wouldn't change that fact one bit. The old arguments just aren't valid anymore."

Terry O'Neil



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

STATE: *Easy Rider* with Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, and Jack Nicholson. At 1:25, 3:25, 5:25, 7:25, and 9:25. (See page 28)

COLFAX: *Hail Hero!* With Michael Douglas. At 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 and 9:00. Insipid.

AVON: *Funny Girl* with the feminine mystake. (See above). At 8:15. Would you believe, every night?

CINEMA '70: *Closely Watched Trains*. Friday at 7:00 and 9:00. Engineering Auditorium. Admission \$1.00. Cheap. *Cul-de-Sac*. Saturday and Sunday at 2:00 and 8:00, Walsh Hall. *Red Beard* has been shifted to another date.

—John Stupp

football

Picks by Terry

Notre Dame over Air Force — Falcons are 6-3, though they haven't really beaten anybody. Pray for a slow track to hamper Air Force speedster Ernie Jennings.

Houston over Wyoming — Might have been a game early in the season, but the Cougars have gotten themselves together lately.

Purdue over Indiana — Neither team wants it very badly. Purdue's superior personnel will triumph eventually.

Missouri over Kansas — Irony here, in that Kansas made the Orange Bowl versus Penn State last year and Mizzu is in that same position this fall. Jayhawks will be

tough at home.

Tennessee over Kentucky — Embarrassment, 38-0 style, means disaster for the following opponent. Poor Kentucky.

Ohio State over Michigan — It won't be quite as bad as last week, but you'll see a definite resemblance. Woody has his boys furious over the Big 10 no-repeat rule; tomorrow they'll take it out on the conference's Rose Bowl representative.

Northwestern over Michigan State — Duffy has a few player attitudes to restructure before next fall.

Pittsburgh over Penn State — Upset spectacular of the week. Panthers are finally big enough to

punish the Lions. It should be Pitt's best effort since the 9-1 year of 1963.

Southern Cal over UCLA — Trojans haven't been overpowering, but they've been clutch . . . and that's the necessary ingredient in this rivalry.

West Virginia over Syracuse — Big game in the East. Mountaineers goin' bowlin' this year; they won't slip now.

LAST WEEK'S RECORD:

6 right, 4 wrong, .60.

SEASON'S RECORD:

57 right, 20 wrong, 3 ties, .140.



the last word

IN his commencement address here last year, Daniel Patrick Moynihan depicted the "crisis of our time" as "not a political but a religious crisis of intensely moral people who no longer hope for God." David Dellinger, however, complicated the issue by abolishing the distinction: "If you have no politics in your religion, your religion is false. If you have no religion in your politics, your politics are false."

The politics of secularism, of material progress, have failed to eradicate evil; and because the world has achieved little in its attempt to make sense, Americans are beginning to forsake the political processes. The world is no more reasonable today than in 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence and significantly, a year when the Enlightenment, with its faith in reason and progress, was at a zenith. As a twin of the Enlightenment, the new nation emerged in a quest for progress. And has chased the phantom ever since. Perhaps only in the latter half of the 1960's has it caught the phantom and, undressing it, found technical progress and certainly material progress — but no spiritual progress. No more order in the world than in 1776.

REACTIONS have varied. The traditional American faith in the efficacy of the government began to dissolve among those who had had the vision, the vision of the nothingness within the phantom. What was to replace this faith in progress?

For many, nothing. Cynical nihilism. The Weathermen and the Crazies, like the rest of their generation, were born within the myth of progress and nurtured with the belief that the individual could prosper within the established order of things, an order preserved by the federal and state governments. They expect a reasonable world; and when they find only war, poverty and hate (and find them within the established order), they revolt against order and against reason—*reason as an end and as a means*. And embrace the irrational: a constant revolt against reason. A constant revolution

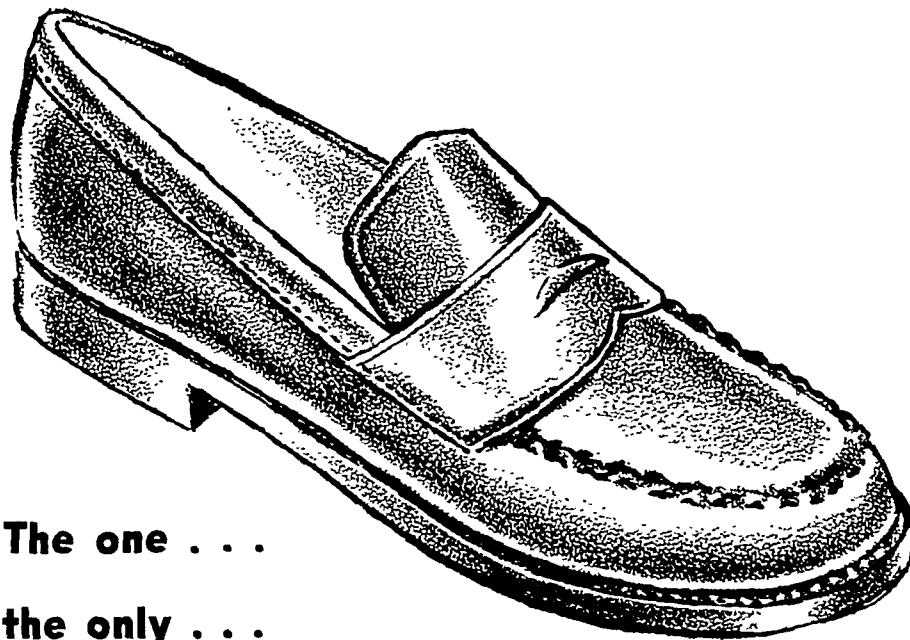
of violence. They act as Edgar Allan Poe, in a similar revolt against the illusion of an ordered universe, had written over 100 years earlier.

But many persons have reacted to the shattered myth with only malaise and depression. These citizens had tied the balloon of their hopes to the machinery of society and have discovered that the balloon is not ascending, that, crushed by that machinery, it is only sinking deeper into the mire of senselessness. Perhaps the despondency that characterizes the campus this year and the numerous resignations of student officials can both be best attributed to a dissolution of their faith in progress, in societal and political structures. Men usually lose the will to move toward their ideals before they lose the ideals themselves.

A THIRD possible reaction. The individual will attempt to substitute something for the faith in material progress he has lost. The substitution often begins with human solidarity — not a solidarity founded on the quest for achievement, but a solidarity based on the realization that all men suffer, suffer together. And the substitution continues with a search for the spirit in other persons, an ability to laugh at the cosmic bombardment of nonsense and a faith that beyond and within the suffering, there is a richness to life. And at the end, no goal except wonder at the world and love for people. "For men love one another with a spiritual love only when they have suffered the same sorrow together, when through long days they have ploughed the stony ground bowed beneath the common yoke of a common grief"—Miguel de Unamuno.

The religion of our politics and the politics of our religion demand a critical shift in perspective. The shift demands that, instead of making a mark upon the world we allow the world — with its war, poverty and hate and humanity — to make its mark upon us. And in this compassion, there is hope.

— Rich Moran

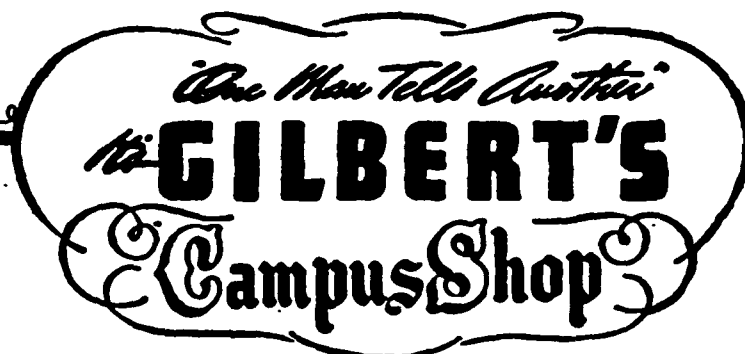


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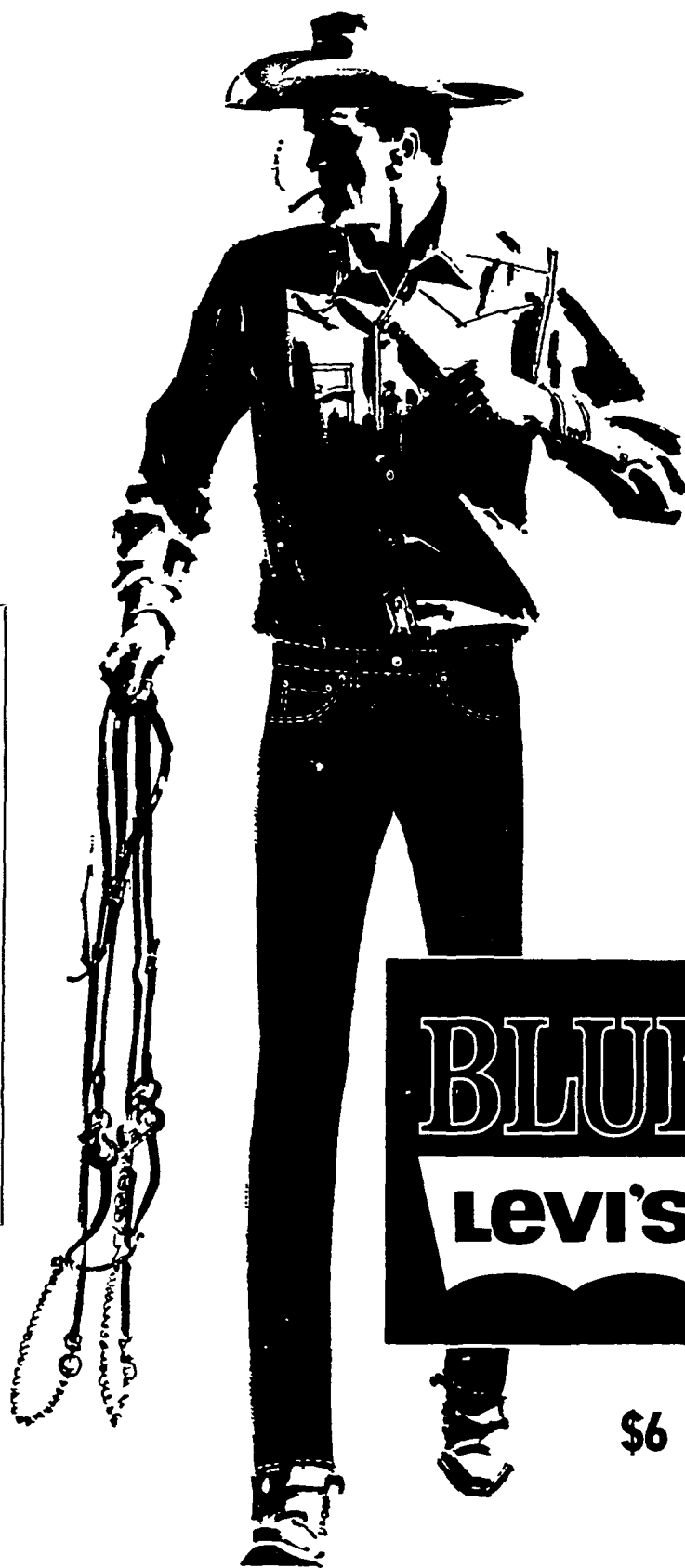
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